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HARPER'S WEEKLY FOR 1865.—VOLUME IX.

The Ninth Annual Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY is completed with the present Number. The foregoing General Index and Index to Illustrations will suggest to the reader the extent and value of its Literary and Pictorial contents.

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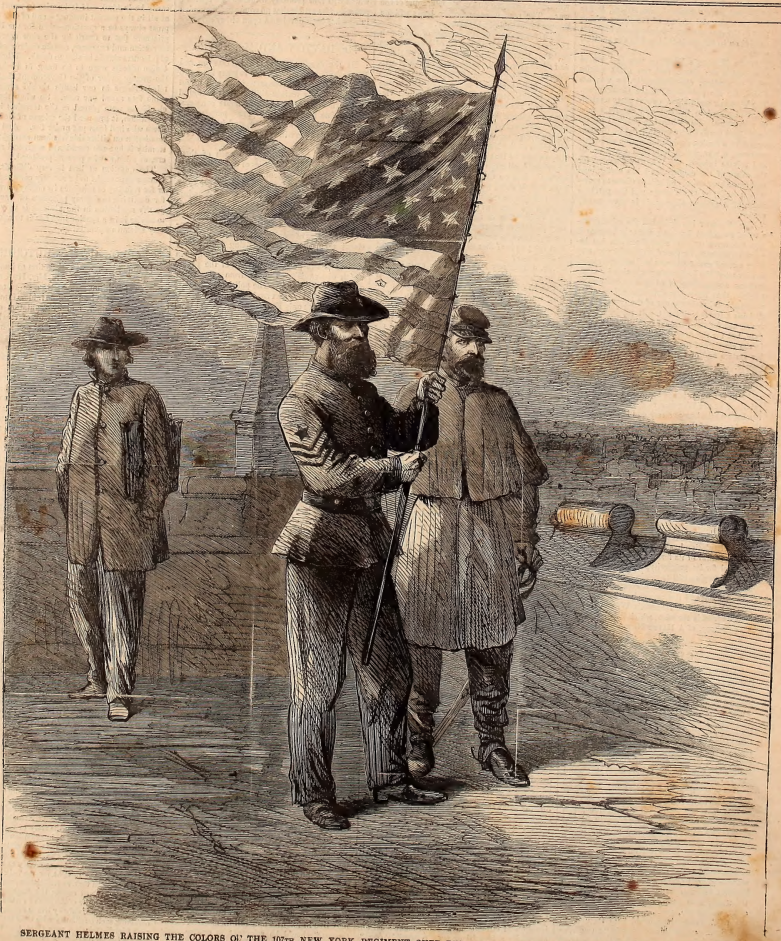
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SERGEANT HELMES RAISING THE COLORS OF THE 107TH NEW YORK REGIMENT OVER THE CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 22, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1865.

THE NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! There are few faithful American citizens who can doubt that the new year will be a happy one, because it will see the virtual overthrow of the rebellion against the principle of free popular constitutional government; the restoration of the Union, and the destruction of the only present cause of national danger.

This is the moment of the year when men examine their moral, social, and financial accounts; when they form good resolutions; when some men begin new lives, and magazines and journals begin new volumes. The Ninth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY opens with this Number. Begun as a literary and social weekly journal with occasional illustrations, it has become a pictorial history of the times, taking part in the great national debate which has been carried on in the battle-field and in the political arena.

When HARPER'S WEEKLY was first issued party-spirit was fierce, and two great parties were contending, constitutionally, as was believed, for the possession of the Government. The WEEKLY maintained a strict party neutrality, and aimed to interest and entertain men of all parties. But when the political debate ended and cannon were annihilated by the war waged by a faction against the nation and Government, a war which imperiled every public and private interest, the WEEKLY declared for the cause of the country, and has maintained that cause ever since, and will continue to maintain it until, by God's grace and the patriotic valor of American citizens, it is permanently secure.

The WEEKLY has defended the administration of President LINCOLN not only because it was the constitutional administration, but because its measures for the salvation of the country have seemed entirely honest and generally wise. It advocated Mr. LINCOLN'S re-election for many reasons, a single one of which was sufficient—namely, that he represented the policy of an unconditional maintenance of the Government, and his adversary did not. It rejoices in the result not for the personal success of its candidate, but for the overwhelming evidence given in the election of the strength of the people in the last system and of the patriotic purpose of the people.

Grateful to the army and navy, by whose brave hands, aided by divine Providence, the great work is and still is fought, it has been the pleasure and privilege of the WEEKLY to depict the famous battles, and the heroes on sea and land, by which the salvation of the country is achieved. It has thus been in peaceful homes a constantly renewed monument of the bravery and suffering which preserved that peace, and in the camp and on the deck a regular messenger of the unfailing sympathy and interest with which the soldiers and sailors are followed at home. Without, the WEEKLY has not omitted its literary miscellany or its careful digest of news.

It is but another sign of the fidelity of the people to their own Government that the country of the paper has been so cordially approved, that its circulation has greatly increased despite the withdrawal of its former Southern support. Thankful for its prosperity, and for the cause of it, and hoping still to retain that public sympathy which springs from a common devotion to the Union and the principles of the United States Government, HARPER'S WEEKLY utters to all its friends the wish, which it believes will be a prophecy, of A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SAVANNAH.

"LOOK out for me about Christmas," wrote SHERMAN as he began his great march into the West. Georgia, of which we present a series of illustrations to-day, and which culminated in the capture of Savannah upon the 22d December. The rebel General HARDEE, with the bulk of his army, escaped; but General SHERMAN captured one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives, one hundred and ninety cars, three steamers, a large quantity of ammunition and materials of war, and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton.

This is the triumphant completion of a campaign which, at its beginning, every one must have felt to be daring and dangerous, and which, seen from Europe, appeared in its just proportions as one of the great military movements of modern times. Its success was clearly seen to be the proof of fatal weakness in the rebel section and to foretell the doom of the rebellion—and it has succeeded. It is a success which can not be extenuated or explained away. General SHERMAN and his army moved from Chattanooga to Atlanta because neither JOHNSTON, nor HOOD, nor JEFFERSON DAVIS, nor the rebel Confederacy could help themselves. And SHERMAN and his men made "an impossible march" from Atlanta to Savannah because the people of Georgia did not care to help themselves. He masked his movement, indeed, so that the fat wits of soldiers like HOWELL COBB never knew where his main body was nor whither he was going. But if the people of Georgia had been "fired," as at some times during the war they have undoubtedly been, they would have desolated the whole region, the richest belt of Georgia, through which his course lay, and impeding his advance by the total destruction of roads, crops, and bridges, his march would have been delayed, and its issue most uncertain.

As it is, the campaign of SHERMAN from the first of May to the end of December, from Chattanooga to Savannah, is the most remarkable in American annals. The skill and celerity with which, by incessant strategy, he pushed Jomenor back upon his own ground, making that favorable for defense and carefully defended, and the equal skill with which, wrapping himself in a cloud, he passed resistlessly from Atlanta to the sea, will be a military study for ever shrewd to kindle admiration and surprise. The chapters of future history which recount this campaign will be the strangest and most romantic of the war. The man whose name it bears will be forever memorable in his country.

The consequence of the capture of Savannah is reverse that of the capture of New Orleans and Fort Donelson and Vicksburg and Atlanta and Chattanooga, of the opening of the Mississippi and the occupation of Missouri. Then the march from the north of the Rapidan to the south of the James and the Shenandoah victories and the terrible rout of HOOD—that is, the consequence is the suppression of the rebellion. JEFFERSON DAVIS declares that all such captures and successes are of no importance. His allies at the North echo his words. He said they were in fact what the rebels never mean to be subdued, all steps toward subduing them are useless. But we can not repeat too often that such talk is mere folly. Was the belligerent ever mean to be subdued? Do JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Northern parrots suppose that their loud vociferation of fighting to the death is a very persuasive argument, or that the march through Georgia made "agreeable" by the fact that the people of that State do not mean to fight to the death?

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his crew may be as gentlemanly and solemnly resolved as their Northern friends announce, but the laws of nature continue to operate remorselessly. And when the strategic points of the rebel section are held by the national army, and the rebel forces are dispersed, and the junction that established a long march is made, the war will dwindle into guerrilla fighting, and peace will gradually come again, as slowly, perhaps, but not less surely than Spring will follow this Winter.

JOHN BULL UPON SHERMAN.

THE most amusing reading of the day is the British press upon SHERMAN'S march. That it is a great feat of a great military genius is the general verdict, with all the chances in favor of the former view.

The London *Saturday Review*, for instance, the organ of the dilettante aristocratic sympathy with Slavery and the armed attempt to extend and confirm its deadly hold upon this continent, remarks, after a contemptuous sneer at its theory of the necessity and causes of the movement, a statement which is made with the evident fear of being overheard by the rebels that SHERMAN is baffled in his undertaking, the balance of advantage during the past year will have been largely in favor of the Confederates." That is a piece of news that will cheer the rebels will be duly grateful. "On the other hand," it continues, "Richmond would be in imminent danger if SHERMAN succeeded in reaching Beaufort with a large and effective army." Beaufort is almost impossible, against such an addition to the enemy's force, for LEE to maintain his communications with the South and with the West. Yet in the last resort, he could easily secure a retreat into Tennessee, where the Federals are already hard pressed by some of his officers"—General HOOD, for instance.

"The war," it continues, "would certainly not be terminated by the loss of Virginia, if [there be virtue in *if*] the entire country to the west of the mountains and to the frontier of Kentucky were occupied by the Confederates. ——If LEE were forced to evacuate Richmond, he would probably be able to reconquer Nashville, which is already annoyed, if not seriously threatened by the operations of Confederate detachments."

This "if" and "probably," the exact value of which we can now see, are the only crumbs of comfort the *Saturday Review* throws its rebel friends in the hour of their need.

On the other hand, the London *Spectator*, friendly to our Government, has a masterly review of the vast difficulties and dangers which beset SHERMAN'S march, "an episode calculated to make men who are not Americans hold their breath." It continues: "Only a singular combination of circumstances could render such an enterprise a hopeful or even a possible one;" and then proceeds to a careful review of the favorable chances. At the close of this the *Spectator* says that if SHERMAN takes Charleston or Savannah, "the South loses one more city, one more centre of supplies, one more cause for the confidence which supports her people. Her territory will have been traversed by an invading army from west to east, her noblest State will be threatened by a formidable invasion from south as well as north, and her whole power may, if the success is followed up, be cut in two. On the other hand, if General SHERMAN is defeated, the North loses her finest army and one of her most efficient Generals, but her territory, her people, and her resources remain absolutely intact. The risk in any view is a fearful one, but it is by the successful running of such risks that great campaigns are won and great Generals extort from the world unwilling recognition. There is not a General now alive in Europe who, if SHERMAN succeeds, will not recognize the addition of one more name to the short list of first-class leaders known to us."

SHERMAN has succeeded, and his success more than justifies the expectation of the *Spectator*, which will serve as a reminder of the opening remark of its article that no commanding genius in war has been developed upon either side.

MR. DAYTON AND MR. NOYES.

BY the death of WILLIAM L. DAYTON and WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES this country loses two of its most distinguished, characteristic, and useful citizens. Their various ability, their profound and earnest convictions, their noble consecration of fine powers to the purest purpose, are known to all who knew them, and in the story of this trying time will remain honored and conspicuous.

But there was especially in each of them the distinctive characteristics of our nationality. They were both of them men who believed in the original rights of men and the capacity of the people to make and maintain a constitutional government, and the consequent necessity of public education and the elevation of the public morality. Mr. DAYTON more than once decided a series of ministers who, either holding slaves themselves or apologizing for Slavery, could not possibly represent that faith in human rights and the political capacity of the people which distinguishes America from every other country in the world. The political and social philosophy of Mr. DAYTON'S immediate predecessors was not only European but mediæval and feudal, and no man who believed in the principle of the American Government, as held by JEFFERSON, could represent it in Paris, could fail to see that such persons as JOHN Y. MASON, WILLIAM C. RIVES, and CHARLES J. FAULKNER fundamentally disbelieved it.

JOHN SLIDELL remained in Paris to-day exactly the spirit, purpose, and political faith which were formerly represented by RIVES, MASON, and FAULKNER. The spirit and purpose which every human and liberal Frenchman who understands it sincerely despises, and a spirit which is essentially hostile to that of our Government. And the only real intelligences of American gamblers, slaveholders, adventurers, and old partisan tricksters, of whom JOHN SLIDELL is a type, the manly earnestness and honest courage and the political principles of WILLIAM L. DAYTON were as purifying as a north wind in the hot miasma of a swamp. He was himself a vindication of the spirit of the American Union and Liberty, as SLIDELL is an illustration of that of national ruin and slavery.

So likewise, in the city of NEW YORK, Mr. NOYES represented the same faith and showed it in his career. There was no wiser counselor in politics or in law. He was neither timid nor extravagant, and never failed upon due occasion to speak the truth in that tranquil sincerity and plain dignity which are finer than eloquence. Technically speaking, Mr. NOYES was not in public life; but when he was sent as a delegate from New York to the Peace Conference in 1861, his position was so purely patriotic, and all he said was so wise, and firm, and lofty that in the record of its meetings no truer statesman appears.

When such men die their country is bereaved. In a time of evil very their fall is like that of flood-gates in battle. For their harmonious lives and words inspire the faith and the courage which make armies irresistible, and confirm in the nation's heart that purpose which saves the nation and civil liberty together.

RETALIATION.

IF we were at war with cannibals who ate the slain prisoners whom they took from our armies, we should retaliate in kind. If we were fighting Indians who burned their captives at the stake, we could not retaliate in kind. We are at war with men whom the long habit of enslaving other men has inherited and barbarized, and who starve and freeze to death the prisoners who fall into their hands. Of the fact there can be no reasonable doubt. The testimony is conclusive. Nor is there any reason why men who do not hesitate in time of peace to force other men to work for them without wages, that they may live in luxury and call themselves "gentlemen," should be reluctant to expose their prisoners to starvation. It is not so barbarous to starve a prisoner who has been fighting against you as it is to whip a man to death because he will not work for you for nothing.

What ought to be done? It is a question which is constantly asked and is not easy to answer. It is estimated that we have some sixty thousand rebel prisoners, and that the rebels have about forty-five thousand loyal men in their hands. If we exchange them man for man we give the staggering rebellion a fresh army. That is one of the reasons of the rebel starvation of our men. Yet how can we relieve their unhappy condition if they are not exchanged?

Retaliation is a policy authorized by the customs of all nations. It has its limits of course. With us the object of retaliation would be to put an end to the torture of loyal men. But it could not use torture as a means. Northern men would not tolerate it. They are not used to seeing women whipped for so loving their children as to try to save them from being sold at the shambles, and they could not starve helpless men to death.

But if retaliation does not admit torture it does allow death. Retaliation need not necessarily be in kind. If it be wise to resort to it at all in the present instance—and of that there must always be a question—then for the Union prisoners put to death by the slow agony of starvation and exposure, certain designated rebel prisoners should be shot to death. When two Union officers were to be hung in Richmond the prompt order of the Government that two rebel officers in our hands should suffer the same fate saved our men. So when the rebel officers who are placed in the trenches before Charleston, it procured the release of Union officers who had been put under fire. And when retaliation on either side has been carried to extremity it has not occasioned a general massacre, as some unwise persons predicted.

The question at best is very difficult. No Government ought to be severely censured either for refusing to reinforce its enemy's army, or for declining to destroy prisoners of war. To justify retaliation in the abstract is very easy: to advise it in a specific instance is to assume a very solemn responsibility.

PARDON OF MRS. HUTCHINS.

IT would be a great satisfaction to know why the President has pardoned Mrs. HUTCHINS, a woman of Baltimore, who gave a sword to HARRY GILMORE, the leader of the raiders into Maryland last summer, and by reputation one of the most active and malignant of rebel emissaries and abettors. Upon trial and conviction she was sentenced a few weeks since to five years' imprisonment, and now she is turned loose again. There is in them no intimation that she is to be sent beyond the lines.

A woman like this Mrs. HUTCHINS may, and certainly does, give the information that MOSBY and every guerrilla marauder most desires, and which is of the utmost service to DAVIS and LEE at Richmond. From the beginning of the war, from Mrs. GREENHOW down to Mrs. HUTCHINS, women have been, because of their sex, the most useful agents of the traitors, and they have very seldom been punished, although in a few instances they have been sent to the rebels.

How many a precious, noble, loyal life have such women virtually taken! To how many massacres have they not directly shown the way! Of what infinite sorrow to private hearts, and of injury to the public welfare, have they not been the cause!

Of course in the absence of all other knowledge than the public announcements of Mrs. HUTCHINS'S arrest, trial, sentence, imprisonment for five years, and release at the end of five weeks, we have no right and no disposition to do more than suggest that in such cases it is very easy, and would greatly conduce to public satisfaction, if the Government would state briefly the reasons of the repeal. It would cost no more time or trouble than the announcement that a Colonel is promoted to be General for heroic conduct in a battle, and it would certainly greatly relieve the minds and hearts of those whose sons and brothers and friends are in the hands of HARRY GILMORE'S raid, to know why his accomplice is set free. The fact of the release gratifies Mrs. HUTCHINS'S friends. We hope the reason would satisfy the friends of her victims.

LITERARY.

"Arctic Researches and Life among the Esquimaux," by CHARLES LANMAN (HARPER & BROTHERS). This is a peculiarly fresh and delightful book. The childlike simplicity and earnestness of Mr. HALL give a charm to his words which recalls the Swiss Family Robinson and Robinson Crusoe. Living in Ohio, far from the sea, his mind and heart are interested by the story of the search for SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. His inquiries in repressed by the power of the absolute uncertainty that rests upon the explorer's fate, and he tells himself called to penetrate the mystery as early as my knight of old was called to fight for the holy sepulchre. He is persuaded that, as traditions of remote events had long survived among the Esquimaux, there must be true stories of the fate of FRANKLIN, which can be ascertained only by living among them, and by winning such familiarity with their language, and such friendly relations with them, that they would frankly tell all they knew. No police could tell the tale. He is sure that the truth lives only in the

legends of the region. So the resolute, simple-hearted man makes his way to the sea-board; interests the friends of Arctic research; finally procures two vessels and a convenient boat, and sails for Greenland. He pushes further on into the icy kingdom of the Equimaux, with whom he domesticates himself after one of his vessels and his consorts are destroyed by a storm. Regarding his sojourn among the Equimaux, he devoted himself to learning the language and the life of the inhabitants, and returned home after two years' absence, to start anew with the advantages of the two years wisely spent in preparation upon the spot; and with that purpose sailed again last June, and is now fulfilling his plans near the Pole. This volume is the record of the two years' training. It contains not only the most striking incidents of adventure, told with inexpressible naiveté, but also the most interesting and comprehensive account of the Equimaux. MR. HALL is evidently of RAREY's opinion. Kindness is the surest key to confidence. His behavior in that Arctic zone is friendly, and he finds it so. His description of the Equimaux is very touching. The warmth of their affections and a mild delicacy of character make them very attractive. If MR. HALL does not find the fate of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN he will have discovered and revealed to us the inhabitants of the region; and we shall get a book heartily wishing that all the embassadors of civilization to the twilight races might be as sagacious, truthful, and devoted as this delightful traveler.

"The Queens of Song, etc.; to which is added a Chronological List of all the Operas that have been performed in Europe, by ELIZABETH STRATHMORE CLAYTON, with History, (HARPER & BROTHERS.) This is a collection of brief, entertaining biographies of all the most famous prime donne from Katherine Tofts, in 1703, when Opera was introduced in England, down to Louisa Pyne and Mademoiselle Tietjens, who are still living and singing. The memoirs are written with great spirit, and the whole is a capital "parlor-window book," or fireside companion. Its lively, chatty, gossipy style of curious and interesting details of private and national life. Many of the best *mots* of Sophie Arnould are preserved. She was one day that a Capuchin monk had been devoured by wolves, "Poor beasts!" said she, compassionately, "hunger must be a dreadful thing." Lady Craven's beauty, wit, and waywardness, who complained that she could not get rid of her lovers, Sophie said that she could easily do it if she chose, for the lady bought her fee to tell her how. "You have only to open your mouth and speak," was the reply. She met a doctor going to see a patient, and gave him her arm. "What, Doctor," said Sophie, "are your ordinary resources failing?" The American admirers of Alboni, of Rosio Nonny, Carlo Zannoni, Mrs. Wood, Zelia Maliban, Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, Piccolomini, and Louisa Pyne will find here plenty of pleasant information about all those Queens of Song.

"The Gentle Life" (WALTER LOW, New York). This is a neatly printed and bound in exquisite taste, a truly beautiful book, containing a series of brief and pleasant essays, which have been so popular that the first edition was quickly passed through several editions. They are so generally genial and agreeable that the writer should have spared us the remark that our appointment is a failure. But he had not heard from Georgia and Tennessee. Such remarks, however, are merely blemishes upon a book of flexible ease which are very sure to be welcome in all cultivated circles.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

BULLETINS OF THE HOSPITALS.

The lady whose countenance fell on the receipt of a telegram, stating that her husband would not be home from the city till late, has undergone an operation and is pronounced out of danger.

The eminent lawyer who inadvertently allowed his eye to rest for a moment on a point in the evidence with it, hoped, regain the use of the organ.

A small but interesting child was brought in the hospital a few days since. Its nose having been put out of plumb on the back of a brother. The little sufferer is progressing favorably.

The literary gentleman who was brought in suffering acutely from an idea which had accidentally entered his head has been trephined, and is in a fair way to recover.

Dumas has been teaching the French public how to dress a rabbit. If he is so eminently inclined he had better go to Congleton, where a distinguished personage will no doubt cook his goose for him.

Several country journmen have, we understand, combined to send a petition to MR. BANTING, asking him to point out the best way for them to diminish their toes.

A NEW FEMINOT.—The Paresis Delivery Company had recently a novelty intruded to their charge—a Lady wrapt up in her Baby.

THE NAME OF THE PUBLISHER OF MR. BANTING'S POEM.—M'Lean.

THE WAY HE WAS MISLED.—When James Beresford, author of "The Miseries of Human Life," was at the Charter-house School, he was a remarkably gay and noisy fellow; and one day, having played himself out of concert, the school says Southey) was so quiet without him that his absence was at once detected, and brought upon him a flogging.

A LEARNED IDIAR.—The ladies in Paris, we are informed, are relinquishing the golden tint they applied to their locks for one of a more decidedly fiery hue. Poor things! it is a pity that they are not better rabid instead of their hair.

"Molly," said Joe Kelly's ghost to his wife, "I'm in purgatory at this present," says he. "And what sort of a place is it?" says she. "Fair," says he, "'tis a sort of half-way house between you and heaven; and I stand it mighty easy after having you."

A MEDICAL QUESTION.—May people in perfect health, who have never abused their constitutions, be said to be "no better than they should be?"

"THE COURT OF EXCHEQUER."—"The worship of the 'Golden Calf!'"

HERE, who is a judge of morals as well as money, says that being tender to another man's wife is not a "legal tender."

A FITTING COMPARISON.—Another lady burnt to death last week! Considering the number of fatal accidents that have occurred to ladies' dresses, it is painfully true to say that a lady is never so literally "dressed to death" as when she is wearing Crinoline.

THERE'S SO MUCH ABOUT *that*.—A young lady, a few days ago, when asked wanting to be very charitable and persuasive—we will not divulge to whom—said, "I conjure you" to say yes. "Jane" you!

"A NINE DATE WONDER."—That of the kitten, which wonders when it'll see.

DOING THE LANGUAGE.—"Do you suppose that you can do the business?" said the master of the 2d said a manager to a needy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply. "I have done a great many landlords."

MOTTO FOR LUNATICS.—Out of sight and out of mind.

QUERIES FOR THE WIDE-AWAKE.—May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather-bed?

HOW TO RENOVE WRINKLES.—It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face! It is thought the most successful of this fact will have the most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife smiles on her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

"MR. Jones, you said you were connected with the fine arts: do you mean that you are a sculptor?" "No, sir, I don't scalp myself, but I furnish the stone to the man what does."

A man who lives almost exclusively upon *tick*—The telegraph operator.

If twenty grains make a scruple, how many will make a pint?

A DAUGHTER'S EPITAPH—His *pill*-grimage is o'er.

When is a lady's neck not a neck?—When it is a little bear (care).

"Setting a man trap" is the title given to the picture of a pretty young lady arranging her curls at a mirror.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

The political news this week is unimportant. Congress adjourned December 19th, to January 2. Previous to adjournment it passed the bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral, and the bill for the Pacific Railroad. The last bill, but its consideration was postponed until after the Holiday. The Senate has confirmed FARRAGUT's nomination adversely to the House bill to drop from the rolls all unemployed officers in the navy.

The military record for the week includes the capture of Savannah, the battle fought in another column, and the attack on Fort Fisher. The details will be given in connection with the operations of the armies in the accompanying number. General Thomas has advanced over twenty miles in pursuit of Hood, who is closely pressed. Hood. Steedman's Corps has been dispatched to Decatur, near which point it was reported that Forrest was massing, as the river is eighteen feet above the shoals, and Hood will find Forrest ready for crossing. The report that Davidson toward Mobile has not yet taken a sufficiently definite shape for report. Wilson's Cavalry is still in operative movements in North Carolina, and in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

CONGRESS.

December 20:

In the Senate, a bill was reported from the Committee on Finance, to put peace, and for the repeal of the time allowed for the withdrawal of certain goods from the public stores. The bill authorizing the Vice-Admiral was passed. It provides that the Vice-Admiral shall be selected from the list of Rear-Admirals, and shall be the ranking officer in the United States Navy. He will then rank next to the Lieutenant-General; and his salary is to be that of the Lieutenant-General; and his salary is fixed at $7500 per annum when at sea, $6000 when on shore, and $5000 when waiting orders. From the House bill to repeal the Adjutant-General reported a substitute for the House resolution, which provides that the repeal shall take effect twenty Treaty of June 5, 1854. The preamble of this resolution is simple statement of the fact that the treaty provides for its own continuance ten years from the date of the exposing such operation, and forbidding at the expiration of twelve months after either of the parties should give notice of its wish to terminate the same. The ten years close March 16, 1865.

In the House, a bill was reported from the Military Committee, and passed, providing for the amendment of the act of June 30, 1864, so as to allow officers absent at that time the privileges allowed to others of the same grade. A bill was passed providing for the abolition of the fourth section of the act for the transportation of goods in bonded to prevent the transportation of any newspapers, but also periodicals, magazines, and excluding one or more than twenty-five pounds. Delivery of Kansas to the eastern boundary of California without payment of further payment. The bill creating the office of Vice-Admiral was passed. The bill was signed December 21 by the Speaker, and immediately afterward nominated Rear-Admiral Farragut to be Vice-Admiral. The nomination was confirmed by the Senate the same day.

December 21:

In the Senate, the memorial of publishers, asking for an alteration of the law in regard to carrying periodicals at the reduced mail. The House bill providing that the increased tax on whisky should go into effect on the first Monday of February I was passed. This bill, which makes the tax on whisky $2 per gallon from January 1, 1865, was passed by nearly Twenty-six to eighteen Senator, who said that the people of the United States were willing to pay the higher rate for one year, and as there seemed to be great unanimity among the Senators he called for a division vote. In accordance with a wish of Mr. Hale, who desired to record his reject, the vote was taken by yeas and nays.

In the House, Mr. Washburne from Nevada was qualified and took his seat. It was voted that the Committee of Ways and Means examine into the expediency of reducing or suspending the import duty on printing paper. The bill was reported and passed calling on the President of War to lay before the House all unpublished communications relative to the retaking of Galveston.

December 22:

In the Senate, Mr. Wilson from the Military Committee reported adversely to the House bill to drop from the rolls all officers in the Army. A joint resolution was also had been offered during the last session, requiring lawyers before the United States Courts to take the oath of allegiance. The Senate adjourned till January 5, 1865.

In the House, there was no session.

GENERAL THOMAS'S CAMPAIGN.

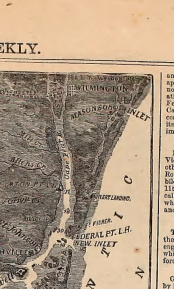
After the battles of December 15 and 16 Thomas still continued the pursuit of Hood, who was in full retreat in advance. Six miles from Franklin an engagement occurred between the cavalry forces of the two opposing armies in which the rebels were routed. Sunday night, the 18th, the railroad ran to Franklin, from which point Thomas was still pushing on. He that day captured three hundred prisoners, among whom was Brigadier-General Quarles. The next day the roads were obstructed by heavy rains, but still these rains also revelled the Duck and Tennessee rivers, which lay in Hood's front. On the 20th Spring Hill was passed, and Hood's rear-guard passed Duck River, having nearly reached the Tennessee by Pulaski. Hood, leaving a large portion of his artillery and train behind him, will probably attempts to cross the river at higher above Florence. Two regiments and four guns went toward Florence as far as to Lexington. Chatham went toward Florence as far as to Lexington. Chatham went toward Lawrenceburg, on the same road, and then struck westward, leaving his ammunition behind. Reports from the people indicate that the rebels were suffering greatly. The rebel General Buford was reported severely wounded, also General Lee. Since Hood started on the 18th he has lost eighteen Generals, killed, wounded, and captured; a loss of sixty-eight per cent in rank acknowledged. A dispatch from General Thomas, dated 6 P.M. December 25, states that Harrison's brigade, pressing closely, came upon a rebel force of four or five thousand men, protected by Wilkinson's command, and being compelled to fall back lost one gun. Harrison subsequently captured the position, but not the gun. Wilson and the Fourth Corps were still in pursuit. Steedman was at this time moving on Decatur, a point on the Tennessee, where it appeared that the rebels were about to cross. He was within seven miles of the place. Stragglers from Hood's army were being brought in continually.

Up to this time the battle was going on at Nashville on the 15th Forrest and Rousseau were engaged at Murfreesborough. The former was beaten with a loss reported at 2000 men.

General Lyon, who had crossed the Cumberland some days before Lake Kentucky, was now pursued by General M'Cook, but as latest accounts no decisive engagement had occurred. General Lyon's force is estimated at from two to three thousand cavalry, with six pieces of artillery. He had struck the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Elizabethtown, and from that point had preceded north toward Hudgenville's Hill, south of Louisville.

THE ATTACK ON FORT FISHER.

From Richmond papers we learn that Porter's fleet, estimated by the rebels at fifty vessels, including two ironclads, made a "furious" attack on Fort Fisher about 1 P.M., December 24, and was continued through the day, and repeated the next day at 10 o'clock A.M. The enemy admits a loss of twenty-three wounded the first day. Under cover of a heavy fire Butler had succeeded in landing above the fort with his military division, consisting of portions of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps. General Butler's command still held its ground, although it had been repulsed in an assault on the fort. From a report which comes from Northern, dated the 26th, it appears that during the night of the 25d a terrible explosion occurred. This was doubtless the explosion of the Louisiana, which had been laden with 300 tons of gunpowder, and exploded in front of Fort Fisher previous to the near approach of the fleet. The rebel reports, however, make no mention of this fact, though they admit that the attack on the fort is precarious. Fort Fisher is situated on Federal Point, on the north bank, and at the mouth of Cape Fear River, twenty miles below Wilmington. It commands the approach to Wilmington by New Inlet, and its capture will insure a complete blockade of that most important port.



MAP OF WILMINGTON HARBOR, N. C.

TOWARD MOBILE.

Last week we gave an account of Dana's raid from Vicksburg. At the same time with that expedition another was undertaken by General Davidson from Baton Rouge, who appears to have been operating around Mobile. He had reached Pascagoula December 14. On the 11th Governor Watts, of Alabama, issued a proclamation calling upon the people of the State to defend Mobile, which he said was threatened with attack from the land and water. He complains that he has not enough men.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

There is no strong Federal or Confederate force now in the Valley, and what still remains is mostly cavalry. An engagement occurred on the 19th near Strasburg, in which a portion of Custer's cavalry was outnumbered and forced to retire.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Sherman, in his march through Georgia and by his capture of Savannah, has freed over 30,000 slaves.

Samuel H. Young, the leader of the St. Albans raiders, with two accomplices, were acquitted December 21, at St. Francois, which point they had reached on their way to New Brunswick. Governor-General Monck has issued a proclamation offering a reward for the rearrest of the three guys.

Three of the St. Albans raiders made their escape from the Montreal jail, considering themselves in the safe cross the line. They then proceeded to Lebanon, New Hampshire, and enlisted, receiving the bounty, hoping to get back to Dixie at Uncle Sam's expense. They were, however, apprehended, and are now in the State prison at Concord. A considerable amount of money was found in their possession. Another one of the raiders was arrested in Toronto December 27.

MAJOR-GENERAL Sherman's youngest child, six months old, died recently at South Bend, Indiana, at the residence of Speaker Colfax. The General's eldest child sleeps in a couple in the Catholic College in the vicinity of that town.

Mr. Anson Wallace, Wallack, the proprietor of the well-known theatre that bears his name, died at his residence in this city on Sunday last, the 26th of December.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE, Lord Morpeth, a reformer, an early free-trader, and lately Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, died in England December 5.

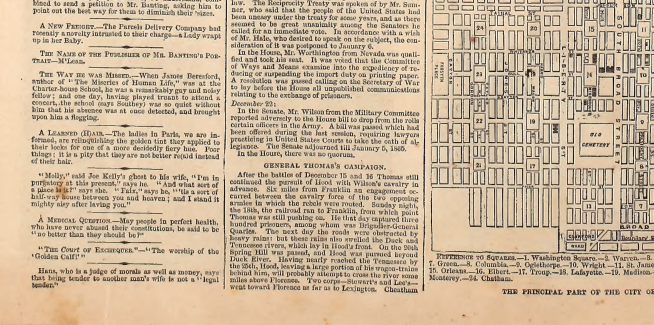
In Italy martial law has been abolished in the insurrectionary districts.

The Frankfort Diet on the 5th carried the Austro-Prussian proposition for the immediate evacuation of Holstein by Lauenburg by the Federal troops, the vote standing 9 against 7. Bavaria, Wurtemburg, and Darmstadt voted against this minority. The Commissioners of the two Powers already acting in Schleswig will also assume the administration in Holstein and Lauenburg.

Spain has suppressed all monastic institutions in Portugal. Instructions to this effect reached Warsaw November 11. In that capital the suppression took place as follows:—Punctually at midnight a colonel, with a battalion of troops, repaired to each religious house, assembled the monks, read to them the Viceroy's order, and ordered them to get ready to leave in half an hour, by railway, to a foreign country. Of the twelve religious establishments in Warsaw three were exempted, upon condition that they should receive no more novices, and die out by gradual suppression.

Of the 185 monasteries and 42 convents in Poland confiscated 1655 monks and 699 nuns, 71 monasteries, with 304 monks, and four convents, with 140 nuns, were left in possession of the monastical rules, which ordain that, for the better observance of discipline, each religious house shall contain at least eight monks or more. Many of those houses have found means of supporting the Insurrection, of concealing bands and individual insurgents, of containing arms and secret printing-presses, and of corresponding for all the canonical associations of inmates, in containing 24 monks, have been converted or open and distinctly proved participation in the insurrection.

The Australians have promptly carried out their threat of retaliation for the continuance of transportation to Western Australia. The first batch of convicts whom time has expired have been reshipped to England.



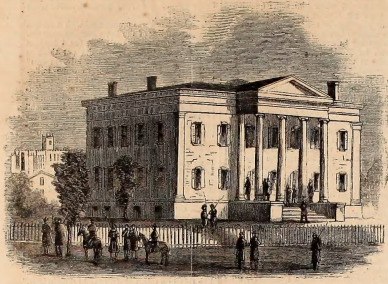
THE PRINCIPAL PART OF THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.



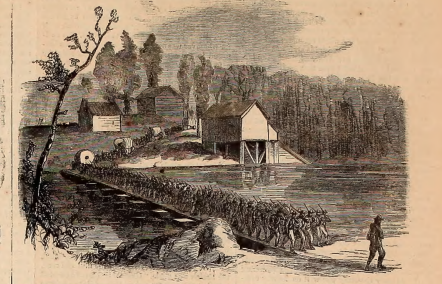
DESTRUCTION OF THE DEPOTS, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, AND MANUFACTORIES AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 15, 1864.



THE FOURTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS MOVING OUT OF ATLANTA, NOVEMBER 15, 1864.



GOVERNOR'S MANSION, MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.



THE 20TH CORPS CROSSING LITTLE RIVER, NEAR MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

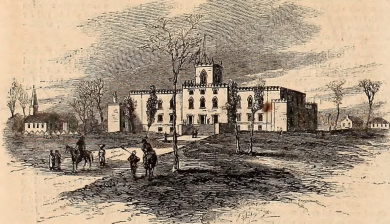
SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.

WE devote a large portion of our present Number to the graphic and interesting illustrations of General SHERMAN's march through Georgia, which we have received from our special artist, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS. Such a military event has not occurred in history since NAPOLEON's celebrated but ill-omened march from Warsaw to Moscow in 1812. That adventure resulted in the destruction of a noble army, not by the force of the enemy met on the field of battle, but by the necessities of hunger and cold encountered in the desert wastes of a Russian winter. The record of General SHERMAN's march covers exactly the period of a single month, and extends over a distance of more than three hundred miles, passed through the heart of the enemy's country; but it terminates in perfect success. It is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of this success; and yet it dwindles into insignificance when compared with the promised victories to which it is preliminary.

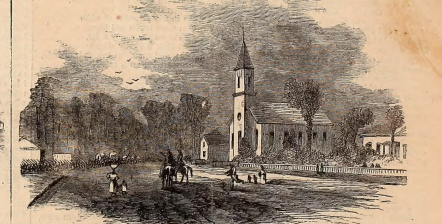
Ever since this war began the rebels have lavishly exhausted their strength by the audacity of their offensive policy. To be able with some show of forces to threaten the capture of Washington or a march to the banks of the Ohio gave the Confederacy a bold front, which imparted confidence to its friends at home and abroad, and was intended to convince the loyal States of the hopelessness of the war. Not accomplishing this latter purpose, it failed of any substantial benefit. JEFFERSON DAVIS has persisted in this spendthrift habit of waging war until he has entirely exhausted the white population of the South, and is now advised by the highest military authority in the Confederacy to conscript negro slaves. His injudicious policy has resulted in as great loss of material as of men. Taking merely the last two months—from October 17 to December 17—the offensive campaigns of HOOD, EARLY, and PRICE, have cost the Confederacy, if we include the capture of Savannah, over three hundred and fifty guns and forty thousand men. Of these forty thousand men three-fourths have been captured on the battle-field. Twenty-five rebel generals also have been put out of combat by death, capture, or wounds. While HOOD was flying to the banks of the Tennessee in complete rout, SHERMAN was entering Savannah, and by his capture of that city had subtracted 20,000 souls from the Confederate population, had taken eighteen millions worth of cotton, and had gained the line of the Savannah River, for DAHLGREN's benefit, thereby insuring the speedy capture of Augusta. Yet this enormous sacrifice was for nothing: the campaigns in the Shenandoah, in Tennessee, and Missouri have all failed disastrously; and they can never be repeated.

HOOD's campaign was the most disastrous of all. LEE had been placed by GRANT's summer campaign in a position where he was utterly helpless to relieve the Confederacy. All hope rested with HOOD and BEAUREGARD. SHERMAN had flankanced to SHERMAN's advance. What followed has already become history. HOOD was defeated by THOMAS. And SHERMAN, unable of course to stay in Atlanta, exchanged the great railroad centre of Georgia for the possession of the railroads themselves. With nothing in his front he did in forty days what in the ordinary course of the war it would have taken many months to perform. He destroyed hundreds of miles of railroad, destroyed stores essential to the Confederate armies captured one of the four great sea-board cities which yet belonged to the enemy, and, more than all, destroyed ed JOHNSTON out of half a dozen strong-holds from Dalton to Atlanta, and had manœuvred HOOD out of Atlanta itself. In the natural course of events Atlanta would have been made, like Nashville, a great military post, from which offensive operations would have been pushed forward toward the coast. But HOOD's advance northward made this unnecessary, and took from Atlanta all its importance. Leaving THOMAS with a portion of his army to confront HOOD, SHERMAN with the better half determined to prosecute an independent campaign. HOOD's advance had accomplished two things: it had taken from Atlanta all its value as a conquest; it had also taken from HOOD's army all its value as a resistthe confidence of the rebels in the power of their Government to defend them.

As soon as SHERMAN was satisfied that HOOD was moving westward into Tennessee, and after having pursued him as far as to Gaylesville on the Chattooga River, he made his preparations for marching. STANLEY with the Fourth Corps, and SCHOFIELD with the Twenty-third, were sent north to co-operate with THOMAS, and the main army fell back to Rome. Then Rome was evacuated, and all its stores and machinery sent North. The army moved South. At Cartersville the telegraph wire was broken and all communication with the North severed. The last message was to THOMAS, saying, "All is well."



CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.



MADISON, GEORGIA.



MAGAZINE AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA.



DESTRUCTION OF MADISON STATION, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

At Marietta, November 13, General SHERMAN reviewed KILPATRICK'S cavalry division, which had been organized to accompany the grand expedition. Our artist sends us a spirited sketch of the scene, taken at the moment when General KILPATRICK, riding at the head of the whole column, came up to where General SHERMAN with his staff was waiting for the troops to pass in review. Saluting the latter, General KILPATRICK then took position on his right and the long column rode slowly by, each squadron in its order. To the right is the camp, and as there is room for significant comment upon the deadly earnestness of the scene, otherwise so brilliant and imposing, clouds of smoke were seen from the burning of the city, most of which was destroyed by fire. SHERMAN, superbly mounted, was the life of the spectacle. The fine soldierly appearance and spirited movements of the division met his admiring approval, and fully answered the question put by him to KILPATRICK, "Whether he (General KILPATRICK) had a division of *cavalry*?"

Leaving columns of smoke behind them, and destroying the railroad from Kingston, the advance column moved on to Atlanta. Here, also, every thing valuable to the enemy was committed to the flames. In the evening of November 15 only a brigade of Massachusetts soldiers were left in the town, and while the air hurtled with flame from burning buildings which covered an area of two hundred acres, the band of the Thirty-third Massachusetts played "John Brown's soul is marching on." Early the next morning was well on its way eastward across the State, moving two grand columns—HOWARD with the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps on the right, and SLOCUM with the Fourteenth and Twentieth on the left. The expedition consisted of not less than fifty thousand veteran soldiers. If the spectacle of the march was hidden from our eyes, it was equally veiled from rebel vision. KILPATRICK'S cavalry hung like a mass of cloud about SHERMAN'S columns, so mystifying the rebel authorities by their movements this way and that way that they never could discern the locality of SHERMAN'S main body. The New Macon was threatened, and while CONN'S militia was concentrating at that place and BEAUREGARD was hastening to the same, having come from Pollard, Rowan and Anderson passed the point of danger, and CORSE at Griswoldville on the 22d caught a passing glimpse of his rearguard. CORSE, we may have dashed against to their satisfaction, losing more than two thousand men. Before the 30th both columns had passed the Ocmulgee without opposition. Macon kept the railroad after crossing as far as to Madison, which was occupied on the 19th. The town is said to be the most prosperous in Georgia. Here the railroad buildings and store-houses were destroyed, and the column, then leaving the railroad, moved south to Milledgeville.

Just north of the city Little River was crossed. Here the mill was in operation, and our soldiers said it to grind corn which they had foraged. The Legislature had been in session at the capitol; but on the approach of SHERMAN'S left wing, the exodus of which members previously not to have been suspected, that body was seized with a panic which quickly spread among the citizens, followed by scenes of the wildest confusion. The cars were heaped with frightened citizens, and a thousand dollars was a cheap price for a buggy. The Georgians made considerable fun of their much-abused Governor BROWN, who seemed to be cooler than the rest of them and took good care to ship his own bagga. A pon entering the town one fine morning the colors of the One Hundred and Seventh New York were raised over the capitol, and General SHERMAN took up his head-quarters in Governor BROWN'S mansion, from which the furniture had all been removed. The next day, the 23d, the right wing under HOWARD had reached Gordon, just south from Milledgeville. It was near this point that the battle of Griswoldville, above alluded to, was fought. This was the most serious fight on the march. Only a brigade of infantry and a detachment of cavalry were engaged on the Federal side. General WOLCOT was in command. About five thousand militia, with which were mingled some of HARDEE'S men from Savannah, attacked our breast-works, and were repulsed with a loss on their part of 2500 men, 300 of whom were left dead on the field.

Then the OCONEE was crossed by SLOCUM'S column, when it was found that WHEELER had also crossed and was moving the approaches to Sandersville, to which point he was steadily driven by the advancing column. HOWARD, in the mean while, was attempting to cross the Oconee lower down at the Central Railroad bridge with a rebel cavalry force under WAYNE in his front. This force was of miscellaneous composition, being made up of WHEELER'S cavalry, Georgia militia, and a band of convicts in their prison garb whom Governor BROWN had released on condition that they would help defend the Confederacy. However, in spite of this formidable array, HOWARD crossed with little difficulty.

The army had set out with sixteen days' rations, but it was found that the country furnished supplies in abundance. The cattle-drains were so large that it was difficult to manage them, and a great plenty of turkeys placed SHERMAN'S army on a par with GEN. LEE'S at the time of the latter's proposed "Hard tack" became a by-gone institution. After crossing the Oconee also there was no more approhension of low water, as the sandy soil rapidly absorbs the most abundant falls of rain, rather benefiting the roads than injuring them. The people were found to be very ignorant, even the better of them. A large number of the able-bodied negroes joined the march.

Thus the two columns marched on by roads parallel to the Georgia Central Railroad toward the Ogechee River. KILPATRICK moved on the left flank, still keeping the rebels by feints on their guards. November 30 the whole army, with the exception of the Fifteenth Corps, had crossed the Ogeehee without fighting a battle. KILPATRICK had already advanced to Millen, but had failed to find any of our prisoners there. Our prisoners had been kept for some time at Millen, four miles distant from Millen Junction. The Junction was completely destroyed by General SHERMAN; no vestige of the place remains. The prison-pen at Millen was built of large logs driven into the ground, with sentry-posts on the top at short intervals. No shelter whatever was afforded to the prisoners, who burrowed in the earth. The pen was commanded by a fort, which appears in the sketch on the right. The square buildings shown in the sketch are ovens. And inside the inclosure, in the left-hand corner, which was called the dead line, WHEN GEORGE N. BARNARD, whose sketches of the prison-pen are here reproduced, was at that place he saw our dead soldiers lying unburied, as shown in the illustration. The grave-yard near by showed that over 700 of our men had been buried, the rebels from smooth whose pretending branches, partly shown in the fore-ground, upon a sort of bluff overlooking the mill and the Ogeechee, and on the left by the Savannah River. On the 13th Fort M'Allister was captured, acknowledged by the rebel authorities in their dispatches; and on the 14th the Savannah was occupied. The grand march had been then consummated; its grand object—the establishment of a base on the sea-coast—having been accomplished. This success was gained at a loss of about 1500 men, but without the sacrifice of a single wagon or a single gun.

BLESSINGS OF THE SWORD.

Down comes the snow, the fleecy snow,
Soft flutters on the sea,
And decks in friendly robes of white
The chill earth brown and bare.
It spreads o'er all the empty fields,
Each naked stalk it kindly shields;
And the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Covers the shivering earth below.

Down floats the snow, the pure white snow,
On angel wings of light,
And folds them over Autumn's gloom,
And hides her path from sight.
By dry brown gutte in the hill-
Not one is left out in the cold;
And the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Rests with the shelter of God.

Down falls the snow, the pretty snow,
Like flowers in heaven grown;
Pale garlands for the old Year's brow,
By night they have blown.
It decks the forest trees forlorn,
Of all their summer beauty shorn;
And the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Blooms on the stricken earth below.

Down comes the snow, the love-like snow,
Like answer to our prayers,
God sure will send, if we but wait
And cast on him our cares.
For righteousness and peace shall meet,
And o'er our land in love shall greet,
As the beautiful snow, the heaven-born snow,
Kisses the unclean earth below.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A POOR RELATION.

THE evening was raw and there was snow on the side-streets, gentlemen were passing, half-thawed, and trodden, and defiled with mud. I remembered it well, that snow, though it was fifteen years since I had last seen its cheerless face. There it lay, in the same old ruts, and spreading the same old snares on the side-paths. Only a few hours arrived in America in South Southampton, I sat in my room at Morley's Hotel, Charing Cross, and looked gloomily out at the fountains, which I could not hear, and their discontentedly, and fiercely tried my best to feel glad that I was a wanderer no more, and that I had indeed got home at last.

I poked up my fire, and took a long look backward upon my past life, through the embers. I remembered how I had been a spectator, and similar to my own, but with a small difference, that I was absolutely dependent upon my rich and respectable uncle, whose ruling passion was vain-glory, had looked on my existence as a nuisance, not so much because he was obliged to open his purse to pay for my clothing and education, as because that, when a man of his pretensions reflects on credit upon his name. I remembered how in those days I had a soul for the beautiful, and a certain always-awakened sense of the impotent hopes that consumed rather than cheered me—the hopes of name and gold, won by my own exertions, with which I should yet wring from those who despised me the worthless respect which they denied me now.

Sitting there at the fire, I rang the bell, and the waiter came to me; an old man whose face I remembered. I asked him some questions. Yes, he knew Mr. George Rutland; recollected that many years ago he used to stay at Morley's when he came to London. The old gentleman had always staid there. But Mr. George was too grand for Morley's now. The family always came to town in the spring, but, at this season, "Rutland Hall, Kent," would be pretty sure to be "engaged."

Having obtained all the information I desired, I began forthwith to write a letter:

"DEAR GEORGE,—I dare say you will be astonished to see my handwriting as you would to behold an apparition from the dead. However, you know I was always a never-do-well, and I have come back to England to die yet. I am ashamed not to be able to announce myself as having returned home with my fortune made; but mishaps will follow the most hard-working and well-meaning. I am still a young man, even though fifteen of the best years of my life may have been spent, and I am willing to devote myself to any worthy occupation. Meantime, I am anxious to see you and yours. A long absence from home and kindred makes one value the grasp of a friendly hand. I shall not wait for your reply to this, but go down to Kent the day after to-morrow morning. I believe, about dinner-time. You see I am making myself assured of your welcome for a few weeks, till I have time to look about me.

"I remain, dear George,

"Your old friend and cousin,

"GUY RUTLAND."

I folded this missive and placed it in its envelope. "I shall find out, once for all, what they are made of," I said, complacently, as I wrote the address, "George Rutland, Esq., Rutland Hall, Kent."

It was about seven on a frosty evening when I arrived at the imposing entrance of Rutland Hall. No Cousin George came rushing out to meet me. "Of course not," I thought; "I am unused to these kind of honours in this country. He is lying in wait for me on the mat inside." I was admitted by a solemn person as quietly and mechanically as I had given my instruction to my home and kindred were a thing that had happened regularly in his presence every day since his birth. He ushered me into a grand hall, but no mat supported the impatient feet of the dignified master of the house. "Mr. Rutland is at home, sir," said the solemn person, as I stood, even this, perhaps, were scarcely etiquette. No doubt he stands chafing on the drawing-room hearth-rug, and thinks it quite enough reason to make myself presentable before dinner." So, resigning myself to circumstances, I meekly followed a guide who volunteered to conduct me to the room assigned to my especial use. I had to travel a considerable distance before I reached it. "Is this the way to Mr. Rutland's?" when I did reach it, "I had expected to find the rooms in such a house more elegantly appointed than this!"

I made my toilet, and again submitting myself to my guide, was conveyed to the drawing-room door. Up a few marble stairs I had been coming pleasant speeches with which to greet my kinsfolk. I am not a brilliant person, but I sometimes succeed very well when I try, and on this occasion I had the desire to do my best.

The drawing-room door was at the distant end of the hall to the left, and right in the blaze of its warmth a little figure was lounging in an easy-chair. The little figure was a girl of apparently about fifteen years of age, dressed in a short shabby black frock, who was evidently spoiling her eyes by reading by the firelight. She had pushed her curls back, a mass of fair curly hair being thus tossed over the velvet cushion on which it rested, while she held her book close to the light. She was luxuriating in her solitude, and little dreaming of interruption.

She was so absorbed in her book, the door had opened and closed so noiselessly, and the room was so large, that I was obliged to make a sound to engage her attention. She started violently then, and looked up with a nervous fearfulness in her face. She dropped her book, sat upright, and put out her hand, as if expecting a thing I had not noticed before, and which leaned against the chair—a crutch. She then got up leaning on it and stood before me in the light. She was lame, and had two crutches by her.

I introduced myself, and her fear seemed to subside. She asked me to sit down, with a prim little assumption of at-home-ness, which did not sit upon her with ease. She picked up her book and laid it on a table; she produced a nest from the recesses of her chair, and with a blush gathered up the curls and tucked them into its mesh-work. Then she sat down, and kept her hand upon her crutches, as if she was ready at a moment's notice to limp away across the carpet, and leave me to my own resources.

"Thomon thought there was nobody in the room," she said, as if anxious to account for her own presence there. "I always stay in the nursery, except sometimes when they all go out and I get this room to myself. Then I like to read by the fire."

"Mr. Rutland is not at home?" I said.

"No, they are all out dining."

"Indeed! Your papa, perhaps, did not get my letter?"

She blushed crimson.

"I am not a Miss Rutland," she said. "My name is Tercie Ray. I am an orphan. My father was a friend of Mr. Rutland, and he takes care of me for charity."

The last word was pronounced with a certain controlled quiver of the lip. But she went on.

"I don't know about the letter, but I heard a gentleman was expected. I did not think it could be to-night, though, as they all went out."

"A reasonable conclusion to come to," I thought, and therefore began mentally in the eagerness of welcome displayed by my affectionate Cousin George. If I were the gentleman expected, they must have received my letter, and in it were fully set forth the day and hour of my proposed arrival. "Ah! George, my dear fellow!" I said, "you are not a well-bred host."

Arriving at this conclusion, I raised my glance, and met, full, the observant gaze of a pair of large brown eyes. My little hostess for the time being was regarding me with such a curiously legible expression on her face, that I could not but read it and be amused. It said plainly: "I know more about you than you think, and I pity you. You come here with expectations which will not be fulfilled. There is much mortification in store for you. I wonder you came here at all. If I were once well outside those gates I should never peep inside them again. If I knew a road cut into the world you come from, I would set out bravely on my crutches. No, not even for the sake of a golden hour like this, in a velvet chair, would I remain here."

How any one glance could say all this was a riddle; but it was by all this, and the language of the face was as simple to me as though every word had been translated into my ear. Perhaps it is certain eternal laws, kindred to those by which the little orphan was born, or George Rutland had become owner of Rutland Hall, assisted me in deciphering a much inferior order of reality. However that may be, certain things before surmised became assured facts in my mind, and a moist heart of sympathy became at once established between me and my companion.

"Tercie Ray," I said, "what do you think of a man who, having been abroad for fifteen years, has the impudence to come home without a shilling in his pocket? Ought he not to be stoned alive?"

"I thought how it was," said she, shaking her head and looking up with a wonder at her shrewd glances. "I knew it, when they put you into such a bad bedroom. They are keeping all the good rooms for the visitors who are coming next week. The house will be full for Christmas. It won't do," she added, meditatively.

"What won't do?" I said.

"Your not having a shilling in your pocket. They'll find it out, and you'll find out they will find it out. I have a guinea that old Lady Thornton gave me on my birthday, and if you like to borrow it, you can. I'll lend it you, and if I don't want it at all, and you could pay me back when you are better off."

She said this with such business-like gravity, that I felt obliged to control my inclination to laugh. She had evidently taken me under her protection. Her keen little wits saw my causes and difficulties besetting my steps during my stay at Rutland Hall, to which my newer eyes, and unaccustomed glances be ignorant. I looked at her with amusement, as she sat there seriously considering my financial interests. I had a desire to humor this quaint paternal relation that had sprung up so spontaneously between us. I said, gravely:

"I am much obliged to you for your offer, and will gladly take advantage of it. Do you happen to have the guinea at hand?"

She looked, her crutches, and then quickly out of the room. Presently she returned with a little bonbon box, which she placed in my hand, saying, "I found one guinea, wrapped up carefully in silver paper.

"I wish it had been more!" she said, wistfully, as I counted it transferred it to my pocket, box and all. "But I so seldom get money!"

At this moment the solemn person who had escorted me hither and thither before announced that my dinner was served.

On my return to the drawing-room, I found, to my disappointment, that my little confidential bird had flown. Tercie Ray had limped off to the nursery.

Next morning, at breakfast, I was introduced to the family. I found them, on the whole, pleasant people. I had expected that Cousin George had developed into a pompous portly paterfamilias; and, in spite of his cool professional engagements, was evidently anxious to see me. The Mamma Rutland just countenanced me, in a manner the most frigidly polite. The grown-up young ladies treated me with the most well-bred negligence. Unless I had been very obtuse, I should have perceived that I was to occupy the place appointed for me in Rutland Hall. I was expected to sit below the salt, and dine with the children's governess of no importance. George amused himself with me for a few days, displaying to me his valuable establishments, and also his various stables of grander guests, left me to my own resources. The Misses Rutland endured my escort on their riding excursions, but generally contrived to have cavaliers appeared. As for the lady of the house, her annoyance at having me quartered indefinitely on her premises, was quite apparent. The truth was, they were new people in the circle in which they moved, and it did not suit them to have a poor relation coming suddenly among them, calling them "cousin," and making himself at home in the house. For me, I was not blind, neither was I deaf, to all these things that we see. I made myself as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, took every sneer and snub in excellent part, and was at

amiable and satisfied on all occasions as though I believed myself to be the most cherished inmate of the like the rest of their hospitality, and smiled contentedly as the days went on. The gloom which had oppressed me on my first arrival in England had all broken itself away. How could I feel otherwise than supremely happy at finding myself thus surrounded by my kind relations, being so constantly entertained under their hospitable roof?

As I found that the guests at Rutland Hall enjoyed a much freedom in their choice of amusements, and the disposal of their time, I speedily availed myself of this privilege. I selected my own associates, and I entertained myself as pleased me best. Not finding myself always welcomed in the drawing-room, I returned, by a series of the most dexterous artifices, to gain the free entree of the nursery. In this nursery grew together the sons of five or six younger branches of the Rutland family. After a certain hour in the day none of the elders ever thought of invading its remote precincts. Five o'clock in the evening was the children's tea hour, and the pleasantest, I thought, in the twenty-four. There was a maid woman, who knew how to appreciate a little present now and again, and to keep her own counsel on the subject. The visits were to the pleasant children; they were unruly mischievous little wretches. They conceived a sort of affection for me, because I sometimes made the nursery nasty-dirty purchases made during solitary rides; pictur-books, tops, dolls, or sweetmeats, procured by means of the "tuck-shop." I was, however, as much to Teecie one evening as she sat by, watching the distribution, and she nodded her head in quiet satisfaction. She thought that I economized my substance very well. It covered a great many small extravagances, that guinea did.

Whatever might be my position at Rutland Hall, Teecie Ray's was simply intolerable. A spirit less tamed would have been cowed and broken by it: a nature less delicate must have been blunted and made coarser. The servants openly neglected her, the children used her as they pleased; wreaked their humors on her, sparing neither blow nor taunt in their passion, and demanding from her at all times whatever service is suited their capricious fancy to need. Nurse, the only woman who ever showed a grain of consideration for the orphan, would sometimes shield her from their impish attacks, when she could do so with safety to herself; but she was not permitted to deal with those darlings in the only fashion which would have been at all likely to teach them reason. As for the elders of the house, Teecie Ray's momentary presence, or the mere mention of her name, was sufficient to rob them quite of mind. "What is to be done with that girl?" I heard Mrs. Rutland remark to one of her daughters. "If she were not literally starved, set her to earn her bread in some way; but, as it is——" A shrug of the shoulders, and a certain visage-like expression of countenance, which this lady knew how to assume, sufficiently developed the idea thus imperfectly expressed.

And how did she get on with all this? She did not complain nor rebel, she did not sulk nor fret. Under that well-worn black frock of hers she carried a little breastplate of sober determined endurance. When sorely tried, there was never any cowardly submission to be seen in her grave little face, nor did I ever hear her in her manner or words either reproach or remonstrance. She simply endured. Her large patient eyes and mute mouth seemed to say: "Whatever I suffer, whatever I long to dare, gratitude shackles my limbs, and seals my lips. I am saved from many things; therefore I am dumb."

The second time I met my little benefactress, was on a day or two after our first interview in the drawing-room. I came upon her, one afternoon by chance, limping down a hedge lane that lay to the back of the house, away beyond the gardens, and the kitchen gardens, and the pleasure-grounds. Here, I found, led to a large meadow, and beyond the meadow there was a wooded hill, and far down at the distant side of the hill there was a village. This was Teecie Ray's favorite ramble, and her own avenue of escape from the torments of the nursery. I immediately began pressing on her the subject of perplexities, troubles and difficulties, to all of which she listened with perfect credulity, expressing her sympathy as I went along by an expressive nod of the head, or a shrewd swift glance. Then she gave me her wise little counsel when all was told, and went home, I believe, pondering on my case.

As the days passed, and my relations became more and more established in their winter guests, I found myself more and more thrown upon my own resources for amusement. Occasionally I was included in an invitation, and accepted it; but in general I preferred indulging my fancy for keeping aloof from those who were little charmed with my company. A system of the most unblushing bribery had won for me a warm welcome from the savage tribes in the nursery. Many and many an evening found me walking down that hedged lane in the frosty dusk, with Teecie Ray limping by my side, and talking her grave simple little talk. I had always some fresh puzzle to propose to her, and she was always ready to knit her smooth brows over its solution. Once she stopped short, and struck her little crutches on the snow.

"You ought to go away from here and work," she cried. "O, if I could!"

A certain Sir Harry arrived at Rutland Hall: I will not trouble myself to think of his second wealthy bachelor of high family, and his movements were watched with interest by the ladies of the house. This Sir Harry had a fancy for smoking his cigar in the hedged lane, and on his back-road into London he encountered my little benefactress limping on her solitary way, and stared at the pretty fresh face under her old black hat, till it blushed with uncomfortable radiance. Teecie changed her track like a hunted hare, but Sir Harry scented her out, and annoyed her with his unwelcome attentions. The matter reached Mrs. Rutland's ears, and she vented her chagrin on the defenseless little girl. I know not what unmerciful scolding and reproaches she bestowed upon her during a long private lecture; but, that evening when, at the children's tea-hour, I entered the nursery with a new ball in my hand for Jack (the youngest and least objectionable of the band), I saw Teecie Ray's face governed by the fear of Death. It was flushed and swollen with passionate crying. I do not intend to commit to paper certain remarks which I made on the spot upholding this disfigurement.

"Come, come, Teecie," I said, while nurse was busy making a disturbance which was aimless because "Cousin Guy" had not brought something to every one else as well as Jack: something to every one else as well as Jack, "where is all your philosophy, little mother? You need never preach to me again, if you set me such a bad example."

Teecie gave me a word, but stared on into the fire. This wound had cut deep. Sir Harry, and Mrs. Rutland, and Mrs. Rutland's daughters about I should have dearly loved to knock your two good-for-nothing heads together!

"Teecie, I've got a secret to confide to my friend, at any rate, even if he be not a very grand one."

She gave one of her quaint expressive little looks. Though, indeed, I meant nothing all that, but I can not talk just now." By-and-by, however, she brightened up, and went to the table to share in the tea and bread-and-butter, and I began to mend a bow belonging to Tom. Tom was one of the leaders of the unruly tribes, a regular little savage.

Ere two days more had passed I felt strongly inclined to exercise the horsewhip on this young gentleman's shoulders. On the second morning I was seized with an impish inspiration to play a trick upon Teecie. Stealing her crutches, he walked down the garden-path with them, one little limp, and then marching off with them, heedless of her entreaties to have them restored, carried them triumphantly to the stable, and smashed them in pieces with a hatchet. Teecie sat helpless in the din and riot of that ill-conditioned nursery. I found her there on returning and found her a prisoner, looking with longing eyes through the window-panes, out over the beautiful country that lay in the winter sunshine with the most audacious indifference. But why talk about Tom? I could not help believing, nor do I ever intend to believe, that Tom's hands than Tom's plotted the cruel caging of that bonnie bird.

The bird drooped on its perch; but who cared? Nurse vowed it was a shame, and showed more kindness than usual to the orphan, but I will not, therefore, decide how much of this tenderness was owing to the old crown-pieces which found their way from my hand to hers—all, perhaps, the guinea, of course? Oyes, all out of the guinea. And there was another friend who sometimes expressed a concern for Teecie Ray's affliction. This was that Lady Thornton, whose bounty had indirectly furnished me with pocket-money for my visit to the Rutland Hall. In favor of this old lady I had done my best to win. She was a nice comfortable lady, and I liked her for her kindness that she called one day during Teecie Ray's imprisonment, to invite the Rutlands and their visitors, great and small together, to a party to be given at her house, a few miles distant. I chanced to be alone in the drawing-room when she arrived, and I seized the opportunity to tell her the story of Teecie's crutches.

"A bad boy!" she said. "A bad, malicious boy! She must get new crutches before my party."

"Of course she must," I said, very heartily. "And could you have them back from Paris, raising the fat chin in a peculiar sort of way, and looking at me direct through her spectacles.

"Indeed you may," I said, very heartily, "that particular interest do you take in Teecie Ray!"

I smiled. "Oh, Teecie and I are excellent friends," I said.

"Teecie and you!" she repeated. "Pray, are you aware that Miss Ray is eighteen years of age?"

"Is she, indeed? I know nothing about the ages of little girls."

"But Teecie is not a little girl, Mr. Guy Rutland. Teecie Ray is a woman, I tell you!"

Teecie Ray a woman! I could not help laughing. What, my little benefactress, my little mother! I am afraid I scandalized Lady Thornton by that occasion by my utter scorn of her proposition. Christina Rutland swept into the room at this crisis, and relieved me in my difficulty. But often afterward during that day I laughed when I thought of Lady Thornton's piece of information. Teecie Ray a woman? Preposterous!

One morning, when it wanted but a week of the party, a curious event occurred. The heads of the house met in consultation on the matter, in the library, before breakfast. An extraordinary Thing had arrived from London at Rutland Hall. The Thing was a large wooden case, directed to Teecie Ray. On being eagerly opened, it was found to contain a pair of crutches.

And such a pair of crutches! Light and symmetrical, and fanciful, works of art in their way. Exquisite workmanship, capped with dainty little cushions of crimson velvet. Thunderstricken were the elders of the house. "Who could have done this thing?" was on every lip. Who, indeed? Who outside of Rutland Hall had ever heard of Teecie Ray? These crutches were costly affairs. I knew the conclusion they came to, one and all. They pitched on Sir Harry as the culprit. It was a thorn in their side, and I rubbed my hands in glee.

Having wondered at the question in their dismay, they decided that Teecie should be kept in ignorance of her mysterious present. It was best fit for her peace of mind that all her mind with absurd ideas. And so, in spite of the arrival of the beautiful crutches, poor Teecie still sat helpless in the nursery. The wooden case and its contents were hidden away, and no word was spoken of their existence.

I waited a few days to see if the elders would relent, but to no purpose. The bird still pined in its cage. Then I resolved upon a bold daring to open the cage door and let it fly. There sat Teecie, day after day, in her nursery chair, hemming spotted handkerchiefs, darning the children's stockings, looking longingly out of the window, and growing pale for want of fresh air. Still nobody thought of releasing her. Meanwhile the stir of Christmas preparation was agitating all the household, and the children were full of rapture at the thought of Lady Thornton's Christmas party. There was great excitement in the nursery about pretty new dresses, wonderful head-dresses of flowers and muslins, and fripperies. Teecie alone sat silent in her shabby frock. By-and-by, her hands were full, bowing up sashes, and ribbons, and bodices, stitching rosettes on shoes. She was a nimble little workwoman, and they kept her busy. Seeing how well a little girl could work, I suppose her, I thought it a pity she should not have a gay dress as well as the rest.

I said, "Teecie, what will you wear?" nor even, "Teecie, are not you invited too?" No one seemed to expect for a moment that Teecie could be left at home. She must be there. How could she go, she who was lame and had no crutches?

It happened that I had an errand to the nearest town. It was rather late when, on my return, I called at the best millinery establishment in the place, and bought a pair of gloves.

Yes, the parcel was ready. A large flat box. "Would the gentleman like to see the lady's pretty dress?" The box was opened, and a cloud of some airy fabric shaken out under my eyes. It was white, gossamer, descrite is, but it was something white, very pure and transparent, with something else of pink just blushing through it. It was exquisite tasteful, I pronounced, trying to look wise. There was only one fault: "Did it not seem rather long for a little girl?" I asked, measuring with the figure it was to adorn, with its short skirt just coming to the top of the boots, so well worn and mended.

"Oh, no, sir," the milliner, with dignity, "you said the young lady was eighteen years of age, and of course we have given her a flowing skirt."

It was late in the evening when I reached home. Two merry carriage-falls were just departing, and others, as I drove up. A few minutes afterward I was in the nursery with the milliner's parcel in my hands. There sat Miss Teecie Ray, contemplating her finished check on her hand, and contemplating the liter of scraps of ribbon, fragments of lace, scissors, sleeves, and other litter, among which lay scattered around her. She had had a toilsome, tiresome day, and now they had got all they wanted of her, and had left her to her solitude.

A flash of pleasure sprang to her face when she saw me. "Oh! I thought you had gone with the rest," she said, sorry to be

"No," said I, "I have not gone yet, but I am going presently. I came for you."

"For me?" she echoed in dismay. "You know I could not go. I have no dress, even if I could walk."

"A dress has sent you a dress," I said, "and I will undertake to provide the crutches. Nurse, will you please to take this box, and get Miss Teecie ready for the party as quickly as possible? The carriage is waiting for us at the door."

Teecie flushed very red at first, and I thought she was going to refuse me. Nurse, and then she turned pale, and looked frightened. Nurse, to whom I had slipped a munificent Christmas box, immediately fell into raptures over the pretty dress.

"Come, Teecie," I said, "make haste!" And, trembling and between dread and delight, Teecie suffered herself to be carried off to her toilet.

By the time I returned from an exploring expedition, with the wonderful silver-and-tortoise-shell crutches under my arm, Teecie was ready.

Teecie was ready. Nurse, three simple little words mean so much that I feel I must stop and try to translate them into all they are bound to convey. They do not mean that Teecie, the child whom I was wont to call my little benefactress, my little mother, had got on a nice dress and was equipped for a juvenile party like other children. But they mean that there, when I came back, stood a beautiful girl in the prettiest of dresses, her swaying blush-colored robe. When she turned her head, I saw that the sweet face framed in its childlike hair was the face of the old Teecie Ray who was gone, and here was (*pecora* Lady Thornton!) a lovely woman.

We were all three ludicrously amazed at the sudden metamorphose that had taken place. Teecie was too simple not to show that she felt the change in herself, felt it keenly, with a strange delight and a strange shyness. Nurse had so long been accustomed to use her as a child that she stood bewildered. As for me, I enchanted, then foolishly awkward, and almost as shy as Teecie herself.

When I presented the crutches, nurse looked at me as though I must be some prince in disguise, out of the Arabian Nights. It was with a curious feeling that I saw Teecie try them, not limping now, rather gliding over the nursery floor, with the little velvet cushions hidden away amidst clouds of lace and muslin under her round white shoulders, and the airy masses of the fresh pink dress that I had bought for her by the gleaming silver staves. I don't know why it was that I thought at that moment, with a certain rapture, of a guinea as a little human box, that lay below in the one shabby portmanteau which I had thought proper to bring with me to Rutland Hall!

Our equipage awaited us. It was too late now for Teecie to run from what I had undertaken. Teecie and I were soon dashing over the snowy roads to Lady Thornton's. I will not attempt to describe the remainder of that memorable evening, or the sensation caused by our arrival; the wonder and mortification of my kind relations, or the neglected pleasure and displeasure of the hostess, who, while delighted to see her little favorite, took occasion to whisper angrily in my ear, "And pray, Sir, how is all this to end?"

The scene was all new and delightful to Teecie, but her dread of Mrs. Rutland's portentous frown would not let her enjoy it. We both felt that a storm would burst over our heads that night, and we were not wrong. None of the family from Rutland Hall took the least notice of us. When the time came for going home, they went off in their own carriages, and Teecie and I drove home as we had come. When we arrived, we found Cousin George and his wife waiting for us in the library, armed to the teeth. I saw it was to be war and no quarter. Mrs. Rutland could not trust into her chuckles, and carried them off, and I was left with George. I need not repeat all that passed between us.

"Sir," he said, "we have suffered your insolent intrusion long enough. You leave this house to-morrow morning."

"Cousin George," I said, "don't put yourself in a passion. I will go to-morrow morning, but upon one condition. That Teecie Ray may come with us, if she will."

He looked at me perfectly aghast. "Do you know," he said, "that she is a penniless friendless orphan, whom I have sheltered through charity?"

"I want to make her my wife," I said, sternly, "if, indeed, I be so fortunate as to have won her affections."

"And under that," he said, with a sneer, "how do you propose to live? Upon air, or your friends?"

"Not upon you, George Rutland," I said, looking him steadily in the eyes. "Mark me. I have tried you out. I have sifted you, all in this house, and I know you. You will find you all chaff, but the one golden grain which lies on my palm. I will keep it and treasure it, I say. And great I may!"

"Very fine," said George, "*very* fine. Remember, however, that from this moment I wash my hands of you both: you, Guy Rutland, and her, Teecie Ray."

"Amen!" I said, and bade him good-night, and turned on my heel and left him.

Early next morning I knocked at the nursery door, and begged of nurse to awake Miss Teecie, and ask her to speak with me in the garden, then went out to wait for her. It was Christmas morning, the dayest peace and good-will. When Teecie came to me, peace, as I looked over the calm landscape. And yet I bore no ill-will to any man or woman.

Teecie came to me by-and-by; just the same old Teecie, limping over the frosty path in her short shabby frock, and looking very frightened of her great crutches. I felt relieved when I saw her so. I was shy of the dainty lady whom I had called into existence the night before. And yet when I looked more closely, I knew that this was not quite the old Teecie, and that the very same Teecie of a day and a night ago, could not come back. Something was altered. Whether the change was in her or me, or in both of us, I did not inquire. The change was not an unpleasant one.

We strolled out of the garden, and into the park, and we talked earnestly all the way. On our way back I said:

"And you're not afraid of starving with me, Teecie? You will take the risk?"

One of her old nods was Teecie's answer.

"Go and fetch your hat, then," said I, "and we won't even wait for breakfast. Don't bring any thing else with you, not a shred. I have still some half-pence left—out of the guinea, you know—and we can get all we want."

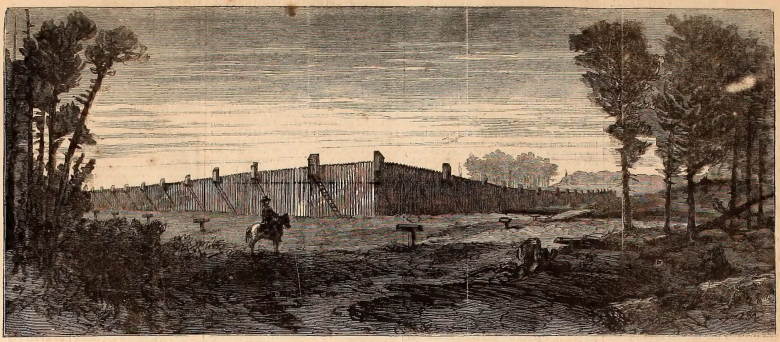
Teecie fetched her hat and returned, and we set off together. An hour afterward a man met us on the road, and we all went away side in the church, and then we walked back to Rutland Hall, to say good-by to our kindred. Teecie's aunt and cousins saw me mad, and her a little fool;—at least until Cousin George received the cheque, which I sent them next day, to cover the expenses incurred by him through his charity to Teecie Ray. Then they began to wonder, and to waver. It took my cousin aback, and showed her the world. Time and care cured her of her lameness. It was not surprising that a few years after I had married her kinsfolk should scarcely recognize her—Teecie Rutland, née Ray—walking without crutches, and the wife of a millionaire! Half a guinea-cake conciliated Lady Thornton, and the wonderful guinea is still in my possession. I call it Teecie's dower. The crutches, the donor of which I beg to assure you, major, was not Sir Harry, are also



THE SEVENTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE OGECHEE RIVER, GEORGIA.



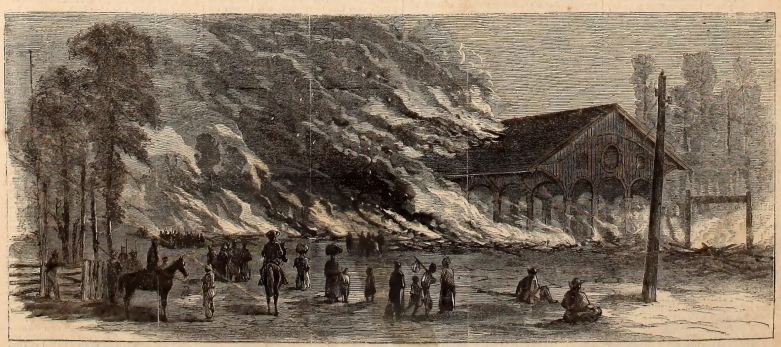
THE FIRST DIVISION OF THE TWENTIETH CORPS DRIVING WHEELER'S CAVALRY ON SANDERSVILLE, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1864.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRISON-PEN AT MILLEN, GEORGIA.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE PRISON-PEN AT MILLEN, GEORGIA.



DESTRUCTION OF MILLEN JUNCTION, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

COME, gather round the glowing hearth
While swift the moments fly,
The hour which gives the New Year birth
On Time's swift wing draws nigh;
So gather here, with song and cheer
We bid the dear, the gray Old Year,
Our friend so long, good-by.

He leaves us soon, he may not stay,
Ere dawn he needs must go;
He hath been with us on the way
For many months, I know.
When skies were clear, when storms were near,
Through light and fear, the brave Old Year,
In rain and wind and snow.

He brought such gently dropping showers
To glad the silent plain,
Such precious gifts of fruits and flowers,
Such harvest fields of grain:
The gay Old Year, grown sad and drear,
We hold him dear who leaves us here
Ne'er to return again.

His form is bent, his face is white,
He hath seen many a day,
Soon will he pass into the night
To go upon his way.
The fond Old Year we hold so dear,
For him what cheer who lingers here
Where he is wont to stay?

What though he touched some hearts with grief
If others he made strong?
Bid him forget, he might grown brief,
He must be gone ere long,
The hale Old Year now blanched and sere,
Whose hour draws near; forgive him here
Whatever is of wrong.

Hark! heavy across the frozen snow
The belfry's pealing bell,
O sacton, toll well and slow,
It is his funeral knell;
Good-by, Old Year, to memory dear,
God rest his soul with many a tear
We give thee our farewell.

DINING—CORPULENCY—LEANNESS.

No. II.—On Corpulency and Leanness.

AT our last meeting, kind readers, we "dined it and wined it." During the interval good Mrs. Curnall has put to the following question: "Can you tell, doctor, do good fat people whom you ask to dinner in other ways besides the mere filling of their stomachs?" "Certainly, Madam, certainly," we replied. "A our next repast we intend to give some sound advice to our friends the Greatexes and the Lankys, and that, too, without fee."

"I say," somebody exclaimed our venerable friend Greatex—corpulency, Lanky (or did you say Yankee?)—leanness. Generous man! I shall certainly be very much profited by your exuberance and profound learning." "Thank you, Madam." Our guests will therefore not take it unkindly if we say a few words before meat." And first, we will address ourselves to the Greatexes.

By obesity we mean that state of fatty congestion when, without the individual being ill, the limbs or members increase gradually in size and lose their primitive form and beauty. There is one sort of obesity which is confined to the stomach. This is seldom found in women. "I myself," says Savarin, "am a sufferer in this respect, yet I have an ankle, instep, and calf as fine as an Arabian horse." Nevertheless, I looked upon my stomach as a most formidable enemy: I conquered it, and reduced it to its proper dimensions." The principal causes of corpulency may be easily stated. The first is the natural conformation of the individual. Every man is born with certain predispositions, which may be traced in his physiognomy. Out of one hundred persons who die of consumption ninety have brown hair, an oval face, and sharp nose. Out of one hundred "corpulents" ninety have a round face, globular eyes, and pug nose. It is therefore beyond a doubt that corpulence are predestined to be fat, and that, taking all things equally, their digestive powers produce a greater portion of fat. And here let us cite a few instances of men of weight. M. Laurent notices a Parisian boy who must have frightened his mother a little, for he weighed a hundred and four pounds at four years old. There was a boy at Wiltaton, in Durham, about a century ago, who, at the age of seven, measured three inches round the thigh, and thirty-three round the waist; he was a queer fellow in other ways, for he had six fingers on each foot, and six fingers on one hand. In 1784 died an Irish gentleman, Mr. Lovelace Love, from very fatness. So immense was his bulk that his coffin measured seven feet in length, four in breadth, and three and a half in depth. Mr. Baker, who died at Worcester in 1766, was so large a subject for the lungeons of the local gaol that his coffin measured seven feet over, and was bigger than an ordinary hearse, and part of which was obliged to be taken down to admit its passage." Six years afterward there died at Usk, in Monmouthshire, one Mr. Philip Mason, whose dimensions were recorded as follows: round the wrist, eleven inches; round the upper arm, twenty-one inches; round the chest, sixty inches; round the largest part of the body, seventy-two inches; round the thigh, thirty-seven inches; round the calf of the leg, twenty-five inches. The above instances are wanting in facilities for comparison, on account of the actual weights being, in most cases, unrecorded. We give the following as instances more specifically definite on this point. There was a Kentish farmer and inn-keeper, one Mr. Palmer, who attracted much attention in the early part of the present century by his enormous bulk. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. Five ordinary men could be buttoned at one time within his waistcoat. He came to London to see the famous Daniel Lambert, who was vastly the superior to Palmer in bulk, but the latter puffed so much through his fatness that Lambert pitied him, as a man to whom life must have been a burden. Palmer went home much mortified; his claim to notoriety was suddenly eclipsed by a rival, and his vexation hastened his death. A part of his inn had to be taken down to allow room for his coffin to be removed. John Love was so thin and meagre that a physician advised him to eat like a hearty. His advice was well taken. John Love became a gormandizer; his fatness killed him at the age of forty, when he weighed three hundred and sixty-four pounds. Mr. Benjamin Bower, a native of Holt, in Dorsetshire, attained a weight of four hundred and seventy pounds. In 1774 there died in Lincolnshire one Mr. Pell, who weighed five hundred and sixty pounds. He was inclosed in three coffins, the united weight of which, with himself, exceeded three thousand pounds. Mr. Bright, of Essex, was a person of great notoriety in the early days of the reign of George the Third. He died at the age of forty. His weight was six hundred and sixteen pounds. Seven men were, on one particular occasion, buttoned within his waistcoat. When his career was ended, and his body was incased in its monster coffin, not only walls, but staircases, had to be cut through before it could be got out; twelve men drew the low carriage on which the coffin was placed; and "an engine was fixed up on the church," as the local chronicler says, to lower the coffin into the grave. There was an Irishman, Roger Byrne, who died in 1804, whose bulk was so great that his attendants caused the him the mortification of having several stones heavier than the celebrated Mr. Bright of Essex." It required thirty men to carry to the grave which his body was laid. Mr. Spooner, a Tamworth man, who was living in 1775, attained a weight of six hundred and eighty pounds. He had been very heavy to walk, his legs being unable to bear him. He measured four feet three inches across the shoulders. It is recorded of him that "his fatness came on all his life; for, being at Atherstone market, and some difference arising between him and a Jew, the Jew stabbed him in the belly with a pen-knife; but the blade, being short, did not pierce his bowels, or even pass through the fat which defended them." But of men of weight Daniel Lambert stands at the king. Shortly before his death he attained the unprecedented weight of seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds. His coffin was seventy-six inches long by fifty-two wide, and contained a hundred and twelve square feet of elm. The coffin was regularly built upon sides and ends; and not only was the window but also the side of a room, had to be taken down to afford a passage for the bulky mass. The wheeled coffin was drawn by six horses, on which the

pointed when the last hope of it failed? He read the doubt and perplexity at once.

"Let me explain," he said. "Your brother was looking expectantly for a draft from the North when I went away from here. I wrote to him, if it failed, that I knew of a person who would be glad to take good Northern securities for a small sum of money like this. It did fail, and he accepted the offer."

"And the securities, Mr. Hamilton?"

A mortgage of Manhattan Bank stock deeded the amount.

"I will not inquire who was generous enough to make such an offer in times like these. No, I need not be told. Accept my warmest thanks for removing the last burden from your brother's mind; but do not be offended if I can not allow you to run the risk, when every transaction between the North and the South is so uncertain. Take the check and destroy the mortgage. Colonel Hamilton, Had Robert lived it would have been different."

He was hurt. I saw it—felt it, and the feeling gave me real pain. To have acted differently would have been like receiving charity from the man I had rejected. A disagreeable silence ensued, which I was forced to break.

"Don't think me ungrateful, Colonel Hamilton. I could not bear that you, or to lose your friendship; but I must feel independent. I think there is another way in which you might assist me. You may hear of some person, now afraid of Northern sentiment, wishing a governess. Not quite yet—let me get accustomed to my loss and lighter grief."

"Trust me to do any thing a friend can do, dear Miss Margy. I would gladly have sheltered you in my home; since that can not be, I will, if necessary, give my life to protect you. Farewell!"

"Noble heart!" I exclaimed, as his last words lingered in my ears. "My antagonist is now my only friend!"

Three weeks are ages to the wretched. They were ages of struggle and overpowering anguish to me. Then I had a letter from Colonel Hamilton, kind but not demonstrative, in which he alluded to the situation I had proposed. Would I take charge of the motherless little girls, whose father was going to the army? The locality was healthy, quiet, and safe, but extremely isolated. My comfort would be studied by the servants—my wishes law to them. I could assume the charge whenever it pleased me.

Two lonely little girls and a quiet home! It sounded pleasant. I would accept the situation, and be ready in a week. So I wrote, and received directions reply.

A week of tearful preparation. Trunks to be packed alone; Robert's garments to be folded away carefully—I could not force myself to give to Uncle Joe or Jimmy—and daily visits to be made to the cemetery, at every one of which I knelt at my brother's grave, and promised him to come and lie down by his side or take him home. Aunt Milly relied me a shawl or foot-path thither, and usually accompanied me on my evening visits.

The last day I went in the morning, and alone. Every thing was in readiness for the sad, solitary journey; trunks strapped, carpet-bag filled with necessaries for the night, and my sleeping-dress assumed—the very same Aunt Hannah's hands had fallen upon the day we left home. Could it have been ten days, in my utter desolation, how would her tender heart have swelled with grief!

Mrs. Thomson, kind to the last, came with the carriage to take me home, avowedly, for an early dinner, that I might take rest before stage-time; but privately I knew that certain, to interrupt the painful farewell.

It was late in the afternoon when the stage-horn was heard under the Florida House. My trunks were on the piazza, so was the entire family. I was ready, and entered the stage amidst a shower of kisses and kind wishes—too much overcome to reply to any.

"Any more passengers, Jerry?" the Major inquired.

"None nearer than Hernando, Sir."

"I'm afraid you'll have a lonely ride to-night, Miss Milly. Be careful, Jerry."

I did not appreciate the Major's caution until we were beyond the Hillsboro, in the rugged road that leads to the ancient forest. Jagged palmetto roots buried in the sand, fallen trees to be avoided, creeks and rivers to be forded, are a few of the discomforts and dangers that throng the traveler's way across the peninsula. It has its compensations of beauty and wild magnificence.

Night came on in the lonely forest. The deep, surging tones of the pines seemed like the echo of the sorrowful sigh of my own heart. The grand old trees, with their solemn drapery of moss, swaying forever to and fro—to and fro—as if keeping time to their own dirge-notes, stood tall and spectral, like the ghosts of Oceola and his Seminole warriors. These were their paths. Scarcely was their war-cry silent yet among the Withlacoochee—their beloved river. It seemed very strange to me who had never made the shortest journey without father or brother to be traveling alone amidst such profound solitudes; yet I had not a thought of fear.

It was past midnight when the driver took down his horn and blew a shrill, vigorous blast. I strained my eyes, but no light was visible.

"Are we approaching a settlement?" I ventured to inquire.

"That's a one-hoss town yer; postmaster allus asleep. Gabriel 'll find him a tough one when he comes to blow."

The vehicle drew up before a low log building, labeled "Post-office," as seen by the dim light of the driver's lantern. It took another blast to arouse the dormant official.

"I say, Jim Henderson, that you've forgot that yer Uncle Sam's dead, and you've got a Governor now—but wears a spur. Hurry up yer cokes! Here's the bag."

"Won't do for you to say nothing to-night, ole boy! Yer mighty slow yerself! Twelve o'clock afore I fell asleep, I'll swear. Thought yer'd changed schedule."

"It wasn't my fault though. I was charged at both ends of the way to drive keerful, and I's gwine to do it and didn't bring in till next week."

"Crockery, boy?"

"Hold yer tongue, Jim! I'll take a drop of whisky when the mails sorted."

I could hear them talking in tones meant to be suppressed, as they made their way into the office.

"I say, Jerry, who is it yer bound to be so mighty keerful on?" Jeff Davis's wife?"

"A live Yankee."

"The devil it is!" You don't expect to smuggle her through ole Sumter County?"

"I'll like to see anybody else—that's all! She's none o yer dirt-eating sort, I tell ye; but talks right smart peart about the North as though 'twas all the New Jerusalem strung bawed with gold. That's the name they give her down in Hillsboro; but she don't say much now. She's powerful down-hearted since the young man died."

Then followed the story of my brother's death, told in rude language, but with a genuine pathos, ending with a few words of praise for the handsome passenger sass on Jerry Dining's beat.

"Stand to it, ole hoss! Jim Henderson's yer'll be to open the door. Gals like me—that's what's the use o'



REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY DIVISION BY GENERAL SHERMAN, AT MARIETTA, GEORGIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1864.

THE CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

WE give on the next page two illustrations of General SHERMAN'S Army in front of Savannah. One of these represents General SHERMAN and his Staff, and is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. GEORGE W. BLENNARD, to whom we are indebted for the graphic sketches of the Prison-pen at Millen, published on page 13. The other sketch illustrates the capture of the rebel steamer *Rosalie*, on the Savannah River.

For the benefit of our readers we give the following list of the officers comprising the group in the sketch of General SHERMAN and Staff, which will be recognized by the corresponding numbers subjoined to the sketch:

1. Captain L. M. DAYTON, Aid-de-camp, Acting Adjutant-General.
2. Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. KITTOE, Medical Inspector.
3. Colonel AMOS BECKWITH, Aid-de-camp and Chief of Commissary.
4. Captain O. M. POE, Chief Engineer.
5. Brigadier-General W. F. BARRY, Chief of Artillery.
6. Major J. C. MCCOY, Senior Aid-de-camp.
7. Captain T. G. BAYLOR, Chief of Ordnance.
8. Major-General SHERMAN, Commanding.
9. Captain G. W. NICHOLS, Aid-de-camp.
10. Lieutenant-Colonel CHARLES EWING, Assistant Inspector-General.
11. Lieutenant-Colonel W. WARNER, Acting Inspector-General.
12. Captain J. E. MARSHALL, Assisting Adjutant-General to General BARRY.

General SHERMAN reached a position in front of Savannah on the 10th of December. General HARDEE was at that time conducting the defense of the city, having under his command a force which SHERMAN estimated at 15,000 men. It was General SHERMAN'S intention to invest Savannah so completely with his army as to prevent the escape of HARDEE'S army. The first thing to be done, of course, was to open communication with Admiral DAHLGREN. Fort M'Allister, on the Ogeechee River, stood in the way. This was a strong earth-work, situated about sixteen miles south of Savannah, behind Point Genesis, and commands the river. It was captured December 13 by General HAZEN'S Division of the Fifteenth Corps. SHERMAN then located his right on the Ogeechee at King's Bridge, while his left rested on the Savannah three miles above the city. Two boats were captured on the Savannah River, and a blockade established preventing the descent of the rebel gun-boats. There was a break in the investment of Savannah on the eastern side from the mouth of the river to a short distance above the city. It was by this outlet that HARDEE escaped with his army by crossing the river to Union Causeway. Before evacuating the city the rebels had blown up their iron-clads and burned the Navy Yard. General SHERMAN immediately entered the city. His captures include, according to General FORTER'S dispatch, eight hundred prisoners, one hundred and fifty guns, thirteen locomotives, one hundred and ninety cars, a large amount of ammunition and other material of war, besides three steamers and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton safely stored in warehouses.



TARVER'S MILL, GEORGIA.



MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN AND STAFF BEFORE SAVANNAH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE W. BARNARD.]



CAPTURE OF THE "RESOLUTE," ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.

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No. 20. Hunter's Run.—50 acres. One well started.
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No. 22. Paw-Paw Creek.—100 acres. One well started.
No. 23. Paw-Paw Creek.—80 acres. One well started.
No. 24. Long Run.—40 acres.
No. 25. Long Run.—40 acres.
No. 26. Grave Creek.—50 acres. One well going down.
No. 27. Sunday Creek.—100 acres.
No. 28. Sunday Creek.—170 acres.
No. 29. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 30. Sunday Creek.—240 acres.
No. 31. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 32. Sunday Creek.—100 acres.
No. 33. Sunday Creek.—47 acres.
No. 34. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 35. Sunday Creek.—120 acres.
No. 36. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 37. Sunday Creek.—102 acres.
No. 38. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 39. Sunday Creek.—114 acres.
No. 40. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 41. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 42. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 43. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 44. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 45. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 46. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 47. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 48. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 49. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 50. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 51. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 52. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 53. Sunday Creek.—160 acres.
No. 54. Sunday Creek.—80 acres.
No. 55. Duck Creek.—12 acres.
No. 56. Duck Creek.—12 acres.
No. 57. Duck Creek.—12 acres.
No. 58. Federal Creek.—40 acres.
No. 59. Federal Creek.—160 acres.
No. 60. Federal Creek.—160 acres.
No. 61. Federal Creek.—80 acres.
No. 62. Federal Creek.—160 acres.
No. 63. Federal Creek.—160 acres.
No. 64. Federal Creek.—160 acres.
No. 65. Paw-Paw Creek.—acres.
No. 67. Duck Creek.—One well, 425 feet deep, now being tubed preparatory to pumping.
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No. 13. Bull Creek.—best acres.
No. 14. Bull Creek.—best acres.
No. 15. Big Run.—15 acres.
No. 16. Big Run.—best acres.
No. 17. Big Run.—best acres.
No. 18. Fishing Creek.—best acres.
No. 68. Fishing Creek.—best acres.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

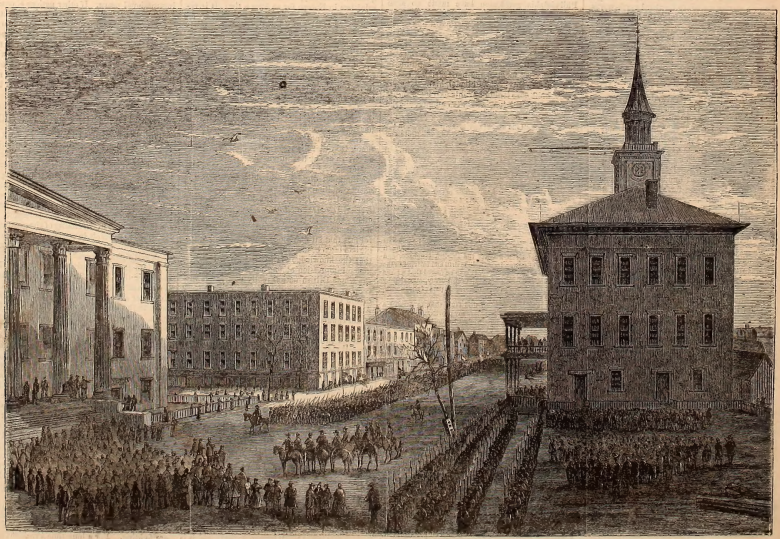
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ORDNANCE STORES CAPTURED WITH FORT M'ALLISTER.—LIEUTENANT SPENCER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY ENTERING SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 21, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

SHERMAN

WHAT grander name than his on that fair scroll,
Where, writ in fadeless characters, shall stand
The names of those, the saviors of the land,
Recorded of bright Fame's immortal roll!

Scarce have our hearts ceased thrilling to the cry,
Which passed from lip to lip, "Atlanta's ours!"
Than come the news that on Savannah's tower
Our flag floats on the broad blue sky.

Ring out from every spot, ye jubilant bells!
Ring loud and long those merry Christmas times!
Let notes of victory mingle with your chimes,
Till all the pealing chorus swells!

Long shall the tale be told by gray-haired sires,
Of that great march through the rebel rugged ways,
For many miles and many weary days,
To thickening perils, winter evening fires.

Hail to the Chief who led the venturous ranks!
Long may he live to wear his well-won fame,
And his children children taught to lisp his name;
For him a people's praise, a nation's thanks.

And hail to those who bore the flag with him,
Through fearless ranks of true and manly hearts;
The old year lingers long as it departs
To sing their praises with the Christmas hymn.

Such men are fashioned after God's own heart;
Fearless in danger, counting their rich blood
Even as nothing to their country's good—
Of the world's history they form a part.

There is a deathless heritage; their deeds
Blossom, like flowers, upon the page of Time;
And Science toil in prose or glowing rhyme
Seem writ in shining gold to him who reads.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1865.

WILMINGTON.

WE are told in early youth that the shyest birds can be caught by putting a little fresh salt upon their tails. It is well that the progress of the war is so prosperous that we can laugh rather than cry over the Wilmington expedition. The end, indeed, has not appeared, but the beginning is complete. There is something ludicrously suggestive of Chinese warfare, of the loud beating of the tomtom to appall the enemy, in the idea of blowing up a ship on the open sea in front of a fort, and anticipating "paralysis" as the result. Universal falling of the walls, apoplexy, and demoralization, then a jubilant charge, and all was to be over.

We know it is easy to smile after the event. But this was, after all, a question of science. The laws and forces of concussion are computable: and it is an interesting inquiry to whom we are indebted for this suggestion, and whether it were gravely approved by a competent, scientific board. The only paralysis produced seems to have been upon the wrong side. For it really looks as if the explosion were regarded as the essential effort, and that failing, further exertion were to be held useless. Admiral Porter, indeed, remained; but he remained upon the open sea in a stormy season to bombard earth-works. Should he succeed in obtaining the fort the greater will be his glory.

Certainly we are very far from complaining that an assault was not made. We are none of us here competent to decide that it should have been. Neither do we say that the troops were not well handled. General WEITZEL is a most skilful and accomplished soldier, and General BUTLER is no fool. Admiral PORTER naturally thinks that, if one man could seize a flag and take a prisoner almost within the fort, a column of men could successfully assault it. But then Admiral PORTER thought the fort was seriously disabled, when a reconnoissance showed it was not. Commodore ROGERS also thinks that the fort was virtually at our mercy, and that the fact of eight hundred of our men remaining on the shore for several hours unattacked by rebels proves that they were entirely worsted. But it is fair to suppose that the rebels believed the remaining of our troops to be some kind of snare. They could not believe that so enormous movement against Wilmington was already at an end, and that our men were retiring.

But we are surely entitled to say that some one has blundered, and that the some one should be ascertained and properly dealt with. We write, indeed, at the close of the first act only. Should the second and the drama actually open the country will rejoice all the more because of the check. But the check should be explained. And if the fleet that sailed forth under such prodigious salvos of acclaim and confidence should return after a brilliant bombardment, and the discovery that tomtoms and stink-pots are not formidable weapons of war, we shall be entitled to the feeling that, while officers and men, and especially those who undertook the perilous task of the explosion, have done all that brave men could do, yet that in the direction of the united armament there was some fatal defect which might have produced vast and melancholy disaster instead of amusing failure.

THEN AND NOW.

IN April, 1861, the Savannah *Republican* said: "The people of the Monumental City were right in arresting the progress of an army raised to shoot down their Southern brethren. We hope they will keep up the good work, and even send at home for their honor and independence. There are slumbering fires not only in Maryland, but in States north of her, that await only an opportunity to burst forth, and when they appear we may look out for a revolution that the world now little expects. Thank God! the time has arrived when these minions of Abolition can never plant a foot south of the Potomac."

In December, 1864, the Savannah *Republican* says: "By the fortunes of war a few days past we (or the authority of the Federal military forces ..... We desire to counsel obedience and all proper respect on the part of our citizens, and to express the belief that the better feelings of our sons will be respected by our military rule. ..... Let our conduct be such as to win the admiration of a magnanimous foe, and give no ground for complaint, and we may expect on the part of him who will for an indefinite period hold possession of our city."

In April, 1861, it said: "We would as soon confederate with the cannibals of the South Sea or the Thugs of India as with them [the Yankees]. They have forced us to the separation, and now, we say, let it be forever, and even beyond that time, should God in his providence permit. We want nothing to do with such a people, either in time or eternity."

In December, 1864, it says: "The fear expressed by many that General SHERMAN will repeat the order of expulsion from our homes which he enforced against the citizens of Atlanta we think to be without foundation..... It behooves all to keep within their houses until General SHERMAN shall have organized a provost system, and such police as will insure safety in person as well as property."

So it will be to the end, and the deluded people of the seceded country gradually learn what wretched and criminal gascons the Southern leaders were who have plunged the country into war.

BOUNTIES.

A LARGE number of conspicuous and influential gentlemen in Philadelphia, who have been personally familiar for a long time with the working of the bounty system, have prepared a careful and very sensible memorial to Congress upon the subject of local bounties, which is heartily approved by Governor CURTIN, the tried and admirable Mayor of that city.

We were sorry to see that our friend and neighbor, the New York *Times*, speaks of these gentlemen as dictating to the rest of the community in what way recruits shall be supplied or substitutes furnished. But certainly a simple suggestion upon an important public question, considerately made by any body of our fellow-citizens, ought not to be denounced as dictation. The *Times* also declares that to abolish the substitute system is to return to the days of the French Directory. That may be true, but the Philadelphia gentlemen have made no such proposition.

On the day after the appearance of this rather contemptuous criticism, the *Times* published a letter from Mr. J. R. HAMILTON, one of its ablest correspondents, in which the abuses of the system which the Philadelphia gentlemen aim to correct are set forth in the most striking terms. If the *Times* thinks that Mr. HAMILTON is "rhetorical," what does it think of this extract from its correspondent's letter, which is undoubtedly the plainest truth?

"To make all the abuse now being perpetrated in the army, by the present application of the substitute and bounty system, will be to pen what many may deem incredible; but there is nothing herein asserted which will not be found capable of undeniable proof. Will it be believed that I will give the names of men who have, of course, by boards of enrollment, examining physicians, etc., evidence that they were guilty conscripts at home, have had the audacity to send as recruits to our army cripples from birth; men partially blind; idiots from town farms; people with the hands of their fellow-men full of feloneous or fifteen: men being constantly claimed as subjects of other Governments; graduates of the State Prison of New York; escaped prisoners from the Dry Tortugas; rebel adventurers from Canada and elsewhere; men who have suffered by years of paralysis, and hundreds who can not understand one word of the English language, and whom it is, of course, impossible for them to instruct in the duties of a soldier? Indeed, it is to be feared that a large portion of the deserters from the army, attracted by the large bounties offered, form no small part of the bounty-jumping element among us.

"But it is far safer to find fault than to suggest a remedy—which latter is no part of my province. All I know is that it is utterly impossible to continue a system which works worse than the present one, whether we regard the enormous drain upon the public Treasury, or the deleterious effect upon our armies; the injustice in fifties upon the real soldier who is battling devotedly for his country, or the cruel prospect which it holds out to him—always white portions of armies, which have been paid for at hard cash, but which are nowhere to be found when required.

"I have now laid before you a few of the leading features of the system which is now working such serious evil in our armies, from the highest to the lowest grade, but will corroborate all I have said. Let those see to the remedy to whom duty belongs, and let the people know the danger for the poison is circulating to an extent little dreamed of by those who have not watched it."

The Philadelphia memorial, after rehearsing the facts and showing the inevitable consequences of such a system of recruiting, makes four very simple, comprehensive, and judicious suggestions. *First*, that short terms of service should be avoided, and the President be authorized to draft for one, two, or three years at his discretion. *Second*, that the practice of local buying up of recruits from other places should be discouraged, and, as a means, that the Government bounty be restricted to those who receive no local bounty; that every substitute should be credited with its own residents, no matter where they credit themselves; and that the recruiting in insurrectionary districts should be abolished. *Third*, that the unexpired terms of deserting volunteers should be charged to the locality entered for them. And *Fourth*, that, as such measures would diminish volunteering, there should be a moderate bounty for the drafted men, or family provision during their absence. This memorial we are such names as HORACE BINNEY, JUN., MORTON M'MICHAEL, HENRY C. LEA, CHARLES GILPIN, J. I. CLARK HARE, D. E. WALLACE, GEORGE TROTT, and others; nor can we see that it is rhetorical or dictatorial.

Such a plan credits every substitute with those who are willing to go from it, and requires those who can not go either to find a substitute at home or among those who are not citizens. There can be no question that the operation of the present bounty system is perilous to the country. "You are contending with an enemy," said General MITCHELL, "who will fight you with a two-pound fork, if he can find no other weapon. Can you safely fight him with soldiers who care nothing for the cause, and are there only because they will dig a ditch?" Exemptions there must be, and substitutes; but because these must be there is no reason why they should be scoundrels and felons, and there is every reason why they should not be such.

The City Bounty Fund Commission in Philadelphia, which, within the year, has paid bounties to more than twenty thousand volunteers, cordially approves the memorial, being persuaded that some national action upon the subject is necessary, as the active competition embarrasses all local efforts. The object of the movement is neither altogether to abolish substitutes or bounties, but to make them both as effective, and not as useless and dangerous, as possible. If the Philadelphia plan be not the best way, its proposers ask that some better one may be adopted. Is such a spirit unreasonable, or such a plan unfair?

MR. ADAMS.

WHAT we said last week of Mr. DAYTON in Paris is equally true of Mr. ADAMS in London. He is an advanced outpost of America. He illustrates the national faith and the national character. Prudent, silent, self-respecting manliness, and almost dry and austere manner, are delightfully contrasted with the characteristics of the rebel emissary in England, whom the American knows as Fugitive-Slave-Law Bill MASON, and who flly represents his confederates and their lamentable cause. After the ballying and blustering and cutting aside of the question of slavery, which has characterized our ministers in Europe for so long a time, it is refreshing to hear an American embassador and gentleman speak plainly and honorably his own profound convictions, as well as that of the better part of his nation and the world, and say, as Mr. ADAMS did to the deputation that presented to him upon the result of the election: "All good men may have cause to rejoice in the termination of this melancholy struggle, if that end be to the confirmation of a free government in America, and the eradication of the most formidable evil with which its progress has been heretofore cursed."

Who will not say Amen, and who will not thank God that the representatives of the United States are at last unmuzzled?

But Mr. ADAMS has another remarkable also for the quiet dignity with which he stated the exact condition of public sentiment in England and the United States. He said to Sir CHARLES WYVILL, Dr. RUTHERFORD HODGES, and the other gentlemen of the deputation, that he could not disguise from them or from himself the painful fact that the feeling of bitterness in our struggle had often been manifested in England; "and that the knowledge of this has given rise to a general impression among my countrymen that there has been a disposition in many degrees the disruption and consequent downfall of the power of the United States. Hence has sprung up a corresponding degree of ill-will which bids fair, if not counteracted, only to increase with time. If such passions be permitted a full indulgence between two nations, it needs little sagacity to foretell that, in the long run, the end is war." He added that the demonstrations of friendship for the United States, which he is continually receiving from various parts of the kingdom, will enable the lovers of peace to say, that, "whatever may be the hostility of some, it is by no means shared by the greater number of the British people, and ought not to be presumed to be a national expression."

This confirmation by Mr. ADAMS of the opinion of Lord RUSSELL and of every sincere friend in every sphere should be remembered. There is a foolish feeling, carefully fostered in this country by those who imagine that hatred of England is a test of American patriotism—that we ought to have a war with England. But it would be a war in which neither nation could be gainers. It would be a contest against civilization. It would be one of the gravest disasters that could befall human society; and it is therefore the serious duty of every true American to distinguish between the venal and mean England, which, under the lead of American slave-drivers, disturbs a meeting at Bristol called to rejoice over the result of our election, and the England which congratulates Mr. ADAMS, and speaks by GOLDWIN SMITH, and cheers RICHARD COBDEN and JOHN BRIGHT.

THE "FLORIDA" CORRESPONDENCE.

THE correspondence between the Brazilian Minister in Washington and Mr. SEWARD upon the case of the *Florida* is just what it should be —simple, direct, and honorable.

The Brazilian Government, notified of the capture the Secretary of State wrote immediately to Mr. WEBB, at Rio Janeiro, to say to the Brazilian Government that, although we had not ceased to regret the concession of belligerence to rebels, yet we were disposed to examine the question in a friendly spirit, and to do justice. This was on the 11th of November. On the 12th of December the Brazilian Minister in Washington addressed a letter to Mr. SEWARD detailing the circumstances, and adding that he reposed perfect confidence in the friendly intentions of the United States, whose energetic defense of neutral rights is traditional, and which will undoubtedly make proper reparation to a friendly power for an offense of such "transcendent gravity."

Mr. SEWARD replied that Brazil justly expected the regret and disavowal of the President for an act inconsistent with the traditions and well-considered policy of the United States. Captain COLLINS will be suspended and summoned before a court-martial; and as the Consul admits that he incited the act, he will be dismissed. The flag of Brazil will receive the same reparation from the power of the United States. But this Government does not admit any charge of falsehood or treachery against the Captain and Consul, which they deny; and especially denies that the rebel insurgents are a lawful naval belligerent, and repeats emphatically that the concession to them of belligerent rights by Brazil is regretted and declared unfriendly to the United States, to which Brazil will owe reparation of the consequences of such concession. Yet it is not for one nation or consuls to choose, without authority, when, how, and where to redress the wrongs of this country; and although the crew of the *Florida* are enemies of their own Government and convicted, of the human race, they were unlawfully seized, and will therefore be set at liberty.

This is the manly good sense which preserves the peace of the world. Minister WEBB will see that he should rather have waited, and have forborne to make a difficulty with one independent and friendly Government on account of hurting another. Bluster and indignation do not help international peace. If other nations choose to sneer and rage and falsify, let us, taught by their ridiculous and humiliating example, only the more sedulously avoid the same dishonorable courses. Following our traditions when they are just and wise, loyally maintaining them when they are not, the moral power of the United States Government will be as commanding as it means to have its military and naval power irresistible.

THE GOVERNOR'S FIRST WORD.

THE first word from Governor FENTON is a clear and ringing note of hearty patriotism. Before his message was delivered, and before the sun set on the day of the inauguration, he issued an earnest call to the citizens of the great State to aid GRANT and SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and THOMAS, FARRAGUT and PORTER, in securing the fruits of the victories they have so bravely won. Let us be patient and persevere, says the Governor, "in the closing of the great struggle which is to end in the restoration of this Government upon a foundation firm as truth and righteousness."

It is a profound satisfaction for every loyal citizen of the United States to feel that the executive authority of the State of New York will no longer give a wavering and uncertain sympathy to the cause of the enemies of the State. Its object will not be to discover in what way, short of open resistance, it can most effectively balk and paralyze the best efforts of the nation to save its united existence. This has been the strenuous effort of the late Governor. In a vast war which imperiled the country he has been content to act as though the fate is a warning. Carefully educated for political life, and the expectant successor in State and national honors of VAN BUREN and MARCY, when he became Governor of New York two years ago he was the recognized leader of the Opposition, and his nomination for the Presidency was as much as any political event can be. It is but the truth to say that his ill-concealed hostility to the war and sincere political sympathy with the rebel cause have utterly and forever destroyed his chances of political promotion among a resolute and patriotic people.

His successor enters upon his great responsibilities full of the deepest sympathy with the cause for which the Union soldiers and sailors are fighting. For a long time President of the National Soldiers' Relief Commission, Governor FENTON is practically acquainted, also, with the

perils and sufferings and wants of the army and navy. His sympathy and admiration are not of the mouth, but of the heart; and his call for a ready and cheerful response to the summons for more men is that of a man who feels what he says, and who is as sure of the patriotism of others as he is of his own.

PUBLIC GIFTS.

MANY years since some worthy citizens of Philadelphia gave Commodore DECATUR a massive silver wine-cooler in testimony of their admiration and respect. A few days ago some worthy citizens of New York presented Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT with fifty thousand dollars in Government bonds.

The massive silver wine-cooler, after some years, was exposed for sale in Philadelphia, and was finally bought by a distinguished citizen of Albany.

The difference in the character of the gifts does not show a difference of generosity, but of the times. Let us rejoice that the days of honorable silver tea-kettles and of grateful punchbowls to public benefactors have passed away, and those of solid, substantial rewards have dawned. It is impossible, indeed, to contemplate the DECATUR wine-cooler without remembering that it was intended merely as a symbol of honor and recognition which could not be estimated in money, and would even be injured by the attempt to represent it in that way. But such a sentiment, although honorable, was mistaken. For the Government stands it also merely a symbol. Nobody supposes that it represents the value of the Vice-Admiral's services, which are entirely incalculable. It is equally an honor with the vases and the kettles and the wine-coolers of an earlier day, but it is not, like them, an empty honor.

It has long been the practice in England to reward eminent public service in the army and navy by the most valuable honors. The palace of Blenheim is a monument of British gratitude, and of the other famous men who were honored and enriched by public gratitude NELSON and WELLINGTON are among the most conspicuous. But rewards are not confined to military or naval success in England. In the great universities there are fellowships which are prizes for superior scholarship. The fellowship entitles the holder to a home in the college and a certain stipend contingent upon his taking orders in the Church and remaining single. The literary fund is a public fund which authorizes even an annual pittance from the Government, is a poor recognition of the same principle, which is simply this, that those who truly benefit the nation are entitled to some degree of national support.

It will hardly be contested that it is a democratizing age. Or the sentiment is the conspicuous and unquestionable. The sense of power and the desire of fame are too intimately allied to be disturbed by any lower influence. MARLBOROUGH was not a respectable character, yet he was a great General, not because he hoped for Blenheim, but because he had genius and energy to use. Blenheim rewarded success. It could never have inspired it.

The New Year's gift to Vice-Admiral FARRAGUT, and the intended testimony to Captain WILKES and to General SHERMAN are graceful and generous signs of a public gratitude that will not forget its other noble servants, nor satisfy its gratitude with the presentation of silver pitchers and pretty swords.

LITERARY.

"The American Boy's Book of Sports and Games" (DICK & FITZGERALD) is the book of books for a boy's holiday gift. It is all that the "Boy's Own Book" was twenty years ago, with the natural improvements and enlargements of the subsequent time. Its six or seven hundred engravings—its accurate and copious descriptions of all kinds of outdoor and indoor games for every season—its instructions in parlor magic and in all manly exercises, with its convenient form, make it at once a cyclopedia and a manual. It is a unique and invaluable boy's companion.

"Poems by David Gray, with a Memoir of his Life" (ROBERTS & BROTHERS, Boston). Twenty years ago this winter a young Scotchman named DAVID GRAY, twenty-three years old, died at the house of his father, a handloom weaver, seven miles from Glasgow. He was early conscious of poetic power, and morbidly anxious for fame as a poet. He sent his efforts of poetry by burst away to London; appealed to the sympathy of MILNES and SIDNEY DOBELL, who truly befriended him; and he was very soon back again dying of consumption in his father's cottage. He gave himself to death and forgetfulness with a tender resignation, and lived only long enough to see the proof-sheets of some of his verses. He died, and they were published in England, and are reprinted in this pretty volume. They are not to be set aside as the feeble wailings of consumptive poverty; for although DAVID GRAY strikes no master chord, there is a touching poetical emotion in his verse which will keep his name with those of KIRKE WHITE and CHATTERTON.

"History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States" (CARLTON & PORTER, New York). This able and careful work, the two first volumes of which are now offered to the public, is from the pen of DR. ABEL STEVENS, already known as the author of a popular history of Methodism. The two volumes now published bring the history of the Church down to nearly the close of the eighteenth century. Notwithstanding the many difficulties attending the work, the chief of which is the paucity and inaccuracy of documentary matter, DR. STEVENS has succeeded in presenting a very comprehensive and interesting history of the period included within the scope of these two volumes.

IN THE WINDOW.

Come the shadows deepening slowly,
Come the voices of the singing lowly,
Come the memories overcast
Of the unforgotten past.

Comes there to my listless seeming,
In between my doubt and dreaming,
Flinging back the gloom of night,
One sweet vision crown'd with light.

For a little gracious minute
Heaven is open'd, and within it
Sings a white and saintly maiden,
Lost to me, but found to Aideen.

Ah! when she kept her trysts with me
The blossom-time was in the tree;
As whispering she told her love
The sunlight kiss'd her from above;

The sun set crimson on the sea,
The silver mists came o'er the lea,
The stars shone out, and one star, I,
And dream'd upon the silent shore.

But the glorious summer light
Is blotted grimly by the night;
And the sweetest flowers that blow
Lie buried underneath the snow.

I remember, in my sorrow,
One Golden Day of Memory,
When the angels call'd her sister,
Took her in their arms and kiss'd her.

In the silence memories taunt me,
In the gloom these dead dreams haunt me;
But amidst the shades of night
Sings a maiden, robed in light.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

INFANT.—We do not know whether one WILLIAMS are born in December than in any other month, but we think it not improbable from the number of Christmas nests with.

LYDIUS.—It is not usual to kiss a young lady when you are introduced to her for the first time. If you take your hat into a room when you call, you are not expected to sit with it on.

S. SINGE.—We are not acquainted any certain cure for a bald head, except cutting it off. The operation is painful, but effectual.

STRANGE PHENOMENA IN PRIVATE LIFE.

The aged lady who recently *saved her old umbrella* was rewarded last week with a crop of parasols.

A Mr. Augustus *Smith quadrupled* his sum walking down Broadway one afternoon, a few days ago, when all of a sudden he was observed to *turn round.*

FOOTE fell asleep while Opie was taking his portrait. On leaving, the painter requested him to give him another sitting. "On one condition," said Foote, "that you do not give me another likeness."

A "POSER" FOR MILITARY HEROES.—How can *fields be won*—OHS?

ADDRESSED TO JUNIUS.—When the butler marries the housekeeper may he be said to lead her to the *high* mental altar?

STRANGE CURATE. "Where does this path go to, my man?"

HALF-WITTED RUSTIC. "Don't know where 's goes to, but 's generally 'eresbouts this time of day."

THE WRONG END OF IT.—A very terrific story of Orient, all plunder and cruelty was laid to the wounds of the pagon. It turns out to be without foundation; in fact, instead of there having been a head cut off, it was only a hole.

EPITAPH ON AN ANGLER.—"Hooked it."

A LEGAL QUERY, AND ITS ANSWER.—Where are Politicians filed? We confess.

What true does a person resemble who is tired of the Irish melodies?—The sick-of Moore, of course.

A SOLDIER ON THE DRAFT.

The clouds of war were brightening fast
As through the land it sweeping went;
It came from good old Uncle Sam—
Dated Washington—signed Abraham.

He purpos'd was he must not know,
That the boys at home should a soldering go,
And that night when he was all in bed
And stared at the three hundred thousand more.

"I'm sick," says one; "I'm sick, you see;
Soldering may do for you and me
To fix out my brains and hatch a plan
To get my name from the drafting man."

"And I," says another—"I'd like to go,
But I've got a corn in my right toe,
And it hurts me so, and so, you see,
Soldiering could not do for me."

Another says, "I'd like to fight,
But I have a difficulty with my sight;
I'm hard of hearing in my ears;
So soldiering never 'll do for me."

Another coolly talks of the draft,
For he's got a substitute, and got him fast;
So he talks very bravely, for he doesn't fear
Uncle Abe or draft for at least a year.

Now, boys, we'll give you a little advice:
Before you're ailing consider twice;
Uncle Sam wants men, and some must go
To fill the ranks of the foe.

Then, boys, just think this question o'er:
Don't be scared at the thousands more;
But remember that each one's come to a man
Is part and parcel of Uncle Sam.

A GOOD MAN FOR A LONG VOYAGE.—A Cork Captain.

A LONG-LIVED TREADING-MACHINE FOR FAMILY USE.—The Broomstick.

A saw-filer in the country puts out a sign in the form of a hand-saw, with the words, "Saw Dentist" painted on it.

QUESTION FOR ASTRONOMERS.—Is the dog star a sky terrier, or merely a terrier in the sky?

Who was the biggest Don that ever lived?—The Mastodon.

PROVERB FOR THE HIPPOPHAGISTS.—The proper place for the horse is in the stable.

Put the most ignorant man in the world in irons, and he will soon comprehend the meaning of "Lock on the Human Understanding."

THE WIDE-PITE.—Pipes, say anti-tobacconists, are all more or less injurious. Some pipes, such as wooden pipes, have, it is true, preserved, an antimetical tendency, affecting the brain more than others. Furniture-men must be ready-and the sellers' favorite pipe, the hornpipe, when indulged in too violently.

NEW FASHION.—It is proposed to make the Opera-crutinate of a more durable and cheaper stuff, called "Rep." I think this is rather fishy economy. The fashionable gentry of our highly civilized nineteenth century will be walking about the streets, like Snake-charmers, with *Rep-tiles* on their heads.

A PACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.—Camels are not common in Ireland, but when a certain musical instrument into a certain Irish country, it immediately becomes a drove of Camels. The effect of this valuable piece of information has since blown his brains out with an eartrumpet.

CANNIBALISM! $500 reward. Missing, an elderly gentleman with green spectacles. The last time he was seen, we are informed, he was *feasting himself leisurely in the Park!*

POETS sing about the "peaceful stars of night," and yet every one of them is a perfect *conflagration!*

The cognizance of Russia is a bear, but considering the designs of that empire upon the Ottomans, it ought to be a Turkey gobbler.

QUITE A MIS-NOMER.—Calling a drinking-cup *bobbin!*

TEA is so scarce in the South that they haven't even dreamings of it, and there are no grounds for supposing that they have any coffee.

EPITAPH ON A CRICKETER.—"Over!"

A gallant was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of anything to say, asked her what she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."

SUPERFICIAL MANIFESTATIONS.—In our opinion—and we say it in all modesty—the world is a knave—*the only* "spirit in hand" capable of being seen by mortals is "*the hand of Providence*," so visibly manifest in every work of creation.

The best kind of agricultural fairs—Farmers' daughters.

WHY is a lady witness summoned to court like a vessel fastened to her dock?—Because she is bound to a pier.

EXPLANATION WANTED.—Explain the theory of boxing the compass. Can it be done without gloves? Would it not be dangerous to the fingers?

A HEBREW COMPARISON.—A medical practitioner, paying a professional visit the other day to the wife of a famous lawyer who had been afflicted for years with that enumeration of an acute character, interrupted his patient as he was describing the symptoms of his malady by asking his last visit. His interrogation was promptly answered by the sufferer with the words, "Oh! doctor, I feel so queery like: I feel just like a *bailed action.*" "How so?" declaring practitioner, quite confounded at the lawyer's simile. "Why," answered the, casting a furtive glance at his questioner, "*because I have not been able to get a verdict.*" The poor woman's uniqueness was readily understood by the doctor, who prescribed accordingly.

Why is a pine-tree like the distance between Petersburg and Richmond?—Because it is far-ce.

ONE WAY OF RISING IN THE NAVY.—Being mast-headed.

A Jersey physician, while playing cards, fell off his chair in a fit. After half an hour's steady application of remedies he recovered, and immediately inquired, "What are trumps?"

"This is booty indeed," remarked one of the late raiders, after appropriating a portion of the stock of a Southern shoe-store.

WIFE. "Where, my dear, is the longest day?"
HUSBAND. "There, my 'poppets,' you've *sunup!*"

MOTTO.—"Do others, or you'll be done."

A REGULAR MARK-SHIFT.—The Sewing Machine.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE record of news for the week contains no very important events. Congress has been adjourned for the holidays, and the only very interesting item of military news is the surrender of Fort Fisher, at the mouth of New York.

From this Message we learn that the deficit in the revenue of the general fund has been reduced within the fiscal year ending September 30, 1864, by the sum of over $300,000, leaving the receipts for that period $112,000. The State debt is now $6,378,954, a reduction during the year of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. The Governor urges some important measures, among which are an appropriation for the Normal School; a law authorizing the resolution for an amendment to the Constitution, creating a court of Appeals; a change in the pay of police, and an amendment in the law for the registration of voters.

THE WILMINGTON EXPEDITION.

We have expressed on page 23 a map of the scene of General Butler's and Admiral Porter's operations at the mouth of Cape Fear River. We have Admiral Porter's report, giving the details of the operations of the fleet. Great hopes seem to have been built up on the success of a new contraband scheme. It seems the steamer *Louisiana* had been converted into a monitrous torpedo, charged with 'commander of powder "supposed to be sufficient to explode the powder magazine of the fort, and placed under the command of Commander A. C. Rhind. It was intended, previous to the attack, to explode this torpedo in close proximity to Fort Fisher, and thereby paralyze the garrison and materially injure the defensive works.

Porter sailed from Beaufort December 18 for the rendezvous, which was twenty miles east of New Inlet. He there found Butler on board with the transports. A gale from the southwest set in on heavily on the 19th that Porter determined to ride it out. The transports had to put back to Beaufort, so that when a favorable gale sprang up, Porter was on hand, and Butler out of sight. It was a little after midnight, on the morning of the 24th, that the torpedo was exploded. The preliminary affair was an utter disappointment. Indeed, the garrison in Fort Fisher supposed the explosion to be nothing more than the blowing up of one or our gun-boats. "The shock," says Porter, "was nothing like as severe as we expected. It shook the vessels some, and broke one or two glasses, but nothing more."

At daylight, the same day, the attack was opened from the fleet. The principal vessels engaged were the Ironsides, Canonicus, Mahopac, Monadnock, Minnesota, Colorado, Wabash, Susquehanna, Powhatan, Juniata, Brooklyn, Rowhatan, Juniata, Seneca, Shenandoah, Pawnee, Tuscarora, Mackinaw, Unadilla, Osceola, Ticonderoga, Iroquois, Quaker City, Monticello, Rhode Island, Sassacus, Chippewa, Yantic, Tacony, Ponatoska, Sonoma, Huron, Sagamore, Jackson, and Vanderbilt, having a reserve of small vessels, commanded by Acting Lieutenants Wyburn, Greenbes, A. D. Vance, Ascencio, Eckno, Gettysburg, Alabama, Keystone State, Banshee, Emma Lilliley, Governor Buckingham, Britannia, Governor Buckingham, and Nansemond.

Fort Fisher, the capture of which was the main object of the expedition, is situated on Federal Point, a narrow strip of land north of New Inlet. It is a strong earthwork, commanding the entrance to Cape Fear River. It is connected with a system of isolated batteries and rifle-pits running from the main work down to the extremity of the point. The land defenses on the north and west face are very strong, and defended by heavy batteries. The sea-face is also very powerful, and is the strongest. The main wall is about eight feet high, with a ditch in front, and is constructed with several of Dunn's rebel-guns, protected by traverses, beneath which are the bomb-proof quarters for the gunners.

At the very extremity of the Point is a mound battery. It consists of a mound thirty feet high, and is joined with railroad iron. In the river at the rear of the fort are three guns, which seem to be chiefly relied on for our fleet. The coast is lined with batteries from Federal Point to Smithsborough Inlet, a distance of fifteen miles. The most important of these is Half Moon Battery, a short distance from the point where Butler landed. On Oak Island Fort Caswell is situated, commanding the channel between Oak and Smithville islands.

The guns of Fort Fisher made no reply to Porter's until after a bombardment of over an hour. Two magazines have exploded, and the fort had been set on fire in several places. The explosions were continuous and heavy during the day. At night Butler appeared with his transports. The result of the day's operations had been a great success. According to General Bragg's statement the garrison of Wilmington was reduced to a mere handful. Porter says of the bombardment, "it was impossible for human beings to stand it." On the 25th it was not a man had been hurt by the enemy. But some disaster had occurred on board from the explosion of six 100-pound Parrott guns. Nearly fifty were killed or wounded by the explosion.

The next day Butler's command, consisting of nearly 7000 men, made an effort to land. There was considerable surf-boats, the fleet in the mean while silencing the guns of the fort. The troops landed five miles south of the position taken by the fleet. Only about 2000 men landed. At this moment was made, neither General Weitzel nor Butler deeming it practicable, Butler ordered the troops to Fort Fisher, only two of which had been disembarked, protected by traverses, and the remainder of the men and the whole of the artillery on a thousand men in line of battle. Weitzel and Butler's astonishment was then great to find the fort abandoned.

Meanwhile Porter's men had landed, had been captured at their guns, and the men and two officers taken by the rebel prisoners. Weitzel advanced his skirmish line to within fifty yards of the sea-face of the fort, when it was kept in their bomb-proofs by the fire of the fleet. Three or four men were wounded by the fire from our own vessels before the fort, capturing a horse, killing an orderly, and bringing off the orderly's dispatches. These facts were in a letter written by Butler to Porter. The latter appears to have differed with Butler as to the expediency of the immediate ability of an assault. He says, in his reply to Butler, "I have information that the rebel General Whiting and the officer who took the flag from the parapet, and the brave fellow who fired the magazine, are all killed. I think they would have found it an easier conquest than to appose."

On the 26th the troops were withdrawn. Admiral Porter still remained with his fleet.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 31st of December, the Hon. George M. Dallas, formerly Vice-President of the United States, died suddenly in Philadelphia, in the 74th year of his age.

On the 29th of December the *North America*, of Philadelphia, from New Orleans to New York, Captain C. P. Hewlett, foundered at sea. She left New Orleans on the 16th, with 393 sick soldiers on board, 13 cabin passengers, and a crew of 34 men. Two hundred and ninety-seven lives were lost.

On Tuesday, December 24, issued a manifesto recognizing the Canadian raid on the steamer *Michigan* as a belligerent act, undertaken under the authority of the Confederate States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 8th of December a numerous deputation of the United States visited Washington to offer to Lincoln to congratulate him on President Lincoln's re-election. Sir Charles Lyell, who is very influential in Manchester, has made a speech on the occasion, in which he declared his belief that the United States is a struggle between a lower and higher civilization. It is not a struggle for empire, but for existence. He says the South had displayed was surprising. He thought, however, that the North with the resources of opposition had insured the overthrow of slavery.

The Japanese embassy to Europe has been taken up by a strong Southerner to a friend in Manchester, giving a graphic picture of the feeling in the South. He says the people are strongest than the complete extinction of slavery. He thinks that the success of Hood in Tennessee and Sherman has successfully taken the first step in his victorious career.

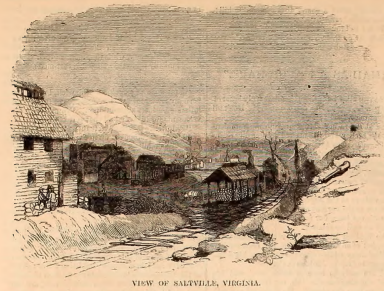
A trial of considerable political importance has recently been concluded in Madrid. Certain Democrats were arraigned for sedition because they met at the house of M. Olozaga, formerly Minister to the United States, to confer on the best means of securing a return of certain constitutional liberties. They were charged with, in opposition to the imperial edict of 1850, forbidding associations of more than twenty. Strictly speaking, such a act was not violated, as less than twenty persons were present at the meeting. They were nevertheless found guilty.

From this tribunal they appealed to the Court Imperials, where the judgment was confirmed. This, it would seem, settles forever the illegality of political association in France. For them men were not plotters; they did not meet in secret; indeed they were not composed of one party alone, but of several. The names of the accused were Garnier Pagès, Carnot, Dreo, Havaid, Cumagnac, Goudchaux, Peyrat, Cavaignac, Carlos, Lanfrain, Hadelaine, and Bery.

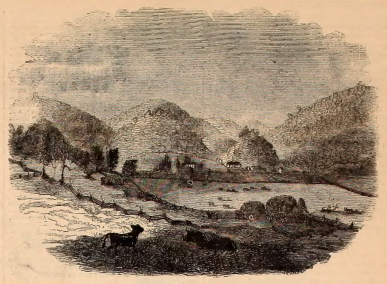
On the 2d instant, the French Emperor's private Secretary, died December 9. He was born in 1790, and has been an earnest supporter of the Bonaparte family throughout his career.



GENERAL HAZEN'S DIVISION, FIFTEENTH CORPS, STORMING FORT M'ALLISTER, December 13, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 27.]



VIEW OF SALTVILLE, VIRGINIA.



VIEW OF SALT VALLEY.

GENERAL BURBRIDGE'S RAID IN SOUTHWESTERN VIRGINIA.

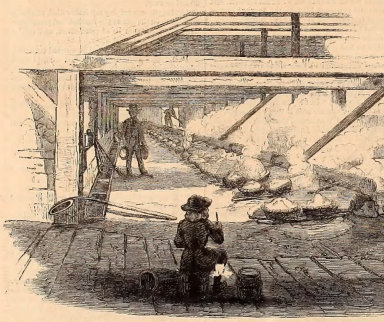
GENERAL S. G. BURBRIDGE, whose brilliant expedition into Southwestern Virginia we illustrate from sketches taken by "Porte Crayon," has been one of the most efficient officers in our western campaigns. Our readers will remember the heroic conduct of General A. J. SMITH's Division at the capture of Fort Hindman, better known as Arkansas Post, January 11, 1863. The first brigade of this division was commanded by General BURBRIDGE, and performed the most distinguished part in the action of that day, having been selected for the assault, which resulted in the capture of the post. BURBRIDGE in person entered the fort before even the rebel guard was aware of the surrender. He had previously distinguished himself in the attack made on Vicksburg in December, 1862. Subsequently General BURBRIDGE at Corioth and Columbus, and more recently in Kentucky and East Tennessee, has well earned the Major-Generalship, which rank he now holds by brevet.

After General GILLEM's defeat, November 12, 1864, BRECKINRIDGE had possession of Bull's Gap. GILLEM's command was then joined by four thousand mounted men, making a force of full six thousand men, General STONEMAN assuming command of the whole. This column started from Bean's Station December 12. The rebel General DUKE, at Kingsport, opposed the crossing of the Holston, but was flanked and routed by GILLEM with a loss of one hundred men. The pursuit was continued to Bristol, on the Virginia border, which was occupied the next day, two hundred and fifty additional prisoners having been captured, and a large amount of property destroyed. VAUGHAN, who was twelve miles below at Zollicoffer, started immediately for Saltville, which was about thirty miles east of Bristol, but was headed off at Abingdon, which place was captured on the 14th. GILLEM pursued VAUGHAN, and, coming up with him, succeeded in taking fifty prisoners; and again at Mount Airy, where he took more prisoners and seven guns. VAUGHAN had now been driven several miles east of Saltville. Beaten in the morning at Mount Airy he was attacked at Wytheville in the afternoon, where he lost five more guns. The railroad was struck near Glade Spring, and two trains of cars captured. All the bridges and depôts were destroyed to Wytheville; also the great iron-works near Marion.

Returning, BRECKINRIDGE's command was encountered. After an engagement of thirty-six hours the enemy fell back on Saltville; but an attack made on his flank drove him southward. The lead mines near Wytheville were destroyed.

The most important success of the expedition was the destruction of the salt-works at Saltville. These were captured on the night of the 20th with eight pieces of artillery. The works, according to BRECKINRIDGE, can not be repaired during the war. General LEE, however, relying perhaps on the too favorable report of BRECKINRIDGE, thinks they can be easily repaired.

Saltville is in Washington County, 288 miles west of Richmond, near the North Fork of the Holston



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SALT-WORKS.



FIRING UP.



DIPPING OUT THE SALT.



LOWER SALT-WORKS.

River, and eight or nine miles north of the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. A branch road connects it with the latter. The salt manufactories here is of the very best quality. The works have been deemed so important by the rebels that a Richmond paper lately declared the loss of Savannah an inferior consideration.

"The valley at the head of which Saltville stands," says "Porte Crayon," "contains several hundred acres of rich meadow. It is surrounded by a chain of wooded hill, from 500 to 600 feet in height, so regularly formed that, but for their extent, they might be mistaken for artificial mounds. At the distance of 250 feet below the surface is a bed of fossil salt. The salt is procured by sinking beds to the depth of the salt-bed, when the water rises within 15 feet of the surface, and is raised from thence by pumps into large tanks, or reservoirs, elevated a convenient distance above the surface. The brine thus procured is a saturated solution, and for every hundred gallons yields twenty-two gallons of pure salt. The process of manufacturing it is very simple. An arched furnace is constructed, probably 150 feet in length, with the doors at one end and the chimney at the other. The two or heavy iron kettles, shaped like shallow bowls, are built into the top of the furnace. Large wooden pipes convey the brine from the tanks to these kettles, where the water is evaporated by boiling, while the salt crystallizes and is precipitated. During the operation a white saline vapor rises from the boilers, the inhalation of which is said to cure diseases of the lungs and throat. At regular intervals an attendant goes round and with a manual hoists dips out the salt, chucking it into loosely-woven split baskets, which are placed in pairs over the boilers, to drain and drip until the dripping brine has gone his round with the ladle. It is then thrown into the salt-shells, immense magazines on either side of the furnace. The salt thus manufactured is of the purest quality, white and beautiful as the driven snow. Indeed, on seeing the men at work in the mornings with pick and shovel, a person would swear they were working in a snow-bank; while the pipes and reservoirs, which at every leak become coated over with snowy concretion, glistening like hoar-frost and icicles in the sun, serve to confirm the wintry illusion. To avoid land-carriage the brine is led to the banks of the Holston, and manufactured on the spot. The salt is packed in barrels and is carried Westward down the river, or eastward, on the railroad. An immense copper establishment is the characteristic adjunct of the lower salt-works."

The results of this expedition are very important. All the depôts of supplies in Southwestern Virginia, foundries, mills, stores, and trains were destroyed. Twenty-five hundred rounds of artillery ammunition, two thousand horses, and one thousand mules were captured; also four rebel printing-presses and two editors. The presses were sent to Parson Brownlow as a Christmas gift. The Federal loss did not exceed two hundred killed, wounded, and missing. The rebel loss, besides killed and wounded, were nearly a thousand men captured, including twenty-four officers.

A CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

We give on page 25 an illustration of a charge made by the Third Brigade of the First Division, Sixteenth Corps. This brigade belonged to M'Pherson's old army of the Tennessee. That fact alone speaks volumes in its behalf. The charge of the Third Brigade of Smith's rushed in the captain of a strong rebel work and several guns, was one of the most brilliant of the many brilliant achievements of the rebellion's gallant army on 15th and 16th of December, 1864.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH writes to the *Daily News* a very high estimate of Admiral Bullery powers. He has met with him at City Point, and regards him as "in all points, good and evil, a thorough aristocratic chief." Like Buxton, he has walked straight on his wild way, fearless of danger, and careless reckless of opinion. I do not worship revolutionary characters; I hate the element from which they spring, as I love the calm progress of regular improvement. An old revolutionist is a man who has outgrown his melancholy annate Better will occupy a broader and perhaps a less elaborate page than is necessary supposed it has struck a medal for the negro suffrage with "*Fiere la libertas provenire!*" for the motto, and he has made the motto," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "a practical truth."

How to Lay Ghosts.—In a Church publication entitled "Church Work and Life in St. Albans," among other curiosities we actually had a "Form of exorcising a haunted house," offered, we suppose, for curiosity, but as something to be used now. It ends as follows: "Then let the bangs of the harbor upon the cross be inverted, and the upper part of the principal room in the house; and let the priest sprinkle the whole house with holy water, from top to bottom, saying: The Lesson. St. Luke, xix. 1, 10.

"And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. And behold there was a man named Zacchæus, etc. When all these things are done, let all stand, which is a kind of barb. be procured, and after it is signed with the sign of the cross, let it be hung up at the four corners of the house."

Memorial to the late Mr. Thackeray.—Immediately after Mr. Thackeray's death a committee of gentlemen with Mr. Shirley Brooks for Secretary, determined on the erection of a memorial to their friend, and obtained the sanction of the Dean of Westminster for its location in the Abbey. The exact site has now been selected, and will be in the east of the author of "Vanity Fair" will shortly be placed close beside the effigy of him whom Thackeray so honored and eulogized—Joseph Addison. The bust will be executed by Baron Marochetti, who was on terms of intimacy with Mr. Thackeray.

Most people think there are cares enough in the world, and yet numbers are very industrious to increase them. All of the resolute ways of doing this is to quarrel with a neighbor. A bad bargain may wax a man for a week; and a bad debt may trouble him for a month, but a quarrel with his neighbor will keep him in hot water all the year round.

How to Dress for a Photograph.—A lady or gentleman, having made up his or his mind to be photographed, naturally inquires, in the first place, how is he dressed so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means so small an important matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice including dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is photographically black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately between the two, they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light-blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark-blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, carine, magenta, yellow-green, dark-brown, purple, red, amber, uniform, orange, deal black. Consequently it is to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in pure white. The most contrasting colors should be especially guarded against. In photography brunettes present a great advantage over blondes, because the lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and look perpendicular black; while the brunette's "dreamy" or rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer, for it is put entirely out. The photographer has no other way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it with white chalk. This process gives to the whole picture a graphic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. Freckles are invisible as a rule; distance in an account of its yellow color, rendered more distinctly visible when photographed. The freckles are must be called in to the assistance of art. Here let me introduce word photography. Freckles are not black spots, in the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you can soften the contrast between red and free from tan and freckles while taking your delightful rambles at the seaside, there will be no need to call in art, and substitute a dark-green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle should be avoided, owing to the actinic rays of the sun thus white. Half a yard of yellow net, though not very becoming, will go further more efficacious, and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor. The cause of freckles is already known. The sun's rays have more than darkening of this salts of iron contained in the blood by the action of light. A freckled face is, therefore, an animated photograph.

Lincoln's Invited Friend.—Mr. Lincoln was very fond of "my friend." He knows a great many people well enough to call them by their first name, but he was a middle-man in the most literal sense of the word. "Whenever I see a man," says Mr. Dickens, "he and Lincoln, and never any body else, not to be a man, and after a little while I call him Bob, and go to the play, and finish in an exemplary way with kidney and lemonade." On the day of assassination, the officer came out so frightfully small, that, Leech told us, Lincoln was filled with horror when he saw him entering his dinner at the Garrick with a large knife. On the other hand, he was so approachable that he was an officer and a gentleman would be as unpardonable affront. So, after satisfying himself that the man in the room was to object to the club knives as enormous and gigantic for remunerative purposes, he made a courteous inspection, and with a grim dissatisfaction to demand small ones. After which he set other people at their ease by affability, action, and agreed that things in general were running so fast in England that "Punch" would have to be very powerful when we find pictured in his pages; and his friends, going to the theatre, would be asked, "Have you seen Punch?" "This happened to himself;" "I was present when he said that or such a thing."

Literary Curiosity.—The oldest newspaper in the world is published in Pekin. It is printed on a large sheet of silk, says, it is said, in the Chinese Empire appearance for upward of a thousand years.

Shakespeare in Bermuda.—A discovery of great interest in connection with England's greatest poet has recently been made in the offices of a firm of Birmingham solicitors. Among numerous papers belonging conveyances, grants, leases, etc., have been discovered relating to property situated in Somersetshire, and in the Bermudas, on the east side. These deeds bear dates from 1578 to about 1660. Among the witnesses to one of these deeds was present as the signature of several, and the name of William Shakspere himself is appended to the deed in his own hand. The deeds are in excellent preservation, and the whole are to be submitted to Mr. Halliwell, who believes that the seal attached to some of these deeds is likely to lead to some interesting discoveries, and to throw considerable light on our known Shakspearian relics.

It may impress our soldiers to know that their average height is greater by two inches than that of recruits in the British army. The average weight greater by eighteen pounds than that of British soldiers; and their average circumference of chest a quarter of an inch greater than that of certain French troops.

A humorous story is told of Baron Holloke's being on a visit to Lord Cole in Essex, and, accompanying a gentleman, notorious for his absence of mind, in a walk, during which they came to a stream. Being at a loss which to know the nature of the punishment, the chief justice signed his companion to precede him over the plank by. This being done, he friend sauntered on, and totally forgot him. The man, on reaching the opposite to release himself, and on asking a peasant who was passing by to do him on, received answer, and told his "I would not for nothing." He was soon set at liberty by the servants of his host, and afterward of an action for false imprisonment against a magistrate by some fellow who had sat in the stocks, on the ground that the defendant rightfully the charge and declaring it was no misdemeanor at all. His whip hand and whispered: "Brother, were you ever in the stocks?" The counsel indignantly replied, "Sir, I never was in the stocks, I have been," said the chief justice, "and I can assure you it is not the title you represent it."

Year following from St. Jerome, night will have been written of ladies of the present day: "Ah! I shall not live to see the day when the fashionable Christian They are those who dash their cheeks with red, and their eye with black—those who paint face, too white to be human, remind us of ideals—those who cut not shed a tear, instead in tracing a bow on the painted arches of their faces—those whose ripe years fail to teach them that they are growing old, and whose white hairs are made up of other people's hair—those who chalk wrinkles into the countenances reminiscent of youth, and those who affect the demeanor of bashful maidens in the presence of troops of grandchildren."

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

BY A SOLDIER.

Their lips are still as the lips of the dead,
The gaze of their eyes is straight ahead;
They tramp, tramp, tramp o'er ten thousand feet
Keep time to their muffled, mournful beat—
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

Ten thousand more! and still they come
To fight a battle for Christendom!
With canting, whining, and drawling lips unfurled,
The foremost men in all the world!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

The foe is intrenched on the frowning hill—
A natural fortress, strengthened by art and skill;
But vain are the walls to those who face
The champions of the human race!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

"By regiment! Forward into line!"
Then sabres, and guns, and bayonets shine.
O ye who feel your fate at last
Repent the old prayer as your hearts beat fast!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

O ye who've waited and prayed so long
That Right might have a fair fight with Wrong
No more in fruitless prayer implore
But smite the foe with the wrath of God!
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

O Death! what a charge that carried the hill!
That carried, and kept, and holds it still!
The foe is broken and flying with fear,
While far on their route our drummers I hear—
Rub-a-dub-dub! rub-a-dub-dub!

"MAD AS A MARCH HARE."

"After all, who is there that dare truly boast of having a '*mens sana in corpore sano*?' Don't all speak at once!"

The above rather abrupt query came from Jenkins, the broker, and was uttered to three other gentlemen who were his companions in a carriage, which vehicle was taking them townward from a visit to the Exford Lunatic Asylum. The talk had, naturally, been upon insanity.

Insanity generally, but especially that form of it called monomania. An odd thing had occurred to the visitors at the Asylum, which gave fine direction and force to the current of their conversation.

As it's not long, nor much out of place, perhaps it may as well be related.

The Medical Director, who was a Quaker, and somewhat of an original himself, had been suddenly called away while doing the honors of his establishment to Messrs. Jenkins & Co.

"I am sorry to have to leave you," said he "but"—and looking at a card, my friend here will show you over the place." He beckoned to a tall, and wiggled man, who stood near, with a grave smile on his face. "Friend Joseph," said this Doctor; "will thee take my place and show our visitors over the premises?"

"With pleasure, Amos," replied Joseph. "This way if you please, friends."

Then the party the visitors followed their guide, whose familiarity with the details of each patient's malady seemed to indicate that he was an old and experienced attendant. Each room was gone, and the tone and matter of his remarks, marked him as a man of fair breeding and no little culture.

So that his appearance considerably puzzled to "make him out," though unanimous in the feeling that he had given their visit much additional interest and pleasure. Each had accordingly found a courteous expression in their thanks as they bade him good-day, the Director not having reappeared.

"Ah, yes," said Jenkins; "said he, with grand dignity. Then, as if struck with a sudden idea, he continued, rapidly: "But if you really think I have been of service, you are able to repay it handsomely."

"How? how?" exclaimed the others.

Friend Joseph looked anxiously round, as though to assure himself that no one observed, then, drawing nearer and speaking hurriedly, in a suppressed voice, "*By procuring me an engagement to dance in the Ballet, Mabille!*" "Perhaps you are not aware that I am the most wonderful dancer in the world. In fact—but this is a secret—*I am made of India rubber!* I can *stand on my head down.* I will show you how—"

At this moment fortunately—for the visitors were in a pitiable state of embarrassment—the Doctor came hurrying up, whom, as soon as Joseph caught sight of, he whispered, earnestly, "Not a word to Amos!" and made off very undignified haste.

In a few words the Director gave the history of the unfortunate man whose care he had placed his guests (which history has nothing to do with the present sketch), and they departed. From this moment forward, as they rode homeward, took form and color, and at a certain point in this talk, Jenkins, who had said but little previously, addressed to Lord the observation which opens this article, viz.:

"After all, who is there that can truly boast of a '*mens sana in corpore sano*?' Don't all speak at once."

This last remark was evidently ironical, inasmuch as no one evinced any haste to reply, but rather the reverse.

"The fact is, gentlemen," continued Jenkins, after giving them a little moment to ponder his previous question—"the fact is, as somebody once said, we have all at least one 'crotchet' on the brain. Why, even Cicero, the orator, and philosopher, 'he was crazy on the Constitution; Calhoun on Nullification;' and so forth, through all our great men. I've even heard that Jeff Davis and his friends are roaring mad on Secession. Even you yourselves—"

"What! Do you mean to assert that we—that I—?"

"Of course! You're all mild monomaniacs. You, for instance, Green, are insane on tobacco. Haven't you spent some hundreds—perhaps thousands—of dollars on experimental pipes and navigation?"

"Well, and what of it? I can tell you, Jenkins—"

"Never mind telling me now. You, Black, are insane on numismatics. Didn't you give twenty-five dollars to old Solomons for a worn-out half-penny—"

"Nonsense! It was a Queen—"

"Mah, perhaps. No matter. White, you're crazy as a bed-bug on—cricket" he hesitated.

"On what?" queried White, an eccentric old bachelor, who made himself miserable by striving to forget that he had got to die like the rest of mankind.

"Well, then, on undertakers." Did not you once drag me half a mile straight out of our way, while passing the establishment of one? And have not you even recorded your horror of that respectable guild in your diary?"

"I *do* hate an undertaker like the devil!" exclaimed White, with a grimace; "but that is not—"

"Then it is, though!" persisted Jenkins.

"And I myself am also slightly touched."

"Ha!" cried the trio in chorus.

"And pray, what's your mania?"

"Story-telling, perhaps," said the philosophic broker; "for I am reminded of one that is quite *apropos* to our conversation. Or, rather, not a story,

* A fact. We mean the Incident, not the India rubber.—*Narrator.*

but a personal experience in illustration of my theory. And if you like—"

"Oh! by all means. Let us have it."

"After supper," said Jenkins. And after supper the party sat together on the broker's piazza and listened to his story, while the smoke of their cigars floated mistily up to the yellow harvest-moon.

II.

"You none of you know Skipwick, but he has been my friend for many years—more than friend, his intimate business acquaintance. I've made his investments for him, and all that sort of thing.

"Skipwick's father was a manufacturer of blacknil, and his son was brought up in the laboratory. He, the son, had quite a scientific turn, and was a good deal of a student; so much so as to injure his health; and when his father died he wound up the concern and retired with a handsome fortune. Indeed, however, he had retired with him—he was a bachelor of thirty odd—and for some years he employed himself in making scientific experiments, chemical and mechanical, and dabbling in patent inventions and the like.

"Then appeared the Fox girls with their mysterious rappings, and Skipwick instantly dropped all his other irons into the fire and went in wildly to discover and explain this mystery. Whether he succeeded or not I do not know, but being fairly astride of this bobby-horse he rode into the mists of biology, psychology, the odylic force, table-turning, and the rest, and I, being out in the sunshine of commonsense, lost sight of him for the time.

"Every now and then, by-the-bye, he would emerge wearily from the fog and un himself a little with me, but he seemed nervous and ill at ease in the commonplace atmosphere of practical life, and broke-ed after his dreamland. I never talked with him much of his new hobbies, for he seemed to wish to avoid the subject, and indeed seldom came to see me except upon business, for which he showed as clear a head as ever.

"At length, one sad day my father died, and Skipwick came on the day of the funeral, and pressed my hand, and bade me be of good cheer, and smiled comfortingly, and went away.

"About a month afterward he entered my office, just as I was going to dinner, and said, 'I have come for you.' 'I will walk home with you.'

"We walked up town together, I momentarily expecting him to tell me his news, but he was perfectly silent.

"'Well, Skipwick, what were you going to tell me?' I asked, at length, becoming impatient.

"'Don't hurry,' answered he, gravely. 'Wait till we are alone.'

"This rather alarmed me; not on my own account, because I thought some misfortune had befallen him.

"'You have not lost that copper stock, I hope?' I asked.

"'No.'

"'Has your house been robbed? or your pocket picked? or—'

"'No, no, no! Don't ask me any thing till we are at your house.'

"I looked at him. He was pale, and there was a restlessness in his eye I had never observed before. 'Drink?' I, or some woman has jilted him,' I thought; and yet let him alone, as we were seated in my study.

"'Now then, Skipwick!' said I, encouragingly.

"'Theodore,' said he—he always called me by my first name, being a half Quaker (his mother was Hickory)—'Theodore,' said he, putting his hand on my knee, 'I have seen your father.'

"'I know you have, often,' said I, innocently. 'What of it?'

"'Theodore,' said he, gravely, 'I saw him last night!'

"I confess that this startled me; but I instantly recovered, and replied, 'In a dream, I suppose.'

"'No, but in the spirit. I called upon him, and he received me.' I asked him how he looked when, and he said, 'Well.' I asked if he had a message for you, and he said, 'Tell Theodore his place is ready for him.'

"I looked at Skipwick again. His eyes still moved restlessly in their orbits, and he was even more pallid than usual. Instinctively I drew back my chair. 'Good God!' thought I, 'Skipwick is mad!' In the next instant a feeling of indignation took possession of me. 'He is not mad, I thought; but he is experimenting with his cursed psychology, or some other foolery, upon my feelings!'

"'Look here, Skipwick!' said I, 'you are an old acquaintance, but I'll be d——d [excuse me, gentlemen, but I was naturally excited] if your intimacy is to be a right to play off your mesmeric power upon me! And—' But before I could say more he arose and held out his hand.

"'I see you give you pain,' said he, sadly, 'and I beg you will forgive me. But I had the message, and it was given to me, and I thought, too, you would like to hear—' Well, well, I will say no more now,' said he, interrupting himself—'but the expression of your face would startle me, and to your epithet, I pass it over. You are still in the dark; but it will be all light some day, and you will do me justice. Good-day, Theodore.'

"He went away. Poor Skipwick! His brain was evidently weakened. I made but a gloomy meal that day. A week afterward he came to me to sell some stock for him.

"'It is a bad time to sell,' said I.

"'I can not help it. I must be done. I have bought a house, and it must be paid for and furnished.'

"'A house? Are you going to marry, Skipwick?'

"'No! It is not for myself.'

"'Ah! And may I inquire for whom it is?'

"'It is for my—for Mr. and Mrs. Cheetham.'

"'Relations of yours, I suppose?'

"'No. That is—yes—spiritually.'

"'Spiritual relations!'

"'Lord! Lord!'

"I questioned him, and, after much difficulty, discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Cheetham were two

'distinguished Mediums' from a 'circle' somewhere in New England, who had persuaded poor Skipwick to 'import' them for the purpose of assisting him in his 'spiritual' experiments.

"It was all over with him, I feared. He was in the hands of the Philistines, and he was no Samson with shorn locks that would grow again.

"Finding it worse than useless to attempt dissuasion or argument with him, I contented myself with some business advice as to his retaining the ownership of house and furniture, sold his stock, and paid him the money—ten thousand dollars. Once more he vanished into the fog, riding recklessly sea-ward."

III.

"His family ought to have placed him in an asylum!" exclaimed Green, as Jenkins paused for a moment.

"He had no family nearer than dubious cousins."

"His friends, then."

"Humph! He was over forty, and worth a quarter of a million. But we live in America, not England. Besides, 'spiritualism' has not yet been decided to furnish ground for personal restraint, the more's the pity! Let me go on:

"One day I took an odd fancy to have a look at, and a word with the two 'distinguished mediums' who were furnishing Skipwick with shadows in return for his 'substance.' So I rang the bell of a small, neat brick house in a quiet street, with 'CHEETHAM' on the door-plate. A thin, freckled-faced woman—with a remarkably sharp eye, and hair that looked as if a clip of the barber's shears would be sure to make it bleed—opened the door.

"'Is Mr. Cheetham at home?'

"'He is;' curtly, and holding the door ajar.

"'Can I see him for a moment?'

"'I'll see. Who shall I say, Sir?'

"'He does not know my name. Say a friend of Mr. Skipwick's.'

"'Oh! step into the parlor. I will communicate with my husband.'

"The lady with the sanguinary tresses was Mrs. Cheetham. She would 'communicate' with Mr. C. I fancied that perhaps she was about to advise him 'spiritually' of my presence by rapping on the ceiling, or ordering some of the furniture to give him notice to that effect. But no: she simply went up stairs like a mere human being to tell him, and he presently made his appearance. His manner and matter of greeting, as well as the man himself, instantly brought his prototype before my mental eye as a great Master had portrayed him. 'Ecce Chadband!' said I to myself.

"He was oily, bland, ponderous, and rolled his r's as though he delivered them off a spindle. Before I had listened five minutes to him I felt that he was a knave. I needn't try to repeat what he said. You've read plenty of that sort of stuff in the newspapers. He ended by offering his services to 'communicate' with any deceased friend or relative I might wish to hear from, and said that Mr. Skipwick was unfortunately too exacting and imperative; so that the 'manifestations' had not been, of late, as satisfactory as either he or Mr. S. could wish.

"The house, what I saw of it, was comfortably, even luxuriously, furnished; and I discovered, through a mild complaint of Skipwick's 'closeness' by Mr. Cheetham, that he and Mrs. C. received a regular 'salary' of two hundred dollars a month from Mr. S., besi'es incidental sums for 'spiritual' extras.

"In a word, Skipwick was fleeced by this precious pair to the tune of over three thousand dollars a year, exclusive of the house-rent, while they succeeded in 'fooling him to the top of his bent,' whatever that may be. It was a very tall 'bent' at all events!

"Not very long afterward Skipwick, coming to me on business as usual, in answer to my questions, told me he had found the Cheetham pair to be impostors, and had dismissed them.

"I congratulated him, and hoped his eyes were now opened.

"'But they were not. He had only changed guides to his blindness. He had another 'medium in his house. This one indubitably honest, and of high spirit-compelling power, but dear in proportion. He—the new 'Light'—was not married, but lived with his *sister*, a 'trance-medium' to whom Swedenborg was a mere 'dreamer of dreams.'

"Well, this was two years ago. Since then Skipwick has changed his 'spiritual relations' many times; but with every new 'blind guide' he has ridden deeper into the fog, nearer and nearer to the cliff, beneath which roars the wreck-strewn ocean of Madness! The last I heard of his 'hobby' he was trotting it alongside of the 'Davenport Boys' with their 'magic cabinet' on his back.

"He comes regularly to see me on business, about which he talks—as indeed he does about every thing save one—shrewdly and consistently. I see him often in the street, walking, with his head down, rapidly, and his lips in constant motion, as if holding 'communication' with the 'unseen world.' He even occasionally drops in here of an evening when his talk is chiefly of the rebellion, which, he says, on the authority of the 'spirits,' is 'all right' and 'part of the great plan.' What the 'great plan' is, however, the 'spirits' have not as yet vouchsafed to inform him.

"He has not fortunately much diminished his estate to feed his folly, but devotes at least two-thirds of his income to the 'Cause of Spiritualism.' He is a perfect Providence to many 'circles' both here and in other cities; and no amount of disappointment, detection of fraud, or falsehood seems to shake his faith in the abstract truth of the spiritual doctrines."

"He will surely end in the asylum!" said Mr. White. "There are no undertakers out there, at any rate!" added he, grimly.

"You're mistaken," retorted Green.

"There are two—as patients."

"Glad of it! Serves 'em right!" growled the old bachelor.

"Well, Jenkins," said Black, thoughtfully, "it's a great pity, certainly, about your poor friend Skipwick; but what inference do you draw from his case? Do you mean to say that he proves your assertion that all of us are 'mild monomaniacs?'"

Just as Jenkins was about to answer a step came rapidly up the brick walk toward the porch, and a voice said,

"Good-evening, Theodore! Ah! I thought you were alone."

"Only old friends. Walk up, Skipwick."

The new-comer came up the steps and was briefly introduced.

He was a middle-sized man, with a pale face and deep-sunk eye, and his lips had a tremulous motion in them, even when his countenance was in repose. Otherwise a gentlemanly, quiet looking person, in grave attire.

This night he seemed in unusually good spirits, and talked with a nervous flow of words, like a man who has a secret he itches to tell, yet can not find nor make a fitting opportunity. After sitting some thirty minutes, however, during which he had made no allusion, direct or indirect, to his "mania," but had listened with interest, though inattentively, to Jenkins's account of their visit to the Asylum, he suddenly rose and said,

"I did not know you had company, Theodore; I only stopped to tell you the glorious news. These gentlemen will no doubt be glad to hear it also." He paused, and seemed to hesitate.

"Certainly; good news is always welcome!" exclaimed all at once.

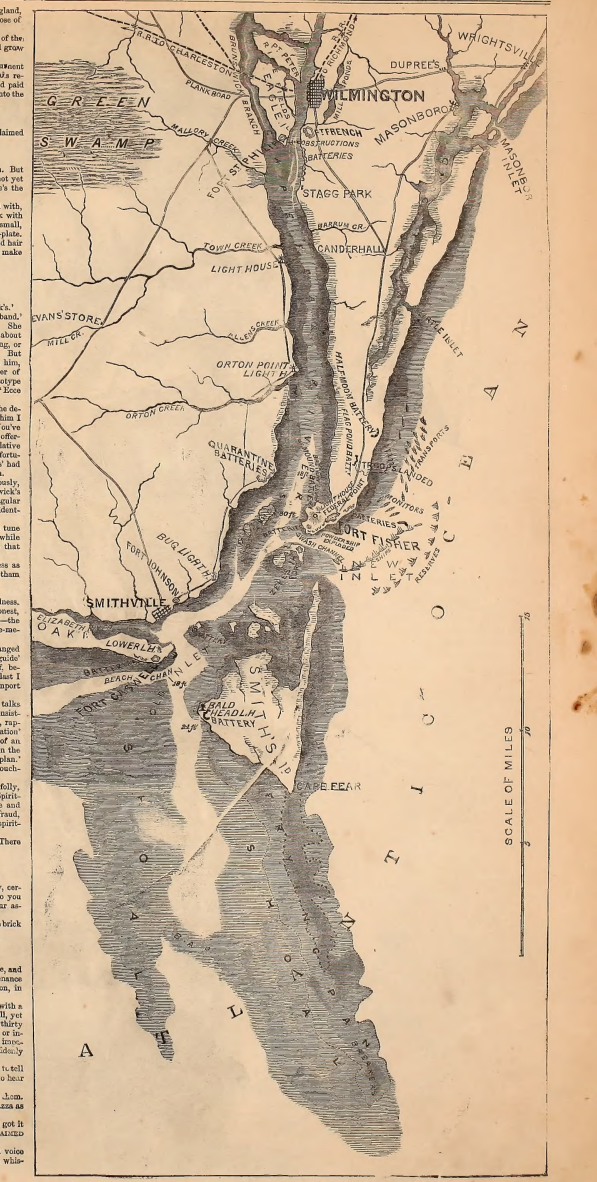
Skipwick walked rapidly up and down the top step of the piazza as he continued,

"It was very hard to obtain a decided manifestation, but we got it at last, and I am able to assure you that PEACE WILL BE PROCLAIMED ON THE 4TH DAY OF MARCH, 1865."

Having delivered this strangely-positive prediction in a loud voice and with a violent gesture, he said "Good-night!" almost in a whisper, and was gone.

"As mad as a March hare!" cried Mr. White.

And the others responded, "Amen!"



MAP OF WILMINGTON AND ITS DEFENSES.



KILPATRICK'S LAST CHARGE AT WAYNESBOROUGH, GEORGIA, DECEMBER 4, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 28.]



CHARGE OF THIRD BRIGADE, FIRST DIVISION, SIXTEENTH CORPS, AT THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, DECEMBER 15, 1864.—SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSHOUT.—[SEE PAGE 22.]

"BY-AND-BY."

WAS the parting very bitter?
Was the hand-clasp very tight?
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "by-and-by."

Were some whispered words too cherished?
Was the touch of lips too sweet?
Are two souls unclasp linked together
Never, never more to meet?
Never here, earth's poor, vain passion
Slowly smoulding out must die,
But its ashes shall return you
Something purer "by-and-by."

Was the priceless love you lavished
Sought for, played with, and then slighted
Were its crushed and quiv'ring remnants
Calmly thrown you back again?
Calmly too the remnants gather,
Bring them home without a sigh,
Sweet returns they yet shall bring you
In a coming "by-and-by."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,
With its sails all torn and wet,
Crossing o'er a waste of waters
Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and sunlit,
To the smooth sand warm and dry?
Faith shall bear your shattered vessel
Safely, surely, "by-and-by."

Are the eyelids very weary,
Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the tempics hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper "Rest is coming,
Rest forever, 'by-and-by.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,
Cease your sighing and rejoice;
Cry out not for days departed,
None will bear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "by-and-by."

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

FOREST LAKE is one of the myriad gems of the peninsula. Excessive weariness could not blind me to that fact the first night of my arrival. The last mile or two of the way lay along its margin, every turn revealing some new beauty. The wild orange, magnolia, and bay loaded the air with perfume, while giant oaks draped their mossy arms in the wave and grasped their own shadows.

The carriage drove through a little village of cabins just as the sun was setting. The fieldhands were home from labor, and stood bowing and courtesying, trying to get a peep at the newcomer—every arrival being an event on these isolated plantations. A large gate, swung open by a little negro, admitted to the grounds surrounding the mansion—a tasteful, unpretending house, southern in every feature. We were welcomed by the barking of dogs, the strutting of sea-fowl, the scream of guineas, and the somersaults of two or three young darkeys. Two little girls peeped in the shade of the veranda as the piazza, and a gray-haired quadroon, with bright eyes and intelligent face, came to the carriage to assist and welcome me.

"The young lady Mars'r George sent for Mammy Rose to come and take care on," she said, in a pleasant tone.

"No," I replied. "I am Miss Miller, the children's governess." I knew nothing of Mars'r George, and thought the old woman mistaken in the arrival.

The little girls were too timid to approach me readily, but stole sly glances into the room where I went to lay aside my traveling garb.

"Don't be 'fraid, honeys," said their nurse; "go in and tell the lady 'How d'ye?'"

"Why don't she wear pretty, bright dresses, Tilly? Say! why don't she?"

"Hush, you! Somebody's done gone dead!" "Like our mamma?"

"Yes, honey, like Miss Ann."

A substantial supper was waiting—chickens, bacon, rice, coffee, and hot cakes. The little girls sat opposite, in a small-servant did the waiting; while Tilly, with an immense brush of peacock's plumes, fanned away the flies, and kept up an artificial breeze.

Such was my introduction to Forest Lake.

My room was a very pleasant one, with windows opening out on the lake, from which came a wild scream of water-fowl the livelong night. Old Rose—Mammy Rose as she was called—came in the morning with a cup of coffee, and a face full of prying kindness.

"Poor child!" she said. "All bruises from head to heart. Lie still to-day, and let mammy nuss ye. De good Lord will heal in his own time. 'Twas like you is a tender flower."

I let her talk on; there was something in the plaintive minor of her voice, and her words were picturesque and poetical, the language of a double race. Very little of the genuine African was betrayed either in her features or dress, which was plain and simple enough to have characterized a lady.

The little girls, hearing her voice, came to the window, and held in handfuls of roses without offering their faces.

"They's dying to see you, Miss, but are as shy as young rabbits. They were talking about the sweet lady this morning before they said their prayers."

"Can you not coax them in? I love children dearly."

"They'll soon find is out, Miss! They wasn't long finding that Miss Poultney were not fond of them."

"Who was she?"

"Some kin to their mother, who came to teach and take care of them. But she got on easy and homesick-like here, and nobody could suit her. Mars'r George did his best, and when he fails that's no wrong. She went back to Carlinar about a week since."

Another little hand was seen among the curtain, holding a gorgeous Bahama lily. Mammy Rose took it as she had done the others, and gave it to me, saying as she did so,

"Go away, Miss Jessie, and bring your sister. The lady wishes to see you."

Light footsteps were heard on the piazza; soft, whispering voices near the window, but no children came. Rose went away soon "to look after the house," she said, charging me to be still all day; instead of which I arose, dressed, and went down to the lake-side.

A boy was fishing near the wharf. Seeing me, he raised his hat, bowed and grinned with the air of an old acquaintance. It was not the coarseness of that I was certain. Had I ever seen him before? I could not tell; they were all alike to me.

Two little hands led me up the shell-walk to the cottage, when Mammy's breakfast was ready —little Jessie's and Georgia's. Two little mouths gave me kisses, and two little hands pulled and called me, as I bade them, Miss Margy. The new governess was no longer a stranger.

The lessons began by degrees, and soon became the absorbing amusement of the morning; mos cold, dry tasks, but pleasant talks about pleasant things. Little slates had their figures, and little copy-books letters and words to be imitated, until they could answer papa's letters, and get the reward he had promised them. No other incentive was ever needed than to please him.

An old piano, hoarse from disuse, stood in the parlor. I opened it, wiped the mould from the wires, limbered the keys, and tried "Rousseau's Dream," my first lesson. The children were delighted. Even with others in the house, and struggles to forget pain, passed the first days at Lake Cottage.

In about two weeks a letter came from Colonel Hamilton—a letter as puzzling in some of its allusions and inquiries as the Sphinx's riddle, until little Georgia had explained away the enigma, and left me in a tumult of feelings difficult to describe.

"Don't you see, Jessie, this is papa's pretty seal? Doesn't he write nice letters, Miss Margy?"

The child had picked up the envelope, and was examining the monogram with curious eyes. How stupid I had been from the first, when, as I now recollected, the truth had been told me half a dozen times or more! "Your sister's motherless children—father going to the war!" Hadn't he said this on one occasion nothing prevented his acceptance of a commission? And two brothers-in-law children? The coincidence of name alone should have been sufficient to open my eyes to the fact; but who ever attaches importance to a name? And now, I understood better those mysterious words in the letter: "Should anything still you recall me," as well as Mammy Rose's welcome, and Tom's persistent recognition. How stupid I had been not to understand them, but for the one great, absorbing event which had made me insensible to every thing but grief.

I strove hard to remember anything to find fault with in the review of the engagement—nothing was palpable but my own dullness. When planning the meeting, had I not hinted to him of one in procuring a situation? He might at least have been frank about it, I said to myself, and I said to him in my reply, in which I made a full confession of stupidity.

His rejoinder disarmed me. He wrote:

"Forgive me, my sister, for thinking you were not quite certain you did not comprehend the arrangement. I did not suppose I should ever presume to ask you for brother, to watch over and protect you until such time as you could go under the protection of a husband. I could have found situations where you would have had more society, and perhaps more pleasant ones, but the friends of yours—some persons not afraid of Northern sentiment seemed to offer you a home, but I could not bear the intolerant of 'Northern sentiment' at present, especially when I knew that the children I had left would be under you should be subjected to the slightest annoyance for opinion's sake. I feel, then, in your previous letter, that society would only burden you, and that you needed rest. I have, therefore, had a lady this day visit Lake Cottage, where I can certain the servants will be devoted to you, and you can be to them your own mistress."

So far for your interest. Now for considerations more sacred.

"With every confidence in my housekeeper and other servants, I have not thought it best to leave my little ones entirely to them. The lady who has had care of them since their mother's death has to cancel a debt when wishing to be relieved, and I would gladly have every shilled in my pocket soonet than run the risk of supplying her loss. Advertising without success, I was on the point of writing to you, when I met with a lady of the highest recommendation come to my aid, and remain with my children—and at the same time—

"But if you have any regrets, Miss Margy; if the place is not agreeable, or you feel that it is too isolated and lonely, or the children trouble you, remember, my sister, my window sash is open, and you have only to say the privilege of serving you in some other way. Let me beg you, then, to be candid, and trust me as you would a brother.

"I am enrolled for the war, so you will not apprehend my presence at the lake. The clouds grow thicker and darker every hour. The sacred soil of Virginia is already red with blood. I love to think that you are out of reach of its ravages, almost of its rumors."

"Mammy Rose and the children are very happy. May God bless them and you!"

I was wholly disarmed. Why should pride strive to put me on a pedestal for me not to be turned against myself? Why could not I take as freely and as independently too for a friend as for a stranger? Colonel Hamilton could never be less than a friend, and when had friend proved less selfish or more deserving? For Robert's sake I would abide in the warm, sheltering haven I had so unwittingly entered until the storm was past.

My next letter was pronounced "most satisfactory."

The calm uniformity of life at Lake Cottage suited me entirely. I felt no need of society; my life was in the past—at present duties were neither distasteful nor irksome. Robert was in all my thoughts. His Bible lay on my stand; his quotations were in my watches. Our watchwords were wound each day, and kept time together; and two glossy brown locks of his hair were often wet with tears. I sometimes felt as though his presence was with me, and the thought made me almost happy.

The weekly papers—we had but a weekly mail—spoke continually of strife and contention; but it seemed like a dream only, when no one expected the terrible reports. The distant booming of cannon one clear summer morning told me that the Army of the Union had again suffered defeat. But no wild exultations, no joy-bells, no thanksgiving in the churches assailed me in my secluded sanctuary; and my heart tolled its own knells in peace for Bull Run and Manassas.

The children's progress was wonderful, and their first letter to their father the event of the season, to them at least. For some time they were busy with their studies and exercises. They played less than usual during play-hours, came often to ask how to spell a word, and sometimes brought a slate for me to add a capital letter for them. Tilly was in their secret, and looked both wise and important whenever Mammy Rose inquired what the young people were about so very quiet. I only half suspected the truth until they came to ask me to fold and direct the precious manuscript, and, without curious inspection, knowing well it was going to no severe censor.

Mammy Rose was overjoyed.

"O, Miss, you should have read it," she said. "No infants ever wrote such a letter before. Years like to have died when Georgie's heart grew. You should have seen how many times they thanked him for sending dear Miss Margy to us. Mammy Rose's old bones are getting old and stiff; but no matter now."

Rose was an exception to the ordinary rule of servitude. She had early been taught reading, writing, and needle-work. Her story is too sad a one to be narrated here. Often in my desolate hours, when grieving over my lot, her meek, tender assurance that the good Lord loveth whom he chasteneth, and would heal the hearts he had wounded, fell like balm upon my weak faith in our common Father. What were my griefs to hers, who had seen every heartchord sundered save one, Isaiah Lazum, and not heavenly, and who yet, Christ-like, forgave and blessed her executor? When her record is written, it will be with those of saints and angels!

"Letter for you, Miss," said Tom, coming to my open window one day on his return from the Post-office, "all done up black."

A letter with a black seal, and from Kittie.

"Poor Gaston!" my natural exclamation while unfolding it. It was not the mother, as I supposed, but her only son, who had fallen on the battle-field—Kittie's idolized brother Gaston, in college only the winter before, when most of the students were so eloquent in his praise. Like many other gallant youth of Mississippi, he had responded to the call of his great statesman, and had fallen in the first engagement.

"Poor Gaddsen!" Kittie wrote. "He was too beautiful to be trodden underfoot in battle, and it breaks my heart to think of it. He had never an enemy, and why should he have been called to fight? I am brotherless now, you like, dear Margy, but I have also to pity you. I did not know before, though my heart ached sorely for you. Mother says it will kill her, and I am afraid it may, for Gaston was her dearest idol."

Poor Kittie! My heart ached sorely for her now—the gay, happy girl, drinking her first life-cup of sorrow!

Summer and autumn wore away. The cotton was picked and the cane ground. All the machinery of the plantation appeared to work as smoothly as though the master had not been hundreds of miles away. The overseer was a faithful old darkey, who came from Carolina when "Ole master" emigrated; and who, in consideration of faithful service, was left with "Young master" to look after the few negroes and two children were the bonds that bound him fast to slavery.

"I can leave Mary and the boys," he said, speaking to me one day of freedom. "Mars'r George gives me good wages to oversee, and I can make a better off by staying wid them. He has promised never to part us. But oh, missis! I would like to have dem boys learn to read, and know why de good Lord gives dem heads as well as hands."

Never from the two hundred servants did I hear a word of disloyalty to their master; their chief regret was in not being able to read and write. Many a midnight lesson they already read the mystic handwriting on the wall of their bondage, and foresaw that the days of the kingdom of oppression were numbered, and felt weak to cope with the intellect of a dominant race. I never sought conversation with them on these points, and whenever they were approached turned away to questions of everyday life and duty.

Often on Sunday evenings they would gather around the cottage-piazza to hear me read a chapter from the Bible—Colonel Hamilton, in one of his letters, having asked me to do this if not disagreeable to me, as it converted them at home on the Sabbath instead of strolling off to hear vagabond preachers. The first evening I read the Sermon on the Mount from beginning to end. Before its close some of the men had risen to their feet, and stood gazing with silent, rapt attention until I closed the book, when a simultaneous shout of "Glory!" like a camp-meeting cry, rent the air, and was echoed from the forest beyond the lake. A moment after a lame old woman, with wild, sparkling eyes, limped up to the piazza, drew something from under her silk apron folded carefully in two or three wrappings.

"Will good missis tell me of dis yer is like her book?" she said, handing an old Bible to me.

"Just the same, Dinah. God's books are all alike."

"No dey isn't!" she replied, positively. "Dem dar Carlinar Bibles ony one story—'Servants be 'bedient to yer masters.' Miss Poultney's one oh dem. Dis yer come from Georgia, and de good ole missus dar can to read like you read to-night. She'm dead and gone to glory, hallelujah!"

Fifty voices caught the shout, and began to sing—

"Glory, hallelujah!
We're all marching homeward
To de happy land!"

Little Georgia and Jessie sat upon low stools at my feet, their sunny young faces radiant with joy. Turning every now and then to Mammy Rose, they said, "Isn't it a good meeting, Mammy?" Wouldn't papa like to see them all so near?"

Those Sunday evening gatherings became a real pleasure to me, and formed a new link between me and the little sable community at Forest Lake. Afterward, when prostrate with sickness, I learned how grateful were the humor creatures for the few crumbs of Christ's comfort it was so pleasant to bestow.

CHAPTER VIII.

WINTER wrought but little change in the summer scenes of Forest Lake. It was difficult to write January in your remembrance when June roses were budding and blooming on every side. Occasional visitors from Colonel Hamilton came to break the monotony, all of which expressed great satisfaction at my contentment. In one of these he remarked, playfully, "I can now help congratulating myself on holding one prisoner! Cruel war has its compensations." In another: "Mammy Rose and the children write me difficult to write January in your remembrance when June roses were budding and blooming on every side. You opposed Sunday-school, I hear; shall have a chaplain's salary at the end of the year."

But as spring drew near I began to grow languid and restless. Unusual nervousness marred me, and I longed for something clear and crisp to give vigor to mind and body. Torturing headaches became of frequent occurrence, during which the sunshine was intolerable; and whenever I closed my eyes to the light two great yellow fires appeared as me mockingly. Fever succeeded. Thoughts of death came to me in the silent night-time, not dark and terrible, but calm and pleasant, like the soft whispers of loved ones. They were all with me again. My lost ones and their home was not far away, as I had fancied. The physician from Carlinarville remained constantly at the cottage, and Mammy Rose never left me day or night. I knew every thing that was passing around me, although regarded as unconscious. A hundred times I heard the tender inquiry, "Is she going to Jesus?" and would have replied, but the faculty of speech had quite deserted me.

The crisis came at an unusual stir at the cottage, where every thing had been silent so long. I tried to think what it meant, but was too weak and weary. Soon I heard a voice soft and low, but familiar, conversing with the doctor, who replied:

"The fever speaks, Sir—never opens her eyes; is too weak for the crisis, which must be near."

"O, Mars'r George! don't give way so. Tears like she knows Mammy Rose yet. Every sort here is praying de good Lord to recover her."

Those were the last sounds that fell on my ears for days. All the busy thoughts which filled my brain, all the feverish struggles which had been passing to and fro, fled. Life became an utter blank—void as the grave.

The first light on each darkness is indescribable—only a gleam—not comprehended, not palpable. Feebly as a new-born child seizes the first object presented to its vision, I grew to its own identity. "Who am I? Where am I?" were the first distinct thoughts that arose out of this chaos—the first utterances that shaped themselves on my lips.

"Dear Master!" God be praised!" was the rejoinder. Had the pleasant illusions returned? I could not tell.

Circumstance was in her favor now, Sir. Who would have thought it? Admirable constitution. Every thing must be kept just so quiet now. Doctor can take your place, Sir, and let you sleep. You are a great nurse, Colonel."

My next recollection is of a sweet, benignant face smiling down on me like a starlight, gentle hands smoothing my pillow; of tender tones falling on my ears like blessings. But the voice that answered my first faint inquiry was heard no more. I listened for it all that day and the next, and came to believe it had only been heard in a dream. Neither Mammy Rose nor my new nurse appeared to understand my allusion to it, or, if they understood, were indisposed to gratify my curiosity.

"Where are the children?" I asked, at length.

"Gone for a time to stay on two, honey. The doctor said you mustn't have the leastest bit of

noise nohow, and we couldn't keep 'em away from you any longer.'

"Where have they gone, Mammy?"

"To Gainesville."

"Who went with them?"

"Tilly, and Tom too," she added. "But you are talking too much, honey; be quiet now, or Aunty Hamilton will find fault with Mammy."

Two days after, a tumultuous barking of the dogs announced my arrival. I listened for the sound of wheels or horses' hoofs in the carriage-way; there were neither. A soft, careful tread of feet, however, was on the back piazza, satisfied me I was not mistaken. No one else, perhaps, would have detected the footsteps; but so painfully acute had hearing become with sickness, I could think only of the "Warden of the Gods," whose steps were so like as he heard the flowers bloom and the grass grow in the heavenly meadows.

Mammy Rose came in soon, and Madam Hamilton, my new nurse, went out. Only two two, with the doctor, ever entered the apartment during my days of convalescence.

"My dear aunt, tell me exactly what you think of your charge now."

"Dear me!"

"Can I see her?"

"Not to-night, certainly. Doctor Hempstead is as peremptory as ever about excitement."

"I have to go at daybreak. My dispatches came to-day. We are on the eve of more activities; if I survive, I will endeavor to return again. You will not leave, Madam, in any event."

"Trust me to do a mother could. I like your arrangement of going over to the St.John's for a change as soon as she is able."

I buried my face, not only to shut out the sounds, but to conceal my tears. He was going away without speaking to me. Madam Hamilton was cruel.

"Tell me what it is, honey!" Mammy Rose said, detecting my emotion, and smoothing my hair caressingly. "You're weak and tired, poor heart! Tell Mammy."

"Nothing! Nothing!"

"Yes, 'tis something, chile. Tell Mammy Rose."

"It's dreadful to feel alone in the world."

"Yes, that's it, honey! All alone! Mammy knows."

I wept a while, and fell asleep from extreme exhaustion.

The next day Aunty Hamilton told me we were all going to the "Green Cone Spring" as soon as I was strong enough to make the journey by short stages. The air was much more bracing there, she said, than at the lake, and the bathing luxurious. The Springs had been a great resort for invalids before the war, and would be a charming place to summer.

I did not care for the Springs that day. I was disappointed and unhappy.

The devotion of the servants was truly affecting. One by one as I was able to see them they came to speak to me, bringing some little offering of fruit or flowers, and their broken words of congratulation went to my very heart. They vied with each other in efforts to tempt my appetite, bringing me chickens and the rarest wild birds of the marshes. True it is that grandiose and unwilliness abide with the lowly. What can one best offer on the altar of humanity to theirs! Think of an aged slave, toiling in the cotton or cane fields from Monday morning until Saturday night, sacrificing his one day of rest to a stranger—walking long, weary miles to pull cresses from a spring where he had pulled them in long-past days, and did it for me. It is a wonder I wept when these affectionate creatures gathered around to say farewell the morning I left Gainesville, hoping expecting to return in a few months?

There was a carriage-load of us that morning as we drove through the great gate into the public highway—Madam Hamilton, the two little girls, Tilly, and myself in the interior; Tom on the outside, with boxes and carpet-bags filling every inch of space beneath the seats. Fortunately the luggage was strong, or we might have foundered in the sand.

The journey occupied three days, riding a few hours only during the morning, and resting at mid-day. Every day I gained strength with the exercise, until we reached the St. Johns, more beautiful than I had pictured it. The little children were astonished at sight of a noble steamer which passed up the river the evening of our arrival—the first they had ever seen. I was astonished also, not at the steamer, but at the flag she bore—the dear old Flag of the Union—the first which had greeted my sight since leaving Fort Taylor.

"Look! Madam," exclaimed, pointing to the waving banner, "look! Is it possible?"

"Certainly, my dear, the Unionists control the river. Did you not know it? But how should you? The steamer Jacksonville have all taken place since your illness."

"Did Colonel Hamilton know it when he made arrangements for us here?"

"Not when he first proposed it. But as he believed the change of air and scene necessary for you, he would not allow the circumstance to reverse his decision."

"Generous, noble!" I could not help exclaiming. "But, aunty, as much good as the sight of the old Flag does me, is it agreeable to you here?"

"I understand you," she replied. "I am a Philadelphian by birth and education, and have not lived South long enough to learn to love a fragment of my native land better than the whole. It is wisdom, however, to enjoy one's opinion in silence sometimes."

It was the first time any allusion to the existing troubles between the two sections had been made by either of us. She was the widow of Colonel Hamilton's uncle, and had had the care of his motherless childhood. I had heard him speak of her with the affection of a son.

"Does he know your sentiments?" I asked.

"My nephew, I suppose, you mean, dear?" she returned, smiling. "He has always known them, and loves me none the less for them. He is one of the few noble minds who has grasped a prejudice of education and fancies it a principle. He is neither obstinate nor unreasonable, and has none of the selfish ambition of the great secession leaders."

"Is it not singular we have never heard from him since he went away?"

She looked at me inquiringly.

"Ah! the children told you he had been home, did they? Mammy and I tried to keep it a secret."

"No one told me, Madam! I heard his voice, and was grieved that he did not come and speak to me."

"He was grieved that we would not allow him, and left you the tenderest messages. I am sure he would have come to see you, Margy, than he believes. Pray, my dear, that nothing may have befallen him. There has been dreadful fighting recently."

The next day a gun-boat passed up the river—one of those terrible monsters which had wrought such rebel consternation at Hatteras and Port Royal. We sat at the window of the hotel and watched a yawl with a white flag pull out into the current to meet the ship's boat and deliver the papers. At dinner the landlord told us another great battle had been fought in Virginia, and promised to send us both the Union and the Southern reports of it. He believed the Yankees had gained another victory.

Joy for my country's success was not cloudless.

The papers contained the particulars of the battle of Williamsburg. The Northern journals claimed a great victory—the annihilation of the rebel army, and a thousand prisoners. The dead and wounded of the enemy were left on the field because the rebels were too much cut up the body of one rebel Colonel; one General, and half a dozen Colonels and Captains among the wounded.

The Southern papers were as despondent as the Northern ones were jubilant. Calamity was the succeeding calamity. Scarcely was the fall of New Orleans heralded before a train of reverses from the Army of the Potomac—weak hearts to faint, while it only roused the brave to firmer resolve. It was a comfort to know that their troops had fallen back from any fight with overcourage, but from mere weakness and exhaustion, having been cut off from their supplies, and going into battle fasting. Some of them left their best officers were among the dead and wounded. It was impossible to give the list, as the battle-field was in possession of the enemy.

Madam Hamilton read, and I listened calmly.

"We shall get additional details soon," she remarked. "I have no doubt George was in the engagement."

How very impatiently we waited for further particulars! Not a word came from Jacksonville. I suspected she had heard rumors she was unwilling to repeat.

On the return of stood convicted of evil tidings at first glance. Neither of us had courage to ask a question as he appeared before us fumbling in his pockets for a letter, which was at length produced.

"De yer is for you, Missis, from Mason Grin'nal Hughes," he said, handing it to me. "And done gone dead sure, and Mas'r George nowhar to be found. 'Spec Linkum's cotched him."

I broke the open Hamilton read the letter and read, while I gazed upon her like a petrifaction. After she had finished it, she said:

"I wrote to the commanding officer at Jacksonville, asking him for such information as he might possess relative to the recent battle. He writes that Colonel Wood is killed beyond peradventure. Colonel Hamilton was wounded in the right arm in the early part of the engagement, and is at present among the missing, probably a prisoner."

The two little children when they comprehended the nature of the intelligence were heartrending. For a time no one was sufficiently composed to attempt consolation. Madam Hamilton bowed her head over the letter and wept silently. Tom and Tilly caught the children's grief, and added their lamentations.

Hope was ever the ruling element of my nature, and it came to my aid then. Struggling violently to keep down the heart-pain and be calm, I said:

"This is not as bad as it might have been, after all! Mas'r George, darling, is dead, and not killed like some poor children's. He has only got his right arm hurt so he could not write, maybe. Or, if he is a prisoner, he will be exchanged, you know, some day, and sent home. Don't cry any more! When we get the next papers we shall know all about it."

I had confidence in what I said, and succeeded in inspiring not only the children, but Tom and Tilly with the same belief. Aunty Hamilton smiled sadly while encouraging us to look on the bright side. I was certain she did not see it herself.

It was weary waiting for official reports, and when they arrived they contained the name we elicited. Wounded and missing, with a mention of the extreme gallantry with which he led his men into action, was all the record of Colonel Hamilton.

"What do you think now, my dear?" Madam inquired, when we had searched the papers in vain for tidings more explicit.

"That he is one of those half dozen wounded and captured colonels and captains of whom the Northern papers speak. I'm sure he's not killed, or it would be known."

"God grant it! I wish, if living, he were assured of our safety. I know how much he will suffer on our account."

"I will go and relieve him, aunty."

She looked at me, though I had not quite recovered my senses, then smiled faintly as she replied:

"I think he will be most anxious about you, Margy."

All that night I lay sleepless, my head bursting with projects. The next morning, on my way to the Springs, I met Tom, looking a shade darker than usual.

"Look here, Tom; I want to ask you a question or two. Can you keep a secret?"

"Try me, Miss."

"Is it true what Mr. Bates said yesterday, that the darkeys along the river are running away to the gun-boats?"

"Lots on 'em, Miss."

"How do they know when to look for them?"

"One a week goes for to carry coal and visions to be beknowledged up Black Creek."

"When may the next one be expected?"

"Dis yer week, to-morrer."

"Tom, do you know any one who would dare carry a note to the commander?"

"Know nobody, 'cept who is gwine nex' time. Missis, can you keep de secret?"

"You can try me, Tom," I said, imitating his own style.

"Well, den, de berry ole debil's to pay up yer. Massa Cunnel Sumbody down to Jacksonville done hung two niggers and hid 'em in de brush to shoot de gun-boat wid nex' time. I tole ole Hosson's boys de fact, and dey's gwine to 'form de captain of de trap set for him."

"Why didn't you do it yourself, Tom?"

"Dat's it now! You see, Missis, of I'd ben know'd 'bout it myself. Some things isn't counted honable. Mas'r George 'posed confordance in me when he sent me way ober yer to take care for de ladies—he done 'spected I'd."

"De fact is, Sam, sumbody must tell de gunboat. I shall be missed of I go, and 'spected when I come back, 'cause I can't stay in honor. My time isn't 'xactly come."

"Were you not afraid to trust him?"

"We boys is 'spected to trust one anoder. We's all in de berry same boat. I jes' know'd Sam was waitin' to git off. His master's grillar, and grillars isn't counted honable by darkeys, for he's black."

"I will give you a note for him to-day. Go now and tell Tilly to make the young ladies for their bath."

"I think you are a little down-hearted to-day, Margy," Aunty Hamilton said as we sat silently together.

"I have something to tell you, and don't exactly know how to begin. You see I am nearly well now."

"Very much better, my dear, but not well yet. You mustn't speak about the lessons, for George has prohibited them altogether."

"I was thinking of the lessons, aunty; I was wondering if you had any gold."

"A little, my child."

"Well, I have a little too; don't you think together we have enough for a passage money to the North? I think a sea-voyage would complete my cure."

The old lady bestowed upon me another of those questioning glances, and, apparently satisfied, replied:

"I don't wonder you should wish to get home, Margy; and if you had a permit, I would do any thing in my power to help you. You can't engage any power in the so-called Confederacy to obtain one for you, and it is not easy to go. I am going to the gun-boats; but you must not know when nor how, for fear the rebels should learn our movements and stop me. There is another thing I have been thinking about. If Colonel Hamilton is wounded, don't you think he would like to have you with him? I'll give bonds for him if he runs away."

Surprise was written on every feature of Madam Hamilton's face as she spoke.

"Are you certain you have strength and courage for such an enterprise, my dear child? You look like a shadow."

"Courage mounts with occasion, you know. I've never possessed any, I think, because my path has always been smoothed and guarded. Now I must take life as it comes, rough or smooth, and I may as well get myself over as cover."

Here I burst into, laid my head in her lap, and wept.

"Nay, don't say a word to discourage me, aunty; I know what kind friends I have found in you all, and how willingly you would continue to encourage me, as you say; but I have something to do myself now. My father had influential friends. Through their influence I may be able to get Colonel Hamilton exchanged, or set at liberty, and restored to his family. Is it an unwomanly thought?"

She kissed my cheek, and said, fervently,

"My God prosper you, my child!"

The war-steamer passed up the river that night, as Tom had predicted, and would be back within two days. The note was sent, and, at Tom's suggestion, a place appointed for signaling the steamer on her return. The fellow was quite overjoyed at the thought of going with me in search of his master, especially when I told him it was "honorably arranged."

"I will leave my trunks in your care, dear aunty, until I come back for Robert. The carpet-bag and portmanteau will contain every thing I shall need, and Tom can handle them conveniently. Don't fret about me; I will write from Port Royal, and bribe somebody to send you the letter."

All that night Tom watched at the place designated, lest by some mistake the vessel should pass unsignaled. Just after daybreak I heard him tapping at my door.

"Hear 'em gittin' up steam, Miss, round de bend. Be yer in an hour. Don't hurry. Miss de truck's all dar, and Dick Porter got de white cloff all ready to swing. I'll put de saddle on Empress; Dick gwine to fetch um back."

I went to give the children a parting kiss. Tilly was already standing on her blanket beside their bed. Without awakening Ether, I stole back as softly as possible, for fear of disturbing Madam Hamilton. She, I was positive, had slept as little as myself. She heard me, and called softly,

"Come to me, my child! I am afraid I have done wrong, Margy, to countenance you in so bold an undertaking. If any thing should happen, George would never forgive me, any more than I should forgive myself. Do be cautious, my dear. One more kiss."

Empress stood pawing the ground a short distance from the hotel. Two or three of the house servants were astir, and stood watching me as I mounted, evidently surprised at my early ride. We took an opposite direction from the point, but soon turned our course, paths running every way through the pine groves.

The vessel was in sight, rapidly approaching the shore. I did not dismount until the barge was launched and on its way; then, ready to faint with pain, I gave the bridle to Tom's hand to Tom, and a moment after was seated in the little boat along-side the war-steamer.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

We had marched hard all that weary day,
And sunset was bright in the west,
When all night long on a lonely bed
Our soldier boy took his rest.

And weary and sad was the dream,
As dream in the field ever was,
To wash and rest, or to sleep and dream—
To dream of the loved one's eyes.

Or hear in the wind the shell's wild scream.

As I lay on the ground beneath a tree
That night—my limbs were weary and cold—
I dreamed. In my dream all seemed to be
At peace, and myself grown lame and old;
While a bright-eyed boy sat on my knee,
Begging of me war-dance to be heard.

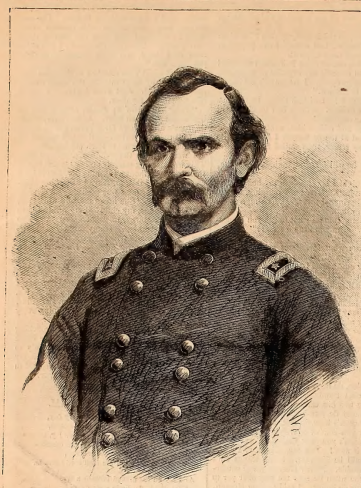
His bright eyes filled with childish tears,
And his pouting lips parted in pain,
At the tale of woe in those by-gone years,
And the battle-fields strewn with the slain,
But laughed with joy when told of the cheers
That greeted triumphant peace again.

More there was of my vision—much more;
Much more, indeed, of what might have been:
For peaceful memory was free to soar
In realms far away from war and sin;
But a voice rose, only half heard before:
Was repeating—"Third relief—fall in!"

THE CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

AFTER having completed his grand march through Georgia, from Atlanta to Savannah, General Sherman's first effort was to communicate with the fleet off Savannah. This he accomplished by the capture of Fort M'Allister, the only serious obstruction to the navigation of the Ogeechee River. The fort was sixteen miles from the mouth of the Savannah. It was also first-class fort ever bombarded by Monitors. It was now, however, taken by direct assault. The party to whom the work was assigned was General Hazen's Division. The defenses of the fort was insignificant in point of number, there being only men enough to man the guns, of which there were fourteen. The assault was most animated. The men marched at double-quick, penetrated the abatis, and, crossing the ditch, scaled the parapets of the first and three minutes the garrison were prisoners. The capture of the fort gave us a large quantity of ordnance stores, guns, ammunition, &c. The fort was taken to the Savannah, masters of the ordnance-officer, Lieutenant SPENCER, near the fort.

Pretty closely investing the city, except at a point on the north side directly across the river, SHERMAN at length determined to make an assault. Previous to this attempt, however, he sent a message to General HARDEE demanding the surrender of the city. The latter assumed a rather defiant attitude and refused. But during the night he slipped across the Savannah on a pontoon with his fifteen thousand men. The movement was soon observed by General GEARY, who immediately pushed his division (the Second of the Twentieth Corps) on into the city. Geary's division was the first by the Mayor and Commonalty of Savannah, who surrendered the city unconditionally. The forts were then taken possession of and their ordnance. The captures included 150 guns, 18 locomotives, and 35,000 bales of cotton. The rebels had destroyed their shipping. The floating battery was sunk. The *Savannah*, a formidable war vessel, was blown up. When the troops entered the city there was no disorder except a slight one created by released people in the city, who plundered every thing within reach. Even the rebel soldiers had been participating in acts of violence. Order was soon restored, and the next Sabbath the churches were attended as usual. General GEARY has been appointed commander of the city, which is divided into two Departments, the Eastern and Western, commanded respectively by Colonel WOOD and Colonel BARNUM. GEARY took all the Commissary stores which he found in the city and placed them at the disposal of the Mayor and Common Council. It is estimated that 25,000 inhabitants remained in the city. The illustration on the first page shows our troops entering



GENERAL S. G. BURBRIDGE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEBSTER, LOUISVILLE, KY.—SEE PAGE 21.]



THE LATE HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Savannah at sunrise. Colonel BARNES's brigade was the first in town. General SHERMAN's loss, after he invested Savannah, was from six to eight hundred men.

We give on page 24 an illustration of General KILPATRICK's last charge at Waynesborough. There were two fights on the march from Atlanta to Savannah. One was the engagement which WOLCOTT had with the enemy at Griswoldville, November 22, in which the enemy was severely repulsed. The other was General KILPATRICK's affair with WHEELER's cavalry, December 4. KILPATRICK drove WHEELER's corps to a strong rail barricade near Waynesborough, and soon, by a most gallant charge, himself at the head of his command, compelled a retreat, which was continued eight miles beyond Waynesborough. In this battle the sabre was used with brilliant effect.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON.

WILLIAM LEWIS DAYTON was born at Baskinridge, New Jersey, February 17, 1807. He was a farmer's son; but at an early period of life acquired an excellent education, graduating at the age of eighteen at the College of New Jersey. He immediately entered upon the profession of law. He became quite intimately connected with political affairs, being associated with the Whig party in his State, and especially with the Free Soil wing of that party. In 1837 he was elected a member of the New Jersey Senate, and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. The following year he was chosen by the Legislature one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, which position he held for three years. Mr. DAYTON in 1842 was appointed United States Senator, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD, and in 1845 was elected for the full term of six years. His position during this Senatorial career of nine years was always positive and decided. He was opposed to slavery on the ground of humanity, and always advocated its abolition in the District of Columbia, and its prohibition in the Territories. He voted for the admission of California as a free State, and in 1850, when schemes of compromise every where prevailed, he voted against the Fugitive Slave Law.

With these associations in his favor he was in 1856 nominated by the Republican party for Vice-President. When Mr. LINCOLN was elected President in 1860, Mr. DAYTON was appointed Minister to France. It is scarcely possible for the people to adequately appreciate the value of his services in this most important mission. A man of weight and principle, and therefore always firm, he gained both respect and confidence at the French Court. Notwithstanding the delicate difficulties of his situation at critical periods during the present war, his correctness and uniform firmness has always carried him safely through. His personal appearance was very fine, and in his manners he was affable and unpre-



OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C., DANCING ON BOARD THE "STAR OF THE SOUTH."—[SKETCHED BY WILL... WAUD.]

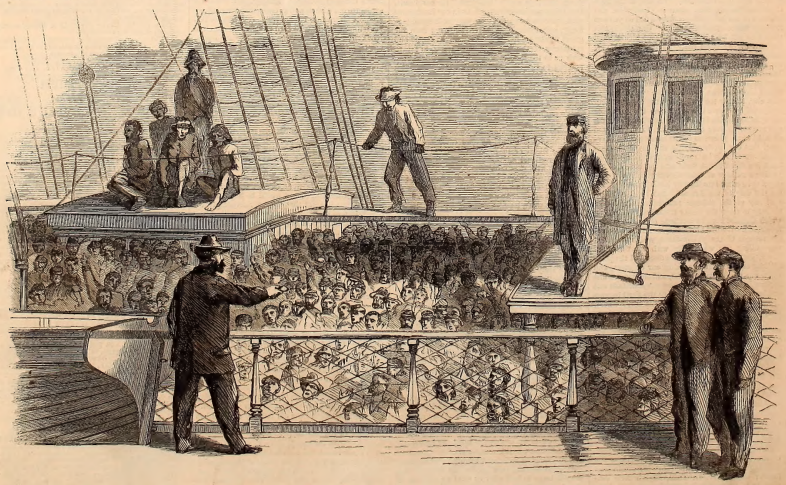


OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C. EXCHANGING THEIR RAGS FOR NEW CLOTHING.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

tending. His death occasioned the most sincere regret. It occurred in Paris, under peculiarly melancholy circumstances, December 1, 1864. He died suddenly from a fit of apoplexy while at the Hotel du Louvre. The country will have occasion for self-congratulation if our next Minister to France shall be found a statesman as honorable and as judicious as was Mr. DAYTON.

OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON.

In previous numbers we have illustrated the reception of our released prisoners off Savannah. The exchange was scarcely half completed at that point when the affair was interrupted, and afterward resumed at Charleston. We give three sketches in this number relating to the exchange at this latter point. It is supposed that Colonel MULFORD is engaged in another effort to renew the exchange. According to rebel authorities there have been confined in Libey Prison at Richmond during the past year 31,000 Federal prisoners. They claim during the war to have had in "Libey" 125,000 men. In our last number we gave illustrations of the prison pen at Millen, where a large number of our prisoners have recently been confined. Late advices from Savannah seem to indicate that SHERMAN'S cavalry has undertaken an expedition to release our prisoners in the South. This rests on the authority of a dispatch from HARDEE, saying that SHERMAN was dispatching a cavalry expedition into Southwestern Georgia.



THE SANITARY COMMISSION DISTRIBUTING TOBACCO TO OUR RELEASED PRISONERS AT CHARLESTON, S. C.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

OUT OF BONDAGE.

OTHERS have told their stories of capture and escape—of adventures by sea and land; will you not listen to mine?

I was captured at Drury's Bluff on the 16th of May last—the day on which, advancing under cover of a heavy fog, the rebels surprised and drove in General Butler's lines, drawn meaningly around Fort Darling. General Heckman, of New Jersey, formerly my commander, was captured on the same day, and we were sent into Richmond together. It had long been my ambition to follow my intrepid leader into the rebel capital, but I had hoped to enter it as a victor, not as a captive; and as we marched along the filthy streets I found little pleasure in contemplating the situation. Meditation, however, was not long tolerated. Very soon we were lodged in front of a large three-story brick building, and, looking, up, we saw this sign, which is so many times used to cover the symbol of unutterable outrage and wrong-doing:

LIBEY AND SON,
SHIP CHANDLERS AND GROCERS.

We knew at a glance what *that* meant, and what fate was in store for us. Entering one of the main rooms we registered our names, which, being accomplished, the keeper, "Dick" Turner—a man who in Virginia's respectable—intimated that our greenbacks, haversacks, and woolen blankets must be handed over for the use of the Confederacy, and proceeded accordingly to dispossess us of these articles, remarking, however, that the money would be returned to us upon leaving the prison, which of course we did not believe for a moment. Turner's next operation was to strip us and search us closely, after which we were shown to our quarters on the second-floor of the building. There we remained for two weeks, receiving barely sufficient food to maintain life. Only one pint of tea was issued daily to seven of us—all lusty, vigorous lads!; in addition to this we had each one spoonful of tasteless salt per week. For the first ten days we received no meat whatever; then ten pounds of rotten bacon were issued for sixty-two men.

On the last day of May, however, we were delivered from the terrors of the Libey; and with over eleven hundred enlisted men were sent to Macon, Georgia, where we arrived on the 6th of June. Here, where we found a thousand brother officers in confinement, we fared much better so far as rations were concerned, but were compelled for several weeks to lie on the ground in the open air, suffering terribly from the scorching sun by day, and the heavy dews at night. But we were not idle during our confinement. Lovin' and puting for liberty we completed, during the months of June and July, three tunnels with a view to escape—one being slightly feet in length. Unfortunately, however, on the very day preceding the night on which we intended to escape, these tunnels were all discovered and destroyed, and we were placed under a much stricter surveillance in an Illinois cavalry regiment, who, as the reward of his treachery, was ever after treated with great consideration by the rebel officers.

When Sherman, in midsummer, began to penetrate the bowels of Georgia, the rebel authorities, fearing that we might visit Macon and release us, on the 29th of July sent some 600 officers to Savannah, where we remained over a month, being treated with great kindness. Thence, on the 16th of September, we were taken to Charleston, and confined in the jail-yard—as filthy a den as you can find any where south of Richmond. Our life in this place was not by any means without incident and excitement. Almost daily we had "some new thing" to divert our attention. Only the day after our arrival, the shells from our batteries on Morris Island fired a dozen buildings near the jail, which were uninhabited, notwithstanding the assertion of the rebels of the negroes, who now work the "machines" in that city, to stay the progress of the conflagration. Frequently we were in danger from the fragments of exploding shells, but Providence was on our side, and none of us were ever struck. It was a grand thought to us, however, in the hands of a cruel enemy, that our brothers lying out on the harbor-islands were not by any means surely sparing our wrongs, battering down about their ears the homes of the pestilent authors of this wicked rebellion. One day a shell came into the city limits and struck somewhere the way to the Arsenal," but I did not hear that any of the citizens put themselves out of the way to welcome the visitor toward the destination which General Foster's facetious artillerists desired it to reach. We had also a subject for discussion in the vacancy of the yellow-fever, which just then was filling the whole city with consternation. Daily, gathering in groups, we discussed the probabilities of the plague reaching our quarters; and when our guards were seized, and one by one disappeared, you may imagine how our solicitude was quickened. A new face to each of us the Devil became a personal thing, walking beside us every where, flinging a baleful shadow over our very sleep. But, strange to say, although every officer and man who was placed over us died from this disease, not a single prisoner was touched! Was it retribution or was it chance that such a strange thing should happen?

On the 6th of October our prison-life at Charleston came to an end, and we were started on a special train for Columbia, one hundred and thirty miles distant, where a prisoners' camp had been established. But I had, for my part, no desire to remain any longer in banks; I yearned for the free air again, and resolved, then if ever, to make one more dash for freedom. So, as soon as our train had passed the Congaree River, some fifty miles from Columbia, I removed the caps from the guns of the guards—it was dusk at the time—and with Captain A. Grant, Nineteenth Wisconsin Regiment; Captain H. H. Todd, Eighth Iowa Cavalry; and Lieutenant J. E. Lewis, Eleventh Connecticut, leaped from the train, running rapidly into the woods which skirted the road. How our hearts must have throbbed as we found ourselves free! Instinct was certain, and that thought intensified our excitement. By this time the night had grown quite dark, and a heavy rain had begun to fall, pouring with noisy beat among the dripping trees. The train, fortunately, did not stop; but in about two hours we heard, from our shelter in the woods, the deep baying of blood-hounds, warning us that in some way information of our escape had been communicated to the guards. Presently, We at once plunged into a swamp in order to baffle the hounds, and floundered about therein until daylight, when we halted to rest. Being without food for a suitable place to lie down, we leaned against the bushes, maintaining that attitude all day long. It was a sorry time of resting, but we could do no better, and were thankful for even that morsel of comfort. At sunset we came at last to a plantation-house with hickory clubs, we made our way with difficulty out of the swamp, and pushed forward in our flight.

By daylight the following morning we had accomplished a distance of twenty miles, not, however, without experiencing a new alarm from the hounds, which again got on our track. The only hiding a number of small streams we managed to elude our pursuers, and at dawn sought cover in a heavy pine forest, where we remained for rest and refreshment every night for a week. By this time our rations were exhausted, and the question of subsistence became one of the most serious import. With all our efforts we found that nothing could be obtained unless we visited the houses of the white planters, which we were determined not to do, as we knew too well how little sympathy was to be expected in that quarter. As length, in our wanderings, we came to one solitary cabin, and, spurred by appetite, we plucked some corn, which we parched and ate with the greatest relish, notwithstanding it had an insipid taste from having been long cured in the process of mastication. For the next six days our diet consisted solely of hard, dry corn; after that we were reduced to a state of utter destitution, being able to obtain nothing but berries, grapes, persimmons, etc., which we found in the woods and swamps. On the 20th we came to a long unthenticated Government "track," and declaimed against contractors' beef, but now, crouching in those dismal swamps and living on "wild" fare, we would have relished the substantial fare which, in hours of plenty, we had so execrated. But, with all our hardships, we did not for a press on through the soaking days, hiding by day, determined to get into "God's country" again, though we had to go through fire to reach it.

Finally, moving steadily forward, we reached a point about two hundred and fifty miles from Charleston, and one night made our presence known to some negroes at work in a field. We knew *they* would not betray us, as others will do in a while! Our skin might do upon opportunity. We had no difficulty in persuading them that we were Federal officers—regular Federal officers, for they ordered service; they seemed to look upon us as in some way sufferers for their sake, and they fairly landed on us with "God bless you!" "Glad to see you come;" this was the greeting, the spice that enriched all their homely talk. They procured us food, corn-meal, salt, and directed us minutely as to explicit information as to the best route to the mountains; and when at last we departed ruined shoes and stockings and blankets for the journey. One thing particularly struck us in our intercourse with these dusky sons of toil; they understand perfectly, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of the grand theatres of military operation, the causes and tendencies of the war, and were eager to escape to be to the Union lines. Their doors were ever open to them. They have an almost childish faith in "Massa Linkum," and I think he is richer in their prayers than in all the gold in the world. A kingly and princely ones petitioned Heaven daily, on bended knees, in his behalf.

We pushed on. On the morning, when near Dallas, North Carolina, we accidentally met a white man. Probably you can picture to yourself how we felt and looked when, suddenly, this man stood before us. Was he friend or foe? Necessarily we resorted to conversational strategy, putting and answering questions with the utmost wariness. We were not long in discovering the status of the stranger, and probably he had never been embraced before with the vehemence with which we clasped him to our arms, and that he was a loyalist. He forthwith piloted us two miles through the woods to his house—a rude, humble cabin—and telling his wife and children we had prepared for us a smoking supper, installing us in the place of honor, while he and his family waited upon us with the most respectful attention. That night, sitting before the cheerful blaze of his great hearth, he told us the story of South Carolina Unionism, briefly proving to us that freedom still has brave defenders among the hardy forest-men of the old North State. He said he belonged to a secret society called the "Heroes of America"—a sort of Union League—whose main object was to keep Unionists out of the rebel army. Many, however, had been forced into it, and were members of this order, and they had in more ways than one greatly injured the Confederacy. "And we mean to start 'em the work," he added, "till this cussed rebellion is wiped out clean as my wife's platter. The old Government was good enough for us, and that Lincoln fellow must git in ter it or hang."

That night we slept in the best room—there were but two—and slept soundly and sweetly, for the words of our host had fallen upon us like soothing balm, and it seemed as if we were already on the threshold of home.

On the morrow our friends filled our haversacks with delicious wheat biscuits and other "goodies," and directing us to other Unionists, sent us away with good wishes, standing in the door of their humble home till long after we had been lost in the shadows of the woods. May God ever guard and keep them in that home, sheltered by the pines, among the dreary mountains!

From that time forward we experienced little trouble in finding Union men. They were every where. Soon after crossing the Catawba River we met many deserters from the rebel armies—men who, impressed or driven into the service, had escaped, and now doted like whole power of the rebellion. These men welcomed us with open arms; there was a sort of kinship between us which made us at once fraternize with them. In Caldwell County alone I became associated with hundreds of this class of persons, and had from scores of lips the story of their love for the Union, its griefs and sublime heroism. These men are associated with another class called "buyer-outs," who have been living in caves and other retreats in the mountains, and resisting the rebel conscription through two years of vicissitude and suffering. In all my wanderings I have never seen a more determined set of men. Mingling among them, I thought of the brave defenders of the Tyrol—of the hardy Waldenses, fighting and dying among the rocks for dear liberty's sake. Although but poorly armed—with only old horse-pistols and squirrel-guns as weapons of defense—they still manage to keep at bay all the forces sent against them, and they will continue to do so until some Federal column, marching into the mountains from East Tennessee, shall finally deliver them from the peril which now constantly menaces them. Many of these "buyer-outs" are driven by war in to comfortable circumstances, owning pleasant and profitable farms; but now most of them are, with their families, reduced to a condition of absolute penilless. Some of them, compelled to abandon every thing because of their devotion to the Government and the flag, have for three years concealed their own door-sills, although daily they have seen their homes from their hiding-places in the forests. Wife and children have been exiled in enforced idleness, their brave, true-hearted wives have performed every drudgery, working their little farms, and in addition to the cares of their lives, carrying food to the refugees on the mountains.

We lived with these patriots in their caves for several days, hearing their tales of suffering and the horrible narratives of guerrilla outrages practiced upon defenseless women and children. These human blood-hounds are hunting them now, will often hang children in the hope of extorting a confession as to the whereabouts of their parents. I have known instances where a child died in the same inhuman manner, while wives are often subjected to every cruelty, for no other offense than fidelity to their husbands, fathers, and kindred protectors.

We had but little difficulty in persuading a hundred and more of these loyal North Carolinians to accompany us to the mountains, where we promised to use our influence in procuring them arms, clothing, etc. Without any hesitation they bade their wives and children farewell, and followed us in a body.

Their wives would pray for them, they said; and, if they could only procure arms and ammunition, how they would help to protect their homes, and put an end forever to rebel atrocities on the mountains. How their weather-beaten faces glowed under the inspiring thought! How the little bands of thin-faced children clung around the necks of these brave mountaineers in the solemn parting! and with what fervor were their prayer wives that we might be successful in organizing and arming the battalion. For *their* sakes we rejoice that we were successful. At Crab Orchard, East Tennessee, we met Major E. A. Davis and Lieutenant James Hartley, belonging to Kirk's Third North Carolina Mounted Infantry. To them we explained our wishes, and at once our daring fellows were sworn into the Federal service, Major Davis telling them that as soon as he could march to Knoxville, and obtain arms and necessary equipments, he would return to their head, and "wipe out" every rebel from "old Caldwell." There, with mutual good wishes, we parted from the noble fellows who had volunteered at upon our way—we feeling that their day of vengeance was near at hand—they happy in the thought that they were under the ally flag, and could henceforth fight in the light of its stars for Unity and Freedom.

From Crab Orchard we moved toward Bull Gap, expecting to find ourselves in possession of that important pass. But upon reaching the top of a mountain overlooking the valley, we were surprised to hear the cannonading and musketry. From a cavalry a number of women, who had been down to reconnoitre, returned with the information that Breckinridge in force was at Bull Gap with four thousand men, and that it would be impossible to get into our lines at that point. Accordingly we determined to move westward to Knoxville, about sixty miles distant. On the evening of November 1st we reached that place, having in just six weeks accomplished a distance of two hundred miles. For more than half that distance Lieut. Lewis and myself marched in nearly a barefooted condition—a portion of the way entirely without shoes or other incline of snow.

So our pilgrimage ended.

Shall I tell you with what exultant satisfaction we reiterated to the loyal mustering company who welcomed us at Knoxville the story of our sufferings and escape—how they cheered us by kindly offices—how thoughts of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving, with the dear ones at home, that night made our dreams luminous as with the smiles of angels? No, you can imagine it all, and if you have ever been in such peril as we had escaped, you will understand what I mean by the sense of exultation which filled those first hours of deliverance, like a resurrection, in which we stood with crowns upon our heads, and shining garments about our shoulders, and everything away in reaches of splendor before our every feet.

Rested at length from our fatigue, under orders from General Carter, Provost Marshal at Knoxville, to report to the Adjutant-General at Washington, we parted from the friends whose tender nursing we shall never forget, and a week afterward—two days after Thanksgiving—felt the kisses of loved ones on our lips—loved ones who had expected never to see us again this side of that river which all of us must ford at the roll-call from above.

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The name, "A. Mortier," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the pens are warranted for six months, except against accident.

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For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

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The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, and carefully selected, and only such Pens are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

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The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to durability, those of any other Gold Pens, excepting the "1st Quality" of his own and Patented Machine.

He could with propriety call as Good Writing Gold Pens, for the Price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Number" and "Name" and "Quality" of the Pen or Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether for Broad, Medium, or Fine Writing.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at our risk, and to all who send money coats charged for registering, in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee safe and speedy delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full value for the same received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $5 to $9 per cent. on sums of $10 to $20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address JOHN MORTIER,
No. 25 Malden Lane, New York.

FIRST PREMIUM
Family Gem
$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5
THE WONDER OF THE AGE.

THE FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE is the most wonderful and *elegantly constructed NOVELTY* in perfectly practicable Sewing Machines ever offered to the public. It will DOUBLE UP SINGLE THREAD! makes the running stitch *more perfect and regular than hand*; will *quilt, cord, hem, ruffle, shirr, tuck, run up braiding, &c., &c.* Requires no previous knowledge of machinery to enable it to *go out of order*, and will LAST A LIFETIME, and is the prettiest and most perfect little machine in the world for the lady. *See Opinions of the Press.* "For the dressmaker it is invaluable, and the household supplies a want long felt."—*Cambridge Lady's Book.* "It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and makes a perfect running stitch."—*Boston Evening Gazette.* "It is one of the neatest and most useful little articles we have received. The changes in a moment."—*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, Dec. 31.* "We have witnessed the operation of this wonderful machine, which produced the same stitch, with single or double thread, silently yet very rapidly. It is beautifully finished, and the ornamental work bronze much need."—*Scientific American.* "The simplicity and perfection of this machine, which produces the same stitch on both sides of the fabric, is perfect in its construction, and has none of the *fatalities of the high-priced machines.* We can recommend the Gem for $10 for a machine, when this one can be bought for $5. This reminds us that we have received the Prize Premium for the New York State Fair, showing its superiority over all others. Recommended by the Committee of the Mechanics' Institute to be the best machine in the Fair. Agents of perseverance are wanted all over the world, and will be paid $150 per month.

Single machines, well packed in boxes, will be sent to any address, per express, on receipt of $5. Directions Circulars sent free. Address all orders FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO., 505 Broadway, New York.

PART 4th, REBELLION RECORD, with Portraits of *Brig.-Gen. James S. Negley* and *Brig.-Gen. A. Wilcox*. Price 60 cents. This day published by D. VAN NOSTRAND, 192 Broadway.

Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

ARTILLERISTS,
Cavalrists, and Civilians
all want my Patent Ounce Spotter, Duck-Drawer, and Pocket-Compass combined. Sent free by mail for 25c. Large numbers have been sold. For gross, $24; half gross, $12; doz., $2; by the E. P. Walton, Box 715, N. Y. P. O.

GOLD PENS
FOR THE MILLION.

PENS TO SUIT THE HAND,
AND
PRICES TO SUIT THE POCKET.
The Best Gold Pens in the World.

On receipt of the following sums we will send by mail, or as otherwise directed, a Gold Pen or pens, selecting the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 50 cts. a No. 1 Pen; for 75 cts. a No. 2 Pen; for $1 a No. 4 Pen; for $1 25 a No. 6 Pen; for $1 50 a No. 6 Pen.

The same Pens, in Silver-Plated Extension Cases, with Pencils.

For $1 a No. 1 Pen; for $1 25 a No. 2 Pen; for $1 50, a No. 4 Pen; for $2 00, No. 5 Pen; for $2 25, No. 6 Pen.

These Pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine Gold Pens, with good and elastic points, although they are unwarranted, and can not be exchanged.

First quality 14 Carat Warranted Gold Pens.

Our name (American Gold Pen Co., N. Y.) is stamped on all these Gold pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accidents.

Second Quality Gold Pens.

These Pens are all stamped (THE NATIONAL Pen) with the initials of our Firm, A. G. P. Co., and are carefully made, having the same points as our first quality pens. The only real difference being in the quality of the Gold.

The numbers indicate the size only: No. 1 being the smallest pen, No. 6 the largest adapted for the pocket; and No. 3 the smallest, and No. 12 the largest mammoth Pen for the Desk.

Gold Pens without Cases.

For $1 60, a No. 1 pen 1st quality, or No. 2 pen 2d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 pen 1st quality, or No. 3 pen 2d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 3 pen 1st quality, or No. 4 pen 2d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 4 pen 1st quality, or No. 5 pen 2d quality.
For $2 50, a No. 5 pen 1st quality, or No. 6 pen 2d quality.
For $3 25, a No. 6 pen 1st quality.
For $6 50, No. 7 pen.
$5 75, No. 8 pen; $10 00, No. 19 pen; all 1st quality.

The same Gold Pens in Solid Silver Extension Cases, with Pencils.

For $2 00, a No. 1 pen 1st quality, or No. 3 pen 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No. 2 pen 1st quality, or No. 4 pen 2d quality.
For $2 75, a No. 3 pen 1st quality, or No. 4 pen 2d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 4 pen 1st quality, or No. 5 pen 2d quality.
For $4 00, a No. 5 pen 1st quality, or No. 6 pen 2d quality.
For $4 50, a No. 6 pen 1st quality.
For $5 50, a No. 7 pen 1st quality.
For $6 00, a No. 8 pen 1st quality.
For $8 00, a No. 9 pen; all 1st quality.
For $10 00 a No. 19 pen; all first quality.

☞ Our Pens rank throughout the country as equal—If not superior—to Gold Pens manufactured anywhere, not only for their writing qualities, but durability and elegant finish. The greatest care is had in their manufacture, and none are sold with the slightest imperfection which the closest scrutiny and test can detect.

Parties in ordering must invariably specify the Number, Name, and Quality, and whether Gold or fine, cliff or Iridium.

TO Clubs.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $10 and over to one address at one time; 20 per cent. on $25: 30 per cent. on $40.

All remittances by mail, if registered, are at our risk; to all who enclose 20 cents, extra, for registering, we guarantee the safe delivery of the goods.

Circulars of all our new styles, with engravings of exact sizes and pictures, sent upon receipt of stamp, if desired. Pens registered for 50 cents, by mail.

AMERICAN GOLD PEN Co.
No. 200 Broadway, N. Y.

Howard's "Improved"
SWEAT-PROOF
Soldier's Money-Belt.

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, upon receipt of $2 00 or $3 00, according to quantity of cloth required. SMOKING TOBACCO Pouches, $1 each. Large discount to Sutlers. Address

HOWARD BELT CO., 436 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 59 Broadway. Moderate charges by the ounce.

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

And to receive a WATCH FREE, by selling our great NOVELTY and NATIONAL PRIZE PACKETS, containing five choice articles, and the chance to draw the prize of $50,000 of Watches, Jewelry, &c. These Packets retail for 50 cents each, and dealers remitting us $5 00 at one time will send 100 Packets and a fine Silver Watch, thus giving the best chance to any enterprising agent ever offered, as such Packets sell rapidly, the stationery alone being worth more than the price named. Sample Packet, with particulars, mailed on receipt of 50 cents. Circulars sent free.
G. S. BALLOU & CO., 29 Beekman St., N. Y.

Old Eyes Made New.

A pamphlet describing how to speedily restore sight and give spectacles, without aid of doctor or medicine. Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

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Artificial Whisky—which is as good and as healthy as distilled whisky—can be made in 10 minutes from ingredients which can be obtained any where. Costs only 20 cents per gallon to make it. Send $1 to James Harrison, Knoxville, Tenn., for recipe, or $3 for recipe and ingredients sufficient to make three gallons.

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Soldiers, Sailors, Mariners, Every Body—Send us your address. We, in return, will send you a large family newspaper, replete with good miscellaneous reading matter. Sent gratis. CHAS. E. MACKEY, 91 Nassau St., N. Y.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

$8 OFFICER'S $15 WATCH.

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

EXQUISITE WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases Rim*, 2 Engraved Enamel Centre, 2 Jewel Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jewelled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Engraved Spade Hands, and a Fine Enamelled White Dial, *at exercisable article* in running order, with Key, Chain, Seal, Guard Pin, and Case for Two Likenesses. Sent by mail to any address for only $8.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH, specially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *sense as the above*, with Key, Case, &c., valuable, with a Gold's Full Plate, *Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any address for $5.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Movements*, with Chronometer Balance and Spring, adapted to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working Instrument*, accurately valuable Chronometer, reduced in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Stem, Heat, and Time Indicator. The Movements are Jewelled and Compensated, and are fitted in *Finely Polished Double Hunting, Magic Sprung 18 Line Cases* (the outer case being of fine 18-Carat Gold), *inner cases of Solid Gold Composite*, Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with Glass Backs, and *Very Fine Fancy Dial Spring. Genuine English Engraved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobin movements, *Polished Silver Dials*, Gilt, Engraved Enamel, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Hands, and is an EXACT DUPLICATE of the Watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers of the Britain Army*, at their standard time pieces. Those Genuine are less bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete by mail, $15.

CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers.
No. 208 Broadway, Corner of Murray Street, Established 1855.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1849)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. Depot, 25 John St., New York. Factory, Lon. N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

VALENTINES.
PRICE LIST.

144 Spicy Comic Valentines, post-paid $1 00
1 Neat Sentimental Valentine, post-paid 1 00
1 Pretty " " 1 00
1 Handsome Sentimental Valentine, post-paid 5 00
1 Superb " " 10 00
1 Superb " " 5 00
1 Lot (assorted for retailing), ... 5 00
1 " " 10 00
1 " " 20 00

Any of the above sent in a box, by mail, nicely packed, on receipt of the price. Liberal discounts made to all persons buying to sell again. Send for Circular. Address all orders to BENJAMIN W. HITCHCOCK, Valentine Headquarters, 74 Chambers Street, New York.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's
New Playing Cards,
National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The Ace of Spades represents the Capitol at Washington. COLUMBIA in place of KING, GODDESS OF LIBERTY for Queen, and MARINE for Knave.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards of the old pattern. Sample pack of 54 cards by mail on elegant card-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00. Agents wanted; all these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of $12 00 by Dealers.

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

LOOK HERE!

MY GOLDEN COMPOUND will force THE BEARD to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given, or money refunded. 50 cts. a package by mail. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
WAREHOUSE AND SALESROOMS,
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In addition to their extensive assortment of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS of every description, they publish

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

All these are kept in stock, including Views of the Principal American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc., etc., Also, Stereoscopic Transparent Views for Drawing-room exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

$10 WATCH.

We were the first to introduce them into the United States, and we assure our customers that they are very useful, varying in price from 50 cents to $60 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior to all others, containing a variety of colors. They hold 20 Cartes de Visite, or 40 Photographs of prints.

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CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

Our Catalogue now embraces over FIVE THOUSAND Different Subjects, and additions are continually being made, consisting of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz: about

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50 Actresses, 50 Opera Singers, 50 Actors,
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Including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statuary, etc., arranged each in a variety of Styles, for Our Own Private Trade. Sent per Catalogue will be furnished on receipt of Stamp by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. on the amount of their bill, otherwise it will be impossible to attend to their orders.

Soldiers' Card Albums for 20 Pictures, 75 cents.

$70 A MONTH! I want agents every where, at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*. the best selling ever offered. Sample Articles *free*. Address at once T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

Six Dollars made from fifty cts. Cull and examine our stock and make your selections. Goods sent for $6, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Gold Pens 50 cts to $3. Pens in silver extension cases, $1 to $3. Send stamp for Circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Agt., Manufacturer, 64 Nassau St., New York. Also for sale the only perfect Fountain Pen in the world.

Attention, Company!

Clark's Onguent, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or mustache in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent, and finding it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, will have their money refunded. Sent by mail, free, for 3 months from day of purchase. Price $1. Sent, sealed from observation, by mail, address

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Box 44, Auburn, N. Y.

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J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, PENCILS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENT'S PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR *each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get.* Send 15 cents for a Circular, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get your Circular entitled to that list and particulars; also turn to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
105 Broadway, New York.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one table-spoonful of Dr. T. R. TAMPA'S MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER at dinner, also when they retire at night, and wash their face in the morning.

For sale every where.

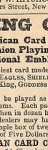
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No Person

Should skate *after dark* without the

Patent
CENTRAL PARK
Skating
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Adopted by
THE LEADING CLUBS
IN NEW YORK
and vicinity.



Its Brilliant Light will render accidents almost impossible, besides enabling the Skater to discern and avoid bad spots in the ice.

Sent to any address on receipt of $1.

The Trade supplied at a liberal discount, and all orders meet prompt and dispatch. Also Skates, Lanterns, &c., at every lowest prices. MERRIAM BROS., 105 Beekman Street, New York.

Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.

CHLOASMA, or MOTH PATCHES—LENTIGO, or FRECKLES. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who devotes all his time to the disease of the Skin, has prepared an infallible remedy for the removal of moth, freckles, and other discolorations from the skin, without injury to the color or texture. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. WEEKS & POTTER, 170 Washington St., Boston, wholesale agents for New England. Sold by all Druggists. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address S. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

U. S. Government Artificial Leg Depots

Have been, by authority, established in the U. S. Army and Navy Leg to Soldiers gratis, or its value applied to the purchase of Limbs and Socket Jointed Leg, which has lateral motion at the knee like the natural one, 689 Broadway, New York; Rochester, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; and St. Louis, Mo.

DOUGLAS BLY, M.D., *U. S. Commissioner.*

Citizens furnished with the same account.

For instructions, address Dr. Bly, at nearest Depot.

The Brazilian Hair Cutter.

One application warranted to cut the most straight and stubborn hair close to the skin or heavy mustache. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address

S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.

$10 to $20 a Day. Agents wanted, on commission or a salary, to sell Wilson's $18 (*Lock-Stitch*") Family Sewing Machine. For particulars, inclosure stamp, and address MACHINE, Box 1278, Cleveland, Ohio.

ATTENTION!

100 Photographs of handsomest Ladies for 50 cents; 100 Photographs Actresses for 50 cents. Send for Circular. Send all orders to C. BRIGGS,
Drawer No. 6506, Chicago, Ill.

Printing-Presses for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, but 39x51. Price $2500.
Also one Adams Press, 29x42. Price $1000.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

MILITARY AND NAVAL BANKING
AND
Collecting Office.

All claims against the Government promptly collected. Pensions, Bounty, Back Pay, and prize-money. Wife and widowed mother of prisoners of war can be paid.

L. BROWN & CO., 17 Nassau St., New York.

$125 A MONTH.

WANTED—Salesmen to travel in the Country Everywhere, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Sixteen Dollar Family Sewing Machine*, the only low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Remington. Liberal salary and expenses, or large commissions allowed. All other machines now sold for less than fifty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user liable. Illustrated circulars free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, for 40 cents, or receipt of an order. H. G. GRAHAM, No. 209 Nassau Street, N. Y.

CHASE'S CHEMICAL COMPOUND

For the Beard. One bottle will force a vigorous growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks. Testimonials of thousands given. Circulars mailed free. Warranted as represented, or money refunded. Price $1 per bottle, or $3 for three. Sent sealed and post-paid. Address

S. S. CHASE,
P. O. Drawer 509, Cohoes, N. Y.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Great Gift Distribution.

250,000
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.

WORTH OVER

One Million Dollars!

All to be Sold for One Dollar Each!!
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.
Not to be paid for until you Know What you are to Receive.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.
ALL TO BE SOLD FOR $1 00 EACH.

250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enamelled Watches	50 to 150
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	25 " 75
500	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
2,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	25 " 50
5,000	Gold Pens	5 " 10
5,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000	Chased Gold Bracelets	4 " 8
2,000	Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Initial Rings, and Ruby Rings	4 " 8
3,000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 6
5,000	Coral, Gold, and Emerald Brooches	4 " 6
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
5,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	4 " 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 7
10,000	Miniature Lockets	4 " 10
4,000	" Magic Spring	3 " 10
5,000	Gold Toothpicks, Cornets, etc	3 " 5
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 11
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	3 50 " 10
10,000	Cameo Head Mourning Rings	4 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 " 15
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Amethyst, Coral, etc.	4 " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Ivory Drinking Cups	5 " 10
5,000	Silver Castors	15 " 50
5,000	Silver Cake Baskets	20 " 50

FOR EVERY
5,000 Dozen Silver Tea-Spoons ..... 10 " 19
5,000 " Table-Spoons and Forks ..... 20 " 19

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, though the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable manufactured goods recently intended for that country, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE, REGARDLESS OF COST!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., actuated by a desire to benefit the industrious manufacturer, have received upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following conditions:

CERTIFICATES, naming each article and its value, are first placed in envelopes, sealed, and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ALL ARTICLES SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE!

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the Dollar and have the article sent, or to exchange it and obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry worth FIVE DOLLARS, instead. In this way you can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks—Every Certificate draws a Present.

One for 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate sold. Circulars containing full information sent to you Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, which will be returned in postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 439 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.

Inclose two red stamps, and send for circular, to
Y. DELAFIELD, 35 Maiden Lane, New York.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JANUARY, 1865.

Important to Subscribers.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY will find the Label upon their paper a Receipt for Payment of Account. The figures on the direction-label, following the name, indicate the time to which the subscription EXPIRES, as related on our books. Every Subscriber may thus ascertain whether he has received the proper credit for his remittances, and also when to renew his Subscription. In remitting, Subscribers should always see particularly requested to name the NUMBER with which the Subscription commenced, as sometimes they will thus avoid receiving duplicates, or missing any Number. It is desirable that the renewal should be made a few weeks BEFORE the expiration of the former Subscription, in order that our books may be regularly posted. Attention to this will obviate nine-tenths of the errors which annoy both Publishers and Subscribers.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every CLUB of FIVE Subscribers at $3 00 each; or Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates: one quarter of a page, each Number, $75; one half, $125; whole page, $250. The circulation of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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One Copy for One Year $4 00
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And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 5 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

Volumes.—The Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY begin on the first of January and July of each year. *Single Numbers, and Back Numbers*, can be supplied at any time.

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A NICE DISTINCTION.

EXPERIENCED PARTY. "No, it isn't Regular Drinking that hurts a man; it's this way you follers 'ee got of *drinking between drinks*."

FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.
No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

ARMY BADGES.
B. T. HAYWARD,
206 Broadway, New York.
I will send, by mail, on the receipt of $1.50, a solid Silver Badge (Gilt Silver), appropriate for either Corps or Officer of Army, Artillery, Pontoniers, Engineer, or Signal Corps, Departments of the Army. Address wanted every where. Send for wholesale illustrated circular.

REMINGTON'S

ARMY AND NAVY
REVOLVER!
Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.
E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

FRIENDS! Send a stamp for information and my Circulars. Address L. M. HARRIS, Boston, Mass.

THE SECRET OUT!
Over 2000 Things Worth Knowing!
Sent post-paid for 25 cents; *Soldier's Manual*, 50 cents. Address "UNION BOOK ASSOCIATION," SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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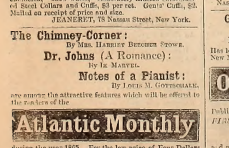
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 421.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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VIEW OF GENERAL BUTLER'S DUTCH GAP CANAL BEFORE THE EXPLOSION OF THE BULK-HEAD.—[See Page 39.]

SAINT MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

HOLY Saint Martin rides at Amiens' gate,
Passing that way where went both low and great,
Saw there, shiver with the winter's cold,
A poor half-naked wretch—river or gold
The Saint had none! his kindly beaming eyes,
Mild as the light of stars within the skies,
Filled with the rising glory in his heart,
Where dwelt all charities which make men blest.
At sight of one, a soul so desolate,
Homeless and friendless by the city's gate,
And taking from his back the coat he wore,
Into two parts the garment then he tore,
And with a blessing which all lips may say,
Gave to him nearest the half, and went his way.

NEXT night, upon some dead of merry best,
By that same gate the good Saint Martin went,
And saw within its shadow, standing there,
A man of thoughtful mien and presence fair.
Around whom shone a mildly radiant light—
None like to it had ever blest his sight—
And in its shen the city's frowning gate
Seemed Heaven's own portal where good angels wait,
And to the Saint's meek eyes, with wonder wide.
The palms of Paradise upros each side;
And lo! the man was Christ! speechless, amazed,
Spell-bound with wonderment Saint Martin gazed,
And saw the ragged garment he had given
Worn on the shoulders of the Lord from heaven!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1865.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY.

DURING the progress of the war and the desolation of the Southern States the tragical sophistry of the theory of supreme State Sovereignty must have been brought home to many thoughtful minds with overpowering force. It is a theory invented by those who were hostile to the Union, and carefully cultivated by those who meant to try to destroy the nation the moment they ceased to control it. But experience has now shown its practical folly; for it appears that the sentiment of nationality is so much stronger in the country than that of local independence that the opposition is virtually crushed. The instincts of the people of the United States have determined that, as in every political society there can be but one supreme and sovereign power, that authority in this country is the National Government. States, counties, cities, towns, villages, have each their rights and privileges; but among these the claim of asserting an independent supreme sovereignty is not included; and the people have shown that they will maintain the national independence at any whatever. Equal civil liberty in this country is not so much endangered by centralization—bad as extreme centralization may be—as it is by separation. The enemies of equal civil liberty in the United States have always been the advocates of supreme State Sovereignty; but its friends have always seen that the truest defence of liberty is confidence in the people as a whole, and not in the State divisions.

Indeed the idea that Iowa, Minnesota, or Wisconsin, arbitrarily measured off from the territory of the United States by the authority of the United States, and settled by New Englanders, New Yorkers, Pennsylvanians, and various Europeans, is a sovereign State independent of all others, and, at its pleasure, utterly foreign to the United States, is sheer midsummer madness. A wind in the clouds of the New York or Chicago has just as much original sovereignty independent of the city as such a State has of the people of it.

Nor is the case really different with what are called the original States. They were generally tracts granted to companies under royal patents. Their boundaries were expressed with amazing vagueness. The original colonists were mainly from England. They brought with them a nationality and national forms of local government. They were not originally sovereign nor independent; but as united colonies they won a united independence, and established a united government which they found too weak, because it left the union subject to the individual control of the States. Thereupon the Union was formed, if does not a league—is was not a treaty—it was not a confederation; and the necessities and instincts of the people have approved the intention of its wisest friends, showing it to be in the truest sense a nation. The war proves how deep and strong the national instinct is; and it is impossible that the great truth should not be seen by many a citizen of the Southern States who has hitherto held to the hopeless and impracticable dogma of State Sovereignty.

MORE RAILWAY MURDERS.

IF the people who live along the line of the Erie and other railroads, and who daily go and come through the Bergen tunnel, propose to suffer themselves to be slaughtered like sheep in that dark den, they will undoubtedly meet that fate. But those who have a remoter interest in the matter, who are only generally concerned that railroad travel shall not be certain massacre, have the right to ask of the officers of the Erie Railway, who owned the tunnel, of Messrs. ROBERT H. BERDELL, CHARLES MINOT, J. W. GUPPY, WM. R. FARR, and H. HOBBS, who are named in the Guide as President and General and Assistant Superintendents, why it is that in an unlighted tunnel, 1400 feet long, and through which about a hundred trains pass every day, such precautions are not taken as to render accidents virtually impossible? If the managers of the road can not devise such precautions, they ought not to be intrusted with so immense a responsibility, and are morally guilty of all the horrible consequences.

The only measures upon which the management rely for the safety of the trains are a temporary stoppage before entering the tunnel, a delay of five minutes in allowing another train, and colored lanterns and torpedoes for warning. There are no lights in the tunnel, no signal-men. Any engineer who had daylight darkness should leave all hope behind, conscious as he is that in certain chances which are most likely to occur, he is sure to be a victim. For instance, last week a train stopped in the tunnel just before emerging. As it started the coupling broke. The colored lantern was hung in the rear, and torpedoes were placed upon the track; but the train that followed neither saw nor heard, and came thundering on, with the inevitable result.

That result will constantly repeat itself if the passengers do not help themselves. The loss of life upon railroads during the last year is more than double what it was for several previous years; and the hope of escaping the increasing mortality does not rest with the managers, but with the passengers and the legislature. We hope that in every city and village and Senate the Central Railroad of this State will be firmly met when it comes to ask for additional privileges, and that they will be granted only upon the most stringent conditions, securing the safety and comfort of the public, and upon the clearest showing that the public welfare demands additional grants. The lives and the people of the State of New York not as precious as the dividends of the railroads? Those people will have a right to be disappointed if their representatives do not defend them from the dangers of railroad travel.

THE SIGNS AT SAVANNAH.

IN the late article of the Richmond *Sentinel*, which sounds like a cry of rage and despair, and which is important because the paper is known to speak the views of President DAVIS, are these words: "If an unpropitious Providence should condemn us to a master, let it not be a Yankee master. Of all the people on earth we have most reason to hate the Yankee race. Any terms by any other would be preferable to subjugation by them."

This is the cry of DAVIS. "I would rather fraternize with hyenas than Yankees." The article, indeed, has the sullen tone of all his speeches. It reveals the gloomy desperation which finds that one hope remains—success or else a final effort, and that is to tell the whole terrible truth. We read no longer that the independence of "the contest" is virtually accomplished. We hear no more the loud boast that one "Southron" will eat up twenty Yankees and rise hungry. We see now the alternative of the dread issue—failure openly proclaimed, with the full consciousness of the writer that if that fails there is an end of hope.

But the assumption of the article in the *Sentinel*, of a united people, and every citizen the sublime inspiration of a great purpose, is utterly exposed by the conduct of the citizens of Savannah, as well as by the fate of the interior of Georgia. The tone of the Savannah meeting is that of men who have resisted the authority of their Government, and have learned that resistance is hopeless. They therefore lay down their arms, and submit every question to the decision of the constitutional tribunal. They have perfectly well learned what the President DAVIS knows—that the talk about Yankee masters is pure folly. The Government to whose authority they submit they know to be a Government of equal laws, by which every citizen has the same interest and the same power.

The proposal of the Richmond papers to return to colonial dependence upon England, France, or Spain is one that springs from the insanity of chagrin and bad baffled ambition. What have the citizens of Georgia, for instance, to gain by passing from their present power if it were possible? If they had suffered some intolerable outrage for which there was no hope of redress—if they had before them only a vista of hopeless tyranny—if any vital right of theirs were threatened—it is conceivable that they should close their eyes to every thing but separation, even at the risk of ruin, desolation, and ruin. But the people of Georgia "seceded," as they called it, in virtue of what they declared to be a constitutional right. Yet it by no means follows that, because they thought they had better try to set up for themselves rather than remain in the Union, they would therefore consider any kind of political relation with the monarchies of Europe preferable to the Union at home.

And so, in the case of the Savannah meeting, it has proved. The people at that meeting, having found that they can not maintain their theory of the Union, yield to the armed force of the other theory. It is in vain to argue; there is the fact. It is in vain for the *Sentinel* to assume that the hate of Yankees is the overpowering passion of all those who have been concerned in the rebellion; for there is the Savannah meeting, which is just as much a fact as LEE's army at Richmond. And there is the conduct of the Georgians during SHERMAN's march. If they had chosen they could have destroyed him. But they did not choose. The rebel papers hailed for a general hunt, in which every man was to take part. But the cry had no more meaning or effect than the present shout that any master is better than the Yankees. Such facts show, not that the people of the Southern States or the country have become suddenly warmly patriotic, but that they are men still; that they yield to inevitable laws, and that entire as the one we are considering in the *Sentinel*, do not fairly represent the universal sentiment.

They show more. They show under what a savage despotism a large number of American citizens in the Southern States have been lying. A fierce and unscrupulous oligarchy has imposed its will by force upon those States, as for many years it did upon the people of the United States. But these last finally spurned the tyranny and threw it off, and the example will be followed in the part of the country where the despotism has been latterly most terrible: that in New Orleans, and Vicksburg, and Nashville, there has been so little expression of loyalty to the Government must be in large part ascribed to the fear that those places would be recovered again by the rebels. But SHERMAN's grasp of Savannah is a sure grasp. The inhabitants feel it. They do not believe the Government will relax that hold, and therefore they speak out.

We need not be deceived. We need not count the meeting for more than it is worth. But it is enough to show that there are some people at the South who are more willing to submit to the "cruel control" of an equal National Government than to "die in the last ditch" to destroy it.

UNION FEELING TOWARD THE REBELS.

THAT the people of Savannah should be starving is remarkable; but even more remarkable, until SHERMAN's arrival, there had been unchecked communication between the city and the fertile belt of Georgia through which the General made his agreeable journey. But if our friends there are really suffering, there is no loyal man in the country who will not wish that they shall be relieved immediately. On the other hand, there can be no opposition to support rebels or rebel sympathizers.

Neither should there be any mawkish misunderstanding of the meaning of "unconditional." The loyal citizens of this country have no disposition whatever to "conciliate" rebels in arms against the common Government. They wish only that the rebellion shall cease. They resistless and unquestionable power of that Government. But if it yields without fighting so much the better. No loyal man wishes unnecessary bloodshed. We should all gladly know that the last gun had been fired. But we do not propose to buy off any body from firing. If the rebels stop because they see resistance is hopeless they will be wise men; they will save themselves and us much suffering. But they ought to have learned that they dread fully mistake if they suppose that they are to be "conciliated" to stop.

Yet they ought also to understand that there is no vindictive feeling in the hearts of Union men. Those who have been the personal fees ing upon our part in this war. Probably there was never a civil contest in which one side was so passionless; but the very want of passion has made the growing exultation more impressive. When the war began there was a very general feeling that it was to be short. There were various extraordinary plans of "conquering" our rebellious countrymen. The early orders of some of our Generals read like pure folly in the light of greater knowledge. We all gradually came to understand how vital the struggle was. Every nerve was strained. Immense armaments by sea and land have been raised. For more than three years the people have only war. Armies six vast expenditures of time and money and life, the country is only the more inflexibly determined. But there is no more wish of revenge than there was in the beginning. There is but one desire in the hearts of loyal men, and that is, a peace which shall be secure and permanent.

Let us hope then that no step will be taken which will lead armed rebels to suppose that our purpose is altered, and that we hope to obtain by fraternity what we can not carry by bullets. Our conduct should be such as to undercive, on the one hand, those who have been taught that we are robbers, murderers, and barbarians; and, upon the other, those who have insisted that we were mean peddlers and cowardly scrubs, who were born to lick the boots of gentlemanly slaveholders, and who would willingly sell our cheap souls for two cents. Among the rebels there are both these classes, and both must be taught the truth.

They could have no better teacher than General SHERMAN. He is an inflexible soldier, but a perfectly reasonable man. He will be neither tyrannical nor weak. The insurgents will see typified in him the resolution of the nation. If there is any need of food for faithful citizens in the Department, he will take care that we know it and that they receive it; and all relief truly required will be most generously and heartily furnished by the loyal people of the country.

GEN. SHERMAN'S "THOUSAND SLAVES."

AMONG the most amusing of the late stories in the Richmond papers is that of the *Dispatch*, which quotes another paper's account of a conversation between General SHERMAN and "a perfectly reliable gentleman," in which the General declared his belief in the immortality of slavery, and his expectation of owning a thousand slaves after the war. The *Dispatch* thereupon proceeds to argue that the only result of the war is to be a change of masters for the slaves, by which the slaves, for whom its liveliest sympathies are excited, are to be the saddest sufferers. The hapless negroes are to fall "into the hands of men who do not understand them; who have no real sympathy with them." The happy landlord is to be deprived of that perfect understanding of their natures which imbrutes them and steals their wages, and that real sympathy which wipes their wives and sells their children!

It seems that there has been a curious misunderstanding of the war. It was not begun because the Yankees insisted upon emancipating slavery out of the Territories; or refused to return fugitive slaves; or passed liberty bills; or threatened the perpetuity of the system; but only because the Yankees had a jealousy of the peculiar pleasures of slavery that the Yankees were determined to appropriate to their own use slaves and slaveholders together! That is the truth is, thinks the *Dispatch*, that Mr. LINCOLN, who declared that the Union could not permanently exist half slave and half free, was envious of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS's happiness and prosperity derived from his human cattle, and has therefore undertaken a vast crusade to compel the Union to be wholly and forever dissolved by slaveholding.

That, of course, explains General SHERMAN's remark. He has been signally successful in extending the area of slavery by force of arms. He has marched through Georgia, destroying chains, and, of course, branding his future property. But with characteristic moderation he only means to keep a thousand slaves for his own share. Doubtless he will have one of each that the poor fellows have fallen into the hands of one who "does not understand them," by seizing upon some of those who escaped to him to Savannah and insisting upon their being paid fair wages. He will now show them how a Yankee soldier keeps his word. He will teach that victim whom he has freed by his march to sigh for the picklings and paddlings and slow fires of those who have "real sympathy with them."

The Richmond *Dispatch* is an extremely sagacious journal. We proffer it a respectful expression of profound sympathy that the divine right of slaveholders "institutions" has fallen to the sacrilegious hands of SHERMAN and his Yankees.

GENERAL CIALDINI'S SPEECH.

A VERY remarkable speech was lately delivered in the Italian Senate by General CIALDINI, an old liberal of 1831, who has long sat silent in his place, and who has bold enough to get up in the Senate, when it was the personal fear of his popular favor he took his seat in the Chambers in his red shirt, "Your red shirt is an insult to the Legislature."

CIALDINI's speech was upon the question of the removal of the capital of Italy from Turin to Florence, and seems to have carried the measure perfectly with the Italian people. His point of view was strictly military, and begins with the statement that there is a powerful enemy permanently established in one of the most important positions. War is therefore inevitable with Austria. Meanwhile peace with France is precarious. The French tradition is to occupy the valley of Italy, and whoever are masters of Mt. Cenis. The cession of Savoy and Nice make Turin no longer safe as the Italian capital. Now, the great natural defenses of Italy are the two slopes of the Apennines, and the valley of the Po must be always the battle-ground. All the military resources of Italy should therefore be gathered at some point between the two seas and behind the mountains. Then, if she loses a battle in the valley, she falls back through the mountains, while there but eight passes, and there recuperating and drawing up the reserves from all the peninsula, she defends the passes and presently pours forth again into the valley. But if the capital is retained at Turin, a foreign victory in the valley secures the capital. "The valley of the Po means the enemy dwelling in your houses, with the door wide open for him to enter at his pleasure."

The speech is striking for its picturesque eloquence, and for its profound romantic feeling.

"Let foreign writers say that Italy is the land of the dead. Yes; but the dead have at last risen from their tombs in the shape of 250,000 armed men, and of 200 battalions of mobolized national guards. The dead have strong and well-manned fortresses to defend their fatherland; they have a fleet to assert their rights over the waters of their national seas. Those very Italians of whom it was said, 'They do not fight,' have already won many battles, have conquered their own sympathies of the royal soldier, or under the red shirt of the volunteer, have taught the illustrious General, who in a moment of an humor uttered those words, that they know how to fight and conquer."

When it is remembered that this dead Italy has produced the most successful statesman and the most successful popular leader of our times, and has shown, despite its overwhelming disadvantages, that it can wisely unite for a common national purpose and exhaust, the huge thing CAVOUR cherished seems only reasonable. A people with MAZZINI to awaken, CAVOUR and CIALDINI to organize, and GARIBALDI to lead, can not be called a dead nation. The human heart every where cries Amen to CIALDINI's noble concluding words: "The school of sacrifice makes the soul of a people stronger." FRANCHERES had the power of making a man out of clay; sacrifice alone has the power of turning men into heroes."

That is the lesson we are learning; and it is not the least inspiring consolation in our struggle to know that, as the true cause of this country has the support of the wiser England, so it is cheered and supported by the faith of the better Italy. CAVOUR, who died in the dark day of our war, always understood it; and it is not for the living Italy, or Italy in the new nation, to VICTOR EMANUEL, CIALDINI, and GARIBALDI that the rebel emissaries address themselves; it is natural and instinctively to the dark and dead Italy, whose shaking sent is at Rome.

THE DOCTORS AND THE SOLDIERS.

It is the duty of the examining physician to declare recruits sound or unsound. If the ranks are swelled with idiots, blind men, paralytics, and other disqualified persons, the fault is *prima facie* that of the physician, and it is for him to show that his decision against them has been overruled. Collision between the physician and the broker, or the marshal, or the Board, is so easy, and may often be so profitable, that it is obvious the extremest care should be taken to select the most worthy and reasonable medical men.

In one case known to us the physician was at least a rebel. Of course the unsounder the soldier the more the doctor was pleased. His representation of the facts he was removed; but it shows how essential it is that the character and sentiments of this important officer shall be fully understood. It is idle to accuse the Government of the results of our own carelessness; the surgeons can not be personally known to the authorities. There must be appointed upon the representation of the residents of the district. If they do their duty, the Government will do its duty. If they fail, the Government is not responsible.

LITERARY.

"Moods," by LOUISA M. ALCOTT (LORING, Boston). This is a short story of great power and absorbing interest in every where, whose "Hospital Sketches" were remarkable for a humor and insight which ought to have made them much more widely known. In "Moods" the old conflict of passion and noble characters is drawn with great delicacy and skill, and with a freedom and firmness which promise remarkable novels hereafter. "Moods" is neither sentimental nor morbid nor extravagant. It has freshness and life. Further study, more confidence and resolute study will correct the imperfect literary art; nor is it a disheartening failure not to have succeeded in a satisfactory dissection between the two heroes of the tale. Such likeness in unlikeness demands a Shakespearian subtlety of skill fully to paint. It is something to have suggested it. After Hawthorne no recall no American love-story of equal power.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

ADAM there is a lull. Federal armies are resting, in the mean while making preparations to strike. Rebel armies are retreating upon more interior lines, and preparing to ward off the threatened blows. Our campaigns are getting to be more decisive than they ever have been. They are also getting to be more brief. Sherman's campaign gave us Savannah for Atlanta, and witnessed the progress and overthrow of the conspiracy of Tennessee and Georgia. The country is now asking two questions—which the rebels are asking us—viz: Shall Sherman join Grant? Let us betting with anxious solicitude: What will Thomas now do with the army of ever forty thousand men of which will Sherman next accomplish with his army of sixty-two thousand—an army as invulnerable as any in the world?

And first for General Thomas. That officer stands relatively to the resistance now offered to his advance in a position far more advantageous than that occupied by General Sherman last May. In the first place, because of what Sherman's Atlantic campaign has already accomplished in his behalf. There is a popular impression that because Atlanta has been left behind, the value of Sherman's conquest has been canceled. Not so. Atlanta was important as a depot of supplies, as a great arsenal, as the centre of the great railroad system connecting the Atlantic with the Gulf States. As an attack by land it has been destroyed. As a railroad centre its value has been canceled by the actual destruction of the railroads emerging from it eastward and northward. As soon as Sherman had finished his work there, he was ready to destroy the railroad running southwestwardly from that city toward Florida. This operation having accomplished its object, an equally destructive raid will sever Charleston from its connection with Augusta, and from the entire Atlanta system of railroads will be annihilated. The military scheme of General Thomas's campaign is therefore very greatly limited by Sherman's success, being confined to the Mobile railway with its two central capitals at Meridian and Jackson. But even here a great part of his work has already been done for him by Grant, Davidson, and Dana. In the second place, Thomas has an immeasurably greater force than Sherman had in respect of comparative strength. The rebel General Johnston, before the rebel political party, secretly in the ranks, was compelled to retreat before Sherman's army, with a force of not more than 60,000 men. Hood, who has been demoralized by defeat, and who have just escaped annihilation, has with him an army which can not be counted as a man's fingers. Such a force is not likely to offer any very formidable resistance, and its retreat can not last long.

As to Sherman's next campaign, we are left to conjecture—in respect to details. But it is certain that his present object is the destruction of the remaining system of railway communications upon which General Lee depends. In this respect Sherman's cause triumphs over subsequent movements will be co-operative with General Thomas. The great object of the latter's campaign is to await in Richmond the progress of these movements. Sherman moving northward from Savannah will threaten Lee's communications seriously than does Grant at City Point. The investment of the rebel capital has been begun from a two directions, but the rebel communications still pass every one of the way to the east. He must attend to Sherman, or Sherman will attend to him. Sherman's force is a great army. If it is to be met at all, and with any hope of retaining the capital, it must be met by a force of equal force. This necessity will in a few days transform every battle of Lee's defensive campaign into a battle for the life of Richmond is not given up entirely, yet its defense must be so modified as to be a mere incident of Sherman's distributions. The greater portion of Lee's army is needed further south. We could witness without surprise Thomas monthe military developments, shiftings of position, and strategic combinations among the Gulf States which have already inaugurated the winter campaign.

CONGRESS.

January 5:

In the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, inclosing General Herron's report on the condition of military affairs in Arkansas was not yet ready. A communication was received from the President announced the readiness of the Coast Survey Report for 1864, and also copies of the correspondence with Great Britain relative. A resolution was adopted directing the Secretary of War to give information in regard to the number of enlistment that had been credited to the respective States, and the principles upon which the credits were given; also a resolution of inquiry into expediency of distributing the extra compensation for enlistments among the soldiers engaged in the capture, upon the principle regulating the distribution of naval prize money. A bill to regulate pension fees was passed. Mr. Wilson's joint resolution declaring the thanks of Congress to Major-General Sherman was under consideration when the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, transmitting the report of Brevet-Major-General Meigs, relative to the construction of the Capitol extension, covering the ground of the recommendations made in the annual report communicated to House. He hoped that the proposition for this amendment would be voted down. It was a bill to pay a claim that he had no such hope, and even if it did pass it would be a long time before it would become a law. The bill, as it then themselves had been fixed—why not free them further? Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, moved to take up the joint resolution of Congress, under the Constitution, to act in the matter. Also the question of ability to amend the bill at this time when we are in a state of war wherever the Congress of the United States shall deem amendments necessary. He took the ground that Congress had no power to free the negro whatever in any State. He took the view that the principle of international law that if a slave be captured upon his lawful owner by public enemy, the title to the owner could be taken from the possession of the other belligerent. He never will recognize the right of Congress to that a call had just been made for 300,000 more troops. Encouragement of every kind should be given to the volunteer. It was, he said, a sufficient reason to enfranchise the negro voluntarily. The resolution was voted in need of his service, and of his best service, which he could only be secured so long as he was a freeman. Every argument in favor of his enfranchisement also demanded the enfranchisement of his wife. Mr. Ashley became practical necessity for doing it, and the same unanimity which had carried the measure through the Congress hinged for months on the question whether the bill and children of the negro soldier should be also declared to freedom." The question of reference was decided in the negative. Mr. Ashley's bill will therefore receive further consideration of the subject was postponed.

In the House, a resolution was adopted calling upon the Secretary of the Navy to communicate the number of guns and in the ships-of-war constructed by the Navy since its inception, and for what cause; also the number of killed and wounded. A joint resolution was offered, providing that no vacancies in the clerical force in the several departments shall be filled by such disabled soldiers and sailors as shall be discharged from the service on account of injury to the appointment of naval credits was adopted.

January 6:

In the Senate, the House resolution dropping from the Army List all officers convicted either by court-martial or civil tribunals of disloyal practices. A resolution of thanks to Sherman and his army was passed. The same resolution was the same day passed in the House.

In the House, a bill was to bring debate on the proposed amendment of the Constitution.

January 7:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, the remainder of the session was consumed in the debate on the proposed amendment to the Constitution.

January 9:

In the Senate, after an animated debate, the resolution to free the families of colored soldiers was lost.

In the House, the debate on the proposed amendment of the Constitution was resumed by Messrs. Brooks, Kentucky, and Mr. Odell, of New York, both Democrats, took strong ground in favor of the amendment.

GENERAL HOOD'S RETREAT.

General Hood has Forrest to thank for the escape of his defeated army to the south side of the Tennessee River. When Sherman divided his grand army, he not only left to Thomas an inferior infantry force as compared to his own, but he also took the best part of the cavalry force. Thus, it is true, Thomas was left with a large force. Whether to intercept Sherman's march, but still he had not a force sufficiently powerful, when the troops belonging to the mounted infantry-men, to have numbered from eight to ten thousand men as cavalry, being inferior in numbers, were much superior in discipline. Forrest is an able leader, but unmounted infantry do not answer well the purposes either of infantry or of cavalry in actual engagements. Hood, therefore, was thus relieved largely from from complete destruction, by covering its retreat from Duck River.

The battle of Nashville was fought on the 15th and 16th of December. The next day Forrest made a stand at Spring Hill, to cover the passage of the rebel wagon-train across Duck River. That was the last serious fight of the campaign. After once crossing that stream, Hood's army took a route for Thomas's point of line. Its force had no other disadvantages. He had to build roads as he went along for his wagon-trains, and he had to follow over a tract of country difficult enough of passage for the rebel army. On the 27th of December, the advance-guard after Steedman was cast to Decatur to cut off Hood's retreat. On the 28th, Hood's rear-guard, according to the latest reports, his cavalry had captured and burned Hood's pontoon train, which consisted of from 600 and 700 wagons and 200 hogs. Hood crossed the Tennessee on the 23d at Bainbridge, Alabama, with an effective force, all told, of 30,000 men.

Thomas's first campaign is now at an end. The Federal loss during the campaign has been seven thousand. The rebel loss in killed and in wounded 23,000, and in prisoners 9,384—total, 30,384. Sixty-eight cannon have been captured from Hood, and nineteen rebel generals placed *hors du combat*.

THE EXPEDITION OF THE ROANOKE.

We reproduce on page 44 a sketch showing the wreck of the *Otsego* and the exploision of the *Sassiya*.

The expedition left Hampton Roads December 2. The following vessels were comprised in the naval division: the *Wyalusing*, *Chicopee*, *Valley City*, *Belle*, *Pickett*, *Lamont*, *Otsego*, *Delaware*, the *Sassiya*, and the *Shawsheen*. A battery under Colonel Terrable started the same day.

The expedition was a success from that night. It was just above this point that the *Otsego* was blown up, by the ignition of her magazine, the next morning the *Sassiya* was blown up very near the wreck of the *Otsego*. A number of torpedoes were found in the river channel, a representation of one of which adjoins the sketch already alluded to. The rebels had also erected Grisham had posted on beyond Jamesville to Foster's Mills, where a body of the enemy were in force, consisting of 600 mounted infantry.

On the 20th the fleet passed Poplar Point, where it encountered rebel batteries, but found the troops thicker than ever. The land-force appeared to be unable to afford any substantial aid, and the fleet withdrew down the river to Jamesville.

GENERAL GRIERSON'S RAID.

General Dana, with a force of cavalry, a cavalry force which struck the Mobile and Ohio Railroad five miles below Corinth, on the 21st of December. Forrest's men had succeeded in destroying the road to a point south of Okolona, when they were met by the Federal cavalry. Thirty-two railroad cars, three hundred army wagons, and four locomotives were destroyed. Forrest's army, made up of dismounted men at Hyvania was dispersed, and six officers with them captured. Dana then moved upon Meridian for destroy the road to Meridian, and, if possible, to release our prisoners at Cahaba.

MORE ABOUT STONEMAN'S RAID.

Every subsequent report of the raid undertaken in Southwestern Virginia by General Stoneman, Burbridge, and Gillem, adds to the success of the raid. Thus far, 16 General Gillem was allotted a very prominent part in the expedition. He destroyed the salt-works toward the rich in our favor at Saltville. Stoneman had avoided Saltville, passing through Wytheville, Marion, Glade, and a part to the left. Breckinridge, learning that Burbridge had a force about Abingdon, between Saltville and Glade Spring, attacked him with some success. At this juncture Gillem came up with his brigade, and, passing Knights, Ninth, and Thirteenth Tennessee—charged the force pressing the rear of Burbridge's force, 300 prisoners, 30 wagons, and Breckinridge's head-quarters. Burbridge passed the rebel force at Abingdon, and continued just in time to take part in the destruction of the salt-works. The impression is that the damage done to property the fact that 6000 bushels of the article were turned out from works daily.

The expedition captured and brought away 800 prisoners, 6000 horses, and many mules. Burbridge's force had fifteen pieces of artillery, destroyed 11 locomotives, 59 floating and saw mills, 20 bridges, 13 locomotives, 400 wagons, and 1,000 bales of cotton. All of which was taken by Gillem. The rebel loss in stores alone amounted to two millions of dollars.

MAJOR GUNTHER'S MESSAGE.

The MAYOR complains that the heads of the Departments of the City Government cannot transact entirely independent of the views of the Mayor. He refers to the change made in the charter depriving the Mayor of the control over the police force. The Board of Commissioners and the Mayor, as the direct representatives of the people of the city, should have the power to exercise a direct control over its municipal affairs, and it is an evident anomaly to have the head of the police force held to be equal the power will, and who are irresponsible to the magistrates of the citizens." The Mayor refers to the great responsibilities of our City debt proper is $21,722,175; the County debt $15,954,000, payable in twenty-three years and a half million dollars. Against this the Mayor reckon that the City, exclusive of the water-works, owns no real estate, in lands, buildings, wharves, etc., of between forty fifty millions of dollars.

The Mayor cordially approves of the appropriation made in behalf of the Croton Aqueduct, and advocates retrenchment in the expenses of the current year. The Mayor urges the necessity of the Hamilton Square, east of Central Park, as a military parade-ground, and against the proposal to remove the Battery. The Battery piers should be built of stone. He urges that the example of London should be followed, by diverting the sewer from the river. This, the Mayor forgets was a necessity in London, in which the rivers are the most convenient avenues of drainage.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE REPORT.

If our city is governed by a portion of its response bility rests upon the Police. Mr. Acton, in his report, complains—and with much variety of considerations—that while the Police have it in their power to make arrests for offense against the peace, they have not sufficient power in the premises to insure the prevention of crime. This he regards as a failure to secure the end contemplated. The hotels, restaurants, dram-shops, the theatres and places of amusement, the gambling-houses, the brothels, houses, cartmen and omnibus drivers should, he thinks, be under the supervision of the Board of Police. The regulations made in the previous report, that a morgue should be established, is renewed.

Robberies and burglaries are chiefly successful on account of the facilities which they have for disposing of stolen goods. The pawn-brokers are subject to very serious question, and their profits are even greater than those accruing to the receivers of stolen goods. A pawnbroker in good standing recently received from a negro girl a diamond pin worth $1,000 in pledge for a loan of $50. Hundreds of instances of this character have been detected, and still the annoyance to those pawnbrokers is continued.

During the war there has been a great increase of crime, and especially of those crimes which involve personal violence. In 1860, in the City of Boston, "in no city in the civilized world, not the theatre of actual war, is human life so lightly regarded as it has been in a large branch from violence, as in New York and Brooklyn." There were arrested by the Metropolitan Police, for crimes of violence of a serious character, in 1863 and 1864 respectively, as follows:

	1863.	1864.
For felonious assault	518	427
For assaults on policemen	19	23
For attempt at rape	23	27
For inciting females in the street	65	58
For murder	19	17
For manslaughter	3	7
For committing rape	1	1
For rape	21	14
For demanding life	3	3
Total	575	577

A small portion of this mass of high crime has received the punishment provided by the laws. The fault, if any exist, is somewhere beyond the power of the police.

During the year five policemen have been murdered, and thirteen have been seriously injured. As one of the means to prevent crime, Mr. Acton suggests the offer of rewards from a fund established for that purpose.

The number of truant children reported by teachers to the police during the year was 4633. Most of these were visited, and twenty-2000 reformed as to attend school regularly. "The Act of April 15, 1853, 'to provide for the care and education of idle and truant children,' authorizes the creation of such an institution by municipal authorities, but it has never been carried into effect. An amendment to render it practically effective would be the establishment of a building great enough for the accommodation of the rising generation, and upon society. The streets of our city are filled with truants and vagrants, the offspring of misery and misfortune; they are in training in the school of vice and crime, and crime, unless it already so numerous as to threaten the welfare of society in the very existence of Government."

The organized asylums are nearly all full; at least this is the case with the asylums which receive the vagrant class of children succored for.

Mr. Acton has made a useful suggestion to prevent violent outbreaks in the city, viz: the organization of a Police Band, to assist in parades.

The present Fire Department of the City consists of 1987 firemen, having in charge and under their care 33 and 18 hand fire-engines. Mr. Acton thinks the present force large, and the service is lacking in efficiency because it is a volunteer force. In Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities, the municipal authorities have dispensed with with good results. Mr. Acton urges the substitution of a force for those cities.

Mr. Acton thinks that it would conduce to the good order of the city if the practice of sound rendering it a crime to carry concealed deadly weapons.

OUR CITY FINANCES.

The total amount of moneys disbursed on city, county, and State accounts for the year has increased to somewhat over fifteen millions of dollars. Of this sum four millions have been expended by the city authorities, the remaining eleven millions having been disbursed through the county authorities, and chiefly under Acts to control.

THE COMMERCIAL RECORD FOR 1864.

During the year just passed there have been, in the City of New York, 1,090,000,000 liabilities amounting in the aggregate to eight millions and a half. The number of failures in the same States in 1857 was over four thousand, and in 1861 over 1,500,000,000. The failures were nearly six thousand failures; though the liabilities were less than one-half of those of 1857. Since 1861 the number of failures has steadily diminished. The Business of the year 1864 has been more active than that of 1863 in number, representing nearly five thousand millions of dollars.

NEWS ITEMS.

The President has removed General B. F. Butler from command, ordering him to report at Lowell, Massachusetts.

On the 14th inst., the rebels made an attack on the picket line of the North Corps, killing two, wounding three, and capturing thirty-five.

The verdict of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, relative to the Fredericksburg affair, appears a divided responsibility upon Generals Burnside and Meade, and censure upon the latter officer.

At the battle of Franklin the Missouri Brigade went into the fight with 1,800 men and had 109 killed, 1,000 wounded and 80 captured, making a loss of 447. General Cockerell was wounded in the leg. Colonel Gardner was captured. He was also wounded. Colonel Garland and Major Cockerell were killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Hubbard was among the killed.

The exchange of prisoners between our own and the rebel authorities has been resumed on James River. Colonel Mulford, of the Exchange Commissioner, went up the river from Fortress Monroe, January 7, and the business proceeded with very soon.

Mr. Seward has been appointed Major-General in the regular Army, in place of John C. Fremont, resigned, to date from January 1.

The Times correspondent, under date of January 5, with rebel capital, contains a full digest of the rebel Congress.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of James L. Hood, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

The steamer *Potomac* from New York to Portland took fire at 3 A. M., on January 9, off Cape Ann Harbor. Four lives were lost out of eighteen.

The proclamation of January 4 has an article favoring a modification of the railroad system in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida that has been agreed to by the occupation of Savannah.

The steamer *Ella* of United States steamer *Stepfanee* arrived at San Francisco with the seven rebel pirates of Horseshoe Bend, who were captured on the steamer Anderson, off Pamnas, in November, and whose transmission across the Isthmus was reported at the time of occurrence in Granada.

During the past year there have arrived at the port of New York 195,766 immigrants, an increase of 35,600 over the preceding year.

The total expenses of the State prisons for 1864 have been $271,000, leaving the prison gross earnings $71,000, of whom 136 are females.

The total expenses of the war the State of New York has given $57,791 men to the Government.

General Dragg has issued a congratulatory Order to his troops on their successful defense of Fort Fisher. The bombardment by the fleet lasted from the 24th to the 26th seven hours, expending, according to Bragg's account, 10,000 shells, one thousand from the Army and vessels. The rebels responded with 1263 shots, counting both. Of these 1,000 struck the fort and 263 passed over. Five wounded. "The ground," he says, "in the front and rear of the fort is covered with shells, and is torn to a complete." Two guns in the fort burst, two were dismounted by our shells, and two by the fire from the fleet. The fort is uninjured.

FOREIGN NEWS.

We have advices from France which confirm the report that Jouret had issued letters-of-marque to Americans and Texas ships.

The Pope has replied to the late rebel manifesto, and has denounced the crime of slavery.

The calling of the new Algerine cable on board the steamer *Great Eastern*.

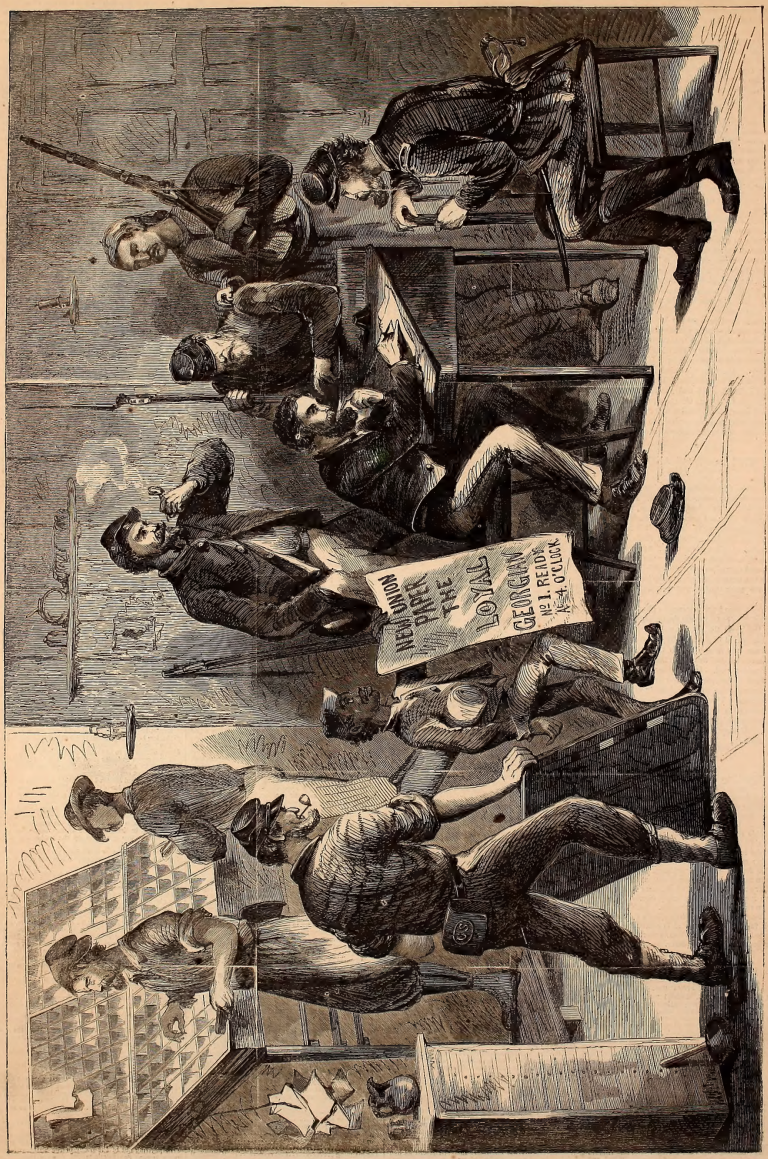
Charles Conti, a Corsican, has been appointed to succeed M. Chevalier as senator for life of the Empire.

The Pope has issued a bull condemning all modern religious movements which errors having a tendency hostile to the Catholic Church, and exhorting his Bishops to combat them.

Victor Emanuel decrees the occupation of convents in Florence for the service of the State.

December 23 Queen Isabella opened the session of the Spanish Cortes in person. The address contains ministerial crisis, arising out of the policy of the Spanish Government in the Dominican troubles and Peruvian affairs. Navarez resigned, but it was found difficult to establish a Ministry. The Queen's speech says that it is probable that San Domingo will be abandoned, and a less extreme policy adopted toward Peru.

FOREIGN NEWS.



THE UNION ARMY ENTERED SAVANNAH ON THE 21st DECEMBER, AND ON THE 24th THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE *LOYAL GEORGIAN* WAS ISSUED.

THE WILMINGTON EXPEDITION.

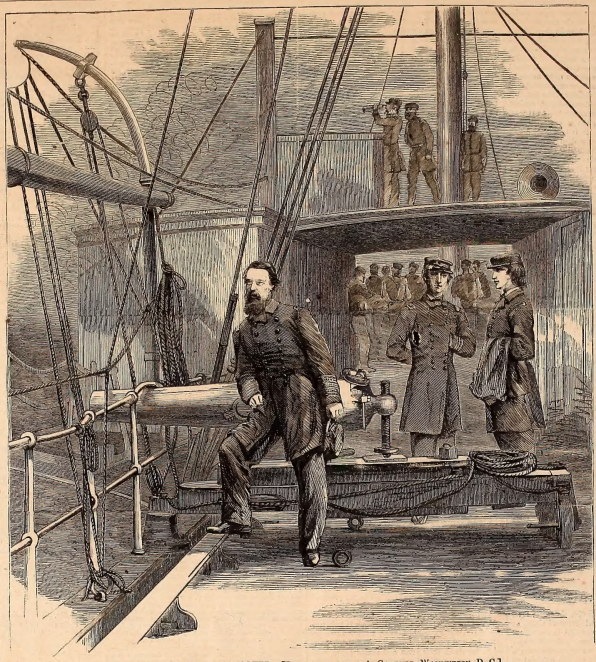
REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, the commander of the naval division of the late Wilmington Expedition, is a son of the famous Commodore PORTER of the *Essex*. He is about fifty years of age, and has belonged to the navy over thirty years. A few years ago, when he commanded the *Crescent City*, he attracted considerable attention by persisting in an effort to enter the port of Havana under the shotted guns of Moro Castle, and against the order of the Spanish authorities. He took an active part in reducing the forts below New Orleans, and was afterward engaged in the memorable naval actions on the Mississippi.

Considerable fault has been found with the management of the military division of the expedition. The editor of the Norfolk *Anti-Review*, who accompanied General BUTLER, gives an account which explains the nature of the difficulties that our soldiers had to encounter after landing.

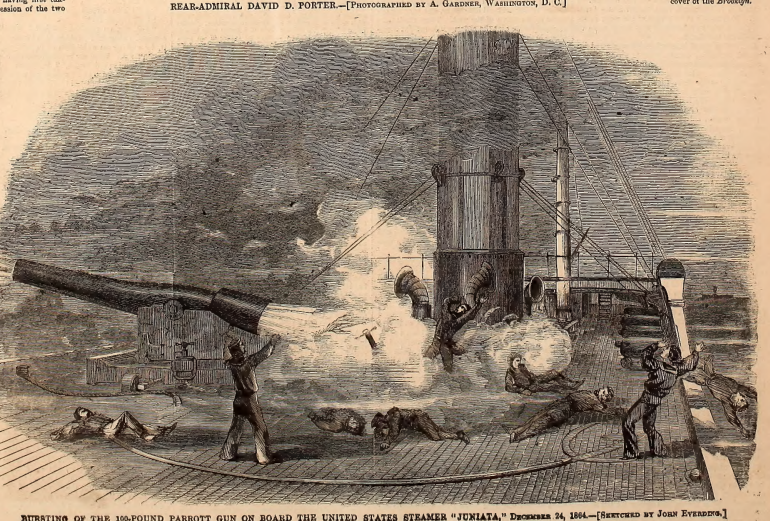
According to this account a thousand men had debarked from the transports at half past two o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th. At this time PORTER'S flag-ship came alongside of BUTLER'S, and, after the customary salutations, and as the ships were drifting apart, the Admiral cried through his trumpet, "General, there is not a rebel within five miles of the fort. You have nothing to do but throw in troops and occupy it." The General, turning to some one near him, said, quietly, "I have a fellow on shore there, one WEITZEL, who will find that out." In fact, while this conversation was going on, WEITZEL, with his staff, accompanied by a member of BUTLER'S staff, was approaching the fort, the troops under GRAHAM and CURTIS having first taken possession of the two sand-works, Flag-pond and Half-moon batteries. WEITZEL and his party soon found themselves on the northern front of Fort Fisher, and within range of seventeen guns, some of which, supported by musketeers, opened upon them.

It was now discovered, from the prisoners which had been taken with the captured batteries, that, instead of there being no rebels within five miles of the fort, there were 800 men in the work; and that instead of 36 guns—the estimated armament of the fort—there were nearer 60; and that the garrison were securely stowed away in the casemates. He also learned that HOKE'S division was then encamped within a mile of the fort. Indeed, this division, consisting of a force nearly equal to BUTLER'S entire command, was now attacking the Federal troops in the rear, though, fortunately, the latter were covered by the fire of the *Brooklyn*.

According to this account WEITZEL was certainly not in an advantageous condition for an attack. Behind him was the sea; before him was the fort, still uninjured as a defensive work, and only waiting the cessation of the bombardment which must come with night, to open upon him in full force; and upon his flank was a rebel division outnumbering his own, while a regiment of South Carolina cavalry was at Masonborough Inlet. If this view of the situation be a correct one no censure can certainly fall upon BUTLER and WEITZEL for their determination to re-embark the troops. The process of embarkation commenced at five o'clock. Not only our own men were to be brought off, but 800 rebel prisoners also, including 10 officers; and this was to be accomplished in spite of a high-rolling surf, which forced BUTLER to leave 300 of his men on shore overnight, under cover of the *Brooklyn*.



REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



BURSTING OF THE 100-POUND PARROTT GUN ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "JUNIATA," DECEMBER 24, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]

The mistake, then, was not in the failure to make an assault, which must have issued disastrously. It will be objected that the fire of the fleet made the garrison useless, by keeping them in their bomb-proofs. But until the assault was made there was no reason for the garrison to leave their bomb-proofs. If our force had attempted an assault, as at Fort Wagner, the garrison, we may rest assured, would have made their appearance at the right moment. As to the fire of the fleet, as soon as our forces should have reached the immediate vicinity of the fort, this fire, if kept up, would have told as effectually against the assailants as against the assailed. As it was, even in the reconnoissance ten of our men were wounded by our own fire. It is true that a flag was carried off, a horse stolen, and an orderly bearing dispatches killed, and naturally the question regarding the loss of the whole column advance and take the fort? But how was it at Fort Wagner? There hundreds of our men got inside the ditch—part of which they held over an hour; and yet Fort Wagner was not taken. When it was taken afterward it was by siege. At Fort Fisher, too, there were elements of resistance which did not exist at Wagner. Besides an armament twice as heavy, there was in front of the work a ditch from eight to ten feet in depth, which could be crossed only by a bridge twenty feet in length. Under these circumstances, and remembering that of the fort the sedition was undertaken. Our naval and military authorities have had sufficient experience to have avoided so glaring a mistake as this. The Generals have changed since BUTLER and STRINGHAM took Forts Clark and Hatteras. The rebels have learned, if we have not, how much dependence can be put on a strong earth-work stubbornly and prudently defended: and they are not so easily frightened by the mere mention of an assault as formerly were.

Wilmington will be taken, and so will Charleston; but they will be taken as SHERMAN took Savannah—by a formidable investment, or else by our occupation of such positions as render them untenable or unimportant.

We illustrate on the preceding page the bursting of a 100-pound Parrott gun on board the *Juniata*. A similar accident occurred on board several vessels. In this way a larger number of our men were wounded than by the guns of the fleet. The fact is, cases may have been why all these accidents—there were six of them—should have happened only to Parrott guns, a problem to which the naval authorities will, we hope, give the proper attention.

THE DUTCH CANAL.

We have previously, in No. 410, Volume VIII., given an illustration of General BUTLER'S Dutch Canal at Dutch Gap, while the work was still in operation. The more picturesque and interesting sketch, which we give on the first page, we reproduce from a photographic view, for which we are indebted to Captain S. L. LANGDON, First United States Artillery. This sketch gives a view of the work in the last stages, while preparations were being made to explode the bulk-head.

Dutch Gap Canal was originally suggested by General BUTLER. James River is an extremely tortuous stream, and especially so in its course past Farrar's Island. This peninsula, misnamed an island, is forty miles from Richmond by the river, although it is only a short three miles in a straight line. The bend of the river here takes it seven miles out of its way, bringing it around again to a point only two hundred yards from its point of deflection. A canal across these two hundred yards not only saves a journey of seven miles, but also avoids the obstructions and batteries which make the bend impassable to our fleet.

The work was surveyed on the 7th of August, and three days afterward was actually commenced. Brigadier-General B. C. LUDLOW, of General BUTLER'S staff, acted as superintendent, assisted by Major PETER E. HAINES, Chief of Engineers. The enemy occupied elevated positions threatening the workmen, and it was necessary at first to proceed in the same manner as in throwing up parallels in front of an enemy's fortifications. To the beginning a decidedly covered the working parties who at first dug ditches, throwing the earth up as a breastwork. Several of these at length merged into a single wide ditch, with a dam left so that the rush of water in opening the inner part of the canal would not disturb the workmen in the upper part, who were to dig fifteen feet below tide-mark. Soon such progress was made that rails were laid and cars started in the place of wheel-barrows.

The enemy erected mortar batteries under cover of the river-bank, which proved a great annoyance. Them bomb-proofs had to be built for security to the workmen. In the beginning only negro soldiers were employed, but these were subsequently relieved by colored soldiers. These suffered much from fever, brought on by the dampness to which they were exposed.

By the middle of November fifteen thousand cubic yards of earth had been removed by hand, and a steam dredge removed, in addition, fifty tons a day. In little over a month more all that remained to be done was to remove the dam between the two sections and the bulk-head still left at the upper end. The dam was easily removed by mining. More elaborate preparations, however, had to be made for the removal of the bulk-head. This was cut into three pieces, as far as possible. Streets were cut through, and thus one-third of the mass of earth removed. From the vertical cut on the left of the centre galleries were run toward the centre; and, after reaching a proper point, a shaft was sunk twenty-eight feet in depth, from which galleries ran toward the river. These galleries were connected, capable all together of holding six tons of powder, and at four o'clock P.M. on New-Year's Day the grand explosion took place. The effect was hardly what was expected. A great proportion of the earth fell back again into the canal, and will have to be removed by the dredging-machine under circumstances not especially advantageous. The length of the canal is between five and six hundred feet, its greatest width is about one hundred and twenty-two feet, and its greatest depth about seventy feet. Unfortunately the entire length of the canal is not open to the river as yet.

Since its commencement seven thousand shells have been thrown in and around the canal; fifty men have been killed there, and one hundred wounded; forty-five horses have been killed, three barges sunk, and nine tugs disabled. The engineer who has superintended the work, Major D. MCMURR, has been Brevet Major, for meritorious services during the campaign. He is a graduate of West Point, has been in the department, and a great favorite among his brother officers.

LOYAL SAVANNAH.

THE situation of Savannah, since its restoration to the Union, may be considered as a fair example of the general state of the South when the restoration of that misguided section shall have been finally accomplished. The fact that the Commander of Europe's defeat will produce an effect as demoralizing upon the remaining citizens of the Confederacy as the latest news from Savannah. A country of vast resources, really contending against oppression, may look upon the spectacle of a defeated army and still remain hopeful and determined. But when a great section like the South, entangled against the popular will and through the delusive pretext of ambitious leaders in the attempt to secure slavery from the first, looks upon a spectacle which illustrates the deceit practiced upon the people and the criminality of the leaders by which they have been involved, the effect is startling and revolutionary.

Such a spectacle is afforded to the people of the South in the unconditional loyalty of the citizens of Savannah. When New Orleans was captured the case was quite different. The animus of rebellion had got into the air, and was not yet in a state of lassitude so evident. Besides, there was considerable difference in the original temper of the people of the two cities. Savannah was captured at a time when the Confederacy had been reduced almost to hopelessness, and it was captured under circumstances which left the civil authorities of the rebel Commander-in-Chief. It was to be expected, therefore, that the emotion which her citizens would display would be that of indignation against DAVIS, and of passive acquiescence to the Federal power. But how will the rebel leaders feel when they read the proceedings that actually followed upon the capture of the city, and find that, instead of passive submission, there is an element of exultation—of positive joy—at the fact instead of regret?

The city was captured on the 21st. Just one week afterward the municipal citizens was held under the call of their old Mayor, Doctor RICHARD ARNOLD, and resolutions were unanimously adopted to lay aside party feuds, and to unite in submitting to the national authority under the Constitution, laying aside all differences, and burying by gones in the grave of the past. These resolutions explicitly state that the citizens "do not put themselves in the position of dictating the future policy of a conqueror," but that of citizens of the United States. They, moreover, request GOVERNOR BROWN to call a Convention of the people of Georgia, to give the latter an opportunity of pronouncing for or against the continuance of the war.

It is probable that Governor BROWN'S command will occupy Savannah when General SHERMAN orders upon the new campaign for which he has been making preparations. Governor BROWN'S action thus orders in relation to the city are beneficent and judicious. While Savannah is to be held as a military post, still municipal affairs will be left to the 20,000 people within its limits, and for such others as may come. All the ordinary pursuits of life are to be continued, and commerce is encouraged so far as it is free of blame; for gossip, as a rule, deals in dark things and in the past, and begins with a yet grounded fact there are thousands head downward, with all four members in the air, and the fact is—they swim.

AN ANCIENT HUMAN RELIC.—The *Nouvelliste* of Rouen relates the following strange circumstance: "The Abbé Cochet has just made a discovery. Also property on the borders of the Forest of Cinglais (Calvados), near his ground he has found a Celtic cemetery. A few days since some workmen, who were employed in cutting down one of these tombs, found a skeleton in a sitting posture. The latter took the body of a man, which, on being touched, fell to dust. By the side of the skeleton, covered of a lump, the iron head of which alone was perfect. The supposition is that the man had been killed by a blow of a hatchet, and that, as soon as an incision made in the gyse, the bark of which had afterward grown over the wound, the wounded man, being of an antique form of the lance-head, the belief is that he was one of the Celtic warriors who fought in Gaul at the time the North who first invaded Neustria.

The Abbé Cochet proposes to raise the following incident connected with the battle of Nachville: "I was near General Thomas one morning, when a shower of bullets rained in among his staff—the whole assemblage being in the open field. The rebel lines were 'Why,' said the General, 'I believe the scoundrels are shooting at me.' He did not remain, however, another moment, until duty called him to another part of the field."

A LAUGHABLE incident of the bribery practiced at the Washington end of the line is told by a correspondent. An Irishman, who thought his vote worth half a day's pay, presented himself at the polls to receive his ticket. He went to the tavern where the ballots and bribes were distributed, and received his ticket. Not supposing he was all right, went over to the polls to deposit it, which he did without examination. This done, he then returned to the tavern to get his dollar, and was astonished at being told that a bill for that amount was inclosed in his ticket. He had certainly deposited both the dollar and ballot in the box, and had the assurance, after the closing of the polls and while the tickets were being counted, to go to the inspectors and claim the money. The bill was found in the ballot, but the latter was thrown out, and the Irishman did not get his dollar.

BRIDE AND GROOM A CENTURY AGO.—To begin with the lady: Her locks were strained upward over an immense cushion that sat like an incubus on her head, and plastered over with pomatum, and then sprinkled over with a shower of white powder. The dress of this tower was somewhat out of date. One single white rose-bud lay on the left side of the bosom, as a boyscout. A powdered broom was folded a lace handkerchief, fastened in front by a brown-pin rather larger than a dollar, containing your grandfather's miniature set in virgin gold. Her airy form was braced up in stiff stays, the sleeves set short at the natural skirt of the arm, with a waist formed by a bodice, extending from whence the skirt flowed off, and was distended at the top by an ample hoop. Shoes of white kid, with peaked toes, and heels of two inches inches' elevation, reclined her feet, and glittered with spangles, as her little pedal members preped curiously out. Now for the swain: His hair was stocked back and plentifully bedewed with powder, and tied behind in a bundle of a skillet. His coat was a sky-blue silk, lined with yellow; his vest was made of white satin, embroidered with gold; his breeches of the same material, and tied at the knee with white strings. His silk stockings met the pumps, with laces, and these of the same hue completed the habiliments of his nether limbs. Lace ruffles encircled his wrist, and perforated frills worked in correspondence, and bracing the surface of his beloved, finished his truly genteel appearance.

A WONDERFUL FAT MAN.

SI was idling about one of these towns the inhabitants of which, from a reverence for attention to theatres, are obliged to depend, for amusement, on itinerant showmen, comic recitationists, popular preachers, and circuses, and other shows, my attention was drawn to a placard by a band of nigger minstrels stationed on the outside of it, playing appropriate airs. Above and behind the minstrels was a wonderful specimen of Art indicated the wonderful works of Nature to be seen within. Among these paintings was a full-length portrait of a monstrous fat man, in large illuminated letters underneath his portrait, "The Second Daniel Lambert." I thought I should like to see this wonderful fat man, and being what is euphemistically called stout myself, walked up and demanded gratuitous admission on the ground of being one of the brotherhood. But that, the money-taker said, could not entitle me to see the lions and tigers, because, if I was a monster, still I was not a fat one. I accepted the compliment, paid my money, and went in.

The Fat Man was in a sort of annexe to the caravan. He panted and perspired very much.

"Hard work, Sir," I observed.

Puffing laboriously, he answered, "Yes, Sir!"

"I hope, Sir," I said, "that your exertions are liberally rewarded by Mr. Saunders"—the name of the showman.

"I am Mr. Saunders, Sir. I am my own proprietor."

"No! Are you, though, really? Well, Sir, I admire your moral courage. You show your sense, Sir, in thus accepting your situation, and making the most of it."

"Ah, Sir!" he said, "I have made the most of myself indeed. This fat, Sir!—he did not say this new fat, but one very much like a gentleman—"all this fat is not natural."

"Is it not?"

"No, Sir. I am"—here he slightly chuckled—"what you may call a self-made man."

"Ah!" said I, "that's what we stout gentlemen most of us are, Sir, at the end. We do not like pipes of ourselves with our eyes open—in that particulars unlike the pipes."

"I did it on purpose, Sir."

"On purpose, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, on purpose. When I started this concern, I thought it might as well become part of it, by making an exhibition of myself. I had a reason for it. What are appearances, Sir?"

"Felt quite a philosopher," said I, "Sir, I respect your contempt for appearances, and for the people who are astonished by them, and not mine. You are a man, Sir. And so you made yourself of this size, Sir?"

"I did, Sir."

"How did you do it, Sir?"

"The old way, Sir—eating and drinking.

"What did you eat, Sir?"

"Potatoes. I ate a good deal of potatoes. And bread, Sir. Ate a good deal of bread. You see, Sir, I did just the reverse of what Mr. Banting recommends for bringing this down."

"Did you, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, better. I ate a good deal of that. Sugar, too; large quantities of sugar. Sugar's very fattening, contains so much carbon; dissolves so fast and runs into fat. Tarts, puddings, sweets of all kinds. Fork too, Sir, pork: ate a great deal of pork. Not much bacon; no. Don't like it; like filling to fat, never eat more than I can help, unless, rich, nourishing; very fond of stewed eels. Milk and cream; have two bowls of bread and milk for my breakfast, with cream and sometimes Sir, as much as possible of food containing plenty of oil, starch, and saccharine matter."

"What did you drink, Sir?"

"As much fluid as possible, Sir; as much of every pleasant fluid. A good deal of tea, Sir, I've been told for that food. Also, ale, good fat Burton. Stout. Fruity port. Cliequot's Champagne. Hot rum and water, strong and sweet."

"You must have had a strong motive, Sir, to induce you to acquire a bulk which appears to be distressing."

"I had, Sir. My wife died, Sir, and at the same time I experienced a reverse of fortune. I have one son, Sir, to whom I am desirous of giving a good education. Having had an indifferent one myself, I had no means of earning the wherewithal by intellectual exertion, and was unable to afford exertion of any kind. Thought that the least troublesome way of getting money would be riding about with a show. At that time Mr. Barring's pamphlet fell in my way. It made an impression on me. I wanted a wonderful fat man. Couldn't one be made by practicing the contrary of Banting's rules? Why not make one of myself? As I had determined to start a show, fancied that the pleasantest occupation would be that of creating myself up, as my son says, for its chief attraction."

"Sir," said I, "you are a wonderful father. You are a prodigy of parental affection."

"He's in there now, Sir," said the fat man, pointing to a green-baize partition at the back of the van. "Home for the vacation from the University."

"Come, Governor," called a voice from behind the green baize. "Time to shut up. Want to light my cigar."

"He's not in orders yet," observed the fond father.

"Come, I say, Governor!" repeated the undergraduate.

"Bless you, Sir!" I cried, grasping the Fat Man's hand. "May your Boy prove a blessing to you! Farewell!"

And I rushed away.

THE PERPLEXITIES OF A SOMNAMBULIST.

I HAD been for twenty years a clerk in a merchant's office, without a hope of ever getting one step higher or of being able to do more than secure a modest provision for old age by dint of small economies and much self-denial. One morning I awoke and found myself a man of property. The post had brought an announcement of the death of an old uncle of my father's, to whose property I was heir-at-law; no will having been found since his death.

After all, it was not a very grand inheritance. But it was an independence, and quite enough to satisfy all the modest wants and wishes of a merchant's clerk.

The notary who had announced my succession to my grand-uncle's property met me at the railway station, upon my future home. My first question was how he knew of my relationship to the deceased, who had long ceased to hold any communication with his family, and had been almost forgotten by them.

"I knew it from a will that I made for him last December. He said, "which document if it had still existed would have deprived me of the pleasure I now enjoy of making your acquaintance. I must tell you that some five years ago, your granduncle took a young girl into his family, the orphan daughter of a former whom he had known for years. This girl assisted the housekeeper, Madame Lemaitre; and, when the old gentleman was ill, nursed him with the affection and devotion of a daughter. To her he left all his property, except a small legacy to yourself as his sole living relative."

"But the will? What became of it?"

"It was not to be found after your kinsman's death, and the housekeeper asserts that he destroyed it himself, and was about to make another in her favor, but was prevented by his sudden death."

"Why had he altered his intentions?"

Doricourt shook his head.

"The old woman asserts that he had had, of late, some cause to doubt the honesty of his young girl Suzanne. He had lost a great many articles of value. Suzanne has a brother who bears a very bad character, and Bernard believed (according to Madame Lemaitre) that the girl had robbed him to supply the necessities of this good-for-nothing relative."

"Truly," said I, "he was right, then, to change his mind. But it is fortunate for me that he did not execute another will, since a servant was still to have been preferred to his kinsman. What has become of Suzanne?"

"Well, Sir," replied the notary, with a little hesitation, "she takes charge of the poultry, and is invaluable as a dairy woman; therefore I could not dismiss her till you arrived and could suit yourself with another maid. I must beg your charitable consideration for this poor young girl, who is homeless and destitute, and at present without a character to obtain another place."

"I will be hoped, doubtless, to possess the farm itself," I added, considerably touched by the sad change in this unfortunate's circumstances. So talked of and of the property of Mr. Doricourt, suddenly pointing with his whip over his shoulder, exclaimed:

"There is your farm."

It was a substantial looking house, with tall chimneys, surrounded by ample orchards, but certainly not possessing any claim to be considered a picturesque dwelling.

We drove up to the door, which was opened by a young girl of nineteen.

As we passed into the house I looked at her with interest. She was a tall, well-made young woman, with a fair, fresh complexion, large blue eyes, and light-brown hair. There was a certain patches in her voice, and a resigned sadness in her countenance which excited my pity.

My dreams that night were all of Suzanne—of this disinherited, accused orphan.

The jealous eye of old Lemaitre detected an understanding between me and my servant, and it was not long before Suzanne suffered for it. I found as I was passing an open door of one of the bedchambers, I heard Lemaitre scolding the poor girl cruelly. She reproached her with deceit, with artifice, and with unmaidenly forwardness. At first Suzanne made no reply; when she did at last answer it was with angelic mildness and gentleness. Her meekness appeared to provoke the old fury still more, and she actually struck the young girl a blow on the face. This was more than I could endure. I entered the room, and sternly demanded what she meant by such conduct? Her answer was a storm of accusations against Suzanne, whom she called a thief and a hypocrite.

"If you wish to be safe in life and property, you had better dismiss her at once," she screamed. "She won't get honestly angry—not she! She is waiting her time to give me a quieting potion, I suppose."

A low ejaculation of horror from Suzanne interrupted her.

"Madame Lemaitre," said I, sternly, "you can not know what you say. But I will not suffer so ungovernable a temper. You will quit my service at once."

"Very well," she replied, insolently. "If it hasn't been for an evil chance or worse I should have been mistress here. That girl has got round you with her big blue eyes and her calm face—but she will sell you yet to Jacques."

(Jacques was Suzanne's brother.)

Poor Suzanne murmured words of meek sorrow and reproach. My own temper was fairly roused.

"You shall quit the house this very day," I said; "I wonder you dare to stay in it. Suzanne, you will accompany me, and do not see this woman again."

Thus I dismissed Madame Lemaitre. I installed Suzanne in her place.

The days went on smoothly but monotonously. Winter at last stole on us. The weather was dark and dreary; the cold intense.

One evening I bade Suzanne bring her work, and come to keep me company. I found this young girl well-read in our best authors, shrewd, intelligent, even witty. I desired her to come again the next evening, and it became an established custom henceforward that she should read to, and talk to me.

One evening I was amusing myself when she entered by looking at the few family jewels which I had inherited from my great-uncle. Doricourt had given me the old casket containing them on the day of my arrival at the farm; but hitherto I had had neither time nor inclination to examine them.

They consisted of a pair of bracelets of enamel, clasped with diamonds, which had probably belonged to my great-grandmother, judging from their antique fashion; a huge pair of enormous gold buckles, and a garnet necklace; there was also an old watch inlaid with stones. While I still held the bracelets in my hand Suzanne entered the room, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration.

"Oh, Sir, what beautiful bracelets!"

"They are yours, Suzanne," I answered; "did you never see them before?"

"Oh no, Sir. Our poor master kept that casket and the plate in his bureau. Doricourt only brought them here the day you came."

"Why were they kept at the bank?" I asked.

"For fear of robbers, Sir. There are bad men in this part of the country is not very safe. They would cut a man's throat for less than one of those bracelets."

"But," I said, looking at her watchful eyes, "no one but yourself, Suzanne, knows that I keep these jewels in the house, or that the plate is in my dressing-room."

"That is true, Sir," she answered, simply.

"Then mind you mention it to no one," I commanded.

"You shall be obeyed;" and her eyes still lingered admiringly on the ornaments.

"Yes; look at them well," I said more gently, "that you once were to have possessed this house and these very jewels. Tell me, Suzanne, why did my great-uncle destroy the will made in your favor?"

She blushed crimson, up to the very roots of her hair.

"Sir," she said, tremulously, "I was wickedly belied to my master. I do not know by whom. But I have my doubts and suspicions as to my secret enemy. I have a brother—alas! a very bad young man. He always leaves a message for me with others. He came here to try and obtain a little help from me in his sore need. Now, when I came into the house here I did not doubt that I should hold no further communication with my brother. But one day Jacques stood at our kitchen door, looking as if he meant nearly to break open the door. I could not see my brother perish! He was at the last extreme of want and misery; I gave him food; but I did it without the knowledge of my aunt (I might not even thus rob my good master. I gave him also my wages—but nothing more—oh! nothing more; I assure you, Sir;" and she clasped her hands in earnest asseveration.

"Madame Lemaitre came into the kitchen and found me speaking to Jacques. She questioned me, and she was very angry. She told my master, and declared she should be afraid to sleep at night lest Jacques might come in and murder me. But though he was wild and idle, Jacques was incapable of such a crime. Imagine my distress, my scandal!—the very next day there was missing from master's own room his silver snuff-box, his watch, his purse! No one had broken into the house; the doors and windows were all safely fastened as when we went to rest. The whole house was searched for the lost things in vain. We never saw them again. My master was very angry, and, alas! still more grieved. He accused me of having stolen them, and given them to Jacques. He was deaf to my protestations of truth and of shame and misery. He told me he had left me his property, but that I should receive no more. And he burned his will before my face. Madame Lemaitre says he intended to have made another in her favor, but, happily, he died."

And he did not dismiss you under these circumstances of grave suspicion?" I said, seriously.

"No, Sir. My master was the most benevolent of men. He well knew the value of character to a woman! He retained me. He had pity on my youth, he said. He was kind and good to me to the last."

"It was a frightful position for you to be placed in," I said, "and I have you any idea what had become of the lost articles?"

"At first I feared Madame Lemaitre had been very wicked and had taken them; but I saw no little trouble; but I don't think now she had—I watched her so closely—I searched so constantly..... No, it is a mystery which only the good God can reveal in His own good time."

I talked but little that evening. I took a book, and the women conversed in whispers. But my thoughts wandered constantly to the strange robbery which had deprived Suzanne of my inheritance. It seemed so greatly that such a deeds should have rested on Suzanne, and my feelings about it revealed to me the fact I had willfully ignored hitherto, that I was staid man of forty, who had never yet felt the slightest tenderness for living woman, and had been long ago set down as a confirmed bachelor—had absurdly fallen in love with my female servant! It was a severe mortification to me.

I determined to struggle against my misplaced passion to the best of my power. Now, I resolved to send Suzanne away with an annuity for her life; then, again, to sell my farm. In the midst of these perplexities I fell ill.

But the next morning found me reluctant to make myself miserable. I had not sufficient pride to be heroic in love. Instead, I determined to keep my own secret and wait. And.....every day made Suzanne dearer to me.

Love, like other juvenile diseases, is worse when we take it late in life. Assuredly my infatuation for Suzanne would have raised my youthful scorn had I witnessed it in another. It made me very unhappy. I could not bear the thought of marrying my servant. I could not bear to part from her. I can never forget the nights I passed while this struggle was going on between my pride and my love. And then, as if to make matters worse, I suddenly began to doubt Suzanne's share in the singular robbery from my predecessor's chamber.

I had slept in it hitherto; I resented it now and went into another, for a fancy possessed me that there might be some hidden entrance into it.

On the day following this move Lawyer Doricourt came to see me on business, and remained the night. I put him into that same chamber.

In the morning he descended, looking a little uneasy.

"Bernard, my friend," he said, "did I leave my watch down-stairs last night?"

"No," I replied; "I saw you look at it just as we were saying 'good-night' outside your chamber."

"It is very strange," he observed; "I thought I remembered winding it up and putting it on the table last night. I could have sworn it."

"But who could have taken it? The house has not been entered. Do you fasten your chamber-door?"

"No; I am afraid of fire. And do you know that once in the night I woke and heard a movement in my room. I asked if any one was there, and received no answer. My night-light had gone out."

I felt seriously uneasy. We summoned the servants and told them of the loss. Suzanne turned visibly pale and trembled. The sharp eye of the lawyer instantly detected her emotion.

When the women had left the room, ostensibly to search for the lost watch, Doricourt said to me:

"I trust I have not given you harm by bringing you to retain Suzanne. Did you notice her change of countenance just now?"

"I did," I replied; "it was natural, when you recollect that a similarly mysterious loss ruined her worldly prospects. But, my friend," I continued, gravely, "you can not really think she would be guilty of so barefaced a robbery?"

"Not so much as I believe. You know that Suzanne has a worthless brother?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, I saw him, only yesterday, hanging about your premises, and warned him off. I said nothing about him, because I thought he meant to obey me, for he turned and walked off in the direction of the town."

I felt troubled and alarmed, I confess. Had Suzanne been so wicked as to admit the man into the house? I rang at once. When she obeyed the summons I asked her if she had seen her brother or the previous day.

"No; she had not seen him since I had arrived at the farm."

And she looked the image of candor as she spoke. But Doricourt was not so willing to place faith in her as I was.

"I don't believe her!" he exclaimed, after I had dismissed her. "With your permission, I shall at once place this affair in the hands of the police."

But I pointed out that it was an hour or two and to let me accompany him to the town.

"Have you lost any thing yourself?" he added, while we waited for the carriage.

"No; at least not that I am aware of; but since this place is so mysteriously haunted by a lovable robber, I will just take my few valuables with me and place them in the care of my lawyer."

With this intent I went to my bureau for the casket. It was not there!.....I fancied I might be mistaken; that I had locked it up with the plate which was not in daily use, and I hastened to ascertain the fact. Alas! some of the best pieces of plate were gone, and all had been removed from the closet. Nor did my losses end here. Many small treasures, only precious as heir-looms or souvenirs of dear friends, were also gone, and all had been removed from places of which I myself retained the key.

The amazement of Doricourt and myself was extreme.

"This can not be endured," he said, indignantly. "I can not forgive—not forgiveness for exposing me to such wholesale plunder. False keys have undoubtedly been used. Only a domestic traitor could have done this! I expect that some day you will awake and find yourself utterly stripped, and Suzanne gone."

"And shall I say? What could I object to his determination?

He ordered his carriage and drove off.

Suzanne, with a white, despairing face, brought in my early dinner. My heart ached as I gazed on her. Even if she were guilty (and I could not quite doubt her even yet), I loved her still.

"Suzanne," I said, "do you know what Doricourt is gone to do?"

"I can guess, Sir," she said, sadly.

"Listen," I continued, "I do not wish to expose you to a long imprisonment, nor even to the questioning of the police. Fly while there is yet time! Large tears rolled down her pale cheeks.

"You are too good, Sir," she said, gently; "that you will pardon me if I say I would rather die first. No! let them make every inquiry; let them torture me if they will. I am innocent; and sometimes I think if my good old master had not hushed up his losses to save me it had been better for me. The dreadful mystery might have been explained before now."

"You are *quite* innocent, then, Suzanne?"

Her look of pitiful surprise and rebuke answered me.

"Oh, Sir! But why should you *not* doubt me?"

And she left the room weeping. I certainly was very much inclined to do so myself. I resolutely resisted following her and telling her how I loved her.

Toward evening Doricourt returned with the police. They instituted a rigorous search all over the house, but without effect. No trace of the lost property could be found.

Then they questioned and cross-questioned Suzanne for an hour, which seemed to me endless.

And yet never had I seen her beauty so touching as when she stood meekly answering her persistent interrogatories. Once and again I interfered in her behalf, to their small amusement, especially as I saw they had no doubt of her having *at least* admitted her brother, and aided him in robbing me.

She was to go to jail; but it was too late to convey her thither that evening. The roads were nearly impassable, and the officers were unwilling to partake of my hospitality for the night.

Ah, that night! I can never forget it!

Before we retired to our rooms we were startled by a loud crash in the kitchen, and for the moment believed that a gang of robbers, headed by the redoubtable Jacques, were forcing a violent entrance. Doricourt and I hastened to the spot. It was only a stupid servant, who, having to get supper for the police, had thrown a pan of water in her room), had broken a bottle of wine to shivers on a kitchen-table. I scolded her for her awkwardness; but as the water was now confined to one side of the wall—not that on which the supper was spread —she loss was supplied, and the meal not interrupted.

I paced my room for more than an hour after I had wished Doricourt good-night. My anguish of mind was extreme. I felt that I had done nothing could be proved against Suzanne, the mere disgrace of a trial, and the apparent improbability of clearing her from suspicion, would drive her mad.

I did not *then* feel that any former pride or reluctance on my part had almost driven her to—

But I did not feel guilty?—if the property were discovered in the hands of her brother?..... I could not bear to think of it. I suffered tortures. Oh! my despised desk; my strict, but just employers. You were avenged! How I wished at that moment for my grand-uncle's will!

At length, exhausted by my emotions, I threw myself on my bed, and fell into a feverish slumber, full of dreams.

My dream was only a repetition of one that had recently haunted me; i.e., that robbers were in the house, and that I was endeavoring to conceal my treasures from them. I awoke from it, fancying Suzanne's brother had just swept off my foot with the bedclothes.

But the pain I dreamed was real and sharp; and where was I? I attempt a shrill, piercing cry of alarm. I saw standing on the table by the bare wall, amidst the broken glass of the bottle, and the blood was flowing from my wounded foot!

At first I guessed the man who was watching in the sitting-room. He came out, bringing his lamp.

"Why, Sir!" he cried. "What are you doing? You are hiding your pillow!"

And it was true! I was trying, or rather had been trying, to squeeze my pillow through a small hole you have seen in the wall, where the lath was still protruding from the hole over my head, and one of my hands grasped it.

I drew it out fully; and like lightning the truth flashed on me. I was a somnambulist! I had hidden my property myself! Suzanne was innocent!

I cried for joy. He came; and one of the officers, after removing the glass, mounted the table and examined the hole, while I wiped and bound up my bleeding foot.

Yes! there was Doricourt's watch!—and there were my snuff-box, my purse, my bracelets, my money, and—double marvel!—there also were the silver snuff-box, watch, and purse of my late kinsman! Could I have doubted that Suzanne ran in our family, or that Madame Lemaitre had made the hole to conceal the articles she wished her master to suppose stolen by the girl she hated? I think the latter; though Suzanne prefers believing that the good old gentleman actually had robbed himself in his dotage. I have my own private reminiscence of having been made on purpose, and artfully designed to escape notice, as, in fact, it had that of the young girl.

Of course her innocence was at once fully established.

"And so it was you who stole my watch, Mr. Somnambulist!" laughed Doricourt, the next morning.

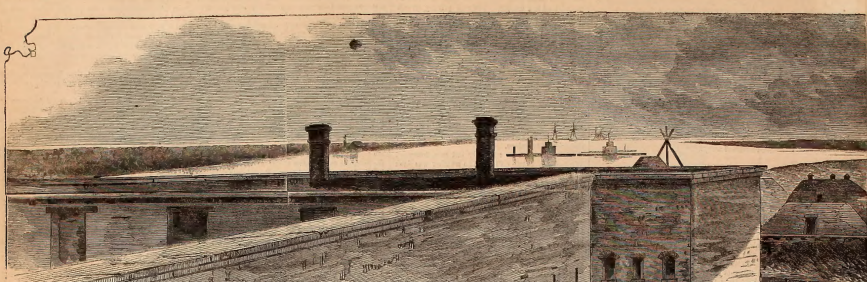
"What could have occurred to make you walk? Have you been accustomed to walking in your sleep?"

"No," I replied; "I never did such a thing before. But the truth is, Doricourt, that a country reparation I would not have grown watchful and restless at night. It is not pleasant to sleep in fear of cut-throats; and my lonely life makes me nervous. So, if you will be good enough to sell my farm I shall be satisfied with the proceeds and my uncle's savings, and return to my old life."

But it was not settled. We sold the farm, and returned to town—I say "we," for, of course, the reader has divined that I made Suzanne the only recompense I could for her unworthy suspicions my kinsman and myself had cast on her—I married her.

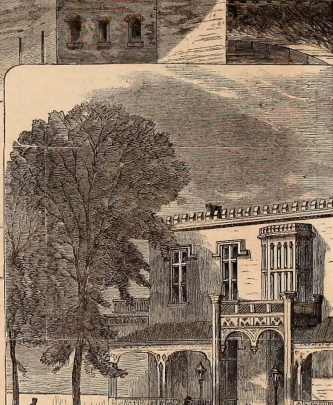
We live very happily. It is not known in town that I married my servant.

Suzanne is well educated, pretty, and genteel; and her humble origin is as little suspected as that she grew Madame Bernard, now a prosperous merchant, was once guilty of robbery—in his sleep.

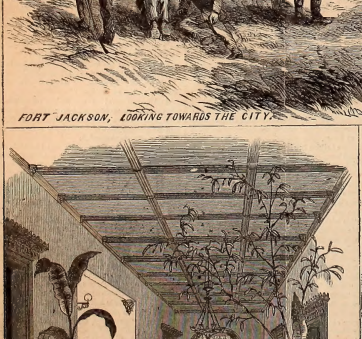




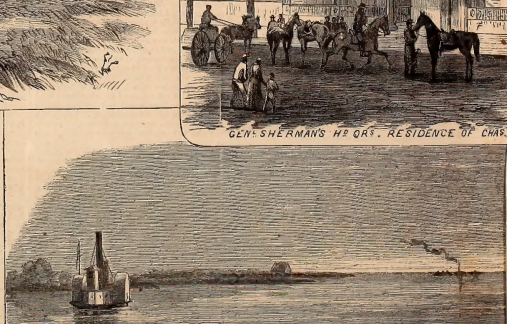
FORT JACKSON, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CITY.



GEN: SHERMAN'S HD QRS. RESIDENCE OF CHAS.

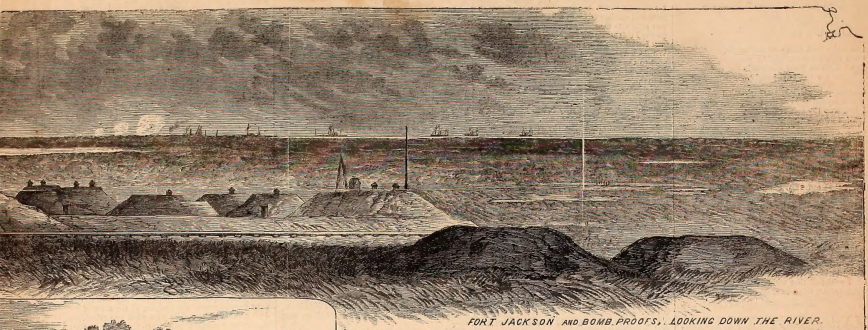


ENTRANCE HALL, RESIDENCE OF CHA:GREEN ESQ.



REBELS EVACUATING SAVANNAH, GEO. 1864.

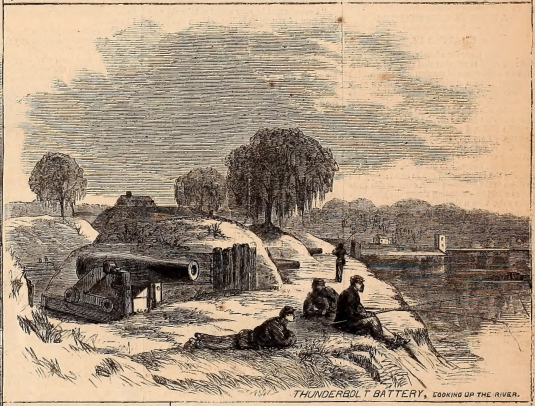
VIEWS IN AND AROUND SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—From Sketche



FORT JACKSON AND BOMB PROOFS, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.



GREEN, ESQ., SAVANNAH.



THUNDERBOLT BATTERY, LOOKING UP THE RIVER.





THUNDERBOLT BATTERY, LOOKING DOWN THE RIVER.

S BY J. H. PECK, THEODORE R. DAVIS, AND WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

A SILENT PARTING.

Unseen the porch we linger;
A Virginia creeper sheds
Its scarlet shower of glories
Eddying over our heads.

The white frost hangs on the maple,
Its crystals silver-bright;
The red leaves whirl and rustle
Under our feet in the night.

O'er the yellow'd woods are gleaming
The myriad stars of eve;
I look into thy soft brown eyes,
Mine own, for a brief reprieve—

From the parting that *must* come,
The farewell that *must* be spoken,
With a tender shading of pain in,
And a trustful faith unbroken.

Thou wouldest not I should stay,
Yet thou canst not bid me go;
Neither a word of love can speak—
Well, it is ever so!

That when soul is enchain'd to soul,
A sweet silence speaketh best,
Nor wanteth measure of words to tell
The hushed pulsations rest.

Upriseth the full-globed moon,
And in thy dear face in the night
I can read—all that which I fain would know—
Good-night, mine own, good-night!

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

A STRANGE place for a lonely, unprotected woman! I tried to drive the thought from my mind, to preserve an indifference of manner while remarking the group of men gazing curiously down upon the little barges with its two contrabands, Tom and myself.

The Captain jumped into the boat with a welcome upon his face as cordial as his words.

"Miss Miller, I presume? Captain Hall, of the navy. I am very happy to offer you my protection. Your father is also honoured."

Aiding me up the steep, awkward ladder, he presented me formally to his officers, who stood awaiting the introduction with hat in hand; then led me down to the cabin—a cozy, comfortable little spot as could be, extending across the after-part of the ship, with its state-room and embrasure on either side. A centre-table, suspending lamp, cushioned lockers extending sofa-like all around, and a great swivel arm-chair, soft and silencing-provoking, were the first objects presented to the eye. The Captain's state-room opened from the forward part. Unlocking the door, he said:

"This will be your boudoir, Miss Miller. Don't be alarmed at the armaments."

Tom went in to deposit my carpet-bag and portmanteau, and issued from thence with a sort of shivering "Gor-o-mighty" on his lips at sight of the shining weapons hung around on every side.

Whether the deep mourning of my dress, my utter loneliness and dependence, or the marks of recent illness recommended me most to the Captain's paternal care, I can not tell. Certain it is to himself could have been more tender or considerate than he during the entire voyage. Before the first breakfast was over he had drawn from me the whole story, and told me in return of his own family in New York, and of their recent bereavement in the loss of his brave young son, shot in one of the hand engagements on the Mississippi. Two of the officers were invited to dine with us at the little cabin table each day; one of them proved to be a native of my own State, and had at one time been an academic student with my brother Willie.

We had a couple days for water to cross the bar at the mouth of the St. Johns; then the vessel put to sea, and set sail for Port Royal. The next evening we were entering Broad River, with Hilton Head on one hand, Bay Point on the other, and the magnificent Bay before us, dotted all over with vessels of every description, from a stately ship of the line to a tiny sail-boat. Conspicuous among them was the noble *Wabash*, with the admiral's pennant flying, at whose bow poured those first terrible broadsides into the rebel fors Walker and Beauregard.

It was very exciting as we went in to listen to the officers' description of their first entrance into Port Royal on the memorable 7th of November, the flag-ship leading the way, two or three sloops of war and eighteen gun-boats all pouring shot and shell into the devoted fortresses until the Palmetto flag gave way to the victorious "Stars and Stripes."

"Are there any rebel prisoners at Port Royal?" I asked the Captain as we sailed up the bay.

"Only a few in the hospitals, taken at Pulaski and James Island."

"Do you know what disposition has been made of those recently captured at Williamsburg?"

"I think the officers are at Fortress Monroe, to be sent North. Am not certain about the men."

Captain Hall brought his glass to bear upon the different vessels that crowded the levee.

"Ah! the *Arago* is in," he observed, handing me the telescope. "That dark, old-looking steamship in the right pier. She is the finest transport between this port and New York. I shall be able to secure you what no rebel will seem excellent accommodations after; or many discomforts here."

"If you only knew how comfortable you have made me, Captain, and how very grateful I feel for it, you would not mention discomforts. I have still another favor"—to ask of you—that when you return to the ... Johns you will, if possible, forward this letter for me. It is sealed."

"I will create an opportunity if necessary. We drop anchor here now. I will have to report to the flag-ship without delay: meanwhile I will send to inquire when the *Arago* sails, so as to make arrangements for your passage."

He left me to give orders, and I sat for the next hour amusing myself in observing the noble harbor and wondering why it had never been a point of commercial importance.

It was evening before the transport was to sail the next afternoon, stopping at Fortress Monroe.

I spent the morning in examining points of interest in the new city, watching the drill of the First South Carolina Regiment of darkeys, and visiting the hospitals, returning to the gun-boat to dinner. The little cabin seemed more homelike than the magnificent saloons of the *Arago*, and I bade it and the gallant officers of the steamer adieu with a swelling heart.

The decks of the *Arago* were crowded upon our arrival with every shade and condition of humanity. Officers and their families putting on airs; sick and wounded soldiers looking as though home would be a blessed heaven; a whole corps of enthusiastic teachers whose labors had somehow been brought to a premature end; cotton speculators, clergymen, and contrabands, all waiting the joyful signal to weigh anchor and depart.

Captain Gadsden came to me for a moment, saying, gallantly,

"I am charged by your escort to take the very best care of you, Miss Miller. Upon the honor of a gentleman I will do it."

He kept his word.

Tom's recent flush the first had been most exemplary, and his anxiety lest he might lose me at Port Royal was simply amusing. I had found my opportunity, and told him that if his master since we left Florida, but the way he peered around among the prisoners convinced me he had not. While the Captain's steward was getting out of port I observed him on the upper deck not far from me, and beckoned to him.

"We are nearing Fort Monroe, Tom Monroe, Tom. That is where the Williamsburg prisoners are landed. The vessel only stops a few hours. We shall have to be on the alert."

"If Mars'r George's char, Miss, dis boy'll find um, sure. I gwine own mos' ebery Florida—ole Cun'l Clinton's ob'erseer—no account fellow. Tole' him master's got..cotched, and I'd run away. Dat's all, Miss. I'se gwine to find um. Don't trust such trash."

Not quite two days to Fortress Monroe. An old gentleman, Mr. Hamilton, whom I knew had been wounded at Stono, had a permit to visit the hospitals, and kindly offered to take me under his escort to the unpromising place. I took great delicacy overcome, and so sanguine was I then of being able to discover the object of our search at once that I was informed that Colonel Hamilton had been sent North only the day before I was ready to sink with disappointment.

"How was he?" I asked.

"Very feeble; arm not doing well; probably have to undergo a second amputation. He was very obstinate about it. Said he would rather live to lose it yet, I'm afraid. Are you faint, Madam? Allow me to bring you a glass of water."

I declined the offer, but accepted a seat.

The old gentleman was more fortunate in his information. His son had written that he would be able to go North probably by next steamer. He accompanied me back to the vessel as happy as I was despondent. We met Tom.

"Oh, Miss! was lookin' fur you. I've seen him!"

"Am afraid you're mistaken, Tom. He went North yesterday."

"Jes' seen um, Miss, gittin' out one dem day big ferg'—carrying a couple of ambulances which stood on the wharf.

"Did you speak to him?"

"Didn't speak, Miss. De dam guard push me back wid his gun."

I had a feeling that Tom was not mistaken, though how to reconcile the two statements was a mystery.

The old gentleman left me at the vessel, and I hurried away to greet his son, whom he had not yet seen. I bade Tom look around the deck, and if he discovered his master report at my state-room door.

A few moments of suspense and a heavy footstep announced Tom.

"Oh, Miss! spoke to him dis yer time sure."

"Where is he?"

"Up dere, on dat stars, white as cotton."

"What did he say to you?"

"Didn't take no notus fust. Den I take his hand, and say, 'Mars'r George, don't you know Tom?' He look wild, and say, 'De debil and all! What you come from?'

Tom could say no more, and began to blubber.

"Did you tell him I was here, Tom?"

"No, Miss; didn't tell him no more to once."

"Don't, then; I will see him alone myself."

It was some time before I could compose myself sufficiently.

Tom described the very place where I might find him; and when the vessel got under way, and every body was watching the receding shores, I crept up softly and stood before him, trembling like a culprit. He gazed upon me without speaking, until I could bear it no longer and burst into tears. Then he arose, gave me his left hand, and said:

"I don't know whether to trust the evidence of my senses or not. I am under the influence of a double dose of chloroform, and may be sane and may not. Speak to me, Margy, and break the spell."

I raised his hand to my lips, but could not speak.

"Ah! that hand is worth two hands now," he said. Then, in an undertone, added, "When I saw you last I would have given my right hand willingly for one word of recognition. God is good!"

I bowed my head, not yet able to speak.

"Let us sit down here in the shadow of the wheel-house and get composed. How are you, Margy?"

"Well, nearly."

"So it was you who instigated Tom to run away, was it? I shall have to hear about it presently. How did you leave the children and Aunty Hamilton?"

"Perfectly well, but much grieved on your account."

"My poor darlings! I suppose they are grieving for you now. They have reason to."

To turn the conversation, I said:

"The hospital surgeon told me you went North yesterday. How happened it you were detained?"

"By fainting away very opportunely, I believe. At all events, I found myself in one of the hospital tents again last night instead of on the boat as I anticipated. Two or three others of the prisoners were also left for some cause."

"Where are they sending you?"

"To Lafayette, perhaps. I don't know. It doesn't matter much, Margy."

"But it matters with me, Colonel Hamilton, and I shall take you to Aunt Hannah as soon as I can."

"You can get permission to harbor a rebel," he said, finishing the sentence for me, but not as I intended.

"I mean to convert you."

"You may turn me from any thing but a principle, Margy."

The day had been very warm, but the breeze blew freshly from the north as evening drew on, and Tom, who had been reading at a respectful distance, to my state-room for a warm shawl.

"For yourself, not for me, Margy," he said, when I would have thrown it around him.

I feel too much weight on my arm now, and shall be forced to retire soon for the surgeon to dress it. You will prove a real godsend if he chooses to remain with me. At this moment he is first on my list of wants."

I saw no more of Colonel Hamilton until nearly noon the next day. He sent Tom early to inquire for me, and to say that he had rested badly and would try to get sleep. During the forenoon I met the surgeon and asked his opinion of the case. His reply was more favorable than that elicited at the hospital.

We were sitting upon the deck again that afternoon, when Tom came to me.

"I wish to ask you a question, Colonel Hamilton. Did you destroy the mortgage my brother gave you?"

"Most certainly. Why, Margy?"

"Because I have altered my mind about it, and would like to make the exchange now. When I return to Florida I shall need Southern money, and you might like the other while North."

"Bless you! You will not find me too proud to accept your offer if I have need of funds, as I have no doubt I shall. Thank you, Margy."

We did not talk much; our hearts were too full for words. Mine, notwithstanding the satisfaction that I had accomplished in part my purpose, was nigh to bursting as familiar objects began to rise before me. Nearly two years of sad vicissitude had passed since I turned for a last look at the beautiful shores which surround the bay of New York. I was full of hope then, every thing was going subdued by strong will. Where was he now? Away among the lonely cedars, on the enemy's soil. Had I not promised never to return without him? How had I kept my vow?

"Don't, Margy," Colonel Hamilton said, in a tremulous voice. "Don't give way now. I read every thought on your sad face. Robert is happier than we."

"Oh, I have left him behind!"

"Not behind, Margy. His spirit from several heights looks down pityingly upon us. I shall never forget the day when I promised him not to leave you uncared for, even though I might fail in overcoming your aversion. It was that of a boy, giving up his life, for you we live ill, Margy, so very ill, that look reproached me for allowing you to labor for me. I would have given my life to save his darling."

It was the first time he had ever called me by that tender name.

"I was very happy at the Lake. I could not have lived without occupation, and mine there was delightful. You have always been kind to me, Sir."

And was it the wish to requite some fancied obligation which impelled you to come so resolutely North at this time? I am afraid of your pride still, Margy."

"I cannot say a friend. But let us speak about other things."

Past Sutter Island and the Jersey shore—past Rocky Hill and its rebel heights—round the Battery, and up the Hudson until we reached the ship's pier, and every one was making preparations to go on shore.

"I can make my mark with my left hand," he said, as we were taking leave. "You will hear from me before leaving the city."

I took the St. Nicholas coach; he went away in a carriage with two other gentlemen, whether bound or not I could not tell.

My first work on arriving at the hotel was to address a note to a distinguished military gentleman in Washington, an old family friend—begging his influence in obtaining a parole for Colonel Hamilton until he could be exchanged. I did not hesitate to detail the obligations I was under for his unremitting care and kindness both to my brother and myself.

Then I wrote a long, tear-blotted letter to Aunt Hannah.

The next day I was surprised to see Tom. He said Mars'r George done writ a note, and wanted him to bring an answer. I had some difficulty at first with the perpendicular strokes, or rather scratches, but made it all out with study:

"I am doing nicely here in the hospital at Hamilton, my *name-fort*, where I was brought through the courtesy of a comparative stranger whom I met at Fortress Monroe. Every care and kindness is accorded to me, and I am in a fair way to learn to love my enemies. Let me know when you contemplate leaving the city. The surgeon promises to save the residue of my arm, but enjoins quiet for a time. I shall see you again as soon as possible."

A little necessary shopping was my excuse for waiting to hear from Washington. When the reply came every thing promised favorably. A cartel would probably be arranged soon, and Colonel Hamilton's name should not be omitted on the first exchange list. Meantime the commanding officer of the district would be instructed to grant him a limited parole.

I felt no ordinary pleasure in communicating the information to Colonel Hamilton, with the notice that I was then ready for the country.

I left that same evening on the train, and the next day, at noon, was weeping in the arms of dear Aunt Hannah. Not a question was asked, no curiosity evinced, only a strong outburst of sorrow as she clasped me to her heart, then led me away silently to her own room, where she removed my traveling garments, and had her poor weary child lie down and rest.

No neighbor was permitted to disturb my rest that day or the next, though the house was frequented by kind inquirers and sympathizers, all eager to know how I was, and how I had ever managed to get home in war time. Roberta's death, the time and place, had all been communicated in the letter from the South. She made no allusion to it until the third day, when I dressed and went to meet her in the garden.

"Poor Roberta!" Aunt Hannah said, with a sigh enough for pies," she said, showing me specimens she had just picked up. "Robert loved them extremely. Tell me, child, what will be didn't suffer for care nor nothing at the last."

He suffered for nothing, Aunt Hannah. He made friends every where."

"Set down on the garden bench here and tell me a little about it, if 'tain't too hard."

I told her in the few words as possible what I have written in detail. At the close she wiped away her tears, and fastening on me a keenly-inquiring look, said:

"One question more, Margy. Are you a rebel?"

"Every drop of blood in my heart beats true to my country and to the Union, Aunt Hannah."

"Thank Heaven! Your great-grandfather and my grandfather was cousins, and both soldiers of the Revolution. Never may their posterity forget it and turn traitors!" I was afraid about that friend you spoke on."

A week after we had an announcement. The "dear man" sent me a letter which we were at dinner. I recognized the irregular handwriting, and was conscious of Aunt Hannah's scrutiny as I hastily ran it over to her, I said:

"This concerns you as well as me. See what you think about it."

"He must be a real gentleman," she answered, "though not as handsome a hand as I have seen. I hope, Margy, he won't consider the 'invite' as the right way. Twill be done this week."

It was two weeks before he came, looking paler and thinner than when we parted in New York. Tom's words were not wanting to assure us he was not a great sufferer. Aunt Hannah received him more kindly than I apprehended from her stern loyalty, and said to me the first evening,

"He says are just the sort to win one like Robert. I don't wonder so much now, for he almost makes me forgit he is a rebel."

I think before he had been there a week she had forgotten it altogether.

The days were the apple-orchards and green fields was unbounded.

"Clar, Mars'r George, not a grain of sand yer. Jes' like all Gord's country."

"Wait," replied his master, "until the winter catches you here, my boy; then see what you think about it."

Not a slight sensation was created in our rural village by the arrival of the rebel Colonel Hamilton. To accommodate visitors Aunt Hannah, no word fell to wound the stranger whose kindness had smoothed my brother's pathway to the grave. Any remarks dropped in his presence to Robert's friend, fell naturally to politics, and even discussed the prospects of the war without harshness or vituperation, men who would move steadily forward to battle the giant wrong until the last strong-hold of the rebellion was destroyed. I alone spoke severely sometimes, when the laws of hospitality should have restrained.

He had been several weeks at the farm, riding and gaining strength every day in the clear, bracing air of our New England hills. I began to anticipate with silent dread the time when the prisoners would be exchanged, and think what an utter blank my life would be then. After all that had passed I was certain he would never ask the old question over again. How could he, when I had thrice refused him? I could not be insensible to his manner regard, however, nor of the fact that my own indifference had changed to a deep, absorbing interest.

We were conversing one evening on the probability of an agreement having already been made between the belligerents for the exchange of officers, and I congratulated him on his prospect of going home.

"The anticipation gives me scarcely less pain than pleasure," he remarked, seriously. "I see my growing paler and thinner every week, and feel that you are ill. I can not bear the thought of going away and leaving you to winter here in this rugged hill-country."

"Do you find it so unbearable then?" I asked, smiling.

"Too attractive to me altogether! But I think of the coming months with their rude storms—even for a tender one like you—and it is plain to me that this climate does not agree with you, even at this season, Margy."

"It is a northern land, and ought to be kind to her offspring."

"It has been fatal to your family, and should not be treated further. How could I make you believe me not entirely selfish in wishing you to return to Florida?"

"By demanding when I ever have found you selfish."

A clear, sharp glance penetrated the heart. I well-nigh discovered what image had stolen into my "Temple of Friendship."

"Margy," he said, drawing nearer and taking an unwilling hand, "recall those cruel words, and let me fold you to my heart once more—not as when I fought with the Angel of Death for you and conquered, but, alas! darling, I must. There, you are mine now, all mine—say not unwillingly. Lean your head upon my breast; you look pale if ever such it there. It will be father, brother, husband all in one. Why do you shrink so from that last word, Margy? Whisper once you love me."

"Better than my own life."

"And will marry me? Oh, Margy!"

"How can I? Don't urge me, my best friend!"

"Cruel! cruel!"

"If you knew how deeply it pains me to give you pain you would not call me cruel, Colonel Hamilton. Pity me, but do not call me cold or cruel."

"No, darling, I will not. Forgive me! it is I alone who am cruel. I know not what I say. Is there no way, no way, I can hope to win you?"

"None you would accept."

"Try me! Name any obligation you please, save renunciation of principle."

"Will you lay down arms?"

"I have taken them for my country; if I find myself to protect you with the other I shall have none left for the service. Nay, don't look so sad. I am only jesting. You are mine, darling, and may make your own terms. I will never give you up again!"

We were engaged that evening tacitly, if not by verbal promise.

I know it will be a mystery to many how a loyal woman can marry a rebel. It is a mystery to myself—inexplicable, sad, but sweet as any mystery of love. I am ready to cry, *peccavi! mea culpa!* in perfectly sincere mood. I say to Colonel Hamilton, "Would you had lost both hands in a better cause!" and can not help indulging a hope of seeing him draw a sword with his *left* hand but whole heart for the Union yet.

TWO DAYS WITH MOSBY.

I WAS up at reveille. Orders to inspect the camp of dismounted cavalry near Harper's Ferry had been in my pocket two days, awaiting an escort through the fifty miles of guerrilla infested country which lay between me and that distant post. This was the day for the regular train, and a thousand wagons were expected to leave Sheridan's head-quarters, on Cedar Creek, at daylight, with a brigade of infantry as guard, and a troop of cavalry as outriders.

An hour's ride of eight miles along a picketed line across the valley brought me to the famous "Valley Pike," and near the head-quarters of the army. Torbert was there, and I awaited his detailed instructions. Unavoidable delay ensued. Dispatches were to be sent, and they were not yet ready. An hour passed, and, meantime, the indistinct wagon-train was lightly and rapidly rolling away down the pike. The last wagon passed out of sight, and the rear-guard closed up behind it before I was ready to start. No other train was to go for four days. I must overtake this one or give up my journey. At length, accompanied by a single orderly, and my colored servant, George Washington, a contraband, commonly called "Wash," I started in pursuit of the train.

As I had nearly passed Newtown I overtook a small party apparently of the rear-guard of the train, who were lighting their pipes and buying cakes and apples at a small grocery on the right of the road, and who seemed to be in charge of a non-commissioned officer.

"Good-morning, Sergeant. You had better close up at once. The train is getting well ahead, and this is the favorite beat of Mosby."

"All right, Sir," he replied with a smile, and nodding to his men, they mounted at once and closed in behind me, while quite to my surprise I noticed three more of the party whom I had not before seen in front of me.

An instant's thought at once possessed me. I saw nothing to justify it, but I felt a presence of evil which I could not shake off. The men were in Union blue complete, and wore on their caps the well-known Greek cross which distinguishes the gallant Sixth Corp. They were young, intelligent, cleanly, and good-looking soldiers, armed with revolvers and Spencer's repeating carbine. I noticed the absence of sabres, but the presence of the Spencer, which is a comparatively new arm in our service, reassured me, and I thought it impossible that the enemy could as yet be possessed of them.

We galloped on merrily, and just as I was ready to laugh at my own fears, "Wash," who had been riding behind me and had heard some remark made by the soldiers, brushed up to my side, and whispered through his teeth chattering with fear,

"Massa, secesh sure! Run like de debbil!"

I turned to look back at three words, and saw six carbines leveled at me at twenty paces distant, and the Sergeant, who had watched every motion of the cigars, quietly forcing down his revolver from guard and the sharp command, "Halt. Surrender!"

We had reached a low place where the Opequon Creek crosses the pike, a mile from Newtown. The train was not a quarter of a mile ahead, but out of sight for the moment over the west ridge.

High stone walls lined the pike on either side, and a narrow bridge across the stream was in front of me and already occupied by the three rascals who had acted as advance-guard, and made a flank-and-rear movement which will never be effaced.

I had taken care to place myself between McCauley and Wash, and the moment the rebels began to snore and the sentry to nod over his pipe, we were in earnest and deep conversation.

McCauley proposed to mute our party and make a simultaneous rush for the carbines, and take our chances of stampeding the guard and escaping; but on passing the sentry found him quite awake, and three men were found willing to assent to it. As the odds were so largely against us, it was in vain to urge the risk.

The march began at an early hour the next morning, and I found myself directly up the Blue Ridge. We had emerged from the forest and descended about one-third of the height of the mountain, when I noticed a column of cavalry, about as like a map before us, showing plainly the lines of our army, its routes of supply, its foraging parties and its pickets, as the valley of the Loyal as distinctly as if we stood in one of its streets.

We now struck a wood path running southward and parallel with the crest of the mountain, along which we traveled for hours, with this wonderful panorama of forest and river, mountain and plain always in all the gorgeous beauty of the early autumn.

"This is a favorite promenade of mine," said Mosby. "I ride over to your parade-ground out their almost daily raids after me. There comes one of them now almost toward us. If you please we will ride down together and see them pass. It may be the last sight you will have of your old friends for some time," and, looking in the direction of his finger, I saw a squadron of my own regiment coming directly toward us on a road running under the foot of the mountain, and apparently on some foraging expedition down the valley. They passed within a half mile of us, under the mountain, while Mosby stood with folded arms on a rock above them.

Before noon we reached the road running through Manassas Gap, which place was held by about one hundred of Mosby's men, who signaled him as he approached, and here, much to my regret, the great guerrilla left us, bidding me a kindly good-by.

We were to pass through the gap and down the eastern side of the Blue Ridge, and by three o'clock reached Chester Gap, after passing which we descended to the valley, and were signaled him as he Sperryville on the direct line to Richmond.

Our guard was now reduced, as we are far within the Confederate lines, to seven men, including Wash and three men, and our party of eleven prisoners had seven horses among them. There was also a packhorse carrying our rations, forage, and some blankets. To the saddle of this pack-horse are strapped two Spencer carbines, muzzle downward, with their accouterments complete, including two well-filled cartridge-boxes.

I called Mack's attention to this fact as soon as the guard had dismounted, but he needed no second hint to comprehend it's full significance at once. He soon after dismounted, and when it came his turn to assist me, did so with apparent awkwardness, and the poorest and most broken-down horse of the party, with which he appeared to find it very difficult to keep up with the train, eventually succeeded in some mysterious way in laming.

He then dropped back to the Lieutenant in charge and modified the arrangements among his new horses for the pack-horse, and being particularly winning in his address, his request was at once granted, without a suspicion of the trap or a thought of the fatal carbines on the pack-saddle. I used some little skill in diverting the attention of the Lieutenant while Mack was so occupied; and as the train had begun to fall freely no one of the guard was particularly alert.

I was pleasantly gratified with the sight of Mack riding ahead on the pack-horse, with the two carbines still strapped to the saddle, but loosened, and well concealed by his heavy poncho, which he had spread as protection from the rain. These carbines were also equipped for mounting the spring apparatus by drawing out from the hollow stock a spiral spring, and dropping in the seven cartridges, one after the other, and then inserting the spring again behind them, which coils as it is pressed home, and by its elasticity forces the cartridges forward, one at a time, into the barrel at the successive movements of the lock.

I could see the movements of Mack's right arm by the sharp angle which it threw the poncho, and while guiding his horse with his left, looking the other way and chatting glibly with the other boys, he had dropped in the cartridges one after another, trotting his horse at the time to conceal the noise of their click, and finally forcing down the springs, and locking round at me with a look of the finest heroism and triumph I have ever beheld.

I nodded approval, and fearing he would precipitate matters, yet knowing that any instant might lead to discovery and be too late, I rode carelessly across the road to Brown, who was on foot, and, dismounting, asked him to lighten my girth, during which operation I told him the position of affairs as quickly as possible, and requested him to get up gradually by the side of Mack, communicate with him, and, at a signal from me, to seize one of the carbines and do his duty as a soldier if he valued his liberty.

Brown was terribly frightened and trembled like a leaf, but went immediately to his post, and I did not doubt would do his duty well.

I rode up again to the side of Lieutenant Whiting, and, like an echo from the past, came back to me my words of yesterday, "Possibly my turn may come to-morrow."

I engaged him in conversation, and, among other things, spoke of the prospect of sudden death as one always present in our army life, and the tendency it had to elicit heroism or ameliorate the character according to the quality of the individual.

He expressed the opinion which many held that a fatal train is made more horrible by it, and a refined and cultivated man is softened and made more refined by it.

We were on the immediate flank of Early's army. His cavalry was all around us. The road was thickly inhabited. It was almost night. We had passed a rebel picket but a mile back, and knew not how near another one or their camps might be.

The three rebel guards were riding in front of us and on our flanks, our party of prisoners was in the centre, and I was by the side of Lieutenant Whiting, who acted as rear-guard, when we entered a small grove of willow which for a moment screened the road. The hour was propitious. I gave the fatal signal and instantly threw myself from my saddle upon the Lieutenant, bringing him around the arms and dragging him from his horse, in the hope of securing his revolver, capturing him, and compelling him to yield me as a shield of the rebel line. At the same instant Mack raised one of the loaded carbines, and, in less time than I can write it, shot two of the guard in front of him, killing them instantly; and then coolly turning in his saddle, and seeing me struggling in the road with the Lieutenant, and the moment of obtaining the revolver apparently against me, he raised the carbine the third time; and as I strained the now desperate rebel to my breast, with his lifted face over my left shoulder, he shot him as directly between the eyes as he could have done if firing at a target at ten paces distance.

His bullet passed, and his ghastly corpse fell from my arms.

"Golly, Cap," said Mack, "I could have killed five or six more of them as well as not."

Brown had only wounded his man in the side, and added him to escape.

Our position was now perilous. Not a man of us knew the country, except its most general outlines. Our horses' wings could not be far away; the whole country would be alarmed in a few hours, darkness was intervening; and I doubted not that, before morning, the whole valley would be on our track. One half our party had already embraced, panic-stricken, at the first alarm, and every man for himself, scouring the country in every direction.

But five remained, including the faithful Wash, who had immediately displayed his special qualities by searching the bodies of the slain, and recovering therefrom, among other things, my gold huntingwatch from the person of Lieutenant Whiting, and over eleven hundred dollars in greenbacks, the proceeds, doubtless, of their various robberies of our men.

"Not quite nuff," said Wash, showing his ivories from ear to ear. "Dey vally dis nigger at two hundred dollars. I tink I ought to be worth more."

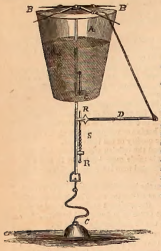
We instantly mounted the best horses, and, well armed with carbine and revolver, struck directly for the mountain on our right; his course being that would be the first place we should be sought for, soon changed our direction to the south, and rode for hours parallel toward the crest as rapidly as we could ride, and before complete darkness intervened we had made thirty miles from the place of action, and were then turning down up the mountain we rode as far as horses could climb, and, abandoning them, pushed on on foot through the whole night to the very summit of the Blue Ridge. Hence we could see the rebel camp-fires, and view their entire lines and position, just as daylight was breaking over the Valley.

The length of this weary day, and the terrible pangs of hunger and thirst which we suffered on this barren mountain, pertain to the more common experience of a soldier's life, and I need not describe them here.

We had to go still further south to avoid the scouts and pickets, and finally struck the Shenandoah opposite Front Royal, in the rear of Early's entire army, and there built a raft, and floated by night forty miles down that memorable stream, through the entire rebel army, until the glorious old flag once more hailed us a welcome.

THE REBEL COLONEL MOSBY.

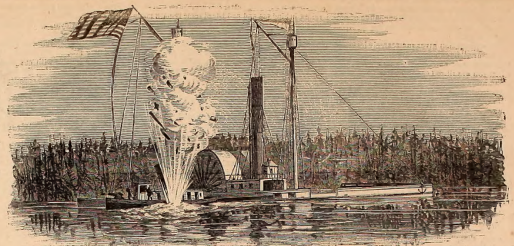
JOHN SINGLETON MOSBY, long notorious as a rebel guerrilla, was born in Virginia in 1832. Little is popularly known of his career before the war. In 1853 he was a student at law in that State, and for his services in harassing our troops encamped near Fredericksburg met with General Lee's approval and was promoted Major. In March, 1863, he captured General STOUGHTON at Fairfax Court House. He was wounded near this same place in August of the same year while making his pow-pow in 1864, to resume his official duties. Last August he was again wounded and put *hors du combat* for two months, after which he again appeared in a raid on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, for which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. December 10 he was given the full rank of Colonel. We give above an account, entitled "Two Days with Mosby," which, as being substantially true, will prove very interesting to our readers. This rebel Colonel has been the centre of a great deal of fabulous romance during the war. He has been recently reported captured, and seriously that his friends, it is reported, despair of his recovery.



A. Air-chamber.
D. Chamber containing the powder.
B, B. Cast-iron wheel made to fit over the top of the torpedo.
C. Anchor.

The torpedo is exploded by being struck with sufficient force to keel it over, which allows the wheel (B) to fall off, which in falling drags with it the rod (D), at the end of which is a small pin, which fits into a hole in the rod (R). The pin being pulled out releases the spiral spring (S) around the rod (R), which forces the rod against the bottom of the torpedo at F, where it strikes a cap and explodes the torpedo.

REBEL TORPEDO FOUND IN THE ROANOKE RIVER.



WRECK OF THE "OTSEGO," AND THE EXPLOSION OF THE TUG "BAZLEY" IN THE ROANOKE RIVER, DECEMBER 10, 1864.



A COMMISSARY TRAIN AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.—[DRAWN BY JOHN MCNEVIL.]



MR. R. C. GRIDLEY AND HIS SACK OF FLOUR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. JOHNSON, SAN FRANCISCO.]

MR. GRIDLEY AND HIS SACK OF FLOUR.

MR. R. C. GRIDLEY, of Austin, Nevada, has invented a new method of raising the wind. Whatever else may be thought of it, it is at least successful. An election was lately held in Austin for city officers, on the result of which many wagers were laid. Mr. GRIDLEY bet with Doctor HERRICK, the wager consisting of a sack of flour, which the unsuccessful better was to carry on his shoulders through the streets of the town, to the tune of John Brown. Mr. GRIDLEY, having lost, was on hand the morning after the election to fulfill his promise. Preceded by a brass-band and followed by a crowd, he marched through the street with the flour-sack, weighing 50 pounds, on his shoulders, amidst the shouts of the populace. After formally giving the flour into Doctor HERRICK'S hands he suggested that the latter should donate it to the Sanitary Commission. The suggestion was followed and the sack was put up at auction, and, after a spirited competition, sold for $350. It was again donated to the Commission, and was purchased by GRIDLEY, HOBART, and JACOBS for $250. The process was repeated over and over again until the sum of $6000 in gold had been realized. Starting for San Francisco with the sack Mr. GRIDLEY, in less than a month, had realized $63,000 in gold. No lady's album in Nevada or California is considered complete without a photograph of GRIDLEY and his sack of flour. Mr. GRIDLEY, on December 13, left San Francisco, with his sack of flour, of course, for New York city, where fabulous sums are piled up, in anticipation of his arrival, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

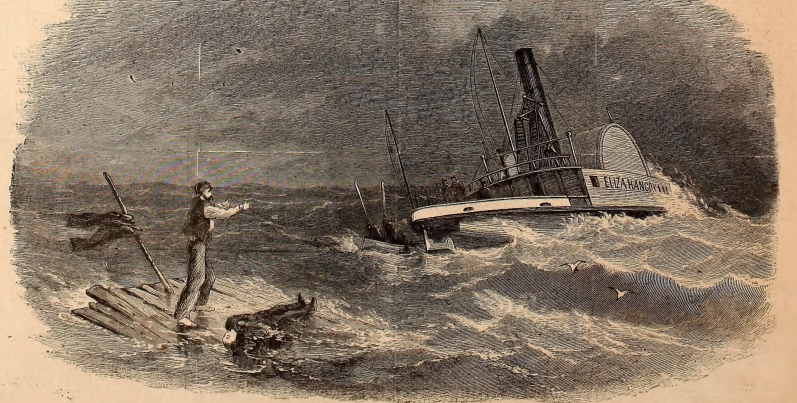


THE REBEL COLONEL JOHN S. MOSBY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY REES, RICHMOND, VA.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A WRECK RESCUED.

ON the 10th of December Colonel MILFORD'S dispatch-boat, the *Eliza Hancox*, while on its way from Port Royal to Charleston, just as darkness was approaching, discovered off seaward a large fragment of a wreck. Upon making toward it a human being was seen moving upon it, and endeavoring to attract attention to his perilous situation. A boat was lowered, and the man having been brought on board and warmed, told a most thrilling story of the wreck of which he was the sole survivor.

His name was JOHN R. CRUSE, and he had been a hand on the *R. B. Hoxlet*, of Philadelphia, which had been recently anchored in the channel-way off Charleston, and used as a light-ship. Her crew consisted of the captain, JAMES BREWER, the mate, A. H. DUNN, and four hands. The vessel had been wrecked the previous night. At first her anchor was broken through the force of the gale, and she began to drift toward the northern bar. It was not



THE "ELIZA HANCOX" RESCUING THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE WRECK OF A LIGHT-SHIP OFF CHARLESTON, S. C.

long before she struck and went to pieces. CROSS managed to get on a piece of the poop-deck with DEAN, the mate, and the two were carried out to sea, being frequently washed off from their frail raft by the breakers off Stono Inlet. DEAN having been bruised on the head by a plank when he was thrown into the water, survived only a short time. CROSS, availing himself of his companion's clothing, lashed the corpse to the wreck, having under consideration the necessity which might arise of his having to feed upon the poor mate's body. When he was rescued he had been already thirty-two hours without food.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

CHEMISTRY SIMPLIFIED FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.

How to make a Light in a Dark Room.—First darken the room. Then take of spirits of wine, 3 oz.; and shellac, 2 oz. Mix well together, and place them on the floor in the centre of the room. Procure a red-hot poker; apply it to the mess. This will soon light the compound.

How to Bore a Hole in a Piece of Iron.—Take about two feet wrought-iron gas-pipe, and a piece of boiler-plate. Get your mother's best velvet mantle. Take about two pounds of nitric acid, put them into the mantle in basin of water; if they don't believe you, set a hole right through. Pour it on the velvet. It will bore a hole right through it. This will gladden your mother's heart.

How to Make Fireworks at Home.—Take of one bundle, about two tablespoonfuls, skyrockets one pound, blank cartridges one at least. Wrap them into a paper parcel. Make the company stand round with their heads in a row. Put the parcel to any nervous old gentleman and tell him to put it in the fire. It will go off of its own accord. company. and remember not to stand in the room. Don't try this experiment more than twice a day.

COUNSEL TO THE POOR.

When hands and money all are spent
Take a large house, and don't pay rent.

"Poor Dick! how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, my dear sir, replied the other: "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

RIDDLES FOR THE RECKLESS.

ANTE BAN.—Why is any aunt superior to the person who shares your bedroom? Because a lady's barrier, while she is in Harriet.

HARTSHORN.—Where would you find a word that should suggest to Richard II. that he had best avoid Bolingbroke? —In the Dick-shun-ary.

A TRIFLER.—Why should wife-beating receive light punishment?—Because it's a mark-a-ble offence.

WORRIED.—Why do we expect more from a Worrier?—Because he's a worrier.

WHY NOT?—When can't you believe Truth?—When she lies at the bottom of a well.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Note.—A Man is a fuller position frequently consults his fi-diction. A Woman in similar circumstances is prompted to put herself in communication with her Mirror.

Query.—Does it follow that Woman is superior to Man, because she is more addicted to looking-glasses?

Note.—In the race of life, a gallant Sportsman has observed, Woman has the favorite canter off all the cups and plates.

Note.—Philosophers, perplexed to give a satisfactory definition of Woman, have gratuitously pronounced her a puzzle.

Query.—Will this ingenious suggestion account for her feeling so much pleasure in taking a rival to pieces?

THE FATHER SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—St. Francis de Sales.

LOVE SONG.

We met amid the glittering crowd,
We danced, I tore thine ample skirt,
And then we sat and fervent vowed,
Demanded why I would not flirt:
The fiddles ceased, we let me shrink
From this avowal fair and true.
Thou hast a wife, and think me
She's a much nicer girl than you.

A man who had recently become a votary to Bacchus, returned home one night in an unmistakable state of bewilderment. Think of me, he was unfortunately drunk, but perfectly conscious of his unfortunate situation. Knowing that his wife was asleep, he decided to attempt gaining his bed without disturbing her, and by sleeping off his drunkenness, escape censure from her altogether. He reached the door of his room without disturbing her, and thought it promising to be successful on his mission. He thought it he could reach the bedpost, and hold on to that while he slipped off his coat, the fact would be easily accomplished. Unfortunately for his scheme, a cruelly stool in a direct line with the bedpost, shot the middle of the floor. Of course, when his stolen cause in contact with the aforesaid piece of furniture, he pitched over it with perfect looseness; and upon gaining an erect position, ere an equilibrium was established, he went over it backward in an equally unsavory manner. Again he struggled to his feet, and was favored with the bower of ribbon beside me. At length, with the fifth fall, his patience became exhausted, and he resolved not yet to be overcome. In desperation he cried out to his sleeping partner, "Wife! wife! how many times you get in the house? I've fallen over five, and here's another before me!"

FOR A CHILD.

Sweet eyes spoken to,
Suck when you're child,
Buy me shoes,
Make kiss!

DARLING DAUGHTER. "Oh, Pa, what'f you think? Mr. Sandwich is coming!"

PAPA. "Well! the old——"

DAUGHTER. "Hush—oh, Pa! Since she's Reading, I mean—engaged to whatever you call it, you know!"

The following notice is displayed in a confectioner's window in a West-end street of London: "Stock Parlor, and all kinds of cakes, including legged baby" (a leg). In the very centre of the most civilized capital of Europe!

PRETTY INNOCENCE.

"Ma, dear, has Papa any bachelor uncles?"
"No, my boy; why, Hannah, dear, pray what mean your terms?
For you said just before his last gift, three carbuncles,
He was too fond of seeing his bachelor haunts!"

An advertisement appeared recently, promising, for a consideration, the secret of long life. Many applied, and got this answer for their money: "Get elected a member of the French Academy. They all attain a great age." Here followed a list of the members, and their ages.

Tactics say that pearls were common in his time. Forty per unit would probably be met with, here, rare. The best kinds are, a good wife, a thorough cob, a bottle of forty port, and a perfect benefactor.

A misanthropist enjoys the corruption of human nature as an epicure enjoys long-kept and inhaled venison.

FOOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

He who must earn before he dine,
Ought to be called at half past nine;
He who has tick at "Cock" or "Chicken,"
Need not get up until he pleases.

Does it soothe the feelings of a photographer, when he receives a positive refusal from a lady, that she gives him a negative?

CHEST-FALLEN.—A lady who had made a fortune by confectionery applied to the Lord Mayor for relief, on the ground that she was prohibited on being told that they could only give her a—lozenge.

NEW PROVERB.

Early to bed and early to rise
Is the way to feel stupid and have red eyes.

REMEMBERING ON A JOKE.—A tectotaler, living not far from Cockermouth, has grown prosperous, and is now Mr. Spencer, because he is the only one in whom he can find "the well of English undefiled."

FIGHT Marriages are not yet done away with—at least a great number of people who get married regret they were not slower about it.

A POEM ON A VERY FAT PARTY.

DEAR COPID hath no sorrow that
Could reach my heart through all thy fat:
But should one power pierce me,
A flame, then dot perish in the blaze!

The best house to spend the 21st of December in is a schoolmaster's, because there you are sure of having the great number of people who get married regret they were not slower about it.

A LINE FOR LENT.—A fast day is the stomach's birthday.

HOW TO KEEP A BEDROOM.—Keep it to yourself.

What sort of a marriage should you say that is which a man makes whose name is Morgan, and who lives in a garret? A Morgunatic marriage.

MATRIMONY.

A couple sat beside the fire,
Debating which should first retire.
The husband softly popped the question,
"Wife, you should go and warm the bed."
"I never will," the quick reply,
"I did so once, and nearly died."
"And I will not be outdone," the spouse,
With firmer tone and lowering brows.
And thus it went for half an hour,
Continuing till they nearly froze.
When both grew tired and suffering agher
Around the feebly glimmering fire,
They trimmed the dying embers,
As though the spar had seized their members.
Resolved, like Christian prior to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus they spent the evening pair
In silence shook and shivered there.
Until the clock struck twelve at last,
And cocks were crowing for the dawn!
When all at once the husband cried,
"Wife, hadn't we better go to bed?"

EVERY BODY'S SOURCE—Adam and Eve.

MEDICAL ADVICE—"Throw physic to the dogs!"

Burning houses are a serious matter, but they should be played upon.

A "MONOPOLITICAL CIRCLE"—A hole to creep though!!

A single man would scorch a pin-cushion for treason, and set fire to a conspiracy.

A great many households, like ancient Rome, suffer greatly from the Tarkins.

REAL POVERTY.—An Irish barrister, when he first domiciled in Liverpool, was troubled with "sirens" to serve writings" and his wife, who had preceded his poverty as follows: "When I first came to Liverpool I was in perfect rags; the tailors refused to trust me, and how could I stock my head through; and I had to have that my only shirt, washed by the dozen, for it was in twelve pieces."

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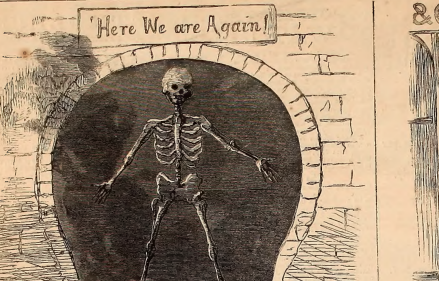
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 422.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

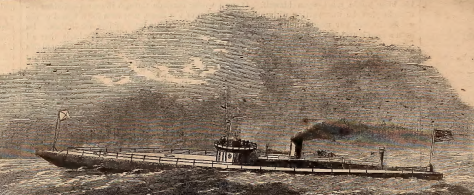
THE HON. WILLIAM DENNISON.

WILLIAM DENNISON was appointed Postmaster-General of the United States upon the resignation of MONTGOMERY BLAIR, of Maryland, September 24, 1864, and entered upon the discharge of his duties on the 1st day of October. He was born at Cincinnati on the 23d of November, 1815. On his mother's side he was of New England ancestry. His father was a native of New Jersey. In the year 1835 Mr. DENNISON graduated at Miami University, then a leading educational institution of the West. Mr. DENNISON pursued the study of law at Cincinnati, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. Mr. DENNISON soon after removed to Columbus, where he practiced his profession until 1848, when the Whigs of his district elected him to the Ohio Senate. His record as a Senator associates him with the repeal of the Ohio statutes denying colored persons the privileges of residence and of testimony in courts. His first public speech, in 1844, opposed the scheme for the extension of slavery involved in the admission of Texas into the Union; and his public acts and speeches have from that time to the present been consistent with the record thus early established.

In 1850 Mr. DENNISON retired from politics, though he was an ardent advocate of General SCOTT for President in 1852. About this time he began to turn his attention to the great railroad enterprises then being projected in the State.

Upon the inauguration of the Republican party Mr. DENNISON earnestly espoused its political creed, and in 1859 he was nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, and was elected.

When rebellion was declared by force of arms in April, 1861, Ohio, in all its departments of Government, was prepared to execute promptly the will of its people. The General Assembly had not adjourned. At his suggestion three millions of dollars were voted to protect Ohio from invasion or insurrection, and to sustain the Government against the rebels; additional military power was conferred upon the executive, and authority was granted for the immediate organization of troops for State defense. The response of Ohio to the call of President LINCOLN for 75,000 troops, and her prompt and generous responses to all subsequent calls by the General Government for aid against rebellion, form a prominent feature in the history of the war for the Union. Having organized nine regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and one battery of artillery as State troops, under State law, Governor DENNISON appointed GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, Major-General, to command them.



THE OCEAN MONITOR "DICTATOR."

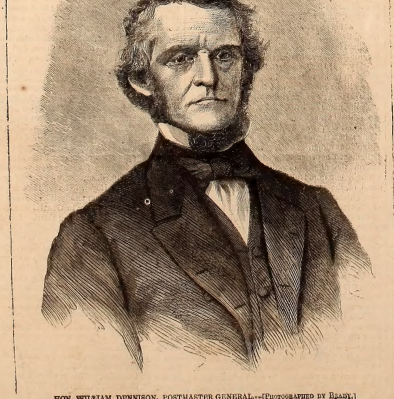
In the execution of his duties as Governor Mr. DENNISON never consulted his own ease. He was always prompt, energetic, and judicious in his official acts, and his administration was entirely satisfactory to the people of the State. Mr. DENNISON was Chairman of the Baltimore Convention in 1864. The appointment by the President of Mr. DENNISON to his present position is peculiarly fitting, and the country may be assured that he will honestly and industriously perform the duties to which he has been called as Postmaster-General.

GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.

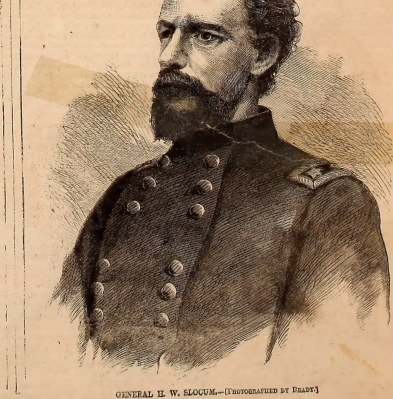
MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM, who commanded the left wing of SHERMAN'S army in its recent advance through Georgia, originally entered the war as Colonel of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers. This regiment left Elmira, one thousand strong, for Washington July 10, 1861. On August 9 of that year he was, at the same time with Colonel BERNIES, promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In the early portion of the war he was connected with the Virginia campaigns. In HOOKER'S Fredericksburg campaign General SLOCUM commanded the Twelfth Corps. At that time General HOWARD was also connected with the Army of the Potomac, commanding the Eleventh Corps. HOWARD now commands the three corps comprising the Army of the Tennessee. General SLOCUM'S record in the West has been a brilliant one. He took a prominent part in SHERMAN'S Atlanta campaign last summer, and was the first to enter the city after its evacuation by HOOD. He had in the mean time succeeded General HOOKER in the command of the Twentieth Corps. General SHERMAN, by intrusting to him the left column of his advancing army in the march through Georgia, gave him a confidence which was richly deserved, and which results have fully justified.

THE "DICTATOR."

THE ocean Monitor *Dictator* is an iron-clad ram, 4,033 tons, and carrying two guns. Her length is 224 feet, breadth 50, and depth 22. She was built by C. H. DELAMATER, at the Delamater Iron Works, New York City, from drawings and plans by JOHN ERICSSON. Her keel was laid in September, 1862, and an attempt to launch her on the 28th of November, 1863, failed. A month afterward she was successfully launched. She is the largest of our iron-clads, except the *Dunderberg*, and takes part in the second attempt against Fort Fisher.



HON. WILLIAM DENNISON, POSTMASTER GENERAL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

LETTERS FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY.

Five hundred thousand evangels
Sent to a million hearts
With the messages of triumph
In the strength which love imparts;

Sent to the gray-haired fathers
With a second gift of time,
To turn back their failing moments
Into the years of prime;

Sent to dim-sighted mothers
With realm of years gone by,
To witness the work accomplished,
And sweeten the time to die;

Sent to the fair child-brothers
With the might of the sword and pen,
And the prophecy of conquest
When they shall be bearded men;

Sent to unweary sisters
As the mystic-lined device,
Whereon is the recognition
Of their glory of sacrifice;

Sent to the wife and children,
Dearer than life's sweet breath,
With the holy lesson of duty
That looks in the eyes of death.

The volumes of sage and scholar
Grow lifeless and dim beside
The life of these winged letters
And their meaning glorified.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1865.

GENERAL BUTLER.

GENERAL BUTLER has made a grave mistake. In his farewell order to the Army of the James he says: "I have refused to order useless sacrifices of the lives of such soldiers; and I am relieved of your command." Does he really believe that he has been removed because he would not slaughter his soldiers? He is unjust to himself and to the Government in permitting himself to utter such an insinuation.

Of the gallantry, ability, and energy of General BUTLER there can be no doubt. But of the fact that, from Great Bethel to Wilmington, the purely military movements which he has directed have not been successful there is also no doubt. Certainly it is no shame to so effective a military governor that he should be proved to be no soldier. A man's qualities, however eminent, are not necessarily equal in every direction; and his removal from a military command is really no more discreditable to him than the withdrawal from the chair of mathematics of a professor who had no taste for algebra.

When the war began, and there was an imperative need of soldiers, they were not to be found. The few regularly-educated officers were all employed, while the demand for thousands more was unsatisfied. The Government was compelled, therefore, to call civilians to the service; and those who had the requisite intelligence, fidelity, capacity, and promptness, and who from their antecedents and positions were likely to inspire general confidence, were naturally and properly selected. Among such no one was more conspicuous than General BUTLER. He was the earliest hero of the war. His decision and comprehension and rapidity gave us Annapolis and Baltimore; but they were more suited to military victories. When FARRAGUT took New Orleans the same qualities made General BUTLER an unsurpassed head of the government of that city. But in all these instances he shone by the force of his executive and administrative skill rather than by distinctive military superiority. Yet such was the public admiration of his services and capacity that his recall from New Orleans and his replacement by General BANKS were felt to be misfortunes.

That his campaign before Petersburg was a public disappointment will not be denied. That he had not cut off reinforcements from Richmond, as he supposed, is clear; and that the subsequent military operations in his department, down to the failure at Wilmington, have not been successful, is indisputable. It is merely the truth to say that the public faith in his purely military ability is shaken, and that his retirement from a purely military command can not be considered a public misfortune. The war has winnowed our soldiers. The genius of GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, and SHERIDAN has been established. Their names certify success. But when the reverse is the case, there can be no general complaint of the mere fact of removal.

It is very foolish and untrue, therefore, to speak of the removal of General BUTLER as in itself a disgrace. It is no more disgraceful to him than it would be to General GRANT to be found out of place on a ship of the line. Nor is it just or wise to assume that his removal is due to any kind of jealousy. When there are fair and obvious reasons for an action, there is no need of assuming foul and obscure ones. If THOMAS, or SHERIDAN, or SHERMAN were removed from military command at this time the country would justly demand to know the reasons, and there might well be suspicion of intrigue or doubtful purpose. But with the military career of General BUTLER plainly before us it is not difficult to see that his removal does not necessarily imply discredit either to himself or to the Government.

Every friend of General BUTLER must regret the words we have quoted from his farewell order, and every enemy of his and the country will smile. That he has always been peculiarly obnoxious to rebels and Copperheads and foreign foes was his glory. Such has been the profoundest homage to his patriotism and efficiency. He never pleased them when in command, and it is only the more painful that he should gratify them in retiring. When he accuses the Government of removing him because he would not slaughter his soldiers he purposely insults it, and makes his recall in active service very difficult. Even if he felt that he could no longer remain upon terms with the Administration, he should have remembered how surely his fling would react upon himself. If he thought that he was partaking with all active service in the war magnanimity would have been a final laurel.

THE WHIRRING OF DOVES.

THE air is full of the cooing of doves and the rustle of olive boughs. Mr. BLAIR has flown to Richmond as Mr. GREELEY flew to Niagara Falls. It is to be seen whether the cooing of the one is more effective than that of the other.

So far as we can understand what the doves propose, it is to ascertain whether a true peace be now attainable. But how is that to be done by unofficial visits to JEFFERSON DAVIS, and how often are they to be made? To say that we ought to spare no effort to secure peace that the war is to be stopped is idle, because we do spare no effort, and we interpose no bar. The Government has said and repeated the terms upon which peace is offered. Do the doves numbers one or two any new terms to offer?

"But we ought to strive," says DOVE PARKER, of New Jersey, "to let the deluded people of the South understand that there is no question of subjugation by the North, but that the Union and the Constitution are the sole objects of the war." Certainly we ought to strive. But it to be done? Clearly not by any number of unofficial doves fluttering about the eaves of the Spottswood House in Richmond. Such embassies can serve no possible purpose. FOR DAVIS will naturally say, if you do not come from your Government we decline to declare upon what terms we will treat with you. As he did say, so to JAQUESS and KIRKE, that his first condition is independence, how does any one know that he speaks for the Confederate people, on the other hand, that he might not say something else to official bearers of the olive?

If the doves wish to inform the people of the South what the purposes of the United States Government is, let them ask the President to repeat officially what he has incessantly reiterated. Or, if they wish to satisfy some people at the North that the rebels will listen to nothing but separation, why are those people more likely to believe Mr. BLAIR than Col. JAQUESS? If the intention of the doves is to inform the Government is not resolved to hear no proposition of peace, certainly an unofficial offer to hear what DAVIS has to say will not be so convincing as the plain statement of the Government itself, officially made by the President, of the terms upon which peace is possible.

For we suppose that peace is to be settled. Peace is possible only when the rebels lay down their arms, and submit to the laws, and leave all differences between the citizens and Government of the United States to constitutional arbitration. Are not those terms imperative? If they are, what does it matter what terms DAVIS has to propose? If they are, how can the Southern people and Europe learn them except by official notification, and not by private interviews?

The infinite mischief is done by this well-intentioned project, that it implies that the Government is remiss in informing itself of the possibilities of peace; that it is resolved to prefer its own to some unknown terms, and consequently the effort increases the very doubt and dissatisfaction which it proposes to allay. Moreover, it can not fail to suggest to the rebels and to Europe that the Government is afraid of a war which it is constantly trying in an underhand way to stop; and if tired, then concious of weakness or of a doubtful cause.

The doves are very obliging, but the eagle is quite competent to conclude and confirm peace.

A BEGGING CRESUS.

THE great corporation of the State, the New York Central Railroad Company, has applied to the Legislature for permission to increase its rates of fare; in other words, to be paid more highly for its utterly inadequate accommodation of travelers, for its enormous and profitable through freight transport, and for its curious and constant disregard of the interests of the trade of the State of New York.

The business of this road, which appears in the light of a mendicant asking for public charity, transcends its utmost capacity to perform, and its profits are proportionate. Its line groans with the incessant passage of cars. The Sabbath air hums with its ponderous traffic. The wretched sheds in which it huddles its passengers are thronged by them all day and all night, wearily waiting for the trains delayed for hours and hours by the vast weight and length caused by the crowds of travelers who make the best shift they can. Meanwhile the warehouses of traders along the route are piled with merchandise which there is no means of carrying. Merchants buy and sell at one point, return home to another, and vainly wait days after weak fire a chance to send or to receive their goods. The through Western freight is so immense that the way freight along the line of the road is sacrificed, although the road was built to accommodate the State of New York. One of the officers of the road lately remarked that it had not half power enough to do its work.

And this Company, staggering under this vast business, so pressed with it that it has not means enough to do it, a great monopoly of the whole winter carriage through the most populous region of the State, now asks for a repeal of the law by which its rates of fare are limited. Its hunger grows by feeding. It pleads that all prices have risen. If they had fallen, would this modest Company have asked that its rates might be reduced? That it needs any such succor to save it from actual loss is a ludicrous joke to those who know what persons and influences control the road. The object is to get a firmer hold of larger profits, at the expense of the people of the State and of all who travel upon it.

The power of the Central Railroad as a political engine is enormous. It has not quite subdued the State to itself as the Camden and Amboy has the State of New Jersey; but its direct political influence, not to say coercion, is known. It is one of the demoralizing powers of the State, and, it is no untruth to say, attempts to carry its ends in the Legislature by means which it would be folly to confess. If it does not directly or indirectly bribe, it is as much maligned as it is modest.

If it is impossible to prevent the Company from levying another daily tax upon the traveling part of the public, we humbly hope that at least some conditions may be imposed with the privilege; as, for instance, that a certain per-centage of the local freight shall be regularly transported; that decent and sufficient station-houses shall replace the bleak and shameful sheds at Albany, Utica, Syracuse, and other points; that the new patent brake and raised-roof car shall be substituted for those now often used; that the conductor shall be forced to furnish every passenger a seat or to refund the fare, and, in general, that this towering corporation, which exists by the public consent and is supported by the public necessities, shall be compelled to conduct itself as what it is, the servant and not the master of the people of New York.

THE POPE'S BULL.

KING CAROLE sat upon the shore and commanded the sea to retire, but he had the good sense to command in person. Pope PIUS NINTH orders the tide back again, and really believes it will withdraw. His late letter is both one of the most amusing and the most humiliating performances of modern times. It is a bull against Protestantism. It is an edict against civilization. Every man who daily recalls the worn-out old house-dogs who sleep in the sun, infirm, toothless, and voiceless, who open their eyes lazily, wag their tails, and feebly go through the motions of barking, for they can do no more. But here is an old guardian who opens his eyes languidly, and growls at the sun traveling up the sky. He growls at the time of day, and affects to bark at the inevitable hours.

It will be nineteen years in June since Cardinal MASTAI FERRETTI was elected Pope, and took the name of PIUS NINTH. His accession was hailed as a new era. GREGORY SIXTEENTH, the old Pope, was a bigot, a narrow-minded tyrant; but it was implied that "Pius the Nono" was a man of such generous nature and enlightened experience that he would not only reform the abuses of administration in the Church, but would gladly place himself at the head of the most intelligent party in it, and adapt himself and the Church to the conditions of the times, in which it might still be a real power and retain the confidence and love of its wisest children. He began by some political amnesties of a doubtful character. He received from the Vatican to the Quirinal. Both acts were hailed as of the best augury, and during the first year of his reign the popular homage to the Pope was almost equal to the present adoration of GARIBALDI. There was even a hint of a constitution, and so good and just he seemed and even then so powerful possible.

Then came the French revolution of 1848, and all was over. A blanker disappointment than the succeeding years of his reign was never known. In the hands of ANTONELLI, an unscrupulous priest, he has been a passive instrument of reaction, until at last he fulminates—if so Gregorian a word may be used to describe a bleat instead of a roar—this melancholy protest against the activity of the human mind.

The Pope's encyclical letter of the 8th of December, 1864, is a *resumé* of all his denunciations against religious and political liberty, with a fresh effort "to destroy new opinions." The poor old gentleman in Rome sighs for the rack, and sobs for thumb-screws. It is a wicked error, he exclaims, that the civil power ought not to punish religious heresy. My excellent predecessor, GREGORY, he cries, declared that the doctrine of the right of every man to liberty of conscience and of worship is a "delirium," and I say Amen! Freedom of speech and common schools are no better. And why indeed should we wonder that a pontiff whose power depends upon intellectual darkness should complain of increasing light? That public opinion should have any weight whatever he declares to be a monstrous heresy. And why should he not say so of public opinion, since he knows what public opinion says of him?

The reason of the expiring power of the great institution that once controlled Christendom is nowhere more fully manifested than in this letter. It proposes to deal with man in the world, and it refuses to understand either. It is like a parent who does not see that his son at thirty years old is not his son of two years, and who threatens him with the dark closet and the rod if he does not go to bed at sunset. Meanwhile the thoughtful men of the Church of which the Pope is chief bishop—men who know and delight in the inevitable progress of the race and the amelioration of its condition—must be confounded by this futile and foolish wail. If today they are met and told by the highest authority they recognize that religious liberty is a naughty chimera, that honest differences of opinion ought to be punished by the brute force of the strongest, that governments existing by popular consent are contrary to the divine purpose, and that education is pernicious to the spiritual welfare of man, they can only hang their heads, and, as they are more or less heroic, decide either that the infallible head of the Church is the most foolish of mortals, or that he is miraculously allowed to say what common sense forbids. There is nothing which the best and wisest have urged against the inevitable moral and intellectual tendency of the Romish Church which is not justified by the Pope's encyclical letter.

SHERMAN'S FREEDMEN.

EVERY great military success upon our side brings equally great responsibilities. None of them is more obvious, more pressing, than the condition of the freedmen in the States which we occupy, or who flock to our lines. Their coming is natural and inevitable. Even the opponents of what is called the emancipation policy have always agreed that the march of our armies would free the slaves. Those opponents are men, and they know very well that they themselves would rather take the chances of liberty than the certainties of slavery. It was hoped, it was known, that SHERMAN's great march would bring thousands of slaves with it. It has done so. Did we think, also, how we should be ready to receive them?

After SHERMAN reached Savannah he sent this message to Secretary STANTON at Beaufort, with a ship-load of negroes: "Please find inclosed seven hundred contrabands, the first installment of fifteen thousand. Many of them are from far up in Georgia, and a long, weary, and sorrowful tramp they have had. Many of them with little children have not brought a thing with them, and have seen miserable doings. Bales of clothing could be disposed of among them." On Christmas-Day the agent of the National Freedmen's Relief Association at Beaufort was called upon to prepare for three several hundred, mostly old men, women, and children, who would arrive within an hour. Half of them had come from Atlanta, Georgia, and even Chattanooga. They were intelligent and healthy, but footsore and weary. They were utterly without blankets, stockings, and shoes. Among the seven hundred there were not fifty pairs of textiles for cooking, no axes, and few coverings for the head. The agents of the Association at once set vigorously to work, and the unfortunates housed in a dismsed commissary building through the rainy night that followed.

The next morning four hundred more sent off properly provided, and were encamped upon the island of Port Royal, to be scattered among the plantations as soon as possible. What little superintendence was needed in Mr. STANTON's hands were distributed among them. But the agent reports that there are no stockings, no children's clothing, no cloth for shirts or petticoats, no needles or thread to make them. The blankets are almost gone. Through exposure two hundred of the four hundred are sick; and boots like respect could reach officers of the association in New York, the agent says that from three to five thousand more, equally destitute, will arrive to join his settled colony.

The story is its own appeal. These people are thrown upon our care. We can not avoid it if we would. The most needed supplies are cooking utensils, axes, large and heavy shoes, wool socks and stockings, heavy pantaloons, petticoats, children's dresses of all kinds, blankets, thread, and needles. Money may be sent to JOSEPH B. COLLINS, Treasurer, 40 Wall Street; goods and clothing to C. C. LEIGH, 1 Mercer Street, New York.

If so generously and properly we send supplies to those who were lately our enemies, to those whom devotion to slavery occasioned the war, can we forget the innocent people who, as they have been the bruised victims of the long peace of slavery, are now the patient victims of the war of liberty?

THE FALL OF FORT FISHER.

THE history of the Wilmington Expedition is another proof of our Lieutenant-General's indomitable pertinacity. He never undertook without final accomplishment. He may not succeed in the first instance, or a partial reverse may reveal to him the insufficiency in the means taking or the incompetency of his subordinates. But he holds on notwithstanding, providing new means and shelving incapable officers, knowing that in the end, sooner or later, victory awaits the patient soldier.

BUTLER failed to take Fort Fisher, and men had hardly got through with reasoning upon his failure and its cause before the news of complete success, under another commander, upsets or modifies their military critiques. This success is of the first importance. The capture of Fort Fisher does not mean alone the taking of 75 guns and several hundred prisoners. It involves a loss to the rebels of their principal port, and to us whatever gain may result from the release of our blockading fleet at this point. But its chief value is in relation to the future military operations of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. The Cape Fear River is a convenient base for the most efficient co-operation of the two great armies now overshadowing the Atlantic rebel States.

The assault made on the 15th, and the five hours' fight hand to hand with the garrison of the fort, is not surpassed in the annals of war. The three divisions of AMES'S division—CURTIS'S, PENNYBACKER'S, and BELL'S—covered themselves with glory. Every one of the brigade commanders was wounded—two of them dangerously. Our loss, estimated at nearly one thousand, indicates the terrible sharpness of the fight. Two hundred of these were wounded by the bursting of a magazine after the fort was captured.

There was perfect harmony between the two parts of the expedition, and it is hard to say which deserves the most honor—PORTER for his effective bombardment, or TERRY for his skilful disposition of the land-force and conduct of the assault.

EDWARD EVERETT.

MR. EVERETT died as his warmest friends would have wished—quietly, painlessly, in his own home, and in the ripeness of his powers, his services, and his fame. He was our most eminent private citizen, and his death is doubly happy that it occurs when his lofty fidelity to the country has disarmed criticism and silenced the early faith of many who had been long estranged by the timidity of his political course at a time when timidity seemed almost treachery.

He was a singularly fortunate man from the beginning. A brilliant collegian; a fascinating young clergyman; a conspicuous public man, Representative, Governor, Ambassador, Senator, Secretary of State; an accomplished scholar and President of the University at Cambridge; a persuasive and polished orator, whose speeches are works for students and statesmen; and self-devoted to a fair but futile mission of sentimental unrest; a copious, learned, delightful, and even humorous writer, with no single literary monument of his varied scholarship and skill; cold, cautious, exact, punctual, proper, but gentle, courteous, genial, and serene; loving praise and sensitive to blame, yet never stung by it into vituperation or fiery retort, he passed from shining point to point of popular fame, not a man of the heroic mould by which states are founded or saved, but of that grace and refinement and gentleness by which they are truly adorned; and to him who has threescore and ten years well fulfilled, with the words of patriotic sympathy warm upon his lips, honored by the nation and beloved by his countrymen, *beatus ille*, to the end.

SKATING.

OATMAN AND VAN DYKE'S Skating Pond, on the Fifth Avenue between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets, is one of the chief attractions this winter. The ice is kept in excellent condition, the Police arrangements are satisfactory, and for children and ladies it is the safest place known to us. Colonel OATMAN himself is always present to supervise, and deserves the thanks of all lovers of the sublime art of skating for his energy and enterprise in providing this pond.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

A VERY important measure passed the Senate last week, having for its end the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty. This is not occasioned by the late difficulties arising out of the St. Albans' raid. The measure has been unsought, and is purely deprive the Government of a large revenue which would otherwise accrue. The Constitutional Amendment is still under consideration in the House. The debate has been conducted with moderation, and the issue has been very narrow scope for so important a subject.

The military situation has been again modified by a great victory. The fortifications on Federal Point, commanding the mouth of Cape Fear River, have been reduced by Admiral Porter and General Terry. Fort Fisher has been taken without a siege. This most important success secures two results—first, the closing of the port of Wilmington against blockade-runners; and second, an excellent base of military operations for General Sherman's army.

CONGRESS.

January 10:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed. The Consular bill was reported from the House.

In the House, a resolution was adopted directing the Military Committee to inquire into and report what legislation is necessary to secure to persons arrested and imprisoned by the military authorities a prompt examination into the cause of their arrest, and their discharge if there is no reason, or later evidence, for their arrest. The debate on the constitutional amendment was resumed.

January 11:

In the Senate, the resolution to repeal the Reciprocity Treaty was discussed at length. The principal speech against the resolution was Mr. Hale's. He said that the general operation of the treaty had been disastrous. The exports to Canada had within a few years increased from 12 cents per head to twenty-five dollars. Both free and dutypaying goods had increased. In 1853 the exports to Canada were $7,600,000; in 1854, $15,000,000; in 1860, $22,000,000; and in 1863, $28,000,000. The imports had increased from $800,000 to $30,000,000. The Senator thought not to strike a blow at commerce when we need the money to carry on the war. It would be a direct encouragement to the rebels and weaken the Union cause to repeal the treaty. Mr. Sumner replied to Mr. Hale. He said the treaty might be seen under four different heads. It concerns the Solicitor, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the commerce between the United States and the British Provinces, and the revenue of the United States. Each head, and to the forcible share was a plain advantage, because the treaty secured tranquillity on the frontier, which was a great attraction. As to the navigation of the St. Lawrence the concession was great, as it was that to which Canada attached most importance. During the first six years of the treaty only forty vessels, measuring 7,000 tons, passed from the ocean through the St. Lawrence; and during the same time only nineteen went up to Montreal. The navigation was in the same open highway. There are very petty sources when we consider the value of the commerce on the lakes, which, in 1856, was $58,787,320; or when we consider the carrying trade between the United States and the British Provinces. Take the years 1857 to 1863, inclusive, and we shall find that the tonnage of the vessels entered in the United States which cleared for the British Provinces was 10,027,330 tons, and the tonnage of vessels entered during this same period was 7,391,395 tons, while the shipping that cleared from the British Provinces for the United States from the British Provinces was 10,066,133 tons, and the foreign shipping which entered was 7,430,000 tons. The navigation of the St. Lawrence need not therefore be considered as element of consideration. Next, the treaty was to be considered in its relation to the revenue between the two countries. This had increased immensely, but only proportionately to the vast increase of trade, and due to the increase of population, and the increased facilities of reinterchange. Finally, the Senator thought that between the two countries had been a reciprocity treaty of the most extraordinary character for the benefit of government. In the three years immediately preceding the treaty the total amount of Canadian imports from foreign countries were $48,916,818, and the total imports were $76,588,577, while the total imports in the year preceding the treaty reached to forty-six. In the ten years of the treaty the total imports of Canada from foreign countries were $706,386,951. The total imports were $700,399,760. Accession of our hundred to seventy-eight. If we take Canada as the standard, we have the following gratifying results: First. The total exports to Canada in the three years immediately preceding the treaty were $31,000,000. In the total imports were $6,581,674, being in the proportion of the hundred to fifty-two. Second. The total exports to Canada alone during the ten years of the treaty were $176,071,014, and the total imports were $106,000,000, being in the proportion of one hundred to ninety-four. The last figure of the treaty was in the proportion of one hundred to the revenues of the country. If no treaty had been made the imports would have been in the proportion as before the treaty, Canada would have paid to the United States in duties $16,000,000 instead of $16,581,674, from which she has been relieved. This sum had actually been lost to the United States. The exports would have risen up $7,500,000, being the amount it would have collected if no treaty existed. This would have been in the proportion to the detriment of the United States. During the past year, although the United States had furnished gold in duties to Canada $16,581,962, while during the same period Canada had furnished to the United States the very moderate sum of $930,447. Here again was a vast disproportion to the detriment of the United States. The same inequality might be seen in another way. During the ten years of the treaty the exports of the United States had entered Canada and the free provisions of the treaty had entered the United States during the same period dutiable products of Canada and the free products of the United States had entered Canada to the amount of $7,700,462. During the same period free products of Canada had entered the United States to the amount of $176,071,014. From these various considerations it was clear to him that the treaty was a benefit to Canada, and suffered by this treaty, and that in this important particular it was disadvantageous to the United States and to their countries.

In the House, a bill was passed providing that in any action by or against any executors, administrators, or guardians, in which judgment may be rendered for or against them, neither party shall be allowed to testify, or against the estate of any deceased person, except to testify by the opposite party or by the court. The House resumed the consideration of the proposed amendment to the Constitution.

January 12:

In the Senate, a communication was received from the President in regard to the arrangement limiting the naval armaments on the lakes, and stating that the ratification of force was first sought by this Government. The arrangement was made between Richard Rush, then Secretary of State, and Charles Bagot, British Envoy Extraordinary. A report from the Finance Committee, declined that there was no law requiring the President to issue duty-paid permits to bonded wine-stores. After the consideration of the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty was resumed, Mr. Sumner said that the object of the treaty was to allow the members to pay their respects to Victoria's new Minister, Lord Lyons. He hoped that the debate was renewed, and the resolution finally passed 31 to 5. As after consideration, the resolution to repeal the treaty sends the President's signature to become final.

In the House, the debate was continued on the Constitutional Amendment.

January 13:

In the Senate, the Consular Appropriation bill was passed. Mr. Hale introduced a bill giving the use of the port at Halifax $3000 instead of $2000 salary was lost. Ocean was also to have notice of the termination of the treaty in regard to the Monroe doctrine, by passing an amendment introduced by Mr. Hale, declaring that "it is impolitic." Said Mr. Wade, we can only recognize the Republic; we have nothing to do with the Empire.

In the House, the debate on the Constitutional Amendment was continued. The consideration of the subject will not again come up until January 30.

January 14:

In the Senate, a resolution offered by Mr. Sumner was passed calling the President communicate to the Senate any information in his possession relative to the violation by Great Britain of the Tenth Article of the Treaty of August 9, 1842 (the Ashburton treaty), and the correspondence relative thereto. Mr. Sumner offered the notice required for the termination of such a treaty.

In the House, the Senate amendments to the joint resolution for the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty were concurred in. Some peace resolutions offered by Mr. COX were laid on the table by a vote of 84 to 51.

January 17:

In the Senate, no important measure was acted upon.

In the House, the subject of providing a permanent Government for States overthrown or subverted by rebellion came up, and was postponed for two weeks.

MORE ABOUT GRIERSON'S RAID.

General Grierson left Memphis with about 3000 men December 31. Last week we gave an account of his progress to Vicksburg, and thence to Baton Rouge. From Baton Rouge to Opelousas, a distance of 70 miles. He had thus far entirely destroyed the railroad. He made further search at Alexandria for a sharp fight with a rebel force and captured 500 prisoners. From Alexandria to Meridian he had the line of the railroad at Egypt, being compelled to do so by the concentration of rebels against him, and moved westward, striking the Mississippi Central Railroad below Canadada, destroying the railroad for 40 miles, several locomotives and 50 cars, together with extensive rebel factories.

The command consisted of three regiments, commanded by Karge, Winslow, and Osband. About 700 prisoners were captured, among whom was Brigadier-General Gholston, and there were brought in 1000 horses and mules besides 1000 horses. Forty miles of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad were badly damaged that Hood's army can not repair it for months. Nev postmen, new wagons, and a large amount of supplies are also said to have been destroyed in the raid. The destruction at Navada included 300 wagons and 500 cavalry horses and harness. Grierson's loss was about 100 killed and wounded.

HOOD AND THOMAS.

A dispatch from Nashville, dated Macon, January 7, reads as follows:

"General Hood reports from Spring Hill, December 27, 1864, that on the morning of the 16th instant, in front of Columbia, he had 70,000 men, with Beake of his army. They were repulsed on the night with heavy loss, but received reading from Duck River. His infantry engages on the left flank.

"Early on the 16th the enemy made a general attack on his entire line. All their assaults were handsomely repulsed with heavy loss. By 2 P.M. the enemy, with a portion of our line to the left of the centre suddenly gave way, causing our line to break. The rout of the enemy was complete, losing rapidly. Fifty pieces of artillery and several ordnance wagons were left in our hands. Our loss in killed and wounded heretofore small; in prisoners not ascertained. Major-General Cheatham and Brigadier-General Generals T. B. Smith and H. R. Jackson are captured."

The date of the above dispatch is evidently wrong, for instead of December 27, but was probably changed by mistake in the telegraph. The battle of Nashville was somewhat falsehood. Hood says we were repulsed on his right. This is not possible, because it must be admitted that Hood's right did hold its own ground during the day. We stands here, and the enemy's cavalry on our left drove in the infantry supports on his left toward night. What he means by "rout and disorganize" in this case will be hard to define. The truth is, his whole left was by Lynch pressed back, and his centre was forced to retreat. Thus he says that on the 16th all our assaults were repulsed until 2 P.M., when our line to the left gave way. Perhaps so. All we know is, that at 5.30 P.M. the fighting was almost over, and that by 6 P.M. the rebel army had already been accomplished. Hood very incidentally states that during the fight he had taken several ordnance wagons. This is probably while we were losing the battle.

From a dispatch of General Thomas's, dated December 28, we have the following estimate of Hood's losses since he entered Tennessee:

1. At the Battle of Franklin: 6000 killed, wounded, and captured; 4 general officers killed, 6 wounded, and 1 captured.

2. At Murfreesborough on the 5th: 1207 killed, wounded, and captured; 1 general killed; 2 guns.

3. In the battles between the 15th and 16th: 4462 captured; 51 guns; 3000 stands of small-arms; 5 stands of colors; 1 general captured.

4. During the retreat: 1500 to 3000 captured; 15 guns.

5. Cavalry: 1000 killed and captured; 12 guns; 1000 put out of combat; 10 guns.

The above estimate does not include the killed and wounded at the battle of Nashville, because the number of them has not been ascertained. The number of casualties, it has been equal to our own, it must have been over 7000. Four or five thousand is a fair guess for the wounded who are not included in Thomas's estimate.

RELIEF FOR SAVANNAH.

A meeting was held in the New York Produce Exchange on the 11th inst., to take action in reference to the relief of the suffering citizens of Savannah. Colonel Fallon Allen, an agent authorized by Mayor Arnold, addressed the meeting. He said that the people of the capitals, as a general thing, were loyal; but if only a few of them were loyal to the core, it was better that the loyalty rebels should be fed than that one loyal man should starve. He had come to New York to procure provisions for the State of Georgia.

Resolutions were then unanimously adopted, recommending the appointment of a committee of seventeen, to receive the offerings of the people.

Contributions for the suffering people of Savannah were to be received, and sent free in a Government steamer, leaving on the 14th or 15th inst.

FIGHT WITH INDIANS IN COLORADO.

January 7 a fight occurred between the Arapahoe and Cheyenne Indians and the Overland Mail Coach near Julesburg, Colorado, robbing the express box of $60,000 in greenbacks, and killing the driver and one man. The troops at Julesburg started at once in pursuit, and a fight occurred on the 26 Indians and 19 whites were killed. The Indians retreated southward.

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.

The State Convention of Missouri, at St. Louis, on the 11th instant, passed an ordinance for the speedy emancipation by a vote of 60 to 4.

It is the work by the people of the State of Missouri, in Convention assembled, that hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been guilty, and that all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

NEW NOMINATIONS.

Of the list of military nominations recently sent into the Senate by the President the Military Committee of the Senate have reported favorably on all except those of information the following in the regular army: Major-General W. T. Sherman, to date from August 31, 1864; Major-General G. G. Meade, to date from August 18, 1864; Major-General Winfield S. Hancock, to date from April 6, 1864; Major-General G. H. Thomas, to date from December 15, 1864; Major-General Hancock, to date from August 12, 1864; Colonel Benjamin S. Fisher, to be Chief of Signal Corps, to date from December 3, 1864.

NEWS ITEMS.

The rebel General Lyon, who has been trying a raid into Kentucky, is reported to be in Logan County, Kentucky, at his retreat, capturing a company of Federal cavalry. He crossed the Cumberland River below Tallahoma, broke up a few rails, and moved on his way to join Forrest at Decatur.

The rebels have placed a large working force on the East Tennessee railroad, with orders to repair the damage suffered from Stoneman's raid.

Jefferson Davis, in his late message, said that out of 11,796 bales of cotton shipped since last July from the region under the rebel control, "however that may be, it is known that during that time 7834 bales fell into the hands of the enemy."

Major-General Orl Ses succeeded General Butler in the command of the Department of Virginia.

The rebels made another attack on our picket line in front of Petersburg on the morning of the 14th, about daylight, and captured a few videttes on the right of the Second Division of the Ninth Corps.

The loyal men of Philadelphia have subscribed and raised a fund with which to purchase a house for the wife of Lieutenant-General Grant, at a cost of $65,000.

A detachment of Early's rebel army, under General Rosser, made an attack on Beverly, West Virginia, on the 11th inst., and, after an obstinate resistance on the part of the small national force stationed there, captured it and made prisoners of a considerable portion of the garrison, and even after moved off.

Deserters from Lee's army report that some of his troops have lately been sent from Richmond to oppose Sherman in South Carolina.

The rebel spy James Biver has recently been arrested, high, in many places overlooking the banks, and it upon the Potomac, and passed away a considerable portion the bulkhead of the Dutch Gap Canal, which was destroyed by the Christmas Day blast. It is said that a steam ten feet wide and several feet deep was also destroyed.

The manner in which the rebel guerrilla Mosby was driven from Fairfax County is thus described: Mosby had been skirmishing during the 31st with the enemy, and at night went into camp some eight or nine miles distant. The enemy, who were supposed to have retired, returned unperceived, and in the morning, before Colonel Mosby, hearing their footsteps, passed out of the room in which he was, and found himself confronting a squad that had entered the house. At the same moment he was fired upon by some others, and received a wound in the hip. He fell entered just under the ends of the ribs, on the left side, and passed out at a corresponding point on the right side, without wounding the bowels. He walked into a house near by, and was there captured by the Federals that he was an officer in the Sixth Cavalry.

A rebel steamer, loaded with cotton, left Florence, South Carolina, says that in the stockade at that place there were still 10,000 men, 1000 having died from scurvy.

The rebels in Richmond are in a terrible state of panic. Church Hill is deserted, the terrified inhabitants having left their homes in consequence of the recent shelling.

The Richmond *Examiner* and the Richmond *Sentinel*, speaking of Hardy and Pendleton Counties, in Virginia, say that they have been overrun by raiders, and that they belong to the Confederacy, and the mountains are infested with a band of deserters and robbers, who have been committing their depredations upon the South Branch of the Potomac.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the Sixth House, at Louisville, was entirely destroyed by fire. The property is estimated at from a million dollars. One person, William Hanna, of Shelby County, was burned to death in the flames. Mrs. Lincoln House was, after the Lindell Hotel, at St. Louis, the largest hotel in the West. It was built by Messrs. Lincoln, Bruch, Anderson, and others, made it their head-quarters. It was visited by the late General Jeff. C. Davis and General William Nelson in September, 1862.

Hon. VIRGIL HICKS, of Wisconsin, has been elected United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next.

Hon. Reverdy Johnson, in a letter to a prominent secessionist, says that the Confederacy, as a belligerent power, is dead.

General Meigs, dated Savannah, says: "You may see me name in any of the papers as one of the commanders of the army, to the effect that every part of the Southern country will soon be under the arms by a victorious system of foraging. More animals are here by your department while standing idle than would have been required to march by land, and seemingly hard marches into the interior."

Mr. Henry S. Foote, late of Mississippi, in a recent visit he delivered a speech in the rebel Congress, bitterly denouncing the policy of the rebel leaders, and recommending, and then resigned his seat, was captured a few days since in Secession, and is now a prisoner in Fort Lafayette. Virginia, by rebel cavalry who had been sent in pursuit of him. At the time he was captured he was attempting to get to Mexico. to make his escape from Rebeldom, and he, in fact, got within 100 miles of the Rio Grande, when, owing to unavoidable delay on his part, Jeff's emissaries were enabled to overtake him and capture him. He is now confined in the Washington.

Major-General John A. Logan reached Savannah January 6, and resumed command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, which, during the month, Brigadier-General was commanded by General Osterhaus.

A. Halifax, N. S., dispatch states that the late rebel pirate *Tallahassee*, now changed to a blockade-runner, and called the *Olustee*, was captured by the Niagara.

The rebels have been very busy preparing the railroads of Richmond for the relaying of the tracks, but as yet none have been put down, probably because they do not possess them.

On the 7th instant the steamship *Melville*, two days out from New York, on her way to Hilton Head Savannah and became a complete wreck. There were eighty-one persons on board, of whom only thirty-two were left on the wreck. The passengers were nearly all residents of Port Royal.

The brevets of Major and Brigadier-General are given to Colonel Curtis, with a few of the companies of the First New Mexico Cavalry, lately raised, and to Colonels Pennybacker, Hawley and Canambres, on Red River, south of the road from Alexandria to Natchitoches, and was finally captured. He had to fight his way back.

Ohio has furnished 371,800 men to the army and navy, of whom 16,500 have died in service, and about 6000 have been killed.

Hon. James Guthrie has been elected to take the place of Hon. Lazarus W. Powell in the United States Senate, by the State of Kentucky.

The town of Fishkill, on the Hudson, has become the victim of oil-fever. Indications of the existence of oil have been found on the farm of Mr. Van Wyck, and it is effectually doubtful whether mining will prove a profitable operation. But there are undeniable signs that oil can only be found in great coal regions. There is in the North an immense belt of coal-fields, which extends in some places two hundred millions of dollars, exclusive of private estate. Pa. In New York city alone there are 1,000 companies, with a capital of $134,645,000. In Philadelphia the capital invested in manufactures is $100,000,000.

The population of Wisconsin cities, according to the last State census, is as follows: Milwaukee, 45,000; Madison, 9072; Fond-du-Lac, 8881; Racine, 7212.

Thomas Church Brownell, D.D., Bishop of Connecticut, and presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, died at his residence in Middletown, Conn., on the 13th inst., at the age of eighty-six years.

The United States ship of war *San Jacinto* struck a reef off No Name Key on the Bahama Banks, December 31, and became a wreck. The crew and officers and guns were saved. She was a screw steamer, 1446 tons, and carried 14 guns.

General Godfrey Weitzel was, on the 18th inst., united in marriage to Miss Louise Bogan, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MADRIDIAN issued a manifesto, December 27, recognizing the Roman Catholic religion to be that of Spain, and recommending the abrogation of all ecclesiastical laws passed since 1834. The Belgian Legion had received at VERA Cruz to the number of five thousand. Two thousand more were expected in the month of January.

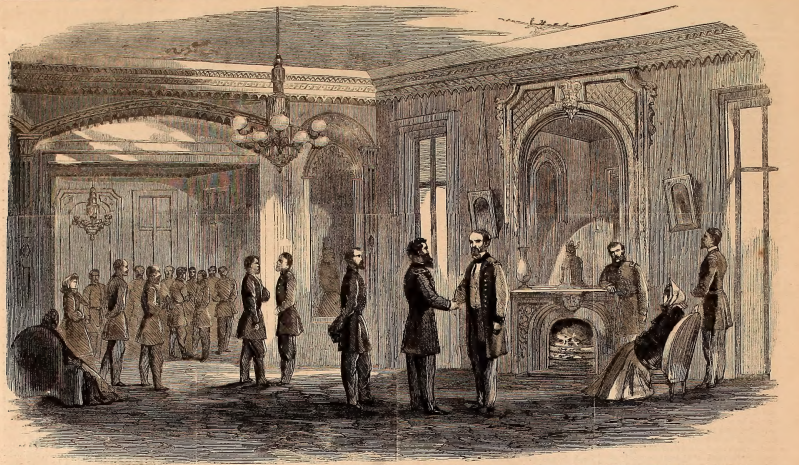
The news of Sherman's capture of Millidgeville, and of Hardee's flight to Augusta, has created a panic in the rebel England, and produced a great sensation. The news from Sherman's army has relieved all former impressions. The London *Times* says: "The resistance of the Georgians and the invasion of Sherman's army will create great excitation of the war. If Savannah be not yet taken, it will be besieged, and the operations before it will probably give rise to the most important military incidents of the winter."

Hood's defeat had been only partially reported. All that was known when the last of the Confederates had retreated, and driven, with a loss of from 5000 to 6000 prisoners, and 50 guns, from the field.

Great stress is laid in the English Journals on General Hood's order, which was considered unauthorized. On the other hand, great satisfaction was expressed with that part of the President's message bearing on our relations with Canada.



TWEEN DECKS AFTER ACTION—NEWS FROM HOME.

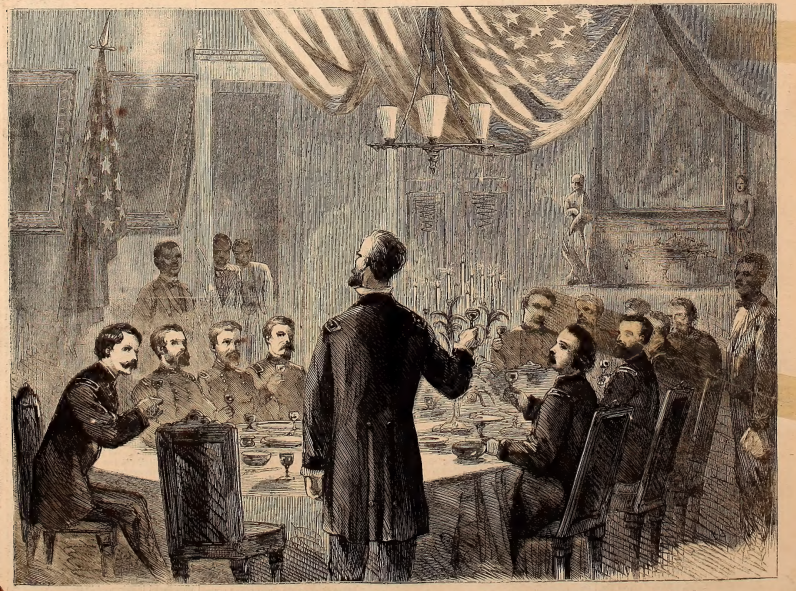


NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN SAVANNAH—GENERAL SHERMAN'S RECEPTION AT MR. GREEN'S.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE HOLIDAYS AT SAVANNAH.

IT was fitting that General SHERMAN, whose Christmas gift to the nation added a new zest to the Christmas dinner in every loyal household, should himself have enjoyed the festivity of the season so splendidly and so "fairly won." In the sketch which we have engraved our artist has chosen the moment when the General rose to respond to the toast in his honor, joyously pledged by men whom their illustrious chief had led through many toils and dangers to victory. The response was like the man—unaffected, intense in devotion to the nationality whose glorious symbol proudly hung above him, and full of terror to the enemies of the country as it was of kindness to all its friends. The occasion was a memorable one. But SHERMAN'S deeds and those of his army speak to the country louder than words. On New-Year's Day the General received his friends all day. Mr. GREEN'S splendid parlors were crowded with the throng of visitors.

The effect of SHERMAN'S judicious policy in Savannah is beginning to tell in other portions of the State. The Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* of January 4 notices several facts which must tend to affect all Georgians favorably. It says that the most perfect order is maintained in Savannah, notices several instances in which soldiers have been summarily punished for interference with citizens, and states that soldiers are under no circumstances allowed to enter private residences. The *Chronicle* goes on to give some items of news in regard to the



CHRISTMAS-DAY IN SAVANNAH—GENERAL SHERMAN'S CHRISTMAS DINNER AT MR. GREEN'S.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

rehabilitation of Savannah. One or two of the insurance companies of this city are considering a project for establishing a National Bank for the issue of greenbacks. The Custom-house and Post-office are being cleaned out preparatory to a recommencement of business. One store with goods from the North has already been opened. The churches on Sunday are well filled with ladies. A majority of the male population have remained in the city, and those who left have left their families behind them. There is at present no great want of provisions; but there is a scarcity of wood, which General SHERMAN proposes to relieve by getting wood by way of the Gulf Railway and hauling it to the citizens. Eleven hundred loaves of good baker's bread had been turned over by him to the Poor Association and distributed, which the *Chronicle* considers a kindly kind and providential gift."

The Georgia papers, too, now very strenuously deny that SHERMAN's army, in its march through the State, was guilty of any of the outrages which had been charged upon it. «This denial is based upon the statements of highly respectable citizens who were acquainted with the circumstances.

From the Savannah *Republican* we learn that, since the occupation of Savannah, elections have been held in Berrien, Thomas, Brooks, Lowndes, Clinch, Montgomery, Appling, and Tattnall Counties, comprising a good portion of Southeastern Georgia, and the following majorities have been given in favor of the restoration of the United States Government. The people have been arming to resist Secessionists, and the most intense excitement prevails in this region. The population of the counties above-named, according to the census of 1860, was upward of 20,000.

The Special Correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from Hilton Head, under date of December 30, makes some very important statements, the truth of which can not be doubted without a direct impeachment of the correspondent's veracity:

He states that on the 17th of December THOMAS B. MURRAY, of Milledgeville, Georgia, left that place November 19, and Augusta three days later, arriving at Montreal December 17. He is the proprietor of a large plantation near Milledgeville, is "a man above all DAVIS's own heart, and keeps upon Governor BROWN, and the Georgians in general, maledictions which would do credit to a fiend." He represents the people of his State as greatly disaffected with the DAVIS Government, and ready to accept the most humiliating terms of peace; and the sin of all is in charge upon "that set—if-baby-faced cripple (STEPHENS) and his cabbage-head satellite" (BROWN). He estimates that more than half the Georgians in the army are traitors, but thinks they are surrounded by patriotic officers and soldiers, who will continue to do their duty. Mr. MURRAY states that the most valuable government property and machinery was removed from Augusta, on SHERMAN's approach, to Branchville and Kingsville, S. C., but will probably be returned, as the Augusta Canal affords a water-power equaled nowhere else in the Confederacy. He states that, during the past year and a half, Augusta has produced more munitions and engineery of war than any three towns in the Confederacy combined, and that the number of negroes that joined SHERMAN's army was immense, he himself losing forty.

But the most important of Mr. MURRAY's statements is in regard to two petitions, one signed by 12,000 citizens of the State, to be offered in the Rebel Senate, and the other, signed by 15,000 women, to be presented to JEFF DAVIS. The former Senator HILL was requested to offer in the Senate, but declined to do so. Each petition set forth the hopelessness of the rebellion, and prayed for peace.

The *Tribune* correspondent saw a refugee copy of the women's petition. It began: "The undersigned mothers, sisters, wives, and widows of officers and soldiers of the Commonwealth of Georgia, who are living or have died in the military service of their country, respectfully submit to your Excellency and pray, etc. It then recounts the manifold sacrifices they have, without murmuring, made; the privations they have patiently endured, and the encouragement they have heroically given their loved ones in the field, etc. Next, it depicts the horrors of war, and attempts to show that all efforts on the part of the Confederacy to achieve its independence must in the end prove futile. It then fervently appeals to his Excellency, in the name of reason, humanity, and Christianity, to terminate the murderous contest; and assures him that, if that result can only be attained by sacrificing his personal pride and ambition, he may, by making the sacrifice while he has yet powerful armies at his command, obtain a place in history as the greatest patriot of modern times."

MR. DAVIS denied that he had been actuated by a desire for power or personal aggrandizement, and that as soon as it was shown that the peace and welfare of his country would be promoted by his retirement from office he would follow the example of NAPOLEON I. Whereupon the craven people's wife demanded the sacrifice at his hands to repent of their ingratitude and folly." He begged of them women to continue their efforts for one year longer, assuring them that if by that time peace did not smile upon the country, or its independence be recognized by foreign powers, he would no longer be President."

There is much in this report in regard to DAVIS's statements that is hard to believe; but, according to this correspondent, MURRAY said that his statement was confirmed by an interview which he had a short time before with DAVIS at Richmond. MURRAY stated, moreover, that DAVIS, when he said that, in the contingency named, he would no longer be President, meant that he would be King.

But the fact of the petitions, signed by about 27,000 people of Georgia, is that to which we draw attention. If it is a fact, then we may easily infer what the result will be if Governor BROWN follows the suggestion urged by the citizens of Savannah in their meeting of December 28, and allows the citizens of Georgia to vote on the question of the continuance of the war.

TWO.

Two buds plucked from the tree;
Two birdies flown from the nest;
Two little babies snatched
From a fond mother's breast;
Two little snow-white lambs
Gone from the sheltering fold;
Two little narrow graves
Down in the north-yard cold.

Two little drooping flowers,
Growing in a purer air,
Blooming fragrant and bright
In the great Gardener's care;
Two little forms of light
Flown far from fear and harm;
Two little snow-white lambs
In the good Shepherd's arm.

Two little angels more,
Singing with sweet voices,
Flinging their crowns of gold
Down at their Saviour's feet.
Free from all earthly stain—
Oh, who could wish them back
In this drear world again?

HANNAH GNELDT'S GOOD-STEP.

HANNAH GNELDT leaned upon her broom, and looked out from the low kitchen door across the silvery fields and the ice-glazed streamlet which lay between her home and the little village of Greenock, with its one church-spire and its shaggy roofs and blank white walls, bare now of the summer verdure. She had done her household work, polished every article capable of polish, and swept and sanded all the rest. At the last she had swept clean her doorstone, and now felt free to do what she chose, to rest, or gossip, or to do more work—a thing impossible to her while a spot beneath her roof was out of order. Just now she felt neither like gossiping nor sewing; her heart was very full, and she found it necessary to stand still and think a while. Only that she was not sad. In the world here cried, she was very sad. It seemed to her that the happiest people were those who lay in their green graves, in the church-yard, with crossed hands upon their bosoms, and feet quiet from all earthly going to and fro for evermore.

Not that HANNAH GNELDT was tired in body, or weary with the toil of household duty; for she was strong of frame, and her health was perfect, as her hands were willing. But in her heart she bore heavily the burden lay, her spirit that was worn with earthly travail.

"Twenty-three years to-day I've been his wife," she muttered, "and I've loved him well, and worked hard and faithful to keep things decent, and it's come to this at last! I've been better, says he, 'if he'd married Miss Lester!'"

Yes, that was what Farmer Gneldt, harassed by frail and debt, had said to his wife very recently; and it seemed to Hannah like the confession of a long repentance, forced from her husband's lips at last.

"Poor man! I wish I could help him," she sighed, leaning on her broom beside the door. "I do, but he's right about Miss Lester."

With that her eyes fell and rested by chance on the door-step.

"I can send that, any how," she said; "and I have time, for work is done."

So she hung the broom up, and peeped into her oven, and set the kettle on, and then, hooded and shawled, crossed the fields to where the farm joined that of Simeon Gray.

On one path were men at work, and stones lying about.

Hannah Gneldt nodded to the old farmer, and he came to meet her.

"I want a stone," she said. "May I have one?"

"I 've said I'd take 'em for the new farmer," a lot o' rubbish. You see I'm clearing away what they call the old grave-yard at last. Wife talks to me o' sanitary regulations, and such. Bless you, there ain't been none for years and years; and these hard times a man can't let land go to waste. I tell wife she don't know nothin' about it. What d'ye want to do? Pave a bit around the well?"

"No, I want a step," said Hannah. "That great white one just the thing." She had pointed to a slab hard by.

"It 's shall bring it over to-night," said the farmer.

"No," said Hannah. "I can roll it myself."

And her arms, strong as most men's, went to work at once, and the slab was rolled, and pushed, and pulled, and lifted. It was half a labour, but it did Hannah good. She tugged away, pushing and lifting, and adding woman's ingenuity to man's strength, and got it at last to where it was to be.

There she let it rest, and dug the old stone out, and afterward brought water to wash the white with, and then, as the snow, for the most part, with some little yellow weather-stains about the edge, and on one side a black inscription and frame, a line of eulogy, and dates. Hannah stared with the curiosity of one who can not read.

"I wish I could tell what that was," she said. "Some one's name and age. Ah, there were sore hearts when that was new. I hope when I die there will be some written over me who be a good wife. I've tried to be. I ought to know that big letter—wait a bit, I believe it is Z."

Then she turned the inscription downward, and washed the other side, clear and white, and fitted it into its place.

She received little credit for her work. Oliver only muttered,

"You needn't have published the fact that I couldn't afford a porch to all the place." And no one noticed the step afterward save Hannah when she scrubbed it.

Matters were very bad at the Gneldts'. Oliver brooded over the fire in speechless sorrow, and grew grayer and balder with each passing day. Hannah kept ruin off a little by making a home of the poor house, and a feast of the humble fare, by her housewife's skill. She might even have been cheerful but for the memory of that luckless speech.

Working in her garden one day, when the first spring grass was growing green, Hannah heard footsteps, and lifting her head, saw two gentlemen beside her, and arose precipitately with womanly anxiety about her ankles, not strictly covered perhaps by her petticoats. The nearest gentleman, an elderly man with bright dark eyes, addressed her,

"Mrs. Gneldt, I presume."

"Yes, Sir."

She asked him to walk in, and he did so, the other following.

In the little parlor they sat down.

"You are Mrs. Hannah Gneldt, Oliver Gneldt's wife?"

"Yes, Sir. Is it about—about—excuse me, you look like a lawyer, and I fear it's more trouble for Oliver."

"Reassure yourself," said the gentleman. "Reassure yourself, madame. Your husband is not concerned, and nothing you, not even I hope pleasantly. Your name was Burns before you were married?"

"Yes, Sir. Hannah Burns."

"Do you remember dates well?"

"No, Sir."

"You have, perhaps, records of family events—your own birth, your parent's marriage, your grandfather's death?"

Hannah Gneldt wond-ringly replied, "I have mother's Bible, and they tell me it's all there."

"How far back?"

"To grandfather's birth, I believe—grandfather Burns. He had one child, and I am the only one my parents ever had. They are set down our wedding-day, and our two boys' birthdays."

"And your great-grandfather. The record of his death is there?"

"I don't know; you may see. Wait, I'll call Oliver."

Going to the door Hannah took down a horn, used for that purpose, and uttered a call, which brought Oliver Gneldt home from the field at once.

He, too, had the same unfortunate quieted him. Almost as much astonished as his wife he brought out the old Bible.

"The death of my wife's great-grandfather, Zebulon Burns, is not here," he said. "The first record is in his hand, I believe. It is the birth of his eldest child."

So it proved, and the lawyer looked disappointed.

"You can not remember the day of his death?"

he said, in a tone that was less of it."

"He died long before I was born," said Hannah, and, though rich, left nothing to grandfather. They had quarrelled, I believe. She told odd stories of him. He must have been very eccentric, and a servant or housekeeper had great influence over him. She hated Hannah. She told stories of Margery—"

"Margery Wilber, I think," said the lawyer, "yes," said Hannah, "I remember now."

"You are quiet people, not likely to talk too much," said the lawyer, "but tell you something. We have found a will among the effects of a legal gentleman who died very suddenly in a fit of apoplexy, which makes you, Hannah Gneldt, heir in your favor—that is, now in your favor, as your father's only child."

Hannah clasped her husband's hand.

"It is written by one upon his death-bed, dated the 10th of March, 17—, and leaves all his property to Margery Wilber, Jonathon, then a boy. Hush! don't hope too much. Margery Wilber or her heirs now hold this property under a will dated March 10, 17—."

"A later will," said Oliver. "Then, of course, they are the rightful possessors. What need of all this?—the later will must prevail."

"Not if it is a forgery," said the lawyer.

Oliver laughed, the bitter laugh of care and disappointment.

"Who can prove that?" he said.

"No one, perhaps. Yet the record of the old man's death may."

"A man whose dying hand signed a will on the 10th of March would scarcely make another on the 15th. We believe the will a forgery, written on old parchment, since the discovery of the one in question. Margery Wilber took possession with no legal forms, for no one appeared to contest her title. Where was your great-grandfather buried?"

"Here," said Hannah. "They say he was brought down at his request—MRS. WILBER as chief mourner, and Margery Wilber—not even sent for. An old grave-yard somewhere. Oh, Oliver! Oliver!"

She turned quite white, and uttered a cry. "Oliver, that must be the grave-yard on Gray's place that he dug over last winter in the warm spell."

"Then it is gone," said Oliver. "And our last hope with it. No, gentlemen, good luck could never come to us. Poverty means to cling to us to the end. I wish I were dead."

"Oliver, Oliver!" gasped Hannah Gneldt, "tell me one thing. Zebulon was great-grandfather's name. Zebulon is spelled with a Z, isn't it? Oh, do speak!"

"I think you are going mad, Hannah; of course it is."

"Oh, the big Z, I remember it so well! I knew it was Z; and it would have been broken to pieces before now. Oliver, you remember my description that you were so angry at? I believe it's my poor old great-grandfather's tombstone. And I not to know it, when I stared at the great Z!"

Oliver Gneldt said nothing. He feared his wife's brain was turned, and that made him faint and cold as he followed her into the garden, and there watched while the three others lifted the flat slab.

It lay before them on the green spring grass, black letters on its whiteness, and, bending over it, they read aloud:

"Zebulon Burns. Born May —. Died March 15, 17—," with eulogistic verses, with long s's unknown, as in duty bound.

"It's poor great-grandfather!" said Hannah. And the lawyer extended his hands, grasping those of Oliver and his wife.

"The proof is found!" he said. "The latest will is a forgery, for it is dated the day after the old man's death. MRS. GNELDT is heiress to a large property. I congratulate you."

And Hannah, with her head upon her husband's shoulder, whispered, "Oliver, it wouldn't have been better to have married Miss Lester after all?"

A LITTLE BOX FOR YOU, SIR."

KATE CORTLOWS was the bishop's only child—beautiful, accomplished, clever, and an heiress. Therefore it was quite a natural conclusion that we (I speak advisedly)—we, I say, were all in love with her; from the venerable prelate, who innocently told us he liked her best because she was something like his mother, to the brazen-faced old reprobate, our lieutenant-colonel, who actually grew virtuous for the six months we remained in the pleasant old city, and not only got inside the cathedral in time for service, but kept awake until the sermon began, when he took his revenge by snoring behind his red curtain, publicly reprimanding a newly-joined sub for the same delinquency, adding, that if he did sleep he ought to do so in a different way.

I believe most regiments have at least one lady-killer on their list—one, I mean *par excellence* the acknowledged Adonis. Our regiment, the Caption Hetherston, who rejoiced in the nickname of Box, owing to the efficient manner in which he came out in the regimental knows during the full-dress old comedy. Although a popular man with the mess, he was not individually a favorite. That was not at all my particular way of looking at it. But it was not jealousy; his good looks had nothing to do with the feeling. It was the "take all and give nothing" sort of way he had that did the mischief. None of us could have said we knew where he came from, or where the friends he talked so big about lived, or how much de'ar he had to spare, or where it came from. We saw him as he was—an uncommonly handsome, well-dressed, and well-bred fellow. That was all we saw, too, for we spent a dollar he could screw out of another man, and sponged cleverly upon any of us for a meal or a canvas, by a kind of instinct. I am afraid I think that he had always an excuse ready to meet any chance demand for liberality; and when he suddenly ruled some of us most was that, upon the strength of a pretty little house in B——, he kept clear of the little expensive dissipations which form our paths, and kept his divinity so quiet that a whisper stole among us to the effect that the lady in B—— was delusion.

He had affected indifference toward the heiress at first, and then had quietly concentrated his forces and taken up his position in a manner which would have done him infinite credit in the field of war as well as love. At first he made but little ground; but the enemy was busy, having with it reviews, chance rides, and sketching parties.

The heiress looked amiable. The captain grew sentimental, and thought of giving up smoking the house in town. Our fellows began to prick up their ears, and the odds in his favor were freely offered. The match, from being the talk of the town, of course crept out and got into the gossips' mouths in the town, and soon conjecture and scandal were at their height.

Meantime Box ate as many dinners as the bishop offered him, called regularly, paid court to the maiden aunt who superintended the housekeeping department, and took all the credit he could get.

Things were at this pass when a detachment from the —th Regiment exchanged into our corps—not a prepossessing youth at first sight, very young and boyish-looking, with a limbered with a quiet, unpossible sort of temper, that seemed proof against all the sarcasms, innuendoes, and even insults, freely lavished under the cover of politeness.

He seemed to have got his first step very quickly, and though with all the makings of a fine soldier-like man, he was just at that stage of his overgrown, loose-limbed boy; with a propensity to blush when a woman spoke to him, and a quiet manner of getting out of the way if ever he found himself together strictly decorous was going on or being canvassed. He was laughed at, of course, and many a trap laid for admiring him to his ruin; but all failed. The laughwade no impression; he went on, quietly and consistently keeping his own counsel with a good-natured but perfectly firm indifference, and ere long, somehow, most of us began to have a respect for the young lad, and just ceased to notice left. We had a little felt ashamed of the scenes he avoided.

Box seemed to have taken an antipathy to the new-comer, and, just previous to the ball in consequence was a constant sparring and repetition of jokes perpetrated by the captain, who made a heavy siege he would have succeeded in getting to hold Vincent before the year was out. Vincent heard of it somehow, and only laughed in his quiet way, declaring that he would be in the field no longer than Box. Still, through all this affected carelessness, we who watched closest could see how the spirit rebelled, and how the boy's temper boiled under the persecutions of the captain, who divided his time pretty equally between tormenting Vincent and keeping sweet.

The townsfolk were already deciding the settlement; young ladies were speculating who would be asked to the bridesmaids; and not a few ill-natured remarks were being raked up as to dirtiations, and, after the manner of our dear friends, not a little was hinted about the petty peccadilloes of the past.

September, with its turnip-fields and partridges; October, with its red woods, pheasants, and long evenings, worked up the country hospitality to a pitch there was no withstanding. Dinner invitations flowed in like a flood. The master's coffer was well-nigh a sinecure, and his pockets profiting accordingly. The engagement was not yet complet-

ed, but what October and the shooting season failed to accomplish the hunting-field gave ample promise of fulfilling. The heiress was a first-rate horsewoman, and never missed a meet if she could find a lady to second her. Accordingly, Box took a trip to town and brought back a couple of nutters. Our fellows first opened their eyes one morn their mouths; but nothing came of it as "that Box said, with one of his *shut-you-up* laughs. They cost me a cool hundred apiece, but still take three for the lot."

"The deuce you will!" muttered Vincent, as to the subject dropped. The captain looking to his pipe, while kindly shine well and straight when he did ride, but exchanging much following, except after Miss Courtown.

Vincent turned out a hunting man too, and soon showed us that, although we might get our laugh at him in the mess-room or on parade, we had to second fiddle with a vengeance at the covert side. There was no doubt about it, the fellow was a tiptop rider, and soon made himself a marked man in the field, both on account of his tact and judgment, and the quiet, gentleman-like way in which he did the business. The livery-stable keepers became busy him with offers of their best horses; he might have them for half-price—nay, I believe for nothing, if he'd only give them to sell. Vincent had not much of it as he wanted, and when our fellows quizzed him for not buying a couple of beasts for himself, he said with a laugh, "I'm waiting to get Box Courtown's when he's tired of them." Box heard the joke, and didn't like it; he was beginning to get a little afraid of the quiet lieutenant; and, moreover, the heiress had noticed the new rider, and poor Box was as jealous as a modern Othello.

December came in, and Vincent gave no signs of wishing to alter his quarters; nay, he publicly stated he was very jolly, and that he'd not miss the February meet for all the leave in the service. The case was getting serious; so was the courting at the bishop's, Hetherston evidently not having opportunity to take the grand check; the lady, to all appearance, willing to accept the mate.

Yet anxious as the state of the matrimonial speculation may be supposed to render the captain, certain figures in a little Russian leather pocket-book began to become disagreeably prominent. The year was upon its last legs. Charley Vincent was showing no signs of tiring of the jokes perpetrated upon him; indeed, like the sells, his quarters not only to have got used to them, but there seemed a sort of pleasant excitement and uncertainty as to the next arrow which should hit him; and Hetherston began to think he had been a little rash in booking so many figures, which, when reckoned up (in case of the worst), came to a much larger sum than was convenient, to say nothing of being beaten—a humiliation the captain did not relish at any time.

A dinner party was to come off at the bishop's a few evenings before Christmas; all the big-wigs and county people were to be there: a select few of "our" visitors, of course included—Vincent, of course, and we made up our minds—though upon what grounds Heaven only knows—that Box would pop the question that night. The bishop was in that tender dreamy state which betrays the awakened heart, and gives the lover courage to take the irrevocable step. The bishop looked the very picture of a fatherly prelate, and had a mischievous, *come-all-about-it* sort of twinkle in his eyes, the pairing off his guests for the important ceremony of going down to be fed, he told Hetherston to take "Mr daughter." It was my luck to follow the couple, and it spoiled my dinner, for I had been fool enough to take the odds against the match, and it was pretty even then I should lose.

"Take you a hundred to ten he'll do it to-night," whispered Harry Fulton as we streamed down stairs, the happy couple being directly in front of us, and looking abominably foolish, as is the manner of people at such a crisis.

"Done," said I, involuntarily, and then mentally cursed my folly.

The dinner passed off as such dinners usually do; the soup was thick, fish good, joints full, and the other things horrible, saving the dessert, which, being fresh from dame Nature, can not be easily spoiled. I had been given a ponderous dame to look after, and I noticed that Hetherston had taken the opportunity to take the head of the table, and, whom, to my surprise, I discovered to be a sister of Vincent's, then upon a visit. Of course we had plenty to talk of, and ere the dinner was over I began to think Vincent one of the nicest fellows I had met. I spoke of him most complimentarily, I assure you. The important business of eating was over, and the servants retiring, when a footman entered with the news, carrying in a large white deal box, which he deposited upon the ground behind the captain's chair, saying, in a distinct and emphatic voice—

"A little box for you, sir!"

He then quietly made his exit, though not before I caught a glimpse of his face, which, in spite of powder and fake whiskers, looked uncommonly like Vincent's, and made me hold my breath in anxiety to see the result, convinced that the joke, whatever it was, would be a clencher. Nor was I wrong; and amidst the buzz of inquiry and polite curiosity that the advent of a deal box in the midst of a formal dinner party might be supposed to excite, a long, plaintive and unmistakably infantine cry rose from the mysterious box.

Captain Hetherston started to his feet with an oath, and looked like a maniac. An attempt at decorum held the lookers on silent for an instant, then a perfect storm of laughter broke forth, under cover of which poor Box rushed from the room in a state of mind "better to be imagined than described," as the reporters say.

Truly Vincent had his revenge; there was no use telling the bishop the baby was the color-sergeant's, and the whole thing a practical joke. Hetherston tried it once, but made no further attempt. The story went the round of the county, got up to town, and into the morning paper, and the end was, that our all-accomplished Box, under the plea of sudden business, left for the front; and ere a year had passed over our heads Vincent was figuring off in the papers as having led to the hymeneal altar Kate Courtown, only daughter of the Bishop of——.

THE GRAND DUKE'S NEW SUIT.

ONCE upon a time there was a Grand Duke so fond of new clothes that he spent all his money on his toilet. Whenever he reviewed his troops, whatever he went to the theatre or took a ride, it was always for one purpose—to show off his new clothes. Every hour of the day he changed his costume; and, as it is said of a King—"He in his council chamber," it was said of him—"He is in his dressing-room." The capital was an exceedingly gay city, thanks to the number of foreigners passing through it. But one day there likewise came two rascals who gave themselves out for weavers, and declared they were capable of weaving the most magnificent cloth in the world. Not only were the colors and material of extraordinary beauty, but the garments made from this stuff possessed a marvelous property—they became invisible to every functionary ignorant of the duties of his office, or to any one of limited understanding.

"These must, indeed, be invaluable clothes," thought the Grand Duke; "if I wear them, I think I should be enabled to find out the incapable members of my Government, and readily distinguish the competent from the incompetent. Yes, this wondrous cloth is indispensable to me." He then advanced a large sum of money to the two rogues, that they might immediately begin their work.

Indeed, they set up two looms, and made pretense of busying themselves, though in reality there was absolutely nothing on the looms. They busy weasingly asked for the finest of silk and the purest of gold thread; but they placed all that in their bag, working till late into the night with empty looms.

"I should like to know how the labor is progressing," said the Grand Duke to himself. But he felt an heart-ache on recollecting that whoever was stupid or incapable of fulfilling their functions were unable to see this magic cloth. Not that he for a moment doubted his own capacity, but he judged it best to send some one to make a prior examination. The entire inhabitants of the city were informed of the marvelous qualities of the cloth, and all awaited impatiently the knowledge of their neighbors' stupidity.

"I will send my good old Minister to the weavers," thought the Grand Duke; "none can judge better of the cloth than he, for he is sensible, distinguished as he is by his sense and knowledge of the requirements of the position he fills."

The honest old Minister entered the room in which the two impostors plied their empty looms.

"Egad!" thought he, opening wide his eyes, "I can see nothing." But he took care not to say so.

The two rogues invited him to draw near, and inquired of him how he found the design and colors.

They at the same time pointed to the empty looms, and the old Minister earnestly fixed his gaze upon them; but he saw nothing for the simple reason that there was nothing to see.

"Gracious goodness!" thought he, "am I in reality a blockhead? None must have a suspicion of it, that is certain. Really be silent? I dare not avow that the cloth is invisible to me."

"Well, what think you of it?" said one of the weavers.

"Charming! most charming!" replied the Minister, putting on his spectacles, "the design and those colors . . . Yes, I will tell his Highness that I am extremely satisfied."

"It is fortunate for us," said the two weavers; and they commenced an elaborate explanation of the forms and beauties of this imaginary piece of work. The old Minister listened also with attention that he might repeat to the Grand Duke a true and full description of it.

The rogues were continuous in their demands for money, silk, and gold; an enormous quantity was required for this not-to-be-equaled tissue. Of course they pocketed all; the looms remained empty, and still they worked on.

Some time after the Grand Duke sent another honest functionary to see how the cloth was and see if it advanced to a termination. The same thing happened to this new deputy as had happened to the Minister; he looked and looked, but saw nothing.

"Is not the tissue admirable?" thought the impostors, pointing to the superb design and gorgeous colors that did not exist.

"And yet I am not a simpleton," thought the visitor. "I can be no fool, for filling my office! It is strange; but I will be careful how I lose my position." He praised the cloth, and expressed his admiration at the beauty and magnificence of the colors.

"It is of incomparable magnificence," said he to his master. And nothing was spoken of in the city but this extraordinary cloth.

Finally the weaving himself desired to see it while yet on the loom. Accompanied by a crowd of chosen courtiers, among whom were the two honest functionaries before visited the two rogues, who plied their shuttles continually, though employing neither silk, nor gold, nor any kind of thread.

"Is it not magnificent?" asked the two honest functionaries. "The design and colors are worthy of your Highness." And they pointed to the empty looms, believing the others might perceive something.

"What the deuce!" thought the Grand Duke; "I can see nothing. This is terrible. Am I, then, a blockhead? Am I incapable of governing? No greater misfortune could occur." Then he cried, suddenly: "It is magnificent! And I here publicly announce my entire satisfaction." He waggled his head with a contented air, and looked at the looms, not daring to tell the truth—that is, to say the same, one after the other, but without seeing any thing, and repeated, like him, "It is magnificent!" They even advised him to wear garments of this new cloth at the first grand procession. "It is magnificent! it is charming! It is admirable!" exclaimed every mouth; and the satisfaction was general.

The two impostors were decorated and received the title of Grand Court Weavers.

The whole night preceding the day of the procession they sat up and worked by the light of numerous tapers. Every one exposed on themselves was visible to every one. At last they pretended to take the cloth from off the looms, cut through emptiness with large scissors, stitched with threadless needles, after which they proclaimed the raiment to be finished.

The Grand Duke, followed by his aids-de-camp, went to examine it, and the sharpers, raising their arms as though lifting something, said,

"Here are the trousers, here the doublet, here is the mantle. They are as light as a spider's web. There is no fear of the body being oppressed by their weight; and in this, above all, lies the virtue of the cloth."

"Certainly," replied the aids-de-camp; but they saw nothing, since there was nothing to see.

"If his Grand Ducal Highness will condescend to undress," said the rogues, "we will try on him the garments before the pier-glass."

His Highness undressed, and the rogues made believe to dress him piece-portion of the attire. They placed their hands on his shoulder as though in the act of fastening something; it was the train. The Grand Duke turned and twisted before the glass.

"Jupiter! How well it fits! What an elegant make!" cried all the courtiers. "What a design! What colors! What a magnificent costume!"

The Grand Master of the Ceremonies entered.

"The canopy beneath which your Highness is to take part in the procession awaits you," said he.

"Very well! I am ready," replied the Grand Duke. "It seems to me that I have not a bad appearance!" And he gave one more turn before the glass, and cast another admiring look on the supposed splendor of his raiment.

The chamberlains whose duty it was to bear the train, went through the performance of raising some thing from off the floor, then lifted their hands as to hold this fictitious train, not wishing it to be thought that they saw nothing.

While the monarch proudly headed the procession beneath his magnificent canopy every body in the street and at the windows cried aloud, "What a superb garment! What a graceful train! What a perfect make!" No person would have it known that he saw nothing: had he done so he would have run the risk of passing for a fool, or worse still, for unfit for his grand ducal clothes excited such an amount of admiration.

"But I don't see that he has any clothes on at all," observed a little child.

"Holy Father! only listen to the innocent!" said the parents, and each person whispered among themselves the child's remark.

"There is a little child who says that the Grand Duke has no clothes on at all!"

"He has no clothes on at all!" finally shouted the crowd; and the Grand Duke was extremely vexed, for it seemed that they were right. He, however, was resolved on the course to follow.

"Under any circumstances I must go through with it to the end," thought he.

Then he drew himself up more proudly than ever, and the chamberlains continued respectfully to bear the train which did not exist.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

CHILDREN.—The "bonducher" of early childhood are on the increase; medical men are more than ever alive to the fact that children require physic, and must have it, but too often, too early, and far too hard-worked in the schoolroom, they are not. Let the schoolmaster have a care for too early exhibition in the drawing-room. They pass too much of their time in the school-room as a sort of slave by drill-attained manners, utterly destructive of the sweetness and natural independence of true children. If ever, from the earliest moment they can be taught any thing, they are to be taught that "to be a child is to be pretty;" so if, in real truth, the prettiest feature of child life was to be the unconscious exhibition of their childish nature. Martyrs to the vanity of our day, they are to be tempered to it by habits more and more removed from exhibition of their dresses and the ingenuity of their "bonducher" [bonnet]. Taught a deportment . . . . . with their costume, they become, but too often, human dressing-machines, and their natural gait, or the winning artlessness proper to their age being thus forcibly taken from them, they become, most pretty pictures, when they had far better be tumbling about with the abandon natural to them. Let the schoolmaster have a care how he claim to that sort of prettiness their careful "get up" gives to their appearance, remembering in the matter has he fruit in that great amount of butterflyism of which we see so much in the thoughtless, heartless, characterless specimens of young-lady life of which every London drawing-room is full. Teach real gentlemanliness in them some of them; but there is the same sad sense of "not to be seen" about them, which, in real and unadorning, only of an older kind, is that with which at from the nursery they were ordered the drawing-room, to visitors or the dining-room to dessert.

UTILITARIANS or philosophers, because of our metropolis, may congratulate themselves on the facility with which its streets are cleansed. The Liverpool Mercury, on the other hand, and the East River on the other, by their rapid and tidal currents, are kept free from much of their refuse before the city of its works. London depends interruptions on the Thames alone, although large sums for her drainage system continue. As the city is situated upon almost a dead level, the sewers require a great and some distance underground, at great expense, in order to discharge its sewage into the river at low water. South, so as to be effectual, have brought back again by the tide. All the populous towns of England are similarly situated, and debilitating fevers, pestilence, killing their tens, and sadden ing their thousands of pestilence. It is now proposed to meet this serious evil by the application of the sewage, and contractors are competing with each other to see who will do it cheapest. It is thought that in this way a new benefit of wealth will be introduced. A London paper, speaking of the subject, says: "A hundred years hence the people of this city will look back with astonishment upon the present mode of applying filth to the purposes of pestilence, so manifestly as it is, to be daily observation, and so beneficial in result, as to make a difference for them to realize the fact that their sewers of only a century back, to whom they still have to ascribe such wonderful mechanical skill, were the gigantic monuments of engineering skill, could have been so blind as to read what will be the feeling to the last generation with means of Nature as to befoul their rivers with the waste which will have rendered them exhausted wells."

THE SECRET OF MAKING DOLLS' EYES.—How a Birmingham manufacturer learned the secret of making dolls' eyes, and how Birmingham came to be extensively engaged in making those apparently trifling but really important little articles was amusingly explained by Mr. Oxley, of that city, some years ago, before a committee of the House of Commons: "A respectable-looking man in the city," says Mr. Cotter, "asked me if I could supply him with dolls' eyes, and I was foolish enough to feel half offended; I thought it derogatory to my dignity, as a manufacturer, to make dolls' eyes. He took me into a room quite wide, and, perhaps, twice the length of this committee-room, and he had just room to walk between each from the floor to the ceiling, of parts of dolls. He said, 'There are dolls' legs and arms;' the remainder below. I had seen enough to convince me that he wanted me to make a machine which would, at the same moment, make his own line of business. I said I would take an order by way of experiment, and he showed me a pattern eye and copied the order. He ordered various quantities, and of various sizes and colors. On returning home I found that the order amounted to upward of £600. I went into the matter, and endeavored to make them. I had some of the most ingenious glass-by-makers in the Kingdom in my employment. I said, 'Now show me how you shade their heads, and said you had often seen the artists shade the heads to make it resemble nature.' I went to one their best coachmen; but after trying and wasting a great deal of time he said he was sorry he was obliged to relinquish the attempt. Soon afterward I received another branch of business, and took no more notice of it. About eighteen months ago I resumed the thinker thinking, and then determined to think of the doll eyes; and about eight months since I accidentally met with a person who had improved upon the machine of mine, and who was dying in a consumption, in a state of great want. I showed him his sovereign, and he said he would instruct me in the process. He was in such a state of mind that I could see the effects of his misery, for though I was conversant with the manual part of the business, and I was obliged to him for it daily in the forenoon, I felt I could do nothing from his description. I mention this to show how difficult it is to convey a description, the mode of working). He took me into his room, and he put the head completed in a vice, to a degree, that he actually used the entrails and fix of poultry from Leadenhall-market to steer by. In six months, before I had seen him make three, I felt confident I could go home." Mr. Cotter afterward became a large manufacturer of these articles.

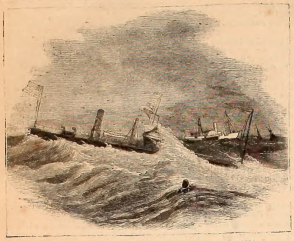
A CURIOUS CASE OF DISSENTION.—Some time since John Pendleton, Esq., died at his residence in Loudoun county, Virginia. The woman kept a common-house in that city. Pendleton directed that his body should be taken to Alexandria and transport him to Chicago. A trunk was procured, 25 inches in length, 20 inches in width, and 20 inches deep, which had a very small orifice in it, through which, by means of a funnel, the body was preserved in a solution of alcohol and small modicum of ale. This trunk with its human freight, accompanied by a colored woman, was placed on the afternoon boat. At Fortress Monroe Miss Lissker kicked the trunk, and stirred the contents, when the woman, in a loud and self-important—features which present themselves in all grades of the Saxon physiognomy. The body was that of a gipsy," is a proverb in Scotland, which reminds us of an anecdote of a Scotch gipsy who, being asked whether the Queen at Balmoral, a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a Scotch cap, as the melodious pipes, he applied to her Majesty's piper—a fine specimen of Highland manhood—for information as to the locality in which such articles were required, his lordship said in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The stranger, though not readily outclassed, with more than the wonted humor, "There are plenty of Scotch caps to be procured, but very few such as me."

LOVE LETTER THE CAUSE.—A Savannah paper contains letters from Captain Hatch, the rebel, and Colonel Holcombe, the Confederate commissioner to the British Court in Savannah, from which it appears that if lovers have their troubles others are also found. We even entertain by scenes of war, with them well. The lady had sent some "verses and flowers" to the gallant Hatch, who languished a prisoner at the North. This seemed like unsubstantial food for a brave soldier, but it proved to him a recourse to the comforts of home and the society of his lady love. Colonel Holcombe, who had the "verses and flowers" in charge, forwarded the "verses and flowers" delivered in person to your friend, and not only that, but I had him and his companion to dinner, and I trust that you have ere this had the pleasure of hearing from him that he has. Mr. Octavus was the receiver of your letter containing the flowers."

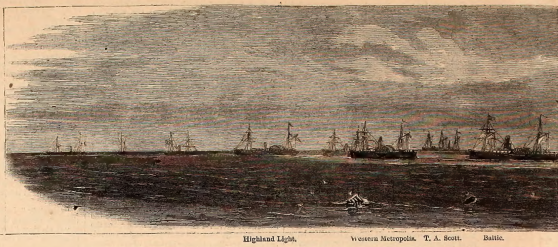
A CONNECTICUT man has invented a watch which will run a year without winding. It will also keep time.

AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.—The Melbourne correspondent of the London Times writes under date of October last: "An incident which I most shortly relate, if only for the interest it may excite among the readers of your paper, occurred within the last few days in the Gippsland district. Discussions have frequently arisen in the colonies as to the capacity of the native race for improvement, and the fact to which I proceed to refer throws light on such a question. Some time since, a man named Mr. Mr. Dugald Smith, at Rhodonin, Gippsland, left his home in the bush, leaving his wife and his two boys and a girl, aged respectively 7, 5, the children of a carpenter. The mother, who had been confined a few days before, left her house Duff, wandered by themselves into the bush, and, after wandering about for some time, they had often gone out on the same errand before, they lost their way, and, as the darkness of night came on, became alarmed, and a search commenced. Their father, accompanied by many neighbors, scoured the woods, even to all the country in every direction for nights and days in search of the children, but in vain. Some weeks after, the principal blacks was obtained, these people possessing an intimate knowledge of the bush, and set out in search. On the second day, the children were found, alive, by the blacks. These aboriginal blacks took care of them, and, as they could not speak to them, they could not tell them how to find their home. Further on, after the children had been found, they were carefully overlooked by the children themselves. On the first night they were found they were laid down and the direction of the faintest hope of their ever being again seen alive. No wonder, as the little creature had strips of her scribed as having been found lying all of a row on a clump of fern, covered with a native blanket, and the children, carefully wrapped in his sister's frock. They appeared to be in a state of perfect contentment. The boy had taken the eldest child to sit up but fell back. But this was not the end of the matter. The children were found, but they could only just feebly groan 'Father!' The youngest, she was dead, and the boy, on the point of death. Both were quite unable to speak. The boy's shirt you came for us soon!' The boy was dead. The girl, who was about quite gone, when lifted up could only murmur, 'Give me a drink.' No wonder, as the little creature had strips of her frock, at the elder boy said, 'to cover them for he was crying with cold.' The children have since recovered, and are rapidly recovering. They were both found in a state of perfect nakedness, had only one piece of water during the whole time they were out, and the boy had eaten the flesh of one wild bird. The girl for the next week, in all nine days and eight nights. The children have since been under the care of the Rev. Mr. Hagenauer, and it is hoped that they will not be suffering from the effects of their protracted exposure."

Advertisements

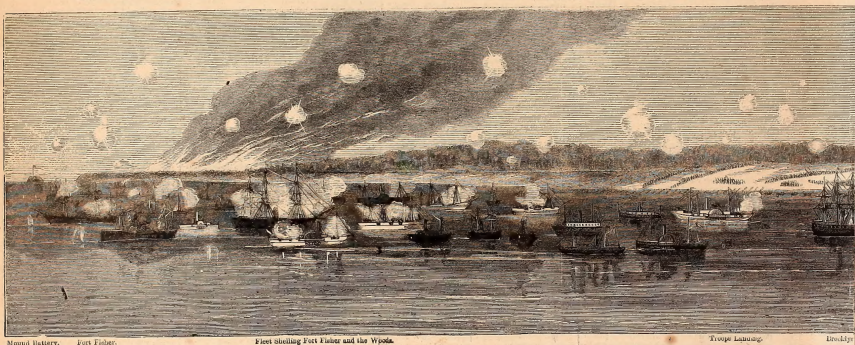


THE MONITORS IN THE GALE OF DECEMBER 21, 1864.
(SKETCHED BY F. C. EVANSON.)



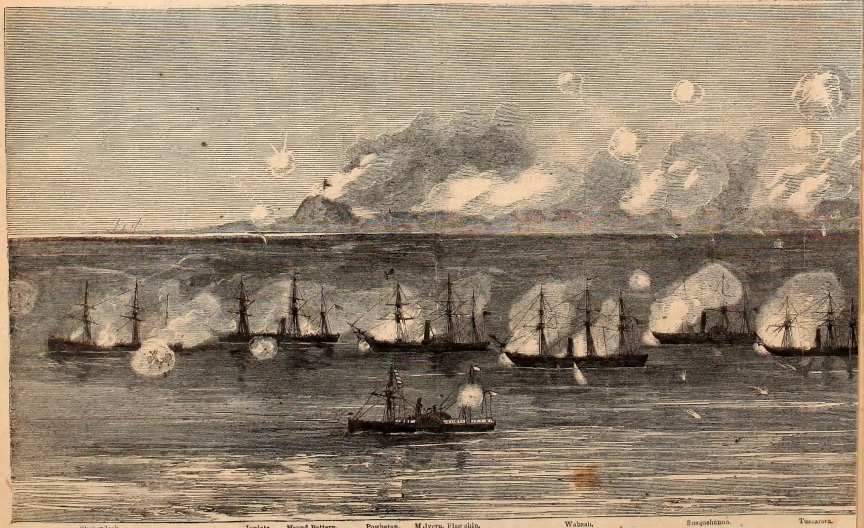
Highland Light. Western Metropolis. T. A. Scott. Baltic.

FLEET OF ARMY TRANSPORTS AT THE RENDEZVOUS OFF FEDERAL POINT, LATITUDE



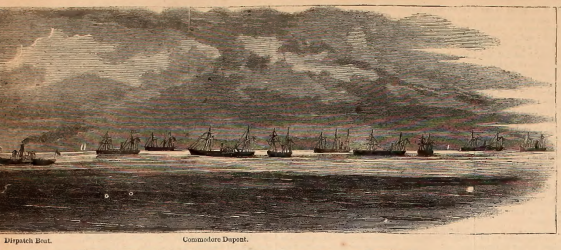
Mound Battery. Fort Fisher. Fleet Shelling Fort Fisher and the Woods. Troops Landing. Breckin

LANDING OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ARMY UND



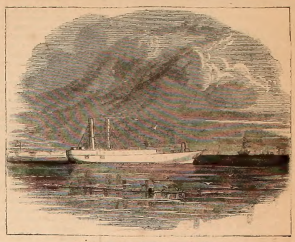
Shenandoah. Juniata. Mound Battery. Powhatan. Malvern, Flag ship. Wabash. Susquehanna. Tuscarora.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTIFICATIONS ON FEDERAL POINT DURING THE DEB

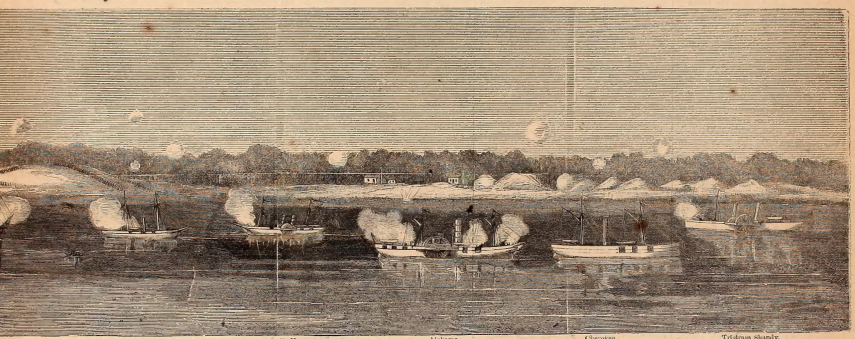


Dispatch Boat. Commodore Dupont.

38° 56' NORTH, LONGITUDE 77° 20' WEST, DECEMBER 17, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]



THE POWDER-SHIP "LOUISIANA."
[SKETCHED BY C. F. ELLSHOPE.]



Emma. A. D. Vance Alabama. Cherokee. Tridrum shandy.

R COVER OF THE GUN-BOATS, DECEMBER 25, 1864.



Colorous. Fort Fisher. Minnesota. Vanderbilt Holician. New Ironsides. Iron-Clads Ticonderoga. Vanos.

KATION OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ARMY, DECEMBER 25, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]

NOW.

RISE! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on:
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the Future,
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield.
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!);
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-day.

RISE! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless forever,
Cast her pale ghost arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-day.

RISE! for the day is passing;
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here:
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

THE GHOSTS OF BOLDEN TOWER.

SINCE I had been a young fellow of fourteen years of age my life had been almost entirely passed at sea. I had been long accustomed to the icebergs of the polar seas, and the burning and fervent glare of the tropic waters. Since I left home mighty changes had taken place. I had never before paid a visit to Bolden Tower, for my uncle had been a solitary man, who loved mathematics as much as he disliked society, and who never thought of inviting his friends to his house, for the simple reason that he did not want to be bored, and preferred to be alone. My brother Tom had only succeeded to his inheritance about a year and a half. He was the reverse of his uncle. In the first place, he was a married man, and had a most assortment of rosy-cheeked children, who shouted through the old fortress house all day long, and made his table blossom with their merry faces. In the next place, he loved society dearly, and hated mathematics cordially. In the next place, Tom was always inviting his relatives, young and old, and making much much of them when they came. Without any letter or notice I had arrived at Bolden Tower, fresh from a tempestuous voyage, the first for many long years. The house was full of attractions for me. It contained Tom himself, his pretty wife, and my many nephews and nieces, and also a couple of sisters younger than myself, whose dear faces I had not seen for many weary years. When at sea I had heard, of course, in letters from home, of the taking possession of Bolden Tower, and one of my sisters had on one occasion written me a letter which read like a page from some old romance, so full was it of old legends and stories which had been told them about the house in which they had come to live. "We have a real *fete* about, though that is absurd, to be sure," wrote my sister Clara, "and for the first week after we went to the Tower, Mary and myself set up all night, and did not dare to go to bed, but slept in the day time instead; but we have never seen any thing, and have since learned that the supernatural things are confined to an old part of the original building which stands in the stable-yard, and is quite disconnected with it. And as not been the case, I am quite sure Mary and myself could not have ventured to live with Tom, much as we love him, and you, and the dear children."

I was a sailor, and therefore ought to be superstitious, but superstitious I was not. I had seen many strange sights and met with strange things on the high seas and in savage countries, and it seemed to me that ghosts could scarcely be stranger than many things of which I had become familiar. I had come home from the sea unexpectedly. I had emptied my pockets of small change in the toy-shops of the sea-ports where I landed, and my purchases had made the coming of the sailor-uncle a very joyful occasion to my young nephews and nieces. To my dear brother-in-law and sister-in-law I was received with open arms, and bewildered with embraces. The meeting and the welcome were elaborately purchased by years of sea-faring hardships and loneliness. But not only my relatives were inhabitants of Bolden Tower for the festive season, the place was full, for Tom had determined to keep open house, and it seemed as if he had invited all the people he knew, so full the old house seemed.

"Too full," said Tom, "for I'll be hanged if I know where you are to sleep, Jack."

"I decline," said Mary, "it will be just like all the stories of ghosts which one reads of—the haunted house always are full except one room, which the ghost has; and this is a haunted house, too—"

"With this difference—that we have never been disturbed by ghosts, male or female, and that the part they said it appeared is separated from all our bedrooms. There's the haunted part, Jack," said Tom, pointing out of the bay-window of the breakfast-room to the ivy-grown and detached building in the stable-yard. "That's where the ghosts hang out, they say; and, laugh as you like, I declare I think there must be truth in the legend after all; for one night, as I was coming home—"

"Oh, Mr. Bolden! now don't frighten us—pray don't!" called out a nervous, middle-aged lady, who was of the party.

"I assure you, madam, what I am going to say is the truth," continued Tom. "I was coming home from fishing very late, and I rode into the stable-yard and gave my rods to Joseph; and just as he was taking them we both of us heard a peculiar low cry. Where it came from we could not tell, but we both thought from the upper room of the building yonder. At the same moment there was a rattling sound, as if some one was trying to open the windows in the upper story, and as the moon was bright at that moment, I declare I saw quite plainly something white at the far window there, under the clock. I know I felt quite shaky, and I know also that Joseph was so terrified that he broke the top joint of my best fly-rod, and ran into the house as fast as his legs could carry him. Now I'll be bound Jack here would be ready to laugh at the same thing, though he pretends to be so courageous, as all sailors do."

"What is the room on the ground-floor in the old building used for?" I asked.

"Oh, we use that as a lumber-room, and, as we keep up and fire nothing more usually, it isn't a bad place to have a smoke in—in the day-time."

"And the upper room?"

"Well, we intended when we first came to let the men-servants sleep there, and so had it fitted up, beds and all; but as that is the portion of the building which is said to be haunted we soon found that neither love nor money would tempt any of the servant tribe to sleep there, for if they could avoid it, go past its walls after dark."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll sleep there, and see what these ghosts of ours are made of."

"Pooh! nonsense!" exclaimed my brother. "I would not allow you for the world, Jack."

"But I am determined," said I, "and I have never seen any spectres yet, nor slept in a haunted room; and this is a thing to be done on one's life, as I take it, just for the sake of saying so."

"Oh, don't be so foolish, dear," said Clara, and my child or Mary will be sure to be very ill after it up, and you can have our bed; won't we, Mary?"

"If you say any more I will go back to sea again, and never come back to see you at all," I said, as I got to try the haunted chamber, and I beg it as a favor. Put a fire in for me; let me have a bottle of claret and a comfortable arm-chair, and I can warm myself before the fire, and get sleepy and comfortable, and then I don't think the spirits will harm me. But sleep there I must."

This determination had the desired effect upon the party. Tom finally agreed to my proposal that I should sleep in the haunted chamber, but it was also arranged that the chamber should be then and there made as comfortable as possible, and that I should wile away the time with my sisters—a young ensign who was staying in the house, and who had been shooting pheasants all day—promising to come and participate my fate, and sleep in the room with me. My sisters would insist upon this, and as the young fellow in question, though overladen with modesty, did not dare to disobey when Clara spoke, he agreed at once.

"They surely won't face the army and navy," he said; "and we can talk ourselves to sleep over our claret and a pipe."

All this was arranged in the morning, and the day passed in a very lively and festive manner. We were dancing, playing at forfeits—even turning in tremblers, flirting and making love to the tune of plenty of materials; and unlimited loo and speculation were indulged in by most of us, when our legs were tired. I did not see any more of Joseph, for there was a charming little girl, the daughter of a neighboring proprietor, in whom—the girl, not the proprietor—I found myself becoming deeply interested, and whom I succeeded in amusing with all sorts of queer stories of foreign countries, and a few *tableaux*-papa-mamma style.

My brother noticed it. "I don't think it's 'canny' for you two to be paying such attention to one another," he said, frowning. "I know about the connection between our families long ago—"

"Ah!" I said, looking at the girl as deeply as Miss Heronside herself, "is there a legend about the two families—what is it?"

"Well, you know, Tom; "but no—it is connected with the precious ghost business; and as I want to test it's truth of the matter, I will not let you know till after you have been in your room here slept in the room, or else you may get dreaming about what I tell you."

"But you surely not going to sleep in that dreadful room, Mr. Bolden?" said Miss Heronside, with a beseeching look.

"Honor bright, I have pledged myself to it, and my soldier comrade the same," I answered.

Miss Heronside looked much disturbed, but said no more, and the evening passed away. After her father's carriage, promising to dine with us on the following day.

Eleven o'clock came, twelve o'clock came, and the ensign and myself went out to our bedroom. My sisters bade me good-night with grave countenances, and declared they should not sleep for thinking of our unpleasant quarters.

When my comrade and I arrived in our chamber, to which we ascended by a flight of steep stone steps, which had perhaps at one time been covered in, but now wound outside the building to the upper story, we found a monstrous fire blazing, a table set out with wine, a can for mulling claret, if we so desired, standing by the fire, a bright carpet over the portion of the floor nearest the fire, and two comfortable arm-chairs. The room was floored with light, the glass and wainscoting reflected the fire leaped and crackled, so that we involuntarily exclaimed, in almost the same breath, "What a jolly room!"

We locked, bolted, and barred the door, which was the only inlet to the room, tried the window fastenings; then my companion pulled out a pistol and laid it on the table.

"A pistol?" said I.

"Why, yes. I promised them that I would fire a pistol if we were frightened by any thing, and besides, some one might be inclined to play a trick on us, knowing we are here, and I should like to wing 'em if they do so; but we don't seem likely to meet with any thing here but comfort; so let's fill our pipes."

The room was bare and commonplace; there were two small beds just for one person each, situated one at each end of the room, the window being in the middle of the room, and the door nearly opposite the window. There were no ponderous hangings, rich cornices, old paintings frowning from the walls, as in many of the haunted rooms that I had ever read or heard of. The walls were whitewashed and bare, the floor oak, the chimney had been large, but was bricked up, and a modern grate inserted. If it had not been for the fire and carpet, it would indeed have been a very cheerless room. As it was, it was delightful, and not a bit fearsome.

We went to bed. According to my usual habit I scarcely lay down than I fell fast asleep. I had been too much accustomed to the howling of storms to be disturbed by any human wind. Nay, I question whether the very noise did not really lull me to rest.

I can not say how long I had been asleep, but I suddenly woke. Opening my eyes I found that the fire had died down, and that the room was in comparative darkness, the wind had ceased, but the rain and sleet were pouring down outside. The Ensign was snoring. I was just closing my eyes again, when I was attracted by what seemed a gentle motion of the door. I stared at it. Was it the flickering light of the fire? No; the door was evidently undergoing a push, but just circumstance caused a sudden feeling of fear to pass over me. The door was a heavy one, and always creaked and groaned on its hinges whenever the Ensign or I opened or shut it. It was now opening as quietly and noiselessly as if gliding over snow. We had made the door quite fast, too. Who—what could it be? At that moment the recollection that I was in the haunted chamber passed over me, and I felt a chill strike to my very bones. Slowly, quietly the door opened and opened. I stared at it with a species of fascination which I could not overcome. Nothing—not even a glance toward the Ensign's bed, I could see that he had raised his head, and was also staring at the moving door. When the door had half opened a white figure, seeming to creep out of the blackness of the night, appeared—but a distinct figure, a more image through which I could see, as it glided in the door it left behind; far more terrible than a perfect figure—the luminous image of a man, which said at once, as plainly as form can speak, I AM MY NORMAL. The face was pale, the eyes cold dead-glared. Oh, horror! the eyes, the head turned toward me, toward the part of the room in which I slept. Oh, horror! the figure moved toward my bed. I was seized, grappled, with a nameless terror that I can not hope ever to overcome. I could not move or cry—I would have given worlds to have leaped from my bed and out of the window, but I was quite powerless. Nearer, nearer; the cold, glassy eyes were fixed upon my face, the chill breath of its presence struck to my very bones—it came quite close to my pillow: my level sight could not, did, my heart almost ceased to beat. Crowning horror of all, its shadowy hand passed over the bed, as if feeling—no, handling—passed over my brow with the cold, clammy touch of a corpse. In my intense fear my reason was surely leaving me. Pass—feeling—the figure moved, passed over the bed, and then, turning, the figure passed swiftly into the centre of the room. When there, I saw another figure, more transparent like the other, luminous like the other; but this figure was the figure of a young, slight girl, with streaming hair and nightdress. I could notice even then, in spite of my deadly terror, the wondrous beauty of her pallid face. I could also notice that there was something in that face which spoke of Violet Heronside: a hint, a trace, a family shadow, call it. The look of recognition in the face was awful, and I have never forgotten—can never forget. That look haunts me still. Shall I ever outlive the images of that horrible night?

The male spectre appeared to be dragging the other along the floor toward the window. The window slided open as noiselessly as the door had opened, and the two figures seemed to glide, or fall, or pass together into the open air, but just at that moment a cock-crow from the yard broke the room. I heard this, and close thereupon the loud report of a pistol. My brain reeled, and I fell back senseless.

I recovered myself in the breakfast-room of the Tower; Tom and his wife, and my sisters about me, in half undress, chafing my hands and bathing my head.

It was just daybreak, the watery rays imperfectly lighted the room, and all faces around me were very pale. The Ensign was at a little distance, leaning against the mantle-piece, and as white as ashes.

When I recovered sufficiently to be informed how I got there, I was told that Tom had heard the report of the pistol in the Ensign, with more presence of mind than I possessed, had fired at the spectre, and had jumped out of bed, knowing that something must be wrong, had compelled a terrified footman to accompany him to our chamber, and on arriving there had found the door and window open, the Ensign sitting upright in his bed trembling like an aspen leaf, and myself lying senseless.

I said not a word about my dreadful draught of hot brandy-and-water, which seemed scarcely to have any effect upon my shaken system. Every now and then a memory of what I endured passed across me, and I shook in every limb, and my teeth chattered in my head.

I was wrapped up in blankets, and set in an armchair in front of the kitchen fire; and there I dozed till breakfast time.

Of course the numerous visitors knew nothing of what had happened till they assembled round the breakfast-table; but before a word was said the haggard faces of the Ensign and myself had betrayed us.

The tale was told, not by me—for I could not bear to speak of it—but by the Ensign, who had not undergone the extremest horror of all, the passing of the cold corpse-hand over my face. A chill seemed to pass over the circle as they listened to the narration, and although it was broad daylight, many glanced fearfully about them, as if dreading a ghost in their neighbors.

"Then," said Tom, "there is truth in the legend after all about the two families."

Remembering the inexplicable likeness in the female spectre to Violet, I eagerly asked for the legend. Its substance was as follows: An ancestor of Tom's, in the reign of Henry VII., had wed and won the heiress of the Heronsides. It seems that ours was the poorer family, and that the old Heronside was averse to the match. My ancestor had carried off his bride, and married her in private, then brought her home to the chamber in which we slept, then a noble chamber and hung with rich tapestry.

On the third night after their arrival home, the angry father had himself come to their bridal bower in the dead of night, had opened the door by means of false keys, stabbed the bridegroom in his bed, dragged his daughter from his side, and thrust her from the window: in doing so he had overbalanced himself, and both were picked up dead. Such was the tragic tale, and such the foundation for a feud which had lasted for many generations, and had but recently been patched up.

"By Jove," said the Ensign, "I am not exactly a coward, but I certainly would not sleep in that room again for a marshal's *baton*."

"Nor I to be made Admiral of the Blue," I answered; and so we slept on the breakfast-room floor that night.

I saw Miss Heronside a day or so after, and told her the story. She was strangely moved, and the tears burst into her beautiful eyes. I ventured—we were cousins—to kiss them softly away. "Can not we heal the old feud, and atone for the old crime?" I asked, softly; and the happiness of my life I owe to the gentle answer—"Yes."

OVER THE STONES.

On we wander, with smiles or sighs,
Laughter ringing, or tears in our eyes,
Aches and pains in our stiffening knees,
We care now only for rest and ease;
Friends have gone to the distant zones,
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

Youth—he many are gone since then,
Past and present by angels and men,
Melted to gases, pale and thin,
With their follies and faults, and virtue and sin;
Yet still in our ears sound their friendly tones,
As we go pattering over the stones.

The streets are changed, and the houses too,
Forgotten the good that we tried to do;
The sea has some of our friends once dear,
Earth has swallow'd the rest, we fear;
And all will have fled from these scenes—
Yet we're still pattering over the stones.

A BLACK AFFAIR.

WELL, thank 'e, Sir, I don't mind if I do. A little drop of rum, Sir, if you please. Rum's my favorite liquor. I don't always think, Sir, that I could write one of them Christmas burlesques stunning. You won't mind if I pan, Sir, for I'm fond of fun. Well, between you and me, Sir, I'm a bun, Sir, as sure as a gun, Sir. You see, it comes natural to me, like. Well, as I was a saying, it is three-and-twenty years since I first took to the darkey business. I was a bit of a boy then, and did Jim Crow all over the country. I what you call "starred it" throughout him. When first went into the country he found I had been before him. All the boys and gals, Sir, were turning about and saying, "Look and doin' just as Jim Crow." Says they saw Dan. I was the man, Sir, that spoilt his plan, Sir, for I was the boy that could can, Sir. Well, Sir, I was a boy, you don't like it. But as I was a saying, Sir, I made my first appearance in Jim Crow—little Jim Crow they called me—in a black affair, as a page of travers. Lor' bless you, Sir, what a thing is experience! At that time of day we used to black our faces and hands, instead of which we improving no better; but since then, Sir, such is the march of intellect, Sir, science has revealed burnt cork to be more portable and highly invaluable. Whatever there may be a wanting, Sir, to man here below, it's not cork. According to my own experience I can say in every where, but I regret to say not bottles with something in them. But cork is all pervading, and with lucifers, which I am also more than partial to, where you are with Ethiopia in your waistcoat pocket!

I began with the bones; rose rapidly, owing to my natural talent for the tambourine, advanced with giant strides to the banjo; and at last attained to the proud eminence of the concertina. I might have retired on a competence long before now, Sir, if it hadn't been for the— But why should I mention the word? What is it that conquers all mankind and makes cowards of us all, as Shakspeare observes? What is it? Why the fe-males. Hellen was the cause of Rob Roy's destruction, as the poet says. The fe-males was the ruin of me; at least one fe-male was. I mean to say that one fe-male was my wife.

She was a fine woman, Sir, and she is a fine woman as ever you would desire to clap your eyes upon in a summer's day; a foot and a half taller than me, but no ambition, and such a raping temper. For you, Sir, or any gunt as wasn't professional, she would have been just the thing. Tall, Sir, high action, a fine figure-head, and a mole on her left cheek, but domestic. That's where we didn't hit it—she was domestic; and when a woman as is married to a professional is domestic she can't account to be out of her sight. When you are away performing she gets jealous; not of any body in particular, as far as I can make out, but of the public in general. A domestic wife, Sir, in my walk of life, Sir, tends to strife, Sir—beg your pardon, I'm sure, Sir; but it's a natural gunius which there's no keeping down; always was witty, Sir; can't help it.

My wife turned out downright unreasonable. She was for regular hours in the business. "Ten to five, or a little arter," she used to say, "it is very good hours for a man to be in business, and can get a red man ought to be home and abed by ten o'clock." Well, you know, Sir, in my line that sort of thing won't do. If Drop Light Lou is your line your must do the best you can; and if you want a sweet-heart, why darkey is your man. Leastwise, Sir, I mean that in my line you can't choose your hours, or you can't choose your district. As a rule, there's nothing to be done in the nigger line until after dinner. Organ is the only thing in that way that people will stand directly after breakfast. You want a good foundation of roast beef or ards and something to drink before you are in a humor for the niggers. And do you know, Sir, I fancy that the more people have to drink the better they are for our performance. And so it is, Sir, that our best time is at night. I used to do a very good night business with a song, of which, being the composer of it, I was the head and director—a very good business, Sir, until I got married. But I hadn't been married a week before Mrs. G. began to row me about being out late at night.

"My dear Maria," I says to her, "it's business; it's your living, my dear, and mine too."

"Don't tell me," she says; "there's no proper business to be done at this time of night, and if I had known the sort of life you was going to lead me I shouldn't have married you."

"Well, Maria," I would say to her, "I'm sure I never deceived you as to my line of life."

"You told me you was a hartist," she says.

"I did," I says; "but did I ever deceive you as to the nature of the hart? Didn't I tell you as a straightforward manner that I was in the musical way, that my instrument was the concertina, and my line," I says, "it came a-scarting you in a clean face and my best Sunday-going suit; but when you remarked as how you found my neck dirty I made a clean breast of it, and confess to the burnt cork on my bended knees? And what did you say to me, Maria? Why, you take me by the hand and you say, 'Rise, Joseph, rise; it does not become you to kneel thus to a fragile woman? Love,' you says, 'is superior to all art, and I'd love you all the same if you was the Hottentot Venus.'"

Yes, Sir, I was candid with Maria, and I was candid with the landlady, which had been in the boardinghouse line and seen better days, but was now reduced through misfortunes. It is true that Maria's tea kept a snuggling presented to her by subscription by the members of her dutiful family, and that her pa, being unequal to exertion, was in the poorhouse; but having paid taxes and kept the parochahy in better times, I knew what was due to them, and, on aspiring to Maria's sad, stated all circumstances—family, parentage, profession, and expected earnings.

I remember well, Sir, what the old gentlemen said to me on the wedding-day. I went down to the poor-house for him at ten o'clock and brought him up in a cab to give his daughter away. And he gave her away, Sir, cheerfully—which was very generous of him, considering that she was all his property. And, coming out of church, the old gentleman says to me:

"Joseph," says he, "things has been said, but not by me. Mind, I won't see as said Maria was going to marry beneath her. There's no pride about me; but the old woman, you know, was connected with the aristocracy, and, though brought down, Joseph, her notions are high. She didn't quite like it at first, and might have said something. But don't you take any notice, she'll be reconciled to it in time."

So she was, Sir; for the very next Sunday the old lady took me and Maria to tea, and we had our own tea and sugar, and a new cottage loaf, and warmed the old lady up with a glass of gin, and she was reconciled to me. So you can't say that there was any family misunderstanding, can you, Sir? It was all fair and square; Maria knew what I was, and I precisely knew what I was, and they took me for what I was.

Maria could not deny it; yet often when I went home last night with high strikes, fly at me like a cat and tear my clothes off my back, get hold of the tails of my coat—them long comic tails as we wear, Sir—and off they'd come like tinder; and as for my hair, it was a pity her, but that being a horsehair wig descried of her, and only aggravated her the more, when she'd chuck the wig in the fire and seize me by the real hair, pulling out handfuls. There was no pacifying her, Sir; soft words weren't a bit of use. I've took home something nice for supper, thinking that would prevent a row; but it didn't. Once I had a bit of boiled pork and pease-puddin', and she took up the pease-puddin' in handfuls and threw it at me like mud. Pease-puddin' ain't a nice thing, Sir, to be comped with. So I took her home a velvet bonnet all over roses and ribbons and she's danced upon it, Sir.

When I've been very late, and frightened to go home, I've got two or three of my mates to go in with me; sometimes I've took the whole troupe. But last there was, Sir, it wouldn't have made no difference if I had gone home guarded by a regiment of soldiers, or a whole division of the police. Maria let us have it all round, generally with the banjo over the head. You see she had no sympathy with hart, Sir, didn't understand it. Her idea of work was washing, and ironing, and cleaning up the house. "Fine thing for you," she would say, "gallivanting about, seeing pleasure, while I'm at home here, toiling and slaving." As a general rule, Sir, I don't think women ought to sing hart.

But the worst of it was that all this interfered with business. I'm a man that likes peace and quietness myself, and I'd do any thing rather than have a row. I've sat many a night in the cold on the stairs waiting for Maria's temper to cool down. But if you treat upon a worm, Sir, it will turn, especially if you interfere with it in business, and humiliate it before the public at large. And that's half of what Maria used to do. She'd give a good bit of money to be picked up in the season at the watering-places. But I never could go; Maria wouldn't let me.

"If you go, Joseph," she used to say, "I go."

Well, of course I couldn't drag Maria about with me on the country; it would have been double expense, and hartists in our line don't always find it easy to get lodgings. Ours, Sir, is an awkward walk to assert as regards rows, for all being professionals we like to keep ourselves quiet when we retire into private life. In fact, it would be for public characters like us to go to the Metropolitan.

Well, the consequence was that my mates went without me, and I was left in New York at the dull season of the year to do the best I could singlehanded. But one nigger ain't no use, Sir; it's true the concertina is scientific, but without the bones and the bones it's nothing. I did very bad, and could get little more than a crust. But Maria didn't care. She considered that I was in better a crust of bread-and-cheese and be home and a-bed at ten o'clock than fried oysters and gin with gallivanting.

It was all jealousy. Yet I never give her any occasion, Sir. Never. Of course I palavered the gals, and I always made some complimentary speech out of their missus's pin-money; but it was in the way of business. It wasn't love, Sir, it was money.

What I am going to tell you now, Sir, is a great event, and I dare say some day it will be mentioned in History.

It was in the dull season, and I had not done a stroke of business for some time. I had been out on a concert, and was thinking, thinking, thinking—as I generally do when I'm in bad luck—that I might possibly find a purse or a bundle of notes lying in the road. You see, Sir, as I was turning a street corner I saw something white lying on the pavement. My heart was in my mouth. I thought it was the bundle of notes at last. But it wasn't. It was only a lady's cambric handkerchief. But that was quite enough for me. I made sure all round it. I am no judge of lace myself, but I thought that it was likely to be the real article. So I picked it up, and put it in my pocket, and said nothing to nobody. I intended to give it to Maria when I got home; but she had a little bit of supper ready for me, and was so pleasant as never, that I quite forgot all about it. I went to bed without mentioning the handkercher.

As I was dozing off, Maria, who had stopped up to put things to rights, suddenly came up to the bedside and shook me. "Joseph," she said.

"Well," I said, "what is it?"

"Joseph," she repeated; as d I knew by her tone that there was something up.

I opened my eyes and saw Maria standing beside me with the handkercher in her hand. She had been to my pockets and found it.

"What's this?" she said.

"A handkercher," I said.

"A handkercher!" she said. "Whose handkercher is it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," I said. "I picked it up in the street, and was going to give it to you, only I forgot it."

"How do you look, Joseph, when you're telling a lie?" she said.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"I'll tell you what I mean," she said. "Some woman give you this, Joseph. You've said nothing to me some time; but you can't deceive me. I have the hockular proof."

"Oh, how can you think such a thing, Maria?" I said. "I'm sure I never gave you any cause."

"This handkercher!" she said; and she looked at me quite awful.

Well, Sir, I took a bitter oath that I had picked it up, but she wouldn't have it.

"Why, Joseph," she screamed, "said; 'it's real lace, d dare say it belongs to a Fifth Avenue heiress."

"Ah," she says; "it ain't the first time I've heard of hartists taking to deceive in love with professionals. Joseph, you're a willin."

It cut me to the quick to be called a name like that, and my conscience as accused me, but I had nothing would parley her. She worked herself up into high strikes in no time. Thinking that she would soon get tired out, I lay quiet a bit, quiet and never said a word. But that wouldn't do. She got up in a fury, threw my wig into the fire as stood, stamped upon my concertina case, and then pulled all the clothes off me. She went on like a mad woman, Sir, and roused the whole house.

"I'll go home to my parents," she said.

"Don't be foolish," I said. "You know your ma is out a washing, and the poor-house is shut long ago; they won't let you see the old gentleman to-night."

"It comes of marrying of you beneath me in station," she said.

Now she had never said that to me before; but I knew now that it had been hurled in her breast, and that she had been thinking of it for years.

"Oh, Maria!" I said. "I never thought that you would have thrown that up in my face. If you do come of a high family," I said, "love's a leveler."

"Love!" she says; "do you dare to talk to me of love, false one?"

"I ain't a false one, Maria; I'm your true loving husband," I said.

"The handkercher!" she said, holding it up like an accusing spectre. "Go to your heiress, go!" And with that she flounced out of the room, and sat half the night on the stairs—weeping and sobbing and beating the boards with her heels, so that nobody could get a wink of sleep in the house.

When she come up in the morning she was as cold as a frog; but quiet. She never spoke all breakfast-time; but after I had blacked my face, and just as I was curling a paper collar, she rises, and draws herself up to her full height, and says:

"Joseph," she says, "I'll never live under the same roof with you no more. I'll have a divorce."

"Very well," I says; "if that's your temper have a divorce. Only it strikes me that it won't be much to it when you have a good deal more money than we've got," I said.

All I had, Sir, was a fifty cent stamp, and though I knew that divorce had been much reduced in price, I didn't think they had come down so low as that.

"Don't you think," I said, "it would be cheaper to refer it to arbitration? I don't mind standing by what you ps says."

"Oh, I don't say," she said; "you and pa are very thick because you give him bacca. I chose Mrs. ——."

"Very well," I said; "you have ma and I'll have pa."

So that was agreed upon, and Maria put on her bonnet and went off for her ma, and I, without waiting to wash the black off my face, went up to the opposite house for my pa.

The first thing the old gentleman said, on getting outside the gates, was, "Ain't we going to take a coach, Joseph?"

"No, father," I says, "coaches is for weddings; but it's divorce that's on to-day; and under those circumstances you don't feel inclined to go to the expense."

The old gentleman being rather weak on the pins, I took my arm, and came to get down to where I lodged, and Maria and her ma were there waiting for us.

"Here you are," I said; "here's my reference."

"And here's mine," said Maria, pointing to her ma, who, having her sleeves up, had evidently been summoned down in the middle of her washing.

"Now," I said, "go ahead."

Well, Sir, of course Maria had no facts to go upon, except the handkercher, and the handkercher in my pocket. I tore the case for the prosecution all to tatters, and Maria hadn't got a rag to stand upon except the handkercher.

"Now," I says, "pa, what's your verdict?"

"Not guilty, my lord, without leaving the box."

"Hear, hear," I says. "And what's yours, ma?"

"Well," she says, talking quite proud, just like her daughter, both having been at boarding-school, "I should like to see the handkercher."

Maria always kept things tidy.

"Why," she says, "it's the finest cambric, with real lace round it; it's worth five dollars if it's worth a penny."

"Very well, then, mum, what do you say?"

"Well," replied Maria's ma, "I say pawn it."

"Them is my sentiments exactly," I says; "pawn it, and let's have rumpsteak and onions for dinner."

Maria vowed that her own flesh and blood had turned against her; but when I brought in a quart of rum and a pint and a half of old ale, and she'd had a drop, she came round a little, and at last agreed to go and pawn the handkercher. Then we had a nice bit of hot dinner, and the old gentleman got quite convivial, and sang Away with Melancholy, Sir, in a most pleasant an afternoon, Sir, as I'd wish to see.

After that happiness, Sir, was restored to my domestic hearth; only, I couldn't help thinking that things was a deal too pleasant to last. Maria was all sugar, never scolded, never was jealous, and was always singing. It couldn't make it out at all. Formerly she had despised my line of hart, and called my songs nonsense and rubbish. But now she was a singing of them every day, and beautiful she sang them too; especially Lucy Neal and the Old Folks at Home, which was all the go then. I never thought that she had such talent.

But what's her little game? I thought to myself. She's been in a jealous fury and she's dropped the words, and though she doesn't say much, she's always a singing; and two or three times when I come in unexpected I've caught her getting away some finery that she'd been making, as if she didn't want me to see it.

One afternoon, with I came in to my bit of dinner, there was nobody in the room. I knocked at the door of the lodger on the same landing, a young woman in the millinery line, and asked if she knew where my missus was? "All right," she says; "she'll be with you directly."

I went back to my meal and sat down, and in about five minutes the door opened and somebody came in. I looked round and saw before me—what do you think, Sir? A tall young woman dressed in short red petticoat, with a turban on her head, and her face blacked!

There was no mistaking that figure-head. It was Maria.

"How do you like me now?" she says.

"Why, Maria," I says, "whatever are you up to?"

In answer to that, Sir, she whips up an old tambourine, and strikes up—

"Rose, Rose, Sambo come,
Make a little fire in de kerk room;
Oh, Rose, coal-black Rose,
I'll marry you before
If I don't love Rose."

And then she did the tambourine with her hands, and giggled it to the time, and banged it against her head and elbows just as if she had been born to it.

"Will that suit?" she says.

"Why, Maria," I said to her quite serious, "what does this mean?"

"Well, I do says, "it means, Joseph, that I don't think you draw by yourself, and I'm going to help you. What you want," she says, "is the pie-rots element in your performances."

"And do you mean to say, Maria, that you're going out with me like that?"

"Yes," she says, "I do mean to say it. In future, Joseph, where you go I go. I'm sure it will improve the business; and being with you, I can always have my eye upon you."

And she did go out with me, Sir; and that was how fee-males was first introduced into the nigger business. Lots of fellows have claimed the honor of the invention; but it was me as did it, me and Maria.

There's lots of fee-males in the profession now, but Maria was the first; and if you are in the History line, perhaps you will be good enough to put it down.

Thank you, Sir, the same as before, with lemon.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUERIES FOR THE NAVAL SCHOOLS.

Where a boat puts off for fresh meat, does it go on a leg of mutton sail?

How should you proceed if you were ordered to rig—the market?

Has the "christening" of a ship any thing to do with its "conversion?"

NO CURE AND HIGH PAY.—Quack medicine not only does and cures but empirics who have recourse to it, but makes them worse. The practice of a Quack Doctor is the most objectionable of all time-cures.

The Erie Railroad, we understand, is in good run-in order. To make sure of the fact, take a ride through Bergen tunnel.

An Irish judge, after holding the sentence at Tipperary, made a turn of the bench during the circuit. He there saw, with astonishment, a calendar of prisoners without one gentleman to represent the whole. He pointed out the contrast to his clerk, who contemptuously remarked, "The Welsh have a monopoly of gentility."

"PAPA," said a youngster, "what is punctuation?" "It is the act of putting stops, my child. "Then I wish you would go and do it to the cellar and punctuate the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."

ACCORDING TO GUNTHER.—We learn that our worthy Mayor has refrained from reading the Fourth of July riot on the ground that it might lead him to entertain contracted views. Several city politicians are following his wise example.

MORAL REFLECTIONS BY A POLICEMAN.—"It seems to me that, after burying one, the undertaker improved method of winding up the night is reeling it home."

When does a seven cold resemble a brilliant idea?" When it comes to you in a flash of intellectuality.

IS AN INDIANS wigwam so called because the clothes is with the scalps of his victims?"

What is the most difficult thing in the world?—To find out the most difficult thing in the world.

Why is swearing like an old coat?—Because it's a bad habit.

SNOWDAR.—It is said that the tree of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, gives no melody; the grapes of Eschol, the finest of trees, yields no fruit; desolate, the thinnest of rivers, is not navigable; and the rose, the loveliest creatures in the world, are very often diteless—they are so.

GREAT SCHOOL.—A lady we know was startled the other day by being told that some one was writing below for her "body." Dress-makers should be careful.

A witty saying of M. Dumas, the younger, is amusing to-day. The Emperor is said to have invited him to end the plague, adding to her courtesy an assurance that all the genius were to have full liberty in the matter. "There is a pity, then, Monsieur," said M. Dumas, "that all France is not already invited."

JEROME JAYE, in her recent "Talks on Women's Topics," says that in almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

NEW ORTHOGRAPHY.—The lady's-maid of a fashionable churchgoer, whose style of dress far exceeds that of her mistress, having occasion to write an order to a performer in waiting, addressed the letter to the maid as dowm bottles of "*O Dick Alone*" (eau-de-Cologne).

A SOLEMN FACT.—It is difficult to make the pot boil with the fire of genius.

WHY is the letter T like an island?—Because it is in the middle of water.

EVE, according to Milton, kept silence in Eden to hear her husband talk. There have been no Eves since.

"In the Ottom of 18—, my friend, the editor of the Hashfordville Gazette and Mail, I was a perfect stranger to him and go and dig his bates, and he axed me to ride for him round his business. Accordingly I jumped up his Bizzer and commenced. It didn't take me a great while to learn the whole stuff from A to Izzard—one reason, and I there I'd ride up to the next town on a little mule, to get my Bizzer which had his severely racks by my mental efforts. (This is sorter Ironical.) So I went over to the next town, and axed for the letters, and handed them to a pare. 'You a editor?' he axed, enquiring as to put of sickness. 'Yes, Sir,' I said, 'I don't I look poor enuff?' 'Just about,' said he, 'but our Read can't see you.' 'Can't, hay?' I says, 'I'll—I mean,' I 'Because,' sez I, lookin' him full in the face with a eagle eye, 'I owe no doctor now it won't pay me to begin.' And so I said and him that. Try the slowest Eale Read in the West. With a quarterly he told me to get out of his office. I paid him and went."

MIND YOUR STORE.—A clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply-interested Sunday audience the miseries of delinquency, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming, "A young woman in my parish has married that very unlikely lad Isaiah, who is now preaching the Gospel in a state of beastly intoxication!"

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them they will speak kindly to you. If you are frank with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you have a sound and pleasant skin, spark sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

QUESTION FOR AGRICULTURISTS.—What vegetable only continues to be eaten?—Why, of course, the lettuce alone (*let us alone*).

An editor, having read in another paper that there is tobacco which, if a man smokes or chews, will make him forget that he owes a shilling in the world, innocently remarked that many of his subscribers have been furnished with the article.

A young lady of our acquaintance, who likes her jokes as much as her fowls (she has fifty fighting), tells us she has a bantam so prolific that she thinks the bird is hen-sgenerable.

EDWARD EVERETT.

EDWARD EVERETT, one of the most conservative of American statesmen, and the most accomplished of American orators, died, at his residence on Summer Street, Boston, of apoplexy, on the morning of the 15th inst. In an appropriate order, dated a few hours after his death, the Secretary of State, under the direction of the President, announced this important event, and instructed the several executive departments of the government to "cause appropriate honors to be rendered to the memory of the deceased, at home and abroad, wherever the national name and authority are acknowledged."

EDWARD EVERETT was born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794. He was the son of a New England clergyman, the Rev. OLIVER EVERETT, and was the youngest of three brothers, one of whom, the late ALEXANDER HILL EVERETT, is well known as having filled with credit many diplomatic positions under our government. Mr. EVERETT was graduated at Harvard College at the early age of seventeen. Two years afterward he was ordained as pastor of the Brattle Street Church, in Boston, filling the place left vacant by the brilliant and lamented BUCKMINSTER. At this early stage of his career he was greatly admired for the finish and elegance of his pulpit discourses. In his college course he had chiefly distinguished himself for his aptitude as a linguist. He had been tutor at the college before his clerical appointment, and before he was twenty-one he was offered the Eliot professorship of Greek literature at Harvard, and in order fully to qualify himself for the duties of that office he traveled in Europe. Four years were occupied in travel and study, and upon his return in 1819 he entered upon a career at Harvard which was memorable not only for the enthusiasm which Mr. EVERETT created in the students of that institution, but also for the popular interest which his lectures on classic literature excited in Boston and its vicinity. For the five years following, he, in addition to his purely classical labors, conducted the *North American Review*.

Mr. EVERETT'S celebrated Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge, in 1824, was the first of that long series of popular orations which have established his fame as the most elegant of American rhetoricians. On that occasion General LAFAYETTE was seated at his side upon the platform, and at the close of his address the speaker paid a graceful tribute to this distinguished compatriot of WASHINGTON.

Mr. EVERETT'S political life commenced with his election to Congress from the Middlesex District in 1824. He served in the House for ten years, and was during that period a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and in the 20th Congress was made chairman of that committee. In 1834 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, an office which he held for four years. In 1840 he was appointed by President HARRISON as Minister of the United States to the British Court. Upon his return, in 1845, he accepted the presidency of Harvard College, from which, after three years, he retired, and in 1852, upon the death of Mr. WEBSTER, was appointed Secretary of State. In 1853 he took his seat in the Senate, but, owing to his ill health, was obliged to resign. Since that time his efforts have been chiefly devoted to the collection of the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, for which he realized the sum of more than $100,000. His ardent devotion to the Union in the time of her greatest peril is held in the grateful remembrance of the American people. His last official act was the casting of his electoral vote for President Lincoln.

Mr. EVERETT was punctual and methodical in the performance of every official duty, sensitive in temperament, and reserved and courtly in manner. While he was a man of elegant taste, he was also eminently practical, though unfitted to the bustle and strife of actual life. The last speech which Mr. EVERETT made was at Faneuil Hall, on the 9th inst., in behalf of the people of Savannah.



THE LATE EDWARD EVERETT.

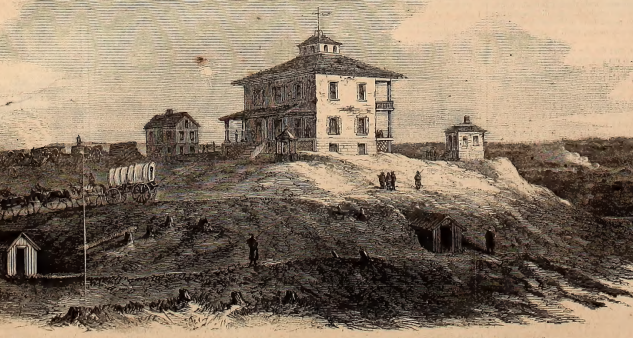
CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.

THE remarkable progress of Chicago during the last decade almost surpasses belief. In 1850 the city did not exist—upon its present site there was a small wooden fort only, with two or three houses in the vicinity. Its population in 1837 was 4170, and was tripled in eight years. In 1860 the population numbered 109,260; in 1861 it was 169,353. We think that this progress has no parallel in history.

But notwithstanding this rapid growth it is only recently that means have been taken to supply the city satisfactorily with water. It has always depended on Lake Michigan for this supply; and always during a stormy season the water was filled with sediment, and at other times the water had a flavor of the Chicago River, which receives the sewage of the city.

On the 17th of March, 1864, under the auspices of Messrs. DUNCAN & GOWEN, a tunnel was commenced which, passing under the lake, will convey to the city perfectly pure water.

The well, or shaft, of this tunnel is 68 feet in depth, and about 8 feet in diameter. The tunnel under the lake is 5 feet in diameter, or height rather, its shape being oval, and is bricked up as fast as dug. The work has already proceeded a considerable distance from the shaft. Next summer a water-tight crib will be sunk out in the lake, two miles from shore. The work of sinking the large iron tube will then be undertaken. As fast as the tube is sunk the earth will be removed from the interior, and when the depth of 68 feet is reached tunneling to meet the shore will begin. The object of this arrangement will be to secure a larger quantity of pure air. Mr. JOHN P. OFFERMAN has charge of the works.



REAR VIEW OF THE HOWLETT HOUSE BATTERY, AS SEEN FROM OUR ADVANCE PICKET LINE.—[SEE PAGE 61.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 62.]



THE NEW WATER-WORKS AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 60.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

For the soirées and fêtes of the winter season just inaugurated, the modes are remarkable for the luxury and complication of the ornaments and arrangements of dresses and coiffures. Brocaded silk, satin, and velvet dresses abound; but plush velvets are preferred to the ordinary plain velvets or cloths, the last being almost entirely confined to morning dress. As for bonnets, they are reduced almost to simple fanchons, and leave but little space for the exercise of the decorative imagination of the modistes, who, however, by the introduction of peacocks' and other feathers, rich flowers, and lace, still contrive to render their bonnets as costly as before.

Short paletots and short rotondes, with or without hoods, in the *redingote* or *paysanne* style, the hood, or capuchin, will be a special characteristic of the '65 winter season, and is very gracefully shaped and ornamented with ruching in silk or in swan-down.

In the way of furs, Astrakan, particularly for trimmings, is the most fashionable, deservedly so, for it is always elegant in appearance, and admits of very general application to different parts of a lady's toilet.

Long waistbands of lace are generally *en vogue* for the present season; they are mostly black, but white ones are also worn. For the toilet of a ball the white lace waistband over a satin robe is extremely elegant and tasteful.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of pale rose-colored taffeta, the corsage *à cœurture* ornamented with a sort of bauquine composed of black velvet and trimmed with jets. The sleeves are provided with a narrow trimming to match, designed as shown in the illustration.

Fig. 2. *Visiting Dress.*—Rawcolored robe of poplin or taffeta, with flounces either in entire antique or velvet, several shades darker than that of the dress. Sometimes a plain light-colored flounce for this style of robe, and then the trimmings just mentioned are advantageously replaced by black satin ornaments. Velvet trimmings fastened with buckle in mother-of-pearl. Light-brown velvet bonnet, trimmed with a white lace fanchon and a twisted feather.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Plain but ample black silk dress. The principal feature of this toilet is the blue velvet pelisse-manile, which is finely trimmed with braidsbuerge attached by large mother-of-pearl buttons.

Fig. 4. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of taffeta figured in the background of our engraving is the most novel as to arrangement, and has a tablier-pouf ornamented with sautoir by one of the principal hair-dressers in Paris: the ornamentation consists of black velvet and an abundance of imitation coral beads.

THE WILMINGTON EXPEDITION AGAIN.

GENERAL BUTLER'S Report and a portion of Lieutenant-General GRANT'S correspondence with General Butler throw a new light upon the failure of the Wilmington Expedition. So far as the question of its success is concerned there is little room for argument. It is possible that an assault may have been unwise under the circumstances. And no officer, with the exception of Admiral Porter, has even by implication censured General Butler for saving the lives of his men from needless slaughter.

Still the fact remains that General Butler has been removed, and this measure is evidently been adopted at the suggestion of the Lieutenant-General. It may be that the removal had already been decided upon before the expedition was undertaken, or it may have been that some circumstances connected with General Butler's conduct of that expedition have since finally turned the balance against him. It is not difficult to believe that the latter supposition is the true one. General Butler has for months enjoyed a popularity of which he must cooperate with other officers. It may have been found that he was peculiarly and by his very constitution unfitted for such a position. Apart from this general conjecture, it is certain that in this particular instance of the Wilmington Expedition he failed to do what was expected of him.

In the first place, it was expected that General Weitzel should command the expedition; the command was already assigned to him. But Butler took the command upon himself. In the second place, Butler was behind time in getting prepared. As early as January 9, Grant wrote to Butler that Bragg had taken most of the forces defending Wilmington to Georgia to oppose Sherman.

Again, on December 4, Grant wrote: "I feel great anxiety to see the Wilmington expedition off, both on account of present fine weather, which we can expect no continuance of, and because Sherman may now be expected to strike the seacoast any day." Bragg has few to return. I think it advisable for you to notify Admiral Porter, and get off without delay, with or without your powder-boat. A week later Grant wrote again, urging haste. "If you do not get immediately you will lose the chance of surprising a weak garrison." Again, on the 16th: "What is the prospect for getting your expedition started? It is a great pity we were not ten or twelve days earlier. I am confident it would have been successful."

But Butler seems to have been obtuse about the powder-ship. It is almost ludicrous to what extent the leaders of the expedition built up their hope of success on a mere experiment. Butler delayed so long that another delay necessarily followed upon a change in the weather.

General Grant plainly intended that the troops, which numbered 6500, should remain on shore after landing, even if they could not successfully assault the fort. The rebels evidently feared that this policy would be adopted. But Butler seems to have misapprehended Grant's instructions. He says in his report that these did not contemplate a siege. But why take interesting tools if not for the purpose of laying siege to the fort? Certainly there is enough in the conduct of this expedition, as seen in the light of the above documents, to justify General Butler's removal from command. The point on which Butler takes his farewell order to his troops is one very unjust to General Grant. He tries to make it appear that he was removed because he was not willing to risk the lives of his men in a useless assault. This is not fair, and it is not calculated to impress men favorably with General Butler himself.

General Grant, after Butler's failure, organized the military division under the command of General Terry, which, in co-operation with Porter's fleet, has taken the fort. The attack this time proceeded under more favorable auspices. The land force was larger, and no warning was given to the rebels by weeks of delay. After the landing of the expedition a careful reconnoissance was made, and it was decided to risk an assault, which was made at 3.30 P.M. on the 15th. After 2 hours' severe fighting the fort was captured, with over a thousand prisoners and from 40 to 70 guns. Our loss is stated at 500.

The following letter is dated pages 56 and 57 relate to the previous action against Fort Fisher, but they will also convey to the reader an adequate idea of the main features of the situation in this second attack.

THE HOWLETT HOUSE BATTERY.

The Howlett House Battery is situated on the south bank of the James River, commands the extreme left of the rebel works covering the approaches to Petersburg. This battery commanded the bend of the river, where a canal is dug, which an attempt has been made to cut off by the Dutch Gap Canal. The river at this point was obstructed, and not blockaded, as according, had to construct these obstructions and the fire from the Howlett House Battery at the same time. If the canal should prove a success, then the army of the rear will cross under this battery sealess. Others, however, have been constructed higher up, and commanding the advance by way of the Gap.

PETROLEUM.

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, offers unrivalled inducements to the public in connection agement in the fact that it is so largely owned and conducted by real men of oil—not mere speculators in corporations. Mr. Roger, one of its trustees, belongs to the Titusville firm of Brewer, Watson, & Co., whose wealth counts by millions. Mr. Myers, another, is an extensive refiner, operator and oilshipper; and others of them, so to speak, "live and move and have their being" in oil. Such features show that a company is real, and meant for permanence.

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Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

WITCH HAZEL OINTMENT
WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.

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At Baldinore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the Genuine Compound by which Whiskers can be produced to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks. I GUARANTEE the above. Those who desire this or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lamalingang, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

THE GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1 00, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Excelsior Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to Numbers 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6, of the following.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES.

For $1 00, the Magic Pen; for $1 25, the Lucky Pen; for $1 50, the Always-Ready Pen; for $2 00, the Excelsior Pen; and for $2 25, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Gold-Working Gold Pens, with Iridomin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S UNBRASTED PENS.

The names, "A. Morton," "Manufacturer," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size only; No. 1 being the smallest, No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of No. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed: the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business Points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

THE GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For $1 25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 50 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 25 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50 a No. 6 Pen; $4 50 a No. 7 Pen; $5 75 a No. 8 Pen; $7 50 a No. 9 Pen; $7 50 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION GOLD PENS, ALL OF 1ST QUALITY.

For $2 00 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 50 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $5 75 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL OF 1ST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK-HOLDERS.

For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen; for $5 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $6 00 a No. 6 Pen; for $7 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $7 a No. 8 Pen; for $8 a No. 9 Pen; and for $9 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridomin Points that can be procured, and some of these Quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the Gold Pens.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity, and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

The Pens with Cheap Cases, he hopes to be as any that previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made Good Writing and Durable Gold Pens, for the Price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer: whether for fine, coarse or fine

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk. Pens may be sent by twenty cents' postage, if registering, in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium for the same in exchange.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on one dozen Pens of the same kind, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

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THE MALLEABLE SKATE-STRAP possesses nearly all the distance traveled while skating; can be attached to any skate without the least inconvenience. Price $1. Address E. S. RICHARDS, Jonesville, N. Y.

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CHLOASMA, or MOTH PATCHES—LENTIGO, or FRECKLES. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who devotes all his time to diseases of the skin, has discovered an infallible remedy for the removal of moth, freckles, and other discolorations from the face, leaving the skin of clear or transparent purity. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. WEEKS & POTTER, 170 Washington St., Boston, wholesale agents for New England. Sold by all Druggists. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

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An Interest Dividend at the rate of Six per Cent. per annum, on all ordinary deposits, will be paid on all deposits entitled to the same on and after Monday, January 16th, 1865. By order

JOSEPH P. COOPER, Secretary.
M. D. VAN PELT, President.

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Inclose two red stamps, and send for circular, to
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I will send, as sample, on the receipt of $1 50, a Solid Silver Badge (Coin Silver), appropriate for either Corps or Division, with Regimental Number, Initials, Letter, or Signal Corps, Departments of the Army, with your Name, Rank, and Co. inscribed on the reverse. Agents wanted everywhere. Send for wholesale illustrated circular.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENT'S PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

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TO CURE HEADACHE.—Add two table-spoonfuls of DR. T. B. TUFTS' NEUTRAL PINEAPPLE CIDER to a tumbler of cold water; take every thirty minutes. If from indigestion, add the same quantity of lime to the same quantity of water; take every fifteen minutes.

For sale every where.

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100 Photographs of Beautiful Ladies for **50** cents;
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Shults' Ongruent warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent, post-paid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

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One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1. Address

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$10 to $20 a Day. Agents wanted, on commission or salary. Address at once, with stamp, "Novelty" Family Sewing Machine. For particulars, inclose stamp, and address LATTA & WILLSON, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Has information never before published.

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CHASE'S CHEMICAL COMPOUND

For the Beard. One bottle will force a vigorous growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks. Testimonials of thousands given. Sent, post-paid, for $1. Warranted to prevent, or money returned. Price $1, or four bottles for $3. Sent sealed and post-paid. Address CHASE,
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$125 A MONTH.

WANTED.—SEVEN MACHINE AGENTS! Every where, to introduce the new *Shaw & Clark Elastic Double Lock Family Sewing Machine*, the only low price machine in the market that will not rip when dropped by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. Salary and commission, or large commission alone. Machines not sold for less than forty dollars each are of superior merit, and the sales unprecedented. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

GOLD PENS
FOR THE MILLION.

On receipt of the following sums we will send by mail, or as otherwise directed, a Gold Pen or pens, selecting the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS, IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 00, No. 2 Pen; for $1 25, a No. 3 Pen; for $1 50, a No. 4 Pen; for $2 00, No. 5 Pen; for $3 00, No. 6 Pen.

These Pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold Pens, with good active points, although they are unwarranted, and can not be exchanged.

WARRANTED GOLD PENS.

Our name (American Gold Pen Co., N. Y.) is stamped on all our Quality Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident. Our 24 quality Pens are marked THE NATIONAL PEN, with the initials of our firm (A. G. P. Co.), and are carefully made, having the same points as our 14 quality Pens, the only great difference being in the quality of the Gold.

GOLD PENS, 18 and 24 QUALITY, IN SOLID SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $2 00, a No. 1 pen 1st quality, or No. 2 pen 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No. 2 pen 1st quality, or No. 3 pen 2d quality.
For $2 75, a No. 3 pen 1st quality, or No. 4 pen 2d quality.
For $3 25, a No. 4 pen 1st quality, or No. 5 pen 2d quality.
For $4 50, a No. 5 pen 1st quality, or No. 6 pen 2d quality.
For $5 50, a No. 6 pen 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SOLID SILVER OR GOLD-PLATED BOOK-KEEPERS AND HOROCCO CASES.

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For $3 00, a No. 5 pen 1st quality, or No. 6 pen 2d quality.
For $4 00, a No. 6 pen 1st quality. For $5 00, a No. 7 pen. For $6 75, a No. 8 pen. For $13 00 a No. 9 pen; all first quality.

Our Pens rank throughout the country as equal—if not superior—to any Gold Pens manufactured, not only for their writing qualities, but durability and elegant finish. The greatest care is taken in their manufacture, and they are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill can detect.

Parties in ordering will please specify the name, number, quality, in all instances, and whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

To Clubs.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, if sent to one address at one time. 15 per cent. on $25; 20 per cent on $40.

All remittances must be registered, or at our risk. To all who enclose 20 cents, extra, for registering, we guarantee safe arrival of the money.

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Use "Send every where by Mail, post-paid. $3."

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REVERSE LEAD PENCILS.

In elegant velvet-lined cases of one dozen each; not sold in less quantities. *Prices never so before the War.* Holders are superior self-feeders, and with an extension of three lengths: engraved, chased, or engine-turned: stand unsurpassed for durability.

Size One.—When open, ½ inches in length. Price per dozen, $2 50; retails at $5 00; retails at $10 per gr'd.
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Size Four.—When open, 12 inches in length. Price per doz., $5 00; retails at $10; retails at $24 per gr'd.
Size Five.—When open, 8 inches in length. Price per doz., $4 00; retails at $8 00; retails at $20 per gr'd.

Sent to the army and elsewhere by mail post-paid. Also Watches and Jewelry in great variety, at the lowest prices for cash. Send for circular. Registered letters at our risk. Orders solicited. Address J. E. GAUGHAN, Manufacturers, 116 Broadway, New York.

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Clark's Organol, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full suit of whiskers or mustache in six weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Full directions for using this Organol, and stating it not as represented, by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 6 months from day of purchase. Price $1. Sent, sealed and post-paid, by mail, on receipt of the money.

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The beautiful art of curling straight hair, as taught by Prof. Dolby, will soon be in his circular. It will inform all how to curl their hair in beautiful, luxuriant, massive curls, in seven curls, in sixteen curls, in three curls, in silken curls. Address, with STAMP, Prof. B. B. DOLBY, Purdenan, Ohio.

(A CARD.)

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The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, and all affections of the LUNGS, THROAT, and PASSAGES; while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled Nervous System, and restores the Debilitated Functions of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

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CONSTITUTION AND LIFE SYRUP,
COMPOSED OF
IODIDE POTASSIUM,
WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS

PREPARED BY
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What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered incurable in any form are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the liberal-minded and scientific, as cures which have no parallel at the present day.

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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their genuineness, and think that a disease can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: If a patient is sick, and has a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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Is a positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, and for all HEREDITARY DISEASES DERIVED FROM A FAMILY TAINT.

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STUBBORN, KING'S EVIL, ULCERATED SWELLINGS, ERYSIPELAS, ULCERATION, SALT RHEUM.

This taint communicated and aggravated, filling life with untold misery, is, by all usual medical remedies, incurable.

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CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Purges the system entirely from all the evil effects of MERCURY, removing the Bad Breath, and curing the WORST SORES and Rheumatic Pains when the use of Calomel is sure to produce. It hardens Spongy Gums, and secures the Teeth as firmly as ever.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other effects of this Taint. It leaves no such disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

For all Forms of Ulcerative Diseases,

Either of the Nose, Throat, Tongue, Spine, Forehead, or Scalp, no remedy has ever been found like it.

Moth Patches upon the female face, depending upon a diseased action of the liver, will be entirely cured by the young wife and mother. A few bottles of CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP will restore the complexion, and remove the deposit, which is directly under the skin.

Diseases of the Larynx, giving rise to Languor, Dizziness, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, or an ulcerated or cancerous condition of that organ, however much

REACTION.

SWELL No. 1. "You don't look up to the mark this morning."
SWELL No. 2. "No, I'm not: I proposed yesterday."
SWELL No. 1. "Rejected?"
SWELL No. 2. "No, by Jove! Accepted."

The Model Pocket-Pistol of the Age.

SLOCUM'S Patent Side-Loading REVOLVER.

Length, 7¼ Inches. Weight, 14 Ounces. Carries a No. 32 Metallic Cartridge.

Its advantages over all others are:
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4th. It can be carried in the pocket, without danger, when loaded.
5th. It is sure fire, and possesses great strength.
FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.
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Descriptive Circulars furnished upon application.

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Wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

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The only collars shaped to fit the neck with a perfect curve, free from angles or breaks. The turn-over style is the ONLY COLLAR MADE having the patented spur for the crease, rendering the surface near the back perfectly smooth and free from those pockets which in all other turn-down collars so chafe and irritate the neck. Every collar is stamped "GRAY'S PATENT MOLDED COLLAR." Sold by all retail dealers in men's furnishing goods. The trade supplied by

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NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

The immense popularity of "Gray's Patent Molded Collar" has given rise to sundry imitations and infringements of my patents.

The public and especially dealers in collars, are cautioned that infringements of my rights will be rigidly prosecuted. SOLOMON S. GRAY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 423.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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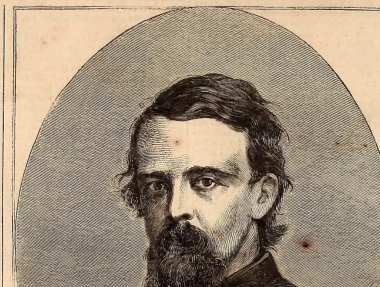
THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

AFTER the failure of the first attempt against Fort Fisher in December, the fleet returned to Beaufort to await further orders from the President and Secretary of the Navy. Admiral PORTER still remained confident that a persistent effort to capture the fort would succeed. The reports obtained from prisoners indicated that in case an assault had been ventured by General BUTLER it would have been crowned with success. How far Lieutenant-General GRANT coincided with this opinion we do not know. But he was so far dissatisfied with BUTLER'S conduct of the expedition that at his suggestion that officer was removed. General GRANT certainly believed that if the fort could not be taken by assault, there were other means which would insure its capture. It was unlike him to give the expedition up after having once undertaken it. And what was of still greater importance, Wilmington must be taken in order to secure for General SHERMAN a convenient water base in North Carolina for co-operation with the armies about Richmond. General GRANT'S plan for the next campaign is a comprehensive one, and the capture of Fort Fisher was an essential preliminary upon which many minor details of that campaign depend. In one way or another the capture must be accomplished, and the sooner the better.

It was taken for granted by the rebels that the attempt would not be repeated—at least not in connection with a land-force. HOKE'S rebel division was therefore withdrawn from Federal Point. This conviction of security was doubtless increased by the opinion publicly expressed by General WEITZEL that the rebel work was impregnable by assault. The result also of the first bombardment, though it was pronounced terrific, was not such as to give a merely naval attack any hope of success.

In the mean time the military division of the expedition was considerably reinforced. General BUTLER'S force had numbered 6500. To these another brigade was added, and to General TERRY was given the command of the division.

Orders to move from Beaufort were received January 11. No warning was given to the enemy by delay, and the weather favored a prompt movement. The fleet arrived off Federal Point on the morning of the 13th, and the troops were landed with twelve days' provisions in the afternoon. The naval engagement commenced at 7.30 A.M. Admiral PORTER sent in the *New Ironsides*, in whose lead followed four Monitors—the *Saugus*, *Canonicus*, *Monadnock*, and *Mahopac*. These came within a thousand yards of the fort, and drew its fire in order to ascertain the position of its guns as a guide to their own fire. This bombardment began to tell soon upon the southern angle of Fort Fisher. The traverses began to disappear, and one after another the guns were silenced. "By way of letting the enemy know that we did not intend to take any unfair advantage of him by using the iron vessels alone," PORTER ordered the wooden ships, led by the *Brooklyn*, to advance to the attack. These performed their part "in the handsomest manner; not a mistake was committed except firing too rapidly and making too much smoke." At night the wooden vessels retired, and the iron-clads fired irregularly all night. A good portion of the troops were landed, and were within a mile and a half of the fort, occupying a line along the entire width of the peninsula. A 15-inch gun burst during the day on the *Mahopac*, wounding three persons, two of whom were officers.



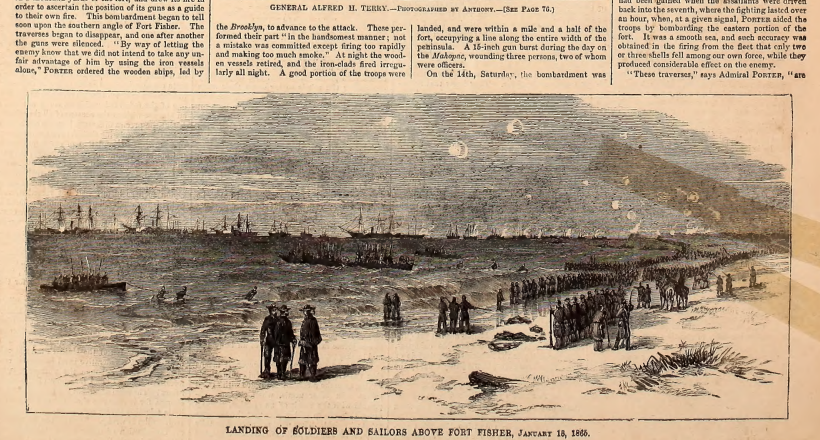
GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—(SEE PAGE 76.)

On the 14th, Saturday, the bombardment was renewed and kept up till sunset, when, says Admiral PORTER, "the fort was reduced to a pulp." During the day a careful reconoissance was made by General TERRY, who determined to risk an assault on the following day.

On the 15th, arrangements having been made between the naval and military commanders for the proposed assault, all the vessels of the fleet united in a heavy fire, which was kept up until 3 o'clock P.M. This was the time fixed upon for the assault. TERRY had placed PAINE'S Division of colored soldiers along the line facing Wilmington, while ABBOT'S Division, supported by fourteen hundred marines, advanced to the assault. The naval brigade was under the command of Commander K. R. BREESE. Lieutenant CUSHING was one of the company commanders. This column advanced against the seaward front of the fort on the left. During the past hour or two the bombardment had been unusually terrific, the sailors in the mean while having laid down behind partial breast-works. But the moment the fleet ceased firing and the marines rose to their feet the garrison of the fort, numbering over two thousand, appeared on the parapet. This was evidently thought by the rebels to be the main column of the assault, and the whole available force of the fort was turned against them. Before this fire the troops began at length to waver. The men fell thick and fast, some of them being rolled by the surf into the water. Here the brave Lieutenants PRESTON and PORTER fell. This column was repulsed amidst the cheers of the rebel garrison. This repulse was owing to a lack of organization among the marines. It was intended that the party boarding the parapet should be covered by marines and sharp-shooters in the trenches which had been dug within 200 yards of the fort. No such support was given, and the assault failed.

In the mean time ABBOT'S Division had already approached the western side of the fort. The garrison had been aware of their presence in the woods, but supposed that they were intended to reinforce the naval column. The movement which was really made had the effect of a surprise. The naval brigade had only been in action a few minutes when ABBOT'S column, from the Cape Fear River side, entered the fort at the west end through the sally-port. The abbatis was scaled, and the flags of the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York and the Thirteenth Indiana, of General CURTIS'S Brigade, were quickly planted on the fifth and sixth traverses of the fort. Behind the sixth traverse the enemy made a stand, but a bold bayonet charge drove them to the seventh. The top of the eighth had been gained when the assailants were driven back into the seventh, where the fighting lasted over an hour, when, at a given signal, PORTER aided the troops by bombarding the eastern portion of the fort. It was a smooth sea, and such accuracy was obtained in the firing from the fleet that only two or three shells fell among our own force, while they produced considerable effect on the enemy.

"These traverses," says Admiral PORTER, "are



LANDING OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS ABOVE FORT FISHER, JANUARY 16, 1865.

immense bomb-proofs, about sixty feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty feet high—secure from shot in all—being on the northeast face. Between each traverse or bomb-proof are one or two heavy guns. The fighting lasted until ten o'clock at night, the *Ironsides* and Monitors firing through the traverses in advance of our troops, and the level strip of land called Federal Point being enfiladed by the ships to prevent reinforcements reaching the rebels."

At the o'clock one half the fort was in our possession. Our position was maintained until the arrival of reinforcements, when another charge was made at nine o'clock. This drove the garrison toward the end of the Point, making here and there a stand at the water-batteries, until they were pushed to the extremity, when they surrendered. At that time Gen. General WHITING and Colonel LAMB, who conducted the defense of the fort, were lying wounded in one of the bomb-proofs of the water-batteries. Our losses had been great—how great it is impossible now to say with accuracy. It has been estimated at 800, but this includes the naval loss also, as well as the casualties from the explosion of the magazine the next morning. The naval brigade lost one hundred and seventy men. In the military division every one of the three commanders of the brigades engaged in the assault—CURTIS, PENNYPACKER, and BELL—were wounded. The last of these has died.

The scene which followed upon the surrender was brilliant beyond description. The heavy chest from the captured fort was echoed from the entire fleet. From every vessel rockets were thrown up into the air, filling the sky with brightness. Every one had escaped from the fort to tell the tale of disaster. Nineteen hundred prisoners were taken, and seventy-six guns. The fort had been manned with 2300 men, 400 of whom were killed or wounded.

The next morning after the capture of the fort a terrible accident occurred, which somewhat marred the cheer of victory. By some most culpable negligence the fuses were allowed to communicate with magazine of the fort with lighted candles. This occasioned an explosion at 8 o'clock A.M., which resulted in a loss of about 200 men. This was chiefly upon three regiments—the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth and One Hundred and Fifteenth New York, and Fourth New Hampshire. Colonel ALONZO ALDEN, of the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth, had both his legs broken, and is reported dead.

Later advices from Admiral PORTER confirm the report that Fort Caswell, on Oak Island, had been blown up by the enemy. The work commanded the Old Inlet, was built of granite, and mounted a large number of guns. The rebel steamers *Fulton* and *Beauregard* had also been blown up. Admiral PORTER states his loss at 21 officers killed and wounded, and 309 men.

In his report the Admiral says: "I have since visited Fort Fisher and its adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I cannot see how it was done, except in the way, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff Tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England; and yet it is captured by a handful of men, under the fire of the guns of the fleet, and in seven hours after the attack commenced in earnest."

General TERRY has added another to his well-won laurels by the success of his assault on Fort Fisher. At the capture of Fort Pulaski, at the battle of Pocotaligo, in the operations which led to the capture of Morris Island and Fort Wagner, and in the tedious campaign of last summer upon the James, he has taken a distinguished part. And now the country rejoices over his last and most brilliant achievement at Fort Fisher. Although not a graduate of West Point, he was in youth a military student, and now at the war with as much practical knowledge of the art of war as his peers from West Point. He is about six feet and two inches high, slender, with bright hair and blue eyes, and a grave but gentle expression of countenance. As modest as he is brave, he well merits Admiral PORTER'S enthusiastic praise as "the brave-ideal soldier and a general." Connecticut has given to the war LION, SEDGWICK, MANSFIELD, FOOTE, and WINTHROP. Not a none may she be more justly proud than of the hero of Fort Fisher.

FREE MISSOURI.

BEHOLD, along the rugged battle-ways,
Freedom with yet another trophy comes;
Comes joyously, 'mid blare of throbbing drums,
And trumpets pealing jocund notes of praise.

Missouri's free! No more shall lash and chain
Her symbols be the sisterhood among;
No more the shadow of her shame be flung
Along the North-tides hurrying to the main.

No more shall Ruin bar the poor man's gate,
Or wasted fields in ghastly silence lie;
No more shall murdered souls for vengeance cry,
Or bondmen for the purple morning wait.

No more! Already on each drowsy height,
And through the age-locked, rusted prison-doors,
That promised dawn its golden splendor pours,
Expelling all the shadows of the night!

Missouri's free! God bless her hair of gold—
Last, fairest daughter of dear Freedom's flock—
And set off fleet as last upon the flock
The Fathers found in the brave days of old!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1865.

MORE "BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE" AT HAND.

A S General SHERMAN enters upon his new campaign the enemy in the region toward which he will probably advance begins the work of burning all in Georgia. When he moved out of Atlanta he was saluted in two hostile keys, one of rage, the other of ridicule. The horrible things that he was meant to do, the hopeless slavery to which the people were to be subjected, the desolation which was to blight the country, these were made the spurs to frantic appeals to arm all to him, to hunt him down, and destroy the savage and his hosts. On the other hand, he was a cornered fox obliged to run into a trap. The boastfulness of his underrating also showed his desperate condition. His march was an ignominious retreat which must end in his destruction, etc., etc.

Somehow he arrived comfortably and sat down in Savannah after an agreeable journey. He came neither like ALARIC nor TIMOUR THE TARTAR, but as the benign supporter and servant of an equal and benign Government, against which those who were anxious that others should "hunt" him had ceaselessly rebelled. There was never a time in the history of this unhappy so hostile a country that devastated so little and was so little molested. After resting at Savannah the invincible General now turns his face northward, and the cry that greeted him before again breaks forth.

Here is a specimen of the frenzied effort to excite the South Carolinian against him. It is a letter written to a Charleston newspaper, from Pocotaligo, just before SHERMAN occupied it:

"SHERMAN and his thieves and robbers have sworn that South Carolina shall be made desolate. His commanders have spoken it to the wife of one of our generals—unblushingly left as Sunday's text. They have said it. And it has been reiterated from the mouth of every private brought into our lines. In truth, they say, it is to be left behind them unconsumed. Neither will respect be paid to youth, beauty, or age. 'Booty and beauty,' the original war-cry with which South Carolina was threatened, is to be re-echoed upon her soil. Unless our people have submitted themselves to be Yankee tradesmen and slaves, these fiends incarnate will be driven howling from their borders. Let every man do his duty during the conflict. Let the march of the enemy upon our own soil be rendered perilous by the crack of the unerring rifle and the whistle of every leaden bullet. Obstruct his path in his pathway; and let our women, instead of exhibiting timidity, nervousness, and panic, bring themselves under the representatives of those of '76. The true of liberty must be watered by the blood of tyrants, or else the field has and gentle but fearless soul of woman must nurture and strengthen it."

We had all this two months ago in Georgia, and what do we now see? We see that this kind of talk is not believed by those whom it is intended to affect. When SHERMAN marched from Atlanta the people were not summoned or stirred to take shot-guns and assemble for "a grand hunt." They did not come. Now that he moves from Savannah, the Carolinians are exhorted to do the same thing. But they will not come. The soldiers will fight, but the people will not destroy their stores or desolate their plantations. Georgia found in that single opportunity for the last ditch, and it was not accepted. Savannah surrendered. Why? Because the people disbelieved just such rhetoric as we have quoted, and which SHERMAN'S men stoned

the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent federal government," etc., etc., "do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America."

Here the rebels say exactly what they mean, and what the people of the United States, who made the Constitution, neither meant nor said. This instrument is the bond of a league of sovereign States, or federation. Ours is the act of people residing in several States creating a nation. Now war justifies itself, in the rebel mind, upon the ground that the Union is not a nation, but a federation; and the deplorably confused condition of public sentiment at the time the secession movement began was greatly owing to the loose way in which this nation had been called a federation or a confederacy. If it were only that, there might be some question as to the power of the Federal or Confederate Government. If it had, on the other hand, always been our care to speak of ourselves as a nation, and we had properly regarded the powers of the Government as national and supreme, we should have escaped much of that panic of wonder and hesitation during which the national Government might easily have been overthrown.

The difference between nation and confederacy is vital. If we had been a federation, undoubtedly Mr. PENDLETON and his peace party are correct in saying that it is neither lawful nor desirable to resist secession by force. In that case, also, the word federal properly describes the Government, and therefore it is used by the rebel organ in the city of New York, and by all our foreign readers. But why should journalists who are fighting for the nation against a Confederacy to be created from a part of the fragments of the nation, and orators who are pleading for it, and editors who are writing for it, persist in using a word which merely expresses the rebel theory of our Government, and is in itself a partial validation of their conduct? If we are not a confederated group of States but a nation, a rebellion against the Government must either overthrow it or be utterly overthrown. Since we mean nation, let us say nation.

THE SOLDIERS' REST.

EVERY traveler by the New York and New Haven Railroad has had occasion to observe the vast extent of a *Soldiers' Rest*, or comfortable quarters for the soldiers constantly going and coming by that route, where they can have a pleasant shelter and simple refreshment. Especially now when the railroads seem to be pretty much worn out, and when the connections are seldom made, there are many soldiers daily arriving from the East and going to Washington, who frequently find themselves with four or five hours on their hands; or coming from Washington, homeward bound, ill perhaps, or wounded, or weak in early convalescence—and for all these there is no kind of adequate provision. The New England rooms are devoted to other purposes, and there are other institutions which serve other ends.

The subject has enlisted the sympathy of many who always bear the soldiers in mind, and two or three weeks since the project of founding such a Rest was discussed among several gentlemen, who instantly subscribed several hundreds of dollars; and GEORGE ELLIS, JUN., 45 William Street, temporarily took charge of the subscriptions and publicly invited more. He has engaged the only suitable place near the station of the New Haven Road; and it is hoped that, by the time this notice is printed, a responsible committee will assume the care of the whole subject.

Meanwhile, as we understand subscriptions may be sent to Mr. BLISS.

"The army and navy forever,
And three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

FROM AN ENGLISH FRIEND OF AMERICA.

ONE of the most intelligent and serviceable, and conspicuous of our friends in England, who has yet doubted whether our Government could re-establish itself without sacrifice of its intrinsic character, writes upon hearing of SHERMAN'S progress and of THOMAS'S victory:

"I am beginning to believe in what until very lately, though I always wished it, I have doubted—the feasibility of restoring the Union Government over the length and breadth of its former dominions—of rescuing it, I mean, without danger to constitutional government and free institutions. The resources which Democracy has developed, both for military enterprise and civil administration—the wonderful facility of adaptability to circumstances, a power even more wonderful, I think, than its tenacity of purpose and thorough-going devotion to any end once fairly resolved on—all this has, I confess, altogether transcended any thing which I had thought of, and makes me feel how entirely wanting in a true conception of the elements of the case my speculations have been.

"Let me say, however, that never was speculator better pleased at seeing his anticipations realized than I am to hail the disappointment of mine. I think I may even say that every step toward this consummation has been for me an occasion of personal satisfaction.

"I am sure that I need not tell you that I was exceedingly pleased with those little speeches of the President which you sent me. [Those to the serenaders just after the election.] They contain the infallible indications of a great mind. In my enthusiasm for the President I do not think I should yield even to the most ardent member of the Union League.

"I have just been reading GOLDWIN SMITH'S reply to the invitation addressed to the Union League. It seems to me exceedingly good; in the tone (and this is equally the case with all his manifestations in the United States that I have seen) I think he has hit the very point that was to be desired. I sincerely trust his visit may conduce to that which is the highest object of the best friends of countries—a more charitable mutual appreciation.

"The Canadian difficulty for the moment is a cloud on the horizon, but I can not believe that it threatens any thing serious. Judge DAY'SAL'S proceedings are flagrantly in error, and are very possibly dictated by corrupt bias; but the Canadian Government is in very good disposition to apply a drastic remedy, and Mr. LINCOLN had always expressed his confidence in their good faith."

This is the spirit of a true patriotism, free from envy, and full of generous appreciation of other nations, and of the great fact, which becomes more and more clear to every observer, ship, that it is the true interest of nations to be mutually respecting friends and not defiant rivals and foes.

MRS. HUTCHINS.

IN commenting some weeks since upon the pardon of Mrs. HUTCHINS—a woman of Baltimore who gave a sword or flag to the rebel raider GILMORE—we suggested that it would be satisfactory to know upon what grounds she was pardoned.

Since our article was published we learn that the oath has been made public to which Mrs. HUTCHINS freely and fully subscribed—an oath of such a character that she must be a very bad woman who could take it meaning to perjure herself. It is also understood that she will only an expression of the sympathy in which she has been educated, and that five years in a common jail was a rather severe punishment for merely wishing well to the rebels.

If that were the extent of her offense we are fully agreed that it was a very severe penalty, and that it is under the circumstances properly remitted. But how happened she to be so heavily sentenced for such a misdemeanor?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

The political news of the week is unimportant. The bill for the relief of the Missouri Radical Convention Committee is still before the Senate. The Amendatory Loan Bill was passed by the House on the 26th. The Senate 154 a bill passed the House reducing the duty on imported printing paper to 3 per cent. ad valorem. It is to be hoped that this bill will soon pass the Senate.

On our first page we give a detailed account of the capture of Fort Fisher, of which we have engraved several illustrations. In addition to the details there stated all the remaining fortifications near the mouth of Cape Fear River were come into the possession of the Union, increasing the number of guns captured to 162. The loss in the military division was 119 killed and 536 wounded. Admiral and General Sherman resumed operations January 14. The fifteenth and seventeenth Corps, under Gen. Ord, were sent to Beaufort, and from that point moved out to Pocotaligo, on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. This place was evacuated by the enemy, and our army was found encamped within 20 miles of Branchville and 60 miles of Charleston.

CONGRESS.

January 18:

In the Senate, there was a long debate on the case of General Payne, which had no practical result. A bill was reported from the Military Committee providing for the exercise of retaliation upon rebel prisoners for cruelties inflicted upon our own. In the House, a resolution was passed ratifying the action given by the President to Great Britain of the termination of the treaty of 1817 limiting the naval force on the lakes.

In the House, a resolution of inquest was adopted relative to prisoners now confined in the Old Capitol and Carlisle prisons.

January 19:

In the Senate, resolutions of thanks to General Terry and Admiral Porter were passed. A bill was passed, amending the act defining the pay of army officers so that the lowest rank shall not entitle the holder to any increase of pay.

In the House, the Legislative Appropriation bill came up. An amendment was passed appropriating in addition to the $2,000,000 already appropriated, $1,000,000 for clothing, gas, stamps, paper, printing, and circulating Treasury notes.

January 20:

The Senate was not in session.

In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation bill were concurred in. One of these provides for a Minister Extraordinary to the Republic of Mexico. The Judiciary Committee reported bills holding the United States Circuit and District Court for the Eastern District of Virginia, and the District of Florida, six passed. The Amendatory Loan bill came up. The bill provides for no additional loan, but only changes the form of one already authorized from five-twenties to seven-thirties. It also authorizes the issue of notes not restricting the issue of legal tenders. The Post-office Appropriation bill was passed. The Secretary of the Navy communicated the following facts relative to the bursting of Parrott guns at Charleston: "Guns were not destroyed on board the *Ticonderoga*, *Juniata*, *Mackinaw*, *Quaker City*, and *Canandaigua*. Forty-five persons were killed and wounded. The cause of the explosion was not fully ascertained.

January 23:

In the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of War, showing that the number of credits given for naval enlistments from April 17, 1861, to February 24, 1864, was 67,087. The principle was to credit three men to every three calls.

In the House, a joint resolution was passed by a vote of 112 to 46, that in lieu of the duty on paper, there be raised and used for books and newspapers, now levied by law, there shall be levied a three per cent. duty, ad valorem, on the value of paper of foreign into the country. MR. FIELD, of Louisiana, who had assaulted Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, for language used in debate, was passed, with an amendment suspending Mr. Field from any privileges which the House had hitherto extended him until the report of the Committee should be heard.

January 24:

In the Senate, the resolution relative to retaliation upon rebel prisoners for the sufferings experienced by our prisoners at the hands of the rebels was debated at length.

In the House, a joint resolution of the session was taken up in the consideration of Mr. Brooks's charges against General Butler. Mr. Brooks presented documents completely relieving Butler from the charge of gold-robbery. The Committee reported that the General Butler's communications in the matter had been above-board, and were well known to the Government.

NEWS ITEMS.

Brigadier-General William H. Powell has resigned the command of the Second Division of the Army of Shenandoah in consequence of ill-health.

Within the past few days the Department of the South, under the command of Major-General Foster, has been established as a military district, the States of Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina.

Desertions from Lee's army continue to increase in number. Within the past week not fewer than fifty to seventy-five deserters per day are brought here on the City Point boat. They are mostly North Carolina privates but officers dissatisfied with the service of the played-out Confederacy. Within the last 24 days nearly two hundred and twenty rebel deserters, all of whom came within the lines of the Army of the James, and a large number of the Army of the Potomac through Washington.

It is reported that the rebel Secretary Seddon has resigned.

Secretary Stanton has made the following promotions, to date from the 15th inst.: Brevet Major-General Alfred H. Terry to be Brigadier-General, Colonel Adelbert Ames to be Brevet Major-General; Brevet Brigadier-General Charles A. Heckman to be Major-General; Colonel Ralph Ciesl to be Brevet Brigadier-General; Colonel Abel Smith, Jr., to be Brevet Brigadier-General; Colonel Abbott to be Brevet Brigadier-General.

A force of eight hundred men are to go from the North to Savannah immediately for the purpose of putting in running order the railroads centering in that city.

The following promotions have been made in General Sherman's army:

BREVET MAJOR-GENERALS (FULL).—William B. Hazen, Fifteenth Corps; J. M. Corse, Fifteenth Corps; Charles Black, Fifteenth Corps; W. W. Belknap, Fifteenth Corps; John E. Smith, Seventeenth Corps; Giles A. Smith, Seventeenth Corps; M. D. Williams, Seventeenth Corps; John W. Geary, Twentieth Corps; W. F. Barry, Artillery; Wladimir Krzyzanowski, Cavalry; J. H. Kilpatrick, Cavalry.

BRIGADIER-GENERALS (FULL).—Colonel J. S. Robinson, Eighty-second Ohio, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Case, Fifteenth Army Corps; Colonel Mitchell, One Hundred and Thirty-first Indiana, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Potts, Thirty-second Ohio, Seventeenth Army Corps.

BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERALS.—Colonel H. A. Barnum, One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel A. Pardee, One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel William Cogswell, Second Massachusetts, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Daniel Dustin, Sixth Wisconsin, Fifteenth Army Corps; Colonel Bull, Fifty-Eighth Indiana, Twentieth Army Corps; Colonel Beckwith, Chief Commissary; William Woods, Seventy-sixth Ohio, Fifteenth Army Corps.

The ship *Sir John Franklin*, from Baltimore to San Juan, Nicaragua, with passengers, sailed on the night of the 17th inst. Captain Dipleax and eleven seamen were drowned. The ship was lost on the 19th inst. Her passengers, $58,000; ordnance stores, $39,000,000; quartermasters' supplies, $3,000,000; incidentals, $16,000,000; horses, $21,000,000; transportation, $80,000,000; clothing and camp equipage, $20,000,000; subsistence of the armies, $58,000,000; ordnance stores, $39,000,000; armament of the navy, $10,000,000; navy pay, $10,000,000; public land, $2,500,000. The appropriation made last year for the army amounted to $520,000,000, leaving a balance of $14,000,000 deficiency.

Meanwhile, the rebel raider from Canada, has been recommitted to prison.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ALTHOUGH at our latest foreign advices the news of the capture of Fort Fisher and the fall of Wilmington and Smithville had just reached England, the rebel loan had already been largely subscribed for. The amount had been ten per cent, having fallen from 63 to 52. The news of Fort Fisher's fall, however, has produced a reaction, and indeed the apprehension which that order had occasioned.

The Swedish war steamer *Gauchere* was lost in the Arctic seas in November. Only nine of her crew, including the commander, were saved. The remainder, 99 in number, were drowned.

The Paris Bourse has been very active, and the rentes, 4½,125,375 sterling—a decrease of only £636,000 as compared with 1864, notwithstanding a reduction of several millions in the import duties of the country during the last year.

At the New Year's reception of the Diplomatic Corps by the Emperor Napoleon the latter, in reply to the felicitations of the Nuncio Bonnetti, expressed his trust that events would continue to reign between them, and said that his relations with the Holy See would be ever supported by respect for right and love of peace and justice. M. Mon has received a thousand dollars from the hands of the Emperor said to him that no one could contribute better than he to the work of pacification and the intimate relations between France and Spain, to which the Emperor attached much importance. Napoleon also spoke in terms of confidence of the situation in regard to all matters of Church as well as of State. It is said that the French Minister of Public Justice addressed a circular to the Bishops, announcing that the Government has decided to put a stop to the expediency of authorizing the publication of that part of the Papal Encyclical which relates to Liberty. The tenor of justice addressed a circular to the Bishops, announcing that the Government has decided to put a stop to the expediency of authorizing the publication of that part of the Papal Encyclical which relates to Liberty. The tenor of regard to the first part of the letter annexed to the appendix he will take no notice of the publication of the documents, which contain propositions contrary to the principles on which the constitution of the State of the empire, could not be authorized. The French Government are arranging the preliminaries for opening a conference at Paris for constructing him as to the unpleasant consequences of his publication of the Encyclical. Count Walewski, Imperial Vice-President of the Senate, died on the 21st inst.

King Victor Emmanuel, in his New Year's reception, expressed to the Prussian Minister a hope that the question of Rome would soon be accomplished. On a similar occasion the King addressed an allusion to the Secret Cabinet of Vienna, in which he said that in spite of robbery was determined to maintain the rights of nationality and of the integrity of the Church was certain.

It is said that the Spanish Government will propose to the Cortes to pay to Peru the Peruvian subscription shall discover a conspiracy against the life of the King, and recall from Spain, and upon Spanish subjects and to take hostile proceedings against the authors of the conspiracy committed. As soon as the proceedings are announced Spain, without awaiting the result, will retire from Chinchas. The Republic shall subsequently send a diplomatic agent to conclude a treaty of commerce and amity between the two countries.

The Danish Government proposes to open the coasting trade of that country to all nations.

The Japanese Government has issued a ukase ordering the abolition of serfdom to Tranzcaucasia, the only province of the Russian empire where that institution still exists.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JAMES WATT.—Watt was, from his birth, of an extremely delicate constitution, suffered for taking part in the common sports of boys, and I take pained for those struggles with difficulties which afterward marked his career. His mother, who was a woman below remarkable for her intelligence than for her personal graces, taught him to read when scarcely out of his babyhood, and his father, who was a shrewd, upstart and dealer in naval stores in Greenock, added a thirst for knowledge to his inheritance. In the child's rapidity improved, and he was fond of working out his sums with a pointed piece of charcoal on the hearthstone, and on a piece of chalk upon the floor—sometimes his only succedaneum—when he was sent to bed. Another of his favorite subject compelled his parents to keep him at home. On one occasion when he was basking on a warm hearth, with the usual piece of chalk, a visitor who was present remarked that the child's head ought to be full of mathematics, and his father permitted to lide away his time in that way. "Not at all," said the father, "he is only making a fool of himself." "Mother," said the boy, "what is a fool?" This question was the source a problem to the mother, which was never solved by his aunt Muirhead, while talking to her sister Watts, for the child's mental infirmity, with the worthy lady, solemnly, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are. Tury take a look and employ yourself usefully;" for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but you have sat there with your two arms and your eyes, holding now a cup and now a spoon over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, collecting and counting the drops as they falls into. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" The little fellow gave her a look, as his mother observes M. Arago, who tells the story, became the mighty magician, conquering the discoveries which were to immortalize him.

THE CHARLIE LAUGHTON OF FAIR PALAU.—In a shipyard the other day, a tar from a man-of-war observed a sailor making boys dodge and dive by throwing a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. "Why, you are a dab, Jim, at that game. Can you play at any other, sea-say, sea-saw, pick; push; push, pull, Jack studding-sail?" Jim answered, with a knowing look, that he could do what they were pulling to see who could get the most out of him in the minimum time. Jim and the other sailor, his fellow, he decided to see fair play; so, giving the big one a blow that sent him over the gunwale, Jim picked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, said, "Now you have your turn, Jack."

SWISS PASSENGER CARS.—In Switzerland nothing can be more convenient than the passenger cars. Each has the traveler quite access by ascending a few steps, leading to a platform, protected by railing for passengers. A door opens into the interior, fitted up like a saloon, with a table in the middle, and seats on each side. Communication is kept by means of a window in the door, and by a speaking tube. Each compartment contains seats for eight persons. The seats are made so as to face opposite points of the carriage, thereby giving a stranger the most comfortable plan, with the only exception that the traveler must sit with his back to his alone—a position very comfortable, which, as we but too well know, is fraught with danger.

THE CAVE OF ADELSBERG.—Each journal publishes the following strange history of an old Gothic arm-chair, which, for the last few days since it has been exhibited, rooms in the Rue Drouot. The article in question, at first sight, appears a very common one, and is known as the Voltaire, and figured in her boudoir. After the death of Madame Du Barry, it was sent, by the unfortunate lady's her desire, to Queen Marie Antoinette of France, and was subsequently sent to the Temple, and by the Commissioners in the Temple. After the King's tragical death, Clary, Queen of Sweden, became its possessor, and took it to England, where it successively became the property of the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Aumale, its present owner. The latter took it with him to Berlin, and there sent it to the Exhibition of Vienna. The reason to which it was introduced found in the stuffing of the seat a diamond pin, and on the back of a box, in which it was sent, a small written manuscript. The man sold the pin, and gave the article and the box to a watchmaker, in the neighborhood. Some years later the watchmaker, whose name was Naudin, was summoned to repair a clock set off at Lagny, and produced the paper and portrait in support of his protestations. The making some noise in France, and also in Belgium, where he lost his son, who called himself the Count de Hainaut, and was set off at Lagny, and also there. The workman who found the portrait and document, and kept his secret till long after the King's death, he revealed the whole to his family. One of his relatives, who was employed in the same work as he, and who had purchased it, and sold it to a French traveler, who carried it to Berlin. The discovery of the portrait and document of the woman, the inmate of an asylum for the aged, lately deceased. It has now been sold by auction with the rest of her effects.

THE POPE, one day, while talking with some monsignori about the deplorable condition of the Catholic Church, one of them said: "Oh, we have nothing to fear, your Holiness; the gates of hell shall not prevail." "Let's shall never be shipwrecked." "Yes," answered the Pope, "that's all very well for those who are in the ship, but we?"

About 10,000 pieces of Roman money, principally of the time of Constantine, have been found at Lyons. They have just been discovered in the bed of the Mayenne, at St. Jean-sur-Mayenne, by the engineers who are at work on the dangerous ford having formerly existed at the spot, and which it is the intention to blow up in order to deepen the money *ex aequo*.

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.—The last volume of "Transactions" issued by the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society contains a valuable report of the committee of the society appointed "to inquire into the uses and the physiological effects of chloroform, and other anæsthetic agents, as well as the best mode of administering it and of obviating the dangers attendant upon the exhibition of inhalation." The report is accompanied by many details exhibiting the results of the "very extensive series of physiological Conclusions" "Chloroform at first increases the force and frequency of the pulse, but soon slights and persistent. When complete anæsthesia is produced by chloroform, the pulse is found to be full, slow, and of average force. The strongest doses of chloroform vapor, when administered by a skilful person, rarely destroy life immediately by arresting the action of the heart. By moderate doses of chloroform the heart's action is more slowly arrested, and sometimes before death ceases; respiration generally, but not invariably, ceases before the action of the heart. The state of the blood to the failure of the heart's action and to that of the respiration, is found to be arterial in character. The use of chloroform increases with the degree of stupor it produces. The insensibility to pain is not always consistent. When complete anæsthesia is produced by chloroform, the pupil is found to be small



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC RECEIVING THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT SAMUEL W. PRESTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE LATE LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN H. PORTER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

LIEUTENANT S. W. PRESTON.

LIEUTENANT SAMUEL W. PRESTON, killed in the attack on Fort Fisher, while acting as Flag-Lieutenant of the fleet of Admiral PORTER, was a native of Canada, but at an early age removed to Illinois, from which State he was appointed to the navy in 1838. He served as midshipman and ensign until August, 1852, when he was promoted Lieutenant. When Admiral DAHLGREN attacked Charleston for the first time with the fleet he was Flag-Lieutenant of the *Wabash*, and afterward he commanded the *Ironsides*. He also acted on DAHLGREN'S staff in the attack which was subsequently made on Fort Sumter. He was taken prisoner here and sent to Columbia, South Carolina, where he was imprisoned for fourteen months. Upon his exchange he was assigned to duty in the North Atlantic squadron. He was a young officer only 29 years old, and he fell leading a company of the Naval Brigade in the assault on Fort Fisher.

LIEUTENANT B. H. PORTER.

LIEUTENANT B. H. PORTER, killed in the assault on Fort Fisher, was born in New York in 1840, and entered the navy at the age of fourteen. In the Burnside Expedition he was midshipman in the frigate *Roanoke*; and during the battle of Roanoke Island he commanded the launch of six Dahlgren howitzers in the advance of the centre. He maintained his position under a galling fire until most of his men had fallen, when one of his guns exploded and only one man remained with him. At last this solitary gunner, a young man of seventeen, fell, and PORTER remained alone, cleaning, loading, and firing his guns himself until the day was won. He was promoted November 8, 1862. Afterward he was captured by the enemy, who kept him a prisoner during the greater part of a year. He had only been released a short time when he was assigned to PORTER'S squadron. He commanded the flag-ship *Malvern*, but was killed while leading a company in the assault on Fort Fisher.

LOVE AND FATE.

IT was my last evening of a month I had been spending with my friend Frank Blundell. We had met, after an interval of some years, in his country home. My friend had married since I last saw him, and his wife was a stranger to me until this visit. I found her one of the few wives who practically recommend marriage to their husbands' unmarried



ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET CELEBRATING THE SURRENDER OF FORT FISHER.

friends. This she did, in a great measure, by the sense of reliableness as a wife—I don't know how I can better describe it—which she conveyed. Her husband evidently had faith in her, in small matters as in great. It was plain that he trusted to her doing a thing as he would have to have it done, and that they had become one in the details of everyday experience as they were one in heart.

Assuredly here was a very pleasant face, with its setting of beautiful hair and its rare eyes—eyes which stand the test of a heightened color—becoming neither dull, nor uncertain, nor metallic, but only warmer toned, as Nature becomes in a summer sunset. As a hostess—a position affording such opportunities of making or marring the comfort of a guest—Mrs. Frank Blundell was eminently the "right woman in the right place."

Their cottage was delightfully placed, looking southward across a valley upon plantations of sweet chestnut, then but crimsoning. For it was the season, so enjoyable in the country, between the very outdoorishness of summer and the permanent adoption of fires. There was plenty of amusement—walks and drives in the charming neighborhood, and visits to the hop-gardens, where armies of hop-pickers, with their pockets the pole-gallows, were advancing, leaving desolation in their track: a scene which no artist has fairly pictured, but which every boy ought to see.

Well, as I have said, it was my last evening at the cottage. We were sitting together, Blundell and I, after dinner, when he said, "There's a fire in my room; I vote we go there till Mary is ready for tea."

So we went, and talked from our easy-chairs through a perfumed cloud. It soon became evident to me that my friend had "something on his mind."

"In all our talks together about old times since you have been here," he said, "we have never touched upon one topic. I suppose some delicacy of feeling—for I verily believe you have a little of it—has prevented your beginning the subject."

I was going to protest against this modified form of compliment, and to ask a question, when I was stopped by—

"Don't bother, that's a good fellow, or I shall never get to my story. You remember well enough, I have no doubt, how I used to talk of Mary Percival?"

"Yes," I said, "and I have often wondered what it all came to. The Christian name is a 'household word' here. Was it Mary—?" I was checked again by Blundell's look.

"You promised to listen," he growled, "and now you are cross-examining. Have a little patience, and forgive me. For I repeat what I have already told you. Mary Percival and I were friends from infancy. Our mothers were friends before us, and my earliest recollections are associated with her and hers. When we came to be man and woman we read and argued and were happy together, as we had played and quarrelled and 'made up' again in our childhood. The old friendship had increased, but not changed its character; at least I can speak for myself. You remember what Tennyson says in 'Dora'—

> 'The youth, because
> He had been always with her in the house,
> Thought not of Dora.'

It was something like this with me. Yet I admired Mary very much, and loved her, after a fashion, very dearly, and would have done or suffered almost any thing to give her pleasure or to spare her pain. You have heard all this before, but don't mean to inflict any more of it on you. Now take yourself back to college days and attempt, and to recall a time when Horner"—Blundell scowled as they called him."

"I remember him perfectly," I said. "A broad-shouldered man, with curly chestnut hair and white arms."

"He and I had a slight acquaintance at the college; and meeting in town after we took our degree, we became very good friends. Some time after this he was to ask me to go and see them at his father's. I went and saw his father and mother, and, more than all, I saw his sister. Really, for the first time, fancy him a woman—refined, brightened, intensely beautified, and you can form some slight idea of Mary Horner. It is impossible for me to describe by the effect she produced upon me from the first. My acquaintance had included some very pretty women, but Mary Horner was a new experience. She fascinated me. You may be sure that I did not get any better the longer I staid within the charmed circle. I got on famously with all the family down there, and fancied that I was not disliked by her. You know what I mean. But I could never detect any thing like symptoms of reciprocal affection. On the contrary, she treated me with cordial but thoroughly self-possessed friendliness." She was not the sort of woman to encourage a lover, and then the exercise, and the general atmosphere of the place, were so conducive to health and happiness that the lady had no reason, at that first visit, to suspect from my appearance the condition of my heart. This was in the summer; but the following winter found me there again. I met some pleasant people whom I had not seen before; among others a Mr. Charles Orenden. He was a really good fellow, an accomplished man, and an agreeable companion. All this I could but acknowledge in spite of the shadow of a consciousness that he was 'something' in the doubtful way relationship subsisting between him and Mary Horner. But there was nothing in the conduct of either that I could call positive of an love-like, even if I had possessed any right to complain at all. I am not prepared to state that on this second visit I might not have, almost involuntarily, betrayed myself, but there had never been the slightest approach to what I believe is called a 'declaration.' Our friendly intercourse had reached the stage of our calling one another by our Christian names. Her brother called me Frank habitually, as I called him Jack (which we should probably never have done if our intimacy had dated from our college days), and she naturally fell, as indeed all the family did, into the same habit. Equally natural it seemed for me to call her Mary. My stay at this time was short. We were an unbroken circle at home at Christmas; and I left, with my secret undivulged, a few days before Christmas-day. But I ought to have told you that I had seen the Percivals frequently between these visits. They were living then near the city, the mother and daughter. Mrs. Percival had been a widow for some years, and I had talked to Mary a little about my admiration of the other Mary. I remember Mrs. Percival was fond of the girl, and seemed often inclined to listen to it. It was not a topic of conversation that I by any means objected to, but I didn't half enjoy the sort of circumstances. There was something unlike herself about Mary, a certain constraint not to be concealed. I could not very positively say that she knew her secret, noticed it, or rather felt it, and was uncomfortable accordingly. At the same time I was pretty sure that she was not indifferent to me, or to the interest she expressed and in her manner toward me.

"There was no affectation in Mary Percival—far from it. Looking back from a later day upon the events and feelings of that time, I was more wise to know the truth, that she was a selfish man who was not a coxcomb. Let me see, where was I? I was going home before Christmas; and one day, early in the new year, I was alone in my chambers, when an idea, which had been a long time germinating, burst into sudden and complete shape. It was to write, to write, Sir, to Mary Horner, and learn the worst or the best. Ah! I can just spoil you now. I write, I have written about it twenty; I wrote. I have a bad habit of spoiling several sheets of paper when I write an important letter. I can show you a dozen home letters, destroyed because of the capital M's which I put for varieties. There it is, read it."

This was the letter:

"MY DEAREST MARY,—I can not call you by any other title and speak truly. Forgive me if the truth is distasteful to you. Forgive me if my speaking of it pains you. In all our happy association I have not dared—yes, this is the word—to tell you this. I have feared you with a butbut the bright particular star always seemed so far above me! These are calm words, Mary, but my love is warm. I stress are cold words, when my heart is beating wildly. I would not read my sentences, if it is to be known to but oh! I would ten thousand times rather hear it, if it has one word of pain for you. Let me have that word, and I will be with you. In my case, I feel that you will deal tenderly as well as truly with me.

"YOURS, devotedly, FRANK."

"Is that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival what I had written. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her."

It ran thus:

"I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vein for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you that I have come to a resolution to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess to whom? If you can't, I am not disposed to help you. I can not say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sincere regard.

"YOURS, affectionately, FRANK."

When I had read this without remark Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbor. 'Well, I guess' he said in his confident, 'are you out of coal?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I'll send you some' he proclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the 'Park' yesterday: it was pretty good. Say you'll come with me. I am not disposed to accept any more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sincere regard.

"YOURS, affectionately, FRANK."

"Ice that same hour," he continued, "I decided to tell Mary Percival what I had written. There is a pretty accurate copy of my letter to her."

It ran thus:

"I know, dear Mary, that I do not look in vein for sympathy from you. I need it greatly to-day. You will believe this when I tell you that I have come to a resolution to ask some one to give me her heart. Can you guess to whom? If you can't, I am not disposed to help you. I can not say more now than that in all my fortunes I am confident of your sincere regard.

"YOURS, affectionately, FRANK."

When I had read this without remark Blundell went on with his narrative.

"I had finished these letters and folded them when there was a rap at my door, followed immediately by the entrance of my opposite neighbor. 'Well, I guess' he said in his confident, 'are you out of coal?' I looked round upon the black grate for answer, having first put the letters into envelopes and fastened them. 'I'll send you some' he proclined for a skate,' my visitor said. 'I tried the ice on the 'Park' yesterday: it was pretty good. Say you'll come with me. I am not disposed to accept any

Araminta and I just ran up and got our things and slipped home again.

"That deceitful man," said Minty.

"That bold Liddy Lizer," I gasped, and wonder I didn't turn into a pillar of stone.

It's a good while since then. Araminta is thirty and not married yet, for young Tompkins married some one else out of pique. And I often wonder whether people know Mrs. Ashton was nothing but the Trabe Liddy Lizer.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave, my mother's grave!
Oh, dreamless is her slumber there,
And drowsily the banners wave
O'er her that was so chaste and fair!
Yes, love is dead, and so has passed
But with the dew is on the brake,
And silence sleeps on earth and sea,
And mourners weep, and ghosts awake,
Oh, then she cometh back to me,
In her cold beauty darkly shaded!

I can not guess her face or form;
But what to me is form or face?
I do not ask the weary worm
To give me back each buried grace
Of glistening eye or trailing tresses!
I only feel that she is here,
And that we meet, and that we part;
And that I drink within mine ear,
And that I clasp around my heart,
Her sweet still voice, and soft caresses

Not in the waking thought by day,
Not in the sightless dream by night,
Do the cold tones and glances play
Of her who was my cradle's light!
But in some twilight of calm weather
She glides, by fancy dimly wrought,
A glittering cloud, a darkling beam,
With all the quiet of a thought,
And all the passion of a dream,
Linked in a golden spell together.

TWO WAYS OF USING STRENGTH.

THE little village of Stoke-Regis, which lies hidden in a gap of the Downshire hills, was always celebrated for its strong men.

There was a tradition, as firmly believed in the place as the old Norman church, or the fragments of a Druid's circle, which stood like a ring of old jagged teeth on the top of the highest hill, that Stoke-Regis had been the most famous giants. The names of many heroes of this kind recorded in old story-books were claimed as Stoke-Regis Downshire names, and many a ludicrous wrestlers of modern times were known to have been Downshire men. All this tended to keep up the worship of physical strength in Stoke-Regis, and such worship was easily turned into bad channels. A Downshire man, named Tom Dibbles, whose father belonged to Stoke-Regis, and whose mother came from an adjoining village, called Stoke-Brewin, was engaged as a farm-laborer by a squire of the "old school"—a patron of wrestling, boxing, single-stick, fighting, and other brutal sports. This squire, whose name was Southern, looked upon a man much as he looked upon a horse—as an animal which was worth nothing more than its bone, muscle, flesh, and strength. If any colt in his stable looked promising, he had it trained for the race-course, and if any man on his estate looked promising, he had him trained as a prize-fighter. He kept bull-dogs, game cocks, and other animals to vary his sports; but he thought more of a good muscular pugilist than of all these animals.

"Thee bean't Stoke-Regis, be 'ee?" said the squire one day, as Tom was working hard in a potato-field.

"Nos," said Tom, touching his hair, and looking up from his work; "fayther wur Stoke-Regis, mother wur Stoke-Brewin."

"Would 'ee loike to foight a Stoke-Regis man, if I foind 'ee wun?" asked the squire.

"Fight a man in thick there mead," replied Tom, pointing to a closely cropped meadow, "if you'll go' I wages for day's work."

The squire was struck, and the squire looked about for a strong Stoke-Regis man. He soon found one in the person of Harry Wold, a man about Tom Dibble's height, and stronger, they said, who was out of his employment. Both men were put into fair training by the squire, who paid all the expenses, and kept them for a month while they were preparing for their physical condition. There was much excitement in the two villages, and indeed throughout Downshire, and many bets were made upon the contest. Umpires were chosen from both villages, and it was arranged that the trial should begin with a wrestling-match. The place chosen for the contest was a meadow on Squire Southern's estate, and a small piece of gold was to be the prize awarded to the winner.

We may pass over all details of the struggle—all descriptions of the village crowd who came to witness it. The struggle was very brief and brutal; the drunkenness and disorder which prevailed were equally brutal, and not so brief. Tom Dibble threw the Stoke-Regis man—Harry Wold—heavily on his back—so heavily that he could never have risen without assistance. His spine was injured, so the doctor in attendance said; and the crowd were disappointed of their sport—the fight that was to follow the wrestling-match. The squire—a man as coarse as his peasants—took no pains to conceal his vexation.

Tom Dibbles after this victory became the hero of Stoke-Brewin. Stoke-Brewin was an exact counter part of Stoke-Regis, and Squire Southern's property reached almost to its borders. Harry, who was a long time—a very long time, before he recovered the use of his legs—and when he began to hobble about with a stick, he looked like a prematture old man. He was still kept in the Squire's employ and received his usual wages, but the Squire evidently disliked him, and had not the delicacy to conceal his dislike. Stoke-Regis took its tone from the Squire, and Harry Wold, though he worked, or was supposed to work on the Squire's estate, was compelled to live in Stoke-Brewin.

Stoke-Brewin showed its admiration for Tom Dibbles by presenting him with a silver jug, on which was an inscription, drawn up by the village schoolmaster, recording the victory. The trifling fact that Stoke-Brewin had only furnished a mother for its hero was not mentioned in this inscription. Tom was persuaded to transfer his physical advantages to London, where muscular young men were much in request as prize-fighters, and he went one day by a stage-coach which passed near the village, leaving an only son as his representative in Stoke-Brewin. He could not take his silver jug—his silver mug, with him, because it was mortgaged to the ale-house keeper for a long score of beer and tobacco.

Tom's career in London was disappointing. He was soon defeated by a negro fighting-man, and was ashamed to return to Downshire. He hung about the purlieus of Soho and St. Giles's for a few years, and at last died of gin and consumption in one of the hospitals.

Young Tom Dibbles, who was left in Stoke-Brewin, had more than his father's strength, but none of his father's ambition. Many Stoke-Brewin men spurred him on to challenge a Stoke-Regis man, and when he showed no inclination for the contest, or refused outright, he was looked upon as a bad son and a degenerate villager. Many, however, who felt inclined to call him a coward, had not the courage to do so; for Stoke-Brewin is fair, round, upon face was beaming with good-nature, there was something about him even more than his physical strength, which shielded determination and a spirit of endurance. The question of his courage was soon set at rest at a fire which occurred at a farm-house on Squire Southern's estate. It broke out into a burning barn, where some poor tramping hay-makers were huddled with their children, and dragged them out of the suffocating flames at the risk of the life of his life. One of his cheeks got frightfully scarred in this adventure—the mark being one which he would carry to his grave. The people he had saved were not Stoke-Brewin, nor even Downshire people, and he was not presented with a piece of gold, nor even with a testimonial mug for his heroism, but there were no whispers now about his cowardice.

Young Tom had no family ties, and having the strength of two men, he used it like a good genius in the village. Whatever was wanted to be improved in and around Stoke-Brewin and Stoke-Regis, the most useless exhibitions of physical power were called in failure, and Tom was sent for to do the job. He did the farthest, or could pull against a plowhorse, or could perform any other trick leading to no useful result. He was the hero of the whole village and ale-house. In the mean time many of the village roofs were unthatched, the pathways between the houses were full of pools of water, and many cottages had sunk into hovels for want of a little labor and attention; a dam in a small river—the only water-power in the village—had been worn from a flood, if a wet season sent the waters down from the hills—was left unrepaired, and the village mill—the little village school-house, which was never respected by the Stoke-Brewin people, was more like a half-ruined stable than a comfortable building; the church-yard was rank with weeds, and the whole place, much like Stoke-Regis, furnished similes for fat and lean kine, and for the poverty of the country. The chief men of the village seemed to be blind to this disgrace that existed under their eyes, and they lived in contempt of all improvement. Rival mugs fights and physical contests in which their Stoke-Brewin champions had been victorious.

Young Tom Dibbles, as he grew older, became less and less of their way of thinking, and more determined to use his strength for the real benefit of the village. While he was engaged in this work he had given them—that natural health and physical power, which wealth can not always purchase—he was in his like a useful, comfortable, Christian man, as he turned out to be.

Old Harry Wold, who had long been a broken-down laborer on the same Southern estate, was hardly work sufficiently to maintain his position; and when old Squire Southern died from a hunting-fall, he was threatened with the workhouse. He had young Tom Dibbles had long been friends, and the old man had been a kind friend to the boy when young one. Tom had to work hard for his living, as the Downshire wages were not high, but still he found time to help Harry Wold. He soon found that the father had made Harry Wold's life a burden to him, and had probably shortened it by many years, pothing and pampering him with strong beer. Old Harry's one-roomed hovel was repaired in the night with stones gathered from the stream of a neighboring village, and thatched and repaired at the same time. The old man never saw Tom at work upon this task, as it was done when he was dead asleep, but the villagers knew what had been done, and who had done it, and it set them thinking.

"I be dun vur, Meester Tom," the old man said one night, drawing in a low stool, "there be nowt atween I and work-hus."

"Thee bean't dun for yet, if I know it," replied Tom, who was busy at the fire-place with a mountain.

The old man had told him how he was bewitched, hand with his rent, and how troubles never come single. His landlord was the executor of his late village—hearing that young Squire Southern was about to cast him off, had threatened to turn him out of the hut and seize his few poor bits of furniture on the following morning.

Tom Dibbles was not a rich laborer, in fact he had nothing but eighteen-pence in his pocket, but he had property which he was determined to turn into money. The silver mug—the pride of the village—the record of his failure in struggle with the old man—was a useless chattel in his possession, and he resolved to sell it. The market-town of Downham was twelve miles off, but he started at once at full speed, and reached it before all the shop-keepers had gone to bed. He found a working watchmaker and silversmith, who purchased it as old metal, and Tom hurried back with the welcome money, and arrived at Stoke-Brewin before old Harry Wold had risen from his straw-bed.

The rent was paid, and thus half the difficulty was got rid of; but the other half remained to be dealt with. Tom was equal to the task. Luckily he had a friend in Squire Southern's overseer, and he got himself yoked as a fellow-laborer with old Harry Wold. From that moment the old man ceased to have goodness or strength. His tasks, no matter how hard, were well done, and done quickly. He dug potatoes, trimmed hedges, dug ditches, and ran errands as well as the youngest laborer on the estate, and his wages were always as much as young Tom Dibbles's. The truth oozed out at last, and the whole village thinking Tom was seen by a couple of loiterers at a stile wheeling a heavy load up a steep hill, while the old man walked at his side quietly and thoughtfully.

Tom's example was not lost upon Stoke-Brewin, nor yet upon Stoke-Regis. Strong men, under his guidance, began mending pathways, repairing the cottages, weeding the church-yard, and rebuilding the school-house and dam, and found in this work an amusement after their task-labor was finished. Tom was loved by the young, and respected by the old, and worshiped by all to be the good genius of the village.

THE MOST NORTHERLY TOWN IN THE WORLD.

HAMMERFEST is the most northerly town in the world. It is in the province of Finmarken, and is situated on the island Kvalöen, in lat. 70° 40'. Toward the southwest it is hemmed in by steep cliffs. It is truly a barren spot, though once it is said to have been well wooded. It is a commercial port Hammerfest is of some importance. During the summer months the harbor is crowded with Russian, English, and other vessels, and though the principal trade consists in dried codfish, a large quantity of which is sent to the Mediterranean ports to be consumed by the Roman Catholics of Southern Europe.

Were it not for the climatic influence that the Gulf Stream exerts, Hammerfest, and indeed the whole northern parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, would be uninhabitable, and as ice-bound as Boothia Felix, Victoria Land, and those desolate regions which in the other hemisphere which lie under the same parallel of latitude. But, as it is, the sea never freezes during the whole of the year round at Norway. Icebergs are rarely or never seen; and it is also owing to this warm influence that vegetation exists at the North Cape and at Christiania, though thirteen degrees of latitude lie between them, is one and the same.

During the summer, which may be reckoned to last from the middle of May till toward the latter part of August, the Finmarken Hammerfest presents a lively appearance. The weather then is intensely hot, for, as the sun never sets from July 15 till August 30, the rays of the sun never become cool.

We would recommend the traveler who may be bound for the far north to see the midnight sun, or to place his feet on the northern verge of the European continent, not to forget to bring with him a liberal supply of eau-de-Cologne. He will find it useful as a fumigator, and the whole place reeks with a fishy odor. There is a tolerable hotel, perhaps rather dear in its charges; but to be able to drink English porter, champagne, and even to play billiards under the same degree of latitude as that which runs over Disco Island, one must not grumble.

I can scarcely imagine any thing but necessity inducing a man to pitch his tent so far north as Hammerfest, and the governor, who has lived there several years, declares it to be a delightful residence, and one which he would on no account exchange for Tromsoe. That he does a large business as a general merchant, that he has taken quite himself a Norwegian wife, and has created a nest of affection. From May 24 to July 19 the sun never sinks below the horizon, but for a correspondingly short time there is a glimpse of him to be seen. But it is a mistake to think that even then there is total darkness during the daytime. At midnight, with a sufficiently light to be able to read without candles, for the moon and the stars shine with a much greater brilliancy the farther north one goes, and the reflection of the aurora borealis on the snow contributes in no little degree to illumine the scene. I have witnessed some very distant approaches to the northern lights in the south of Norway, but have never been so fortunate as to see them in the far north. The phenomenon is said to be common enough in Finmarken. And the following description may serve to give a faint idea:

"Across the sky to the north stretched a white arch of light, which, as it rose to a meridian. A large streak shaped like a comet lay within the arch, and this was continually changing both its figure and extent. Sometimes the aurora never gave so lively, so hallowed a light." At times it appears like a curtain of fire falling perpendicularly to the earth, and lifting again; at others, like a golden shower; or, again, like a huge fan, displaying all the colors of the rainbow.

It is a strange phenomenon, but I never staid twenty-four hours in any place in Norway without having at least one fine display to go after a meal. Once, but only once, was I fool enough to accept it, for after having lain flat on my stomach all night in close proximity to the putrid carcase of a horse, and getting nearly devoured by mosquitoes, and, of course, seeing nothing, I made a vow never to go bear-hunting, nay more. There are, however, several bears in Finmarken, and large numbers are annually slaughtered by the Lapps, mostly in the winter time or early spring, on account a merchant. In Hammerfest gave me of a bear-hunt put me much in mind of rabbiting at home.

When the ground is covered with snow the hunter repairs to the bear-den, whither Bruin has been previously tracked. He generally takes with him three or four companions. All of them go on "skie," the Norwegian snow-shoe, whereby they can skim over the surface of the snow at railroad speed. They are armed with rifles, axes, and bear-spears—long poles about eight to ten feet in length, furnished at one end with a sharp iron head. On arriving at the entrance to the den, which much resembles a fox-earth, they range themselves round it. One of their number now tries to arouse Bruin from his profound slumber by "stirring him up with a long pole." This generally has the desired effect; for presently the bear comes sleepily to the hole and puts his head out to see what all the fuss is about. Down comes an axe upon his "devoted head," which is quickly drawn in again. Again the pole is inserted, and at last Bruin gets so savage that he determines to make his exit. Somewhat roused up, he makes a dart out, like a rabbit with a ferret behind him. The dogs are then slipped and set off in full chase. The bear is easily caught up, for his heavy weight sinks deep into the snow. Squatting on his haunches to secure his most vulnerable part against the attacks of his relative assailants, he deals out tremendous blows right and left with his powerful paws. Woe to the luckless dog if he comes in for one of them! Meanwhile the hunter comes up and calls his dogs off. He then takes his cap off and throws it in Bruin's face, and defies him to the contest. If the bear accepts it he seizes himself on his hind-legs and rushes at the hunter, who runs for the first tree he sees, and, most generally Bruin succumbs to his ballet; for the Lapps are unerring marksmen.

But, even though mortally wounded, the beast will not "throw up the sponge" in token of defeat, but dashes against his adversary, who keeps him at a respectful distance with his bear-spear. Bruin becomes cool up and administer the "coup de grace." On one such occasion it happened that the hunter's paste broke short off. The bear, though mortally wounded, was still dangerous. It managed to reach the hunter, and gave him such a hug in his paws that he thought the life-blood of his body pantomime. would be squeezed out. "But I knew," said the plucky little Lapp, "that his strength would soon fail, and that my pals' friends would protect me against his last claws; so watching a good opportunity, I plunged my knife into his heart.

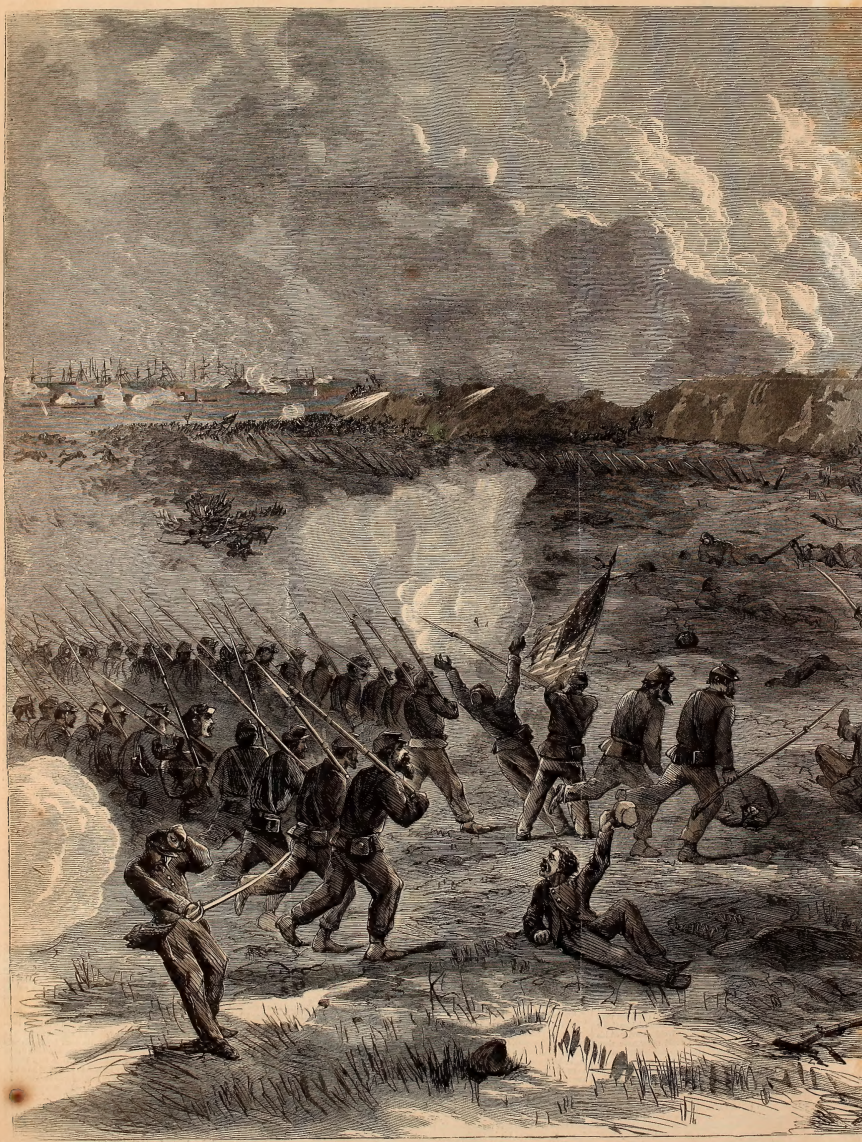
But it is not the bear only that are good hunters. One day a Lapp woman went out to fish on a lake, accompanied by her son, who was fourteen years old. He had not caught a sufficient supply they landed on a part of the shore which was thickly overgrown with fir and underwood. Presently the boy missed his mother, and fell to a search of boughs, reeds, moss, etc., and, on nearer inspection, she found a large hole underneath the mass of rubbish, and felt convinced it was the entrance to a bear's "lie," or cave. She was a courageous and resolute little body, and, nothing daunted by the discovery, nor reflecting that she was alone, hastened back to the boat to fetch her axe and rifle (for a Lapp woman generally carries a gun with her, ready for any unexpected shot). Now her sisters in other parts of the civilized world would most probably have been frightened out of their wits, and have run away bodily; not so treat under such circumstances. Her only anxiety was lest the bear should get off.

On returning she found the cub cut down a small fir sapling, which she pointed at one end, and gave it the boy to bradble about in the hole to ascertain whether the animal was there, while she stood with uplifted axe a little on one side. No sooner was the pole inserted than out came the head of a monstrous she-bear, and down came the axe on her skull with such force that it remained sticking fast in the wound, and accompanied Bruin's rush as she treated to the farthest end of the cave. Time being up for round number two, and her opponent not putting in an appearance, she determined to go after him at once. So taking the axe she fired down the hole than out bolted a cub about the size of a sheep dog, which her son cleverly managed to knock on the head by hitting it. He was too strong for the little fellow, and, after dragging him for some distance, succeeded in killing it. Determined, however, not to lose him, mother and son went in pursuit, and speedily overtook the animal, which had taken to a tree. A few vigorous hatchet-blows at the end of the cut son rendered him *hors de combat*.

Having secured him, the courageous little woman went back again to the "lie," and gave it another stirring up. But all was still. Next she fired a charge into the cave, but to no purpose. Fearing that the beast must be dead, or else have escaped during her absence, she determined to dig her out, a work which, from the success hitherto attended her exertions; for at length she found the bear lying quite dead, with the axe still sticking in her cleft skull, and a bullet through her heart. She at this first, with a bullet wound through his neck, also dead.

No mean achievement for a woman and her boy!

I think the midnight sun is to be seen in fuller perfection from the North Cape than from Hammerfest. One evening, after leaving Hammerfest, we were all assembled on deck to witness its setting and rising, if that it can be termed. It was about eleven o'clock. The sky was of a brilliant gold color, and the sea lay all around us like a burnished mirror. In the south it assumed a delicate rose-colored tint, merging into an apple green. The effect of the sunlight on the bluff headlands was tremendously beautiful; for, as the sun sunk lower and lower, chameleon-like their tints kept changing, till at last they seemed to be bathed in a vermillion hue. It was now obscured by the chronometer. In a few minutes we noticed the sun gradually rising higher and higher; and now, strange to say, the colors we had noticed before its setting were of a totally different hue. Altogether it was the most lovely and varied scene I have ever witnessed. But it only succeeded slight almost imperceptibly. It required no little attention to prevent confusion in our journals. I can well imagine that one can readily "lose a day" up there.



THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE



OF FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1865.

"BLESSED TO GIVE."

THE kingly sun gives forth his rays;
Asks no return; demands no praise;
But wraps us in strong arms of life,
And says distinct through thunder, strife,
"If thou wouldst truly, nobly live,
Give—ever give."

The rustic flower, unspringing bright,
And scentless, save in that regal light,
Fills all the air with fragrant breath,
And writes in myriad hues beneath,
"If thou wouldst gayly, gladly live,
Give—ever give."

The merchant-rain, which carries on
Rich commerce 'twixt the earth and sun;
The autumn mist; the springtide shower;
All whisper soft, and whisper first,
"We know no other life to live
But this—We give."

Suggestive warnings crowd the earth;
Glad sounds of labor, songs of mirth,
From creatures both of field and air;
Who, while they take their rightful share,
Still truly chant, "We chiefly live
To give—to give."

O man! the gem and crown of all,
Take thou this lesson. Heed the call
Of these low-gliding creatures near:
The rather, that Christ's voice most dear
Once said, while here He deigned to live,
"Blessed to give."

STORY OF AN AUSTRALIAN DETECTIVE.

I AM a detective in the Victoria police, and have been one for some years; I was formerly one in Paris, and I was employed as such in the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. Since then I have been in various parts of the world; in fact there are very few of the force that haven't knocked about the world a good deal. Directly I left, I had been settled in Australia, and hope my roving is ended. I have never had but one crack case intrusted to my care; I have sometimes had to help others on the diggings into the interior, and found them boundary riders on stations, or clerks that did not keep their accounts straight, and so on; but nothing worth carrying specially to, but these were small affairs; a pair of bracelets soon settled such; but once I had a matter to deal out on the very highest principles conceived, which required all my skill and all the resources of my long experience. Some four years ago there lived about a mile down the Sydney Road, outside the bridge, an odish man, who was reported to have made somewhere a good "pile." He was a thorough hermit, seldom stirred except to go down to Sydney and buy a few necessaries, for which he always paid, and never was known to be drawn or haggle about the price of any thing. This naturally led to the surmise that he had plenty of money. Near him lived another odish man in a shed and bark hut; he was a shoemaker by trade, but in a small township like this his customers were but few, and his livelihood precarious. As he was known to be as poor as his neighbor was supposed to be rich, and was as much dependent on the forbearance of his creditors as the other was on his ready-money, between these two solitary men, living on the river side, there sprung up a strangely intimate friendship; always after breakfast, and, through the day, and regularly at night, they had their pipe together, sometimes with a pannikin of tea only, at others with a glass of grog. There was a dim mystery hanging over the supposed rich man's history; where he had come from, or how he had made his money, no one knew, and his chief friend, though very one to ask him, he and the shoemaker were all the world to each other, and beyond that neither seemed to care any thing. In the above companionable mode of life weeks and months passed away; the only difference observable being, that although Stevens, the shoemaker, had no more money than formerly, he now seemed to have money always at command, and not only paid off his old scores but had ready money for all he needed.

One morning, however—it was in the winter season, and the 15th of June—nothing its turbulent wayfarers, muddy and swift, down to the sea—the old man's hut was not opened; wood splitters passing by observed that the old hermit was not sunning himself and smoking his "catty" as usual, and that night Stevens came running into the township, greatly excited, and crying on Mr. T——, the police, told him that not having seen old Jeffrey all day he had forced an entrance into the hut, but that the old man was not there, and what had become of him he did not know. A policeman, for H——, is a police station, was immediately sent to the hermit's hut, but could find no magistrates should make inquiry. Some days after the inquiry was made, but nothing came of it, further than the suspicious half Jeffrey met with foul play; that nothing was proved, nor could be proved until the body could be found; and that was left to time. Stevens, who could say he had not got up in the night, and so suddenly started from H—— as he had once made his appearance.

As soon as intelligence of this affair reached headquarters at Melbourne the matter was placed in my hands, with instructions to exercise my own discretion in my proceedings, absolving me from all disgrace if I failed, and promising me one hundred pounds if I succeeded. My plan was adopted after much consideration, and I have no reason to regret the steps I took, as will be seen in the sequel. I took the little steamer *Waters*, Captain Lucas, to Portland, 260 miles, and after stopping a day or two at Mac's celebrated hotel, I started by the mail for the far interior. After days' journey I arrived at H—— as a "traveler" looking for a job of work; I had a tolerably heavy swag, and this with my pannikin and billy gave me all the appearance of a *bona fide* one. I went straight up to the bar, had my nobbler, lighted my pipe, and then sat down outside to consider my next movement. It was necessary I should have some one in my confidence, but I resolved not to trust the local police, as in these remote stations their life of idleness often makes them loafers and gossips. I resolved to trust Mr. T——, the landlord and postmaster, aside —he had been an officer in the army many years—and tell him my errand, that I should never more see or hear from—and returned as if nothing had occurred. Toward evening the bar was pretty full, and I took the opportunity to say to Mr. T——, "I say, sir, have I was out of work, that I was a groom, that I did not want to go on a station, and should be glad of a chance job. He at once told me of his stable, and tell his foreman to take me on as an extra stable hand. I gave Mr. T—— my swag to take care of; it contained my uniform, and thereby from head-quarters to act as a detective. I understood all, and that was sufficient.

As groom I remained here seven months; able for a long while to do nothing; but feeling more and more confident that the general suspicion of Stevens was well founded. Of course I became intimate with him, but only in the evenings when my work was done; in all respects I acted as an ordinary groom, taking my weekly wages, and carefully avoiding every thing that might lead any one to suppose I was any thing but a groom. Often have I heard villany of as a murderous nature as has ridden up, and called me to take his horse, and give him a feed; however, I kept my own counsel, and little by little light dawned upon my track. Over the never-failing pipe I had frequent conversations with Stevens about this old man; on such occasion he would generally fix his eye upon the ground, which gave me the opportunity to watch him the more narrowly. I could then see the nervous twitchings of his face, the biting of his lip, and the sudden passing of his handkerchief across his mouth, to conceal the fear that he betrayed in this affair than I did. Frequently at the close of our conversations, in which Stevens was making these occasional betrayals, he would say, "I wish to God I'd never seen the money came from. My eyes, however, were steadily fixed on his drinking habits as the key to my researches. Summer came on apace now; though it was a late summer it was a regular hot Australian one: and in the course of a few weeks the following began to be the hot days of the neighborhood of H——, and one evening as I was talking to Stevens about this I said, "I'll be off to-morrow, and get out of the remains of Jeffrey, and pay claim to the Government reward." I noticed at this time how quiet a man Stevens could be tried to conceal it I saw that he trembled all over, and though generally very mild spoken, he got quite angry with me, and told me I ought to be ashamed of myself for such a proposal. I replied: "Why, I was told that Jeffrey was murdered, and have always said he made away with himself." "I thought so once, but now, the more I think over the matter, the more convinced I am he was murdered." "That has to be proved," said I, "and to prove it we must first find the remains, and as the river flows by I have no doubt we shall find them in *one of the water-holes near his hut*." This was not exactly a guess, but was a conclusion arrived at from facts. First, Jeffrey was a rich man, and, supposing him to have been the murderer, could not have carried Jeffrey far; and secondly every one knows that murderers, when they do not go forethought to carry their victims far from the scene of the murder. As soon as I had said this Stevens rose, and, in a half-jocular way, said, "Let's have a nobbler; I can't stand this everlasting talk about a murdered man." We had our glass and parted for the night; but my mind was already made up. Stevens, beyond doubt, was the murderer, and I was on the high road to the end. I began to defend our code of morals. I admit that often do evil that good may come; but society should not employ so low a class of men as those I mean to condemn us for our questionable methods of procedure. It was now late in January, and the weather had normally set in. Thunderstorms were now rapidly the Glenelg ceased to be a river, and how each day the water-holes became shallower and shallower. Promptly at eight A.M. a messenger, from a neighboring magistrate, orders for the police to examine every water-hole within a mile on either side of Jeffrey's hut. This was the day I was known Stevens was down at the bar trying, I suppose, to smother his memory in deep potations of rum. Directly the police were dismissed, having the river I discharged myself, and having obtained my check, proceeded, or pretended, to spend the day in the accustomed way. Stevens, as on every body known, means staying in the bar and every night did the same. This was very exhausting do; I kept myself sober as a judge; behind the scenes I prompted every thing: through Mr. T—— I supplied every one they had nothing to be taken, and now I had only to wait the result of the searching and dragging these water-holes. Those who know the country know that this is no easy matter, and that it occupies considerable time. Sometimes only two or three could be searched in a day, on others more. While this was going on Stevens became almost a resident in the bar, seldom leaving it, but betraying the most intense and childish curiosity as to the result of the search. "I've been down to any thing?" or, "Haven't they found any thing yet?" or, "Well, I should have thought they would have found something by this time;" were expressions that frequently fell from his lips. It was, I think, the fourth day of search, and Stevens had been drinking hard all the time; on the afternoon of that day a sack was found with human remains in it at the bottom of a hole; and on the evening of that same day drink and excitement had rendered Stevens incapable of taking care of himself, and, at my suggestion, he was carried to the lock-up as drunk and disorderly. I too, though perfectly sober, affected to be quite out on the spree, and was also locked up in the same place with Stevens, and my name also entered on the night-charge-list as drunk and disorderly. Never saw such a change in a man as came over Stevens when he found I was locked up with him. The effects of the drink were passing away, and the strong mental excitement produced by the discovery of these remains; and no sooner was the lock turned on me than he clasped me by the hand as the "Groom that had always been so friendly," and began to cry piteously like a child. His thoughts were running on the murder, and I resolved to use the opportunity. To make this right I began—"I say, Stevens, do you know they have found the old man's body? It was in a sack, and the sack was weighted with stones; and one of the stones, they say, was your baptstone. He skull is broken in two places, so that it is plain he must have died very suddenly. What made you talk about him in your sleep just now?" "Did I? what did I say?" "You said if they would let you off you would show them where his money was." (This he said said in his sleep.) Upon this he gave a convulsive shriek, fell back upon the straw and exclaimed—"Yes, I killed old Jeffrey—but don't preach on me; they can only bring me up for being an accessory after the fact. He gave me all the money. I say, groom, you won't preach, will you? I will leave these parts. I have had too much blood to-day. Let me have a bit; you every thing to-morrow; but don't preach, and I'll make a clean breast of it." Before the morning broke he had confessed every thing. I had always been a good fellow, and he didn't mind telling Mr. T——'s groom every thing. He had entered the old man's hut at midnight, struck him in the skull, put the body in a sack, and, fool that he was, put in his own lapstone along with other stones to make it sink, and had hid his money under the mud floor of his cottage. The next morning we were both brought before the magistrate of the district charged as aforesaid. On being remanded I had to say I handed the magistrate my authority to act as detective, and requested to be placed in the witness-box, as I had a charge of murder to prefer against Stevens, who was there on the minor charge. In less time than it takes to tell this I had left the room, and greatly to the astonishment of every one, especially of the local police, the well-known groom at H—— was in his uniform, bringing his charge against Stevens, founded on the confession of murdering the old hermit Jeffrey.

The scene is soon told; my evidence hung Stevens, who again and again, previous to his execution, confessed not only this murder, but the murder of a man in the bush some years back, with whom he was working on a station making a stake and rail fence.

A LOVE-TALE.

BY AN OLD FOGEY.

It was the old story; fresh and new to Harry as the words fall from his fluent lips. Bless the lad! He thought that, for all his experiences, were quite novel, that mortal had never uttered the like before —it was just as if some one were telling me my own love-story, word for word, with the names changed. A young man with next to nothing had fallen deeply in love with the daughter of rich parents—they are to bad enough, Heaven knows. How Harry clung to that pledge! He knew she would be true to him! I looked up at his face, I saw how hopeful and confident he was, and, twenty odd years ago I too had been very hopeful, very confident, but—

"Why, father," he exclaimed—he often called me father—"what's in your eyes?"

"They are not so young as they were, Harry," I replied, glad of the excuse; "I don't think these glasses quite suit me." "Oh, my boy, you haven't said any thing to Brown yet?"

"Why, I haven't had a good opportunity, but perhaps to-morrow night—" he answered, hesitatingly.

I was agreed that Harry should call for me at my little bachelor box, and that we should go together to Brown's. He came at the appointed moment; the lad was punctuality itself in matters of life; we did not speak much as we drove along. I recollect thinking that Brown ought to be proud of such a son-in-law.

I know that I was very nervous when we arrived at Brown's, and I fancy Harry was also. There was a look of anxiety about the house that spoke of "family dinner" required, for, although Brown is as rich as Croesus, he is an essentially mean man, and never engenders a display unless it is advantageous to do so.

Mrs. Brown was in the drawing-room, and received us with her usual frigidity. Her dress was a magnificent triumph of cost over taste, and her manner told me in a moment that she had never intended us to be welcome. Presently in came Brown and his daughter. Brown was very cordial in his manner, only I could see he did not mean it; he was profoundly civil to Harry, engaging him in eager conversation, which prevented Harry from more than saying "How dye do?" to Fanny, who sat some way apart. She really is a very pretty girl, a charming figure, dark hair, dark, pensive eyes, a mess delicately *retrousse*—I wish I could describe faces; I can't, I can only say it was a face that went to your heart and stopped there—the red rose twined in that dark hair, and the misty white dress, it was a pretty sight, even to my old eyes.

Presently, bang bang! bang bang! at the house door.

In a moment Mrs. Brown's stately aspect forsook her, she grew very nervous, and Brown fidgeted about the room in an anxious manner.

The Honorable Mrs. Denby and Mr. Denby were announced.

They appeared to be mother and son, and were evidently people of great account, Mr. and Mrs. Brown being so wonderfully deferential in their greeting. I could see Mr. Denby's well-bred lip curl beneath the overwhelming attentions of Mrs. Brown; as for Mrs. Brown herself, his lead was totally lost—he introduced us under wrong names, and left every one at random about the weather, and at last subsided into hopeless silence on a spindle chair.

Mrs. Denby's easy manner lulled the sensibilities of Mrs. Brown, and they sat confidentially talking on a sofa, whence the murmur of their conversation fell on my ears.

As for that fellow Denby I took a dislike to the man at once; there was a supercilliousness about him that grated unpleasantly on me.

Dinner was announced; Brown's head was off again.

To my astonishment I was thrust half-way toward the door with Mrs. Denby on my arm; Harry in the scramble had got hold of Fanny; when a false start was declared, the order of the company was changed, and Fanny was assigned to Denby.

"Treat you quite in a friendly way!" said Brown, gompously, addressing the company generally, "I was out of patience to hear the man talk such nonsense. It was a most elaborate dinner; the table was arranged with dazzling fusees, delicately modeled, crowned with flower and fruit surtouts.

"Quite in a friendly way, ma'am," said Brown, addressing Mrs. Denby specially. I could see the smile which Mrs. Denby took care to hide from her host; she was evidently a woman of great tact; in a few minutes Brown was talking to her quite at his ease about the Stock Exchange.

Harry sat between Mrs. Denby and myself, she contrived to draw him into conversation—poor boy! I could see he was ill at ease; the constant worry of the table completely shut him out from Fanny, who sat opposite with Denby.

I declare I felt quite angry at the way that fellow Denby kept on talking to Fanny; I could see he completely bored her. I tried to divert his conversation to myself. I spoke to him upon every subject I could think of, but he only vouchsafed polite monosyllables to me and still kept on conversing with Fanny—and then Mrs. Brown attacked me on the flank and forced me to listen to her.

"Did I know Mr. This That? a very handsome man! and that Mrs. Other, such a beautiful woman! didn't I think so? and then her cousin the celebrated What's-her-name."

I told Mrs. Brown I was not acquainted with any of these people; but nothing could stop her conversation about fashionable folks. I was determined, however, not to be diverted from my intention of breaking up Denby's conversation with Fanny. I based my attack upon the great political question; at last I observed that he began to listen to me with attention. I was never so wearied of an affair in my life, and was quite relieved when the ladies left us.

All this time Brown had been gradually getting into a state of stupor. I think that dinner is a great democrat and leveler of distinctions. Dinner, at least, had this effect upon Brown; he became quite at home with Denby, calling him "My boy! Old fellow!" toasting him as future chairman of the Underground Railroad Company. I could see that Denby winced under all this, but he was just as polite as his mother.

"It must be that the man is hard up and wants to borrow money," I thought; I had been reasoning, too, of all the attention he has been paying to Brown's daughter." At last Brown grew supremely confident, for he informed us that he was one of the prominent objects in the room, from the fine dessert service on the table to the black old mastiffs on the rug.

At length a move was made for the drawing-room; the two younger gentlemen had departed, and I was about to follow them, when Brown playfully detained me by the tails of my coat, and then, as I was such an old friend, he confided to me his plans for securing the daughter Denby, who was, he told me, the rich old Mr. Debtford's nephew, and would succeed to his wealth.

I could not trust myself to answer him. I was never more agitated in my life than when I entered the drawing-room. I found that Harry was looking at some photographs which Harry was turning over for her; Mrs. Denby was also looking at the same photographs with great attention. I felt that that clever lady had discovered the real state of affairs. Denby was engaged in conversation with Miss Brown. I joined myself to the photograph party, and stood racking my head to find something that would entertain Mrs. Denby, and so allow the lovers a few minutes; but my eyes grew quite peculiar and my head was a great blank. At last, to my relief, Brown came up and requested his daughter to sing. She instantly obeyed, and went to the pianoforte, accompanied by Harry. I made a strong effort, and feigned intense enthusiasm for a photograph which was before Mrs. Denby.

"Magnificent effect, that doorway!" said I; "light and shade wonderful! the details perfect!" I was watching the lovers all the time I spoke; they were making the selection of the music an excuse for a few words.

"Very cleverly executed," said Mrs. Denby, in reply to my observations. "I recollect the scene perfectly." I glanced down at her. She was not looking at the photograph; her eyes were also devoted to the lovers. "Frederick!" she exclaimed, addressing her son. "Mrs. Brown, would you be kind enough to allow him? I want him to ask your daughter to sing that favorite song of mine—" "Farewell," I think it's called;" and giving her son a significant glance she took his place beside Mrs. Brown. Denby went immediately to the pianoforte. I declare I was in such a rage I could almost have quarreled with the man when Brown

come up and would make me listen to some stupid story. At last Harry left the piano-forte and whispered to me that we had better go, that our remaining was merely a useless distress to Fanny. We took leave with as good grace as possible. I could see triumph in Mrs. Denby's gray eyes as I bowed to her, and I saw how intently she watched Fanny as the girl hurriedly snatched her hand from Harry's lingering grasp.

We agreed that the only thing was for Harry to write to Brown immediately. When we got to my cottage I persuaded the boy to come in and dry the night. I lighted the candles in my little sanctum. Harry sat down at the table pen in hand. I took up a book, which I pretended to read in my armchair, but I was watching him all the time. He wrote and tore up, and wrote again, till the pen trembled in his hand. It came back to me with wonderful clearness that night of my life when I had been engaged in writing a letter of the same kind. I appreciated in the agitation, the fevered anxiety which beset him, for I had experienced it years before.

"I can't tell what to write to Brown!" he exclaimed; "to do try and assist me." I put down my book and came close to him. I dictated a sentence, which he wrote. "That's just what I wanted to say!" he exclaimed. The words seemed strangely familiar to me. I looked over his shoulder at what he had written. I remembered it in a moment; they were the words of my own letter years ago. "Dear Sir," he wrote anxiously. It was not the use of words that kept me silent; the old words were ready enough on my tongue. I was puzzling out new language in my head. I could find no new thoughts; every sentence insensibly shaped itself to the old form. He kept urging me to dictate, and in the end there was my old letter copied almost as it seemed to me, word for word.

It was with sad feelings that I conned over that letter to make corrections. Harry looking at it with the young feelings and young eyes with which I had looked at my former letter years ago. It appears to me unfavorably good letter in its way, because Harry declared it expressed exactly what he had wished to say.

"It's all true, so convincing!" he exclaimed. "That part where you hint at the uncertainty of wealth, the little value of high-sounding positions when life is so short—considerations like those must influence even a man like Brown."

Well, I must recollect in my day that I had scanned over and over again that bit of moralizing, and its incontestable truth had seemed, to my anxious eyes, reason to hurry for father's blessing, but the longer I now looked at the words through my glasses the more trite and unsatisfactory did they become.

I told him he must not be too sanguine.

"But that part of the letter is so true," he urged, with confidence.

"Quite true," I replied. "Why there's not a man living who would not readily confess that he sees very well that death makes quick ending of social distinctions; but you must not think that Brown's readiness to acknowledge that abstract truth will make a jot of difference to his thirst for worldly position and wealth."

He looked at me with mixed surprise and sadness.

"No no, my boy," I continued; "logic is very rarely the guide to rule men's lives. Sometimes it may just as well chance the letter, only I don't want you to build too hopefully upon its effect."

So the letter was sent to Brown by Harry gave me Brown's answer to read a day or two after in my office. I read the result I had feared in his countenance. He was striving to be so very calm and self-possessed. Well, Brown's reply was very like the answer I had received years ago; I suppose in these love matters there is a set of common-place forms supplied to men's minds which they use and modify at their need. I thought to myself whether it would be any use for me to see Brown, but before I could determine whether it would be any use or not I was off.

It happened I was the very man Brown wanted to see; he had been on the point of coming to me; he had wished to have a talk about the Company; he had made an appointment with Denby, who would be with us in a few minutes. That man's name started me on my subject at once. I began to recollect the details of our connection, I was so greatly excited; I believe in my desire to move him I recounted my own history, my early love and disappointment; how it had cankered my existence, the sorrow which had attended *her* marriage with the man she disliked. Brown stared at me with surprise in his stolid face. "You," said he—"you, such a plain, practical, business-man, I could not have believed it!" Brown was not to be changed. I promised to give Harry money, declared I would treat him as my son, but all in vain; and then I found I was talking in the strain of my letter about the vanity of wealth. I told him that we were both of us old, and I asked him if we were not sure to die a few years?

"Certainly," he replied, with solemnity; "whenever God wills."

And then I asked him what was the worth, for the last few years of our lives, of feasting great folks who did not care for us.

Of course took care to evade the answer, and this greatly provoked my anger, which was very absurd, considering what I had come on the subject to Harry; but a man can't be perfectly consistent at all times. I abruptly took leave of Brown, puffed in a huge rage, yet comforted in the conviction that if Harry's case was beyond my mending Brown had at least heard a few words of wholesome truth.

I must say that Harry behaved admirably under the circumstances; I made him come and stay at my house. He was very silent and thoughtful; we were neither of us inclined for much talking, and when he did speak it was not about his love affair. I had not been quite myself for the last month or so, and I declared that my doctor had recommended me to travel. He readily consented to be my companion, and we began to make arrangements for our tour. But Harry, after all, was not destined to be my companion this year. Three days after my interview with Harry Brown burst into my room with a letter: he could not utter a word; he thrust the letter into my hand; it ran thus:

"DEAR HARRY,—Papa and mamma have consented to our marriage; come this evening.

"Ever yours,

"FANNY BROWN."

Harry declared it was Fanny's writing; for the moment I almost thought it was a practical London hoax. Harry did go to the Browns in the evening; Mr. and Mrs. Brown were very polite, though cold, but the marriage was agreed to.

I can safely affirm I was never more puzzled in my life than to discover the reason why the Browns had given their consent. I apologized to Brown for the warmth of my language; he was very polite, but cold, so was Mrs. Brown: their manner was just the same to Harry as to myself. Harry wished us both at the bottom of the sea. Harry generous-like, would have it that my conversation with Brown, or perhaps a second reading of the letter, had touched their hearts; but this solution was not satisfactory to me.

Harry was to sleep at my cottage that night, and we left Brown's house together. He was in excellent spirits, so was I too; but happiness at my time of life always makes me rather sedate and meditative. I observed very now and then that Harry looks into a corner, and I almost guessed upon what my feelings. "What's the joke, my boy?" I inquired at last.

"I've found out why the Browns gave in," he replied.

"Out with it, Harry," said I, impatiently.

"You will never be able to look Brown in the face without laughing."

"I don't mind if that's to be only penalty."

"Well, then, it is in my letter dictated at the Browns' there was a tremendous disturbance; they tried every method to make Fanny give me up—coaxing, persuading, threatening. Mrs. Denby, too, was brought up to the attack, and very skilful she was in the attack to the effect Fanny's youth and beauty would make it be a misalliance, and all the court and honor that would be paid her. One morning Mrs. Brown discovered that Fanny had written to me. Letters to Fanny; these she confiscated, and carefully placed under lock and key in her own particular and sacred drawer.

I felt indignant at this; but Harry, to my great surprise, only laughed.

"I've another of that day," he continued, "Fanny was by herself in the back drawing-room, when her father suddenly entered with the packet of letters in his hand, which he had taken care to remove to me herself, and also to write a note saying that our affair had come to an end. Fanny of course expostulated; and then Mr. Brown said that he had just glanced at one or two of the letters as he came down from Mrs. Brown's room, and that he had seen or read such passages as these."

I declared that Brown had no right to read the letters.

"I think perhaps he had," said Harry, bursting into a positive fit of laughter. "He declared they were precious stuff, every line of them, and he could not part with a single word. Fanny, to make up another letter, and after fumbling at it with his glasses he exclaimed that it was not worth reading."

"Why, Fanny, this is too bad! scandalous! the fellow positively asks you to run away!"

"Fanny," said I, seriously, "you never told me about this running-off scheme—you must know that I don't approve of such things."

"Fanny would not have agreed," he replied.

"Then I am surprised that you should have written such a letter."

"I am surprised, surprised too, I can assure you; she snatched the letter from her father's hand and took it to the light of the window.

"Why, Harry, this is no scrawl!" she exclaimed. 'It's not Harry's handwriting !'

"'Don't tell me!' said Mr. Brown, angrily.

"'Why, papa! it—it—it is not,' and so it though, here's the date; why it must be a letter of yours to mamma!'

"The fact is," continued Harry, who was almost choked with laughing, "Mr. Brown had been all the while criticising his own love-letters, which he had kept in the utter confusion of the moment and delivered one of the rotten from her desk instead of mine."

Fanny says she was at first somewhat puzzled by the writing, her father's hand having so greatly changed since he wrote those letters, when he was quite a young man."

Harry went on to say that Brown was overwhelmed with confusion at the mistake, and was brought for a long time to believe that he had ever written the letters, declaring, notwithstanding the evidence of the writing, that he never could have been such a fool. Mrs. Brown was equally astonished; she managed with some difficulty to call to mind that many years ago her husband had written out some old letters, burning some, and keeping others. It was evident she had preserved Mr. Brown's early letters, though she had quite forgotten having done so.

It gradually transpired that Mr. and Mrs. Brown's early attachment had been most imprudent in a pecuniary point of view, neither of them absolutely married without a penny, and had to be supported by relations for some years.

Mrs. Brown remembered many of long-buried feelings and sentiments had its effect on Mrs. Brown; in addition to that, the old arguments which had been used against Fanny were no longer available; and at last, after many entreaties, Mr. and Mrs. Brown reluctantly gave up their cherished plan of forming a grand alliance for their daughter.

Harry and Fanny were married the next day. Mrs. Brown wept immensely; every body said it was so natural, a mother losing her daughter. Mr. Brown declared "it was the happiest day of his life," but he looked most grievously solemn.

A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you a bit of veritable history—a leaf from a soldier's diary in the last campaign. The testimony of an eye-and-ear witness, the personal record and experience of one man is always valuable. But every man in the army has his diary or report to give. Collect a hundred thousand such reports, and you have the history of a campaign. Not the dry official report of the general or corps commander, but even the flaming theatrical descriptions of "our correspondent." Here, as nothing was done for glory, so nothing is written for effect. In the various incidents of a soldier's life, told naturally as they fell out, are forever linked with the brightest and the darkest page in a nation's history.

To the writer, of course, and to his family and friends, not to the great public, such a record is of great value. To us, for the present, it cannot be an heir-loom to future generations. And to himself it contains a cherished memento of dear-bought experience. As he has taken on spot is a wonderful refresher of memory. The time from the writing day to day of what he did and where he was brings up a host of incidents, a thousand associations, just as the items of a business man's experience lay open at a glance his whole plan and economy of life. All common men in the midst of great actions are poets, and write poetically; that is, truthfully. A bold stroke or two will express how much the writing may be, paints the image to the mental eye, and gives the scenery of war and battle. And as the scene changes and changes and unrolls itself to the gaze of the actor and spectator, he is made a participant in all the fortunes of the fight, in all the agonies of the battle-field, while the glory or disgrace of the action is keenly felt as his own. In after-life he lives over again in memory the battles through which he has passed, and how he fought all day and marched all night in one of those flank movements which his General was so famed for executing. He remembers that in such an action or skirmish a bullet ticked him, and a comrade was either wounded or killed; that on such a night he worked in the trenches all night, or was detailed as picket-guard; and that another time he lay with his regiment in line of battle under a broiling sun, and gave way to keep clear of rebel bullets and shells falling thick about him. He is fond of telling over his anecdotes—how he "marvelous accidents" by flood and field, and his particular "peril" in the "imminent deadly breach." In short, the whole life of writing and reading is in his private soldier, consists in putting the greatest quantity of life and action into the fewest possible words.

April 13.—Pleasant morning.—Left for our regiment at 8 o'clock; reached camp at 10 o'clock; took the cars, got to our regiment at Rappahannock station at 5 P.M.

April 17.—Sunday.—Cloudy, cold morning.—Worked all day building a fire-place. Rained in the afternoon. Heavy fall of snow on the mountains.

April 18.—Rainy morning.—Finished our house and moved into it—four of us—all together.

April 19.—Pleasant morning.—Inspection.—The regiment presented Colonel Woodard with a splendid horse, saddle, bridle, &c., &c.—Weather warm.

May 4.—Started for the front.—Marched across the Rapidan at 1 o'clock.—Stopped and got breakfast.—Marched to the front and camped for the night.

May 5.—Marched all night.—Battle.—Marched into the woods and laid down.—Four companies went out skirmishing.—Left at 6 P.M.—Stopped in line of battle. 12 o'clock, changed the rebel lines.—Lost 4 good many boys.—Colonel Woodard wounded.

May 6.—Started at 4 o'clock; marched out two miles to the rebel lines, formed in line of battle, and laid down.—Laid all day; shells passed over us pretty thick.—Rebs fired on us from their breast-works.—Whizzers by our breast-works.

May 7.—Just a sunrise the rebs made a charge on our centre, but we drove them back; sharp-shooters firing at us, but we lay close to the ground and they can't hit us much.—Were shelled as well as all day.—Left at 9 o'clock to relieve the 5th corps.

May 8.—Marched all night down through Spottsylvania. Rebs were close on our rear, skirmishing with our rear guard; the rebs, got drove back.—Ross very heavy.—Rested.—Ordered out to the front.—Marched all night.—Rebs picked off night.

May 9.—Pleasant morning.—Started early, marched out, formed a line of battle.—Laid down.—Laid all day in the hot sun, very much fatigued.—Got orders to take a little before night, drove them back, then laid down and slept.

May 10.—Pleasant morning.—The battle commenced some time before daylight.—Our regiment was passed to the front to support the skirmishers.—Staid there until dark; then fell back to the breast-works.

May 11.—Cloudy, looks like rain.—Skirmish firing commenced early in the morning.—Rained hard at 10 o'clock, moved back into the woods, and stopped.—Laid down.—Rained all night.—Very disagreeable.—Rained nearly all night.

May 12.—Started at daylight, marched one mile, stopped and wrote a letter home at 11 o'clock.—Built a line of breast-works.—Rained hard.—Laid—yay to rain and laid down.—Called up at 10 o'clock, and marched all night in the rain.

May 14.—Stopped at 5 o'clock, made our coffee, and ate our breakfast.—Rained all day and all night; rather cold a good deal.—Drew three days' rations.—A good deal of fighting through the day.—Rebs repulsed.

May 17.—Cloudy.—All quiet along the lines this morning.—Sick leaving.—Looking for fighting.

May 18.—Warm morning.—The battle opened at sunrise; very heavy firing.—Rebs repulsed all the forenoon.—Got letters from home.—sent a letter home.—Threatening rain.—Got my pocket—rained in the night.

May 19.—Cloudy.—All quiet on the line.—Our boys have been fighting on the right.—Rained hard.—Wrote a letter home.—Relieved from picket at 9 o'clock: laid behind the breast-works.

May 23.—Cloudy and cool.—All quiet this morning.—We're in the rebel's country.—Expecting to move forward.—Marched nine miles, forded the North Anna River at 2 o'clock.—Stopped and got supper at 9 o'clock.—Rested an hour and a half; whipped them.

May 24.—Rainy morning.—Started at sunrise, marched 10 miles, crossed the Pamunky River, and formed a line of battle; threw up breast-works.

June 3.—Rainy morning.—The battle opened at sunrise.—Continued heavy all day.—Charged at 7 o'clock in the evening; rained all the time.—I was on the skirmish line for 10 HOURS.—Rained all night.—Laid in all second out.

June 6.—Cloudy, but warm. Stopped at 6 o'clock near Cold Harbor.—Rained hard after.—Washed, got a letter from home; ordered to pack up and go on picket at evening.—Got a good nights sleep.

June 7.—Cool and cloudy.—The boys go in swimming in the mill-pond.—Went out on picket at 5 o'clock; relieved at sundown.—Marched five miles and forwarded for the night.

That will do for the present. The notes have a sameness, like the duties which the soldier has to perform. But they give some idea of a campaign which the boys commonly describe as "forty days under fire." O ye civilians and pen-and-ink generals, who manage the war at home and sketch imaginary campaigns over cigars and wine and the daily papers, while you speculate on the rising glory of the country, and the great names of the war, never forget the poor private soldier, nor despise these "short and simple annals" of his existence!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE IRISHMAN IN SCOTLAND.—Sir, there is a river that requires milk an' sugar before ye'd drink a dhrop of it. I wish to the Divil I was in the river Clyde.

EXPLOSION AT ROME.—It is our painful duty to record a terrific explosion which has occurred at the Vatican. The accident arose from want of caution on the part of the Pope and the College of Cardinals in neglecting a fulminating compound which has been for some time engaged in preparing for the demolition of all modern ideas. Assault before the Reformation maintain hot left their hands it blew up with a noise which was heard all over Europe, and scarcely leaves the venerable edifice in which they were assembled about their ears.

THE LAST NOVELTY IN ARCHDUKES.—One of our most eminent swindlers has just purchased a successful operation on a gentleman who had a lady in his eye.

A LITERARY MEAL.—One fault leads to many, but an author's only chance of avoiding errors is to have slips.

VERY NATURAL.—Speaking of the imaginative nature of woman, a certain writer says: "The only time a woman does not exaggerate is when she's talking of her own age."

THE PRE-ADAMITE PERIOD.—Lizard Point to the Isle of Man.

TWO IN ONE.—A servant girl, who is often "the maid and the magpie" as well.

AN APPROPRIATE TOAST.—At an election dinner at Kidderminster a glass celebrated for its manufacture of carpets—this toast was proposed by a Tory: "May the trade of our town always be *trodden under foot*."

OVER FOR JACK.—Why should the capture of Fort Fisher be credited to the navy?—Because it was taken by a salt assault).

A young lady was told by a married lady that she had better not marry a certain man. "Because Fulls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I should, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom."

PAT, what's the best way of traveling?—Troth, sure, an' I think it is by *railroad*—*pratties*!

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.—A Scotch lad, on a market-day in Kilmarnock, went into a tavern with a friend, and ordered some whisky. The landlord put down the bottle and measure, asked if they wished to have water along with the spirits. "Na, na," said the lad; "what ye're better try to tak' out the water that's in't already?"

It was proposed to tax ladies corsets, but it was objected to, on the ground that such a tax would diminish consumption.

Old Rowe kept a hotel, where, as he used to say, you could get a good dinner if you were ready to eat. One day came a Yankee, and stepping up to the bar, asked old Rowe what he could give him for dinner. "Anything, Sir," said old Rowe, "any thing, from a pickled elephant to a saucy fly's tongue." "Well," said the Yankee, laying Rowe, "we guess I'll take a piece of pickled elephant." "Well, my friend," said Rowe, "I have been in the house, but you'll have to take a whole 'un, 'cause we never cut 'em." The Yankee "thought he would take some codfish and potatoes."

It is well known that the philosopher Thales believed water to be the first principle.' Query: Was Thales a milkman?

Don't sleep with your coat on, or in lap and yours will be taken together.

A SPIRITUAL JOKE.—A captain of a militia company, entering a tavern, called for refreshment in the form of whisky in the possession of one of his men, a night or two ago, and when questioned the fluid. He placed it to his lips, and went out to invite some of his brother officers to partake of the spiritual beverage. Returning with a tumbler-strap friends, who smacked their lips in anticipation of the treat, the soldier was not present in the company, and the health of the gallant Captain C—— was proposed. The landlord was then asked for the bill, when he reported the fluid from his mouth, and exclaimed, "By thunder, some one has been drinking my whisky for water!" There was a laugh among the privates, but the captain did not join in it.

PARENTHESIS IN PRAYER.—A pastor of a small congregation of dissenters in the west of Scotland, who in prayer often expressed his humble gratitude to the Great Being whom he invoked, was addressing his petition in the second year, apparently in the usual manner, that the good grain such weather as was necessary for ripening and gathering in the fruits of the earth; when, quite unexpectedly, he added, "But what need I talk? when I was up at the thatch the other day and saw a thing that would astonish you—a cow eating corn!"

A DOCTOR'S PETITION.—Doctor I. Latsome wrote the following epigram for his own tombstone; but it is not likely that he allowed his friends, or at least his patients, to read it till he was under the turf, or out of practice:

When people's ill they comes to I;
I physics, bleeds, and blisters;
Sometimes they lives, sometimes they die;
But What's the good of Visitors?

ARTEMUS'S PERSCRUTION.—An Irishman called in great haste upon Dr. Abernethy, stating that, "Be Jabers, my boy Tim has swallowed a bullet, and I'm afeard he'll die." Abernethy: "Pill your boy Tim to swallow a cat."

A SPANISH watchmaker, we learn from a contemporary, has recently constructed a watch that only requires winding up once a year. The great simplicity and precision of this clock companies (limited) would be very glad to get hold of the watch, as their worke don't run as long as that in most instances.

A DOCTOR'S REASON.—A practitioner being asked by his patients why he had put such large ingredients into his prescriptions, said to have answered, more facetiously than philosophically, "in order that the disease may take which it likes best."

"CESE, what do you think is the reason that the sun rises toward the east in the winter?" "Well, I don't know, massa, unless he no stand the 'clemency of de Nort, and so am obliged to go to the South, where he 'perience warmer longitude."

A wag seeing a lady at a party with a very low-necked dress and bare arms, expressed his admiration by saying she "understripped" the whole party.

A STRANGE FACT.—That people of "loose" habits should be so often "tight."

MEDICAL.—We know several fiddlers who are now suffering from skittish coughs!

GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES is a native of Maine. He entered the Academy at West Point in 1858, and was commissioned, May, 1861, Second Lieutenant, Second United States Artillery. He was immediately afterward promoted to First Lieutenant of the Fifth Artillery. He participated in the siege of Yorktown in the Peninsula campaign, and for distinguished services rendered on that occasion was brevetted Captain in the Regular Army. For other meritorious services in the battles of Malvern Hill and Garnett's Farm he was brevetted Major July 1, 1862.

In August he was commissioned Colonel of the Twentieth Maine, and in the subsequent campaign of the Army of the Potomac won considerable reputation as an officer. He was commissioned Brigadier-General May 20, 1863. During General GRANT'S Virginia campaign General AMES has commanded, first the Third Division of the Tenth Corps, and afterward the Second. When the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps were reorganized he was placed in command of the Third Division of the Twenty-fourth. General AMES'S Division was prominently engaged in the assault on Fort Fisher.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "SAVANNAH."

THE rebel ram *Savannah* was blown up by the enemy on the night of our occupation of Savannah. The sketch from which we have engraved an illustration of the scene was taken by Captain BARCLAY, of the Signal Corps. Captain BARCLAY describes the scene as having been one of uncommon grandeur. The vessel was fired by the rebel crew just before leaving her. She burned for some time before the fire was communicated to her magazine, when she blew up. The shock was very perceptible in the city and for many miles around. She is not, however, so complete a wreck as the rebels designed to make her.

GENERAL A. H. TERRY.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. H. TERRY, commanding the military division of the expedition against Fort Fisher, is a native of Connecticut, not more than thirty-five years of age. He was a lawyer by profession, but devoted considerable attention to military matters. He commanded one of the best militia regiments of Hartford. He answered the first call for men in this war, his regiment, the Second Connecticut, being among the first in the field. He took part in the first battle of Bull Run under KEYES of TYLER'S Division. The Second Connecticut was enlisted for three months, and at the expiration of its term of service TERRY took command of the Seventh Connecticut, which belonged to the command of General T. W. SHERMAN in the expedition against Port Royal. TERRY was prominent in the siege operations on Tybee Island, which resulted in the capture of Fort Pulaski. For distinguished services on this occasion he received the appointment of Brigadier-General, to date from April 25, 1862. He led a brigade of the Tenth Corps in the battle of Pocotaligo, South Carolina, in October, 1862, and subsequently, under General GILLMORE, served in the capture of Morris Island, at the siege of Charleston. The Tenth Corps, in which he commanded the First Division, was subsequently transferred to the James; and when GILLMORE was relieved of command, TERRY succeeded him, though he afterward yielded to the more pressing claims of the late General BURNEY. His conduct in the rebel assault on the Darbytown road last summer saved the corps from a serious reverse. After BURNEY'S death the Tenth and Eighteenth corps were consolidated, forming the Twenty-fourth, and the command of the First Division was assigned to General TERRY. General TERRY was not in the first expedition against Fort Fisher, which failed. But he commanded in the second, which succeeded, and will always be connected with the glorious event of Jan. 15, 1865, whatever laurels he may hereafter win.

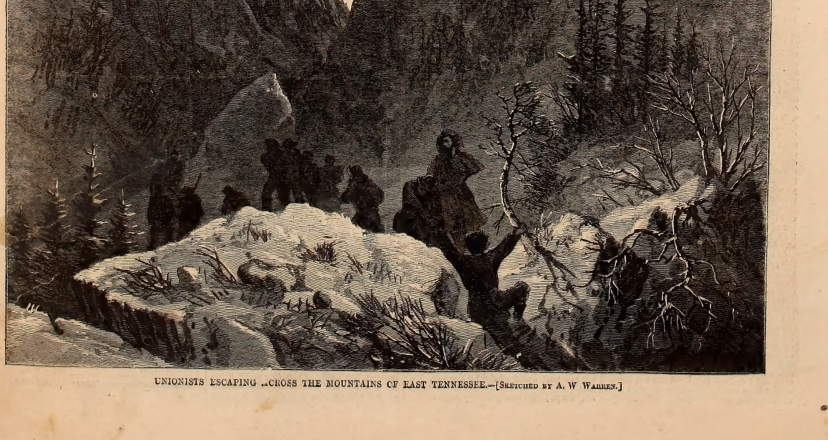
CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

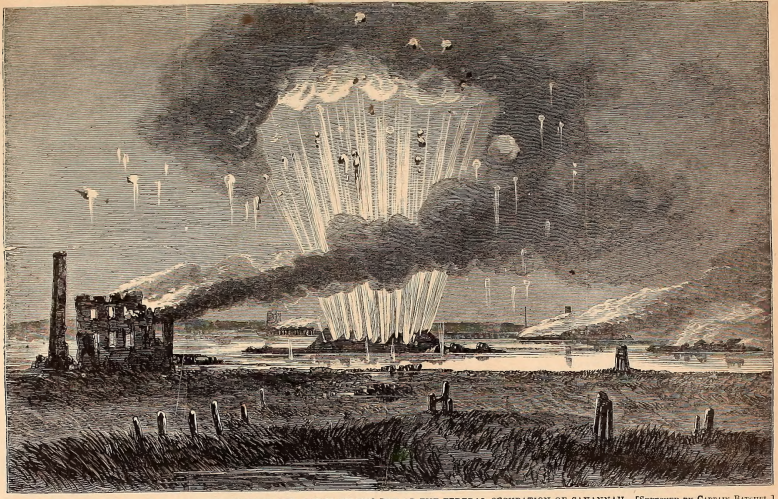
THE Old World can not boast of a more glorious capitol than that owned by the freemen of the United States. The rotunda is a fit shrine for those old Revolutionary paintings by the Revolutionary hero, TRUMBULL. The dome, rising in beautiful symmetry, is the beacon of liberty to the country, lifted up so high that the freedom-born shaft of Bunker Hill might be placed within it, with many feet to spare above its summit. Within the same marble edifice sit almost enthroned the legislators of our country in the most elegant of chambers. One would conceive that there were architectural attractions enough here to bring all our *patres conscripti* to their seats at the hour of *recès*. But too frequently do the Speaker and Vice-President call their respective bodies to order at this hour without a quorum. Yet why should not lassitude prevent men from attending to their duties who load the desks before them with the boots which are defacing the nation's furniture? But the expiring Thirty-eighth Congress has its SCHENCK, COLFAX, CLARKE, FOOT, COLLAMER, GRIMES, STEVENS, and the WASHBURNES, to whom the nation is indebted for a faithful and earnest discharge of their duties.

A visit to the national capitol is incomplete without a look around the Congressional Library. For while the library of Yale College contains less than fifty thousand volumes, the capitol library contains over sixty thousand. Yet the arrangement is so compact and nice that a guess would probably come far short of the proper figure. The books are all arranged according to their subjects. This was done by THOMAS JEFFERSON after the Baconian system. To the three grand divisions of mental activity, MEMORY, reason, imagination, correspond respectively history, philosophy, and the fine arts. Each of these grand divisions is divided and subdivided. For instance, history is divided into the civil and natural departments, and so forth. Newspapers are classified under the department of civil history. Our curiosity prompted us to go behind the scenes, and examine how great a museum of American newspapers is on file in our nation's library. Alas! out of the very few we do not recollect any not complete from their origin. But the *London Times* is here in ponderous tomes complete from its foundation. The suggestion was forcibly brought home to us that the United States are rich enough in the style and character of their newspaper press to have files of the principal papers throughout the land carefully kept in the capitol library. Did only the votaries of the press derive benefit therefrom, that profession is large enough to have its "reports" carefully treasured up here.

Upon the *locus o non locendo* principle the "Baltimore Dépôt" deserves a passing reflection. Were a backman to oblige his passengers to alight in a mud-puddle he would do something similar to the



UNIONISTS ESCAPING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS OF EAST TENNESSEE.—[SKETCHED BY A. W WARREN.]



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "SAVANNAH" BY THE ENEMY ON THE EVE OF THE FEDERAL OCCUPATION OF SAVANNAH.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN BATCHER.]

Railway Company that lands its passengers in the so-called "Baltimore Depôt." In respect to appearance it might do for a City Point where the soldier does not care for looks. But in respect to convenience any quarter-master would return it as unfit for service. But we are giving too many words to such an affair, yet the American visiting his own capital must feel that the spot where he first sets foot on the consecrated ground of his nation should not suffer in comparison with the elegant stations at the capitals of France and England. The laws of association suggest to the traveler the hotel together with the depôt, yet for another reason they might be thought of at the same time. For hotel life in Washington is a bar-room life emphatically. There has been too great a delicacy among writers in criticising the public-house habits at the capital. The following, taken from a daily paper, shows how respectable such life is made, and where the reform must begin: "Senator ——, of ——, had a bar-room



GENERAL KILPATRICK'S HEAD-QUARTERS IN SAVANNAH, JANUARY 11, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

fight in Washington Thursday, and was knocked down by his opponent." Neal Dows and John B. Goughs are not so much needed to effect a reform as a higher tone of popular feeling respecting such things at the capital. Barnum may laugh at the Washington Monument as the humbug of Washington; but there is a moral slough in this city more shameful than this lump of an unfinished Washington Monument, and darker and fouler than the natural one from which the elder Adams embalmed the pride of the country—Pennsylvania Avenue.

But let us change the atmosphere, and, crossing the Potomac on the Aqueduct Bridge, enjoy this beautiful winter's prospect of the capital from Arlington Heights. We get a fine view from the piazza, or the cupola of the house, left alone and an untenanted possession of the Government. As we walked through that grand oak forest an army of crows were on the their Billingsgate to him whose late home crowns the eminence. A graveyard about the Custis Mansion are occupied as a graveyard for Union soldiers, while in the house itself is the head-quarters of the captain superintending.

We pass by Forts Albany, Corcoran, and others, crowning these heights with their high flags afloat, and, as a more interesting and instructive object, elevate our tone to "Freedman's Village," a colony of eighteen hundred liberated slaves. It is under the control of Government, and a sentinel takes your "pass," to scarcely enter before you perceive in their countenances of joy that both old and young appreciate the opportunities they have here for getting an education and learning the arts of civilization. Here we see the deserted Lee Mansion and the happy Freedman's Village side by side. . . . Which are the neatest? Which the master and freedman have exchanged places. "What God hath wrought!" is the message which now comes over the Potomac from Arlington Heights.

Mr. H. E. Simmons, of Rhode Island, superintends the schools here. He is assisted by half a dozen male and female assistants, and a casual call at the school convinces one that the children of Mam can become fearful scholars. But Freedman's Village is another and quite as powerful teacher in that well-known lecturers—Southern Truths. We found this unseen laborer for the slave in one of the little cottages, her hands *in the flour*. We congratulated her upon the rescue of this fragment, like that of the Israelites from the land of Egyptian darkness. But Sojourner replied with energy that this was only a "large Government poorhouse." She would "her folks to be learning habits of economy, to be earning something, to become real Yankees." We bought one of Sojourner's pictures, and she desired our autograph in the memorandum-book, in which a few days before had been inscribed, "For Aunty Sojourner Truth. A Lincoln." Some bore-cox days labeled "Colored persons not admitted" collect fares from far less sensible ones than honest, earnest, and God-worshipping Sojourner Truth.

Washington, *January*, 1865. C. P. O.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The new Atlantic Telegraph Cable is in rapid progress at the works of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, formerly Glass & Elliott's, at East Greenwich. This work, if successfully completed, will be the triumph of the century; and to the accomplishment of this end the engineers and the electrician are exhausting their combined energies. It is not chiefly the powerful machinery by which fourteen miles of the "core," or gutta-percha coated copper wire, are worked up into cable every day that excites our astonishment, but the more minute and complex operations—those, for instance, by which tons of material during the manufacture must undergo the trial of those exquisite instruments over which the man of science bends watchfully hour after hour, ready not only to detect a fault, but to apprise the engineers at what exact distance in the cable it has occurred.

The core of the cable is fabricated from iron wire and Manila yarn, which is afterward steeped in a seething compound of tar and gutta-percha, a section of which model cable measures an inch and one-eighth in diameter, the seven conducting wires lying close together in the middle. These wires are surrounded by layers of gutta-percha. This is then covered with an additional protection consisting of ten closely-twisted strands, having iron wire in the center. Only forty tons of this iron wire are used every week in combination with Manila at the rate of six and a half tons per day. The wire is twisted around by machinery from bobbins, the machine each turning out 140 miles of the Manila-covered wire in a day. As it is twisted it goes through the hot solution of tar and gutta-percha above mentioned, when it is passed through a trough of water to cool it. The motive of the machinery is the factory where this process goes on is absolutely deafening. It should be observed that before being worked into the core by the ten strands of wire and yarn the core is wrapped in a twisted fold of jute.

From the gutta-percha works the cable is then carried to Morden Wharf factory. Here the core is received on large reels, and is sunk in circular openings, which are then filled up with water. From first to last, we may here observe, the cable is in all its processes of formation at this factory kept in water, that any flaw in the coating may the more quickly be made apparent. For twelve hours the coils of core are subject to electrical tests, their continuity being ascertained and their complete insulation proved beyond doubt. The joining of the ends is a very delicate operation, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if any fault is detected it is found in one of the joints. Hitherto the superintendents of this anxious work have been very fortunate; but it has sometimes happened that a great length of cable has had to be uncoiled, the defective joint cut out, and the whole made good. An account is kept of the daily progress, and there were six hundred and twenty-nine miles completed December 16, 1864. More than twelve miles are added daily, so that now there are over a thousand miles completed. The distance from the west coast of Ireland to Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, is one thousand six hundred and forty nautical miles. Two of the eight tanks are nearly full, and will soon be ready for embarkation by the *Agamemnon* and *Iris*, ready for embarking hulks which lie alongside, near the wharf. The decks of these vessels have been knocked about considerably, and they must get out and of, to make room for tanks in which the cable will be stowed in the same manner as at the factory. The hulks, which will be towed to the North Norway, where the *Great Eastern* is now lying, with three enormous tanks on board, occupying, by comparison with the smaller vessels, a little space as to deceive experienced eyes as to their actual dimensions. The *Iris* and the *Agamemnon* have each two tanks on board. The *Iris* will make nine trips to get all the cable...longside the "big ship."

Mr. Canning and Mr. Clifford, under whose control the operations have been conducted at East Greenwich, will accompany their precious charge on board the *Great Eastern*, and will direct the laying of the cable across the Atlantic Ocean. Our statement of the mileage of perfected cable given but little idea of the length of the sheet destined to be taken upward. For example, to make up the 2300 miles of cable which, allowing for various contingencies, will be required, 11,000 miles of copper wire are used. The insulating material is equal to an aggregate length of 18,400 miles; the jute, being in ten strands, will contain 23,000 miles, which will also be the length of the iron wire; and as each wire is separately covered with five twists or strands of yarn, 115,000 miles of the latter will be worked into the cable, making together a length of material which amounts to 215,800 miles. What these figures mean will be apparent to every reader by reference to the astronomical fact that the distance of 237,000 miles is that from the earth to the moon.

PETROLEUM.

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, whose advertisement appears elsewhere, offers unrivaled guarantees of safety and good management in the fact that it is so largely owned and conducted by real men of oil—not mere speculators in corporations. Mr. Anger, one of its trustees, belongs to the Titusville firm of Reeder, Watson, & Co., whose wealth counts by millions. Mr. Myers, another, is an extensive well-proprietor and oil-shipper; and others of them, so to speak, "live and move and have their being" in oil. Such features show that a company is real, and meant for permanence.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TWELVE YEARS AGO

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters was struggling into notice—struggling as those which every thing now however excellent, is doomed to encounter:

it stands at the head of all the tonic and alterative preparations in existence. Its celebrity has evoked many imitations, but we warn the public against them: it is the only SAFE REMEDY that has ever been introduced into the United States, in the Hospital and Army and Navy of the surgeons find it the very best tonic for convalescents, and prove it to be unsurpassed as a remedy for the debility on the march, as a remedy for scurvy and all scorbutic affections, and as the only specific for intermittent. California and Australia have emphatically indorsed it as the Monarch of Medicines, and throughout all South America and all the tropical climates it is considered the only reliable remedy to eradicate fevers.

There is no mystery about the causes of its success. It is of the purest vegetable and spirituous ingredients, and the grand requisites of a mild, pure, and unvitiated vegetable stimulant, with the finest alterative, tonic, diuretic, antiscorbutic, aperient, and depurative herbs, plants, roots, barks, and flowers, are combined with it in a medicinal preparation.

As the Bitters have this distinctive quality, which is not shared, it is believed, by any tonic, tincture, or extract in the world, they do not stimulate like alcoholics, but infuse a wonderful degree of vigor into the nervous system, and strengthen and sustain the whole physical organization.—*New York Tribune.*

The Latest Novelty from PARIS.

THE LADIES—who have so generally adopted the tasty and comfortable style of

LOOSE-FITTING SACQUE

—will appreciate the convenience and elegance of this little article, AS GREATLY AS AN ORDINARY PIN.

It needs only to be seen to become so popular in America as it is in Paris, the Metropolis of Modes.

A Set (one dozen), Heavy Silver-Plated, sent to any address for $3. *Prompt attention*, and a Liberal Discount to the Trade. BETHLEHEM PIN CO.,
103 Bockman Street, New York.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WHEATON'S OINTMENT
Will cure the Itch in 48 Hours.
Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, CHILBLAINS, and all Diseases of the Skin. Price 50 cents. For sale by all Druggists.
By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington St., Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

RITTER'S Patent Portable DESK,
Port-folio, and Checker-Board combined, for writing and saving articles for Soldiers, Sailors, Miners, &c., at CUTTER, TOWER & CO.'S, 128 Nassau St. Simple mailed free for $3, by A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES
For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 30 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 25c. Cents.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen, or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

LOCK GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1 00, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Excelsior Pen; and for $1 50, the Eureka Pen. These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to Numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 Pens, as below.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES.

For $1 00, the Magic Pen; for $1 25, the Lucky Pen; for $1 50, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 75, the Excelsior Pen; and for $2 25, the Excelsior Pen.

These are No. 1 Holders, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridomin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name, A. Morton, "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size only; No. 1 being the smallest, and No. 6 the largest Gold pen for pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Nos. 4, 5, 6, 8, and 10, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs, fine, medium, and coarse points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For $1 25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 25 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 6 Pen; $4 50 a No. 7 Pen; $6 75 a No. 8 Pen; $9 50 a No. 9 Pen; $7 50 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES.

GOLD PENS, WITH QUALITY, IN SILVER, MOUNTED DESK-HOLDERS.

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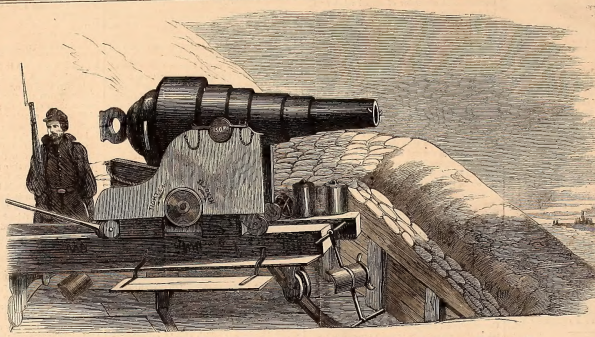
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 424.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ARMSTRONG GUN.

IN Fort Fisher our army found a splendid 150-pound Armstrong Gun, weighing 15,739 pounds. Upon it was this inscription: "Sir W. C. Armstrong & Co., Newcastle-upon-Tyne. No. 19." This was quite evidently a present to the rebels from some prominent British gentleman, if not from the inventor himself. Great care had been taken of it, and General WARREN gave especial orders that it was not to be fired except under the pressure of necessity. It had the appearance of having been recently mounted. The gun is bronzed, and mounted on a mahogany carriage highly varnished. The whole piece is finished in the finest style. It was fired a very few times during the action. During the confusion attending the occupation of the works by the Union troops some mischievous person stole the sights. The Armstrong guns are manufactured exclusively under the auspices of the British Government, and Admiral PORTER, in his official report, states this fact as if it were a conclusive proof that the British Government, or some one high in authority, had presented the gun to the Confederate Government.



150-POUND ARMSTRONG GUN CAPTURED AT FORT FISHER.—[SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE great military event of the week was the attempt made by the rebel iron-clads on the James to descend the river past our obstructions on the night of January 23. Hints had been given out that General LEE was about to do something that would astonish the world. The design of this iron-clad raid was as bold against us as it was perilous to the vessels engaged. The blow was mainly directed against the army on the north side of the James. The rebel fleet, after passing our obstructions, was to recapture Fort Harrison; and it is likely that a raid on City Point was also in contemplation. The object is thus stated by the Richmond *Whig* of January 25:

"The expedition of our iron-clads down the river had been designed to break the enemy's pontoon bridges, and thus destroy his communications, and to take advantage of the ascertained fact that he had withdrawn most of his naval force from the river, probably to Wilmington, leaving but one iron-clad and some wooden vessels in the channel above Varina. There was also reason to suppose that the recent freshet had washed out a portion of his line of obstructions." At least three iron-clads—the *Richmond*, *Virginia*, and *Fredericksburg*—were engaged in the raid. These were accompanied by the *Drewry*, a small wooden gun-boat, mounting one gun. This boat got aground, and was blown up, either by the enemy or by a shell from our batteries.—The *Fredericksburg* is said to have passed the obstructions successfully, but this is uncertain. At least it is doubtful whether, even if they succeeded in passing their own obstructions, they found it so easy to pass ours. The rebels only claim that one iron-clad, the *Fredericksburg*, succeeded in getting through. The *Virginia* and the *Richmond* got



THE REBEL IRON-CLAD FLEET FORCING THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN JAMES RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

aground, but escaped at high tide. The land batteries prevented the success of this move. The remaining vessel joined them being the Curtis House Battery.

MISSING.

Boom! boom! boom!
"Twas the sullen signal-gun,
And through the early morning gloom
It pealed like the stamp of a dreadful doom;
And the tired sleeper woke with a start,
And remembered what should be his part
In the tragedy that must soon begin;
Whether the flight should lose or win,
And where he should be when the day was done.

But his reverie could not last:
"Sybil ho! fill in!" was the cry;
And with each thought of the happy past,
Due silence that was suddenly, lovingly cast
At a picture that smiled down to his heart,
A glance that made the warm tears start,
One breathing of prayer, one cheery word
To the mustering ranks, he grasped his sword
And sprang to the front to do or die.

Then a hundred cannon roared,
And a hundred bugles blared,
And over the ramparts the horses poured
With hurried flash and flashing sword;
And across the plain, where the storm of death
Came sweeping down with its fiery breath,
And up the hill, where the surly foe
Like an ambushed lion was crouching low,
They marched—but where it was death they dared.

His voice was steady and clear,
His heart was cheerful and strong;
In his face there lingered no line of fear,
The fire in his eye had dried the tear,
And cheerily rang his word of command
As he shouted back to his gallant band.
They were falling fast, but he did not quail,
And steadily up through the leaden hail,
He led his confident braves along.

Right up to the rampart grim
Where the rebel flag was floating;
Right up to the awful crater's rim
The sturdy veterans followed him.
"Forward! boys, forward!" they heard him cry;
Then a blast of death went howling by,
And when it had passed *he* was lying still,
And his braves were staggering down the hill,
And the air was rent with the rebel shouting.

Oh, who can tell the rest?
In he lying silently now
With the frozen clods above his breast?
Alas! God knoweth what is best;
But better, far better, our poor hearts say,
To gaze on his face in the fair fray
Than slowly to die in the loathsome cell
Of a terrible Southern prison hell!
God knoweth the best—to His will we bow.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1865.

PEACE AGAIN.

THE gentlemen who find comfort in the visits of Mr. BLAIR or of any one else to JEFFERSON DAVIS or any other rebel, must not suppose that they monopolize the wish for peace, nor that those who estimate such visits at their exact value are an extreme war party. Neither need they delude themselves with the fancy that it is a profitable thing to send secret agents to sound the sentiment of the rebel chiefs because Lord NORTH sent commissioners to ascertain the views of the Continental Congress. The effort to assimilate this rebellion to the American revolution, in whatever manner it may be made, must inevitably fail. The rebels do not appeal to the right of revolution to redress wrongs otherwise without remedy; nor plead the right of secession to be exercised at their discretion.

If this truth is borne steadily in mind it will be seen that the difficulty is one that does not admit of compromise or terms of surrender. It is a defiance of national sovereignty, based upon a different interpretation of the fundamental law. There can be but two parties: the party of the national sovereignty at all hazards, and the party of its enemies. A third party is impossible, because there can be no compromise of supreme sovereignty. It may be sacrificed, it may be reduced, but then it becomes another thing. It has ceased to be supreme. In our case it is a question of power. Is the nation supreme? Is the State supreme? Supreme and sovereignty are both words with a distinct meaning; and there can be no difficulty in seeing that one must yield to the other, and in the nature of things the yielding must be entire. The State must surrender absolutely the essential powers known as sovereign, or the nation must. There is no compromise between life and death. While the body is living in the least there is no death. The attribute of supreme sovereignty is indivisible.

Now it is easy to see that all DAVIS or any rebel can say is one of two things. He may say that he will relinquish the national sovereignty, or he may promise that he will do so provided the Government will accede to some condition he may name. He must say one of these things, or he must fight on without saying any thing. But if he says the last, he can not be listened to, and if he agrees to the first he will do so without being asked. What then is gained by incessantly knocking at his door and politely inquiring whether he has made up his mind?

If there are those who believe that the Government is beat upon war without reason and without end, they are not to be persuaded. In their view, whatever the Government does is wrong. They are like children in the sulks. If you try to pacify them by any mild contrary expedients it is equally useless. If you walk or sit, if you talk or are silent, it is all the same. It is the essence of discontent to be discontented; and human ingenuity was never yet without a plausible excuse for the wildest contradictions and absurdities. An old Cavalier would as soon have named him son Praise God or Zeal-in-the-land as an opponent of the war be appeased or satisfied with any act of the Government.

But those who see this, and who knew from the beginning what the issue of all such peace embassies must be, are not to be lightly called to extreme war party because they understand the matter better than the dabblers in hopeless projects of peace.

The words, "extreme war party," are used as a term of contempt or censure. But how are they contemptible who insist upon maintaining civil order against causeless rebellion? and why should they be censured who demand an unconditional surrender of armed rebels? If by "extreme war party" is meant those who wish for vengeance, then the term describes a very few persons, if any, that most men do not know of their existence.

For there is no wish of vengeance, but only of peace that shall endure. We have very little doubt that when the rebels have acknowledged the authority of the Government, and have assented either to emancipation or to a peaceful and legal trial of the question, they will find that the people do not favor a wholesale confiscation; that they do not clamor for the blood of the rebel leaders, but have counted more precious blood to flow than they could atone for if they bled until the end of the world; that they ask two things only, but ask them with a power not to be denied—the restoration of Liberty, without which there can be no Peace.

A SCAPE-GOAT.

THE bitter denunciation of JEFFERSON DAVIS by some of the rebel newspapers is merely a fierce cry for a scape-goat. In their enormity it is a relief to cast the responsibility of disaster upon some conspicuous person, and as DAVIS from his position must have many enemies who will immediately echo the cry, he is selected. There is no indication of any able leader among them. Indeed not one of the rebel civil chiefs has shown the least capacity. Whether the Congress is an assembly of such commonplace talent that no member is more prominent than another. Compared with other revolutionary assemblages, the Long Parliament, the Continental Congress, the French Convention, it is ludicrously weak and unimportant. On the one hand, it registers Davis's edicts, and on the other, it does not dare to expel Mr. FOOTE. It has displayed neither sagacity, eloquence, nor vigor, and will be remembered only to be despised.

Indeed, the glamour of the rebellion has faded away. There was a time when it was a kind of fashion to ascribe to its leaders qualities of the heroic and statesmanlike qualities; but the time is rapidly approaching when it will be seen that men who arbitrarily swayed others by appeals to ignorance and passion have not been entitled to be called statesmen than those who live by the unpaid labor of others and buy and sell human beings like cattle are entitled to be called gentlemen. Alexander Hamilton, especially, was contrasted as a statesman and a gentleman with ABRAHAM LINCOLN. But when the historian comes to read the political writings and speeches, full sincerity of private manner of the President, his lofty, humane faith in man, liberty, and the republic, his wise prudence and sagacious perception of the course of public sentiment and of the possibilities of action, and compares them with the cold reserve of DAVIS's personal intercourse, the specious phrases and long hostility to human rights of his official papers, and the mad scurrility of his tirades in public speech, the historian will see and declare that, in an age and among a people of unexampled virtue, the mere quibbles of a desperate effort to outwit the human instincts are as unworthy the name of statesmanship as the abject terror of MAXIMILIAN Jumbo is unworthy the name of religion. Survey the field of the rebellion, hear and read all that it has said and written, and then answer whether the greatest thought, the noblest hope, or the human race a single inspiration from all its words and deeds. The world struggling forward, through a light-hearted folly that ever cheered and stimulated by the mere effort of Greece against Persia, of the cities against the barons, of the field of Magna Charta, of the Dutch Eighty Years' War, of the German revolutions. But what generous word or thought or aim can literature cherish or art immortalize in this dreary attempt to overthrow the most equal Government in order to confirm and perpetuate a revolting injustice?

The exclamation against DAVIS is only a cry of despair. The call for LEE means no more. General LEE is a weak man and a good soldier. He is not a great or remarkable general. He gave but half a heart to the cause he fights for. He will doubtless fight for it to the end; and when the end appears he would probably wish at least to fall upon the field. But the rebellion would be no more hopeful if he were made absolute Dictator. The Rebel Congress have passed an act requiring the President to appoint a General-in-Chief. But DAVIS, of course, does not forget that whoever may be General-in-Chief he is the constitutional Commander of the General; and he reminds his faithful legree that LEE has already been in command of all the rebel armies, and would not undertake to command in the field as will-be-pleased or satisfied with any act of the Government.

But those who see this, and who knew from the beginning what the issue of all such peace embassies must be, are not to be lightly called to extreme war party because they understand the matter better than the dabblers in hopeless projects of peace.

The words, "extreme war party," are used as a term of contempt or censure. But how are they contemptible who insist upon maintaining civil order against causeless rebellion? and why should they be censured who demand an unconditional surrender of armed rebels? If by "extreme war party" is meant those who wish for vengeance, then the term describes a very few persons, if any, that most men do not know of their existence.

For there is no wish of vengeance, but only of peace that shall endure. We have very little doubt that when the rebels have acknowledged the authority of the Government, and have assented either to emancipation or to a peaceful and legal trial of the question, they will find that the people do not favor a wholesale confiscation; that they do not clamor for the blood of the rebel leaders, but have counted more precious blood to flow than they could atone for if they bled until the end of the world; that they ask two things only, but ask them with a power not to be denied—the restoration of Liberty, without which there can be no Peace.

FRANCE IN MEXICO.

THE last incident in the French conquest of Mexico will suggest to every thoughtful American that we are in a very feeble assembly and inevitably into new political complications. We do not say drifting in any offensive sense, nor to anything that we could change the course of events. While we are straining all our power to restore domestic peace, it can not be expected that we should escape the danger of foreign complications. They can not be attempted except for our disturbed condition. And those who have complained that we did not prevent a hostile footing in the Mexico whose that their pride is greater than their wisdom, and betray a curious ignorance of the actual situation. We were not in a condition to interfere, and therefore we did well not to remonstrate. We stated to France our traditional policy on the question, but we did not bluster or threaten. Those who complained that we did not can now decide, upon calm reflection, whether the resolution of Mr. HENRY WINTER DAVIS would have been a dignified or self-respecting foreign dispatch from the State Department. The Senate, by declining to adopt it, has saved the true honor of the country.

The Mexican question, although it was merely what Mr. EVERETT called "an executive declaration," and although it never received any official sanction from Congress, yet has been universally adopted as the absolutely indisputable policy of this Government toward all European governments which should endeavor to establish a foothold upon this continent. As it is popularly understood, the Monroe doctrine declares that the United States will drive every European power from our neighborhood. But if it really means that the right to independent governments upon this continent the right to ask the assistance or even the presence of European within the Monroe doctrine, then it is an absolute prohibition of our own fundamental principle of the right of the people to govern themselves.

The truth is, it does no such thing. In view of the probable design of the Holy Alliance in Europe to compel the return to Spain of some of her American colonies which had declared and maintained their independence, and had been recognized by the United States, President MONROE, in December, 1823, said that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, if any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." This can not be thought to contemplate opposition to a friendly request of assistance unless we intended to defy the international honor. In another part of the same message the President said that the American continents "are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European government."

That the cession to France of certain provinces of Mexico by the viceroy whom France maintains in the country must be considered a case of such colonization is clear. Mexican provinces regulated by French armies are virtually French colonies. But what the duty of the United States may be under the circumstances is not so evident. The situation demands the utmost sagacity and not the least swagger. There is nothing in the world easier than to strike an attitude and cry hands off. But before defying any of the Great Powers to mortal combat upon such a point it is well to calculate every chance. When OLIVER CROMWELL had thoroughly pacified England he turned his eyes abroad. But while the fields of Dunbar and Worcester were yet to fight his eyes and soul were centred there.

THE BLACK LAWS.

ILLINOIS has repealed her black laws, and indeed she could hardly help wiping the stain from her face when her neighbor Missouri was lifting her whole body out of the slough. The black laws of Illinois, although Illinois is a free State, were as much a part of the code of slavery as any slave law of Arkansas or Mississippi for they were the work of what was called the Democratic party, and that party was the minister of slavery. In Illinois, for instance, all colored persons were presumed to be slaves unless they could prove themselves to be free; in other words, were held to be guilty until they proved their innocence: thus directly reversing the test humane maxim of the common law. By another act, if any negro or mulatto came into the State and staid ten days, he was to be fined fifty dollars, and sold indefinitely to pay the fine.

We read such things incredulously, in the light of to-day. The wicked folly of selecting for outrage a special class of the population, and that class the most innocent and defenseless, is so like a caprice of Ashantee society, or a measure of Patagonian statesmanship, that it is quite impossible to believe that it was tolerated in the great, generous, and enlightened State of Illinois. It explains the curiously inhuman and heartless tone of Mr. DOUGLAS in speaking of the colored race. He lived in such a land of this senseless and fierce prejudice, and he rose by pandering to it.

The black laws of Illinois were another proof of the fearful demoralization which slavery had wrought in this country, and upon which it counted for easy success in its rebellion. When slavery saw that SEWARD and BUCHANAN, two successive Presidents, were its most abject tools; when it saw every Northern city ready to take by the throat any man who fiercely denounced it; when it saw even in Boston a mob assistant and noted citizen named FAY, with the Mayor of the city, turning a meeting for condemnation of slavery into the street; when it read such laws as those of Illinois; when it saw the city of New York cringing beneath its frown and fawning upon its contemptuous smile, how could it help believing that BENJAMIN FRANKLIN wrote the truth to JEFFERSON DAVIS when he said that the blood would flow this side of Mason and Dixon's line rather than the cotton, and sugar, with ROBERT TOOMBS, that any man could drink all the blood that would be shed in the war.

Now that Illinois has repealed her black laws, is it too much to hope that New York will do the same thing? The Constitution of the State allows colored citizens to vote, provided that they have lived so long in the State and county, and paid twice as much tax as any other voter. The other voters may be ignorant and brutal sots, who are nuisances and pests in any community, and there may be intelligent, industrious, thrifty, valuable citizens; but the Constitution of New York, enslaved by the same mean and inhuman prejudice which dictated the black laws of Illinois, declares that ignorance and brutality are politically preferable to intelligence and thrift.

If intelligence is to be the condition of active citizenship, it is a jest which every body can understand, and which most people will approve. But to make it dependent upon complexion is as wise as to rest it upon the color of the hair or the breadth of the shoulders. The monstrous subjection of this country to the prejudice against color is one of the many which are under its influence suppose, "a natural instinct;" it is only the natural result of a system which arbitrarily and forcibly makes color the sign of hopeless servitude. If red-haired men or men over six feet in height were enslaved and imbruted for centuries, there would be exactly the same "natural antipathy" to them which is now privately alleged by many otherwise sensible people against the colored race.

Missouri has emancipated herself; Illinois has thrown off her black laws. Suppose that sensible men and women now emancipate themselves from the black law of a most cruel and senseless prejudice.

OUR CANADIAN NEIGHBORS.

THE Message of the Governor-General of Canada, the debate in the Canadian Parliament, and the extradition of BURLEY, the Lake Erie raider, show that the Canadian authorities mean to enforce neutrality. It is only the truth to say that the conduct of the Canadian Government is much more friendly than that of the British. It reveals also some disposition to maintain the spirit of a true neutrality which WASHINGTON showed in 1793, and the United States Government in the case of the alleged Russian privateer in the Delaware. If the British Government had shown the same alacrity in respecting honest obligations; if it had stopped the same before Mr. ADAMS virtually insisted on demand his passports; if it had refused to harbor the rebel privateers after they had been ordered to put had honorably tried to prevent their escaping; if it had not allowed and strained every point against us, that Government would not have forfeited the respect of every honorable American.

The attitude of our neighbors upon occasion of the first serious violation of neutrality from their soil, at once mollifies the jealous suspicion with which they have been regarded and stirred the liveliest of the rebels. Now that we see that they are not abettors, we can tolerate their sympathy, which is the result of ignorance of the merits of the case. The Canadians, like most foreigners, remember the ancient tone of the Government of the United States; but they forget that that tone was given to it by the very faction now in rebellion. That tone was the expression of a spirit essentially anti-American, made up of ignorance on the one hand and of slave-driving insolence upon the other. And it

is part of the Nemesis under which we suffer, that we are defending against rebels a Government which the rebels themselves made odious.

We have not sufficiently remembered this in our indignation with the conduct of what were called friendly powers. We saw them sneering at us as we carried the flag against the foe, and told them the flag meant Liberty. We forged that they still put on the same flag in the hands of those who swore that it meant slavery. Governments, like men, act from mixed motives. If our flag had always stood for justice, moderation, friendliness, it would have commanded more sympathy in its extremity. The American people would have been a thousand-fold more dangerous to Europe if the Government had not swaggered. A modest, friendly, but perfectly firm tone, would have won the hearts of the people and conciliated the pride of the aristocracy. But when the dominant party blustered every foreigner felt insulted.

The Canadians have forfeited neither their self-respect nor the regard of a powerful neighbor by showing that they mean neutrality as well as say it.

THE LATEST ASPECT OF THE PEACE QUESTION.

IT is now known that a commission, consisting of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS of Georgia, R. M. T. HUNTER of Virginia, and A. J. CAMPBELL of Kentucky, formerly of the United States Supreme Court) applied, on the 29th of January, for permission to come to General GRANT'S head-quarters, which was granted. They are stated to appear before the Government very much in the same way in which BLAIR has approached the rebel authorities in Richmond. But the fact that the most prominent members of the commission is the Vice-President of the rebel Government makes an important difference between the two cases, notwithstanding it is given out that the mission is intended only to represent the people of the Southern States. Besides, we learn from the Richmond *Sentinel* that on the previous days DAVIS and STEPHENS had been engaged in a long consultation on public affairs."

This commission, following so closely upon Mr. BLAIR'S private mission to Richmond, has more significance than it could otherwise have. For it indicates, either that the rebel authorities are determined to learn from our Government some distinct statement in regard to the only possible terms of peace, such as shall further their own ends by rallying the people of the South in a last desperate effort to gain their independence, or that the people of the South are themselves anxious to make peace on the basis of reconstruction.

If the former be not indicated the latter must be. For the rebels already know from MR. BLAIR'S statements, if from no other source, that no terms will be conceded by our Government involving separation. Unless the object be to arouse the Southern people anew, the appointment of such a commission is useless and absurd. So long as the rebels claim the right of secession, there is no common ground on which to rest any negotiations.

What the issue of this matter may be is now uncertain. But this much is certain. If UNION and Peace can not be obtained by the immediate and unconditional submission of the rebels to the Constitution and Government of the United States, then they must come as the result of the combinations which General GRANT and SHERMAN are now forming for just that end.

A MODEL LETTER.

EARL RESSELL ought to go to school to the Foreign Minister of the Netherlands. That gentleman, like the Earl, received the circular of the European ministers of the rebellion. But unlike the Earl, whose clumsy and foolish reply exasperated every body, the Dutch premier, after simply acknowledging the receipt of the circular, merely adds:

"In thanking you for this communication, and with an earnest wish for the prompt re-establishment of peace in America, I beg, nevertheless, to accept the assurance of my high consideration. E. CREMER."

AS ARTEMUS WARD said of WASHINGTON—E. CREMER certainly does not slop over. His letter is a model.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

COMPTE'S COUSTSHIP.—It is recorded in Chembre's "Book of Wonders" that when Mr. Nicholas Comte married the girl who became his wife. He first saw her in company for some half an hour one evening. Shortly after work, in the dead of winter, when the snow lay several feet deep in the streets, he chanced to be out on a visit of duty to pass the house of her parents. It was hardly light, but there was the cold to chill, numbing a wish to loiter. That action made her mistress of Colbitz's best horse. Whenever he was to be out of work at home he exclaimed, "Thatis the girl for me!" She was the daughter of a sergeant of artillery, and there only thirteen. By his intense charm the artillery was entered to England, and she had to go with her father. Colbitz by this time had managed to save 150 guineas as a foot-soldier—the produce of extra work. Considering that Woolwich, to which his sweet-heart was bound, was a gay place, and that she was courted by many suitors, who moved to her beauty, might tempt her by their wealth; and unwilling that she should be deceived by hard work and love—for all his prudence guineas, and proved that she would not run them off—he would get money enough to buy good clothes, and live in reasonable lodgings, and be as happy as the rich until he could be able to join her. Four long years elapsed before they met: Colbitz, when he reached England, found her a maid-of-all-work, at £5 a year. On his arrival, without saying a word about it, she placed in his hands his portal of 150 guineas unbroken. He obtained his discharge from the army, and married the brave and thrifty woman. She made him an admirable wife—never was he tired of speaking her praises; and whatever comfort and success he has had in life, it was his delight to ascribe to her care and to her inspiration.

PERSONS have grown wild about Fort Fisher. The name of the Federal commander of the expedition and of the rebel garrison seem to have been arranged with an especial reference to the fitness of things. There was painter with bows it that the garrison at Fort Fisher was to be "Butler-fied," and the name of Bragg-lo-ing over the end of the bridge, and, stepping him, asked the price of a ferry. "Thirty cents apiece with the Jew" he was were all fresh laid this morning." "Very good," said Hermann, "I will take a dozen at the price." The proprietors were exceedingly proud, and the conjurer then proceeded to crack one of the eggs. "Dot is not bad," said not the Jew's averment as to their freshness; but Hermann, undismayed by the result, slowly chipped off the top of the shell and fished out a sovereign from the inside of the unconscious yolk. The astonishment of the Jew he did the same with a second and third—which both yielded the same result. Then, with a bland smile, Hermann Moses flung back the nine pipsters, shouldering his bag, and with a ringing laugh of delight, left the would not sell at the price. Hermann and his companion slowly followed him, and found him at the Bull's Head Inn, in a quiet corner of the neighboring mosque-yard, where they found him hard at work breaking eggs. Another offer was made for the whole, but, though more than a dozen had already been smashed without the expected result of eggs turning up, the Youth refused business, and was left peacefully engaged in the whole calamity of the Jew in search of the golden deposit.

THE first volume of Napoleon's "Life of Cæsar" will be published on the 15th of February. It will appear simultaneously in French and German, into which latter language it has been translated by H. Fournier, Professor at the Liberty of the Louvre. Numbers of foreign editors are expected in Paris to obtain early impression of the work. The first volume is devoted to the geographic and ethnologic description of Gaul, Germany and Britain.

THE JEWS.—There are in the world about 7,000,000 Jews: about 3,000,000 in Europe, 1,000,000 in Asia, and three millions 1,000,000. It is remarkable that in England, France, and Belgium, the number is diminishing, while it is increasing elsewhere. At Frankfort-on-the-Main, where there is the largest Jewish community in Germany, it has risen from 9,000 to 12,000 in fifteen years. In France there are 80,000 Jews, in England 40,000.

A DAY IN JUNE.—A June day comprises a period of twenty-four days like ours. We are familiar with the early twilight of the morning. One earth, in the wondrous transformation with which the glories of the sun-set dissolve into the glories of the dawn, the sun-rises close their holy eyes as the timid blush of morning steals over their cheeks, the tide of light flows in upon it to fill the celestial canopy, and when, as a climax to the glowing splendors of the sun-rise, the orb of day rises of the morning and promises himself the heat of the day. The twilight which follows the sun-set is unlike that of noon. No gentle transition from darkness to light, no slow unfolding of night's mantle. The sun sinks down as modestly into the sun slowly accomodates itself to the changing circumstances. For hours after the sun appear to an earthly eye, gilding the summits of the hill-tops, and casting them in shadow on the side. The shade of light in a sea of darkness, while their bases and valleys are wrapped in yet greater gloom. Slowly the silvery flood of light pours down the mountain-sides, and the shadows of plant and tree, slowly shorten as the sun, after a hope of 170 hours, attains its meridian height. For hours after the sun has heavens are behold the stars, although at noonday with a clear sky, are invisible, owing to the dense and reflecting atmosphere. For hours after the sun has gone down his fiery rays upon an arid soil never sheltered by a vegetable covering, and during the night the sand and soil become heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water. Even the rocks are heated to a degree that causes darkness, but no crimson cutrails of evening clouds around the horizon herald the approach of night. Slowly the sun rises, but not beneath the horizon, no torrent of light intervenes, but a dull and sombre gloom, as if the sun were about to succeed a long and dreary night of 228 hours' duration, and to temperature probably 300 degrees below the freezing point of water

WARNING TO CLERGYMEN.—Hotels were made recently in Prussia, of a new method of warming railway carriages by steam. The boiler of the engine is placed in the baggage-van, and the steam passes through tubes into wooden chambers in the seats of the carriages. The by-valves are provided to carry off the excess of pressure. Such a hundred and fifty miles of railway in this way, if a lever is placed in the carriage, so that the temperature can be regulated according to the wish of the occupants. The experiments, it is said, succeeded perfectly.

AN ARTFUL WITNESS ABSE.—There dwelt in Antwerp an artist named Pillin, who, although he had talent, showed his fist effectively to do their work. He note directed to the choice of life. His favorite study was the dance ted in being a very accomplished one. He may be seen in the morning carrying his canvas and colors to the river or other to the balcony himself with rose and flowers on a stool, engaged in sketching the scene. He is still great too, and with the right seat his brush with perfect facility. The loss of his right hand was expected.

A WARNING.—A young lady suddenly fainted at a ball near Kingsbridge, in Germany, a short time since; and it was afterwards discovered that a gentleman had called upon to render aid that her indisposition arose from the circumstance of some person having pierced her ear and in the trimmings of her dress, which were of the same color.

HOW MUCH DOES THE DAY.—At his meals he never drinks any wine, but after forenoon and afternoon he is fastidious in his food, yet his taste seems to have been formed upon a plain diet. He is very moderate in it, and a preference for much viands as were of an agreeable flavor, but he has always had a dislike to the rich and high. In his later years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and by half-past nine was generally in bed. Before that it not then disposed to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. Often it was the late Professor of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then after breakfast he studied till dinner. He generally took a short exercise for an hour, generally in a chair in which he used to be conversed with all who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of beer, and then went to bed. Such was, for many other years, Milton found the stillness, warmth, and regularity of his habits favorable to digestion. He was, he said, before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her some verses that came into his mind—needless to say, he dictated his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with his face to the window, and his wife by his side reading to him he used to compose chiefly in the winter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

We have to record this week the most important action ever taken by the United States Congress since the formation of our Government on its present Constitutional basis. On the 8th of April, 1864, the Senate passed a joint resolution proposing to the Legislatures of the States an amendment to the Constitution abolishing Slavery. It was passed by a vote of 38 to 6, and was reported to the House. The joint resolution passed the House January 31, 1865, by a vote of 119 to 56, being two votes more than the required majority of two-thirds. We give below the yeas and nays on the two Houses, and the names of Members absent or not voting. The Members supporting the Administration are printed in Roman, the opposing in *Italics*.

In the Senate, April 8, 1864, the votes were as follow:

YEAS.

Anthony, R. I.	Howe, Wis.	Lane, Ind.	
Brown, Mo.	*Johnson, Md.*	Lane, Kansas.	
Chandler, Mich.	Lane, Ind.	Morgan, N. Y.	
Clark, N. H.	Lane, Kansas.	Morrill, Me.	
Collamer, Vt.	Morgan, N. Y.	Nesmith, Oregon.	
Conness, Cal.	Morrill, Me.	Pomeroy, Oregon.	
Cowan, Pa.	Nesmith, Oregon.	Pomeroy, Kansas.	
Dixon, Conn.	Pomeroy, Kansas.	Ramsey, Minn.	
Doolittle, Wis.	Ramsey, Minn.	Sherman, Ohio.	
Fessenden, Me.	Sherman, Ohio.	Sprague, R. I.	
Foot, Vt.	Sprague, R. I.	Sumner, Mass.	
Foster, Conn.	Sumner, Mass.	Ten Eyck, N. J.	
Grimes, Iowa.	Ten Eyck, N. J.	Trumbull, Ill.	
Hale, N. H.	Trumbull, Ill.	Van Winkle, Va.	
Harlan, Oregon.	Van Winkle, Va.	Wade, Ohio.	
Harlan, Iowa.	Wade, Ohio.	Wilkinson, Minn.	
Harris, N. Y.	Wilkinson, Minn.	Wilkey, W. Va.	
Henderson, Mo.	Wilkey, W. Va.	Wilson, Mass.	
Howard, Mich.	Wilson, Mass.		

NAYS.

Davis, Ky.	*Powell, Ky.*		
Hendricks, Ind.	*Riddle, Del.*		
M'Dougall, Cal.	*Saulsbury, Del.*		

NOT VOTING.

Bowden, Va.	Hicks, Md.		
Buckalew, Pa.	*Richardson, Ill.*		
Carlisle, Va.	*Wright, N. J.*		

In the House, January 31, 1865:

YEAS.

Alley, Mass.	*Kirkwood, Iowa.*	*King, Mo.*	
Allison, Iowa.	Knox, Mo.	Knox, Mo.	
Ames, Mass.	Littlejohn, N. Y.	Littlejohn, N. Y.	
Anderson, Ky.	Loan, Mo.	Loan, Mo.	
Arnold, Ill.	*Longyear, Mich.*	*Longyear, Mich.*	
Ashley, Ohio.	Marvin, N. Y.	Marvin, N. Y.	
Bailey, Pa.	*McAllister, Pa.*	*McAllister, Pa.*	
Baldwin, Mich.	McBride, Oregon.	McBride, Oregon.	
Baldwin, Mass.	McIndoe, Mass.	McIndoe, Mass.	
Baxter, Vt.	Mclndoe, Wis.	Mclndoe, Wis.	
Beaman, Mich.	Miller, N. Y.	Miller, N. Y.	
Blaine, Me.	Moorhead, Pa.	Moorhead, Pa.	
Blair, W. Va.	Morrill, Vt.	Morrill, Vt.	
Blow, Mo.	Morris, N. Y.	Morris, N. Y.	
Brandegee, Mass.	Myers, Ky.	Myers, Ky.	
Boyd, Mo.	Myers, La.	Myers, La.	
Brooks, Mo.	Norton, N. Y.	Norton, N. Y.	
Broomall, Pa.	Norton, N. Y.	Norton, N. Y.	
Brown, W. Va.	Odell, N. Y.	Odell, N. Y.	
Clark, A., W., N. Y.	O'Neill, Pa.	O'Neill, Pa.	
Clark, J. C., N. Y.	Orth, Ind.	Orth, Ind.	
Cobb, Wis.	Patterson, N. H.	Patterson, N. H.	
Cobb, Ala.	Perham, Me.	Perham, Me.	
Colfax, Ind.	Pike, Me.	Pike, Me.	
Cole, Cal.	Pomeroy, N. Y.	Pomeroy, N. Y.	
Creswell, Md.	Price, Iowa.	Price, Iowa.	
Dawes, Mass.	*Radford, N. Y.*	*Radford, N. Y.*	
Davis, N. Y.	Randall, Ky.	Randall, Ky.	
Dawes, Mass.	Rice, Me.	Rice, Me.	
Deming, Conn.	Rice, Mass.	Rice, Mass.	
Dixon, R. I.	Rollins, N. H.	Rollins, N. H.	
Donnelly, Minn.	Schenck, Ohio.	Schenck, Ohio.	
Driggs, Mich.	Scofield, Pa.	Scofield, Pa.	
Dumont, Ind.	Shannon, Cal.	Shannon, Cal.	
Eckley, Ohio.	Sloan, Wis.	Sloan, Wis.	
Eliot, Mass.	Smith, Ky.	Smith, Ky.	
English, Conn.	Smithers, Del.	Smithers, Del.	
Farnsworth, Ill.	Spaulding, Ohio.	Spaulding, Ohio.	
Frank, Pa.	Starr, N. J.	Starr, N. J.	
Gannon, N. Y.	Steele, N. Y.	Steele, N. Y.	
Garfield, Ohio.	Stevens, Pa.	Stevens, Pa.	
Goch, Mass.	Thayer, Pa.	Thayer, Pa.	
Grinnell, Iowa.	Thomas, Md.	Thomas, Md.	
Grinnell, N. Y.	Train, N. Y.	Train, N. Y.	
Hale, N. Y.	Upson, Mich.	Upson, Mich.	
Harrick, N. Y.	Van Valkenburgh, N. Y.	Van Valkenburgh, N. Y.	
Higby, Cal.	Washburne, Ill.	Washburne, Ill.	
Hooper, Mass.	Washburne, Mass.	Washburne, Mass.	
Hotchkiss, N. Y.	Webster, Md.	Webster, Md.	
Hubbard, Iowa.	Whaley, W. Va.	Whaley, W. Va.	
Hulburd, N. Y.	Wheeler, Wis.	Wheeler, Wis.	
Hutchins, Ohio.	Williams, Pa.	Williams, Pa.	
Ingersoll, Ill.	Wilder, Kansas.	Wilder, Kansas.	
Jenckes, R. I.	Wilson, Iowa.	Wilson, Iowa.	
Julian, Ind.	Windom, Minn.	Windom, Minn.	
Kasson, Iowa.	Woodbridge, Vt.	Woodbridge, Vt.	
Kelley, Pa.	Worthington, Nevada.	Worthington, Nevada.	
Kellogg, Mich.	Yeaman, Ky.	Yeaman, Ky.	
Kellogg, N. Y.			

NAYS.

Allen, J. C., Ill.	*Law, Ind.*	*Law, Ind.*	
Allen, W. G., Ill.	*Long, Ohio.*	*Long, Ohio.*	
Ancona, Pa.	*Mallory, Ky.*	*Mallory, Ky.*	
Biles, Ohio.	*Miller, Pa.*	*Miller, Pa.*	
Brooks, N. Y.	*Morris, Ohio.*	*Morris, Ohio.*	
Brown, Wis.	*Morrison, Ill.*	*Morrison, Ill.*	
Chanler, N. Y.	*Noble, Ohio.*	*Noble, Ohio.*	
Cox, Ky.	*O'Neil, Ohio.*	*O'Neil, Ohio.*	
Cravens, Ind.	*Pendleton, Ohio.*	*Pendleton, Ohio.*	
Dawson, Pa.	*Perry, N. J.*	*Perry, N. J.*	
Denison, Ohio.	*Pruyn, N. Y.*	*Pruyn, N. Y.*	
Eden, Ill.	*Randall, Pa.*	*Randall, Pa.*	
Edgerton, Ind.	*Robinson, Ill.*	*Robinson, Ill.*	
Eldridge, N. Y.	*Ross, Ill.*	*Ross, Ill.*	
Finck, Ohio.	*Smith, Va.*	*Smith, Va.*	
Grider, Ky.	*Steele, N. J.*	*Steele, N. J.*	
Hall, Mo.	*Stiles, Pa.*	*Stiles, Pa.*	
Harding, Ky.	*Strouse, Pa.*	*Strouse, Pa.*	
Harrington, Ind.	*Stuart, Mich.*	*Stuart, Mich.*	
Harris, Md.	*Taber, N. Y.*	*Taber, N. Y.*	
Morris, Md.	*Townsend, N. Y.*	*Townsend, N. Y.*	
Merrick, Md.	*Walworth, Ky.*	*Walworth, Ky.*	
Middleton, Del.	*Ward, N. Y.*	*Ward, N. Y.*	
Johnson, Pa.	*Wheeler, N. Y.*	*Wheeler, N. Y.*	
Johnson, Ohio.	*Winfield, N. Y.*	*Winfield, N. Y.*	
Kalbfleisch, N. Y.	*Wood, N. Y.*	*Wood, N. Y.*	
Kernan, N. Y.	*Wood, Pa.*	*Wood, Pa.*	
Knapp, N. Y.			

NOT VOTING.

Latham, Cal.	*McKinney, Ohio.*	*McKinney, Ohio.*	
Lazear, Pa.	*Middleton, N. J.*	*Middleton, N. J.*	
Mallory, Ohio.	*Rogers, N. J.*	*Rogers, N. J.*	
Mercur, N. H.	*Rollins, Ind.*	*Rollins, Ind.*	
Mitchell, Ind.			

The retaliatory resolution has passed the Senate. The legislation in regard to this matter is unnecessarily complicated. The President has the right to say that rebel officers should be a general exchange, at it has done in an amended form of the House resolution, then there is no need of the main resolution itself. The Senate has as much power in the matter as the House, for it has the beginning an exclusive title of commissioners whose business shall be to look after the welfare and treatment of their respective prisoners? The rebels could not, without an expression of their willingness to do so, have entered into negotiations into Southern prisons as a permanent institution; and the Senate's amendment, giving such power to a similar commission, members of which shall reside in our prisons. This commission, however, is to be appointed annually, and if its suggestions and remonstrances were not heeded, it could accurately report all cases of inhuman treatment. These reports would have all the value and effect attaching to other official documents. It is true that such a commission is proposed by the Senate; but it is in the form of an amendment to the retaliatory resolution, and was born in proper effect. The commission should be tried, at least, before we resort to retaliation.

The spring campaign is still in its preliminary stages. The capture of Fort Fisher will doubtless be followed soon by the occupation of Wilmington. Sherman, meanwhile, is measuring the elements of resistance—and these are very considerable—which he will have to overcome. He is reinforcing his army. General Grover has arrived at Savannah, and Sherman's command is thus increased to about 60,000, who will accompany Sherman. The only event which we have recorded during the quiet upon the line has been the raid of the rebel iron-clad fleet, of which we give an account on our first page.

CONGRESS.

January 25:

In the Senate, the House Bankrupt bill was reported from the Judiciary Committee with amendments. The question of relations was resumed, but not carried. The Deficiency bill was reported, and it was determined not to pass it unless the House would strike out the proposition to increase the salary of its employés.

In the House, a resolution of inquiry into the facts connected with trade with the rebellious States was passed. The question of providing for the Heads of Departments should occupy seats on the floor of the House, to be interrogated upon certain rules as to their official departments, and to a limited extent to participate in debate, was defeated.

January 26:

In the Senate, the House Amendatory Loan bill was passed. The Retaliation measure was still under consideration.

In the House, the bill for the admission of Cobbett officers to the floor of the House was debated at some length, but a final consideration was postponed until Friday.

A new Deficiency bill was reported, in which the clause objectionable to the Senate was omitted—but only in form, by being made to read: "Thirty-eight thousand dollars or so much thereof as may be necessary to meet the obligations and forfeit its pledges heretofore incurred."

January 27:

In the Senate, the Deficiency bill was passed without the objectionable amendment. The Retaliation measure was still under debate.

In the House private bills were considered.

January 30:

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted providing for the publication of the correspondence of President Madison. The rest of the session was taken up in the consideration of the resolution appointing a committee on contractions, and of the Retaliation resolution.

In the House there was a debate on the constitutional amendment.

January 31:

In the Senate, the House bill reducing the duty on printing paper was agreed with an amendment, fixing the duty at 15 instead of 3 per cent. The resolution to appoint the Commission to visit the rebel capital and Mr. Hale, who indulged in a long speech on the Treaty done in the Civil Rights Bill.

In the House, the Senate's resolution for a committee to count the votes for the Presidential election was concurred in, with an amendment excluding from representation in the Electoral College Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee.

January 31:

In the Senate, the retaliation resolution was passed, by 33 to 13, modified by several amendments providing in addition so as to conformable to the laws of nations and to the usages of civilized warfare, and was adopted declaring the sense of the Senate to be in favor of a general exchange of prisoners, and also one to appoint commissioners to look after the condition of our prisoners in future.

In the House the Senate's amendments to submit to the Legislatures of the several States the following amendment to the Constitution:

"ARTICLE 13.—*Section* 1. Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

"*Section* 2. Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

NEWS ITEMS.

In Governor-General Monck's message for the expenses of the Canadian Government for the current year is included some specimens of gold as discovered in the gold mines in the road on St. Albans.

Captain Rafael Semmes, the notorious privateer, was in Richmond January 19.

The editor of the Richmond *Sentinel* says it would be an interesting if not profitable inquiry to know the amount of extensions and of public devotion should now be witnessed among the contributors. He adds that it would be interesting and inspiring if they would even furnish the means to pay off the Confederate debt.

Thirty-five dollars of the Confederate currency are worth only one dollar in gold. This reduces the value of Confederate dollar to less than three cents. The Mobile papers say that the Confederate dollar is worth only about forty on the success of the rebel cause.

The United States monitor *Patapsco* was destroyed, off Charleston, at 2 A. M. on 17th, while doing picket duty, by a rebel torpedo. Fifty-four men were saved, and 4 lost.

Marshal-General Fry announces that he has added 14,000 men to the rolls of the quota of Iowa, making the total quota of the State over 60,000. This increases the quota of the State 23,000.

The pirate *Shenandoah* has destroyed several American merchantmen recently, among the rest of Brazil.

General George B. McClellan and wife sailed January 25 for Europe on the steamer *Scotia*. They have been the absence of six months, spending most of that time in Rome.

Levy in the morning of the 29th ult. a broker, Mr. Hoover speaking with Mr. Wm. Hoffman, escaped from the second story back window at his house at No. 18 West Thirty-second street, and was instantly killed.

General Patterson has published his history of his connection with the Shenandoah Valley. It is an elaborate defense of his operations. He attempts to prove that the failure was not his fault.

Major-General Warren left Washington January 25, to resume the command of the Fifth Army Corps. They returned on the 28th.

Mr. Thomas W. Meade, of the firm of Meade Brothers, Broadway, photographers, committed suicide by taking laudanum, on the night of January 28, at Tarrytown. He left a family.

Washington deemed reliable her reached Washington that a new rebel privateer has left Nassau, heavily armed, to prey upon our commerce. The vessel is known as the *Tallahassee*, and report says she is both swift and of staunch build. Her crew is mostly foreign, as transport to prey upon.

Gold North, the New York State agent imprisoned on a charge of forging soldiers' votes, has been unconditionally released by the order of Judge Barnard.

The case of Burley, the Lake Erie raider, was finally decided at Toronto on January 27, Chief Justice Draper and Associate Judges being unanimous in the opinion that the prisoner could not be given up to the States.

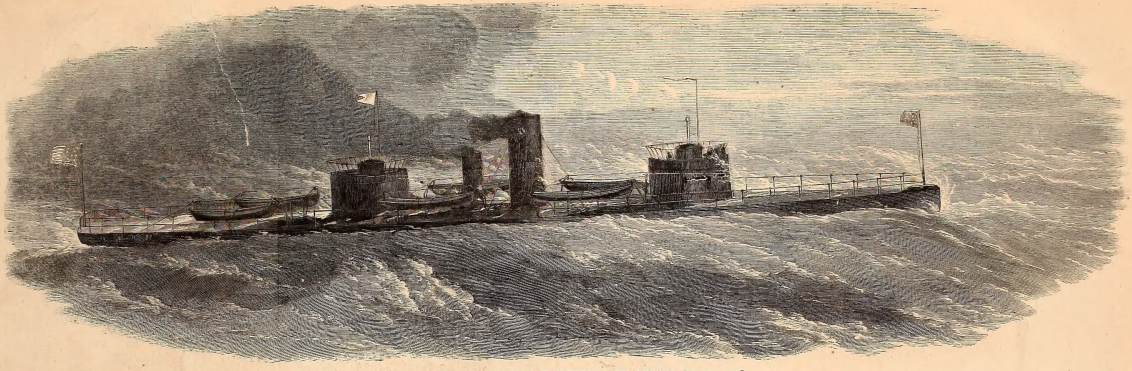
Brigadier-General Ammen has resigned, and Brigadier-General Wilson has been assigned to his command.

The total casualties in General Terry's army in the fight at Fort Fisher were one hundred and sixty-seven. Of these eleven officers and seventy-seven men were killed, thirty-nine officers and four hundred and seventy-seven wounded, and ninety-two men missing.

The rebel Congressman, Henry S. Foote, has arrived within our lines.

Brigadier-General, late commander of the rebel state *Sea* was also Steamboat, has been committed for trial in Boston for violating the Foreign Enlistment Act.

The Liverpool *Post* states that orders for twenty thousand artillery uniforms for the rebels have recently been executed in that city.



THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD BATTERY "MONADNOCK."—[SEE PAGE 94.]



BURNING OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE AT WASHINGTON, JANUARY 24, 1865.—SKETCHED BY PHILIP WHARTON.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



GENERAL KENNER GARRARD.



GENERAL G. D. WAGNER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BISHOP.—(SEE PAGE 93.)

GENERAL KENNER GARRARD.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL KENNER GARRARD was born in Garrard County, Kentucky, and is now thirty-five years old. His home from boyhood has been in Cincinnati, Ohio. He entered West Point in 1847, graduated in 1853, and was appointed to the First United States Dragoons. In 1855 he was transferred to the Second United States Cavalry, and in 1861 promoted to a Captaincy. Up to this date his service had been mostly in Texas and New Mexico. In 1856, while Adjutant of the Second United States Cavalry, the following were officers in that regiment: A. SIDNEY JOHNSTON, Colonel; R. E. LEE, Lieutenant-Colonel; HARDEE and GEO. H. THOMAS, Majors; VAN DORN, E. KIRBY SMITH, STONEMAN, PALMER, OAKES, and EVANS, Captains; and R. W. JOHNSON, FIELD, HOOD, FITZHUGH LEE, COBEY, and PFIFFER, Lieutenants. All these have since held positions as general officers in the Federal and Rebel armies, and most of them have been noted for their signal ability. In April, 1861, Captain GARRARD was, with the troops under General TWIGGS in TEXAS, surrendered to the rebels, remaining under parole until September, 1862. His comrades tried hard to persuade him to join them, appealing to him as a man of Southern birth. But their proffers were firmly rejected, and he, with great difficulty, made his way from Texas to Washington, with twenty thousand dollars of government funds in his pockets, which was safely turned over to the Government. He was appointed Commandant at West Point in December, 1861, where he introduced some useful changes in the drill and instruction of the Cadets. In September, 1862, he was released from parole by exchange, and resigned his post at West Point, to take command, as Colonel, of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York Volunteers. This regiment soon became an efficient one, and, with him as its leader, took part in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He succeeded General WEED (who was killed at Gettysburg) in the command of the Third Brigade of General STARR'S Division, being appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in July, 1863, and in November, 1863, a Major in the Third United States Cavalry. In December, 1863, he was made Chief of the Cavalry Bureau at Washington, but was the next month, at his own request, relieved from that duty to take command of the Second Division of Cavalry in the Army of the Cumberland, under General SHERMAN. General GARRARD took an active part in General SHERMAN'S campaign, from its commencement to the taking of Atlanta. He participated in the battle of Nashville under General THOMAS, who makes in his report particular mention of General GARRARD'S gallant conduct. On the left of M'ARTHUR, he carried the enemy's intrenchments in his front, capturing all the artillery and troops on the line.



VIRGINIANS DRAWING THEIR RATIONS FROM THE FEDERAL COMMISSARY.

"THE E'EN BRINGS A' HAME."

Down the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord! have wandered from thy fold!
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the harsh briar upset
Their pitiful entreaties, and we meet
When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts.
Our eyes are blinded, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming;—when the light departs
At evening, turns us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far—
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are:
At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us, and the snow-drifts thicken.
O thou, dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
In the rude night, our tatter'd footsteps quicken,
At evening, bring us home.

ESCORT DUTY BY A RED BEAR.

My name is Rufus Brewin, and I am an aggrieved man. For that matter I have always been an aggrieved man in one respect; for some smart chap having discovered years ago that Rufus Brewin was nothing more than Red Bear, my friends have found it very witty ever since to call me by that ridiculous title. For my part I don't see the fun.

I am not married. I never thought I should like to be; and in fact, partly from choice, partly through having spent the best of my youth in India making a fortune, I have had very little to do with women.

Last month, however, I had to go to New York. I don't mind saying that I live in Boston; in fact, I have been for several years considered one of the principal patrons of the first hotel there, and I don't know whether the proprietor would feel that he could go on if I was to remove from his best suite of apartments.

But although a Boston man myself, I don't believe in Boston dentists. They may be all very well, but Doctor Blank, Broadway, New York, is the man for my money. Doesn't it stand to reason now, when one fellow-charges you ten dollars for filling a tooth, and another only ventures to ask five, it's because the first one feels his work is worth twice as much as the other's? I always employ the most expensive workman of all sorts, and I consequently find that the theory as a sound one.

So after grumbling all day with a toothache that finally wouldn't let me enjoy my dinner, without forcing me to send away some splendid grouse untouched, I told my fellow to put up my hair-brushes and a clean shirt, get me a ticket to New York, and call a carriage.

He did 't all right; and indeed I'd like to see him fail in obeying orders. He knows me, that fellow does.

"Train leaves at half past eight, Sir. Carriage at the door at eight. Ticket, Sir, and ticket for sleeping-berth. Am I to go, Sir?" says he.

"To watch me while that scoundrel grinds and cuts the nerves out of my jaw-bone? You'd just like to see that, wouldn't you? Yah!"

For I may as well say that I felt a little irritable, what with my teeth, and what with losing the best part of my dinner.

My fellow saw how it was. Bless you, the scamp is quick enough, and he knows how my boots feel; so he was sneaking away when I stopped him.

"Tell the cook, or some of them, to cut off the breast and legs from half a dozen of those grouse and put them up in my bag, with salt, cayenne, and a cruet," said I. "If this current cold snap sticks a shall want something before morning; and I hope you don't think I'm going to poison myself at railway-stops along the road, do you?"

"Yes, Sir—no, Sir, I mean," says the great fool, not knowing how to answer yes and no together by a "Very well, Sir," as no English servant would have done; and before I could find any thing to fling at his head he was gone.

Well, I got to the station, and not wanting to go to sleep immediately, settled myself in the ordinary car as comfortably as I could by turning over the seat in front of me for my legs, and putting my fur coat in the angle of the window and the back of my own seat. An old traveler like myself under-tands these things, you see, and I flatter myself that I won't be many chances of comfort go a-begging long in Rufus Brewin's neighborhood.

Well, I'd just got settled, with my bag hung up over my head, when a lady and gentleman came in and sat down in the seat almost of us. I guessed at once that one was young Renard, a lawyer of Boston, for whom I have considerable regard, and, in fact, the people with whom I should select as my own legal adviser had I need of such an employé.

The lady I couldn't see at first; for Mr. Renard sat in such a way with his head bent down in front of hers, as quite to conceal it. Presently the bell began to jingle, and they shook hands and said good-by. Then Mr. Renard getting up saw me, and hesitated, went back and whispered a few words to the lady, then came across and asked if he should introduce me to his cousin, who was going to New York alone.

Gracious! I couldn't say no, now could I? And yet what a nuisance to say yes! Of course I'd got to put my legs down and stand up; I don't believe in this Young America fashion of nodding to a lady over your claim, with your feet on a mantelshelf. Upon my word, Sir, I've seen a fellow do that very thing. I don't mind mentioning that I pushed his feet down, and told him he ought to be ashamed of himself. He wasn't, however—only mad at my friendly interference. Actually I had to knock him down before he could behave himself.

Well, I said what I could, and was introduced to the lady, but, of course, I didn't catch her name. Why is it that when people undertake an introduction they always mumble out the only part that is worth hearing? If I hadn't heard Renard say, as he jumped for the door, "Well, good-by, Kitty," I couldn't tell her now an idea of what to call her. Not that I said Kitty aloud, of course; I cut when I think about her it is as Kitty, and that's what I'm going to call her now.

If Mr. Renard get safely off that train it's more than I should like to answer for. A war will run me very much be bolted, and I hadn't a doubt we should hear a yell, and there'd be a general fuss and confusion in picking him out from among the wheels; but either no accident occurred, or they were very considerately quiet about it, and we were off.

My first concern was to get myself settled in my comfortable angle; but no sooner had I done so than I began to wonder whether I ought not to be making myself agreeable to the young woman whom the introduction had in a measure placed under my charge. But then, how was I to do it? I had nothing to say to her, I knew, and probably she had as little to say to me. Besides, I didn't know her name, and how was I to talk across the car even if I did?

While turning these thoughts in my mind I looked over at the subject of them. She was just taking off her bonnet and putting it by the strings to the cushioned panel over her head. Then she smoothed her hair with a very white hand, and took from her lap something in a bewildering little hood, made of blue and white yarn, with a blue bow at the top, and another under the chin, and slipped it a-mafoam in the shape it soon since discovered.

This she carefully tied on; and I was quite interested to see how nicely it fitted, the bow under the chin, quite straight and true, when she made it. I do so like to see any one exact. While she was doing this I noticed that for the first time. By George, Sir, you may think you've seen pretty women, but you never saw one like that! Such bright hair, such a fair skin, such eyes—none of your die-away flax-colored stuff, but bright solid yellow, just like lagot gold. Then, such a pretty color in her cheeks, and such a little rosy mouth when she laughed! I never thought much about a woman's looks before; but I've looked at every one I've met since, and there's not one of 'em to be per sample. I suspect the rest of the bale has been picked up for Mohammed's Paradise, that the tegs given over there in Bengal used to be thought so much.

So I stared, and stared, until a little smile began to twitch about the corners of her mouth, and she turned to look out the window. Lord, Sir! how I felt when it came across me that I was making a deuce of-a-fool-of-myself! I thrust myself directly that I wouldn't look at her again all night; in fact, I fairly turned my back, and looked out of the window. I was horribly ashamed, I was snapped, I was so afraid of doing it again.

But what do you think happened next? Why, as I was sorting away, and seeing nothing but a great black hole outside the car, the softest, sweetest little voice you ever heard said—

"Don't you think it's dangerous for them to go so fast in the night, Mr. Brewin?"

Mr. Brewin! She'd got my name and all, you see! just as pat as if she'd known me a dozen years, And all so natural! No one would have thought it strange if she'd used that moment to ask me to do that she felt it any way strange to speak to me, only when I started quick, and turned round, she looked a little surprised, and smiled in a shy way that was prettier than all.

I told her I thought there was no danger, and asked if she felt frightened at all. I suppose I did, for she wasn't much used to traveling by night; so I concluded she felt lonesome, and I told her she had better come over and sit by me. So she did, right out of room. Of course I had put my legs down when I first spoke, so there was really a very good chance for me to stretch out; but I didn't do it, for I sat there a little, then laughed a little, and said, "Oh no, thank you, Sir."

Somehow I saw that I had made another blunder, and that kept me quiet for a while, till the cars stopped somewhere, and I began to delay a minute or two, as much as to say, "Now is a good chance to offer to take Miss Kitty to her berth in the sleeping-car, as I thought she must be tired." But when I leaned over to speak to her, she said she had an objection to the sleeping-car, and had not engaged any berth.

"But, then my berth," said I, "you never are going to sit here all night?"

"Oh yes, I shan't mind it at all; and if you are going to be disagreeable enough to delay a minute on my account," says she, smiling again.

Well, but here was a predicament. I sat back in my seat, and thought it over. It didn't seem the thing to me to go talking off to my own berth, leaving this lonely little thing to sit bolt upright all night, without a soul to look after her. I glanced all round the car. There were two or three disagreeable-looking fellows round the stove, and only one other woman to be seen. No, it wasn't the thing at all to leave her.

Then I wondered why she wouldn't have a sleeping-berth. Perhaps she hadn't the money for it! that was all—but then how was I to find out? I wouldn't do to ask outright, nor it wasn't likely she'd let me pay for one, for she knew I'd no berth! But I might get her to take my berth, and I could find another; or, if I couldn't, it was better for me to stay up than for her.

So I got up and leaned over the back of her seat, not liking to shout my proposition across the car. I tried, too, to speak as carelessly as possible, so that she shouldn't feel it any great matter.

"I wouldn't sit up all night if I was you," says I. "You can get a very comfortable nap in the sleeping-car, I promise you; and as I don't think I shall lie down to-night, you'd better accept my berth. I've no use for it myself, and you can have it better than not."

She smiled again. Somehow every thing I said seemed to amuse her; but this time the smile was prettier than ever.

"Thank you very much, Sir," said she. "But I really don't wish for a berth. I would have engaged one if I had intended to use one."

She saw right through me, and knew all my little plan. That was as plain as preaching; but I felt that she was more pleased than offended that I had tried to clear her into taking my dollar's worth of sleep, and without thinking I got back to my own seat, but sat down in the empty half of hers.

She looked a little surprised, but made no objection, only went on talking about the sleeping-car, the bad air, and the jolting, and the nightmare feeling of being so shut in, till I began to wonder how I could ever have thought of putting myself into one.

From that we went on chatting about other things, till all at once I found myself in the middle of the evening drive at Calcutta, though how I got round to that I can't tell; but when I stopped to consider about it, Miss Kitty smiled, and nodded, and said,

"Yes, I see it all. Do go on, Mr. Brewin, unless you're tired."

So I went on, and told of all the different sorts of people one sees there, and how oddly the eyes look running after their masters' carriages, and of how pretty the streets look when these carriages light their lamps and all go twinkling off in different directions.

I never saw any one so interested as that girl was in all I had to say. Sat, Sir! I began to wonder why I hadn't talked more about those things since they were so well worth hearing. But just as we were going over the Susquehanna, one of Government House the cars stopped, and a man at the door sung out that we were to go aboard a ferry-boat and change cars.

So Miss Kitty took her bonnet, and I my bag and coat, and we followed the rest out of the warm car into the raw, frosty, moonlight night with no refuge except the crowded cabin of the ferry-boat, so close and hot that I didn't blame Kitty for preferring to stay out.

I put on my great-coat, but shivered underneath it, and the poor little girl, who had no extra wrap, must have been perished with cold.

I give you my word, Sir, I had no idea till that night how wide the Connecticut River is. Talk of the Atlantic, indeed! Anywhere one could get a boat to use one half the time in crossing the Mississippi that we spent that night upon the bosom of the Susquehanna, or Connecticut stream!

At the other side we were bundled into a wretched old car—one of those low-down sorts and no steps. This was miserable enough, and if the railway companies find it pleasant and profitable to smash up their train on the ordinary passengers every few days, they should at least provide a sufficient relay to take their place. Most of us don't mind the chance of being smashed, but I for one do mind the certainty of being uncomfortable, and when I've once been made so in a particular place, I take very good care in future to avoid that place. "A word to the wise," etc.

And then I could see with half an eye that poor little Kitty was getting very tired. She didn't smile much now; and when I came back after looking through the train for a better seat, I found her settled up in a very small narrow beach with her head resting on the back in a most uncomfortable attitude. An idea struck me, and not a bad one, either. Under the sleeping-car I found my berth, and appropriated the pillow and blanket. The conductor thought, I suppose, that I was stealing them; for he bustled up as fierce as a terrier and asked what I was doing. I liked that, and just asked him if I didn't pay for the use of the blankets when I hired them. He said yes. Then I told him I was going to use them in my own fashion and walked off, leaving him staring after me.

I felt I was getting a little irritated at being watched that way, and I had some idea of taking the fellow by the collar and knocking him down, right off the train, but concluded not to do so, as he was after all hardly worth the trouble.

But when I got back and looked in her face, and found the great eyes staring at me with just the queerest mixture of surprise and amusement that ever you saw, I thought I ought to have said something, though just what I didn't know, so I began,

"I thought you'd be cold; there isn't any fire in this car, and so—"

"So you have brought me your own pillow and blanket, and expect me to sit up in the cold yourself!" said she, trying to throw off the blanket.

"Stop!" says I, and if I was a more decided character than I am, I might to use that rascally conductor too a blame. "Stop! I shan't use these things at any rate, I give you my word on that, and you must take them, and must keep them."

She looked right up in my face with another of those teasing little smiles.

"Must I, indeed?" "well then, I must."

And shutting her eyes she went off to sleep just like a baby as they say, though I don't believe any baby ever looked so pretty or so innocent or so helpless as that girl did, with the red blanket coming up under her chin, and the blue ribbons strewed all over the pillow.

I sat down in the seat behind—the end seat of the car, it was, and there was a window; but there was no other vacant near at hand, and I wasn't going to desert my charge after all I'd done.

So Miss Kitty slept; and I swore at my teeth, which had been very quiet till that ferry-boat business worked them up, and the seat by the loose window kept them so.

By-and-by the cars stopped again. I looked out at the window, and there, if you'll believe me, was that—that Renard's cousin, Kitty, the Connecticut, again, and another ferry-boat ready for us to cross in. I jumped up, and went to look for the conductor, thinking to make some remarks to him, and ask the names of the directors of this Company, but the minute he saw me coming he dodged and made off somewhere; but a brakeman told me that this time the car itself was going over, and that there was a refreshment-room on the boat where I could get something to keep out the cold.

I thanked him for the hint, for it was kind!t meant; but if that man thought Rufus Brewin was going to poison himself with ferry-boat whisky or bad coffee, he was much the shovelful inside of it. B.R.'s principles, that's all.

However, I looked in at the refreshment-room, and finding that all that they called tea, I drank some of it. It was hot, and it had milk and sugar in it. Whether it was tea or not I don't know, and I thought a cup of it might warm up poor Kitty a bit. So I told the fellow to draw another cup of it, and to one a wretched-looking yellow cake that he called round cake. I didn't taste it myself, but I knew that women liked such stuff, so I took it.

Then I went to the buffet with that cup, we're just across," says the fellow as I took it away. I found him a two-dollar bill, and told him that would buy a gross of such cups, and fill them with hot water into the bargain. I dare say I was correct, but the man didn't seem pleased, though he pocketed the money. You see I wasn't going to hurry a lady about drinking her tea just to accommodate such a fellow as that, or to save the price of a tea-cup.

I came steering back through the crowd, squaring my elbows, and singing out to every one to make way, I looked up at the window, and what should I see but Miss Kitty watching me. Her eyes sparkling, and her little teeth flashing in the gaslight in a regular laugh.

I was glad she felt so merry, but I hoped she wasn't laughing at me.

When I got to the car, however, she had sobered down wonderfully, and thanked me very prettily for all the pains I had taken. I told her there was no harm—that she should like the tea, that the tea, for it was hot; and then I went and stood at the end of the car, for if there's any thing spoils my appetite it's to be watched. I always make my fellow look out of the window while I'm at dinner, unless he's actually doing something.

When we'd fairly got started I looked round and found Miss Kitty had finished her supper, so I came back and took the cup. She had left a good bit of the cake in the paper, and I told her I was afraid it wasn't good. She said, "Oh yes;" but I knew better; so when I had quietly chucked the cup and saucer out of the window, cake and all, I got out my little package of grouse, split a roll, laid some delicious bits of breast on it, salted and cayenned them, and handed it to her with a clean fork underneath.

"There, Miss Kitty," said I, "is something better than cake which you couldn't eat."

She looked up in astonishment.

"Why you are a regular magician, Mr. Brewin," said she. "Where could you get wild-ducks at this time and place?"

"Now that was a little discouraging, wasn't it? To find that she didn't know grouse from wild-duck, for I consider an appreciative taste in food one of the first accomplishments. But I restrained, and the little girl soon showed that she could eat grouse if she couldn't name them. It did my very heart good to see the delicious way in which she ate. Then she didn't eat them all, and only a crumb of the roll, so I finished what she left, and Gad, Sir, I never tasted a sweeter morsel! I'd had a dozen of the grouse afterward, but it was another thing.

Well, I looked Kitty all up again in the blanket, fixed the pillow under her head, and then, you know, I had a smile that was almost as good as a—well, as I should fancy a kiss might be, and I was just settling myself for a nap when—

"Ne-ew Haven! Cha-nge cars!" yelled the conductor in at the door, and I could see the fellow's eyes twinkle at the satisfaction as he looked at me and my arrangements.

I'll just ask any reasonable Christian if it wasn't enough to make a man swear! If it hadn't been for frightening that little girl, I promise you I would have tried what relief there was in it; but sort of regard to her I kept all my oaths to myself, and gave her own "Oh dear!" but I looked at that conductor as I passed him with my pillow and blanket, and I looked at him till I saw his eyes blink, but I didn't say a word.

The new car was as hot as the other had been cold, crammed with people, and so close that they must have spent their time all the way from Boston in eating onions and drinking whisky-toddy. However, I found a seat two people had just left, got upon a ventilator, and we sat down to tea-thet.

I put the pillow under Kitty's head, and wrapped the blanket round her; but there was no room in the middle of the seat, so she couldn't have laid down if I had given her the whole.

Poor little thing! She was so tired by this time that she dropped right to sleep with her head against the high back of the seat, and her mouth, the edge of the cary, it kept sliding one way and the other, until at last I put up my hand and drew it down to my shoulder. What I had done if I was frightened. Perhaps she would be so angry when she woke that she wouldn't speak to me again. Perhaps it was shaking the truck my friend had placed in me when he put his cousin under my charge. At first I would have given any thing that I had to let that face I took it from; but pretty soon I forgot all this in seeing how pretty those yellow curls looked, straggling down from under the blue hood and across my arm, and how delicate the line of the profile was, and how calm and even the breath that kept rising in little warm puffs against my cheek.

Perhaps all this is simple enough to other men who have been through such things in their youth; but I can tell you that when a man comes to be fifty, and never has known any woman so well as his negro laundress, why this sort of thing seems like a new revelation.

Sleep, Sir! I didn't close my eyes again that night, I promise you. I just sat there, hardly dar-

ing to breathe for fear of disturbing her, thinking a soft rustling whether it might be possible that a day would come when she would put that little head on my breast of her own accord, and whether there could be any thing in me that might make her forgive my fifty years and my selfish old bachelor ways. I never wronged her thinking that my money would tempt her; but it did please me to fancy how I could bring treasures from the ends of the earth to heap upon her; and I thought how I could call out the rest of my life to making her happy, and worship her as no young man ever could. Fact, Sir, I think there's something in witchcraft; they believe it in the East, and why shouldn't we? And, unless I was bewitched that night, I can't understand my own folly; for before the grey morning light came in at the window I had built the finest castle that ever stood in Spain, and had brought myself to believe that it was more than Miss Kitty might consent to inhabit it with me.

They say there's no fool like an old fool, and I believe it.

Just as I was thinking of the set of diamonds I'd order for her from London, Miss Kitty awoke, and lifted up her head so sleepily that I don't believe she knew where it had been lying.

By this time we were getting into New York, and she rubbed her eyes and said she must put on her bonnet. So I hauled it down, and watched her put it on, and then admired the way her hair fell, folded the veil back and put it in her travelling-bag. When all was done, she turned smiling to me, and said,

"I am sure you must have daughters of your own, Mr. Brewin, you are so interested in hoods and bonnets."

Here was a blow at the very foundation-stone of my castle; but I stammered out that I had no daughters, and was not even married.

"Oh!" said Miss Kitty, and looked a little confounded. I suppose she had thought me a patriarch.

However, I thought I should look differently after I had been to the dentist and the barber, and I said,—

"Shall you stay long in New York, Miss Kitty?"

"Mrs. Lewis, please. No, Sir; I shall join some friends at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and leave with them to-morrow for California. I am going out to join my husband, who has been there a year."

I took a shower-bath once, and the sensation I experienced when Mrs. Lewis pronounced these words brought back that horrible sensation, the effect of memory could possibly have done.

Whether that gift—for she couldn't have been over fourteen the most innocent or the most artful of creatures I don't know. Whether she knew what she had been doing all night, and was but interested in finishing off the business with this last neat little blow, or whether she had just thought me a civil old man who took a fancy to her interest in her, I won't presume to say. But I think—I hope the latter, for the sake of human nature, for the sake of my own belief in womankind.

I didn't say any thing for a minute, and then I wished her a pleasant voyage.

She thanked me, and said she could hardly hope to find so kind and attentive a companion as I had been.

I looked at her sharply enough, and her eyes looked straight into mine with a little smile, but not the least bit of malice. No, Sir, I'll never believe that girl had been consciously making a fool of me. She never could have given me that look afterward.

We didn't say much more, for we were almost at the station. I put her in a carriage, paid the man, and gave him the direction. Then I took off my hat and said her good-morning; but she leaned out a little white hand out at the window for me to shake, and said,

"Good-by, Sir. I shall never forget your kindness."

That was the last I saw of her.

Well, well, it was more my own fault than my one's else, I suppose. But if Tom Renard had introduced me as he should have done, as he had even spoken of her husband at first instead of at last, I shouldn't have been what I now consider myself—an aggrieved man.

THE VAMPIRE.

It was in February, 1841—, that, having obtained the appointment of usher through the interest of a friend, I started on my way to N——, for the first time. I occupied myself a great deal, as may be imagined, in speculating on my future kind of life, and once or twice I fell asleep. At length the coach drew up in the old market-place and I alighted.

I was accosted by a boy, a pale-faced boy, with a peculiar expression of countenance that seemed to haunt me with its singularity, "Was I for N——— Grammar School?"

I was.

Then the doctor had commissioned him to show me the way. And he went with me accordingly.

My companion was taciturn beyond, any thing that my experience of boys had hitherto encountered. I asked some questions as to the school. He would answer monosyllabically, and then relapse into silence, apparently regarding me as wrong with the most intense interest. His reticence did not appear to me to be the result either of shyness or churlishness. Had he been so young a boy I should have said his spirit was crushed out of him by the possession of a deadly secret. Altogether his manner puzzled me.

My speculations, however, were cut short by our arrival at the school, and in the occupation of making the doctor's acquaintance and arranging my room. I had little time to think of my recent companion. At supper I noticed him among the other boys, but as soon as he caught my eye he turned his head away abruptly. A mysterious boy.

After supper and prayers the doctor called me aside.

"Mr. Merton," he said, "the dormitory attached to your room is under your supervision. Be so good as keep a sharp look-out on it. There is something wrong," he added, in a lower voice, "about that dormitory, and I should be only too glad if your vigilance could discover it. It is a most mysterious circumstance. The master appears to me to be most efficient; in fact, I am assured it is by competent authorities, and yet if I put the most healthy boys there, in three days they be become pale and haggard. It's a very extraordinary thing, and most annoying. Saunderson," he added, pointing to the mysterious boy looking into the fire with the strange, abstracted look I had noticed before, "is the prefect of your dormitory, and will initiate you into any of our customs. Good-night."

In a quarter of an hour all the boys were safely in bed and the lights out. I should have mentioned that my bedroom commanded a view of the dormitory by means of a window which I could open or shut at pleasure. The doctor's parting words had connected themselves in my mind with the mysterious boy. I felt disinclined for sleep, so shading my lamp, I stationed myself at the window and took up a book. I heard the clock strike eleven—twelve—one. The restless impulse which I could not account for, I felt constrained to go round the dormitory at the risk of disturbing its occupants. All was quiet. Some were asleep, two were all slumbering peacefully on, and as I looked at each one in turn, I bore witness to the truth of the doctor's assertion as to the pallor and haggardness of the inmates of my dormitory. They might have been scholars of Dotheboy's Hall.

Nearest my window slept Saunderson. The old expression that had attracted my notice seemed to have given place in sleep to an expression of peaceful innocence more like a girl's than that of a boy with one arm thrown over the quilt I thought him even nice-looking.

I had not been in my room five minutes before I was attracted by a sound from the dormitory, and looking through the window, I saw Saunderson rise from his bed and approach that of his nearest neighbor. He leaned over him and—oh, Heaven!—the sight seemed to paralyze me!

I saw him with some sharp instrument open a vein in the boy's neck, and applying his lips, he drank a long draught of blood.

In a moment all was explained; the pallor of his companions; his own strange manner. Saunderson was a vampire!

I had read of these monsters, and had regarded them as the creations merely of a popular superstition. Now, at the sight of one, I found myself face to face with one, and with one, too, who was destined to be my near companion perhaps for years.

Meanwhile the boy-vampire had quitted his first victim, and, to my inexpressible horror, was snacking his lips after the manner of a connoisseur, as the manner of a drunkard who has taken a draught of more than usually generous wine. He passed on to the next bed and repeated his loathsome operation.

Five beds did I see him visit in this manner, while the power of speech seemed dried up in me with very horror. I essayed to shout, but the sound died upon my lips. I struggled to leap through the window and fall upon the boy, but, luckily for me, or murder might have been the result, an unseen power seemed to rivet me to the spot. Gradually I turned and fled down the corridor like a maniac.

To arouse the doctor was the work of a moment. I tried to explain it to him in a few hurried words, but my agitation was so great, and my speech so incoherent, that I made a miserable failure at narrating. I dragged him into my room, and pointing to the open window I left the terrible facts to speak for themselves.

A moment afterward I saw him leap through the window and alight at Saunderson's feet. I saw the boy raise his light form from the bed-side and meet the gaze of the doctor. I saw him fling himself at his feet, and heard him crave in piteous accents for mercy.

"The impulse was upon me," he said; "I could not resist it. Doctor, I loathe, I hate myself more than you can loathe or hate me, but I can not resist it. Oh, I am miserable—miserable!"

His wail was so piteous that I felt my loathing fast turning into commiseration. Yes, I pitied this monster. This was the terrible secret that he bore about him; this was the curse that, more surely than the leprosy of old, separated him from his fellow-beings, and made his inmost soul cry out, "Unclean, unclean!" Surely he was to be pitied.

I looked into the doctor's face, and saw that his feelings were akin to mine, but he was little accustomed to allow his face to be an index to the soul within. I could see clearly that he merely said, "This must be seen to." Then he added, "Mr. Merton, you are agitated; you had better retire." He left the room with Saunderson, and I heard the key of the turret-chamber turned.

The vampire was in solitary confinement, with no blood to prey upon but his own.

I turned into bed, and tried to compose myself to sleep; but it was not to be. I had a dream of an earthquake, and the next moment I awoke up in the coach, which was jogging over the rough stones of ——— Hill.

"I fear you have been dreaming, Sir," said my opposite neighbor.

I had indeed.

But the most curious part is yet to come.

In due time I really did reach N——. The coach put up at the White Hart, so I had no need of a boy vampire or otherwise, to show me the Grammar School. I met with a kind welcome from the doctor, and supped with him and his wife in private. In the pleasures of the social meal I could afford to laugh at my strange dream, merely noting that the doctor was singularly like one of the merry fertile brain had conjured up, and that what I saw of the school on alighting bore an equal resemblance to my phantom counterpart. But then I had had a very minute description both of the one and the other, so no great wonder after all.

"The boys are gone to bed," said the doctor, rising and lighting my candle, "and I dare say you will not be sorry to follow their example. I have had a bed prepared in my dressing-room, so that you may not be disturbed. To-morrow night you can take charge of your dormitory. There are twenty-five boys under your supervision."

"What a charge of responsibility!" I thought as I retired, and I cudgeled my brains in vain to recall if any one could have revealed to me this item of the interior economy of the Grammar School. In this process I fell into a profound and dreamless sleep, from which I was recalled in the morning by the six o'clock bell.

After prayers I took my class, and there sure enough straight before me was Saunderson, the vampire! I never was so utterly and hopelessly confused in all my life. There he was, no mistake at all about it, only he appeared to be nervous and shy, rather than burdened with conscious guilt. I could not take my eyes off him. I fully stared him out of countenance. He took refuge in a scrutiny of his shoe-string, and the likeness was complete.

"Saunderson, construe."

"Who, Sir?" asked a dozen voices.

"That boy," I said, indicating the vampire.

"Oh, Sir, he's new."

The difference of name seemed to remove an incubus from me. *Norris alias* Saunderson, alias the vampire, stood up, blushed red, and broke down hopelessly, and took refuge in the shoe-string. It was Saunderson: there was no denying it. The night I should be left in "tapping" the dormitory boys, and smacking his hungry lips over the loathsome draught. I started. Norris religious!

"Norris," said the doctor in the afternoon, "show Mr. Merton the town." I was obliged to submit. "One of my best boys," he whispered, as we passed out. I shrugged my shoulders.

Norris showed me every thing N—— could boast of, and to do him justice, he evidently strove hard to please; but I found him as taciturn and monosyllable as my dream had foreshadowed, and, as you may suppose, I took no trouble to draw out a vampire.

At night I had some business to transact with the doctor, and when I left my dormitory the boys were in bed and asleep—twenty-five boys—and Norris just under my window! Before putting out the lamp I looked at him. He was a healthy-looking lad as ever one could desire to see. I almost resented their good condition. What business had Saunderson's vampire with the fair and well-liking when they slept with a vampire?

I visited Norris last. There he lay, just as I had pictured him, with his head out of his bed, the look of peaceful innocence on his face. One thing was certain, Norris was very handsome. I may add that this reminded me of my dormitory and of my own room were precisely similar to that portrayed in my dream. I should have felt the same uncertainty as to where the haunt of it beforehand, as I did with regard to the number of boys in the dormitory, were it not for the utterly improbable resemblance between Saunderson and Norris. I worked myself into such a fit of nervousness that I added yet another precaution by sitting up a few minutes, whence I fully expected to see Norris arise and practice his blood-sucking. But though I heard the clock strike one and two, twelve, and one, but all the hours up to six, nothing of the kind happened. After a while, though a settled aversion to Norris remained in my mind, I found it impossible to reason myself, I ceased endeavoring to catch him in overt acts of vampirism, and even the singular peculiarity of his dream vanished, at least once in the course of the day, in addressing him as Saunderson, and the strange dislike which I bore him, and which was still present to all, at length ceased to cause any speculation.

Months passed on and brought with them very few changes. I was comfortably settled at N——, and still had from my window the supervision of the "North Dormitory." But Norris's place knew him no more. He had gone into solitary confinement in the turret chamber as a convicted vampire. He was dying in a deep decline, and I, as a religious duty, was labouring earnestly and manfully with my aversion. One day he sent for me. I found him in his favorite position, one arm thrown over the coverlet. It was the well-known position of my dream.

"Oh, thank you," he said, bursting into tears. "Oh, Mr. Merton, why have you disliked me so, when I have always prayed that you might like me? Why have you shunned me as you would a vampire?"

What could I say? I could only blubber as a child.

"When I get well will you promise to like me?"

Of course I promised, and did bitter penance in my heart for my unjust dislike. I never had the power of fulfilling my word. He died in a few days.

His simple cross in N—— church-yard—I visited it the other day—bears the inscription,

WALTER NORRIS,
In Peace,
AGED TWELVE YEARS.
SEPTEMBER 6TH, 184—.

I begged his mother, to whom I related all the circumstances, to allow me to erect it to his memory, and for years I have planted and tended the flowers at its base. In an old desk, among the relics of the past, such as the coldest among us hoard up, one of my dearest treasures is a lock of light curling hair, and a boy's neck-tie, the paper attached to which is labeled with the suggestive word, "Saunderson."

I should not have recorded this dream were it not for the strange coincidence attached to it. I must leave to scientific men the explanation of the mystery. Can it be that my unkindness was a necessary preliminary to Norris, and that the dream was permitted for his good? Who can say?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—If you think it an easy thing to square the circle, just go and settle your wife's bill for hoops.

HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—At a dinner party in the country the other day a great sensation was caused by a gentleman dividing two ladies.

BLUNT, BUT POINTED.
Our Quotations.—Out of the *Frying-pan* into the fire.

A HORSE WORSTER.—It is rumored that in Paris the Sieur de Mons, Viscount Pau and an equerry had a horse-race, in-stead of beef and mutton. We shall expect to hear of the Misses of Merry introducing the diet into the *beau monde*.

ORIGIN OF TEETOTALISM.—"A frog," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what liquors on dry water, and consequently invented the teetotal society." He always walks on a jump, by reason that when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts on every night, in the month of May. He likewise provides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a hurry-skurry. He is a warmint what sin't no bed when brouled on a gridiron."

"EXTRA-ORDINARY REMEDY."
HOW TO MAKE YOUR HAIR GROW.—Get up early in the morning and gently scrape your skin with a hot-hoe.

THE ENCYCLICAL LETTER.
"The Roman Catholic," the papers would mostly say, "is Peter's bark;" but we say something nearer; therefore the Letter, we'll do the other duty
By the North Pier, in the Isle of Patmos.

A FUNCTIONARY.—It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter; he can fix a bill, split a bark, make an entry, put up a case, and frame indictments. Then a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a hole, and adjourn the court.

A POLITE CARPENTER.—A country carpenter having neglected to make a gilbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the appointed time that he had set for it, and the last he had erected, gave so much offence that the Sheriff sent him word that the criminal was to be hung "Follow," said the judge, in a stern tone, "how come you to neglect making the gilbet for every day in the week as I count?" "I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "but I knew it had been *for your forbidden*, it would have been done immediately."

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.—A boot given for the shoe and heel-ing of a gentleman.—"Mr? Pa's gone to all the women in the country to-day, and the men to-to!"

ABSENTEEY "FLOGGED."—The following anecdote is told of the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Abernethy: One day, during the summer season, he was visited by a lady, one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up with gunpowder. "Why, madam, I'd let him go down again," was the cool reply. "Twas," rejoined Abernethy. "And suppose the mule should kick you?" was the quick reply, which muscles should I put in motion?" "The flogmuscles of honor of your ugly arm," said the student; "for I should floor you directly."

THAT WON'T WASH.—MRS. BROWN is very much horrified at the appearance of a new advertisement. "Dear me, indeed," said that estimable lady, "I wouldn't wear it under any circumstances."

Why is a badly-conducted hotel like a fiddle?—Because it's a *vile* inn.

SITUATION OF THE POPE.—NON *Possumus*—up a gumtree.

"You, Sambo, you have fed the pigs?" "Yes, massa, me fed 'um," replied Sambo. "Did you count them?" "Yes, massa, me count 'um all but one." "And why not that one?" "Because, massa, dere be one little speckle pig, he frisk about so much me couldn't count him!"

DEAR SIR,—While resident in a village where he had a wife, my practice was only a half-a-day's work to be became much attacked. The butcher one day told Smith that he had taken a penny loaf, which he intended to carry on in conjunction with his trade as a butcher, and respectfully requested that Smith would take it to sell for him on his sign-board. The Dean took up his pen, and wrote this couplet:

"Here not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where naught but half-a-penny loaf is dear."

A young man advertises for a situation as scrub-law in a respectable family. Would have no objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

A Western editor was recently requested to send his pecuniary terms to a subscriber, provided he had any to the "trade." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a dealer in *tallow*.

BASE COIN.—Money placed in a foundation-stone.

A gentleman having attended a country chapel at which a local preacher who was a baker officiated, was asked by his wife what he thought of his discourse on second sin. "Yes," was the reply, "quite a *flowery* discourse."

PROVOKING.—To dream that you have lots of money, and then wake up and find yourself an editor.

The bat was passed round in a certain congregation for the purpose of collecting alms. It was found to be made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who had fallen asleep during the sermon. He awoke with a start and he threw not a penny in it. He inverted the bat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that no complement might be known, then looking toward the ceiling, he exclaimed in a solemn voice, "I thank God that I got back my bat from this congregation!"

Why is a tight shoe like a fine costume?—Because it makes the corn ache.

An Irish girl at play on Sunday being accosted by the priest, "Good-morning, daughter of the Evil One," meekly replied, "Good-evening, your reverence."

WANTED.—Some of the tree produced when "mischief is brewing."

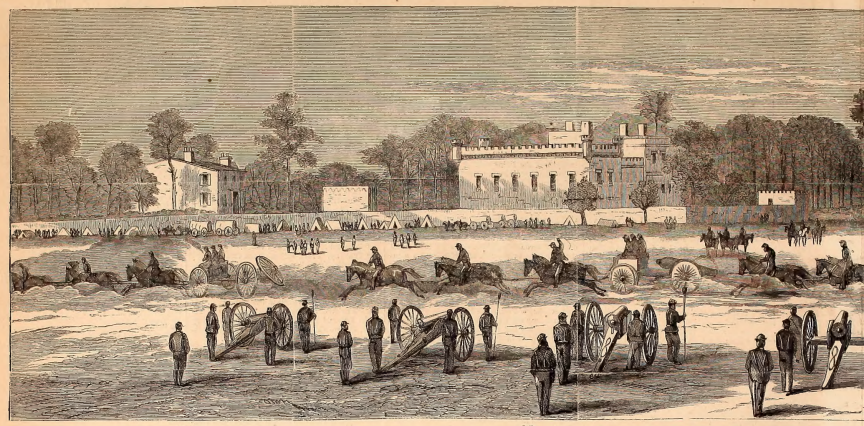
A CURIOUS LOAN.—"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield salesman to a friend on the other side, "can you move a lot lend us a bank of your dog, till you?"

Why do pioneers go before the army?—To ease the way.

A SHREWD SUGGESTION.—A gentleman, being in company with the Earl of Chatham, was asked by his lordship for his definition of wit. "Wit," he replied, "my lord, is what a penny would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant—a good thing well applied."

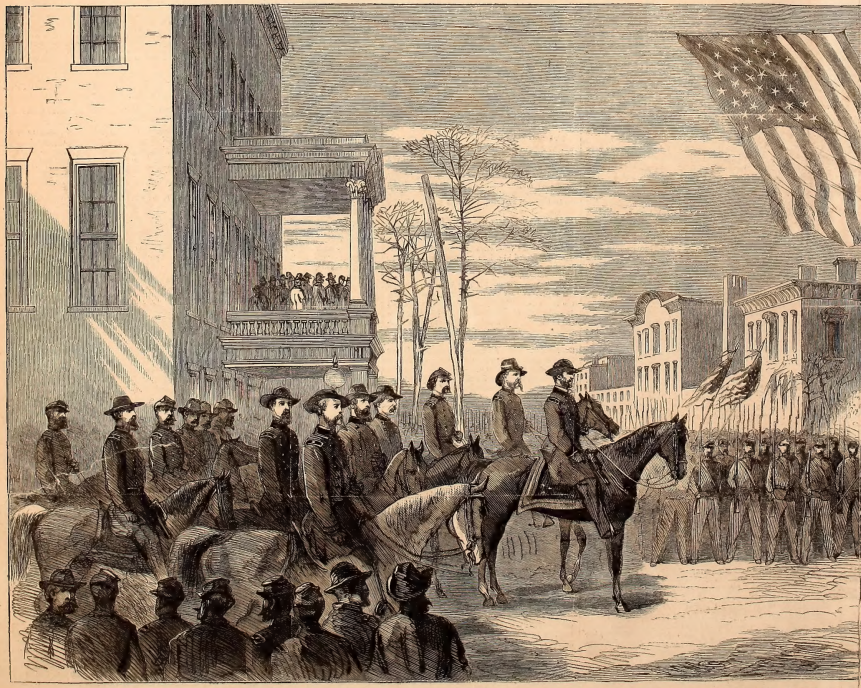
An Irishman, in passing through the streets, picked up a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with him, I had trouble enough to get rid of his brother."

Why are books the best friends?—Because when they bore you, you can always shut them up without offense!



Jail.

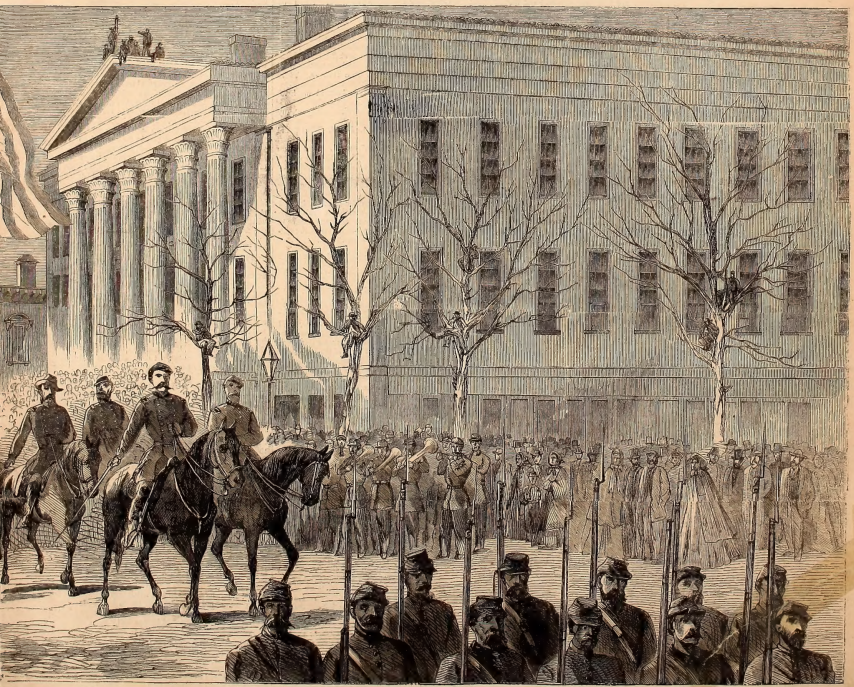
REVIEW, BY GENERAL BARRY, AT SA



GENERAL SHERMAN REVIEWING HIS ARMY AT SA



VANNAH, OF SHERMAN'S ARTILLERY



VANNAH.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 93.]

THE WIND-MILL.

Now, who will live in the wind-mill, who,
With the powdery miller-man?
The miller is one, but who'll make two,
To share his loaf and can?

"Oh I will live with the miller, I!
To grind the corn 's grand;
The great black sails go up on high,
And come down to the land!"

Now, who will be the miller's bride?
The miller's a brute to wed
A girl in her pride, with a sash at her side,
A girl with a curly he'd

"Oh I will be the mille 's wife;
The dust it is all my joy;
To live 'i a wind-mill all my life
Wou'd be a sweet employ!"

Then spake the goblin of the sails
(You heard but could not see),
"The wickedest man of the hills and dales,
The miller-man is he!

"None ever dwelt in the mill before
But died by the miller's cruel hand;
The whiskered rats lap up their gore,
He grinds their bones to meal!"

Oh gossiping goblin, my dreams will be bad,
You tell such dreadful tales!
Oh mill, here's a penny you seem to need,
How wicked you look, black sails!

CAPTAIN JACK BALLAST'S STORY.

My story? Well, I don't see why I shouldn't scratch it down. There's nothin' to be ashamed of in it, so far as I know, an' though you re'lar story-writers may call it "a episode," I think the wind sees than way myself, and there's a bit of love in it too, though you'd never think it was a subject for a love-story to look at me. I'm old enough, d'ye see, to feel safe about the draft, and brown enough to be a Hindian, and as for flesh—well, no matter; some of you slim young dandies will be as stout as I be if you live as long. Besides, that fashionable whittler didn't improve my looks. I'll tell you about that before the story is over, I reckon; at present I'd better heave ahead.

Fat as I am now, I'm a thin man, there was a time when I was as slender a young fellow as ever shipped afore the mast agin his parents' leave. They, Lord bless 'em, hadn't ought to make a sou'wester jumper of me, and I tried measuring rags about a year. Then I couldn't stand it any longer, and jumped the counter for good and for all, an' off I went to sea. I'd had a hankering for it for a good while, and the only thing I ever regretted was the way my mother took it to heart. Wait a bit. Honour bright, there was one thing.

That was Jenny Blush, old Blush's only daughter, and the prettiest girl 'ever cast eyes on. Her skin was just as soft and fair as any baby's. As for her hair, I've got a bit by my old desk up stairs, and though it's crossed the ocean about a dozen times, it's so bright now you'd take it for a gold chain coiled down under the bit of blue ribbon it's tied with.

Old Blush was my captain ashore. I mean to say, he was head of the big dry-goods store where they first set me to measuring rags, and Jenny used to come over every day after ribbons, and calico, and the like, and, Lord love her! I don't find any fault with women-folks looking after such things, though it don't seem a man's place to sell 'em. She looked mighty pretty when she got 'em on, did Jenny. Father and old Blush were fast friends, and when they found out that I was sweet on Jenny they put their heads together and resolved to sanction the match. I was to be taken into partnership, d'ye see, and was to step into the rag business when the old man retired. Fifty-yards, sales-book, sale and retail," was on the sign, but I always called em rags.

Well, Jenny and I were fond of each other, and knew it already, so, the old folks being agreeable, we saw a good deal of each other Sundays and evenings, to say nothing of the romance she made to the store. And I used to with I could make up my mind to it when I was there, but I couldn't, no! I'd did for it. I heard the waves beating about my bed in dreams. I hated the cloth yard and the scissors as the devil hates me lit. And one night I told Jenny so. She cried a bit; but by-and-by she owned that she didn't hate me for it, and we talked of the way I should be a captain, and how she should make every voyage with me, and have a cabin like a parlor for herself.

Then she left off crying. P'raps she kissed me back; and I cut off the yellow curl I told you of with a pair of scissors—the only pleasant job I ever did with 'em—and twisted it up in all my life.

That night I ran away, and though I blubbered like a baby when I passed mother's door, you couldn't have got me back again. What a man wants to be he will be; and there are men meant from their cradles for the water as sartin as the fish are.

I got a letter from old mammy that cut me up, I don't deny; but I was a man now once round, and didn't mean the worst—how should I? When it first came to me that a man that sold rags was better than a sailor it took my breath away. That was when I first went home, d'ye see! Mammy, she sold:d and cried and kissed me; but Martha, and Nicholls, and brother Charles Augustus pitched into me ferocious. Says they: "You've disgraced your family—we've been respectable, genteel folks all our lives, and now we're to have a common sailor for a brother." I caught it—a reg'lar gale; and father put in his oar regarding disobedience. When that came I shaved out, and marched over to old Blush's. Nobody was home but Jenny, and she ran into my arms. Well, we were billing and cooing, as sweet-hearts mostly do, I reckon, when old Blush came home to tea. I never heard a gale o' wind roar louder than he did when he saw me.

"What do you want here, Sir?" says he.

Says I, "Don't you recollect me, Mr. Blush? I'm Jack Ballast."

Says he, "I recollect you well enough, and how dare you show your face here?"

Says I, "I came to see my Jenny."

"Your Jenny?" says he. "My good fellow, Miss Jenny Blush is much too high a woman-sailor before the mast; and whatever there may have been between you when you were entitled to my respect is all over now. You have proved by walking quietly out yourself or of being kicked out."

Any one but Jenny's father would have been floored for that. I just looked down and saw my fists shut up of themselves, and tried to keep 'em so.

Says I, cool as I could, "I don't mean to be before the mast all my life, Sir. I expect to be a captain some day."

And says old Blush, "A man with no advantages brought up to the sea might boast o' that; but you might have made a partner in ref'nm, Sir. You might have been a gentleman, and had as good a business in the dry-goods line as any man alive. And you've chose to be a sea-faring man. And I'll see my daughter in her grave before I'd give her to you."

Sum, sum we'll leave out."

That was the nigger just come aboard the parlor with the cool-hod. And when he said that my little scene began to look small, and I felt as if old Blush was on his back on the hearth-rug. They says I to the darkey, "Touch me if you want to, you rascal," and stalked out.

I saw Jenny on the sly next day and tried to get her to run away; but the girl had a will of her own, and knowed it. She wouldn't.

Says she, "I can't disobey my father, Jack. I love you dearly, and I'll never marry any one else; but I must be all good, and that's my lesson, I think ps would have released even if you hadn't been so violent; but now he never will. You've done it yourself, Jack, and I'm afraid you're blind, and looking away from me, "You liked the sea best, and you've got it instead of me."

Those were the last words she said; and I was going away when I heard her give a little cry, and, turning, saw her arms stretched out toward me. Then I went back and folded her in my bosom, and kissed her a hundred times. And I'm afraid I cursed her hard old father from the bottom of my soul, though I wasn't a bad sort, and a woman is a woman, and words good enough for other men's ears ain't to be spoken before her. The sight of Jenny as I left her, with her head down between her arms, and her tears dropping on the table, and her yellow hair like threads of gold, and her pretty figure all broke up into a row with some English soldiers. They'd all been drinking together, of course I took his part. They had threatened to fight with each other ten on each other. I didn't save Hamlin, for they shot him dead; but I got a couple of bullets in me, and was picked up just as much for dead. Jenny was a man ever was who didn't go into it. I got well again, but, as you may say, on the invalid list; and as I had a bit by a handful of money that I'd made lucky, I made up my mind to stay ashore and take care of Tom Hamlin's orphan children. He had two of them, both girls. Their mother died, and Jack fetched them home, poor half-starved creatures, for the woman they were boarded with was given to drink and kept them very short indeed; and so they told me I must, I got well again, and was all right—and settled down to be comfortable. Soon I looked out for a chaplain to pass Sunday as it ought to be; and the Rev. Eben Tooker, whom I knew handy, I shipped under him along with the girls, and as I always did my duty, never pretended not to see the plate when the steward shoved it my way. And so the Eben Tooker was a sociable man. He used to drop in evenings and talk to me about my soul; and though I can't say that I ever troubled him many times he bowed his duty when he did it. A captain's duty is one thing, and a chaplain's another.

So day by spoke about poor Hamlin's gals. She, he, "You send them to school, I hope." Says I, "I haven't done nothing of the sort; but the authorities turned their attention to the fearful state of those crowded dwellings, and the unwholesome atmosphere that surrounded them, and caused the cemetery to be finally closed. Alas! for too many that precaution came too late.

I was just Ballast at this time; and for two years had regularly attended the Reverend Ernest Pershyn's Sunday-school, as well as certain evening lectures organized by the same in our district. He was only a curate, and a very poor one; but so remarkable a man that, perhaps before I speak of what he did, I had better say something of what he was.

There are some human beings whom the Almighty has gifted with a strange power of leading their fellow-men, not by words alone, nor even example, but by some innate faculty that possess of which they themselves are often scarcely conscious. Mr. Penrhyn was one of these. - Simple, truthful, indescribably earnest, he never seemed to bestow a thought upon himself. His whole heart was in his work; and he gloried in that with a great pride—a most entire devotion. Early and late he was about it, scarcely seeming to feel fatigue. Wherever there was suffering or need there you found Jem, helping, advising, encouraging. He was the most cheery of human beings. I have seen other excellent clergymen, doing their work in a faithful spirit, but I never saw one who labored with such real love for his duty as he did. It was that love which kept him up, often under a degree of pressure that would have crushed many a stronger man. He had a young wife, who was indeed his helpmeet. The labors were ones heard to say that Mrs. Penrhyn was as good as two curates together; and he spoke the truth. She was sweet to look upon; with dark hair and eyes, and such blooming cheeks that reminded you of opening roses. Ha, on the contrary, was fair, somewhat pale, with kind blue eyes, golden hair, and a general delicacy of look that struck you painfully. He was about thirty-five at the time of which I speak; she some six years younger. I wish I could bring their pair before you as I used to see them—as I see them now. They were indeed lovely and pleasant in their outward appearance, and still more so in their lives.

I can hardly tell you how we boys loved Mr. Penrhyn—the master, as we called him. When first he came to that district there had been some unruly spirits who had tried to ridicule his efforts and his teaching; but he soon got the better of those, partly by firmness, partly by love. (He could be firm enough, and angry enough too, on occasion.) But now he had it all his own way in the school. You may see, we were so entirely convinced of his excellence, and that whatever he did was done out of a loving interest for our good, that we followed him blindly, as the young do follow a leader they both reverence and regard. And it was not only in the school-room that we saw him. At his lectures, his evening meetings, his visits at our homes, we were accustomed to speak to him freely and without reserve. He liked it. He used to say that his boys should consult him in every thing—their pleasures as well as their duties, and in time we did so, and became identified with him. Of course, he would take the same pains to mend a broken top for some sick child, or to teach a stupid boy how to spell, as he would to assist in the services entertaining, or the Christmas magic-lantern laughable. He was always trying to infuse a drop of happiness into every cup. No heart in the world ever contained more of the milk of human kindness.

I did not know till later how poor Mr. and Mrs. Penrhyn really were; but had their income been ever so large, they would always have shared it with those in need, for it was their habit to do so as well as nature to do so. A strong regard existed between them and my parents; and when father was laid up for a few fever, among many other acts, the master gave him far more than his proper share of time and attention. He nursed him like a brother, he soothed his dying ears with the consolations of the gospel. We did to remember that time of horror and misery—some so selfish in their terror—some so generous and self-denying. Night and day Mr. Penrhyn was up and about, where there was danger, and people were afraid to venture, there you might be sure to find him, watching, comforting, doing all that it was in the power of man to do. He was buried several days after I took sick, and he was the last person I saw before my fever. People said he brought hope and consolation in with him. His wife, too, who, for the children's sake, remained at home, was always preparing comforts for the sick; ready to give him a cheerful welcome and rest after his labors. I was only a few years a-prize from his labors, which was but seldom. Well, father died, as did many another round about us, and the work of the place carried forward. Betsy took ill too. Poor little thing! Though so young, she was as fond of the master as any of us. At the worst of times they always found a moment to give her a jump and a toss when he came to see us, and she would crow with delight when she heard his step. Betsy was the boy in mother's arms all fevered and helpless; and when the master, looking at her, gave a little smile it took the place of food.

"What, my Betsy had to?" she could just put out her little hand, and make shift to stroke his coat sleeve, and that was all. She died in his arms—our little baby Betsy—the pet of us all—that had been father's solace for many a month—she died, and when I looked on by his side in the grave and bear. Well, she was better with God than with us, as we had too good reason to feel before long.

Mr. Penrhyn, I reckon, could for months after in that fearful time; she said it wasn't in nature to see such an example as the master's and not try to follow it. There was one family near us named Steele, about one of whom (there were but three of them) I must now say something. My father and Philip Steele had been friends for years, and as children young Philip and I had been playmates; but when we two lads went to the master's school a spirit of rivalry sprang up between us, and a strong mutual dislike. He was a couple of years my senior, very handsome, and had a certain plausible way about him which made people like him. I, on the contrary, was naturally grave, taciturn, and reserved. You'll think it hard that I should master to say this, though he was far too wise and too just to betray it openly. Indeed, his quick eye having detected the truth, I felt that existed between us, more than once took us each to task for it. But he didn't succeed in making us love each other any the more for our mutual endeavors. Till his last dangerous attack of the fever, and by God's mercy brought him through, my heart didn't warm to him as it should have done had he allowed full trial to a

numbers of the most robust were struck down in a moment, many who like mother, had been long ailing, were altogether spared. However, Mr. Tudor went, leaving his curates to do the work of the parish in that time of fear and of distress. And truly they did it too, never sparing themselves. But they were sadly overworked. One after another broke down under the strain; and one sultry afternoon, when the fever had quite disappeared from our court, it was whispered that Mr. Pershyn was down with it. Then mother locked up her own rooms, got a neighbor to take charge of ours, and set off to give what help she could to the master and his dear young wife.

She found him very bad: for a whole day and night the doctors despaired of him. But his day's work was not yet over. He rallied, and the moment he was fit to move he was ordered to the seaside, to try what change of air and rest would do for him.

Meanwhile I had not been improving in tempers and dispositions. My dislike to Philip Steele had increased in a determination I took no pains either to conceal or overcome. We were always tandying bad words—always on the verge of a furious outbreak. I was still that my mother should be harassed such a brute as I thought him; and he was equally savage at being continually reminded of the obligation. "I didn't want your mother!" he would say, glaring at me; "I didn't send for her. I wish she'd kept herself to herself, I'm sure!" "And I wish she had!" I once answered; "I wish you'd been let die in the fever—I do! and an excellent job too!"

The moment I had said it my conscience smote me. Was that the spirit my master had tried hard to teach me? But it was too late to unsay it; and for from the evil look in his eyes that he would not forget the speech.

After that generally comes famine—it proved so in our town. Never had there been such distress before. The unions were full to overflowing, and there was no room for any one to be got. Mother tried hard to earn enough for our support by taking in washing, and I helped her all I could. But, one by one, our little stocks of furniture went to pay for rent and food—not good wholesome meat, but dry bread, with which to keep body and soul together. Our mother's lifetime we had never known want; we had lived hard, but had never been without a sufficiency to satisfy hunger, and often something to spare for our poorer neighbors. But now times were changed. I never knew what it was to feel satisfied. I envied the meanest shop-boy who had a meal to down—the lowest actually in a gentleman's plentiful kitchen. Mr. Pershyn had promised to get me into some upholsterer's shop, where I might learn the trade thoroughly, of which father had already taught me a good deal; for he was a skilful workman. But my own wish was a desire in some family where I could be sure of food and clothing, and see something of the world besides. Now that Mr. Pershyn's return, who, we knew, would both advise and assist us.

Meanwhile, mother, who had resisted the terrible epidemic, began to sink under what seemed to be perpetual fever. She had never been strong, and the labor and privation she now underwent were more than she could bear. I did my duty by her as that sad time; but I couldn't save her, dying as she was for want of food and rest. One afternoon she was lying on her bed, which had but little clothing over left, while I was doing my best to complete her ironing. Her eyes were closed, and she breathed heavily, as I thought asleep; so that I was rather startled to hear her call me, "Clem! Clem!" in a weak voice, that yet sounded eager too. I ran to her with the iron still in my hand. "I am not down," said she, looking at me with a strange stare; "it don't matter now, my dear! Sit you here by me on the bed—I'll never trot on more. Clem! I an't long for this world, and I've seen such a deal of trouble in life that I'd be glad to go but for you. I would indeed," she cried, looking up wistfully; "I long to be 'where the wicked cease from trouble,' and the weary are at rest." There's little rest for the wicked, to be sure, on this side the grave; but there's rest for them with God. Oh, my dear! I've given a great privilege to you. I'll die happy if I could but see th' master, and tell him what's in my mind about my boy. And I'd like him to say a word there—just where you could see and hear those my eyes, as he did my old man's. Why is the dear master away?"

My heart felt dead within me. I couldn't cry. I could do nothing but stroke and kiss her hands. I couldn't realize losing her. It seemed to me impossible that I should be left there all alone—a helpless orphan of fifteen. I tried to say a prayer for her; but my tongue was parched, and I could scarce by speak the words. She did not hear them, seemed all strange and wandering. "I've such a longing for beef-tea," she said presently, fixing her eye on me with a hungry, eager gaze that reminded me of a starving dog I had once seen; "a cup o' th' master's beef-tea would do me such good now!"—she laughed a weak laugh. "And he'll get it, too, if it was the last drop he had in the house—I know he would."

I looked in the cupboard. There was a stale quarter of a loaf, and just a pinch of tea in a blue paper that was all. I made her a cup of the latter, and she sipped a little of it. "Ah! it an't like beef-tea, my dear!" she said, with a long shuddering sigh. "You'd best me up again, you'll try." I took my hand and kissed it. "Clem, my boy! you've been a good son to me, and you'll always do what th' master says, I know? He'll be a friend to you when I'm gone."

I threw myself on the bed and implored her not to talk so. I felt as if I should go mad. I felt I must endeavor to procure her some help, though I knew not how nor where. I got a poor widow whom she had been often good to (she was a kind soul was mother!) to come and stay in our room, and finish the ironing. Then I ran out, half crazy. It was just Christmas-time, and all the shops were full of provisions; every thing that could tempt a poor starving boy. I ran till I had reached a better quarter of the town than ours; then I stopped to take breath. I was near a large butcher's shop, about which there was quite a crowd of people, buying meat in the cold dim afternoon. There scarcely seemed enough shopmen to attend to so many. I stood there, idly watching, as one after another walked away provided. *There* was beef in plenty —beef that might save mother's life.

All at once, a woman standing near, who had been eagerly disputing with one of the shopmen about the price of a mutton-chop, turned it down and followed him to the other side of the counter. The meat fell on the pavement close by me. I stooped and picked it up, quick as lightning, came the wrong thought—the irresistible temptation. "Take it," the devil whispered, "and save your mother." I slipped it under my ragged coat, and trembling, shivering with excitement, think away unperceived. I give you my word I did not realize at the moment that I was stealing. I was absorbed in the unexpected delight of having obtained beef-tea for mother! I walked slowly away, not daring to look behind me. Suddenly a sound caught my ear—a fearful sound—"*Stop him!*" Could it—could it be me they were meaning? The sound was enough! I flew like an arrow from a bow, knowing nothing, thinking nothing but to escape from that horrible detection, which all at once came and glared at me like a spectre. I a *thief!* Madly I tore on; and as I turned the corner of a street I heard behind me. All the people were joining—following me! I saw them in that glimpse. And louder and louder came the cry, "*Stop thief! stop thief!*"

My brain seemed on fire—my heart ready to burst. Still I dashed on; till at last I came so violently against some one that I fell to the ground, and lay for an instant stunned. But I was up again immediately—up again, the blood streaming from my forehead, and I felt sober if possible than before. But that fall had given my pursuers an advantage; and now they were fast gaining upon me. There was no hope—no watch in my headlong flight, and some swelled the train. I heard them pressing close at my heels, and felt it was indeed all up. My mother would starve, have the meat away, and made one more convulsive effort—the effort of despair. It was the last. In another moment I was seized from behind, and blazing, glutsly to look upon, found myself in the grasp of a couple of stout policemen.

My cap was off—my face was covered with blood —I felt as though I should never get breath again, so violent had been my exertions; great pain in my side was a weakness. But I did not faint. I kept my senses, as dragged, borne along between these two powerful giants, I was conducted back to the scene of my butcher and his assistants, and a mob of the lowest description. And as we hurried past the corner of one street I heard a woman's voice I knew—a face pale, open-mouthed, horror-struck—that of a neighbor in our court. "Mercy save us!" I heard her cry, "it's Clem! Clem has took to thieving! Clem! Oh! what ever'll his poor mother do?" *It'll be her death!*"

I had fearful purposes of despair during the night. The idea of self-destruction was continually present to me. Again and again I asked myself if I were mad? I felt like it—I felt on the brink—I, so honest hitherto! Yes, I *had* done it.

Such offenses as mine had become fearfully frequent in that time of distress, that the magistrates were forced to be severe for the sake of example. I went into court with a sullen, dogged countenance. I saw the crowd of spectators, heard the strange words; but it was as though I neither saw nor heard, till one voice suddenly sounded in my ears; and then, indeed, I started to hear. I had seen it coming, and my whole soul was riveted in attention. *Philip Steele was giving evidence against me.*

Philip Steele had seen me standing by the butcher's stall, watching the customers as they came and went. He had seen me take up the meat (he did not say from the ground), conceal it under my coat, and hurry away. He had instantly informed the shopmen of the theft, and had joined in the pursuit after me. All this he told in a clear ringing voice, and with a boyish simplicity of manner, that at once assured belief. He was not aware of having done a heroic action, which he gave his evidence then, but for his prompt information of the theft at the time, I felt for the police would have escaped unsuspected, as no one but he had observed me take the meat, though many besides the policemen had seen me with it in my arms afterward.

This monster, whom my mother had won back from the very gates of death, had watched and betrayed the wretch I was. Any one, from all at once my strength gave way, my stubborn mood melted like snow before the fire. Stretching out my hands toward him, with an exceeding bitter and grievous cry, I shrieked out, "Master! master! I *did* take it!" But another was in my place, and I, a child, I had starved myself before ever I did this thing!"

CHAPTER II.

I WENT into prison an honest lad, honest at heart. In spite of the evil thing I had done. I came out of it a thief in intention and consent. I met with thieves there, men whose profession it was to steal, and I promised to become their pal. They told me of plenty of victuals to be had, and a joyous, exciting life: they told me that as an honest lad I was down on; that I might live for years, and refrain from dishonesty forever, but sooner or later my "trouble" would find me out, and drag me down again; they told me all this, and I believed and yielded to them, and became one of them.

So when the time came I shunk out of prison, meaning to betake myself to the place agreed upon with my new "pals," and then try to find out something about mother. But, as though he had all along read my thoughts, the master was standing as it were in the breach; and when, ashamed and angry, I strove to avoid him, he seized and held me fast. "No, Clem! you will come home with me—I must have you there. Sir!" I answered, savagely; "I'll never come to you again. It's no use —I won't." "You will!" he said, grasping me with a strong hand, as I struggled to release myself, having hies almost for his interference. "You will come, if only for your mother's sake."

He overruled me, as he always did. He had a strange power, that man—not to be resisted. He made me go with him; I was as well determined to give him the slip the very first opportunity; it would have nothing more to do with honesty or him. It didn't pay to be honest, and it did pay, I appeared, to be a thief. He led me into his house, keeping hold of me with that strong, earnest grasp of his, past his mouth, up into an empty garret. Then he looked the door, took the key, and releasing me, sat down.

"Clem," he said, in low, serious tones, "you have committed what in the eyes of men is an unpardonable fault; but God judgeth not as man judgeth. He knows your heart yet, and you *shall* be honest. Yes, hear me out. You are one of my boys—my sons, as I consider them; and I am answerable for you. I shall not be turned from good, I know—I know all your grief—your struggles—your temptation, but I will help you through all. Trust in me. You shall not be dragged down to vice and infamy while I live."

I was silent. I sat looking at him with fearless eyes—hard eyes, I doubt, I dealed myself against him. I would not be his again.

"Look at that bed," he continued; "it belongs to mother Gill—the poor old woman here, and the last words she uttered were a prayer for you—that you might be kept from the evil—that she might meet you again where all evil ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Her very words! Dead! Mother! Ah!

I hid my face.

"She never knew what—what you did. I thank God I was able to keep that secret grief from her. I brought her all the comforts I could have even taken, after my own return home, that she might be safe from the fever. Clem, she died full of peace—happy—blessing you—praying that you might keep honest, as she had done. And she left you this ring."

He took from his pocket mother's wedding-ring and held it out to me.

"But listen, Clem: to it you you shall promise me to be honest for her sake. Clem, perhaps she sees you now! Who knows?"

It was no use. I could not resist him. I was like wax in his hands. Before we quitted that garret I told him all—all my piteous tale—*the way in which the devil had overpowered me*—and I left the despair afterward—the indifference—the falling away and consent to a life of sin. And I had promised to give up all, and be honest, and to be dear all, not for her sake alone, whom I should see no more on earth, but for his, who in her absolute bereavement had taken her to his own home and been unto her as a son.

And into his own home he now took me too. He said it was the best way to shield me from the first bitter consequences of my own act. He said that when the others saw he trusted, he forgave me, they would be slow to do the same, and no one would dare reproach or mock me in his presence. So I ate of his bread and drank of his cup, sleeping in the same room where my mother died, mourning for her with many tears; doing what I could, in my poor way, to serve the good man who had lost everything in me, loving him with an unspeakable affection; learning more and more every day of his wondrous excellence of heart and life. I was in the school of grace and happy learning, in spite of the many mortifications from which, do what he would, he could not shield me. I throve with extreme sensitiveness from all contact with the outer world; dreading the sight of every familiar face; sneering even at the scorn I too often met with, and, worst of still, the cold avoidance with which too many passed me by. Gladly would I have shut myself up in his sheltering walls—but this he would not suffer. I must be brave, he said, and meet manfully what I had brought on myself. I must live down the misconceptions—overcome evil opinion. The first shock of the moral shower-bath was bad enough; but each moment came it seemed to lose all those curious eyes, bear with the thousand slights that met me at every turn; to start and shiver under any chance allusion from others, and to such details as must be born; to suffer at every moment unheard-of pangs, yet keep a calm face. It was a sore trial, but he upheld me through all. His kind eye was ever on me; his voice had a peculiar gentleness when he addressed me; in a thousand ways he sought to show his boys that he trusted, loved, hoped in me yet. I know not then, but I learned long afterward, how he had written to them all of my return, appealing to them for his sake, to be forbearing toward an erring brother, who had bitterly repented of his sin.

And at home the gentle lady vied with her husband in showing me confidence. I helped their solitary maid-servant all I could, thus preparing myself for a page's place when the master should find one for me. One day he was talking to a brother-artist about me, and urging him to try and get me one. I was minding the baby—as they still called their sweet two-years-old boy—who had grown quite fond of me now, and would cry after me when I left the room.

"And you're not afraid to recommend him?

You think you're wise to trust that boy?" Mr. Steadsel said, glancing at me sideways with an expression of mingled doubt and surprise.

I paused in my jumping of the little fellow, and listened breathless for the reply. I hated Mr. Greathed for his distrust.

"Afraid!" my master cried, turning also, and meeting my eyes with that frank, cheery glance of his. "No, I haven't a particle of fear. And I don't think—I *know* I'm wise to trust him."

How I hated him for his generous confidence in me! How with a great inward sob I said to myself that I would never, *never* betray it!

I have said that he was urged his boys to talk to him. In that way I now learned much of his inner life and heart. Often, after a long day's labor, he had retired to his study at bedtime-hour, when I brought in his bottle of fresh water the last thing at night, he would push aside a half-finished lecture or sermon, turn to the fire, and say, with a brisk, kindly voice, "Now, Clem, my boy! I've just half an hour for you. What is it you got to say or to ask?" Once, as he sit in front to forget gether the remains of the nearly extinguished fire, I was struck with the unusual weariness of his look.

"You seem very tired, Sir!" I said.

"I am tired," he replied; "leg weary and brain weary. You see I'm not quite the man I was before I had that fever, Clem, my boy!"

"Why do you work so hard, Sir? You wear yourself out."

"Better that than rusting out, surely."

"But I don't see what you gain by it. It don't seem to make you any richer."

He smiled one of his own radiant smiles. "No," he cried, still trying to collect the scattered embers, "not in one sense, certainly. I'm poor enough; so poor that I don't dare to use any more of those coals, for here should run short to-morrow. But we'll have a little warmth, nevertheless." And going out briskly, he presently returned with a few pieces of wood in his arms, with Glass painted on it in large letters. "That'll do!" he said, cheerily, with quite a loyalish pleasure, as after a while a bright flame leaped up, over which he spread his thin hands, shivering, but cheery as ever. "That's a capital! Now, Clem, you asked me why I worked so hard, when it don't seem to make me richer. Well—why did you give up all thought of thieving lately?"

I shuddered. Scarcely could I bear an allusion to that horror, even from him. I hung my head, and answered, "Out of love to you, Sir. And out of gratitude."

"Exactly—to *your* master. And I work hard for the same reason—out of love and gratitude to mine. And the boys in—who are to other master gives—not gold, better than that—"

"What then, Sir?"

"Heavenly peace! hope! love! all those! *Real* riches."

You can no more imagine the expression of his face as he uttered those words than I can describe it. When he spoke of his Master he glanced upward, as though seeing Him, and his countenance became great, serious, full of adoration. I had much consothing of the same look in him before; when excited by the subject on which he was preaching he carried all his audience with him, and drew them from many eyes. But in a few minutes he was his own cheery self again, full of interest about me, whom he had in a measure forgotten before.

"Clem, I have a question to put to you."

"Yes, Sir."

"Have you forgiven Phil?"

I paused a moment before I replied. Then I said boldly, "No, Sir; and never shall!"

I ought to mention that he had often put this question to me before, and I had always returned the same answer.

"I thought you would do any thing for my sake."

"So I would—any thing but that, Sir. I shall never forgive Philip Steele. I had rather prevent you to give up the revenge I once thought of, and that should be enough."

"No, it is not enough. I must have the forgiveness too."

"Sir, the other day you asked me the same question, and I neither made a vow that I would never forgive Philip."

"Clem, you tell me that—"

"I didn't make it, Sir; but I *could* have done so. You see I don't wish to forgive him. He is base, ungrateful, cowardly. He returned my mother evil for good. I never will forgive him!"

There was a pause. He sat looking at the fire in silence. "Clem," said he, after some time, "I shall grieve if this is your last word. Perhaps it was too soon to do so at all. But mark my words, sitting watching that flame—you *must* forgive Phil."

As if to give additional effect to his words the flame went suddenly out.

I felt miserable. I believed in him implicitly; but I could not give up my resentment. It seemed to me wrong to do so. It was like giving up a limb to it. Cherished it. I *would* keep it in spite of him.

The more was said at that time; but some days later, as I was "minding the baby," he paused to watch us both, and said, "It's pleasant, isn't it, Clem, to see how fond he is of you?"

I looked up, all my heart in my eyes. "It is indeed, Sir."

"But it is a better pleasure to serve those one hates; for then we must cease to hate them. No one can go on hating those they benefit; it is not in our human nature. So, if a man who harbors resentment against another for some great injury, were to ask me how he should set about getting rid of that resentment, I should say, 'Be good to him serve him, pray for him. You'll find you *have* forgiven him after that.'"

He spoke with a great earnestness, a solemnity, even that impressed his words upon my mind. But I didn't conquer me. Do good to Phil Steele! pray for him! I would die sooner. Rather I would give the world to crush him, as he had crushed me.



THE SCOUT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SCOUT.

We call the attention of our readers to the sketch engraved on the preceding page. No feature connected with our military operations is so interesting or so abundant in thrilling incident as what is called the secret service. This has been especially the case in the West. For the most part the details of this service have been hidden from the public. It was necessary that it should be, both for the success of important movements and for the sake of the gallant heroes engaged in this branch of the service. This veil of secrecy has covered in temporary obscurity the most romantic incidents of the war—incidents, too, upon which oftentimes the fate of battles has hung. These will some time be made known, and will form an interesting portion of the history of this war, relieving the tedious details of marches and manœuvres.

GENERAL HAZEN.

We give on this page a portrait of Brevet Major-General WILLIAM B. HAZEN, the hero of Fort M'Allister. General HAZEN is a native of Vermont, from which State he was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1855, with the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant. He entered the war in November, 1861, as Colonel of the Forty-first Ohio Regiment. This regiment was afterward attached to PALMER'S division of the Army of the Cumberland, in which General HAZEN commanded a brigade from January, 1862. This was the Nineteenth Brigade, of NELSON'S old division, and which had marched with that General to Shiloh, followed him to Corinth, and through the summer campaign in Western Tennessee, Mississippi, and Alabama, and afterward had participated in the Kentucky campaign in the fall of 1862. General HAZEN took an important part in the battle of Murfreesborough, or Stone River, on the right of ROSECRANS'S left wing. His brigade held an important position in that battle, and but for his persistent defense the partial disaster of the 31st of December would have been turned into defeat. General HAZEN commands a division of the Fifteenth Corps.

FROM SAVANNAH.

We give on this page, and on pages 88 and 89, several interesting sketches from our special artists in Savannah. Soon after the Federal occupation of the city General SHERMAN gave the citizens the privilege of staying quietly at home or of taking their departure for some other point in the Confederacy. Accordingly, those who were not disposed to remain under the protecting folds of the old flag were quietly ordered to take passage on the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*. Captain AUDENRIED, of General SHERMAN'S staff, had charge of the flag of truce that was to take them through.

General SHERMAN has instituted careful reviews of his entire army previous to its entrance upon a new campaign. General BARRY conducted the review of the artillery, which is in a splendid condition. The cavalry under KILPATRICK is pronounced fit for any service.

The campaign upon which General SHERMAN has entered is of stupendous proportions, and the resistance to be overcome will probably be very great.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL HAZEN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]

GENERAL WAGNER.

THE country has not forgotten the heroes of the Battle of Franklin, fought November 30, 1864. Prominent among these was Brigadier-General G. D. WAGNER. The line of battle, it will be remembered, was formed by General SCHOFIELD so as to cover Franklin. The Fourth Corps under STANLEY held the right, and the Twenty-third under Cox the left: WAGNER'S brigade, of the Twenty-fourth, connected with RILEY'S of the Fourth, forming the centre. It was against this point that the rebel army under HOOD directed its most impetuous charges. Our readers remember how WAGNER and RILEY met these repeated charges, until, overborne by superior numbers, they fell back; and how, being reinforced, they again recovered their ground, taking a large number of prisoners. General WAGNER entered the war as Colonel of the Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers, and gained great distinction in the West Virginia campaign, in the autumn of 1861.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER.

THE world's ear is full of cries from the shadowland of rebel barbarism, where suffering and death sit at every prison-door, and starvation walks at the side of every captive. Thousands of true hearts at the North have bled at the recital of the horrors of the Libey, of Andersonville, Danville, and Salisbury; and far lands, looking across the ocean, have shuddered as the spectacle of rebel barbarity developed before their eyes, wondering how, in a Christian land, such things could be. It is perhaps an old story now; but if you will let me, I will tell you what I have seen and felt and know of slaveholders' mercy while yet the touch of their fierce cruelty is upon me.

My introduction into the living death at Andersonville occurred on the 7th of July last, and I remained in its clutch until the 23d of October following. In all that period not one element of comfort illuminated the misery of our bondage. The camp embraced thirty acres, surrounded by a stockade twelve feet high. Here during the month of August 30,000 prisoners were crowded together like cattle, for the most part without any shelter whatever from the heat or frequent rains. At night, during rainy weather, they lay on the ground in groups, remaining thus until morning, wet to the skin, and with no fire to dry their scanty clothing. Occasionally the days were intensely hot, followed by rainy nights, inducing necessarily sickness among all except the more robust, the want of proper food predisposing the system to disease. The daily fare consisted of less than a pint of meal, four spoonfuls of rice, three spoonfuls of beans, and two ounces of bacon; sometimes, however, only a part of these articles were received, and then in a changed state. A favorite dish consisted in taking a pint of meal, mixing it with water, and making it into dumplings about the size of an egg, which were boiled with pieces of bacon of the size of marbles until they floated on the top of the soup thus made. Then taking out the dumplings, we cut them open and poured in the soup—having thus a dish which to us was a luxury, though in other times we would not have insulted our palates by offering them such a "mess." Sometimes we made coffee by burning pieces of corn-bread, and boiling it in the soup, drinking the product, of course, without either sugar or milk. At other times, in the absence of other food, we dug up roots and ate them.

There being no sanitary regulations in the camp, and no proper medical provisions, sickness and death were inevitable accompaniments of our imprisonment. Thousands of the prisoners were so afflicted with scurvy that their limbs were ready to drop from their bodies. I have seen the maggots scooped out by the handful from the sores of these sufferers. I have seen others, mere skeletons, watched by disease, dying by inches, with not an ounce of medicine, nor a hand lifted any where among those in charge of the camp for their relief. On one occasion, when a physician gave notice that he would examine a portion of the sick men, over three thousand poor wretches, scarcely able to crawl, appeared before him; some carried on stretchers, and others in blankets, carried by comrades. Many lay before the physician in the last throes of death; and several, who were taken up alive, were corpses before reaching the point appointed for the examination, which, after all, amounted only to an inspection. On another occasion a gang of men were employed two hours and a half in carrying out the dead from a section of the camp known as the Lospital. On one day in August no less than one hundred and sixty prisoners died, and the average was about ninety deaths daily. From the 1st of March to the 16th of September *sixteen thousand* Federal soldiers, prisoners of war, were carried from that camp to the dead-man's trench and the felon's burial! The method of burial was usually as follows:



REBEL WOMEN LEAVING SAVANNAH.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

The dead were gathered up by detachments of the prisoners, and carried outside of the stockade, where they were laid in a row under a cluster of trees. Thence the bodies were carried in wagons, into which they were thrown at random, to a ditch at some distance from the camp, where they were tumbled out, covered with a thin layer of earth, and so left. Many a brave and loyal soldier of the Republic, who had won honorable scars in the battle's van, found that his last burial of a dog at rebel hands.

But our tormentors did not confine their cruelty to starving us of proper food and medical attendance. They had another devil's device for maiming and, ultimately, "THE DEATH BLOW." This line consisted of a row of stakes driven into the ground—with boards fastened on the top—at a distance of about fifteen feet from the stockade on the inner side. This line was closely watched by a guard, and any prisoner who approached it—and many often unconsciously did, and so, in the crowd, was often unavoidable—was instantly shot dead. Frequently the guard fired indiscriminately into a crowd, so one occasion I saw one man killed and another wounded, both of whom were innocent and standing some distance from the line. There was a standing order that any prisoner who killed a Union soldier for approaching the Dead Line should receive a furlough for two months; and, for wounding a soldier, a furlough for one month. The order not only offered a premium for murder, but encouraged the guard in other outrages, against which we had no defense whatever.

Perhaps you wonder what we did in the long days and nights of our imprisonment? What could we do? Crowd thirty thousand sick, starving, dying men into a space of thirty acres, and what opportunity is there for any thing but suffering? In all our camp there were but two streets—"Broadway" and "Market"—called them—neither over ten feet wide. Even if it was impossible, even had we been disposed, to indulge in games or amusements of any athletic nature in avenues like these, about which, lying on one or under the stockade, the most we could be seen, pale and ghastly, at any hour of the day or night. What did we do? We talked of home; of wives, mothers, and sisters, upon whose faces we did not expect, many of us, ever to look again; talked dreadly of battles past and woes to come. What else thinking and doing at home? Do they miss us, and long for our coming? Are they all still among the living? These were the questions we debated with ourselves and with one another. But chiefly we talked of our daily fare; dwelling with childish pleasure upon the scanty meals which more nearly satisfied our clamoring appetites. The nearer we came to starvation the more we thought of food, and daintily dissected, during for ourselves feasts of all toothsome things in the day when relief should come; counting up on our fingers the many substantials and delicacies with which our palates should be regaled in that coming time.

At length, on the 27th of October, an order came for the removal of all but six thousand of the prisoners from Andersonville to Millen. How hope stirred within us at the good news! How all blessed to go! How the pallid faces of the dying grew paler still when, begging to be removed, they were told they must remain! Remain to die—to die away from home and friends, with no soft hand to smooth the rough way into the rest that is starless! No more hope for us! Hope and dainty fare grew bright at the prospect of deliverance! How scores of weak, suffering ones dragged themselves into line, and, with painful steps and slow, passed out to join the company of the chosen! More than one poor fellow, whose sufferings had won my pity, and whose patience had made me feel for him as a brother, I left behind me that fair autumn day; but their faces had grown dim in the quiet nights, and their sobbing good-by sound yet in my ears.

At Millen we remained four weeks, and were then conveyed to Savannah for exchange. I shall never forget the feeling that overwhelmed me when, for the first time in months, I saw the old flag again—the dear old flag under which I had so often fought—for which I was ready to die in honorable battle. How we cried when we found ourselves under its folds on the deck of a loyal ship! How we sank down in groups and talked softly one with another of home and friends, and wondered whether, now that the fighting was all so changed for war which we had, we should really reach and enjoy it!

Well, we hoisted anchor and sailed out upon the pure, fresh sea breeze at last to Annapolis, a sick, ruined, emaciated company. There kind hands received us, kind welcome cheered us, and we knew that we were home at last—home, with the arms of a great nation around us, sheltering and sustaining us with the great love of a noble, loyal heart.

When I left the camp at Millen my apparel consisted only of a blouse, pants, and shoes. Many had not even the blouse; some were without shoes; all were ragged, lean, and wretched. But Father Abraham's children had said since then—those of us who are left—with the loyal blue, and, God willing, we will wear it again in the battle's front, as, under the old flag, we, with the Cross, keep marching on!

E. H. T.

NEWARK, January, 1865.

THE MONITOR "MONADNOCK."

THE Monitor *Monadnock*, a sketch of which we give on page 81, is one of our most efficient ironclads. She is 1564 tons, and mounts four 15-inch guns. She was built at the Boston Navy-yard, and has two turrets. Her length is 259 feet 6 inches, her breath 55 feet, with a depth of hold of 12½ feet. She was launched March 25, 1864. Admiral Porter, alluding in one of his official reports to this vessel, says:

"She could ride out a gale at anchor in the Atlantic Ocean. She is certainly a perfect success so far as the steering machinery and her command is concerned, and is only defective in some minor details, which, in the building of these vessels, require the superintendence of a thorough seaman and a practical and ingenious man. The *Monadnock* is capable of crossing the ocean alone (when her companions are once adjusted properly), and could destroy any vessel in the French or British navy, lay their towns under contribution, and return again [provided she could pick up coal] without fear of being followed. She could certainly clear any harbor on our coast of the blockaders in case we were at war with a foreign power."

The *Monadnock* Admiral Porter thinks inferior to the *Canonicus* in the Kennebec river, carrying less guns; and yet, he says, the latter would be no match for the former in a fight, as the *Monadnock* has the greater speed.

BURNING OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

On the afternoon of January 24, at about three o'clock, a fire broke out in the Smithsonian Institute building in the left dome. Its picture-gallery, between the ceiling and the roof. The fire is supposed to have been occasioned by a defective flue. It was a long time before the ceiling fell in, and the picture-gallery was in a sheet of flame. The conflagration was nearly altogether confined to the main building and above the first story, in which was the museum. Unfortunately, the latter was considerably damaged by water. The wings were not much harmed, as the library, which they contain, containing over one hundred thousand volumes, was uninjured.

The loss by the fire includes the lecture room, the philosophical laboratory with most of the instruments, the originals of private records, and the archives of the institution, together with the destruction of the pictures in the gallery. About two hundred of these paintings were here, of which only five or six were saved.

The Smithsonian Institute is located south of Pennsylvania avenue, in the immediate rear of several of the Capitol, in the midst of a beautiful park. The building is of red standstone, 450 feet front by 140 in depth. The cost of the building and grounds was more than $300,000.

The Institution was founded by JAMES SMITHSON, an Englishman of large fortune, who died, also, in 1826, bequeathed his property to the United States. The property, amounting to half a million of dollars, came into the possession of the Government in 1835, and eleven years after the Smithsonian Institute was organized on the basis of a plan recommended by JOHN QUINCY ADAMS and others. The President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, the Chief Justice, the Commissioner of Patents, and the Mayor of Washington form the board of directors.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE WAR GOES BRAVELY ON!

The war has now lasted about twelve years. "To put in mildly," says the astonished reader, "that's a big number!" So it is; but it spins like a mutton jack at that. It is not the war against Dunston sugar by our armies, but for it with pocket-handkerchiefs and fragrant cologne, waged by HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, that is here referred to.

During all these years this most potent of all medicinal PEOPLE'S FRIENDS and BENEFACTORS has been directing its Samaritan work—ongchasing the STOMACHS, indigestion, and NERVES, pursuing them to the lair of FEEBLE and the SICK.

All this would be invaluable as a means of defending the system against the effects of exposure to cold and damp, and of preventing the fatal consequences resulting from over-heated rooms into a frigid temperature.

Use it, and you will avoid severe colds, aching, irregularities of the bowels, affections of the liver, and nervous prostration.

If you labor under any of these afflictions, still use it; for it will relieve and cure you.

Avoid all the adulterated stimulants. Remember that HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only true, *purifying* vegetable TONIC, ALTERATIVE, and RESTORATIVE. Sold every where. Be sure and get the genuine.

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For $1 75 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 5d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 5d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality; or a No. 8 Pen; $4 50 a No. 7 Pen; $5 75 a No. 8 Pen; $8 50 a No. 9 Pen; $7 00 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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For $2 00 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

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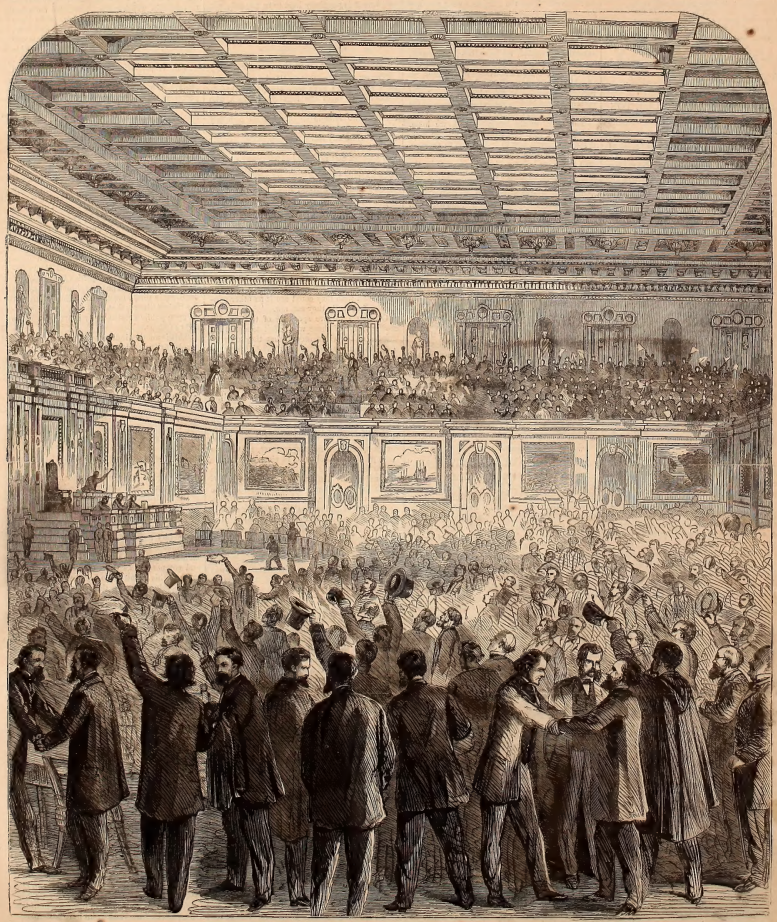
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 425.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



SCENE IN THE HOUSE ON THE PASSAGE OF THE PROPOSITION TO AMEND THE CONSTITUTION, JANUARY 31, 1865.

FREE AMERICA.

A shout of joy is ringing through the land,
And each long bowed and broken rite and stand,
As if uplifted by God's bared right hand—
Our country shall be free!

The great decree unfolds the final deed;
No doubtful future clues remind our need;
The blessed fruit hangs ripe within the seed—
Our country is free!

Our mighty sacrifice has wafted sweet
Prevailing incense to God's judgment-seat;
Our martyrs sitting by the angels' feet
Know their unbroken line is free.

God said, "Let Freedom be," as unto "Let Light,"
And burst a new creation on our sight,
Created in a year, and named aright
America the Free!

By this we pass from pain to realms of balm,
Striking our morning tumult through with calm,
Harmonious, holy, happy, with the psalm—
Our native land is free.

O'er life's warm heights within the luminous sky,
Through death's dim valleys where endless shadows lie,
Ring forth the psalm to all who live and die—
Our native land is free!

Almighty God! we swear by Thy high throne,
Though pain, blood, peril in our path be sown,
This glorious land we now may call our own
Shall be forever free!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

THE CONFERENCE IN HAMPTON ROADS.

THE Conference of Titbit ended in a breach of faith upon the part of ALEXANDER of Russia with his allies and his acceptance of NAPOLEON'S terms. That is to say, NAPOLEON having conquered ALEXANDER in battle, informed him upon what terms he might have peace. This is the natural and historical end of every war. When two parties appeal to the sword, the one invariably and alone decides. It may be ingeniously masked, but it is there, and its edge is the true arbitrator.

This is as true in our war as it has ever been in any. But what is peculiarly true in ours, and true endeavored to show last week, because the point at issue is so vital and so simple. The indefatigable reporters at Washington and elsewhere, and the extraordinary editors, who print upon one page the most harrowing accounts of the atrocious barbarism of rebels toward loyal soldiers, and upon another speak of the rebel chiefs as "eminent Confederates," have produced a very unnecessary confusion in the public mind by talking of "terms," and "negotiations," and "treaties," and "concessions."

For our own part we have constantly attempted to show, and it is constantly necessary to repeat, that, despite the duration and scope and infinite sorrow of the war, the question is not only very simple, but its solution is perfectly plain. The authority of the Government of the United States is attacked. That authority will be maintained or lost. It can not be partly maintained and partly lost, for the same reason that a man is proud of a woman's virtue can not be; for the same reason that twice two can not sometimes make four and sometimes three; for the same reason that white can not be partly black, and gold partly bad. The just authority of the Government is supreme, or it is not. It is not supreme if it yields any just authority to force; and it does yield to force if the force does not utterly fail.

To suppose that the President or Secretary SEWARD could propose any thing but unconditional submission, first of all, was to suppose that they were hopeless of subduing the rebellion or that they were traitors. The latter supposition was insulting. The former was impossible, because the President had already said in his Message that peace was always to be had upon submission; and the Secretary had said at the meeting of the Christian Commission, only three days before he went to Fortress Monroe, that it only remained for a party vanquished in the field to offer its submission. The conference in Hampton Roads was thus, not only by the necessities of the case which they understood, but by their own personal and natural intelligence of the situation, reduced to one simple question and answer: "Do you submit?" If the answer was No, there would be war.

As to what the answer was likely to be no man competent to form an opinion could differ. The gentlemen who mysteriously hinted that peace was much nearer than was generally supposed, who did not wish to excite public expectation—but if the public expectation was great, it would probably not be disappointed—were to us simply to have forgotten the history of the last thirty years which some of them are engaged in nobly writing.

The rebel agents, or "eminent Confederates," were the representatives of the men who will fight to the last moment, and then retreat upon a provision they have made in Europe. Rebels like DAVIS and BENJAMIN do not wish, and do not mean, to become once more loyal citizens of the United States. They mean to hold every man they can against the bayonets of United States soldiers, and when they see they can hurl no more, then to save themselves. And this they will do just so long as they can control the military despotism which "eminent Confederates" call "the Confederate Government." To suppose that such men would send agents to offer their submission, is to betray a credulity and an ignorance of the working of human nature and of the lessons of universal history almost beyond belief.

The question of "dignity" in the course of the President does not, we confess, seem to us very distressing. The facts are at this writing not known beyond the single one of his repairing to Fortress Monroe. The reasons of his going there rather than remaining in Washington may be many; but there is one which may have weighed heavily with him, and that is, the absolute freedom from interference which was secured by going there, to which may be added the presence of Lieutenant-General GRANT if wanted. If the Commissioners were to be received and heard at all, and probably no one will deny that they were, then it was mainly a question of convenience in what spot they should be received. That the President may not stay to meet them shows how earnest and hearty is his wish to satisfy the most skeptical that he does all he can do to attain peace. If the rebel agents had really come to offer unconditional submission, should we have been profoundly troubled that the President went to Old Point? And even if, upon a knowledge of the facts, we should think that it would have been better to receive the agents at Washington, we should certainly consider it a very venial offense in the President to hold another view.

The result of the interview will, we hope, satisfy every man and editor that our business is to suppress, nor to listen to any talk except that every time an enthusiastic youth or a veteran politician believes himself called to be the representative of the Union, he is only speculating in double leads about any of the possible consequences. If the visit of Mr. BLAIR to Richmond produced the rebel embassy, the truth will be revealed unchanged. The rebels did not come to propose unconditional submission, we were no nearer peace than we were before. The rebels who figured as peace commissioners in the last summer are alleged to be the chief engineers of the diabolical plot to burn the cities of the North, and of the murderous raids along the frontier. They do not "represent Confederates," we suppose; but fine words butter no parsnips.

A body of unscrupulous chiefs are waging war upon the Government. They control a population which has been trained for more than a generation in the bitterest hostility to that Government and to their fellow-citizens at the North. This population is ignorant and brave. The contest, waged for four years, has shown the insanity of the chief conspirators to overthrow the Government. But only the most ignorant of the roughly beaten, or until the imminence of universal disaster produces a reaction which disposes of the chiefs, the rebellion will continue, and the dream of Peace is folly.

THE AMENDMENT.

IT can not be said that the Yankees do not learn. When the war began, General BUTLER offered his soldiers to repress movements of the slaves. Subsequently Judge MCCALLUM, who made themselves disagreeably notorious in repelling the best sources of information; and from one end of the country to the other it was agreed that it was a war for the Union only. So it was; so it has been; so it will be to the end. But that the Union and Slavery were henceforth inextricably, and that the attempt to trust choose the one or the other, was by no means a general popular conviction.

But the result of the first session of the war, the country having thought the matter over, has now seen what some men have always seen, that Slavery in a Union like ours has been, and always must be, a source of danger. The country, therefore, recommends the constitutional abolition of Slavery, and the country cries AMEN! The result has been very slowly reached, and we began that the only surprise now is the agreeable one that the present Congress has done the work.

As for the fifty-six members who voted against the proposition it is difficult to speak with sufficient condemnation or contempt. A system operated to every rebel heart and household, obtains, under the conviction that it is rapidly perishing, a foothold in the Union. Suddenly it renews its life; spreads into towering importance; debauches and demoralizes the whole machinery of legislation by open threats; and finally loses its absolute and universal ascendency in every department of the Government. Treason organizes a fierce conspiracy, and for four years tries to destroy the nation. At last the nation decrees to remove it, and fifty-six representatives resist upon the incredible ground that it is an inopportune time; that the public mind is excited; and that the rebels themselves do not seem in the best possible humor. Nothing according to this extraordinary theory, when a patient lies in mortal peril from a fever contracted in the fetid air of a swamp, it is better to wait until he is cured before the room is ventilated. The absurdity would be irresistible if the folly were not criminal.

A body of fifty-six Charles Firsts of England, or as many Charles Tenths of France, is the only parallel we can imagine for this ludicrous group of American citizens. Neither the French nor the English Charles would ever believe that the people were in earnest. Neither the Bourbon nor the Stuart could learn any thing from arguments or from blows. And this faction in the free States, which moribund Slavery leads by the hand, is at once the Jacobin and Jacobite element in our politics; Jacobin in its appeals to all that is most dastardly in human nature, and Jacobite in its unscrupulous clutch upon whatever denies the original rights of men.

For the last twenty years events have been trying the public men of this country until the very dregs at last appear. It is the most terrible record of the century. An honorable man hereafter would a thousandfold rather say that his name was voted against separation from Great Britain than that he voted against giving a lawful, peaceful chance of freedom to the slaves in America. The fortunes made in the anti-trade are largely held to be tainted; but what shall be said of the reputation made by solemnly voting against the legal removal of the inhuman atrocities of Slavery?

CROWS.

THERE are crows that fly "in heaven's sweetest air," and we have been always inclined to rank among them the lugubrious Greek who would count no man happy until he died. But certainly we have in this doleful company the croakers who continually sigh that nothing is done while any thing remains to do. If the sun is to rise at seven o'clock, they tell you at half past six that nothing has happened yet. If they were sailing to India, and had passed the Cape of Good Hope, they would still insist that, as they had not arrived, there was plainly no chance of arriving.

These are the gentlemen who are always sure that the rebellion can not be suppressed. It is in vain that SHERIDAN scatters EARLY in the Shenandoah; in vain that THOMAS routs HOOD in TENNESSEE; in vain that SHERMAN sweeps resistless through Georgia; in vain that FORT FISHER falls before PORTER and TERRY; in vain that GRANT holds Richmond in his unrelenting grasp. They hear—they admit; they smile a sickly smile, and with the usual cue it as other people do—but really they can not.

Of course we are speaking of the genuine croakers, not of those who affect to doubt the success of the Government that they may do their little all to prevent it. The smiling gentry who say, jauntily, "Oh, you can't put the rebels down!" and, deferentially, "The rebels won't surrender!" speak partly from party rancor, partly from malice, and partly from dullness. They are the dupes of the same sensation as the fiercest Richmond papers, but no more.

But those of whom we speak are truly patriotic, truly anxious for the national success. Indeed it may be only the ardor of their wishes, acting upon a morbid temperament, that makes them petulant of believing in victory. But we assure them that there is no ground of hope for the national cause. Affairs are not yet utterly desperate for the Union. There is still reason to believe that GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, FARRAGUT, PORTER, SHERIDAN, MCCALLUM, and TERRY will not suddenly prove to be dolts, and their seamen and soldiers cowards. Be cheerful, gentlemen! It is a fine morning. If you are walking a mile you need not despair at the end of two thousand yards.

Remember in what condition the country was when Great Bethel and Bull Run were fought, not only of military but of mental preparation. Remember how long and long we were preparing to strike, and how enormously for ourselves the blow was at last delivered. Remember how we rallied from the Peninsula and BULL; how the great debate went on, enlightening the public mind as to the real significance of the war, until at length we stand where we do to-day, the policy of the war confirmed by the most prodigious popular demonstration, and the rebel cause constitutionally removed, and the ablest generals and admirals developed by the greatest victories.

Or look at the situation in detail. THOMAS is encamped upon the Tennessee, and there is no rebel force of any importance in the South-west to resist him. SHERMAN is moving in Carolina; SHERIDAN holds the Shenandoah; the only port of foreign intercourse and blockade-running is closed; and GRANT sits waiting before Richmond. Now this may be a very desperate war, but still it is war. The rebels may be very determined men, but still they are men. They have all the human conditions, and human nature its laws. After incessant and disastrous defeats, after the constant loss of men, material, and territory, war ends; and after being baffled, conquered, humiliated on every side, human nature succumbs. Cannon-balls may not persuade a party that it is wrong, but they will apparently persuade it that it can no longer advantageously fight. Why should not SHERMAN advance northward to join GRANT? and, once united with him, what will LEE do? Can he hope to give battle in the open field? Can he stay in Richmond? If he goes, can he expect to do more than prolong the death-struggle of the military rebellion?

These are a few of the considerations which we submit to our dismal friends. They need not feed upon apprehensions nor fatten upon doubts. If, in contemplating the public situation, they will use the same common sense as in viewing their private affairs, they will soon reach the conclusion that universal laws are as sure in the one as in the other.

SPAIN AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE most remarkable point in the proposition of NARVAEZ, the Spanish Prime Minister, to relinquish the war in San Domingo and to renounce all claim to the island is the reason he alleges for his action. Spain had supposed, he said, that the people of San Domingo wished to be reincorporated with the Spanish nation; and the right inherent in the unanimous wish of a people is, says the Prime Minister of Spain, a right not disputed. When protests appeared it was still the duty of the Government, he thinks, to ascertain whether they proceeded from the people or from a discontented few. The Government has, in his opinion, satisfied that duty. San Domingo is virtually in arms against annexation, and Spain yields to the indisputable popular wish, and retires.

This is precisely the colonial policy urged upon Great Britain by the wisest of her liberal party. When the mother country, they say, perceives that the colonies are self-supporting, and wish to stand alone, let her not repeat the tragical experiment of GEORGE III., but bless them and let them go. Then she becomes truly the mother of noble nations, whose institutions she has inspired, and whose sympathies will be always hers.

Spain, in the case of San Domingo, has doubtless made a merit of necessity. The truth is, she has found she can not scourge the colonies colony back, and so says, loftily, "Depart, my son, and take my blessing." The renunciation may be a little ostentatious in itself, but the principle which is relied upon to justify it is really nothing less than that of our own revolution, the right of the people to settle their own governments. The inherent rights of men NARVAEZ or any Spanish minister would like to follow it, for it justifies the Spanish Revolution of 1812 and of 1854. The proposition of NARVAEZ declares, in direct opposition to the doctrine of the Holy Alliance, that governments are founded upon public opinion, and not upon the divine right of kings.

This is another indication of the new political epoch of the world. The wars of the Holy Alliance in Europe, and the rebellion of Slavery in this country, are the last desperate struggles of the ancient system which founded government upon the concessions of a privileged class, and not upon the natural rights of men from which flows the doctrine of the consent of the governed. "We are essentially aristocratic," said JOHN C. CALHOUN. "We secured to ourselves of the rule of the majority," said JEFFERSON DAVIS. Both of these sentiments are in harmony with the late protest of the Pope against modern times, and the laws of human development. They are both worthy of TILMER or of JOSEPH LE MAISTRE.

In his funeral eulogy upon EDWARD EVERETT, the historian BANCROFT in his clear, nervous style, says that his friend would have failed in writing history, because he was not sufficiently accustomed to consider events as subordinate to law. Government is an experimental science, but some of its laws are as clear and comprehensible to those of astronomy. And those in this country who have been in the habit of seriously supposing that the Southern politicians were really statesmen, may see, on the one hand, in the total ruin of all CALHOUN'S theories, and, on the other, in the proposal of NARVAEZ, the difference between a disregard and perception of the fundamental principles of the science of government. If men who do not see events in subordination to law can not be historians, they can certainly not be statesmen.

OUR PRISONERS IN REBEL HANDS.

MR. RICHARDSON is a witness risen from the dead. His testimony concerning the treatment of our prisoners by the rebels is so graphic, so harrowing, and so solemn that it should be universally known. He says plainly that the rebels, or the "eminent Confederates," are deliberately killing our robust young men by hunger and cold; and when he escaped they were dying at the rate of thirteen per cent. per month—a mortality which, as he truly says, would in forty-eight hours send the population of any city flying from it as from a pestilence; for a fearful pestilence it would be. Now we have an excess of prisoners by at least fifteen or twenty thousand. "If we will not exchange," he asks, "why don't we retaliate? and if we will not retaliate, why don't we exchange?"

A very small part of the supplies sent to our prisoners from home ever reach them. They are stolen. We know also of instances in which Union officers from West Point have had the robes of cloaks, watches, and boots by their old class-

mates and companions now rebels. One box in six or ten may reach its destination. The rest will be seized by the thieves and hangers-on. Meanwhile the prisoners are dying at the rate of thirteen per cent. a month, or are tortured by hunger and suffering into enlisting in the rebel army.

Mr. RICHARDSON proposes two remedies, either of which, he thinks, will be adequate. The first is an immediate general exchange, by which we shall recover all our prisoners within a month. The second is an immediate special retaliation, not upon the rebel soldiers, but the rebel officers. In our custody, giving them, as nearly as possible, the same food, fuel, clothing, and shelter that our own men receive. This, he thinks, will bring the "eminent Confederates" to terms. The rebel leaders care nothing for their men in our hands; but the officers are of the chiefs of the conspiracy; they are of the blue blood of women-whippers and baby-sellers.

In proof of the virtue of this latter course Mr. RICHARDSON refers to the case of the Union Captains SAWYER and FLYNN, who were sentenced by the rebels to be hung. The Government ordered the Commandant at Fortress Monroe to execute LEE and WINDER the moment he should ascertain the threat against our men had been carried out. It never was. Again, when the rebels put our colored prisoners to work in the fortifications of Richmond under fire, General BUTLER informed the rebel authorities that he had placed an equal number of rebel officers on his works under fire. Before the sun set the colored soldiers were put back in Libby, and were never exposed again in the fortifications.

The statement and argument of Mr. RICHARDSON are very forcible, and no question deserves prompter consideration and more decisive action. Yet in suggesting a general exchange does he not forget that the rebels refuse to exchange our colored prisoners?—a point which at least embarrasses an easy settlement. General BUTLER proposed to exchange first the white prisoners man for man, and then he says we should still have held so many more of the rebels than they of our colored prisoners that we could have dictated terms. For some reason this plan was not adopted. Perhaps for this, among others, that it seemed rather absurd to allow an enemy who held fewer of our men than we of theirs to dictate disadvantageous exchanges of soldiers; and it was rather a cruel desertion of those who had risked more in enlisting than their brethren in arms, to leave them in the hands of the tormentors, even if they were offset by a larger number of rebel captives. Besides, if we had retained some of the rebel officers as hostages, it might have been impossible to settle the cartel; while, if we had not, the larger number of rebel privates could not have certainly saved the colored Union soldiers.

As to the second suggestion, of retaliation in kind upon the officers, there are two obvious difficulties: The first is, to ascertain exactly what the rebel treatment is; the next is, the impracticability of retaliation in kind when it is ascertained. That rebel officers should be shot to death upon clear proof of the atrocities alleged seems to be a proper retaliation. But that they should be starved to death, or frozen to death, or stung to death by mosquitoes, could no more be inflicted by a decent conqueror than that they should be eaten alive if our soldiers had been so treated by other savages with whom we were at war.

That some change should be done, and done at once, we are most cordially agreed. That the Government is of the same opinion, but finds the difficulties very perplexing, we are as fully convinced. And the testimony of men of Messrs. RICHARDSON and BROWNE will be a most valuable aid to a wiser and speedier decision we do not doubt.

HOW TO CHEER THE SOLDIERS.

WHOEVER wishes to help the invalid soldiers can do so at a very small expense of personal effort. The great engines like the Sanitary Commission are very apt to paralyze individual exertion by the obvious reflection that while every body is doing something no single body need do any thing. But the very good plan of remedying this negligence is the monthly tax of a larger or smaller amount, self-imposed, by many of the most active circles of co-workers of the Sanitary in every city and town. But another very striking of books that have been read in the family, with the old magazines and illustrated papers.

The value of these to the soldiers in the listless hours of hospital life is incalculable. Nor need any one refrain from sending because he may have so few to send. If one person in every village sent a dozen books—if fifty persons go from a single neighborhood, the aggregate is one that can be readily computed.

A letter just received from the Ninth Corps Hospital at City Point says, speaking of the prompt receipt of a box of books and a package of pamphlets and *Harper's Weeklies*, etc.: "I need not say that they are a great addition to our humble library, and eagerly welcomed by the soldiers here. It is singular but true that of all my appeals to acquaintances and friends for books none have been successful thus far except in your case. It is because they are ignorant that the gospel of good books are a ministry to the spirits in a prison hospital."

Why will not every reader of these lines send a little addition to the means of amusement for the soldiers, either to the nearest depôt of the Sanitary Commission, to some hospital known to him, or to Mr. J. SAYLES AGNEW United States Sanitary Commission, Ninth Corps Hospital, City Point—*prepaying all the charges?*

DROWNED.

We are wrecked and we are sinking,
We are lost, I heard them say,
But of what could be left me living?
'Tis not "lost" to pass away—

Gently, painlessly, together,
Thus to feel our souls flow out
Into calmer, better weather,
All secure from further rout.

I can see the boats yet, gaining
Very little on the wind,
Our their sterns some forms are straining
After dear ones left behind.

If 'twere thus with thee and me, love,
One had gone and one been left,
Then the living could but die, love,
And the dying be bereft.

But thou couldst not, couldst not leave me,
Since there was but room for one,
And the billows would upheave me
Did I leave thee here alone.

I am happy, for thy fingers
Round my neck securely twine,
Thou art happy while death lingers
With thy heart at rest on mine.

I, the stronger, grew despairing
When thou didst grow pressed nigh,
For I could not bear my darling
Such a dreadful death should die.

We can feel the waters singing,
Cold and heavy, in our ears;
And upon them springing,
We can see our by-gone years.

Cling closer to me, sweetest,
I will not let thee go,
Thou shalt not die for me, O,
Though death come swift or slow.

Even I can scarcely hold thee,
But will, unto the last;
Mine arms shall not unfold thee
Till death be overpast.

Thy face grows strangely radiant,
Our last warm breath is o'er,
Good-by, sweet, for an instant,
Then part we nevermore.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SHREWD SUGGESTION.—It often happens, when the husband fails to be home to dinner, that it is one of his *fast* days.

WOMAN'S AGE.—It is a curious fact that in sacred history age, sex, and beauty go hand in hand one woman—Sarah, the wife of Abraham—is distinctly noted. Women's ages ever since appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

A GENTLE HINT.—The Pope has presented a hat of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, to the Emperor of China. What is a very appropriate present for a Pope who has always considered highly symbolical. It was first used when the Pope had treated the Emperor in a very civil manner, and in one of the many forms of collecting Peter's pence, called "living round with the hat."

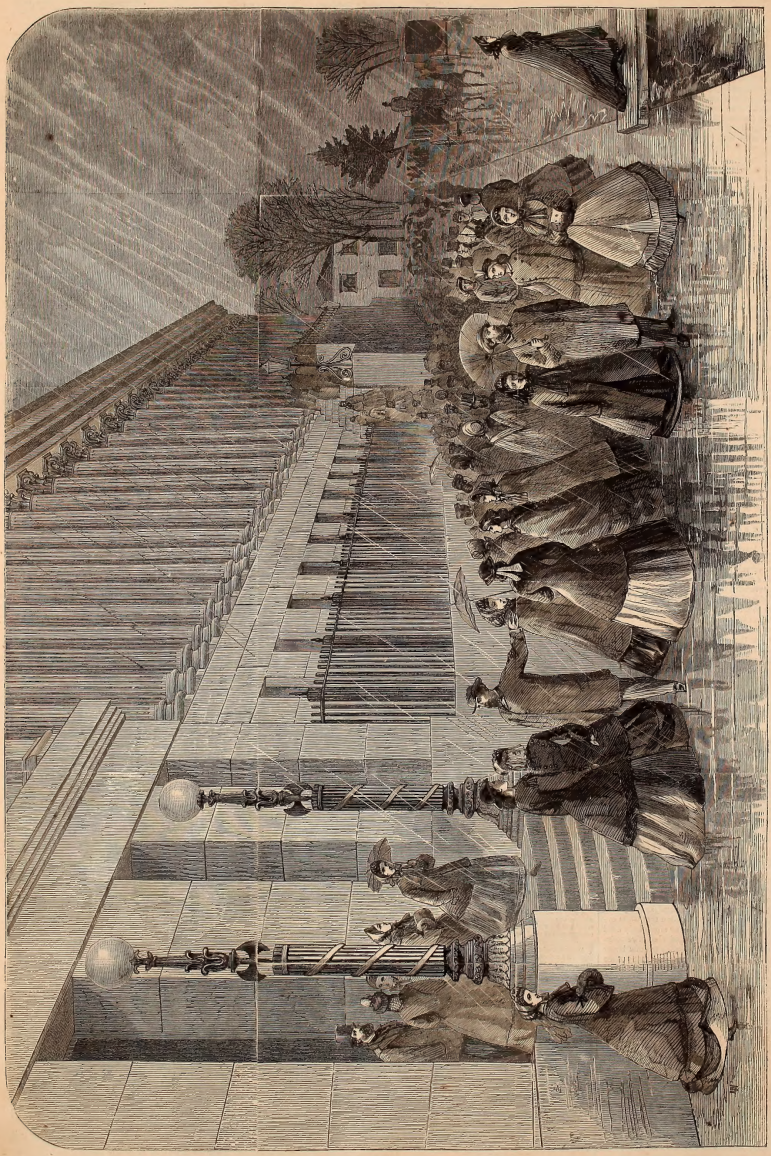
ADVICE TO CAPTAINS IN THE ARMY.—In forming your companies on the banks of a deep and rapid river be careful how you select your men to "ford the stream."

LIQUID AND GHOST FAT.—Democritus, who was always laughing, lived one hundred and nine years; Heraclitus, who was always weeping, only lived forty. Laughing, then, is best; and to laugh at one another is perfectly justifiable. Once we said that Democritus was very fat, and originated in one of the many forms of collecting Peter's pence, called "living round with the hat."

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LADY CLERKS LEAVING THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

SPOT OF M'PHERSON'S DEATH.

THE adjoining cut, from an excellent photograph by GEORGE N. BARNARD, shows the scene and surroundings of General M'PHERSON'S death. A simple inscription upon a tree tells the story so far as he was concerned, while the details of the picture—the shot and shell, the broken artillery-wagon, with the skeletons of the horses lying where they fell, the soldier's dilapidated hat and shoe—indicate the scene of carnage just as it was left after the battle had swayed from this to some other portion of the field.

On the morning of July 22 General M'PHERSON, commanding the Army of the Tennessee, then at Decatur, anticipating an attack upon his left, ordered the Sixteenth Corps to form on the left of the Seventeenth. While this movement was going on the rebel assault was made, advantage being taken of the gap which still remained between the two corps. The flank of the Seventeenth was turned and a battery lost, when M'PHERSON, approaching the scene of the fight, was shot by the force of the enemy which had advanced between the right and left wing. A charge was then made to recapture the artillery and recover the General's body. The guns were taken, the enemy repulsed, and STRONG and BUELL, of M'PHERSON'S staff, returned with an ambulance bearing the body.

These officers had been guided to the spot by Private GEORGE J. REYNOLDS. The latter, a member of the Fifteenth Iowa, had been on skirmish duty, and was wounded. In attempting to evade capture he came upon the spot where M'PHERSON was lying, mortally wounded. Forgetting his own wound REYNOLDS clung to his old commander, and, exposed to the shots of the enemy, administered to his wants, bringing water to quench his thirst, affording him every possible comfort in his last moments; and finally, his own wound still uncared for, sought out the General's staff and guided them to the fatal spot. M'PHERSON'S name had been the battle-cry of the corps in the struggle which ended in forcing the rebels from the field:

"Ah! gleets ze brasse,
When through the battle-flame
We saw our hero fall;
We forced the foe to yield
His body on the field,
That our breasts might be its pall."

There was no more gallant soldier in the army than General JAMES B. M'PHERSON, and none more beloved by his command.



THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON FELL, NEAR DECATUR, GEORGIA, JULY 22, 1864.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEO. N. BARNARD.]

THE PEACE COMMISSION.

THREE Commissioners, appointed by the rebel authorities to treat informally upon terms of peace, have been within our lines, and have had an interview with the President and Secretary of State near Fortress Monroe. The facts, so far as known in connection with this mission, are these: Having been detained for some time at City Point, the rebel Commission, consisting of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, R. M. T. HUNTER, and JOHN A. CAMPBELL, was admitted by General GRANT, and conveyed to Fortress Monroe on that General's flag-ship, where it arrived at 5 P.M. February 2. Here Secretary SEWARD was found in waiting on board the *River Queen*. The Secretary invited the Commissioners to dinner upon his flag-boat, which invitation was accepted. About ten o'clock in the evening the President arrived, and a conference began which lasted sixteen hours. On the 4th the President and Secretary returned to Washington, and it was given out that the result of the negotiation was a failure.

So far as its immediate result is concerned the Commission has probably failed. But it will at least produce a better understanding between our Government and the rebels. The President's course was clearly defined by the necessities of the case. His official oath forbade him to permit secession. In order to any negotiation at all, it must proceed upon the basis of a restored Union. In all other respects President LINCOLN was limited to the exercise of the functions proper to him as Commander-in-Chief. He could repeal his confiscation measures, and could grant a general pardon. If other conditions were necessary to satisfy the rebel Commissioners, Mr. LINCOLN could only have replied that it was not in his power to grant them. If they wanted guarantees for slavery, Mr. LINCOLN had no more power to grant them than he would have to abolish slavery. If they wanted an alliance offensive and defensive, still maintaining a separate Confederation, he had no power to grant it.

The Commissioners have returned to Richmond, carrying with them the views of our Government. They are all men to whom the people of the South render respect. There will never occur a better opportunity than now occurs for them to exert their influence in favor of peace on the basis of Union. The country still remembers the force and foresight displayed by STEPHENS in his argument against the secession of Georgia. Mr. HUNTER, too, although a States-Rights man, had endeavored in Virginia to prevent a collision between the Government and the State. He was subsequently appointed Secretary of State under the Confederate Government, and upon his resignation of that office was elected Senator, and made President *pro tem.* of the Senate. Judge CAMPBELL, of Alabama, also, was very reluctant to leave the Union. He was at Washington when the Commissioners sent by DAVIS in March, 1861, were there seeking an official interview with the President in regard to the evacuation of Fort Sumter; and when those Commissioners demanded recognition, he wrote to DAVIS "to restrain his Commissioners."

It may be, however, that no peace will come until we shall have absolutely conquered it. While the Commissioners were steaming down the James, SHERMAN'S columns were marching northward from the Savannah. If he is successful in the campaign now opening, peace can not long be delayed.

It can certainly no longer be charged against the Administration that it has neglected an opportunity to obtain peace on the basis of Union. The members of the Opposition have no longer an argument against vigorous war measures. These rebels say that they mean exactly what they meant four years ago: we must answer that we also are unchanged.



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, OF GEORGIA.



R. M. T. HUNTER, OF VIRGINIA.

THREE months at sea, and one on shore;
Three months at sea—yet not afloat;
Around our home the breakers roar,
Yet own we neither ship nor boat.
Rock-based, amid the swirl of foam,
The light-house stands—it is our home.

Three months at sea—a dreary time—
The ship goes gayly on its way;
Now and again a mellow chime
Comes to us through the dash of spray.
The ship will reach the nether zone
While we still pace the light-house lone.

While we still pace, and hear the sound
That comes from yon far village spire,
Where still the children gather round
The cheery board, the crackling fire.
Or seaward gaze, at dead of night,
To watch our slow, revolving light.

The skipper, through the midnight haze,
Marks well its gleam, and feels its worth.
"God's blessing on the light!" he says,
But gives it still a wider berth.
And so it shines, from sun to sun,
A thing to bless, and yet to shun.

And when the tempests howl and rave,
And driving clouds shut out the day,
And o'er the lantern top the wave
Flies skyward into feathered spray,
We laugh, my comrades twain and I,
To feel ourselves so warm and dry.

The light-house quivers to its base,
Yet, sung within, we know no fears;
We know its stones could fearless face
Still stouter gales in bygone years.
Thank God, our lot is not amiss,
There's many a life far worse than this!

WINIFRED'S EYES.

THE girls all said it was only Winifred's eyes. They were sure she was far enough from handsome, but she *had* good eyes, and what was more, she knew how to use them. You and I, not having any rivalry in the matter, might have come to a very different conclusion about her beauty; but it would have been too much to expect any thing like fair judgment from the Meadowbrook girls, every one of whom knew how easy it would be for her in half an hour to spirit away the most devoted of their admirers. It was a blessing, they all averred, to be owned, if Winifred ever should get married; then other people could tell where they stood.

Form given, they would-be-wed, yet girlish and agile; small feet; dainty hands that broom-handles and dish-water had in vain conspired to spoil; a graceful little head, with a full crown of chestnut hair; a spirited face, with bright lips, dancing hazel eyes, a brilliant, changeful color, and the most piquant of noses, just sufficiently retrousse for archness—that was Winifred Payne. It must have been on the nose that the girls hung their assertions that Winifred was not handsome; but I think her face would have lost some of its sparkling charm if she had exchanged it for any Grecian or Roman one of them all. The men, young and old, single and married, all thought she was perfect. Not that she was a flirt. She was coquettish, perhaps, with the natural coquetry of all pretty girls; but she received all serious entanglements, and if she charmed every one it was not because she studied to do it—rather, perhaps, because she did not.

In all Meadowbrook there was only one to whom she had ever given enough encouragement to constitute the shadow of a claim; and even with this nobody-favored Harry Morris it was more his own natural coaxing and persistence that kept up hers; of grace in him than any smiles of Winifred's. He had loved her before she wore long dresses, and he had loved her ever since. He meant to have her. Of course he did not know when; that must be as Winifred pleased; but of the ultimate result of his wooing he never doubted. When any one she showed her attention it aroused him. He asked her occasionally when she would be ready to marry him, and always received some provoking, saucy answer, which was far enough from discouraging him. He said he thought it was time to give at something a little more definite, and with this purpose he set out one June evening to traverse the mile-long street between his house and the White Payne's. The early June moon was just rising, and he planned how he would win Winifred out to walk with him in the moonlight; what strong, earnest words he would say to her—words which should stir to its depths the gay girlish heart which, he never doubted, was under its mask of merry coquetry a love as deep and lasting as his own.

The Widow Payne's was the very best-ideal of a cottage—a soft mouse-gray in color, of Gothic architecture, with vines, just now heavy with leaves and odorous with blossoms, rioting in and out of every open window, covering the pretty portico, twisting about every where.

As Harry drew near he saw a light in the little parlor and heard through the open windows a stranger's voice. No sound could have been more unwelcome; but it was not in his nature to turn back. He knocked at the door, and the widow bade him come in. Winifred, radiant in smiles, and charming in blue muslin, was evidently making herself agreeable to the stranger whose voice Harry had heard as he came up. The stranger was not of the Meadowbrook order. City-bred was stamped on his haughty face, betrayed itself in the careless, graceful ease of his manner. Not even jealousy could fail to acknowledge that at last here was one whose rivalry was more to be dreaded than twenty rose, of rustic lads. He noticed even the well-shod foot, the hand, white as a girl's, with a sealring on the little finger, the faultless attire; above all, the handsome, bearded face, with the dark eyes full of magnetic power.

Yet he noticed all this in the moment in which Winnie Payne to see who he was, and, finishing her sentence to her companion, to rise to meet him. Her "Good-evening, Harry," sounded to him less cordial than usual, but she introduced him politely:

"Mr. Manchester, this is Mr. Morris, one of my Meadowbrook friends."

There was a fine sting in the sentence under which her visitor winced. Why did she say a Meadowbrook friend? Was the statement an excuse for his country breeding, or an apology for her own intimacy with him?

He stepped forward, however, to Mr. Manchester, and extended his hand for a cordial greeting, after the fashion of Meadowbrook. Mr. Manchester touched the brown, labor-hardened hand disdainfully, and then sat down and looked at Winifred complacently, as if he had done something very self-denying and meritorious. Harry saw, of course, the young farmer felt himself in the uncomfortable position of one too many. Mrs. Payne did her kindly best to make the talk general. She inquired about his mother's health, and his father's spring planting. Then conversation languished, and Morris had time to watch Winnie, who was showing to Mr. Manchester a bouquet of varnished leaves, bright with the splendors of last year's autumn.

"Yes, they are pretty," he heard the gentleman say, looking, at the same time, not at the leaves but into Winifred's hazel eyes.

Harry Morris wondered if she were not even more charming than usual. Her blue dress and blue ribbons became her. Her cheeks were bright with just the delicate hue that stains a peach blossom, and her smiles came and went with her words. Of course, he thought, the lady would leave her—folks didn't come across such girls every day, city or country—and she might—but that way lay madness. He got up to go, with a sudden conscious of having been cold and neglectful, went to the door with him. When he got there he seemed in no hurry.

"How bright the moon is!" he said. "Come out with me a little way, do, Winnie."

His tone was almost pleading. It cost Winnie an honest pang to refuse his request.

"I can't," she said. "Mr. Manchester would think it so strange."

"And who *is* Mr. Manchester, Winnie? He seems to be mourner of all he surveys."

He is a cousin of Mrs. Lansing by here a day or two ago, looking for a place to board a little while, and the cottage pleased him. So he stopped until permanent boarders could be had. He hadn't been well, he said, and needed country air."

Humph!" Harry did not realize how nearly his tone was "Did he happen to see you as he rode along?"

"I suppose he must;" and a little arch gleam shot from the hazel eyes; "at least he might. I was out trimming the vines."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Winnie, it is hardly like your mother's good sense to take into her house in this way a stranger of whom she knows nothing."

"But we do know. He is a cousin of Mr. Lansing, the minister you know, who came here and still staid two years."

"Well, it may be all right. I hope it is; but I like old friends better than new ones. So you have to walk in the moon, Winnie."

"I can't, indeed. I have staid out here too long. Good-night."

There was no excuse but for him to say goodnight too, and go sorrowfully on his homeward way. But for him the splendor of the night was gone.

Winifred rose to her visitor's departure a little afraid Mr. Manchester would ask her something about her friend, or make some comment on the length of time he had been a good-by. Her fears were groundless. Charles Manchester had altogether too much tact to elevate the country clown, as he mentally called him, to any more importance by making him a topic of conversation. He did not mention him, but went on with the subject he had been talking about before he came, as if there had been no interruption.

That night in her own room Winifred questioned her heart a little. Secretly, it must be confessed, she had believed herself in love with Harry Morris. She had got used to him, liked him, in a sisterly way, but she had thought she loved him, and in her secret soul had expected some day to be his wife. But did she love him as she had thought she did? Was it not all been a delusion? Was it not merely that she had never been out of Meadowbrook, and having seen nothing of the world was without any standard of comparison?

How different he was from Mr. Manchester! She contrasted his stately, handsome, dark face with the elegant grace of the city gentleman—his brown hands, which no dog and scythe and plow-handle had hardened, with the fair, white hands of Harry—the brilliant ring looked suitable as on a woman's—the ringing, full-toned voice, with the mellifluous accents which had charmed her, Mr. Manchester's manytactied in—the subjects of his discourse, farm-plans, neighbors' crops, and gossip with Mr. Manchester's graceful talk about poets and painters—his dress, the black suit he wore so awkwardly on state occasions, with the elegant, careless negligee in which seemed a part of the other's identity. When she had summed it all up, she made up her mind that she had been self-deluded in fancying that she loved Harry. Having seen Mr. Manchester the night had just its sweet, and when next she met him she was ashamed of herself.

The next evening Harry, in a fit of self-discontent, such as she had never before known. She had reigned in Meadowbrook like a little queen of hearts, and it had never occurred to her to wish she was any different. Now she began to despise herself because she could not talk French, or play on the piano. Was Harry ignorant? She participated in fancy the style of women to whom Charles Manchester was accustomed, and scorned herself for the contrast she was presented to him. Then she remembered the old romances where men of high degree fell in love with bright eyes shining far below them; and bethought herself of the admiring looks which had all the evening paid her such constant attention, and went to sleep thanking fate for hazel eyes, and chestnut hair, and pink cheeks.

In her dreams she saw constantly those two—Mr. Manchester, handsome, haughty, elegant—Harry Morris, stalwart, earnest, honest, one of the world's workers. One she walked on the edge of a precipice, and Mr. Manchester seemed about to push her of, when Harry Morris snatched her back, and, in saving her, lost his own footing and fell down.

Again, Harry was going to bind her with iron chains, and Mr. Manchester threw down away, and twined round her wrists instead wreaths of roses. But the thorns among the roses pricked her; and when she looked at the chains she saw they were but only laughed, and told her that all fetters hurt; but it was better to wear roses than iron, because the world only saw the bonds, and smelled the fragrance, and would never know if she kept still, how the thorns pricked her. It was ill-bred to cry out, and to let Harry see what pain he was to her wicked.

In the energy with which she did battle against this heresy she awoke, and the early June sun was already shining into her room. She sprang up, and dressed herself with rapid finger. With her delicate pink calico morning-dress, her chestnut hair brushed till it shone like satin, her bright cheeks and sparkling eyes, she looked lovely enough to charm any man's senses. She didn't let me sleep, so here I am, an early riser in spite of myself. But how delicious morning is in the country! I think, while I am here, I shall like to be willing to miss the balm of this before-breakfast air."

Then he gathered the pinkest of pink roses, and gallantly fastened it in her drooping hair, laying it first an instant against her cheek, as if to see which was brightest. Winifred was quite unused to such compliments. Her cheeks, and the sky full of her eyelids, were very pretty to see.

Winifred made no change in her habits because of Mr. Manchester's presence in the household. She went on just as ever with all her homely, domestic duties. He saw her sometimes with bare arms and floury hands at the kneading-trough, with a sunbonn pound her head, and needed country air."

Humph!" Harry did not realize how nearly his tone was "Did he happen to see you as he rode along?"

"I suppose he must;" and a little arch gleam shot from the hazel eyes; "at least he might. I was out trimming the vines."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Winnie, it is hardly like your mother's good sense to take into her house in this way a stranger of whom she knows nothing."

"But we do know. He is a cousin of Mr. Lansing, the minister you know, who came here and still staid two years."

"Well, it may be all right. I hope it is; but I like old friends better than new ones. So you have to walk in the moon, Winnie."

"I can't, indeed. I have staid out here too long. Good-night."

There was no excuse but for him to say good-night too, and go sorrowfully on his homeward way. But for him the splendor of the night was gone.

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course led? And yet he was good and generous, fond and faithful. Would any eyes ever look at her with such perfect satisfaction and approval as his always had? She suited him; he would never be tempted to wish her different. She stole back to him. If he had been a little more elegant! If his hands were not quite so hard and brown, if he had but a more stylish air, a grace like Mr. Manchester's, it would have been easier to make a hero of him. She decided at length, and, kindly as she could, she gave him his answer.

"No, Harry, I do not think I love you enough to look forward to a married life with you. I do care for you very much, but not the way you want me to. Forgive me."

"You are sure?" he asked, sadly.

"Yes, I think I am sure. I should not make you happy."

"Well, God bless you. May some one make you happy, Winnie, as happy as I wanted to!"

She dared not trust herself to say any more. The words seemed to choke him. He stooped her hand so hard that the little fingers were red half an hour later with the pressure, and then he hurried away.

Sitting by herself, after he went away, Winifred pitied him, and questioned her own heart. Had she done well? Had she not put aside pure gold to crown her brow with tinsel? Would any fine gentleman ever love her as that strong, honest heart had loved? Yet she did not ask him. She answered herself there. How many things she liked for which he cared nothing! How stupid it would be to be mistress of his farm—to superintend baking and butter-making, washing and mending! What a contrast between that life and the one Mr. Manchester's wife would lead—the travel, the sight-seeing, and dressing and society! He had told her, last night, that she had every qualification necessary to shine in any drawing-room, save a little knowledge of conventionalities, which would come to her in due season. And then a still, small voice in her soul vexed her with its persistent questions —would this life be any nobler, any worthier, any more satisfying? Would it lead her any nearer to the goal for which every true soul must strive? Was there any moral excellence in dancing, and dressing, and flirting? Would it not be better for it might be good in spite of it—but how if one put one's self voluntarily in the way of temptation? She answered herself, pitilessly, but loyal:

"Of course I shouldn't have been made to love such things if it wasn't right for me to enjoy them. Let those who have a taste for such things and gridirons live in kitchens, and wear homespun—for me, I like the graces and adornments of life better."

Then, to settle the matter, she went and made herself busy gathering strawberries and hulling them for Mr. Manchester's supper.

Toward dusk he came home, gallant and fascinating as ever; but for the first time his manner gave Winifred an impression of unreality. She did not like to analyze it, but the little, satirical curve of Harry Morris's truth and earnestness served as a touchstone. When they talked, after supper, there was a slight strain of sarcasm in some of the remarks upon country living and country people that jarred unpleasantly upon her mood. She began to question herself whether she was really capable of an exception to all her neighbors as his courtesy insinuated. If he should marry her, would there not come a time when he would tire of his country bride, and wish he had never seen her?

Perhaps he divined from her absence of mind that he was losing ground. He did his best to regain it. He exerted the charm of a manner which had been pronounced irresistible in drawing-rooms, and the little country maiden could not help yielding something to its spell. They walked together in the moonlight, under the trees full of fragrance, and she let him hold her hand that had tingled so that afternoon with Harry Morris's strong pressure. Before he reached the cottage gate he sounded doubly sweet in the night stillness, the great, wide night throbbing with a passionate fullness of magic and mystery that daytime never knows.

Still not a week had passed before she knew that she loved him. Charles Manchester left, and never should love him. Now that she had lost Harry Morris the spell of the old time began to reassert its power. She could not shared so many hours with him, their lives were linked by so many old memories, that she could have been impossible to forget. But, after all, the strongest connection he had for her was the strength of his love and his nature. She had never realized it until Charles Manchester gave birth. He poetry and sentiment ceased to charm. His dark, persuasive eyes beguiled her in vain. His silver tongue had lost its power. And yet she made up her mind deliberately that he should be hers. She seemed to her that only when she had refused Mr. Manchester would she have the right to go to Harry Morris and tell him that she had misunderstood her own heart, and had come to him as the next best opening. She was too proud to endure that imputation. Unless she could say to him, "I could have been Charles Manchester's wife, and I would not, because I loved you," she would not go to him at all. And so for the time she determined to be with Meadowbrook love assumed all the intensity of a passion, and she gave to it the whole energy of her nature. She had staked her life upon it, and must. Through this move she was to win or lose all.

So all through July they played at this game of hearts—Charles Manchester with his city airs, his world-wisdom, his experience; Winifred with her woman's wit and woman's will. She brought into service all her attractions—was coy and shy sometimes, tender sometimes, playful sometimes. If he had had a heart she must have won it. The trouble was he had none. It was quite impossible for him to love heartily, honestly, self-forgetfully; and, of course, only such a love would have won him willing to ignore all inequalities of position, and marry the landlady's daughter. Still he was determined to make her love him, and show some signs of it—scarcely less determined in his purpose than Winifred was in hers. He found her very tantalizing. One hour he would be almost sure she adored him, and would break her heart when he went away—the next, her caresses and her words would seem so utterly spontaneous, and untouched by any sentimental miscries, that he would be just as sure she did not care for him. It vexed him, piqued him into new attempts. He had succeeded so often that to fail now was not to be borne. Sometimes he was half tempted to propose to her, just to satisfy his curiosity at last as to whether she did love him. But the risk of being accepted was too great.

The first of August a summons came that must take him away. It found him just as uncertain as ever of the state of Winifred's heart, as he went to her with this letter in his hand.

"I must go to-morrow," he said, in a tone of lingering regret. "A party of friends, whom I promised to join in a tour to the Lakes, set off next week, and I must get at once to New York. I remember if I shall ever see Meadowbrook again—never Winifred again!"

All the time he was speaking he watched her keenly, and she knew it. She would not let him triumph by so much as a blush or the quiver of an eyelash. She answered him quite calmly.

"Oh yes, you'll be getting ill again, perhaps, and want a whiff of country air."

"But it would not be well for me to come to Meadowbrook for it. I shall not be the happier in years to come for what I have already seen of you, Winnie. I wish Miss Livingston were more like you!"

"Miss Livingston?" with just the slightest accent of inquiry.

"Yes, my cousin whom I am to marry—an old engagement."

The next moment Winifred was half across the garden, most energetically driving out an old hen, who was conducting her chickens in too near neighborhood to the pink-bed. When she returned she began talking upon some subject which had nothing to do with his departure, or with Miss Livingston. He had made his last move, and had to confess himself checkmated.

The next morning he went away. He bade Mrs. Payne a respectful good-by; then holding Winnie's hand, and drawing her to the door with him, he whispered, lightly,

"Good-by, little one. I shall not forget to drink your health now and then. Good luck, a happy life, and adieu, love!"

With that he just lifted her hand to his lips and was gone. She felt, with a passionate impatience in digestion, as if she should hate her hand forever because he had touched it. This, then, was the man for whom she had been ready to give up Harry Morris's honest love! Suppose she had done it, and perhaps she would if she had never known Harry, what would her love have been worth to him more than the clear stamp of the silver piece he threw away? Thank God, she had been spared that humiliation. Still, through him, had she not lost all? But for him she knew she should never have said no to Harry; and now that was all over. She had failed in winning Mr. Manchester, and Harry would think it was only that failure which had sent her to his arms. Under such circumstances would even his heart be large enough to take her in? At any rate she would never try him. So she came back quietly to life-long despair, with the curious resignation of young girls who decide that they are never to be happy again, as readily as if happiness or misery were altogether in their power.

The autumn passed, with its wild Presidential excitement, for it was the autumn of 1860, and the last white winter went by, and the great rebellion began, and in May they were getting up a Company of Meadowbrook boys to enlist for three years of the war. All this time Harry Morris had never been near the little grey cottage, nor had Winifred seen any thing of him, except a distant figure now and then at church or lyceum. He was among the first to enlist, and she heard it with a curious mingled mult of pride in him, apprehension for his safety, and a wild longing to ask him to forgive her before he went away. She resisted it until the very last night. Then, when the May moon was high, she went out of doors, scarcely knowing what she meant to do. She flitted on barefooted among the flowers, keeping in the shadow where she could, on toward his house. She did not exactly intend to go in—she had settled purpose, only her heart beat so fast on in spite of herself. A few rods from his door she saw him standing in the moonlight. She was tempted, when she saw him, to turn and run back; but he had already seen her, and came forward to meet her.

"Is that you, Winnie?" he said, with a sad gentleness of tone that struck to her heart. "You should not be out in this heavy dew with nothing on your head."

"I know—I did not think," she said, pantingly; then, with an eagerness she could not help, she asked, "Are you going to-morrow, Harry?"

"Yes, I am going."

Would he say no more? How could she break in upon his silence with her prayer for forgiveness? But could she let him go, and die, perhaps, without ever knowing how sorry she was? At last she asked, timidly,

"Should you have gone all the same if I had said Yes to you last June?"

"I hope I should," he answered, gravely. "I do not think that would have changed my duty, though it might have made it harder to do it. As it is, there is no one who will miss me very much."

The sad resignation of his tone conquered the last lingering throb of pride. Almost before she knew it her hands were clasped upon his arm, and she was crying, in a voice broken with sobs,

"Oh, Harry, Harry! I did love you! I did not know until afterward how well! I have been too proud and foolish to tell you, and now I feel that it was because I could not get Mr. Manchester. But I could not have you go away and not know how sorry I was, though I don't suppose you can ever love me again!"

"Not again, Winnie, for I never ceased to love you yet, and I never should. My darling, my darling!"

That was all; for what else they said was whispered so low that not even the night-birds could catch the words, and surely they do not belong to my story.

Perhaps, though, you will be glad to know that Harry Morris served his three years, and came out at last with two stripes on his shoulder, honor and hope and life. Not all soldiers die on battle-fields or rill up hospitals. This summer he came home, and, his time having run out, resolved to stay. Heaven grant that, like the people in the nursery tales, they may be happy ever after!

A WIFE'S SECRET.

I WAS forty years old when I married Caroline Mowbray. A severe disappointment which I experienced in early life had changed me much. To that personal I cannot allude, for it is now repulsive; but I thought she knew me better. Her father was a clergyman of small means, and she had four brothers, two of them already in the service. I met her. Our courtship was short. Her father was happy to see his last child provided for, and our wedding was celebrated with great pomp. Two or three brothers were there; the other two were in India, took her to our secluded house in the country, and for a year and more I lived a life of happiness such as falls to the lot of few.

She was of wonderful beauty. Tall, of exquisite rounded shape, with a face of perfect brilliant blackness. She was much given to melancholy, which greatly increased after the first year of our union. I then began to fancy that the memory of some old affection haunted her; but she often told me that I was the only man she had ever loved, and that my well-known jealousy of accomplished men (those were her words) had long caused her to entertain for me the greatest respect, even before she had seen me.

Several times I came upon her unexpectedly, and found her in tears, with an open letter in her hand. On my entreating her to let me share the cause of her unhappiness she pleaded nervousness, the thought of her father's delicate health, or other family matters, which, she assured me, I could not entirely. I troubled myself much about this. I thought that my manner toward her was not sufficiently tender enough, and indeed no manner could show the boundless depth of my love for her; then I thought that this disparity of our years precluded a perfect interchange of feeling and sentiment.

We had been married fifteen months when most unexpected news came to me from India. My English relative had died there, leaving me a large fortune, and my presence was required in Bengal to arrange important affairs. I hesitated whether to go alone about to sail I resolved to take passage in her, and I settled all things needful for my wife's comfort during my absence, which was likely to be a twelvemonth. Her despondency deepened, and I strove to flatter myself that my approaching departure was the cause.

I had had a lovely garden laid out for her. A side-walk led down to a tasteful bridge of ornamental wood, which spanned a small stream of insignificant stream in dry weather, but a dangerous torrent during the rains. In time of flood the water rushed down with great velocity, and was spoken of as "foreting" of the bridge, several of the flooring-boards were usually carried off. This bridge led into a park, just beyond which were the stables, and the stables commanded a view of our garden. Although there was then a dearth of good servants in the house, none of the servants were allowed to avail themselves of it; our usual evening stroll was the garden and the park, and those were strictly private.

For some days the rain had been falling heavily, and our walks were impossible. The servants escaped, however, by business in the neighboring town, and did not return as early as usual for several days in succession.

I returned one dark rainy evening just before sunset. Much rain had fallen, and as I crossed the bridge on foot I noticed that the water looked turbid and whirling beneath. This was not my usual way of going home, but in consequence of the rain I rode straight to the stables, left my horse with the groom, and took the short cut. There was a shaky summer-house at the further corner of the garden, and I observed, to my surprise, a man lounging along the path leading thither from the bridge. The pitch-wood torch was not lighted, and it was dusk; and my surprise was increased by coming to a spot in which they seemed to have been met by another person's prints, and thence to the summer-house. Whose foot but hers could have made those tiny impressions? I reached the summer-house, and there I found my wife.

"Good Heavens, Caroline!" I exclaimed; "you out on such all evening—you so delicate?" She was shivering with cold. "Who was here?" I said.

She shivered still more, and replied, timidly, "No stranger has been here, Reginald."

"What!" said I; "no one up the walk from the bridge?"

She looked frightened, again shuddered, and, gazing with her large eyes in my face, she repeated, "No stranger has been here."

I looked at her earnestly. Her eyes drooped; she was ghastly pale.

"Well, my dearest," I said, "let me muffle you well; you are very imprudent in so exposing yourself to the damp air."

I wrapped her large shawl around her; from one of its folds there fell on the ground a glove. It dropped from behind; and she did not see it. I picked it up and concealed it. It was a lavender kid glove that had been worn by a man.

I will not speak much of my feelings that night. Hundreds of trivial things came rushing and crowding into my memory—half of them, each of them, confirmation that the worst was true of her.

Her dejection and frequent weeping over the letters, were now accounted for. Had she not often and often withdrawn from me in the evenings, and staid there alone, returning with evasive excuses? Had I not seen her, more than once of late, drop a letter into the receiving-box of the bridge-office, when she might have put it in my writing at the house? Had I not seen her nervously starting at the slightest noise, when seated in the twilight at the window in her little sitting-room which overlooked the garden?

She walked into the house before me and I had time to collect myself. I pleaded headache, and retired into my library. She knew that I never could bear the presence of any one when ill, and I was safe from intrusion there. Amidst the whirling dance of my maddening thoughts no idea of revenge on her had any part. I don't believe in the commonly-received opinion that real love can turn readily into hate. I could not hate her. I even thought with pity of the unmanly part she could not fail to be hers in this world for evermore.

But how—he escape me! No. How best to prevent? Should I, by a sudden journey groom, who must from the stables have sometimes witnessed their stolen interviews?" No, my instincts revolted at the idea of such a step. I decided I met her, on angel though she was. I would do it all myself. My plans were soon formed. Early next morning I rode to one of the servant-and sent back, by my servant, a note to my wife, stating that I was compelled to start for the city that moment to make some arrangements for my voyage, and that I should be absent at least a week. I then went to town, purchased a light-colored wig, a large pair of green spectacles, disguised myself as a sailor and a large beard and mustache, returned to our village, where I engaged apartments opposite the post-office. From there I commenced the watch.

Three days after my supposed departure my wife's confidant came to the shop kept by the postmaster. Previous to her entering the shop I saw her drop a note into the letter-box. After a few minutes' delay in making purchases she drove off again.

Late in the afternoon a tall, distinguished-looking man, with moustache and cap, peak closely drawn down over his face, entered the shop. I felt this to be my enemy. I saw him receive a letter from the postmaster, and hastily walk away. I hurried to the shop, and in broken English asked if there were letters for Mr. Thirl? She replied in the negative. I then hurriedly requested her to look over all the letters. This was in order to gain time for a question or two.

I inquired if it was that fine-looking man who had just gone out of the shop? She didn't know; he was a stranger. But was not his name on his letters? Oh yes; that gentleman was Mr. Thornton, but he didn't live in the village. Had he been long in the habit of coming for letters? Not very long.

I walked forth in the direction of my house. It was nearly dusk when I came within sight of that spot where my wife's fall had been. Over the wet spongy fields, over crumbling fences, through swollen water-courses, I had come, but danger and fatigue were alike unfelt. I came to a halt from the house I saw a horse tied up to a fence. I knew it with her then.

I hid myself close to the bridge for a while until darkness should conceal my movements. I then hurried across and approached the summer-house accidentally. Voices were there. No. 1 knew whose they were in the house then. I was not long left in indecision as to my next step. The window of her sitting-room was open, and there they stood, within a few yards of me, his arm thrown round her waist. I heard him, I saw him kiss her; I heard her kiss him. I heard her passionate "Good-by," and then, with the noiseless step of fate, I hastened by a near cut to the bridge.

I crossed it, shoved the ends of three planks off their supports so that the slightest weight should tilt them over, and waited about ten yards off, with a heart whose throbs I could not drown in even the angry flood.

His cue. He made a few steps along the bridge. Then a wild cry, a dashing of wood together, a plunge in the torrent, an interval of silence, another wild cry, "Help!" Then all was still. I was avenged. No mortal could escape out of that rock-banked stream in its then state.

Next morning I returned to my wife. "Caroline," I said, "I was close to you when you and he parted last night. I saw every thing. He shall pass no more in this world forgive you."

I left at once in a ship bound for Bengal. The events of the past few weeks had made such a wreck of me in both mind and body that there were not in my fellow-passengers who thought me insane. I can not describe the agony of my life during those few days. Only the knowledge that I never saw her or life was with me ever. And, so closely was the memory of her entwined with my being, his face was always before me, that I almost felt as though were a ghastly frown, which grew into a menace.

One evening, it was at sundown, a man fell overboard. The ship was going free, and there was a stiff breeze. As the man passed the quarter—or rather, as the quarter passed him—it was plain that he could not swim. A sudden impulse seized me; I snatched a life-buoy and leaped overboard. The helpless seaman and myself were left together. I remember seeing the cormorants sweeping about our heads, and a boat putting forth from the ship.

The next three months I remained in London to see is of our presence on board a whaler which had picked us up. We were forwarded by the first passing vessel to our destination. The tedium of business arrangements connected with my recent inheritance was a partial relief. But my fortune was no solace to the bitter past. After two years of objectless life I went to Australia. Here, a few days after my arrival, in the course of my travels I came to a creek where I stopped to bathe. I had just alighted when a horseman passed me at a rapid pace. He wore a red Garibaldi shirt, and a helmet hat with a red silk "puggaree" streaming behind it. He had hardly disappeared over the brow of the hill on the opposite side of the creek when two shots were heard, followed by a shout. I spurred my horse over the creek, and in a few seconds beheld the person who had passed me overthrown, his leg pinned to the ground by his horse, which was down, and a man in a mask, about a dozen yards off, taking aim at him with a revolver. The red horseman and the bush-ranger fired simultaneously, and the robber swerved in his saddle, but he came very close to the other and unhorsed his revolver again. I took a long shot, the robber's pistol fell to the ground, his right arm dropped at his side, and, uttering a howl of rage and pain, he galloped off toward the scrub.

When I reached the fallen man, and unhorsed him, he said, gayly, "Well, by Jove, that was much and got! Your shot went by me, Sir, and a better shot with a revolver I never saw!"

"Who could your assailant have been?" said I.

"Oh, one of Mickey's gang, I suppose. They've become very troublesome lately, and don't scruple to take life. I am certain I hit the scoundrel, but, by Jove, Sir, you have given him a stinger. Your arm is not far from this, and I beseech your company."

We soon came to his tent.

"Now then, Bob, look sharp about dinner!" Bob looked sharp, and we soon seated at a table, on which we saw kangaroo-" steamer," bronze-winged pigeons, and a kangaroo-" tail soup" of delicious flavor. Nor were welcome liquids wanting. There was sparkling Hock, Sherry, and pale brandy.

After dinner we lighted our pipes (I had), and he became very communicative.

"I have made a pot of money pounds," he said, "and no one could believe how lucky I have been. If riches could give happiness, I ought to be one of the happiest men in the world. But I am not.

He said this with a deep sigh, and smoked meditatively. I listened to him with great attention. A true young fellow he was; a wanderer like myself. He had evidently been reared as a gentleman, and bush-life had not made him forget his early habits.

"Have you never been in America?" he inquired, after a pause in our conversation.

"Often," I said, "on visits."

"In what part principally?"

"Many. The last I visited was New York."

"Indeed! I know many families in that city. Did you ever meet a Mrs. Ayres?"

"I have."

His tone spoke of her husband. "He was the noblest of men," said he, "although I only knew him through others."

As he said it, he seemed much agitated and took a glass of wine, a second, and a third. For the last few moments a dim presentiment had been creeping over me which plunged me back into the horrible past.

"Poor Caroline, poor Caroline!" he said, in a tone which I can never forget, "she was left in such a sad scamp, and a disgrace to my family; but soon, or later the truth will be known. She was my favorite sister. I was the youngest brother, and was spoiled. I went to India, took to gambling, took to drink, and at last proceedings were taken against me for forgery. I was wholly unprincipled. A comrade informed me privately that there was no chance of my acquittal; so I made my escape, he furnishing me with the money. I left England under a feigned name, and I saw my father, who would not receive me, saying that every mail from India contained shocking accounts of my conduct, which had broken my sister's heart and his. I went to my sister Caroline, saw her in private often, but never could reveal myself to her because in case to her husband. He was too honorable a man, she said, to screen me from justice as an outlaw, and he would, she was sure, deliver his own brother up to what he believed to be merited punishment. She had not seen me for years, and I resolved to leave the kingdom, and we parted with great tenderness, for she did not believe me guilty. But on that dismal evening I laid me down in the bitterness of evil, and she was nearly right, for, on my crossing a foot-bridge that led from the garden, part of the planking gave way, and I was plunged in the water, a perfect torrent. Although a good swimmer, I must have perished but for one of the planks that had fallen with me, and which I was able to cling to this, and was landed, much bruised, a mile down the river. I reached the city, and wrote to her before I started, telling her of my conduct, and asking her a reply the day before sailing, which much distressed me. Judge my feelings when I have brought a great grief upon me. I think and hope I am going to the grave."

"Most merciful Heaven! Oh, most merciful Heaven!" I cried. "Look at this, Mowbray, Sir!"

With trembling hands I pulled out a miniature from my bosom, and held it out to him"

"My sister Carry!" cried he.

"It is the picture of your wife, James Mowbray," said I. "I am Reginald Aspen."

I thanked God that he had saved me from murder, and had given me back my brother. Yes, she was stainless, and these two years of sad perplexity had had no deeper cause than my wife's reluctance to reveal to me the supposed dishonor of her brother. We returned to America, and soon learned that the comrade who had really committed the forgeries had confessed them on his death-bed. For long and peaceful years James Mowbray has been the honored guest of our happy home. Pleasant evenings he ever has are with two young chubby cognies and one little girl, the two former bearing respectively the names of James and Reginald—the latter that of Carry.



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



THE VALENTINE.

THE warm yellow sunlight slants into the room
Through the window where fair Cousin Marian stands;
On her cheek just a shade of the rose's rich bloom,
And my valentine held in her hands.

WITH what care I selected the paper, cream laid,
Edged with gilt, spiced with perfume, stamped *extra fine*;
And the lines which I wrote—never poet yet made
A verse full of passion like mine.

FROM behind the dark curtain I follow her eyes—
Ah, never was maiden on earth half so fair!
And I doubt if the angels which dwell in the skies
Have such waves of bright gold in their hair.

HER lips, like the curve in young Cupid's little bow—
I could never find out what crimson was nearest akin—
Are just parted a trifle, sufficient to show
The twin rows of pearls in between.

RIGHT before the broad window, and 1 to one side,
Her face half in shadow, in outline the rest,
And a pink-colored ribbon, coquettishly tied,
That I chose with such care at the best.

ON the little round table between us are thrown
Her hat and her shawl, but this moment laid by
From a walk in the park, for this once quite alone;
Did she wander where'er was I?

HOW often I've wished that I might be a flower,
Her favorite geranium there on the stand,
To be touched with delight and caressed every hour
By the touch of her dear little hand;

OR worn in the bright braid which covers her ear,
Those bits of bright jet to cross her soft cheek;
But alas! if I were she never might hear
The love which I never could speak.

SHE hears the last line with the faintest of sighs,
Her color turns deeper and mounts like a flame;
Like to two brimming wells are her sweet azure eyes,
And her lips softly murmur my name.

I step from the curtain, I clasp her slight waist;
Her bright little head droops adown on my breast;
I lift it, I kiss her, my manners are rude—
Never mind, you may guess at the rest.

CLEMENT CAREW.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

WELL, one day my master told me he had got me a situation. I was engaged to wait on the steward's room at the Earl of Normanbury's.

"NOW, Clem," said he, with his honest eyes looking full into mine, "you have your future before you. With some boys I might feel a doubt whether I had done right in saying nothing of the past to this steward: with you I have none. I know that you will keep your promise to me."

"I will, Sir."

"I trust that you will live down the evil that has attached to your name, and make yourself a new and upright character."

"God helping me, Sir, for trusting me. I will."

I went to my place, and found it a hard one. The ladies and gentlemen of the steward's room were difficult to please. I have waited on many real ones since, and found them considerably less so. But the set at Normanbury Park was a tip-top set, and Mr. Latchup the steward took care to inform me the very first day. "Every think in my apartments is mest beleaguer," said he; "I'll see to that myself. We have things first-rate, we have; and of course are waited on according. His lordship ain't half as particklar how he's served as I am for my ladies and gentlemen." And this was true. I found, too, that the steward's boy was expected to do pretty nearly the whole work of the establishment, and to "do it willing." "None of yer hidle airs here!" the second footman said to me one day, when I remonstrated against some special work of his. "Who are you, pray, to talk to me about trouble? Why, a whipper-snapper like you has no call to know the meaning of the word."

I had no proper name in that house. I was "Buttons" to "Loot!" to "Young Shaver!" to "Whipper-snapper!" to "Butter-fingers!" to "You Booby!" to "Lazybones!" to "Now, Stoopid!" to "Great Gawk!" and a dozen other such flattering appellations. I was bullied, cuffed, sworn at, ridiculed, abused. My eyes were apostrophized in a manner far from complimentary. My waistcoats and vulgarity were a theme for continual comment. I had work and kicks in plenty, but no love. It was undeniably a hard place.

Mr. Latchup was a great man in every sense of the word; more than six feet high, and large in proportion. His personal manner, used grand language, and walked the floors grandly. They trembled under him, so did I. Nature seemed to me to have made a mistake in his case, and while he ought to have been the Earl of Normanbury, that noble man, a little bald-headed personage, who sneaked about the house as though he was afraid to meet his own servants, should have been the steward. I saw many strange things there, which opened my mind not a little. I saw the contrast between the meritorious table of a great man—abundant—and the meagre fare of a poor curate, though the latter was a gentleman born and bred. I saw the waste, the airs, and extravagance of this pampered part of society, who eat and don't pay. I saw the jealousies, the heart-burnings, the contentions, the love-making, that went on in those luxurious lower regions; and I saw a great deal more that I won't even allude to here. For, although I was "Stoopid!" and a "Booby!" I had eyes, and used them.

In course of time, by dint of cuffs and hard names on the part of those ladies and gentlemen, and hard trying on mine, I had learned my business pretty thoroughly, and they were good enough to keep me tolerably well up to it. Mr. Latchup sometimes condescended to say I was not a bad sort of young fellow, take it together, though decided low. And that was my calamity. It was not every one as was born with such genteel ideas, nor how could it be expected of the lower orders? Of course not.

But in sixteen months there came a thunder-clap. The butcher in B—— whose meat I had stolen had married a sister of Mr. Latchup, and, as ill luck would have it, Lord Normanbury being absent, the bride and bridegroom thought proper to take her brother in their way home after their wedding trip, and were, of course, luxuriously entertained in the steward's private apartments. The instant I beheld Mr. Lardner's face I knew my fate. His look of horrified surprise was quite enough for me.

How shall I describe the commotion that ensued? Every servant flew to examine his or her possessions; every decanter was locked up. Mr. Latchup, fortunately for me, nothing was missed. The very coalscrymaid couldn't say but what her things were right enough—and what a misery, even when they might have been' all pick-pocketed and murdered in their beds, and never known nothing about it.

That afternoon I was summoned to Mr. Latchup's private apartments, who, looming vast and tremendous, thus addressed me:

"Well, this here's a pretty go, this is. Now look here, and listen to me, young shaver. I don't deny but what you've behaved respectable on the whole while here, setting aside your vulgar ways, which you can't help, for you're born so; the low orders act. But the ladies and gentlemen 'ye see? as frequents these apartments ain't accustomed to the society of thieves, nor yet of the swell mob, do ye see? and of course they couldn't think of putting up with it. And stealing a beggarly piece of soap meat! Yah! *—so low.* Consequently, I expect the commission would go. Immediate. But you'll be treated handsome—that's my principle with the lower classes. Your mouth's wages and board wages. And I'll tell you what, to come upon me for a reckmendation, because I can't give none. The responsibility would be too tremendjous."

I had worked hard—struggled hard—borne much in that house, all in the hope of redeeming my character, and having gone through it with good master. I sneaked out of it like a convicted thief (*as I was*), with swollen eyes, a bursting heart, and a character blasted. Yet I was to forgive Philip!

I never thought of a dishonest life now—that time was past. I would go to my master, and lay my sorrow before him.

Alas! sorrow had been there before me. His little child had died some months previously of scarlet-fever, and he himself was dying now of rapid decline, the consequence of a cold caught one bitter night in attending his little darling. His sweet wife came down, and told me these tidings with a pale, sad face, but without a tear. She had wept them away. Her heart was broken, and she seemed to have no tears left. The doctor had ordered him to see no one for long together; but when he heard that I was, naturally enough, in great grief, he must come in at once. Ah! how changed—how wan—how wasted was the dear face! But it had a holy, heavenly light, which I feared with confusion. Nothing would change those, I thought, but death.

And I had not been long with him before he had comforted me so, that for the time, at least, I almost forgot my grief.

He said he, Sir, when he had listened to my tale with breathless interest, "it is hard, it *is* hard. But it is all right, nevertheless, as you'll know some day. You've been tempted five years, bearing him to better myself again by going to a widow lady of rank as upper footman, with a considerable increase of wages. I met with her I became engaged to a young fellow-servant, who, although decidedly above me in rank (she was my lady's own maid), allowed herself to be touched by my devotion and sincerely returned it. Fanny Pearson was remarkable for her beauty, but still more for her steadiness. She was very young and too poor to marry then of course (I was but six-and-twenty, and she a twelvemonth younger), that as soon, with my lady's good recommendation, as we should have saved enough to make it prudent we would set up in business of some kind as man and wife.

Nearly ten years had now passed since the event I have related, and I did long to see the lovely face the hated evil down. But I never forget it. A thrill of horror would often dart through me as I went about with my tray, and should feel if that discrace should ever reach to Fanny's ears. Yet sometimes I half resolved to tell her the whole, for I doubted whether my honest, whether it was justifiable to keep from her such a fact. But I had not the courage to risk losing one I loved so dearly. I pondered many times, but I held my peace.

When I had been rather more than three years in my lady's service certain family changes obliged me to break up my establishment and join her son on the Continent. In announcing to me this necessity, not without expressing great regret at parting with me, my lady was pleased to help me to a far better and more lucrative place than her own, of most any that I thankfully accepted the charge of a young relative's companion to Mr. Grant, a friend of hers in London, who was looking out for a very steady man-servant to take charge of his son, a boy of fifteen, and principals to try me. I found Mr. Grant the most fussy and suspicious of mortals. He seemed to do every thing, to be on his guard at all points, to be never tired of blessing his own soul and body. After my second interview with him he went on a long string of questions as long as my arm, and appointed me a third time to learn his final decision. I went and was engaged. My lady's name was a host in itself, more than satisfactory. "Bless my soul and body! quite out of the way!" —and he handed me a note to take at once to my future master. Mr. Hauway's was the servant he had engaged for her. As I was about to leave the room a footman, entering, informed him that the person who had called to enquire after Miss Grant was in the parlor. "Again!" Mr. Grant exclaimed excitedly. "Bless my soul and body! Show me in!" and running out into the hall, his servant and I following more leisurely behind, he found the person in question standing there hat in hand and exclaimed, "Bless my soul! here again! Why, I thought I told you I had nearly engaged a person—subject to character, of course! But that's turned out first-rate, and now *I have* engaged him."

"Very good, Sir. I beg your pardon—I only called just for the chance," a civil voice replied that made my blood run cold. Till then Mr. Grant had hid the speaker from my sight; but now, as he turned to leave him, we suddenly stood in full view of one another. It was *Philip Steele*. Handsome, well dressed, almost gentlemanlike in appearance—Philip Steele.

My blood rushed to my heart and brain; yet my senses were rather sharpened than otherwise, and I was able to observe him narrowly. He made one very respectful bow to Mr. Grant, another to me. Grant, "May I venture to ask if that is the person you have engaged, Sir?"

"Bless my soul! yes, it is!" that gentleman replied, in a fever, directly. "Why? why? what? Bless my soul! what?"

"Because it is right to inform you, what you are probably not aware of, that that person, Clement Carew, was convicted of theft some years ago, and sent to prison."

Mr. Grant started as though he had been shot, and stared at him, trembling in every joint.

"Bless my soul! Bless *my soul!* And body! In prison!"

"He will not deny it himself, Sir, if you will kindly ask him."

He spoke with apparent reluctance, as though fulfilling an unpleasant duty.

Mr. Grant turned to me. "*Is* this true?" he cried literally dancing about in the extremity of his horror.

He need not have asked. The truth was written in my face. I knew that I was white as the letter I held in my shaking hand. I was guilty; and looked so.

I returned him that letter without one word. Words would not have come just then.

"Bless my soul! but this is shocking, you know!" Mr. Grant cried, his face shining with perspiration; "this is—this is shocking! I—I mean I had actually engaged for that poor helpless lady! With such a character! To deceive one so! Bless my soul and body! I'm sure," turning to Philip, who stood there apparently unmoved, "I'm sure I'm infinitely indebted to you for having—"

But here words came to me, pouring forth from my bursting heart like a torrent.

"Yes, you are indebted! Yes, he spoke truth! I was sent to prison for theft—and I am *him!* I did steal a few pounds of meat to save my mother from starving! my mother who had nursed him day and night through a fearful fever, and saved his life at the risk of her own!"

Then I turned and confronted him with glaring, murderous eyes.

"This is the second time you have denounced, destroyed me; and I will not! I don't care you from him, where you stand, it's not for your sake, nor yet mine, but for one I won't even name in your hearing. Then, if you've had your turn twice—the third may be mine!"

And dashing furiously past him, as he sprang aside, scared and astonished, out of my way, I threw myself on the door, and darted from the house.

I ran as I had run the day of the theft—as though I might be pursued by the same disgrace. I never stopped till I had reached my lodging. I tore through the little shop—past the astonished greengrocer and his wife, scrambled upstairs to the counter—up into my own room, and locked myself in like a hunted creature. Hunted! I was hunted by the cry of my own deed! That cruel deed found me out again—dragged me down as it would always do—as those thieves had said it would! I was lost! forever!

All that day I sat there immovable—trying to think—a dull sense of agony weighing me down! But it was hard to think. I had no strives for the right—so resisted every temptation to even trivial faults—so prided myself on my honest name —on the trust placed in me! so gloried in my lady's high recommendation! And now disgraced! publicly proclaimed *a thief!* For Mr. Grant's nervous head never paused; and Mr. Grant himself would of course inform my lady. *Fanny would know it!* I covered my face with my hands, and moaned aloud, in spite of that. I longed to die—to throw myself into the river, and end it all. There was no grace for me on earth—no hope! "Lost forever, *lost!*" What would the master say now? He would have no forgive him, no doubt! Forgive him! I never could—for destroying him, then I would forgive him now.

For three days I never moved from that room; the first night I never went to bed at all, but lay through the dark hours, motionless, staring at the sky, like one in a dream. The woman of the house, alarmed at my strange behavior, came to try to get room several times, bringing food by way of excuse, and, to rid myself of her importunities, I tried to eat. On the third morning she found a letter. It was from Fanny. I opened it mechanically; too well I knew what it would, what it must contain. And I was not deceived. All was at an end between us. I could not be surprised, she wrote, at her refusing to keep to an engagement made in the ignorance of my former life. She would try and forgive the cruel wrong I had done her, the deception I had practiced, and I should have her prayers. But she must bid me farewell.

I sat gazing vacantly at this letter as it lay open before me, altogether unconscious of the full meaning of the letters, and lingering in the room watching me. At last she spoke.

"We've been here before partickler, me and Sprags have, about the lodgers we've took in, and never done a unjust thing by no one—not since we set up in the green-grocery business."

I looked up. I did not even comprehend her meaning.

"I'p'ups it'd be pleasanter for all parties if you was to suit yourself," she said, bluntly. "It's best to be straightforward, and so I tell ye."

I understood her now. *Oh, she had heard it!*

Like one recovering from a long illness, feeble and sore smitten, I tottered from that place, and

went out into the cold, hard world again. I wandered far away into one of the humblest quarters of the town, and engaged the first poor room I could find. I had plenty of money. For a long time past I had been saving every penny I could spare with a precious object—I had saved for Fanny.

Not long after I fell seriously ill, and for a time I hoped that death would relieve me of my sufferings. But Providence had other things in store for me.

After many months, being forced work by a neighboring carpenter, who accidentally discovered my knowledge of the trade, I accepted it, more from a need of some occupation than from actual poverty. Then followed weeks, months, years of colorless, monotonous existence, during which I performed mechanically the tasks set me, held no communication with any one that I could shake hands with or speak, almost hated myself; an existence without interest, without sympathy, *without forgiveness*. For I lived upon my resentment. I brooded over it. I renewed it day by day. I was forever picturing to myself with vindictive delight the vengeance I would wreak on that interloper if I could. I longed that I were but free to injure, as I considered I was to other him. For my promise to my master was no longer binding in my eyes. No being in his senses could expect me to do other than hate Philip Steele now.

I pass over the rage, dreadful and godless as they were. In my desolation I did sometimes utter the Publican's prayer; but I never went to church; I never knelt down for five long years. I dared to be angry with my Great Creator. I writhed under an unmerited sense of injustice. I thought myself a hunted, doomed, accursed creature, shut out from all sympathy and love—utterly and forever alone.

A mistaken idea has generally himself to blame full as much as the world. I see now that much of what I endured at that time I might have spared myself. If, instead of flying from the struggle, I had fought on, as Mr. Penrhyn once advised, I should have won my way at last. For I had friends, who valued and would gladly have served me. My lady had taken no end of pains to sift my story, and had sought out every where before she and Lucy went abroad. Dean Tudor had done the same, bearing strong and willing testimony in my favor; and had, by the way, my dear mistress, when she learned from him what had chanced, never ceased to make inquiries for me. But I had left no trace in my apparent desire to hide myself from all the world I had changed my very name, and the words of kindness and encouragement that would have raised my fainting spirit were never spoken. So five dreary years passed by, and at thirty-one I was an old man in heart, and in outward appearance. But long before that time I had engaged these premises and set up on my own account. I had a most satisfactory if never suffering a business hours to cross my threshold except on business—in encouraging the belief that I was crazed, though harmless.

One evening I was returning home after a long walk, when my attention was arrested by a crowd that surrounded a humble door-step in a street not far off. I did what I had not done for months—I might say years before—I addressed myself, of my own accord, to a fellow-creature, and inquired what was the matter. "A man either dead or dying," was the reply. "A case of starvation, they say." I could scarcely account for the impulse that induced me to approach, and as I did so the crowd partially opened. "Has any one ever a drop of brandy?" a bystander inquired, looking round. I had. I always carried a small flask of it in my pocket, being subject to a sort of spasm, at times, then, following in his wake as he pushed his way back again, stooping down at last over an object on the step, which lay partly form concealed. "I have got his mouth open," I heard him say. Then there was a buzz of voices.

"Yes—yes—he swallowed."

"He's not dead."

"Ain't he?"

"No. He did swallow."

"There! he's swallowed some more—plenty—no—he's not dead."

"That's enough—don't give him no more now."

And the policeman raised his tall figure and returned me the flask. In doing so he moved a little on one side, and disclosed the form of the dying man. He was pale as death, his features attenuated, his clothes travel-stained and torn, his hat fallen off, his matted together, his whole appearance ghastly in the extreme. But there was no mistaking the features.

I advanced a step or two to make sure of the fact. I gazed at him. I gloated over him.

"I knew I could then, 'mines enemy?'" I felt wardly exclaimed.

Yes, I had found him, as my utmost malice could have wished him found. He was in my power now. Oh *joy* unspeakable! Revenge at last!

The brandy had so far restored him that he showed signs of life, though still insensible. The police were talking of conveying him to the station-house, but I interfered.

"I know this man well," I said. "Bring him to my house. He is a—I will see to him myself."

As they carried him after me it occurred to me to ask my self why I should do with this enemy of mine now that he had fallen thus unexpectedly into my power. But I put off that consideration for the present. But one hot got him home? It is the silence and solitude of my own house I would decide what to do with him.

He was borne through this shop—up these stairs—and laid on my bed. Then some one volunteered to go for a doctor; and before you would have thought it possible one had arrived—a young man with a shrewd, care-worn countenance —and was in full examination of the case. He shook his head over it. He doubted the patient's surviving the night. There had been recent terrible illness, he saw clear—fever probably; and that with want of food and overfatigue, had so prostrated the physical powers that he doubted their rallying at all. He would send medicines, however, to be administered according to the directions given, and on the care with which these were obeyed would probably depend the last chance of life. There ought to be constant watching, giving of occasional stimulants, and, later, food in very small quantities. Did I require a nurse? He could send a good one immediately.

No, I required none but a nurse. I shrank from the idea of such a spy upon my actions. I said I would do all that was necessary for the man myself.

Looking at me with that keen, almost suspicious eye of his, he remarked that he would call again in the morning and hastily left the room. I felt as I should want him sooner, repeated his injunctions as to care, and departed.

I managed, not without difficulty, to undress the unconscious form, and lay it inside the bed; and having done so, went down to prepare myself some supper. I felt I must both eat and drink; strength might be required for what I had to do. Presently a boy brought the medicines—a dozen bottles, in which we trifles, "to be taken immediately;" on the other, "A sixth part to be taken every two hours." I carried both up stairs with my own hands, and sitting down by the bed, began, for the first time, to think!

Thank Him, was my enemy at my mercy. The man who had twice blighted my life, destroyed my character, was in my power. I had but to throw these medicines, every drop of them, out of window, and he would die; the doctor had said so again and again. And I should be revenged. He had made my life a living death, and I should be quit as a matter of fact. And no creature would know. I should be safe from all risk of detection—alone in the house with him—the key in the door. His illness left him weaker in mind than in body. Drink had been his bane. He had had no less than three attacks of delirium tremens since I set eyes on him before I found him. And even now, though harmless and affectionate—and who can say how grateful!—he is not to be trusted. Why, for he can not resist temptation, and the least drop of drink upsets and drives him wild. He helps me in the shop, and reaches over the counter with a great devotion. He is out at this moment with our eldest girl—just seven—and will have kept her from the rain at the expense of a penny omnibus. In the night-school I have organized, and which is one of my greatest pleasures, he is full of infinite service. And there is not one of the boys from the shop but may not know my story. For I am a living proof myself of the strength of early impressions. And I should not like to make them of use to others too. They may disappear for a time and be forgotten; but, like invisible ink, they come out in the glow of fire, and in the hour of temptation or suffering, and remain indelible. And many a lad has been lost after once failing for want of a strong hand to help him up again, when a cheery voice like my dear master's to say "Fight on! Fight on! Live down the evil you have done, and make yourself a new and upright name!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

WOMEN IN PARAGUAY.—Every lady here smokes in Paraguay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age does the same. Even children of six years old have a cigar or tobacco in their mouth, keep it there constantly except when eating, and when playing will a about with it in their tongue and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the fair sex here, and you perceive a lady, who is arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds. She puts you back with out ceremony, and with the tips of her taper fingers of the other she draws forth from her mouth a green-bluish cigar, which is dripping with saliva, and offering like a monstrous grub, and depositing the savory morsel in your hand. Of course, you gote up for fire, and is ready for your salute. We have sometimes seen an overdressed foreigner, who, in order to avoid the necessity of such circumstances, and get the epithet of *unsocial* (the worst epithet in Paraguay), has offended beauty by their sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paraguay, and considered impolite if declined, and to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one half you meet are really introduced to render you useful on many consequences. You would nip the dee of the predicted lips on the face of a Paraguayan lady, as the Spaniards call the "honey-dew" of our Virginia.

PEPPERS AND SALT.—Recently a singular incident occurred at the Cafe Francais in 1810, at the corner of the Rue Lepelletier. A celebrated banker of Paris was dining there, all the persons who were seated at dinner. He boasted of his courage, and declared his determination to kill a certain duke, or any gentleman present, disguised as such, brought insolence, quietly walked up to this dare-devil, and addressed him in the most polite manner. The unknown customer, perhaps you will accommodate me by being good enough to hand me the salt?" The banker was struck as Forte Maillet, an mid-day to-morrow; and, to cut his story short, he did not dare to refuse, and he fled from the proverb and pistols." The duelist began to demur, saying that he did not know the gentleman, and that he was the vulgate of M. de ——; to which the gentleman replied: "I have done my duty as a member of civil society at a dangerous follow like yourself, and would recommend you before you give the challenge to inquire of the waiter, before insulting the body, who left Paris the following day, and never more set foot in the public.

FOURTH OF JULY FROLICS.—The most extraordinary and the most unusual instance of the combination of patriotism, perseverance, says Coleridge, is related of the founder of the Foley family. Foley was a fellow in a fellow in a fellow near Stourbridge, was often witness of the longsome labor and loss of time in the manufacture of iron rods, necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the means of rolling those rods into bars was made in Sweden, and the consequence of this advance in art were most disastrous to the Stourbridge manufacturers. Nevertheless, Foley the fiddler was shortly missed from his accustomed seats, and was found to be occupied in the forge, which he assiduously resorted to ascertain by what means the process of spinning into bars was accomplished. Without communicating his intention to a single human being, he succeeded in building a furnace without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he hired and fiddled his way into the favor of iron masters. After a long time, he became a universal favorite with the governor; and, through all the vicissitudes, never entirely disappeared from among his kind friends as he had appeared—he and his violin—at their festivals. The news came to England he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight and his partner, the bridgebuilder, Wilkinson, by whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected. Operations commenced. At the length every thing was prepared it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away forever. Not so: again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was received most joyfully, and, to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very end and aim of his life obtained beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of the failure. He now made diverge or rude trestings, and having abided an ample time to gratify his observations, and to strengthen charity and weekly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience established himself honorably beneath the name of Foley.

A CHINESE DINNER.—A traveler recently arrived from Pekin gives the following description of a Chinese dinner: "Tea first comes ushered in by a set of Chinese lower formed of slices of breast of goose and of a fish which the Chinese call mandarin fish, with a kind of pickled turnip and hard eggs of a dark color preserved in lime. Next came greens of pickled wheat and bamboo shoots, well known in Europe, enormous guavas, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chop-sticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always bird's-nest pudding, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the centre, each containing a different kind of sauce, and every second course was a ragout of sea-snails. At Macao these are boiled, but at Ningpo they are generally eaten raw, and slippery, by no means easy to pick up with small sticks. Other items remarked that of the green tea of the finest kind and hard eggs of a dark color preserved in lime. Next came greens of pickled wheat and bamboo shoots, well known in Europe, enormous guavas, preserved ginger, and fruits. All these are eaten with ivory chop-sticks, which the guests bring with them. On grand occasions the first dish is always bird's-nest pudding, which consists of a thick gelatinous substance. Small cups are placed round the centre, each containing a different kind of sauce, and every second course was a ragout of sea-snails. At Macao these are boiled, but at Ningpo they are generally eaten raw, and slippery, by no means easy to pick up with small sticks. Other items remarked that of the green tea of the finest. The meals were followed by a dish of the flesh covering the head of sturgeons, which was esteemed a great delicacy and are required to make even a small dish. Next a dish of sharks' fins made from slices of pork and a cock stewed, after these a stew of plums and other fruit, the acidity of which is rendered more agreeable to the taste than that of the dish; then mushrooms, pulse, and duckes' tongues, which are considered the so palm and the most delicious morsel. deer's tendon—a royal dish, which the Emperor himself sends as a present to his friends. Then a dish of ears, a kind of unctuous shell-fish; barley, boiled rice, served in small cups, with the incredible sweet potato, or igname, and other condiments. Last of all tea was served."

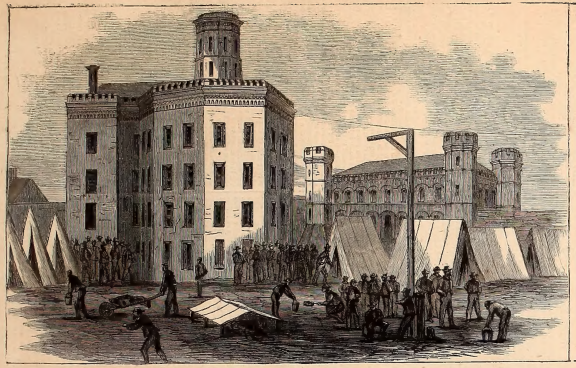
A HUMANE SOVEREIGN.—The Berlin journals relate the following anecdote of the King just taken from his throne: "A policeman was at the junction of two lines of railway, the lever in hand, when he saw the express train. He recognized within a few seconds of reaching the embankment. Then the idea occurred to him how easily he could by his role by playing on the rails of the line the train was to pass down. While the thought occurred to him, the unfortunate man dozed a substance resolution. 'He down!' He hooted and on to the child, but to no purpose, it remained at his post. The train passed along on its way, and the cries of the prostrate man were heard no more. It was the poor child! The father rushed forward exerting to take up the child, but he was now his joy completely. Then the boy had at once obeyed his order! He had laid down, and the whole train had passed over him without injuring him. The next day the King sent for the man and attached to his house the salary for civil courage."

FLAYING FOR SINGULAR STAKES.—Strange stakes were sometimes made in the middle ages, as in the early eighteenth century; and among those cite mentioned by Sykes is perhaps the oddest of all. In London, on Christmas Day, at the sign of the Saloon, in October, 1710, a child of Jowen and Elizabeth Jones, aged four years and a half, was flayed, having stoked against the child—by Henry and John R. Trotter, Robert Hughes, and Thomas Wood. There was by the latter, being duly delivered to them. It does not appear what the child and mother thought of the transaction, but as the child was handed over to the parties, we must presume that the parents consented.

PUGILISTIC SKILL.—It is to the credit of the Interior, the Book of Moses, that we find the earliest records of the use of the fighter-ring. In Egypt it appears to have been a sport, used as we now use a written autograph; and it is not a little curious that the unimaged habit of fighting in rounders the custom as common now as it was three thousand years ago. Wilkinson, in his account of Egypt, to which she should again recognize Judah, she made her first request for the head—and then the head of John—presented it was duly and undoubtedly acknowledged by all.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Nature endowed Marie Antoinette with a face which had much her an object of admiration. In chapel tall, her movements were swaying and graceful, her countenance of a pleasure such as to less nothing of her majesty; her hair was blonde and lithes, its warm tints reminding the beholder of the wavy tresses of Titian's; a lofty oval forehead, like to the fair daughter of Austria, crowned the face of liquid azure, in which the calm and the tempest of the soul made the look by turns deep or undisturbed; the nose was aquiline, by her family, a mingling of pride and of a smile; the chin turned up; her mouth was beautiful in the expression of the month; an irresistible grace shed like a youthful vapor over all her features, and the whole was set off by her vivacity put through an atmosphere of fire or inebriation.

SICK CHILDREN.—Few things in life are more piteous than the suffering of a sick child. Perhaps, if we came to reason about the matter, we should find a still profounder pathos in the misery of a sick man or woman; for the adult is more conscious of his state and of all that it implies, and is conscious, by the effort of his will, to a sense of duties deferred, of plans broken off, of responsibilities to others rendered impossible of discharge, of an incomplete past and a doubtful future. But on these occasions we do not think much of the pain and the pathos are touched in the case of the child more than in that of the grown-up person, to whom we have the advantage and forms, some but too natural. Childhood we are apt to associate great sensibility to pain, but also with uniform cheerfulness and enjoyment; and, at any rate, there is something extremely pathetic in the sudden eclipse on the lithe activity of a healthy child and the terrible repose or feverish restlessness of a child that is sick or serious ailment. Unfortunately it happens that children are peculiarly liable to certain forms of disease, many of maladies which seem specially prepared for the affliction of those unconscious sufferers. Their delicate organs are unused; and, besides them, the young are subject to many of the complaints which affect the full-grown and mature. Infants, small-pox and vaccine the brain, hooping-cough and diphtheria, are the bane of childhood. The wail for the little creatures even before they can run alone; and, if they are old enough to have learned to speak, by many other ways from day to day. A child, a fall, a fright, a mass of suffering unintelligible to the mother and to bewildered little things which, when the frame grows stronger, are thrown off as the natural incidents of childhood, and the child into weeks of sickness, and not infrequently end in death. If this be the case with children in families, how much more is it so among the poor, whose children—set aside from their parents' care, and left to themselves, often from hard necessity—are left to take their chance in the battle of existence, and to stake a single thought, succeeding or Nature has given them a weak or a sturdy constitution? The mere chance of life often seems a question of getting rid of all sickly infants, as not being fitted for the rough work of life; and the fact that the mortality of our own time and country are compelled to proceed, as a matter of fact, on the same principle. Whether we are not shelter the frail blossoms that need so much artificial warmth and shelter, and to stake a single chance, is a question I they know that they are born to speedy death; and they consider themselves as the ridiculous idea a feeble boy or girl is out of place among the true conditions of their living world, and that it is "all for the best" when they die. But, in the mean while, before the kindly release arrives, the miseries of the poor infants are lamentable to see or to contemplate. Sickness with all the pollutions of exalt to which it gives rise, and with poverty together with insufficient food, with damp and ill-warmed rooms, with the narrow and unwholesome bed, with filthy surroundings, with little or no nurture, and with nothing to relieve the monotony of pain and misery, is a terrible spectacle, which is the fate of thousands of unhappy children around us at the present moment, is indeed one of the saddest episodes in the history of life.



JAIL.



WORK-HOUSE.

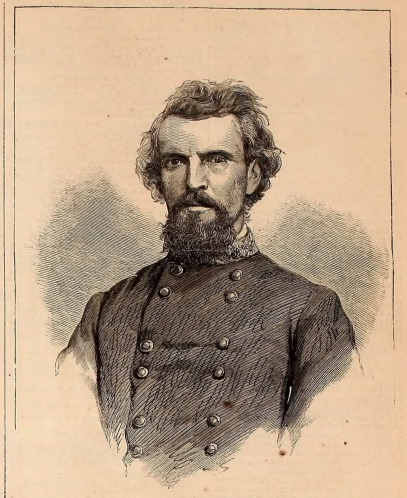
MILITARY PRISONS AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT F. MILLWARD.—[SEE PAGE 110.]



EASTPORT, MISSISSIPPI, GENERAL THOMAS'S HEAD-QUARTERS, JANUARY, 1865.—SKETCHED BY ADAM ROHR.—[SEE PAGE 110.]



GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, REBEL SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MINNIS, RICHMOND.]



THE REBEL GENERAL N. B. FORREST.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. J. SELBY, CORINTH, MISS.]

GEN. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE has just been appointed rebel Secretary of War, in place of SEDDON, resigned. The past political and military career of Mr. BRECKINRIDGE is already familiar to our readers. He was born near Lexington, Kentucky, January 21, 1821; was educated for the profession of law, but at the breaking out of the war with Mexico he entered the military service, though so late that he saw but little active service. Upon his return he was elected to the Kentucky Congress, and in 1851 to the United States Congress. In 1856 he was elected Vice-President, and in virtue of that office became President of the Senate, being the youngest officer who ever held that position. He was nominated for President in 1860 by the extreme Southern party, but was defeated. Elected to the Senate, he held his seat during most of the Extra Session beginning July 4, 1861. Toward the last of the Session he went over to the Confederates, and published a letter stating his reasons for taking this step. He was afterward formally expelled from the Senate for disloyalty.

His military career has not been a remarkable one. He first entered the campaign in Kentucky. He participated in the battle of Stone River, having risen previous to that date to the rank of Major-General. He held an important command in Louisiana in the summer of 1863. On the 5th of August he attacked the Federal garrison at Baton Rouge and was repulsed. His later campaigns in East Tennessee or in Virginia have not brought him any enviable distinction as a military officer. It remains to be seen what he can accomplish as Confederate Secretary of War.

GENERAL N. B. FORREST.

We give above a portrait of Major-General N. B. FORREST, the great cavalry leader of the Confederates in the West. He has been connected with the war from the first, and the most daring of the Confederate raids have been accomplished by his command. He had a brigade of cavalry at Fort Donelson, and to prevent being captured with the garrison he cut his way out with a portion of his command. In our advance southward he has been a most formidable enemy, falling upon our communications, capturing our supply trains, or sweeping down upon some feebly-defended town as he did upon Memphis last summer. It was General FORREST, without doubt, that saved General HOOD'S army from utter destruction, by covering his retreat across the Tennessee.



MILITARY EXECUTION NEAR CITY POINT, JANUARY 27, 1865.—SKETCHED BY JOHN R. HAMILTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

A MILITARY EXECUTION.

We illustrate on page 109 the military execution of private NEWELL W. ROOT, alias GEORGE H. HARRIS, for the crime of desertion, at City Point, January 27, 1865. It appears that, deluded by General LEE'S Order No. 65, he had made his way through the rebel lines and found his way to Louisa, Kentucky, where he was arrested while attempting to pass himself off as one of their deserters. He was one of 170 misguided men who had deserted to the enemy, and left Richmond on the 10th October last. Seventy of these have already been arrested, fifteen executed, and unrelenting martial law is still on the track of the remainder.

MILITARY PRISONS IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We give on page 108 two illustrations representing the prisons in which our officers have been confined in Charleston, S.C. In last August the jail and yard were occupied by six hundred army and navy officers, who were placed under the fire of our batteries on Morris Island. They were occupied at the same time by felons, murderers, lewd women, deserters from both armies, United States colored soldiers, and Southern slaves, most of whom were permitted to walk at will among the officers. When all the federal officers were moved from Macon to Charleston, at the time of SHERMAN'S raid, the Work-house and Roper Hospital had to be used as prisons. Of the former we give an illustration. The Roper Hospital was the finest building ever used for a military prison North or South. Indeed, the officers preferred that the shelling should be ten times as severe than to be removed to any other prison.

EASTPORT, MISSISSIPPI.

We have engraved on page 108 a view of Eastport, Mississippi, General THOMAS'S recent headquarters. The town is situated on the west side of the Tennessee River. General THOMAS'S headquarters are on the hill to the left, early in April, J. SUTRIS's on the steamer *Lilly*. The *Carondelet*, *Lexington*, *Neosho*, and *Gladiator* are on the river. The main portion of the town is not disclosed in the sketch, it being situated behind the hill to the left. It is just at the mouth of Bear Creek.

The rebel papers now gone into winter-quarters a few miles south of Eastport, at Tupelo. It will not be long before we shall again hear from General THOMAS.

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Perfect Digestion is perfect Health.—Keep the stomach in order and you will have healthy blood, healthy blood, firm nerves, an unclouded brain, and cheerful spirits—in short, perfect health. Let the stomach get a sound body animated by a sound mind. "Ah," says some invalid, "that's all very fine, but I am a martyr to Dyspepsia; my liver is out of order, my bowels are irregular, my head is dizzy and confused, my hands shake, my nerves are flurried; I am tormented with gloomy thoughts by day and disturbed with terrific dreams at night—in short, I feel very ill." Is it indeed so, suffering brother or sister? Then is it indeed fortunate that you have lighted on this notice. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will relieve you of your symptoms in a fortnight, if you will but use the assured remedy as directed; and there never was a case of indigestion that could resist it. Time and trial have proved its efficacy. It is a combination of the purest of all stimulants, with the purest Tonic and Aperient Roots that grow, and both of the medical profession of the United States generally are prescribing it. It has almost superseded Quinine as a cure for Intermittent Fever there. In Canada, the Provincial Indian, and Australian dependencies it is becoming with a rapidity wholly unexampled in the history of advertised remedies.

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For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

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For $3 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 50 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $5 75 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

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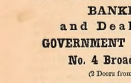
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4th. Its peculiar model makes it the most desirable Pocket Revolver ever made.

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Chief of Police, Cairo, Ill.

We have one of the "National Revolvers" now in use, and pronounce it one of the most perfect things of the kind we ever saw. It is simple in construction, reliable, sure fire, and shoots with the force and accuracy of a rifle. Any one in want of a good and reliable weapon can not do better than procure a "National Revolver."

(Signed,) J. S. VINCENT,

Editor and Proprietor "New Era."

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Wrapping Twine made of Paper.

Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

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To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used free of charge, with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the Advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address

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The subscription is so nearly completed that it is intended to close the same on or before the 15th of February.

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Capital stock, $6,000,000. Par value of shares, $100. Subscribers to this purchase will receive eight shares of stock for each one hundred dollars subscribed. Lands located on both Little Kanawha and Elk Rivers, in the counties of Gilmer and Braxton, in the very heart of the oil regions of West Virginia.

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These views are fully indorsed by the reports of the most practical and experienced men from the oil districts of both Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The Company consider themselves fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. BLACKWELL, a practical civil engineer, for the general superintendency, so well known as the late Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the "Commissioners of Washington Heights," New York City.

Arrangements are in rapid progress for the immediate development of the property on a scale commensurate with its value and extent.

Subscriptions payable at the time of subscribing, or one-half in cash, and the balance in thirty days from the time of closing the subscription, can be made in person or by letter at the office of the undersigned, No. 61 Cedar Street, New York; J. K. DOBSON, No. 62 State Street, Boston; and JOHN W. STRONG, Detroit, Michigan, where full information can be obtained.

JAMES WADSWORTH & CO.,

No. 61 Cedar Street, New York.

Great Imperial Watch.

See Colby Brothers' Advertisement on page 111.

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Patent Compressed Ivory, all colors, $12 00 per 100. W. M. WELLING, 571 Broadway, opp. GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 426.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OPENING OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

The field of military operations is narrowed down to the territory included between the Savannah and the James rivers. There will be military movements in the West, indeed, but not upon a large scale. The resistance which can be made to THOMAS's southward march through Mississippi can not be very great; but it is also true that, depleted as he must be by the transfer of so large a number of his troops eastward, General THOMAS will not be able to undertake the offensive with an army large enough to decide the conflict in the West. Both General GRANT and General LEE are aware that the vital conflict this spring must be in the Carolinas.

The campaign properly opened with the capture of Fort Fisher. The last week's record shows that it is now being vigorously pushed forward south of Petersburg and in the rear of Charleston. TERRY's army also has been largely reinforced, and threatens the capture of Wilmington. The Confederate army in the East is necessarily divided into three parts; one of which defends Richmond, another Charleston, and the third Wilmington, being thus distributed among three States.

SHERMAN's army operating against Charleston has made great progress. After Pocotaligo was captured it was left to General FOSTER, whose army thus becomes a pivot about which BRANCHVILLE and SLOCUM's columns turn northward, with Branchville for their goal. The occupation of Branchville determines the fate of Charleston. Then Charleston takes the place of Pocotaligo, and becomes the pivotal centre in the second stage of the Carolina campaign. The capture of Branchville simplifies the operations of both the Federal and Confederate armies. While it insures for us an excellent base of operations on the coast of South Carolina, it secures for the enemy a more perfect concentration of his force north of Branchville. By the abandonment of Charleston and Augusta several thousand men will be added to BEAUREGARD's army in SHERMAN's immediate front.

The army before Petersburg received marching orders January 31—the same day that SHERMAN moved from the line of the Savannah River. Nothing was accomplished, however, until the 5th of February, except a shelling of the enemy's lines along the Appomattox. At 3 A.M. of the 5th GREGG's cavalry started down the Jerusalem Plank-Road, reaching Reams's Station a little after daybreak. The Fifth Corps followed soon after along the Halifax Road. Further to the west, on the Vaughan Road, the Second Corps was advancing directly on Hatcher's Run. The Fifth Corps was, by a detour around the enemy's extreme right, to take the works on Hatcher's Run in reverse. The Sixth and Ninth Corps were to support the movement. It will be seen that this operation was very similar to the attempt formerly made on Hatcher's Run. GREGG encountered a portion of HAMPTON's cavalry at the crossing of Rowanty Creek. He was supported by the Second Division of the Fifth Corps, and took the bridge, with 22 prisoners. This conflict we have illustrated on page 116. A little west of the creek an empty supply-train, en route for North Carolina, was captured. A scouting party sent up the Boydton Road came upon some deserted camps of the enemy.

The Second Corps in the mean time came up to Hatcher's Run.—MOTT's and DE TROBRIAND's divisions crossed and captured the enemy's breast-works. SMYTH's Division, instead of crossing, turned in a northeasterly direction toward Armstrong's Mills, and soon found the enemy in full force. He then established his connection with MOTT, forming the right of the Second Corps. Upon this portion of the line three severe attacks were made by GORDON and HILL, late in the afternoon, and were repulsed.

During the night the Second and Fifth Corps had established connection with each other, and GREGG covered the left of the latter. On the 6th CRAWFORD's Division (the Third) of the Fifth Corps advanced northward to Dabney's Mills, and succeeded in capturing the enemy's works at that point. CRAWFORD, it appears, pushed on, but the rebels soon made a desperate stand and threatened to cut him off from the main army. This led to a retreat of the Third Division in considerable confusion. The enemy sought to follow up this temporary advantage by an attack on



BEFORE PETERSBURG—WINTER-QUARTERS FROM THE PLANTATION.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



POCOTALIGO DEPOT, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

the left of the Second Corps, but was severely repulsed.

An illustration on page 116, representing a charge made by the First Division of the Fifth Corps, refers to an action which occurred on the morning of the 7th.

The result of the movement, on the whole, has been favorable to us. Our line has been extended a few miles westward, and Petersburg is menaced more seriously than before. We still hold the line of Hatcher's Run.

LYRIC FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

["When I, an American, living under the Government founded by the immortal Washington, visit his tomb, let me not stand there, a stranger, an alien, by the caprice of a government founded by rebels and traitors."—*From a Union Speech, delivered in Union Square, New York, by the Hon. Chauncey Shaffer.*]

Words of beauty, power, glory,
How through all the land they ring,
Broad and mighty as the music
Rolling from our eagle's wing
As he battles with the tempest,
Scatters clouds that veil the plain,
So the glorious sun may sparkle
On its hallowed homes again!

What? Americans be aliens
Where *his* native forests bloom?
Beg permission for an hour
By their mighty *father's* tomb?

What? resign our rights to treasure
Worshiped by a whole wide world?
See *another* nation's banner
On the sacred spot unfurled?
Sooner shall exultant Heaven,
When the very noon is won,
Let the tempest fiends of chaos
Rob her kingdom of the sun!
No! ye impious rebels, traitors,
Ye who rend the very Trust
Left by *him*—no, never, never
Shall ye own that dear land!
All Americans shall guard it—
Even ye when Battle's fires
Shall have burnt out of your bosoms
Their disloyal, vile desires!

Words of beauty, power, glory,
Ring along the loyal sod!
Loudly ring as when archangels
Smite the thunder-bells of God—
Bells of warning to the peoples
Who in Truth's white castles dwell,
When their ramparts are assaulted
By the rebel hosts of hell!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CRITICS.

THAT the President knew exactly what Mr. Blair wished to say to Jefferson Davis —that he is at the bottom of all the movements for peace—that he will flinch and falter when it comes to the point—are assertions made and emphasized by some ardent friends of the Union. The one person they are not sure of is the President. The one thing they doubt is his fidelity, or if not that, then his sagacity. They fill the air with grumblings and growlings, and the newspaper with insinuations, and when they have done all they can to depress and discourage the popular heart they sigh and groan with renewed vigor at the want of persistence which the public displays.

If these gentlemen had but a little of the President's unswerving faith and cheerful sense—if they had but their own moderate share of the steady earnestness of the people, they would spare themselves much dismal croaking and their friends an incessant indignation. What we say true upon a consistent view of the President's whole course is now proved by his own word. In his Message upon the conference he says distinctly that he did not know what Mr. Blair wished to say to the rebels. His word disposes of that assertion. The correspondence he transmits shows exactly how much he thought he was disposed to follow, and effectually annihilates the idle slander that he will betray the national honor in the least degree.

Indeed, nothing but the foolish assumption of four years ago, that Mr. Lincoln was unfit for his office, can excuse such aspersions and reflections upon his honesty and capacity as are implied in the kind of twaddle of which we are speaking. Those who cling to that assumption reveal their disposition to judge of public men and affairs. If there is any man in the country who comprehends the scope of the war more fully than the President, who is he? If any man in the country has shown greater skill and sagacity in dealing with the rebellion, where is he? If there is any public man now living in the United States whom the gossips of which we speak would place in Mr. Lincoln's chair, what is his name? We venture to say that there is no man in our history who has shown a more felicitous combination of temperate conviction, and ability to grapple with a complication like that in which this country is involved than Abraham Lincoln.

When the war began there were impatient people who cried, "Oh, for an hour of Jackson!" But does any man who truly comprehends the character and antecedents of this great struggle, and the infinite patience and wisdom which its settlement of its various questions demands, really think that Andrew Jackson's qualities were those which the situation requires? Is the great fact of no significance that the vast and thrilling opposition to the policy of the Administration has crumbled away before the steady development of that policy, and trumbled without the least yielding of the Administration? Is it an incident of no meaning that, in the week of the passage of the emancipation amendment by Congress, S. S. Cox, a representative of a kind of "war Democracy," moves the thanks of Congress to the President, and in the same week the notorious Fernando Wood, the most unscrupulous demagogue and "peace" apostle in the country, declares for strenuous war? Is it nothing that the shrewdest journals of the Opposition, which from the first shot of the war cried out with Horatio Seymour that to touch slavery was to destroy the Constitution, now complacently announce that the Constitution has Amendment was always a "Democratic" measure, and that the Democratic party was always an anti-slavery party? Does any body mean seriously to assert that the entire head of an Administration which, in a country like this, frenzied with party-spirit like ours, torn for four years with a vast sectional civil war, and incessantly menaced with foreign interference, has directed public affairs until the army and navy are every where victorious, and the most malignant opponents of the war now approve it and thank the President, who has carried steadily forward a policy which they have steadily denounced—does any one mean gravely to assert that such a head is a shiftless, undecided man, ready to sacrifice any principle, forever mousing round for peace, and anxious to buy it at any price?

There is no man of all probably who wishes for peace more earnestly than the President. There is certainly no man who is so little likely to surrender any essential point to secure it. The power in the war, which he understands the people to cherish, he has plainly iterated and reiterated. The conditions upon which peace is possible, and without which it is impossible, he has as often repeated. Peace can not be made upon the sly or in a corner. Shall we not say plainly, what every loyal citizen sees with pain, that it is the *Tribune*, which has so long and nobly fought the good fight against the subversion of the Government by the slave power, that now speaks of peace in a strain of cringing obsequiousness to the slave lords in rebellion, which inevitably suggests that it would be willing to make peace upon terms of concession to those lords which the loyal people and all faithful citizens would reject with scorn?

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND THE MINE.

The explosion of the mine before Petersburg at the end of last July was, in its results, one of the real disasters of the war, because it discouraged the public, and to a degree foolishly disproportioned to the event. It will be remembered that the month of August was one of so general depression that the Chicago Convention felt emboldened to try the issue of election by an appeal to the cowardice of the country. This action at Chicago and the fall of Atlanta dissolved the temporary gloom, and the public mind resumed its natural tone of patience and confidence.

The scape-goat of the failure at Petersburg and of the petulance of the country was General Burnside. Forgetting his brilliant and distinguished services in North Carolina and East Tennessee, forgetting his generous self-sacrifice in regard to the battle of Fredericksburg, which certainly did not leave him culpable; forgetting the history of the intrigues in the Army of the Potomac, in the midst of which the one thing steadily clear was the character of Burnside; the disappointment of the mine betrayed the country into a passion in which the general was most sharply and impatiently condemned.

Those who knew him bided their time. Those who knew his good sense, his soldierly character, his integrity, and his professional skill in services, were very sure it would at last appear that, however severe and deplorable the misfortune, it could not be charged upon his sheer incapacity, and that the hero of Newbern and Roanoke had not suddenly become "a blunderer and a butcher." As for the General himself, he was no more dismayed than by canister, and he stood as firm and calm amidst the pelings of popular misrepresentation as in the storm of shot and shell. "Some of us must lose our lives in this war," said he, "and some of us our reputations. Perhaps a few must lose both." And when he was urged to publish some explanation of the circumstances, he replied smilingly, "When the war is over there will be plenty of time to clean damaged reputations."

But the war is not yet ended and Burnside's reputation is purged. The Committee on the Conduct of the War have reported upon the failure of the mine. Their conclusion is, that the failure is mainly attributable to the fact that the plan of General Burnside, carefully matured, was set aside at the last moment by General Meade, "who had evinced no faith in the successful prosecution of the work, had added to its no contemptible approval, and had assumed the entire direction and control only when it was completed and the time had come for reaping any advantages that might be derived from it."

General Burnside wished to put the colored troops in front, as they were the raw soldiers. General Meade objected. General Grant supported Meade's objection; but now, with the simple, manly honesty that marks all his conduct, he declares that he believes he was mistaken, and that if General Burnside's plan had been adopted success would have been secured. The truth is, that General Burnside knew his own corps better than any other commander could know it; he had made the most careful dispositions; he had faithfully drilled his men to the service; he had their heart and had a mutual faith in themselves and in the work. At the very last moment the whole plan was deranged. Confusion was invited and came. There was a sharp cry of disappointment. Dejection followed disaster; and the fame of a gallant soldier and noble man was obscured. We sincerely congratulate him, and the country that the cloud is entirely scattered. And we shall all be the gainers if hereafter we do not hasten to demolish the sacrifice of a reputation for every reverse that we may encounter.

NEW PARTIES.

There is a present end of political parties in the country. There is a body of representatives, indeed, in Congress and in the State Legislatures, which stands in favor of human slavery, jeers at negroes, insults the Government, and virtually justifies the rebellion. But these individuals do not form a true political party. They are merely a faction; a band of adventurers; the roving, marauding remains of an army, holding together until they can advantageously ally themselves to some other organized and effective force. Single individuals like Long and Pendleton can not claim the name of party. Even a political body with which Griswold, Ganson, and Odell, for instance, do not act. The position of these latter gentlemen shows that the late Democratic party has no longer exists. Those will belong here after to those leaders who are most skillful in perceiving the principles upon which a party can be rallied.

Of the parties that existed when the war began the name "Democratic" alone remains. The Constitutional Union party survives only in Kenn Bell drinking success to the rebellion in bad whisky. The Republican party, as such, has secured its great object of limiting the extension of slavery. The necessities of the case, in a nation waging a civil war, divide us all into two bodies; those who support the Administration in its war policy, and those who do not. But this will not long be the test separate us. The party of the Administration is composed of men as different as the late Edward Everett, Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, Greeley, Dutcher Weed, and Charles Sumner, who were respectively leaders of the Bell-Everett, the Breckinridge, the Douglas parties, and both wings of the Republican party, before the war. We are at the end of parties. Upon what grounds are they to be reconstructed?

There are various speculations upon this point, but they all seem to us to be premature. Parties in a free government divide upon the policy of administration. But until the administration of the Government is secure, it is too early to discuss policies. There may be differences as to the means of securing the authority of the Government. That is to say, the friends of the war may differ as to how it may be made most effective. But that is not a division into political parties.

Nor is it easy to infer from the previous history of the country what the division will be. The political struggle of this country from the beginning has been between the southern policy and the essential principles of the Government. But now that the latter have triumphed absolutely, and have destroyed the foundation of the former, the latter can be entirely new issues. These are likely to arise, in the first place, from the peculiar structure of our Government; and, in the next place, from the modifications necessary to carry it on. The relative rights and powers of the States and the nation, and the fundamental question of protection and free-trade, are the probable grounds of future party division.

The *Evening Post*, one of the oldest old-fashioned Democratic organs in the country, is of opinion that if the proposition of universal free-trade as the permanent national policy had been made to the rebel agents in Hampton Roads, it would have seriously tempted Mr. Hunter, an old free-trader. But however probable it may be that this question may hereafter divide the country politically, it would certainly have been an extraordinary suggestion from the President to the rebels. Nobody knows better than the *Post* that there is the utmost radical difference upon that very point among loyal men, and all that the President could have said would be no more than an expression of the probability that there would be a large free-trade party hereafter. But whether free-trade would be adopted as a permanent national policy the President could no more tell than Mr. Hunter. If he had chosen to indulge in political speculation of that kind the President might have added, that, in his opinion also, the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty would be effectually exploded. But such topics would hardly have been timely or judicious. What the President could officially do, was one thing. What Mr. Lincoln supposed he could officially decision upon a vital point of difference might be, was quite another.

In the present situation of the country there are no grounds upon which to construct great parties; but there was never a more favorable moment for the discussion of the causes which have brought us to this condition, that we may not only win victories but secure their fruits. The great fruit will be the establishment of the Government upon its original principles. When that is accomplished, parties will naturally arise.

THROWING IN PITCH.

General Grant has extended his lines before Petersburg toward the Southside Railroad, and General Sherman has seized a point which destroys the railroad communication of Richmond with the Southwest. Another piece of advance is like Napoleon's in his Austerlitz campaign. It shows no rashness, no confidence in chance; but is rapid and resistless. Every movement he makes writes his name more deeply in history as a truly great soldier.

Simultaneously with his success, simultaneously with the most deadly blow at the vitals of the rebellion, a shrill cry of rage bursts from its lips. At about the moment when Sherman's victorious columns occupied Bluffton, in their march of deliverance of the Southern people from the fierce despotism at Richmond, the leaders of the rebellion were in Hampton Roads, ranguing the people, declaring that the vile Yankees had insulted them beyond endurance, and that they must fight to the last gasp, or see their country destroyed, their homes ruined, and their family peace violated.

The wild fury of the speeches of the rebel chiefs is the natural downward-rushing impetuous spite and eagerness of the newspapers—show how profound is the conviction that only a convulsive energy can save the rebellion. The rebel chiefs see that they are the only hope of living; the rebel lines are shrinking before our steady advance. We occupy the rebel cities; we calmly invite the people to renounce their resistance to a Government which they confess has never injured them, or to suffer the consequences of refusal. Every where the national authority asserts itself. Every where the rebel power succumbs; and its leaders, foreseeing their doom, raise a yell of frenzy to stimulate despair. General Lee is reported to have said that all was well for the rebels if they would not yield to causeless despondency and foolish despair. General Lee is not a wise man, but he might have asked himself the reason of the general despondency around him.

A few years ago the people of his section were told that they had a right to break the Union; that if it were disputed they had merely to show their swords, and they could march out over the prostrate necks of the cuitiff tinkers called Yankees, and all the world would be moved. They would fight the battle at home if any were to be fought; that Europe would hasten to acknowledge their independence; that treat with the new nation; that cotton would coerce the world to the whims of "the South;" and that every gallant and chivalric Southron would have the satisfaction of shouldering the rifles which makes sunshine on earth, and "the South" graciously condescending to be the foremost nation of the globe.

Four years have passed, and these people see exactly what we see, what the world sees, and what General Lee sees. And thereupon that Captain says, if they only would agree to be despondency will be cured. "My dear Sir, why are you in the stocks?" asked a sympathetic friend of the unfortunate incumbent. "For stealing eggs, sir," was the reply. "Indeed! they can't put you in the stocks for stealing eggs," said the cheerful friend. "Can't they? Well, they have got it," dolefully answered the victim. If you only would not yield to despondency, says General Lee. How can we help it? his fellow-rebels might justly retort. If you only couldn't stretch the soles of your feet, as Procrustes might say to a martyr at the stake. Will you then please to remove the fire? would be a very natural response. General Lee can remove the despondency in one way only. Not by wondering at it, and expostulating with it, but by winning victories.

The loud cries and fierce execrations of the rebel orators and editors tell the people of the Southern States nothing new. Those people have always known that the war was waged by the rebel chiefs for separation and by the Government of the United States for the restoration of its authority over the rebel States. They of its authority over the rebel States. They know that before Stephens and Hunter went to Hampton Roads. They knew it after they re-

turned. But they knew it no more distinctly. The very papers which now shout at the "extravagant insolence" of the Yankees in proposing union under the Constitution and laws of Congress, are the same papers which have always derided and affected to despise the Yankees as brutes and cowards. Of course, therefore, they will not submit very readily. There is no new form of invective against the Union which the rebel leaders can use. The old styles have become stale. And what malignant falsehood and foolish calumny could not do in the first four years of the war, they are not likely to effect when the spirit of the rebellion is broken by the terrible tenacity and increasing skill of the nation.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN.

In his speech at the Richmond meeting to fire the rebel heart Mr. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, of Louisiana, the rebel Secretary of State, strongly urged the policy of arming the slaves. When our soldiers in the trenches said he, are crying out for help, shall we care whether the aid we send is black or white? "There are in the South," he said, "six hundred and eighty thousand able-bodied men of fighting age, and capable of being made fighting men. Let us say to every negro who wants to go into the ranks, Go and fight, and you are free. Don't press them, for that will make them run away, and they will be found fighting against us instead of for us." Without the adoption of some decisive, energetic, full-way measure like this there was danger, very great danger.

BENJAMIN is DAVIS's confidential man. These are DAVIS's views. And the rebel Senate has almost unanimously refused to adopt this decisive and full-way measure. The chivalry find the alternative too bitter. To be saved by our own slaves from our Confederacy, of which Mr. STEPHENS declared that slavery was the chief cornerstone, upon abolition! To owe our independence, which is to be so gloriously achieved by every Southern gentleman shooting a few dozen Yankee vermin, to "niggers!" NO, Mr. BENJAMIN. It would be to this feast that the chivalry were invited to sit down, and they quite unanimously decline the invitation.

Let JUDAH BENJAMIN look at it. You have always insisted that negroes were meant for slavery. It was resisting the divine order to oppose it. It was flying in the face of Providence. It was blasphemous. The negroes are good for nothing else. They are an inferior race. They require guardianship. They must be forced to work. They are lazy, idle vagabonds. They ought to own labor and the laborer. The true order of society is that which rests upon a servile class. The negro is really thankful for slavery. Have we not all of us an old black mammy?

This is what you and the other false Americans who lead this rebellion have always been instilling into the Southern mind. The incessant reiteration of this frantic nonsense to a population kept purposely ignorant and degraded has produced in their minds a firm conviction that it is truth. All your efforts, and those of your whole political school, have been directed for a generation to proving that slavery, and slavery alone, was the only safe condition for the negroes, even while you were at profound peace, and had the power of the United States Government on its side.

Who is it, then, you hope to fool? Is it the whites you have so treacherously deluded or the blacks you have so infamously wronged? Are the whites to be for a moment all they have been sedulously taught and unlearn in a day the conviction of a life? Or are the blacks to forget a year's wrongs all they have suffered at your hands? Do you think that a class which is able to be stimulated by the hope of freedom into fighting for you has not been able to comprehend that it is a fraud? Do you think these slaves have not watched, and waited, and scored incredibly upon their souls what they could not speak and could not write? Do you think that if you sincerely suppose they will trust *your* word, a life-long oppressor of their race avenging upon them the medieval torture of your own broken vow when they hear that your promise of freedom is extorted only by the direst fear? Do you imagine they think you would hesitate to order them to their graves if the need arose, and their children to the auction block, the moment you felt sure of the safety of your own neck?

Or is it the whites who are to believe that all your treachery which ordered them into rebellion was false? If the negro is only fit for slavery, why promise him freedom? If God meant him to be a slave, is it his own wish, if he happy in it, why disturb him, why not promise him that God's order and his own choice shall be accepted? If, as STEPHENS said, you went out of the old Union to form a new one upon slavery, what do you mean by abolition? These are questions that will be asked, that ask themselves, and which you can not answer.

JUDAH BENJAMIN knows that the slaves understand this contest as well as he. JUDAH BENJAMIN knows that two hundred thousand armed slaves would be presently masters of "the Confederacy." Every rebel thinks of it and shudders. It is the most terrible alternative he could present. His promise of freedom as a boon shows that he is conscious that slavery is a wrong. And it has always been so since he has defended it. And he knew it before, as he knows it now. But if a wrong, are the slaves alone unconscious of it? And when they are summoned to arms upon BENJAMIN's plain confession that he and his class without their aid are helpless to avert the fate which gives the negro freedom, is the negro likely to be ignorant of his power?

They are not a childish people. They are patient, mild, and long broken by bondage. But they have been carefully kept dulled and degraded, and the probabilities of the case are to be judged by prejudiced and ignorant, not by intelligent minds. It is too late, JUDAH BENJAMIN! There was a moment in the war when you might have tried it. But a succession of despair it is hopeless. Your little speech is one of the most significant in our history. It contains the confession of supreme political folly. It slaps in the face all the boasted "statesmanship" of your section for half a century.

GOOD MANNERS IN NEWSPAPERS.

MR. RICE, of Massachusetts, lately called attention in the House to an article in a newspaper espousing his honesty as a legislator, and followed by caustic remarks upon another paper to be read, which contained an implied aspersion upon the honesty of the first. Thereupon MR. LAWRENCE, of Kansas, proposed to forbid the first paper to have any reporter in the House, but withdrew the suggestion at the request of MR. RICE, saying, however, that he should have vended to others from the dogmas of the newspapers of New York they were attacked in a foul manner by the newspaper scribblers.

There is, indeed, no more difficult task to be, a comprehensive discussion of all public questions, and a strict criticism of all public men in the great newspapers. The New York Independent, for instance, is a power to-day. But we do understand him to complain of that personal malevolence and critical asperity which too often characterize our political discussions and correspondence. This disposition has run riot since the war began. It has, indeed, gone so far that the press of this country has seriously impaired the character both for veracity and intelligence. From the beginning of the war, when one leading journal, friendly to the Administration, daily maintained that the Secretary of State was a traitor, down to the time when another of the same class sneered at MR. STEVENS as a superannuated old fogy whose whole week in a body to the House to proved with the counting of the electoral votes.

In the House, a resolution was adopted requesting information from the Executive relative to the recent Peace Commission. A joint resolution appropriating $1000 to procure a marble bust of the late Chief Justice was passed the House. The Senate, having arrived at one, the Presidential vote was proved. The whole number of electoral votes was 233: for Abraham Lincoln for President, and Andrew Johnson for Vice President, 212; for George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton, 21.

February 9.

In the Senate, a bill was passed to take one degree of latitude from Utah and add the same to the State of Nevada. A bill was passed to build a bridge across the Mississippi river. A bill was passed to reimburse Missouri for expenses incurred in calling out the militia.

In the House, the report of the Committee of Conference on the bill to establish a bureau for freedmen was concurred in.

February 10.

In the Senate, the President's communication to the House on the Peace Conference was read and ordered to be printed.

In the House, the amendments to the Internal Revenue bill making whisky free had was defeated by a large majority. The President's communication on the Peace Conference was read.

February 11.

In the Senate, Lieutenant-General Grant made his appearance and received the courtesies of members. The Appropriation bill was passed by unanimous consent. An act for the salaries of the Assistant Secretaries of Departments to $3500 per year, and the Commissioner to $6000, for the extension of the Congressional Library.

In the House, MR. COX read an article in the *Evening Post*, charging him with interested motives in voting against the repeal of the duty on coal. General GRANT appeared on the floor, and the members paid their respects.

February 13.

In the Senate, a bill to establish a steamship line between San Francisco and China was passed. The House resolution returning the paper duty was passed, with an amendment making the duty ten per cent. The amendment of 2 per cent.

In the House, a resolution was adopted appropriating $25,000 for a naval picture by MR. POWELL. The House then took up the abolition of the Seven Hill. Amendments were agreed to exempting Bibles and Testaments, or volumes composed in part of the text of either, and prayer-books from any duty or tax. School books, and all books printed exclusively for Sunday schools, were also exempted from duty or tax.

February 14.

In the Senate, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President for a report of the Court of Inquiry on the sale of part of the cotton of the Petersburg mine.

In the House, the Senate bill, giving lands to Wisconsin to aid in the construction of railroads, was rejected by the House. The Amendatory Internal Revenue bill was then discussed, and the taxes on distilled spirits were amended so as to provisions in relation to tobacco manufactured or sold, and to the issuing of stamps to wholesale dealers, not otherwise herein provided for, that no gilt twists be bridges to be built over the Ohio at Cincinnati and Louisville were passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

The remains of the gallant Lieutenant B. H. Porter, United States Navy, who was killed while leading his men at the assault on Fort Fisher, were interred on Tuesday the 7th, at Skaneateles, with military honors. The Syracuse Citizens' Corps (Company A), Fifty-first Regiment, attended the funeral.

The gift of fifty-one thousand dollars in Government bonds to Vice-Admiral Farragut by the citizens of New York has had a second in the transmission to him of the letter of presentation, inclosed in "a beautiful blue morocco case, lined with white and red satin, resembling the royal colors."

Pascagoula has been evacuated by our troops.

The United States Army Laboratory located at Asteris was consumed by fire on the 16th instant. Loss about $50,000.

The rebel General John H. Winder died at Florence, South Carolina, on the 6th instant. Winder was known only too well by our prisoners.

It is said that the President's son, Mr. Robert Lincoln, intends entering the Army soon as an aid on the staff of Lieutenant-General Grant.

It is stated on good authority that the Calcutta cyclone cost sixty thousand lives. It is known, for example, that before the storm were struck George Island there were 8500 persons on it. When it had passed only 1200 remained, and this is only one of the many places swept. It is, however, the opinion of *patagonia* that we may settle that the storm were may one day sweep the Sunderlands, in which case the loss of life would probably be without a parallel, except in the two which may have been sustained when the Rum of Dublin, then a flourishing province, dropped one night into the sea.

General Canby's Peninsula campaign, both of which were sound at the capture of Fort Fisher, are still at Fortress Monroe, at the Quinnipiac Hotel, and the latest accounts were very encouraging. General Pemperton's wound was a very severe one, and it will be some time before he can recover, but he is doing well under the circumstances.

Colonel Mulford landed a cargo of a thousand of our exchanged prisoners at Annapolis on the 8th. "The best conditioned lot of our poor boys," said he, "we ever delivered to them. Indeed I could walk." He endeavored to bring away from Varina more of our sick and wounded prisoners, but the ice at the river banks made it impossible to ship them. The boats could not be forced up to the dock.

Rear-Admiral JOHN A. DAHLGREN, of Washington, died on the morning of the 14th, at the Metropolitan Hotel in Washington, in the 65th year of his age. He had been suffering from slight indisposition for two weeks. On the morning of the 14th, after an unusually refreshing sleep, he was seized with paralysis as he was about to rise. From that time until his decease he was insensible. He was visited by the President and numerous friends in his last illness.

Brigadier-General Grierson, the great raider, was, on the 13th, at the request of Lieutenant-General Grant, promoted to be Major-General by brevet.

John Van Buren died at Lake Ronkonkoma and spy, was on the 14th condemned to be hung on the 18th, by order of General Dix.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PICKED UP THAT HABLEM.—The oldest lunatic on record —Time out of mind!

A DEFINITION OF HUMBUG.—A woman was being examined as a witness, when, to a question put by the lawyer, Clarkson, she replied, "Don't think to humbug me, Sir, you can't do that, Recorder said, "I object to the question directly, woman, or I will commit you." "Ay," said Clarkson, "that will be a new way of getting rid of humbug!" "Why," replied the woman, "if I was to tell you, Mr. Clarkson, that the Recorder was a gentleman, that would be humbugging you and the court too."

THE SWEETEST THING IN BONNETS.—A Lady's Lips.

FACTS NEVER TO BE LOST SIGHT OF.—That wide-awake people always have their eyes open; and that if you close them you don't keep *your* eyes open, they'll open *them for you.*

WOODEN OF POETRY.—An old gentleman of the name of Tripe, finding a young lady's glove at a masquerade ball, presented it to her with the following words:

"If you find a glove you look for in the dark
Your glove is love, which I devote to thee."

To which the lady returned the following answer:

"If you find a Tripe you take the latter P,
Your *Tripe* is ego, and that won't do for me."

THE WORST WINTER FUR.—Chinchilli.

A SHARP LAD.—A boy from the country was recently taught his first lesson in morality. One evening after having been called up into the drawing-room, he came down with a blushing face, and whispered to his father, "What's the matter?" cried the cook. "Why," said he, "there are twelve on 'em in there, and they've just stuff the candle, and they had to ring for I to do it."

A PULPIT JOKE.—At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call, two candidates offered to preach, of the name of Adam and Eve. The congregation met in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon the crowd discovered that the congregation were much edified. In the evening MR. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Eve, where art thou?" The impromptu and his sermon gained him the situation.

A COCKNEY'S EPITAPH.

Think! "Pears for the hair and for the face!" my brother,
A nurse takes you from one, an 'earse to t'other.

THE POWER OF LOVE.—Andrew Jackson was once making a tongue speech in the U. S. Senate, in a small Whig, but he was combating Amos Kendall, who sat behind him, and whom he did not like. A little Latin, General," said he, "will be content without it." Jackson instantly thought upon the Latin motto of the State of Virginia, and turning over up his speech by exclaiming, "*Et pluribus unum*—she can not—she will not—she shall not—unum is power." The cheers tremendous, and the shouts could be heard for many miles.

FORECASTS.

The day after to-morrow will be fine if not otherwise, and the state of the weather will depend on the two following days.

The whole of next week will very considerably, unless there be a continuous run of weather of one character.

The part of the week after that week will be fine. The next ten days, it must be understood that he will rise and set at 4 A.M. and 8 P.M. daily, and therefore no doubt will be felt about him.

If it does not we shall be pretty certain to have wind; if not, it will be more or less calm—perhaps both more or less, or even less.

Should we have any rain it is more than probable that it will be wet, and should it be fine we shall very likely look for a thaw sooner or later.

The state of the weather for the first half of the year will be mainly dependent on the sort of weather we have in the next six months.

TO THEIR LOVERS.—The most delicate method of giving a lady a key to your feelings is to send her a *lock* of your hair.

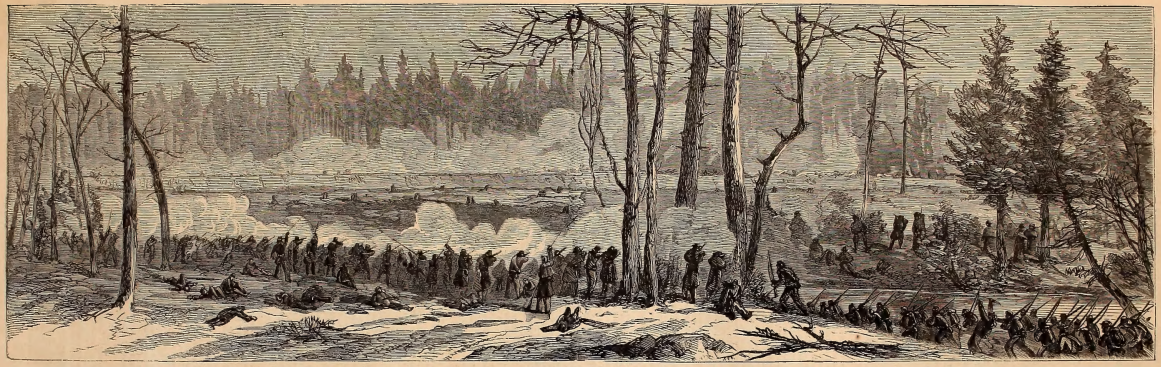
THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENTS.—A certain eminent physician, being invited to a dinner-party, arrived at the house of his host at an unusually early hour than had been agreed upon as the dinner-hour. He accordingly strolled out of doors and commenced a leisurely pace which was hard by. When dinner was announced the doctor was absent, and an inquiry was made as to where he was. "Oh," said the servants, who had seen him in the church-yard, "he is paying a visit to some of his old patients."

THERE are two points on which the generality of Scotchmen are dull as they are sharp in all other respects. They labor under a delusion with regard to Sunday, which they call the Sabbath, and entertain an insane objection to instrumental church music, whence they name an organ "a kist fu' of whistles."

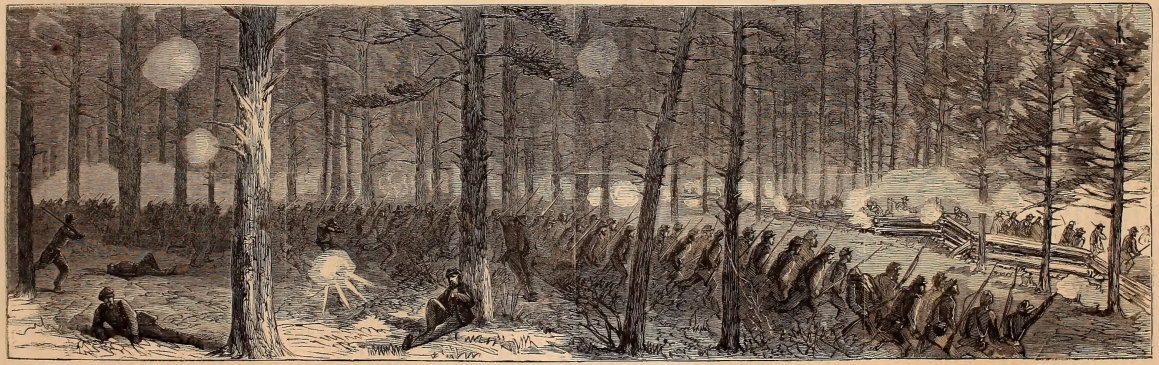
Peace makes plenty, plenty makes pride, pride breeds quarrel, and quarrel brings war; war brings spoil, and spoil poverty, poverty patience, and patience peace.

THE ARTIST TO ILLUSTRATE "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY"—School.

A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.—Settle them.



ACTION OF THE SECOND DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, WITH THE REBELS ON ROWANTY CREEK, FEBRUARY 5, 1865.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



CHARGE OF THE FIRST DIVISION, FIFTH CORPS, ON THE REBEL BREAST-WORKS, FEBRUARY 7, 1865.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 114.]



THE GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND NINTH STREETS.—[SKETCHED BY J. L. GILES.]

THE RECENT CONFLAGRATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

On the 8th instant there occurred the most terrible conflagration that has taken place in Philadelphia since the great fire of 1850. The fire originated about half past two A.M., in Washington Street, near Ninth, where there was an open lot on which BLACKBURN & Co. had between two and three thousand barrels of petroleum stored on account of various owners. The flames starting here spread almost with the rapidity of explosion through the yard. Says the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

"The blazing oil that escaped from the burning barrels poured over into Ninth Street and down to Federal, filling the entire street with a lake of fire, and igniting the houses upon both sides of Ninth Street for two squares, and carrying devastation into Washington, Ellsworth, and Federal streets, both above and below Ninth Street.

"An eye-witness, who was upon the spot when the oil poured out into the street, describes the fierce body of



THE GREAT FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA—VIEW IN FEDERAL STREET, LOOKING UP NINTH.—[SKETCHED BY J. L. GILES.]

flame so resembling a screw in its progress. It first whirled up Nisin Street, and then the fiery torrent rushed down the street for a distance of two squares, and then back again at the expense of the wind, destroying all living things that came in its way, burning dwellings and their contents as though they were as much straw, and even splitting into fragments the paving-stones as the stream with the intense heat. Fully five squares of houses, had they been placed in a row, were on fire at once. And the scene was one to make the stoutest heart quail.

"People sprang from their dwellings in terror, with no covering but their night-clothes; parents seeking for their children, and children filled the street looking for their parents. The horrid torment, were all dreadful enough, but there were still more terrible scenes witnessed. Men, women and children were literally roasted alive in the streets."

It is thought that eight persons were burned to death. One of the most thrilling incidents connected with the fire was the daring attempt made by a Mr. Fetzsworm, fireman, to rescue a child from her house, which was encircled by the flames. It is thus described by the Philadelphia *Press*:

"The fireman, all shaking and seething, was going down the street, and the house, from which eleven persons had been rescued but a moment before, was licked up by the red, fiery tongues of the demon of Destruction. At this time the brave fireman was hearing in his strong arms the body, it is supposed, of Mrs. Wurz or one of her daughters. His companions were driven back by the approach of the burning element—the increasing heat and stifling odors. Almost at the same moment that Fetzsworm got burst through the rear part of the house, and, flowing through the rooms, all chance of escape was gone. The brave fireman endeavored to fight his way out, still holding the woman in his arms. He reached the front door step; it was a moment of horror; he leaped from the step, driven by the force of burning oil through the rooms, but the flames closed around him; a groan and a shriek escaped the lips of the fireman, and both fell down. His companions endeavored to rescue both, but it was impossible. Their crisped remains were found but a few feet distant from each other."

The loss from the fire is estimated at half a million. The victims of this fire, which fell to the poorest of the sufferers, will probably be made up to them by charitable citizens.

THE COLONEL'S VALENTINE.

I.

"I NEVER was guilty of such a thing in my life," said the Colonel, calmly.

"Never sent a valentine?"

"Never."

"Nor received one?"

"No."

"Benighted ignorance! Here is a man to whom the most pleasing emotions are unknown; whose heart has never been wrung by the sight of its fashionable parcel with a barbed shaft, or softened by a delicious couplet wrapped in roses! I'll tell my Cousin Mary. Miss Arundel, here is a full-grown man who never sent or received a valentine."

Now if any one had been attentively observing him they might have detected a slight change in the indolent composure of the Colonel's handsome features. His negligent posture became the least bit more upright, and a glance from under half-closed eyelids toward the lady addressed as Miss Arundel might have aroused in that same attentive observer some little of the interest of speculation. But not if the attentive observer had been at hand; which he wasn't.

Colonel Hugh Carton had been leaning carelessly over the back of a couch on which lounged his friend and inquisitor, Francis Graham, the boyish son of his host, Carton's present host. And if Colonel Carton had been asked some ten days ago what he thought about country visits in general he would probably have answered, with a shrug, "Bore!" His opinion had undergone modification by this time, because the Graham Grahams were singularly felicitous in the party of guests they contrived to draw together; perhaps ten days of such glorious society are rarely fall to the lot of the country's infancy had something to do with the complacent state of his mind. At any rate, when young Graham appealed to Miss Arundel there was in Colonel Carton's momentary emotion a small stir of regret that this was the last evening of his stay.

The young lady was occupied with one of those never-ending resources, the photographic albums, and she did not look up to answer her cousin's mock. It did not possibly matter to her about Colonel Carton and his valentines.

"What a time you are making, Frank!" she said, "and you drove the music."

"Music!" echoed Frank. "A dissipated entreaty to drink this cup of sparkling wine." You know I ought not to listen to that, Mary. And it makes my flesh creep, and turns you all into waternymph-like gnomes. No. Whose caricature have you got there?"

"I have got Titians as Margaret," replied Miss Arundel, quite truthful to her book.

"Somebody dressed up to resemble her, you mean?" said Mr. Frank.

He made one or two more efforts to draw his cousin into what he called conversation, failed, gave it up, hid a yawn with some difficulty, and sauntered away. Those two were hopelessly given to the one as bad as the other. And suddenly something seemed to occur to Mr. Frank, for he exclaimed, "By George!" and looked back; but the relative positions were just as he had left them.

It might have been supposed that the Colonel, thus left free, would naturally join the young lady in her examination of Titians as Margaret; but he did not. He only altered his position by leaning against a dark background of curtain, so as to be able to take in the whole room, with all its arrangements, at a glance. Certainly his business was a woman of tact. The general fault is these country-house assemblages was, he considered, that the guests were left too much en masse—too gregarious. Now, here and there, in Mrs. Graham's drawing-room, small knots were dotted about, admirably placed, and admitting of games for two only, apart from the rest, without being positively isolated: brakes at which delightful little flirtations could and did go on with the most comfortable freedom from disturbance. Some one or two of these caught the Colonel's eye in its glance round the room, and he smiled to himself slightly. It is to be feared that he had a disposition to be cynical about them. He never flirted himself; it was an amusement that had no charm for him; but he thought this a very clever plan for parceling off sundry pairs out of the mass of guests, and making them amuse themselves—and others who chose to look on. Then his eyes came back to Miss Arundel over her book. They rested there with a strange expression for a moment, and then dropped. Other people, perhaps, would have seen little beauty in the face, except the beauty inseparable—in a degree at least—from youth. But Colonel Carton did not see as other people did. He was up in the clouds about Mary Arundel, in fact, and had been all the time in his life. All that was most exalted, all that he would have been skeptical about a fortnight ago, tinted his thoughts of her. He threw his light of stars about her till it dazzled him. He fancied—see how visionary the mystical man grows when he is touched!—he fancied that, little as he sought her, they were yet together in perpetual, half-conscious thought of each other, and communion before God's judgment. But his visit was over, and could not be prolonged. He did not yet know whether he meant to go away having kept silence, or not.

Perhaps this uncertainty was a charm in itself; he could not tell. By-and-by, when the music-fit brought Frank back, he left his leaning posture and approached Mary's table.

"It is a pity that pleasant things should come to an end," said he, in a voice rather less than usual.

From any one else such a commencement as this by an abstract proposition, might have made her laugh; but Colonel Carton was not one to put into a habit of speaking to her out of his half-finished reveries; and she was used to it.

"I don't know," responded Mary. "They say that pleasure itself would cease to be pleasant if it had no end."

The Colonel meditated.

"That applies to the present only; I mean to date here-to-morrow. You go also, I think?"

"Yes, I must be at home for my sister's wedding. It is fixed for the fourteenth."

The Colonel gave a shade sharper as he looked down upon the face that was never raised to his.

"If I thought—" he began, slowly.

He never finished. The sense of his restless friend broke in upon him, and he stopped. He never did say thing in a hurry.

"Valentine's Day," said Frank, catching his cousin's speech, and innocently unconscious that he could have been spared, "is a very proper day too. Now, Mary, confess; haven't you a weakness for valentines?"

"No, Frank."

"Carton," said Frank, solemnly, "she is afraid of you and won't own it. Valentine's Day has never passed yet without bringing her a cargo of what she affects to despise."

Mary laughed.

"And very amusing it is, especially when I get an original lyric from Francis Graham. You know, Frank—"

Uh—ut! Don't add libel to your other crimes. Carton, when we were pinafores Mary promised to be faithful to me, and would have kept my part and waited for her—I mean, allowed me to wait for me," said Frank, twinkling his eye; "but that was before I is. I am ashamed of my own condemns valentines, and my poor annual offering is rejected!"

Mary answered quickly, a little displeased:

"Frank, you carry your nonsense too far. Of course, I am very fond of valentines, and you can send me as many as you like. Only, as I have added, trying to speak lightly; "all done up in a beautiful lace envelope, with 'To my Valentine,' illuminated outside."

Mary stopped. There was a movement in the room which she understood, and she rose, not allowing Frank time to get away.

"I shall remember," said the Colonel, turning to her, but then he added, "I am afraid I shall not see you to-morrow; I start early. Good-night, and good-by."

He might have held her hand a little longer than was usual or necessary; perhaps he did.

But Mary went through the other "Good-nights" with perfect calmness, and was sufficiently interested in her notice that her eyes were very bright and her cheeks had more pink in them than usual. And the Colonel's valet, who had been sent to the smoking-room, after his habit; but he did not stay there long, and he was very silent. In the early morning Francis Graham volunteered to accompany his friend for a mile or two. I dare say the Colonel could have dispensed with the courtesy; but he said nay and accepted it.

As he rode away Colonel Carton turned his head, and looked back by up along the range of windows which still had their blinds closed. It is just possible that this wistful backward look was seen, but that is Mary's business, not ours.

II.

COLONEL CARTON was in town; a lonely, meditative man. He had spent a whole dull month in London. He had squandered a certain probable lying information, respecting the operas for the forthcoming season; he had read political articles till he was ashamed of himself, and had walked up and down place to place aimlessly, with a weight on his mind, and a vague belief that there was a flaw somewhere in the government of the universe, but where it was he could not tell. For when Colonel Carton rode away from the Graham's "place in the country," I don't think he ever contemplated the possibility that this thing which had happened to him would happen. The Colonel had never met a sensation in his life before; he sent one then. It was not a string of mild rhymes of his own putting together; nor a purchased and printed piece of inane sweetness. It is true that he, who did nothing by halves, bethought him of the lace envelope which Mary had spoken of. She was jesting, of course; but she should have one. I don't know how many respectable dealers in such fancy goods hated the Colonel for his hardness to please; and I should be afraid to chronicle the price at which he finally secured a single envelope of the most delicate elaboration of design and finish. And on the outside of this he wrote gravely, "To my Valentine." There might have been a comical sort of dismay in his face as he wrote it, and perhaps he was not ashamed of it; he was too much in earnest. Whatever it looked like to others, it meant for him, "To my wife—if she will have me."

He could not have borne, of course, that indifferent eyes should see that dainty envelope and know it for his. He meant to see it—that is, no one but Mary. And then he had written his letter, and the light of stars got into it and filled it. He came down out of the clouds to infer; solemnly to earnest. The tender words which made their escape, somehow, from his unaccustomed pen, gave him so odd a sensation when he saw them that he was fain to lay his hand over the page and hide them from his own eyes as he went on.

What a fool he was!

This he would have said now; for this valentine, which had left his hands into an almost sacred thing, never was answered.

Colonel Carton was not a conceited man; but he had a certain reasonable amount of pride. When this girl seen in him that she should not only mock him with the affectation of interest, but absolutely receive his proposal with an insulting silence?

He might not be worthy of her, perhaps; but he was her equal in all the forms; and, at any rate, an honest man's offer of his heart and home and faithful devotion is at least worth a reply. The Colonel's pale face went with a little at these times when he was turning this over in his mind; indeed it might be difficult to say when he was not turning it over in some indirect fashion. He would not have told the episode to his dearest friend—by-the-way, I doubt whether he had a dearest friend; if he had, that same friend kept strangely aloof from him now. The Colonel had few likings; his heart would have been all his wife's, if—

Well, it was of no use to think any more about it. And, having come to that conclusion, the Colonel would think about it again again, and go over all the details of that visit which had been so precious to him.

A short time after, Mary Arundel's sister married Mr. Temple, a Member of Congress. Mary was living a grand life, he thought. If he had only known!

III.

"LET me come in a bit, Carton. What an awful time it is here in town, to be sure!"

"Just two years," replied the Colonel, thoughtfully. "I hadn't this room then."

Frank Graham looked, and made a grimace at the superfluity of looking-glass which surrounded him.

"No: you may get a view of yourself in any position you like. I don't know why you were put here; one of the mysteries of domestic polity, I suppose."

The Colonel shivered slightly, as a blast of wind sounded round the house and finished up with a dismal moan at the window.

"The fire is comfortable," he said. "If I recollect rightly, it's different weather than that we had this time two years. Many people here, Frank?"

"Well—yes; pretty fair. You know most of them. Mr. Temples are here. And Mary Arundel is with them. Carton, don't be angry with a fellow; but, do you know, I used to fancy—"

There's just fifteen minutes to dress in," said the Colonel, with a hurried deliberation; "and I don't know that I can do it, no—"

"In pity's name don't! Go to take and book it,' eh? Well, I'll not hinder such a got-up as yours. By-by."

Colonel Carton gave exactly five out of the fifteen minutes remaining to meditation; which did him very little service. So he would have to meet her again. And he had tried to settle this question, and failed. After all, it did not depend entirely upon himself; it was as well, perhaps, to leave it to chance.

He was down in excellent time, notwithstanding the wasted five minutes; and it fell to his lot to take Miss Arundel down to dinner.

I don't suppose that a more taciturn couple ever descended a staircase together. The Colonel had reserved his conversation with Miss Arundel indeed, but with the most inimitable distance and gravity. No one, seeing them meet, would have suspected the existence of those past passages in their lives which once drew them so closely together. And the Colonel did not think it necessary to make conversation either. Beyond the barest civilities he said nothing, and seemed quite content that Mary's attention should be wholly engrossed by her other neighbor.

That night the Colonel played chess with Mrs. Temple at one of the convenient little tables before-mentioned. It was rather a silent game, so that they could not have made much progress toward intimacy by means of words; neither can I tell how it was that before he checkmated her the Colonel had been himself speaking to Mrs. Temple with his old peculiar mixture of frankness and reserve accorded only to his friends, while she listened to him, surprised to find that they had known and known each other from childhood instead of having met for the first time an hour or two ago. The psychologist might resolve it into a simple question of natural affinities; at any rate, whatever the cause, the result is certain, that these two sought each other out from the first night of their meeting as old friends might have done.

"My sister is going to sing," said Mrs. Temple, one evening, as the visitors were placed. "I'm afraid this will be a poor game, for I always listen to Mary. You have heard her?"

"No," the Colonel was not aware that Miss Arundel sang at all.

"Yet you must have met here once before, I think?"

"Yes."

"That is strange. Perhaps it was—ah, yes, I remember, singing was forbidden to her just then; she is never very strong. Do you play first?"

Colonel Carton propelled the king's pawn into its accustomed square, and appeared to watch his adversary's move with interest.

Miss Arundel is much quieter than she was two years ago," remembered that she was the life of all pleasure arrangements. If she is in delicate health that explains it."

"Awful thing," said Mrs. Temple, laughing. "She will tell you it's old age. Mary is odd."

The Colonel looked at her ladyship's blonde face and fair hair inquisitively. And he had at least five years younger than Mary, he thought. And move a knight with a finger on the piece he was about to move, he stopped. As a rule, he did not care for amateur singing; people in the constant habit of hearing first-rate professionals seldom do. But this was another thing, altogether different from the amateur singing of his experience. He kept his eyes on the board steadily, but Mary Temple saw that he was not thinking about the game.

"Suppose we give it up for a time?" said she.

He looked quickly, with a slight smile.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Temple, but unless you wish it; I move the bishop."

"Indeed I don't," replied Mary Temple, and utterly foreign to his usual tactics; but she said nothing, and the Colonel lost the game in a few moves.

"For the first time!" said she, triumphantly; "we will not begin again to-night."

Colonel Carton acquiesced. Mary was still at the piano, and had sung a Spanish air. When such assemblies as these get hold of a fine voice, there is very little mercy shown to its owner. By-and-by the Colonel got restless, and went up again to Mrs. Temple.

"You said your sister was not strong. Won't she be tired?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple; "I shall put a stop to it."

Perhaps she expected him to accompany her to the piano, but he did not; neither did he join the group of flatterers. She loaded the singer with thanks and flattery. And she left her seat when none each other; when they were, it was as though they had been alone in an iceberg, and never again could thaw into any degree of kindliness or warmth. Yet still the Colonel staid on. He had only come down for a few days, he knew, and was quite ready. He did not know how closely those keen eyes of young Graham's watched him, nor how perplexed the young man was with his behavior.

"They make love like crowned heads," said Frank: "that is, if it isn't all a sell; / never saw such stately politeness between lovers."

But there was no love-making in the case; nothing at all like it.

And one evening Carton determined with himself that he had staid too long already, and would positively take his departure the next morning. He was standing indolently in the doorway of the back drawing-room when he made this decision; and when he left it, to that center of retreats, he saw Mrs. Temple and her sister, two or three other young ladies, and Frank Graham, all in some animated discussion. And that, except Mary. Her face was turned toward the piano, and her profile, which was all he saw, struck him with its expression of weary listlessness. Suddenly Mary turned and looked at him—a strange look, averted hastily in a moment, for she had not known that he was there. Mary Arundel saw that look, and was shocked, nonsensical, every thing that's bad."

The Colonel felt a bitterness that the occasion did not seem to demand, replied,

"As mediums for inflicting pain and unwarrantable insult, I think them admirable, Frank."

Every one looked up at the Colonel as he said this. Even Frank began rashly, "Hallo, old fellow, I don't think—" and then stopped in knowing what to say. Mrs. Temple was the first to break the uneasy silence, which she did with an appointed indifference.

"Colonel Carton judges them harshly." I have had many a laugh over mine before I was married. I don't get any now. I remember the last but I had was on my wedding morning, and I never opened it."

"Never opened it!" repeated Frank. "What a shame!"

"No. It wasn't likely I could attend to such matters then. When I took off the outside cover, and saw what it was, I threw it with a lot of old shoes, and other rice-and-slop, into a corner, and for any thing I know to the contrary. It's odd I never had the curiosity to look for it: suppose we have a search now? Frank, you may fetch the desk, if it isn't too heavy for you."

No one spoke while Mrs. Temple unlocked the treasure-box, which her sister presented to her as a lady's use. No one noticed the tall figure behind the curtain, or saw how the lips compressed and white, the head bending lower and lower, and the long fingers pressing into each other as Mrs. Temple dived into the secret recesses of the desk. He saw it all now; all his blind stupidity, and what it had caused, flashed across him as Mrs. Temple held up the long-hidden envelope. Half a dozen of all hands were stretched out eagerly for it; one, larger than these, suddenly pressed somewhat heavily on her shoulder.

"Mrs. Temple, may I entreat of your goodness to restore to me that letter?"

"Colonel Carton—to you?"

"To me. And that valentine; the only one I ever did or ever shall send. Mrs. Temple, on my honor it contains nothing that could offend you in any way. Another time I will explain fully; now, to my regret and remorse concerning it, grant my request."

Mrs. Temple did not hesitate a moment. Something in this man's agitated manner appealed to her too strongly, and once again the Colonel held in his hand the luckless envelope at variance with date and finish, and looked down upon the address in his own writing, "To my Valentine."

"It strikes me that we are being selfish," said Mrs. Temple, shutting up the desk briskly. "Take it back, Frank, and, young ladies, follow me, if you please, into the drawing-room, where every body is wondering why there is no music."

The Colonel stepped forward out of his corner. Did Mary know? Did she understand all and forgive him?

"Not you," said the Colonel, when she rose to go with the rest; "not you quite yet. Surely my punishment has lasted long enough!"

They stood together on the hearth, and the Colonel held out the unhappy valentine above a tiny jet of flame.

"You know that it is your property," he said. "I never thought of your sister at all; never thought of any other Miss Arnstel than you. How was I to know you were not the eldest?"

"If it is mine give it to me, Colonel Carton."

"Presently. I asked you in it to be my wife, Mary; as one had a right to expect I should do. What could I think when I got no answer? Perhaps we have both misjudged each other?"

"Perhaps."

"Through this error? We have been dreadfully polite these few days," said the Colonel, with a comical fearfulness. "I couldn't have stood it any longer; I meant to go away to-morrow."

The Colonel paused. The light of stars began to shine about her again as he held out his hand.

"Mary, I would be very true and loving to you. Will you be my wife?"

Perhaps Mary was a little bit afraid of a scene just then, knowing that at any moment she might be summoned to the piano; and she was not wrong. Her answer, when she did answer in words, was another question:

"Will you give me my valentine at last and let me go?"

I think the Colonel was satisfied with it.

"THESE THREE."

No viceless angels by our side,
With wings, but women sweet and good;
"These Three," indeed, with us abide,
True types of womanhood.
Yea, I, in turn, have rendered a hand
To each one of the blessed three,
In one fair group I've seen them stand—
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

My Faith hath misty hair—and eyes,
You can not fix their changing hue,
But all the world within them lies,
And all the soul looks through.
Her voice doth make divinely sweet
Each song of sorrow which she sings,
And sudden wisdom fills replete
Her heavenly comforting.

My Hope is ruddy with the flush
Of morning joy, that keeps its place,
Though day has darkened, and the rush
Of rain on her face.
Her clear eyes look afar, as bent
On shining fixtures gathering in;
Naught seems too high for her intent,
Too hard for her to win.

My Love hath eyes as blue and clear
As clefts between the clouds of June,
A tender mouth whose smiles are near
To tears that gather soon.
Her best and loveliest she takes,
To light dark places—wastes of life
She sows with precious seed that makes
All richest blessings rife.

Faith, when my soul in darkness dwells,
Shall sing her song throughout the night,
For each new effort life compels
Hope's chop shall nerve with might;
Love shall divide each grief and pain,
Share every joy thus doubly given,
With each in turn life grows divine,
With all it tastes of heaven.

BARON CRUMP.

MRS. ORMSBY had only one fault, and that was exaggerated romance and sentiment—an amiable sort of fault, but it led her into some mistakes not pleasant to look upon. She, and indeed all her kind friendships and attachments at first sight which were not exactly prudent. Because the neighborhood turned its back upon Mrs. Smallcase and such hard things about her, Mrs. Ormsby made her her bosom friend, and was a year in finding out that the neighborhood was right after all. And when nobody else would hire Barbara Bridge in the capacity of cook, Mrs. Ormsby, taking the girl on "dear old thing," engaged her at high wages, and had her tipsy on her hands until she set the house on fire by putting a fluid lamp under her pillow instead of the kitchen key.

So in her girlhood had she, while very young and pretty, refused every offer sanctioned by her parents, and fallen in love instead with a young lawyer's clerk, with a pretty face and poor health, whom she met by stealth, in Peggy the housemaid's shawl and bonnet in the neighboring park, of evenings, and with whom she finally eloped one Sunday morning after church. Visions of a romantic reconciliation with her only parent doubtless filled her mind, but they were never realized. Her father only lived long enough to make his will, and then died of apoplexy, brought on by indignation at his daughter's disobedience.

So the honey-moon was married by tears and the want of bread and butter, which the newly-made pair were quite young enough to fancy and eat a good deal of. Six years after, when Mrs. Ormsby was but twenty-one and her husband twenty-five, all the romance was on Mrs. Ormsby's side; and her husband was dead. He left behind her a fair young widow, who wore rouge, frizzed her hair, and made no secret of liking porter.

However, the little woman never suspected half his falsehood; and when he drowned himself trying to sport on the waves at New Utrecht with the fat widow, who was one of a fashionable bathing-party, poor Mrs. Ormsby wished from the bottom of her heart that she was dead too, and prayed on her knees to be wretched forever. So she might have been in good earnest, for slow starvation is a trying thing, but that a grandmother-in-law died later, and left her in her will a fortune more than sufficient to make her comfortable for life. With this she established herself in a pretty house in Philadelphia, and devoted herself to her children—two boys of five and four, and a girl baby.

Upon her arrival, many people sought her rather more than they had been in the habit of doing while she struggled with poverty; and being, as we have said, romantic, of course Mrs. Ormsby was also disinterested and benevolent creatures in the world. Some single ladies are remarkably gifted in at every one or two, as far as to accept that they have passed their sixteenth birthday; and though Mrs. Ormsby had been married, and had a family, she had viewed life only through the medium of novels.

Therefore it almost broke her heart to refuse the offers of marriage which were made her every day in the first few years: by the portly Quaker, who wanted an affectionate companion, by tall Mr. B——, who had had three wives before, and by short Mr. C——, who desired to set up for himself in some mysterious business down town. She went all out in her self-denial, for Mr. Ormsby, a German hunter, with the smallest possible conscience ever doled out to mortal man, threatened to shoot himself if she did not say "Yes;" but long ere the constant to the memory of her fickle spouse, never thought of taking pity on him and marrying a second time.

So the years glided by from twenty-five to thirty, from thirty to thirty-five. Mrs. Ormsby's boys grew great fellows, taller than their mother, and Miss Ormsby was old enough to have half the tucks let out of her dresses, and to hint left the nursery some distance behind, but she was buxom and blooming still, and almost as charming as when, disguised in Peggy's bonnet and shawl, she went to meet by stealthily with the enamored lawyer's clerk in Franklin Square by moonlight.

One of poor Mrs. Ormsby's friends was Mrs. Finch, also a widow. Struggling along in their earlier life they had sympathized with each other, and though Mrs. Ormsby was now well to do she never forgot little Mrs. Finch, who was still keeping boarders in a house not far away, and whose trials and grievances were, of course, under the romantic legion. On the contrary, her romance found one very commendable vent in kindness to her old school-mate, and Mrs. Finch appreciated it highly. However, that lady was by no means sentimental. Single gentlemen who found their comfort there never meant to pay for bad nor attend to the wishes those dreams which used to instigate the scribbling of bad poetry when she was Rose Matilda Ruby; and this fact had occasioned constant offense of opinion between the friends, and had caused Mrs. Ormsby to say, that Mrs. Finch had made poor Rose Matilda's heart a thing of stone—at least upon the surface.

This was the much ill-used mistress of the boarding-house found it absolutely necessary to hint to her last boarder, the Baron Crump, that his apartment would be more acceptable than his society. A proceeding which Mrs. Ormsby denounced as heartless.

"But how is one to live?" asked Rose Matilda, with butter at the price it is, and eggs so much a dozen; and whoever else loses their appetites nowadays never do, my dear."

"How is he to live, poor destitute foreigner?" and Mrs. Ormsby's laced handkerchief went to her eyes.

"If I can get along with my family I'm sure he might with mine," said Mrs. Finch. "Ah! it is all very well, dear, for you to have property, but you don't know what I have to endure; and if I am stony-hearted I hope I'll be ashamed before long: one needs to be such a horse full of bowels."

"So you really will drive the poor Baron from the shelter of your roof?"

"If he can't pay his bills I must. Why don't he teach his music or his German to somebody?"

"He must be helped a little, I'm sure, to come to that. Don't you remember our reading 'The Heir of a Dukedom,' and crying over the trials of Leonard Lee before he sought out those haughty wretches, Lady Ruth and Lady Sophy?"

"Mercy no! I've forgotten all about 'em," replied Rose Matilda.

"I haven't," said her companion. "Oh no, I trust my heart will ever melt for the woes of suffering virtue! Rose Matilda, do you think the Baron would condescend to be a tutor in a family?"

"No doubt he would, my dear," said Mrs. Finch.

"If one only dared ask him. His people are so deficient in music and languages; but to make the offer and see the blood mount to his proud cheeks and his eye flash. Oh, Rose Matilda, it couldn't stand it!"

"What are you talking of, for goodness' sake?" interrupted little Mrs. Finch, with astonished eyes wide open.

"Of the Baron. I would engage him as a tutor for the boys, if I thought he would be willing to accept the offer."

"If he is willing to accept my beef and pudding I should think he might. You can ask him," replied the lady, shortly. "But, Maria Jane, let me give you one piece of advice—lock up your spoons, and don't fall in love with him, or I shouldn't be a barber!"

Jane Maria Ormsby wept: "I had yet to learn that Rose Matilda Finch could insult the unfortunate, or sneer the motives of one who has ever been her truest friend!" she said, with dramatic emphasis and a glance worthy of Mrs. Siddons, and sailed from the room, which she did not enter again for a little eternity of a fortnight. At the end of that time the Baron Crump was installed as tutor under the roof of Mrs. Ormsby's domicile. He came thither with two shirts and one pair of socks in a portmanteau, with Ollendorf under one arm and an accordion under the other; and so frightened the black girl who admitted him, by his long hair and fierce gestures, that she had hysterics in the kitchen for an hour afterward.

He was not a handsome man, being wondrously long and lank, with pale straw-colored hair, and fishy eyes, and he had a way of making his harsh gutteral language out-Germ harsher and more gutteral than it usually sounded. He looked, too, on the whole, any thing but aristocratic or noble, in any sense of the word. But romance had shed a lustre over him, and Mrs. Ormsby saw in the new tutor the hero of a novel—exiled, insulted, and cast upon her charity.

As Titania looked upon Bottom so looked the sentimental widow upon Baron Crump; and though she did not "feed him with apricots and dewberries," she took great pains that such substantial luxuries as ham and eggs should be set before him as he chose to signify his pleasure to partake. Truth to say, so did the romantic widow feast and lionize the new Baron during the time she cooked chicken in kalsomine that he was "fairly set up master."

Alas! alas! how shall we own the truth? Poor Mrs. Ormsby's romance constant to her husband's memory throughout her youth. The Quaker had not touched her heart; she never dreamed once of the spectral-looking bachelor Baron Crump; and then



HOME AGAIN!—THE STORY OF



A LIFE IN REBEL PRISONS.

THE VALENTINES FOR NUMBER TWENTY.

I had not got my town head when I reached this great city; and Hermia help the poor country lad's brains when he comes into the din for the first time after making a long train journey! How over all the noise I seemed to hear the screaming of fifty locomotives, the ringing of a thousand bells, the rattle of a million carriages, and a dull roar like a thousand muffled drums beating at a hundred funerals—all at once. And how I crept away after I deposited my luggage at the address given me, and wandered for an hour in gloomy back streets far away from the bewildering roar—streets that seemed to lead in no place, and never have any one coming in or going out of them. I mention this to show I really was young and very, very green at that date of my life.

I came from the country to enter on what my stepfather called "the brilliant path of commerce," which, definitely speaking, was to occupy a clerk's stool in the counting-house of Hemp & Hall—great names cityward, as every one knows. "A grand opening" this path of commerce was called by many people; but I can not say I ever agreed with them. I took possession of the lodgings Smithers the headclerk had taken for me, and of my stool in the office next morning, and thus began my city life.

I fell ill, and Smithers sent me a doctor, and occasionally dropped in of an evening; but with this exception I spent day after day alone.

To while away the tedious hours I was driven to staring out of the window—for I was not always confined to bed, but principally on a sofa in my sitting-room, which, I ought here to mention, was on the second floor of the house.

Of the three houses directly opposite no kind Providence omitted my interest on the middle one. For an infirm old lady who never went out occupied the one to the right, and a tiresome old bachelor who was always out the one to the left; so what could I do all day but stare at the middle one?

I soon found out how many occupants this house had. I knew the hours of their going out, and the hours of their coming in; and if I did not guess accurately what they had for dinner, at least I knew the hour at which they ate it. I asked the servant what the name of the family was, and she stared at me as if I were "a blinder phenomenon" with a plurality of heads. Then I sent the willing slavey across the street, and she returned with the exciting news that No. 20 was on the hall door. But this helped me little; for on procuring last year's 'Directory' I found No. 20 marked "vacant;" so my interesting inquiries were suddenly checked.

There were four people living in this house, besides the servants—father, mother, and two girls I concluded at the daughters. Their drawing-room was a double room, just on a level with mine, but not so exactly opposite that I could not see the fire-place, my mark, it being December, the ladies were generally grouped. When the folding-doors stood open I had an excellent view, owing to the thorough light, and could see various pieces of furniture plainly. A piano, a couch, a work-frame, and flowers in the far-off drawing-room. I could see into the parlor too; yes, even to the corner of the paper which Paterfamilias read—and smoking, and I could see the spiral lady who poured out the tea.

It was all very well to allow the family to go without a surname, but I soon found it absolutely necessary to give the young ladies Christian names. Easy as the task may appear, I had some difficulty in selecting suitable ones. At last, in a moment of inspiration—I could scarcely call it any thing else—I bethought me of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and its sweet heroines, and I at once decided my two friends should be Helena and Hermia. This was a grand idea. The taller, and I concluded the elder, should be Helena, and the pretty little creature should be Hermia. I had always looked on Hermia as a small woman.

I found it much more comfortable for myself when their names were allotted. Thus, when they came down to the drawing-room before dinner, and, as they often did, sat on low seats and read by the fire light, it was so much pleasanter to say, "Helena has on her blue dress," or, "Oh, dear me! Hermia has finished her book, and volume already," instead of "the tall one" or "the short one." Every day they went out to walk unless it were very wet, and I used to be in a fever of impatience until they came in again; and if rain came on about the hour I was quite miserable until they came home for fear of their being wet.

Thus days passed on until a few were only left before Christmas. My opposite neighbors were very busy all the week before Christmas. At first I wondered what the girls were about when for two mornings they never made their appearance in the drawing-room; and it was with a feeling of great joy I saw the pleasant old light dresses before dinner, and the books and seats by the fire as usual, until the father's knock and entrance brought them and me all going to the servitude. It was very stupid of me not to remember that Christmas bookkeeping had to be attended to, for I made myself uninterestingly unhappy with the fear that Helena and Hermia might be going away to spend Christmas, and that the mornings might be taken up packing in their own house.

At last I saw Hermia one morning in the drawing-room. She came in with a pile of papers, and going to the secretaire, took out some sheets of letter paper which she proceeded to cut into various fancy patterns.

"It is for ornament," I cried, joyfully; "then they are going to spend this week at home, for what would be the use of making ornamental paper if they were going away?"

Miss Hermia spoiled two or three sheets of paper before she succeeded in cutting out but a laughably ludicious way in which she burned her failures, and only went down stairs with her successes in her hand. At that very moment I was busy at my desk which would, I am sure, have been the very thing for her; and a hundred times at least during that day I wished I might have the pluck to offer it to her. Fancy the exquisite felicity of seeing her cut my paper! Even if it were to be dropped as small as non-sense into the grate or burning fiery furnace afterward, what matter? Gladly would I have followed the fragments, could I but have been satisfied that Hermia and her sister would have dropped a few tears just to extinguish the remains of my smouldering ashes; nay, one tear each, which would make only a pair between them, would have perfectly satisfied me. As it was, I could only pull over my desk and look at the paper, and mumble it, and finally doze off in the midst of a brilliant *château en espagne*, in which every thing I had in the world (not a great deal, even, certainly) was being used by the young ladies in No. 20, without any compunction or hesitation.

On the morning of Christmas-eve I was at my window early. The servant had just retired after depositing my coffee-pot and toast-rack on to table, when a cab drove up to No. 20, and a visitor with some luggage arrived. Never shall I forget my feelings as I looked at that cab. I knew it. I had recognized him as my rival. In what? will naturally be asked, and as natural will be the answer, "I am sure I do not know." The fact indeed is that he was gaining access to that enchanted floor, and about to have social intercourse with those fair creatures who were all a dream to me. How to describe him? Even now—and some years have passed since then—his figure rises before me. He was that Christmas visitor. I saw him for the first time.

He was tall (I am great height myself), and slight, and dark—dark, yes to the very mustache, which was, like himself, thin. Then his dress, which I at once pronounced "stylish," was in keeping with his figure and style; and if he wore one thing worse than another it was leather gaiters. Heaven only knows why I hated him! I can not better describe him than by saying he was exactly the picture of the villain one sees on the stage.

It took a very short time for the cab—and-a-half mine was pretty cool when I turned to it—to see how they received that man. Every one came out to welcome him—father, mother, and daughters. The father clapping him on the back and wringing his hand, the mother kissing him, and the two maidservants quarrelling for the honor of carrying his portmanteau. And, what was worse than all, I am afraid I saw him kiss the girls just as the hall-door was being shut. I left the table with my breakfast (as ices only made me worse. Helena made tea, and Hermia handed attendance cakes). Through the window I could see her stoop over the fender, bringing away successive hot plates, while through the other I could see their destination was to be heaped up with choice viands for the diabolical stranger.

Then he must go out to walk with them! Nothing less would do, and bring them home in a cab just before it grew dark. I saw a sleet spread on the window-sill, and every thing piled upon it, and then the girls, with the villain's aid, began to decorate the lamps and picture-frames.

What a blessing I was awake when this little play began, and what a happy hour they chose for it! The girls had on their white dresses, and floated about from mirror to picture, from picture to lamp, like the Peris in the illustrated Lalla Rookh. Then it was I learned a secret which tuned down my burning hatred, and left only a strong dislike in its place.

Helena stood on a chair and dressed the lamp; probably she took this duty on account of her superior height; perhaps the villain recommended it, for to that person beside her, and, breaking the holly and pelletrie into small pieces, handed them up to her. Hermia flitted about the room doing such work as came within the reach of her short arms when standing on a chair. I could see the gleam of her dress as, after putting up her sprays, she would jump down, and moving back, look at the effect from a little distance, and then dart forward and put some refractory stems out of sight. Then I saw her take an armful of the evergreens and descend to the dining-room to continue her work there. I was so engaged in watching her, and the strong fire lighted up the room so gloriously—I could see the very flowers in her hair—that I forgot to give any attention to the progress of the drawing-room decorations, but when I did look I saw more than was meant for the eye of the public.

Honor bright! with the golden rule in my memory, I am not going to betray a confidence so unwittingly given. If the villain never committed a crime of greater magnitude than to stand steadying Miss Helena by encircling her waist with his arms, his forgiveness is his memory! It is not for me to cast the first stone. I have done worse things myself in my day. Nor was it exactly extortion, the villain exacting half the fruit-pie that was going from her high position and replacing her in it.

Once Hermia caught them in the act of balancing their debtor and creditor account in this fashion. She may have laughed, but I could not hear it, only I saw the gesture of amusement, the uplifted hands, and could fancy some lively sally at the lovers' expense, when she ran from the room closely followed by the indignant villain, who seemed to demand instant vengeance. That she had made good her escape I doubted not, for the next moment I saw her opening the hall-door to her father, when his familiar knock warned me of the quiet street. Then with what interest I watched them all assemble for dinner round the drawing-room fire. Helena and her villain stood together at different sides of the group, but I could follow Hermia's face as it turned from one culprit to the other in a threatening then, and with a man once Helena shook her head and finger at her when it could be done without observation.

For some weeks afterward I was confined to my bed.

It was the twelfth of February, and I had finished the reading of the morning news to the last of the advertisements, and found myself pondering over it in a most unaccountable way. It treated of valentines, and, although in the wrong terms, how cheap and brilliant and loving and original they could be had at a certain shop not a hundred miles distant from where I lay.

Then I pictured some silly fellow sending a bought valentine to Hermia. To Hermia! I writhed at the thought. Hermia sitting as the villain would do! I said, and my old hatred to him woke up fiercely at the bare supposition. As I thus tortured myself with possibilities, scarcely even probabilities, of others worshiping at the same shrine I did, an idea suddenly burst upon me. I sprang up from the couch. "By Jove! I shall send her one myself! I shall send them each one, and no one can accuse me of undue partiality!" (The more reader will have detected long before this the state of my young affections.)—But," I said, "I shall make sure of Hermia's first; I shall not stop, or have a fit, or something that would prevent me writing a second;" and that my lack of confidence in my own nerve was justified by the subsequent events the reader will soon see. To choose a metre, to choose a subject, to fit my rhymes—why need I dwell on these troublous mysteries of the poetical aspirant to poetic fame? At last, having been guided in the first by my choice of the second—an Irish legend I had read years before—I wrote the following verses to Hermia, and I hope I shall receive a pardon on the score of my youth when I freely confess that I thought them very fine indeed, and far, very far beyond the average:

My little neighbor, lead a pretty ear,
And I will tell a tale you all should hear:
In far-off sea I found it long ago,
And in the world you will find it also.

Two isles in there gleaming side by side,
But severed by a cloudy veil of deep;
So fair and bright the flower of far-off times
Called them "The Joyless Maidens of the Stranger."

For there beneath the waters calm and fair
Their gold and silver crowns with azure zones,
Lie rotting fits of misery a goodly ship,
And over it slowly weave whitening bones.

And now a beacon stands on either rock
To guide the mariner through the treacherous sea;
In each, when first I knew them long ago,
A solitary keeper watch did keep.

Yet not alone; for each one had a child,
A boy that borrowed like a rabbit in the sand,
With him—father, mother, and kept the house,
And gathered "John o' Groats" and cockleps on the island.

Of course you seize my story by the end,
And how I came where these two were, I hope;
Pray grant me patience in my meandering tale,
I don't know myself how—'twas a telescope!

FOR THE BOY GROWING UPTO MAN'S ESTATE,
SURELY MANY AN HOUR'S THOUGHTFUL CARE,
WATCHING A SMALL DARK SPECK UPON THE SHORE,
WHERE DAILY WAS THE MAIDEN WONT TO PASS.

Then by degrees he learned a little skill,
Made from some sea-drift cast upon the shore,
And spent almost his tiny chest of toil,
And sailed away to sunny Hollo-More.

But I must reach my navel, so shall skip
The tender meeting on the yellow strand,
And tell you how it fell upon a day
The twelve maidens walked hand in hand.

And still she cried, "Say, Owen, am I fair?"
And at the question every happy voice grew soft,
Aye, gravely said, "Yes, dearest; fair to me!"
As he had answered many a time and oft.

Then suddenly she plucked her hand away,
And flung to him a pretty packwood yarn;
"Am I not fair in other eyes?" she cried;
"Fair as the maidens in the far-off town?"

And as he gravely smiled, he took her hand,
And answer made—"Nay, 'tis a thing of tests;
I loved you ere I vaulted this plump round arm,
Or laid a finger on your dainty waist.

"LOVED ERE I KNEW A PRAYING OF YOUR FACE,
WAS BLIND BEFORE I SAW THE DIMPLE THERE.
WHAT IF MY LOVE'S GROWN TO ALL MEN'S EYES?
SO, DEAREST, YOU ARE STILL MY FAIREST FAIR."

Then I transcribed the verses with great care, writing the earth verse and the last in capitals, that they might point the moral I felt a delicacy in drawing more openly, and I considered this as a decidedly tilting hint.

By this time my poor Muse was pumped dry. Yet, still undaunted, I cried, "Now for Helena's! Doubtless she villain will write her half a dozen at least, so I shall confine myself to a *vrioverie*; some good standard verses will be very respectful and respectable." So I cast about in my mind what poet should be honored by selecting from. Of right I ought to have told her "her eyes were lode-stars, and her tongue's sweet air," etc., but I had never heard her tongue, and what swayed me most of all was that the rest of the passage was exceedingly unmanageable.

In a volume of Poe's poems I found the nicest, tiniest set of verses, and so near the end of the book that I flattered myself it was not observed by those who had read so far. These are the lines I wrote out for Helena, drawing a fine capital letter at the beginning of each verse, in what I then considered a very high style of art:

"Helen! thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently o'er a perfumed sea
The weary wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

"Ah me! how exquisitely dear
How steadfast I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy-Land!"

My brains had been so much taxed in producing Hermia's original valentine that I felt very happy indeed to be able to produce Helena's at such a degree rate; and when both these verses were all fairly written out in an ornamental style, I felt quite as proud of them as if I had composed them myself. My conception was, at times I began to imagine they were little airy trifles I had thrown off in moments stolen from severer studies, and not Edgar Allan Poe's at all.

I put each valentine into an envelope, and the two envelopes into one large one, leaving with a very large seal that had been my grandfather's in days when old gentlemen wore their watches with bunch of seals attached to them by a broad black ribbon.

To address a letter to people whose names I did not know more than some people appear a difficulty; but I soon got over that.

To the young Ladies at
No. 20 — Street.
(One Each.)

seemed a simple solution of the difficulty; and to bed at last I went, very tired, but very proud of my night's work.

The next day, the 13th, I determined they should be posted; and, after keeping the letter back until it was impossible for it could be delivered before the next morning, I sent the servant to drop it into the nearest pillar-post.

The next day I received a visit from the father of the young ladies, who had "found me out." At first he was a little vexed to be severe with me. But it turned out that he had known my father at college, and he concluded to forgive me, and invited me to dine with him that evening. His name was Wotten.

When the hall-door shut I got up on the table and threw open the window.

My first act was to take out my evening suit of clothes, which had not seen the light since I left the country for London. My next was to brush them thoroughly, a piece of labor which can only be appreciated by a person in the weak state of health in which I then was. But was I not going to dine at No. 20?

Never, not even on my wedding morning (a few months ago), did I bestow such care on my toilet as on that memorable occasion. I sent out and purchased six new white ties, but after trying them all, one after another, and being dissatisfied with the result, was obliged to go in an ordinary black one. Then I left the room.

Then my collar was unsatisfactory. How is it that loneliness will not turn over a fellow's collars when up to the ninth comers alike? I prefamily wished my washer-woman certain punishments nameless to earn polite.

Others were brought, selected.

Then my necktied rolled away, and find it I could not though I searched every corner.

Grief the Third.

But grief of griefs, worst of all, when I got into my coat, I found I had grown so much since my linen, that the cuff of the coat came barely to where the cuff of my shirt began.

Grief the Fourth.

In a word, I was in a fever of despair long before my toilet was completed, and barely able to drag my weary feet across the street about five minutes before six o'clock.

Had I been stronger and healthier I might have detected a smirk, slightly subdued, on the face of the maid who showed me up stairs, for I believe my history had even reached the lamentable ears of Mary Jane; but I was too much kept by such unwonted exertion to be conscious of any thing but that an introduction was before me to Helena and Hermia.

I advanced into the drawing-room, saw four peo-

ple, had my hand shaken by Mr. Walton, and in one great effort to make three bows to three ladies staggered and fell fainting against some one, Paterfamilias, I believe. When I recovered consciousness I was on the sofa, and Mr. Walton standing by me: Mrs. Walton was giving me a glass of wine, and Hermia stood at a little distance with the decanter in her hand.

I blurted out some apology, and Mr. Walton said to a gentleman, kindly way:

"Well, you are a pretty fellow! This is what you call being quite able to get on to dinner! I think a good meal to tell your doctor!"

But I declared I was perfectly well, and only a little giddy, and being unaccustomed to the glare air, and was very indignant at not being believed. I was not allowed to go down to dinner; but the parboiled (minus the marble) brought me up some soup, of which no praises could be too great; after my landlady's watery decoctions it was the ambrosial nectar. Other things equally good followed, and I fell asleep at last, not without a slight dread that I might have been asleep all the time, and would awake presently in my own lodgings.

I did not, however, but awoke in No. 20 to see Helena and Hermia reading by the fire-light as I had seen them dozens of times before. I was afraid to stir lest it should break the spell that was over me, but lay watching them, and wishing every minute would be an hour long.

Then the parents came up and we had lights, and a little more of the pleasantest nothing. I think I never hear Mozart's masses without remembering that evening; and when the "Agnus Dei" from the First Mass is played by any one even now, I feel that inexpressible peace steal over my soul that fell upon it that night when I heard Helena Walton touch it for the first time so beautifully, with a full feeling of its wondrous beauty shining on of every sentence.

I went home at last. Mr. Walton saw me into my own room and charged me to go at once to bed, and though I obeyed him, sleep was out of the question.

Not so charming as I imagined! Yes, a hundred times more charming! No wonder I could not sleep. Again and again came the picture of the drawing-room I had left. Mr. Walton lying in an arm-chair by fire, telling me I need not be homesick I felt quite able and inclined, Hermia and her mother at their work, with Hermia's head bent over hers just in the way, and Helena at the piano, heightening the beauty and enjoyment of the scene.

Next day I was too tired to rise; but in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Walton kindly came over to see me; I was in the drawing-room then, and Mrs. Walton insisted on my pouring out for us, though I own to feeling for the first time that the cups were cumbersome and common, and that the tea in a cheap japanned bread-basket was not what she was accustomed to.

After that I spent many an evening at No. 20, and the girls and I became fast friends, even to laughing over the two valentines, which, at their urgent entreaty, I returned to them for, Mr. Walton had left them with me the day he called. I was soon established on a confidential footing in the family, and Christmas arrived with more violent competition with the villain (who properly was called Smith) and Helena in the matter of decorating—they pretended to declaring Hermia and I were a pair of bunglers.

These were not their real names, however, though I have been for the last three years addressed by She whom I called Helena was properly Joan, and the fairy Hermia had been baptized Agnes; and I lay down on my bed to laugh at the recollection of the evening when my thus naming them came to be known.

I had come one evening uninvited, saying, as an excuse to Mrs. Walton, that I had brought Miss Helena some photographs and Miss Hermia some Honolulu postage stamps.

"Miss Helena and Miss Hermia?" Mamma Walton said, inquiringly.

I stammered out, "Your daughters," which satisfied her, not being of an inquisitive disposition; but I told the girls afterward, amusing them no little.

I said, "You know when I am here I address you as Miss Agnes; but when I am at home I still think of you as Hermia."

And this anecdote was soon added to the lists of facts we had in common; and if I brought the marbles, as I often did when I knew a party was approaching, I ticketed them "Helena's" and "Hermia's."

In due course of time Joan became Mrs. Smith, and went off with the villain; and about the same time I became, where it mattered not, a man of independent means.

St. Valentine's Day was drawing near again, only a few weeks off, and I was sitting in the drawing-room, after dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Walton and Hermia.

"You will only have one valentine to send this year, Gilbert," Mr. Walton said, with a sigh. "It used to be 'one each,' eh! Ah! we shall miss Joan!"

"By Jove!" I said to myself, "here is an opening not to be despised."

"No, Sir," I said, "I am going to ask you for a valentine for myself. I am sure you know as well as I do what Hermia—I mean Agnes. You and Mrs. Walton know me so well now I have nothing to say, but that I shall try every day to be more worthy of her."

I was too husky to say more, and Agnes having slipped from the room, I had lost a good deal of courage.

There was a little silence, and Mr. Walton shook my hand silently.

"It is what we fathers come to," he said.

I rose and went round to where Mrs. Walton sat by the fire in an arm-chair. There were tears on her face.

"And you?" I asked, tremblingly.

"Agnes must decide," she said; and though I knew how that would be I was glad of the permission to make my escape, and going up stairs, found her sitting by the drawing-room fire.

She had not expected me up so soon, but there was no need to ask her then, for I knew it long before, that I had found my valentine.

I got her altogether into my care on the next St. Valentine's Day, and we were then, and are now, as happy as the manner days is long.

My wife signs herself Agnes Bennett: it is legally her name; but when we sit together by our own fireside, her hand in mine, she, better still, she sits upon my knee. I call her by the name by which I knew her first—and loved her—Hermia.

EXTRAORDINARY APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

It has been often asserted that the eyes of dead persons would be found to contain images of objects seen immediately before death, and the correspondent of a London paper at Florence makes known what we believe is the first instance of an official test of the theory. His narrative is as follows:

On the 13th of last April, Luisa Benucci, a woman in a comparatively humble rank of life, but of respectable character, who let lodgings, was found murdered in her apartment in the following circumstances: The corpse was discovered lying on the floor, with the throat cut from ear to ear, a pool of blood below the head, and the appearance of traces of blood in any other part of the room—and a pocket-handkerchief, the property of some one unknown, close by the corpse. Information was immediately given, she was supposed to have about her had disappeared, as well as other articles in the house. As no cries had been heard by the neighbors, the conclusion come to by the Florence police was to the effect that the murder had been perpetrated, in all probability, by two assassins, who had obtained admittance into the house when the poor woman was alone, under the pretext of wishing to see and hire her rooms; and upon her refusing to do so, drawing a pocket-handkerchief over her mouth and brought her to the ground, and that, while the one held her down her cries effectually stifled, his accomplice had cut her throat. Such was the conclusion come to by the police, and, in particular, by the Cavaliere Tenerani, Commissario di Publica Vigilanza, Leopoldo Viti—who, among other steps taken by him at the time, applied to the highest authorities for and had granted him on whom he was dependent for permission to have the eyes of the murdered woman photographed—an application which, in the then state of painting it could lead to no practical result, was refused.

The police were not without suspicion as to one at least of the perpetrators of the crime. Suspicion rested on the person of a certain Benjamino dei Cosimi, a native of Velletri, who, from that town, where he was known to be poor, had come to Florence but one month before, had made his way to Corsica, thence to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Florence, where he had been observed prowling about the house at the time of the murder. On the discovery of the murder he had absented himself from his lodging-house of nearly two months, on the 2d of June, another lodging-house keeper, Ester Colisi, was found murdered in her bed-room, under circumstances similar. The body stretched on the floor, the throat cut from ear to ear, the strange pocket-handkerchief lying beside the corpse, every thing, in fact, pointing to the same hand when the poor creature was alone in the dwelling. There was no clew to the assassins beyond the extremely suspicious circumstance that the murders had been committed by the same hands. Again application was made by the head of the police to have the eyes of the murdered woman photographed, for the same reasons as before, the application was refused.

Another interval of somewhat more than two months had elapsed, when, on the 23d of August, a third murder, differing scarcely at all in its circumstances from the two previous ones, was perpetrated on the person of a third lodging-house keeper, Emilia Spagnoli. As in the two former instances, the body was found lying on the floor (on the left side), the throat cut as before; the handkerchief was not wanting; but the eyes were. Then, for the first time, photograph, possessed a strong, wiry frame, had probably irritated her murderer by an unusually vigorous resistance, for the hands were cut about other parts of the body, especially the hands, the wounds being seventeen in all.

Countersigned warrants for the third murder, Benjamino dei Cosimi had reappeared in Florence. He was arrested. In his possession were found articles belonging to all three murdered women. His clothes stained knife, the blood freshly shed. On these presumptions he has been consigned to prison, and there awaits his trial. It is not to be denied that many of ill-will between the inhabitants of Florence and those of Velletri, any more than there exists a Velletri party protective of one of its sons. It is probable that, in the event of his being condemned for all the three crimes, the sentence will not be viewed as any peculiar severity, even by his own fellow-citizens. But now comes the circumstance by which the history of this case will be distinguished from that of mere ordinary criminals. Viti, the head of the Florence police, again insisted with no small importunity on having the eyes of the murdered, the last of the three victims, photographed, that his request was complied with.

Under the direction of the Cavaliere, the examining judge, or Giudice d'Istruzione, a series of photographic experiments have been carried on, not for the special purpose of furnishing additional collateral evidence for conviction (as the other evidence, with that view, is believed to be superabundant), but in order to establish a general principle, or law, of universal or very frequent application. I have said that Emilia Spagnoli was found lying on her left side, her large glazed right eye being turned upward. The eye was photographed immediately after her decease. The photograph has been taken has been reproduced in a greatly magnified form; is greatly magnified as to allow the lineaments of a human face, two inches in length, to stand out distinctly from the same. When I mention that Alinari, the first photographer of Florence, and indeed possessing a European reputation, was the artist by whom the work was executed, I need say nothing more as a guarantee of the fidelity and care employed in the execution. From the tracing of the dim and nebulous outline, as actually found on the eye, to the completest outline of the face executed from that tracing by an artist who had never seen Benjamino dei Cosimi, or any portrait of the man, and, again, from that completed outline of the two photographs of himself found in his possession at the time of his arrest—the transition, whether viewed as an artistic study, or as a great question of medical jurisprudence, is startling to the utmost degree of interest and importance. I am not, indeed, prepared to affirm that the first tracing in the series, as shown to me by the secretary of the Judge of Instruction, Signor Marabotti, at his official chambers, so confidently resembles the photograph of the living man that, were I placed in a jury-box, my verdict would be determined by the belief in their identity, but of the following fact there can not be the possibility of doubt. Whatever there is of marked prominent individuality in that first nebulous profile has an exactly corresponding feature in the likeness of the living prisoner. A peculiar dilatation of the nostril, a depression in the centre of the upper lip (Benjamino dei Cosimi has lost his two front teeth), an unusual elongation of the mouth, a square but double chin, a certain massiveness about the region of the cheek-bone, and, above all, a wholesale, are common to both. I purposely confine myself, in the present letter, to a simple statement of facts—the circumstances under which those matters were perpetrated, the consequent photographic experiments instituted, and the result obtained, of which I myself am aware. I am happy to add that Signor Signor Marabotti, with whom, from his official position, the prosecution of these inquiries rests, is evidently brought to his task a spirit worthy, in all respects, of a countryman of Galileo. The photographs, with all their minutiæ, and illustrative details, have been transmitted not only to the Medical College of Florence, but also to the medical colleges of Bologna and Pisa, and to the Commissario of the Prefect of Florence, Count Cantelli, a series of photographic experiments will be instituted on the eyes of the patients in the hospital immediately after their decease.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

BUSINESS OF THE TELEGRAPHERS.—Before the telegraph operators become old men, however, ingenious blunderers were of frequent occurrence from the necessary amazingly in business matters and at a blow. A manager of a telegraph company gives an instance as of recent occurrence and which is probably true to the letter. A gentleman sent a dispatch requesting parties in New York to forward immediately by express. When the message was delivered it read thus: Forward sample for E. B. The parties were required to forward sample of sausage. E. S. wanted. Of course the gentleman came to the office and complained that the dispatch had been misinterpreted incorrectly, and the operator promised to repeat it. Accordingly he sent another dispatch, to the surprise that the dispatch should have read, Forward sample forks. The New Yorkers supposed that it was wrong in the first instance, could not decipher it differently now. He replied that he had done his best. E. S. and E. B. also figured it. "But," returned the Boston operator, "I did not say for E. S., but for E. S." "Why," was the reply, "what fellow is in Boston?" exclaimed the New York operator, "I'll be sure to find him out." "Well," was the reply, "the Boston operator tried for an hour to make the New York operator send E. S. without succeeding, he wrote the dispatch upon a slip of paper, and forwarded it by mail; and a mail-route is a standing joke upon the line for many months afterward.

THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER AND THE CAT.—I once paid a French visitor, who was a natural philosopher, and to amuse apply place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump, for the purpose of showing that life can not be kept up in a vacated without air and respiration. The lecturer had laid his hand upon the animal, with the intention to put it, exhaust the receiver of its air, when the cat, who began to feel itself incommoded, struggled in the ravelled stratagem, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence most uneasiness proceeded, and, with a sudden spring, to bolt through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any more from entering the glass receiver. All the contributions of the philosopher were now unavailing: in vain he turned the pump, in vain he tried to exhaust the air in its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he again laid as upon the receiver, but the cat, as before, put forward its withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the cat, who began to feel the pressure of the atmosphere



JOHN H. ROCK, COLORED COUNSELOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARDS, PHILADELPHIA.]

JOHN H. ROCK, COLORED COUNSELOR.

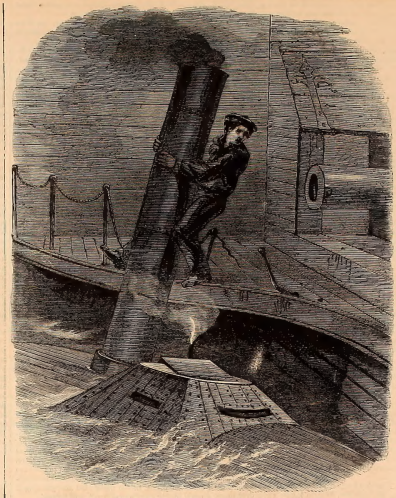
WE give on this page a portrait of JOHN H. ROCK, the colored lawyer who was on February 2 admitted as a practitioner before the Supreme Court of the United States, on motion of the Honorable CHARLES SUMNER. Mr. ROCK is known in Boston as a first-class lawyer. This event, following two days after the passage by Congress of the proposition to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery in the United States, will be regarded by the future historian as a remarkable indication of the revolution which is going on in the sentiment of a great people. Mr. ROCK has never been a slave. He represents the colored freeman, as Mr. DOUGLASS represents the freedman. This extraordinary reversal of the DRED SCOTT decision is an act almost sublime. It is related of ÆSOP, who had been born a slave, that the Athenians erected a statue to his memory, or as PHÆDRUS has it:

Servumque posuere in æterna basi.

The Supreme Court of the United States has taken one of a race crushed down to the earth with its own most solemn sanction, has taken one who merely by the chance of birth was not himself a slave, and has placed him not indeed in marble,

in æterna basi,

but upon "the enduring pedestal" of an honorable citizenship.



INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "OCTORARA," JANUARY 30, 1865.

INCIDENT ON BOARD THE "OCTORARA."

THE incident illustrated in the above cut is thus narrated by our correspondent: "On the night of the 26th a torpedo-boat came out from Mobile Bay, and made an unsuccessful attack upon the *Octorara*. At about 2 A.M., though the night was very dark, an object was discovered not many yards astern, and making direct for the vessel. The look-out hailed lustily, 'Boat ahoy!' The response came, 'Ay, ay!' as though from one of our own boats. The officer of the deck immediately sang out to them to 'lie on their oars;' to which they answered, 'Ay, ay!' A moment after they rasped along the vessel's side from aft forward to the guards. The knowledge that it was the torpedo-boat of the rebels now flashed upon all. The intrepidity of the captain of the after-guard is worthy of the highest praise. Though all expected momentarily to be blown up, this man, seeing how readily they could gain an advantage over the enemy by prompt action, grasped her smoke-pipe as it came by the guards of the ship, at the same time crying out lustily for a rope to make the devil fast with. The remaining sailors, acting under different impulses, recoiled to the opposite side of the deck. Several shots were fired at this brave man, and as his exertions were hardly sufficient to retain his hold upon the hot pipe, he preferred to let go rather than be dragged overboard."



NEGRO QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN L. L. LANGDON.]



SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1865.

FURNISHED BY MESSRS. CARTER, KIRTLAND, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, NO. 340 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1865.

THE above engraving will convey a fair idea of some of the styles which MESSRS. CARTER, KIRTLAND & CO. have projected for their spring jobbing business. No better evidence can be afforded of the stability and confidence of the country during a prolonged war than the steady, quiet progress of the various branches of industry and trade. The Clothing Trade has participated to the fullest extent in the general activity.

The wholesale clothing business rests upon a permanent and enduring basis. Intelligent capitalists have so developed it that it now occupies the first business-rank, vying in importance with any of the great commercial or industrial interests of the age. But its successful prosecution requires a peculiar combination of talent. Long experience in the trade, thorough knowledge of the wants and tastes of the public, skill in designing the patterns, and rare business talents are indispensably necessary to success; and to these must be added large capital. MESSRS. CARTER & KIRTLAND have every department of the business under the strictest supervision, and such confidence and satisfaction is felt in their productions that the most fastidious find them as elegant and serviceable as the best custom-work. A variety of circumstances conspire to vary the fashions of succeeding seasons, but generally every new year marks an improvement. The styles for 1865 which we instance will be found far more acceptable, in simplicity and elegance, to the public than those of previous years. The same improvement may also be seen in the materials made up by responsible houses. So much taste would be uselessly bestowed upon flimsy fabrics. The same judgment which impels the clothiers to design superior patterns suggests the embodiment of them in fine and durable cloths.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FOR full dress, the 1865 season is characterized by a marked preference, as to color, for black, violet, and black and white robes. The *femmes élégantes* have adopted the black and white with such tenacity that the combination may be expected to take its run through all the capitals that look toward Paris for the indication of its choice. Such toilets, although a little sombre, are refreshing after the extreme richness of color which predominated during the last year, when glaring attraction was often obtained at the sacrifice of good taste.

Passementerie ornaments have resumed their importance for the trimmings of dresses, in the ornamentation of which an excessive luxury is once more displayed. In many instances it is the most costly portion of the toilet.

The present style of bonnets and head-dresses simplifies their description. The lanchon is the taste of the day, and is so small as to appear altogether diminutive in the presence of a lady's ordi-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1865.

nary cap. A small piece of velvet or of lace, a few flowers, a bird, an eagle's or a crow's feather, or a plume of a peacock's plumage, furnish the elements of which the slight Parisian chapeau is created. *For grand toilette* velvet and lace bonnets, ornamented with feathers, are mostly worn.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress.*—The principal feature of this toilet is the bonnet-jacket, or long pelisse, which may also be worn at home as a robe de chambre. It is usually of light-colored cloth, lined with wadding. The under-skirt may be either of the same or of a different color, but the material employed should be moire or velvet. The narrow collar, or pelerine, is trimmed with worsted or chenille fringe. The fanchon of our Illustration is composed of gray velvet, with a narrow white blonde and black lace trimming.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Soirée.*—Robe of pearl-gray satin, ornamented round the skirt with two bands of passementerie; the upper one is of black tulle pointed, to appearance; the lower band is made pleated upon the satin skirt. The tulle jupe is drawn up on one side by a long chain of large jet beads disposed in the manner shown in our engraving. The bertha is in black and white lace and blonde. The head-dress is the coiffure grecque, with a series of amber beads placed at regular distances in the netting.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—This dress is in dark blue moire antique, and is fastened in front with large buttons, either of jet, mirrors, or in mother-of-pearl; the trimming consists of black detached velvet edged with a narrow guipure. The velvet ornamentation may be advantageously replaced by satin, if preferred. The chapeau is a velvet fanchon ornamented with a bird and a rose.

THE WIND THROUGH THE KEYHOLE.

HARK! to the low wind sighing, so sad, so bleak, so cold.
It comes like the voice of a wailing ghost, full of misery untold.
It tells of endless sorrow, of fire and parting wreck,
And of the bare rope pressing round a choking creature's neck.

It comes from storm-swept raging seas, and from the wild morass;
From wandering round the ruined towers in many a land it has passed;
From whistling against prison-bars, and over miles of snow,
Where the lying mother and her child crouch to the Cossack's blow.

From long forgotten battle-fields, where the grass grows coarse and rank;
From the vivers-makers fishing against the shoal's sunk bank;
From forests madly tossing before the shattering storm;
From moors where, on the gibbet, the body hangs still warm.

Come, children, then together, and pray for drowning men.
For suffering creatures, floating faint on wreck far from our ken.
Pray for all human sorrow, for all who are suffering now,
By sword or storm, by sea or land, in this our world below.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES WOMAN'S GREATEST BOON.—We would advise a man to forego a threshers, and thresh wheat with a flail, rather than to see the wife wear her health, vigor, and life away in the everlasting stitch, stitch, stitch, when a sewing machine can be obtained. The Wheeler & Wilson is an invaluable addition to every household. We have had several kinds on trial, and, after six years' service, the Wheeler & Wilson has taken the precedence as the best. We have all kinds of sewing are to be done in a family.—*American Agriculturist, Jan.*, 1865.

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Handsomely Gold-Plated, Self-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridomin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast *5 gross of the best Steel Pens; although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK-HOLDERS.
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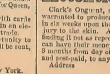
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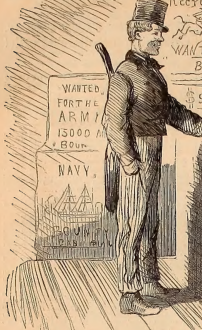
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Its property consists of a perpetual lease of about 75,000 acres of oil territory in San Luis Obispo County, State of California, lying on and near the Pacific Ocean, being all the following five ranches, viz.:

I. The Manuela Ranch, containing 16,564.83 acres.
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IV. The Pismo Ranch, containing 8888.89 acres.
V. The Stone Corral Ranch, containing 30,911.99 acres.

The titles of which lands have been thoroughly examined and approved by Judge Parsons, of San Francisco.

All reports, written and verbal, of gentlemen who, during the past year, have visited and thoroughly examined this property carefully and scientifically, concur in representing it as overflowing with Petroleum. They say: "The ranches are splendid estates, but their value is in their mineral deposits of Coal, Oil, and Gas."

The Company's lands extend for over ten miles on San Luis Bay, on the Pacific coast, with a good roadstead, where shipments can be made with facility to San Francisco, South America, Australia, China, and New York.

The lands have a gentle slope to San Luis Bay, and there is full evidence of the practicability of conducting the oil, at a moderate expense, through pipes from the wells to reservoirs or tanks, to be located at this point, when it can be sent to the markets of the world, either in its crude state or refined, according to the demand.

The cost of shipping will not exceed 35 cents per barrel, and the Company will be enabled to place Petroleum at New York at $5 per barrel, and at Australia and China at reduced rates.

It is designed to develop fully and practically the means and wealth of this property in the earliest practicable moment.

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where the prospectus can be obtained.

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GERMAN DINNER PILLS, a certain cure for Piles, Salt Rheum, old Wounds, Fever Sores, and all Skin Diseases. For sale at No. 93 Bowery, New York.
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JOHN W. STRONG, Detroit, Mich.
EDWARD M. MORGAN, 2 Pine Street, New York.

The subscription is so nearly completed that it is intended to close the same on or before the 12th of February.

Subscriptions, $100,000, of which $60,000 purchases the land—to wit, 67,960 acres. The remaining $150,000 is the permanent cash working capital of the Company.

Capital stock, $6,000,000. Par value of shares, $100. Subscribers to this purchase will receive eight shares of stock for each one hundred dollars subscribed. Lands located on the Little Kanawha and Elk Rivers, in the counties of Gilmer and Braxton, in the very heart of the oil regions of West Virginia.

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Professor Shepherd, of New Haven, Conn., reports: "*I consider it eminently oil-producing land. The oil-bearing shales underlie it extensively, and the fissures free of carbonated hydrogen, or illuminating gas springs, some of which I saw burning, as well as the appearance of oil itself on the surface of the tract, fully confirms me in this belief.*

"*There can be no doubt that along your creeks and tributaries there is a large extent of valuable oil-producing territory. The carboniferous system of Monticulous and cannel coal, iron ore, limestone, and fire-clays embodied in the high hills on your property, the tops and slopes of which are covered with an extraordinary growth of white oak and other heavy timbers, add immensely to its value.*"

These views are fully endorsed by the reports of the most precious and experienced men from the oil districts of both Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The Company consider themselves fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Blackwell, a practical civil engineer, for the general superintendence, as well known as the late Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the "Commissioners of Washington Heights," New York City.

Arrangements are in rapid progress for the immediate development of the property on a scale commensurate with its value and extent.

Subscriptions payable at the times of subscribing, or one-half in cash, the balance in thirty days from the date of closing the subscription, can be made in person or by letter at the office of the undersigned, No. 61 Cedar Street, New York; at the office of ROBINSON, No. 4 Broad Street, and JOHN W. STRONG, Detroit, Michigan, where full information can be obtained.

JAMES WADSWORTH & CO.,
No. 61 Cedar Street, New York.

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A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD PLATED WATCH. Double Case, Lever, Cap, small size, white enameled dial, cut hands, "*English Movements*," and correct time-keeper, with an accurate "*Minuteer Calendar*," indicating the "*Day of the Week, Month, &c.*," in back case.
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A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with "*Minuteer Calendar*," &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only $7.
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ALSO FABIAN, FRENCH CHINA, GLASS, &c.
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Great inducements to sell our celebrated PIANO PACKETS and Certificates to Agents throughout the country. Every article. A single certificate, with special circulars to agents how to obtain them, sent by mail, POST-PAID, on receipt of 25 cts. G. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.
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THE Advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the Advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 427.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA—ROAD AT THE SWAMP CROSSINGS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 133.]

THE OLD SOLDIER'S REWARD.

I saw, beyond the years to be,
An old man bending low
Above a book—a history
Of glory all of woe;
His pale lips moved without a sound,
He neither sighed nor smiled,
And one thin arm was twined around
A sunny, silent child.

Page after page he read and turned,
And many a pause made he,
As if the meaning was inurned
In some dim memory;
For though the deeds he read were wrought
By help of his right hand,
They came as slowly to his thought
As from the spirit land.

"My boy," he said at length, "this page
Must have been writ for me;
I just remember it; an age
Ago it seems to be.
'A sergeant took the flag and ran
A rod before his men:'
My boy, I was that very man;
I see it all again.

"And here: 'The horses all were killed,
And every man but one;
The grape-shot failed; he quickly filled
A gun with pebble stone,
And fired point-blank below the smoke
Into the rebel line,
And thinned it so it turned and broke:'
My boy, that shot was mine.

"Again: 'They rushed through mist and rain
Up to the clear blue sky;
The wounded hushed their groans of pain
As 'twere a joy to die
So near to God?' I lay that night
Beneath the stars that stood
High over Lookout's silent height,
Reflected in my blood.

"And here, and here: I never thought
My deeds would find a pen.
I only for my country fought
Along with other men:
It must have been because I took
No thought of history.
The generous man who wrote this book
Has put down much for me.

"The hills, my boy, are white with snow:
I feel the creeping cold;
I hear another bugle blow
Than that I heard of old.
Is this me; I must go—good-by!
The book has paid for all:"
And then he bowed without a sigh
And answered to the call.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

SHERMAN'S TRUE VICTORY.

WHEN GENERAL SHERMAN marched from Atlanta one of the leading rebel papers in Richmond said that even if he pushed through to the coast it was of no importance. He may succeed in traversing the State, it said, but it will be as an army passes through the air, without wounding it or leaving a trace of its passage.

In commenting upon this statement, which was superficially true, we ventured to suggest that the moral consequences of such a success had been entirely overlooked. Has it not proved so? When SHERMAN arrived at Savannah and occupied it, there was not a general concession that the rebellion had received a death-blow? He had not fought a battle upon the way. The march was a agreeable journey. The fields were full. The people did not oppose him. The climate was soft. There was nothing of war but the military array. Yet from the midst of the national flag appeared over Savannah the heart of the rebellion has been broken.

The reason is obvious. If there are two wrestlers, and one suddenly ascertains that two steps behind his opponent is a gnawing gulf, and the opponent learns at the same moment that it is known to his adversary, the contest is virtually over. The combatants seem to stand as erect and sturdy as ever. But the conscious mind of one has relaxed his muscles. His heart is conquered, and his hand succumbs. So the rebellion has maintained a saucy front. "The South" was one man. "The South" was eager to die in the last ditch. "The South" would gladly destroy its homes and property to paralyse the Yankee invader. "The South" might be overrun, but would never be conquered. So long as this was every where believed, it required a factitious strength to the whole movement. It gave it that moral force which is the most powerful of all auxiliaries.

And it is directly at that moral force that SHERMAN'S campaign strikes. His smooth and unresisted march from Atlanta to Savannah, from Savannah to Columbia, undreview the country, Europe, and the rebels themselves. It has shown that they are *not* one man; that they are *not* eager for the last ditch; that they will *not* do to thwart the Yankees what Holland did to thwart France; that they will be overrun and can be conquered. When General LEE speaks of the universal despondency; when JUDAH BENJAMIN says that there is very great danger; when DAVIS and HUNTER seek frantically to fire the Southern heart with a wretched trick; when every rebel paper confesses the universal gloom; and one of them, speaking for all, says, frankly: "The people are not whipped but cowed. Their souls and not their hands are disarmed. Our strength is not sapped, but our courage is oozing out at the ends of our fingers;" and when EARL RUSSELL suddenly discovers that he is not surprised that the Government of the United States is irritated by raids from Canada and sums from English ports; we behold the moral victory of SHERMAN'S campaign: we see that his march was not an arrow harmlessly piercing the air, but a needle forcing the fluid to every vein.

SHERMAN has exposed the mask and the brag of the rebellion. Rebel gascons will boast, but he has taught us the exact value of gasconade. "Let the foe meet resistance unto death!" shouts MEGRATH, the Governor of South Carolina. "SHERMAN will find a lion in his path," says the Richmond *Examiner*, "BEAUREGARD is in his front." "Long before Columbia falls," says the Columbia *Carolinian* of February 12, "we look for a battle and a victory commensurate in its consequences with the great interests now at stake, one which will prove that GOD is fighting by our side, although with visor down," and that he has wounded so Carolina the proud privilege of closing as she began this war—in triumph." Five days afterward Columbia was occupied by SHERMAN. The lion BEAUREGARD stole away; and the ludicrous newspaper, which asked "what reason is there to anticipate an immediate advance upon Columbia; we recall none, to believe it is contrary to common sense," had no sooner spoken than SHERMAN arrived.

The wretched blunder of the rebellion is relentlessly ridiculed by General SHERMAN. The same Mobile *Register* which now says that "the people [the rebels] are not whipped but cowed, their souls and their hands are disarmed," said four years ago: "If the war lasts five years the terms of peace will be dictated at the gates of Boston. But the war will not last so long. The day is not far distant when the North will sue for peace. Until it does the policy as well as the will of the South is to give them war to their hearts' content, war to the knife and to the hilt." "White slaves," said another of these pleasing sheets, "peddling wretches, smallchange knaves and vagrants, the dregs and offscourings of the populace—these are the levied forces whom LINCOLN suddenly arrays as candidates for the honor of being slaughtered by gentlemen such as Mobile sent to battle yesterday. Let them come South and we will put our negroes to the dirty work of killing them. But they will not come South. Such a wretch of them will live on this side of the border longer than it will take us to reach the ground and drive them over." The Richmond *Mercury* at the same time exclaimed: "The miserable fanatics and charlatans at Washington are pursuing the very course of policy we most earnestly desire them to pursue." The Charleston *Mercury* now says: "Our paper is suspended with a view to its temporary removal to another point. This is rendered necessary by the progress of military events."

In such a wild yell of contempt for freemen this rebellion against a popular government began. By such passionate appeals and such appeals the mind of the Southern people was inflamed. By such frenzied rhetoric they have been bewildered and stimulated since the first shot was fired. The exposure of this enormous deceit is part of the true victory of SHERMAN. He subdues the mind of the rebellious section by enlightening it. He shows that the South, sedulously kept in ignorance both of the character and spirit of the people of the North by these miserable leaders, will learn first to respect Northern valor and persistence, and then to estimate and esteem Northern intelligence. They will learn that there is no vindictiveness in the Northern heart; that the Union is not fixed immutably and forever, upon Union and Liberty, and they will see that their own happiness as well as the national glory are inseparable from that aim.

CHARLESTON.

THAT Charleston should fall was inevitable. That Charleston should fall without a blow was inconceivable. The South Carolinians have always boasted more of their courage as Americans. The Charlestonians always accounted themselves the most chivalric of Carolinians. That the rebel chiefs will have forged their fallow-citizens into this insurrection mean to leave us without any respect for their own consistency will hardly meet with foolish code? If there were any point of honor whatever in this wretched rebellion it was the defense of the cradle of secession and treason. If there were any possible last ditch it was the streets of Charleston. If we might expect to find any where that passionate and heroic devotion of which we have heard for long years the loud bluster, it was in the city where four years ago men and women of every age crowded balconies, housetops, and windows to watch exulting traitors firing upon the little garrison of Sumter, whose steady endurance typified that of the nation that placed it there.

It was a strange scene on that April day four years ago. The spectators cheered and wept for joy, and the merry bells rang, when the flag of their country fell for the first time, shot down by its own children. Did the spectators of that day remember it when at last that flag returned triumphant? Over how much bitter agony, through what seas of blood, across what blighted hopes and ruined lives it returned; but also over the desolation of Carolinian homes which Carolina has wrought; over the wide waste of fortunes which Carolina has destroyed; over the treacherous doctrine of State supremacy which Carolina has hugged snake-like to her breast; over the relic of slavery which Carolina has shielded. The old flag returns. Peace, union, and prosperity are the benedictions it imparts. Those who see its coming, those who have hated it as the symbol of equal rights and universal justice and popular government, those who have fostered this huge monster of rebellion until, when it turns and rends them, may flout and refuse its blessings. But the people whom they have fooled; the people whom they have kept ignorant, degraded, and prejudiced; the people of whose political rights that flag is the symbol, will gradually hail it as benighted outcasts hail the dawn.

The fall of Charleston can bring no exultation to any loyal citizen. It has been considered, indeed, the special nest of rebellion. It has always been an aristocratic city. Its "society" has been held to be peculiarly aristocratic. It has led Newport and Saratoga by the nose. Its swagger has passed for elegance; its insolence for ease. Men who were not enough redeemed from barbarism to honor men as men, and who with the kings of wild Africa sold human beings for money, have assumed "gentlemen" in Broadway and in the shadow of Bunker Hill. But that illusion is long since dissolved; and the ignoble fall of the little Corinth of their pride merely shows how poor is their manhood who in this day and country despise men, and how contemptible is the "chivalry" that will not die for what it so dearest honor.

We shall hear, perhaps, from Richmond, as we heard when Vicksburg, Atlanta, and Savannah fell, that it is of no consequence; that the rebellion is really stronger without Columbia and Charleston. But if in its chief cities, in its territories, and in its population, we are not to look for "the beginning" where shall we find it? In the gloomy will of DAVIS; in the hollow rhetoric of BENJAMIN; in the sharp shrieks of the rebel press;—where else?

OFFICE-HOLDING.

MR. WILSON has introduced a bill into the United States Senate recommending the preference in appointment to civil office of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who shall be found competent; and Mr. GILLESPIE has made a similar proposition in the State Senate of New York. The report which accompanies Mr. WILSON'S bill states the prayer of many petitions to be that the tenure of office may be for life or good behavior.

The wisdom of the selection of a special class for preference in the matter of office may be fairly disputed. That any class should be authorized to feel a right to office and a consequent right to demand it in any way easily prove to be a practical misfortune. It seems to us that the true principle in the matter is the recognition of the equal claim of all loyal citizens who are honest and competent. It is hardly to be asserted that all those who have been engaged in active service are more earnestly patriotic than many and many who have not; and the tendency of such discrimination is a kind of jealousy which is always better avoided if possible.

The feeling of respect and sympathy for the soldiers and sailors upon which the proposal springs is genuine and honorable. It is, indeed, universal. The feeling of no nation toward its army and navy ever before when it ours is; and for the plain reason that they are in large part the nation itself volunteering. In every way the tender solicitude of the country has been expressed; it will continue to be so. And this is so sure to be the case that the object of the recommendation or bill would equally be accomplished, while the advantage derived by such an expression by Congress of respect and gratitude to the army and navy is destroyed by the mischief of an expression of Congressional preference for a class. It is precisely one of those things which should be left to the sympathy and good sense of the country. They may be fully trusted. The honorably discharged soldier and sailor is as sure of substantial gratitude as the country is of his substantial service.

The resolutions reported by the Committee of the Senate do not recommend that the tenure of the office should be life or good behavior. But that is a recommendation which we hope to see made in regard to all ministerial offices, and enforced by law. The inconveniences and perils of the national elections would be in large part removed, if every department of the administration were not pulled up by the roots every four years. The utter demoralization springing from our foolish whim of rotation in office is known to every man. The consequence of the system is that the most practical of people renounce their common sense in dealing with the most important affairs. No merchant would think of making a man his book-keeper because he was a clever blacksmith, nor intrust a moments-ous suit at law to a good physician. If a successful trader wishes a captain for his ship, he requires knowledge, seamanship, experience. If a gentleman hires a gardener, he prefers familiarity with plants, hot-houses, and soils. No man would employ a coachman who did not understand how to take charge of horses—and yet the same man would recommend an applicant to a public office who was as unfit for it as a man who only speaks Chinese to teach an infant school in New York.

The money that would be saved to the people; the greater ease and method and punctuality with which the public work would be done; the dangers that would disappear from elections; the deeper and more permanent repose which would be imparted to the national character by a simple reform like this is incalculable.

Nor was there ever a more favorable moment for beginning the change of system than this. The President has been re-elected not by a party but by the country. The ordinary party reasons for the disastrous custom do not exist. The holders of office are as good friends of the policy of the Administration as those who are not. And if the only changes after the 4th of March should be those resulting from resignations, from delinquency, disloyalty, or incapacity, the country would have an additional reason to honor the President and his policy.

"FILL UP THE ARMY."

"HASTEN on recruiting to fill up the army," telegraphs the Secretary of War to governor TOD-TON, "and the rebellion must receive the final blow in this spring's campaign."

This call, with the rebel General LEE'S official avowal of universal despondency, should be enough to give General GRANT the hundred thousand men for whom he asks to overthrow the military forces of the rebellion.

Indeed, to the least sanguine observer the situation can not seem very unpromising. The whole Southwest is paralyzed. SHERMAN is approaching North Carolina to the rear of the excommunication of the rebellion, and LEE can not long remain absolutely inactive in Richmond. The largest force of the national army now is the sure end of the matter. Whoever joins GRANT or SHERMAN helps to secure the speedy and final victory. There must be thousands and thousands of active men who could not go for a long war, but who can go for a campaign which crowns the great work. We are not sure that the present enlistments are never more active. The larger the army the more hopeless will contention with it seem. JUDAH BENJAMIN, the rebel Secretary of State, declares that all the white force of the rebel section is exhausted. There is danger, great danger, he says, unless the slaves are armed.

Why should they not be exhausted? Their very souls are fatigued with treacherous deceit. BENJAMIN and DAVIS, and the rest, who now so desperately fan the expiring flame of ignorant exasperation against the Government, have deluded the people of the Southern States into a war in which they have been every where beaten. Every promise made to them has been broken. Every hope which allured them has been disappointed. Every vision of independence, of recognition, of prosperity, has faded utterly away. Like men drugged with poisoned wine who have been seduced into enlisting, and who have recovered to find themselves wretched, their faculties darkened, and their memory dead, so the people of the Southern States were inflamed with falsehoods against the Government, the Union, and the North, by fellow-citizens, and are now awaking to discover how wantonly they have been deceived, and how terribly they are paying the penalty.

The wonder is that they are released from this thralldom the happier for us all; and the more rapidly the armies are recruited the speedier will be the release. The rebel cause relies, says the Mobile *Register*, from a poverty of spirit to breast reverses and of fortitude to endure trials. It confesses that all hearts are darkened with gloom. Whose fault is that? Whose act so? That is a question which the rebel chiefs and rebel editors may well tremble to hear asked.

THE SEA-ISLAND ORDER.

THE order of General SHERMAN, setting apart the sea-island and a strip of coast for the freedmen, was sharply criticised until the minutes of the interview between Secretary STANTON, General SHERMAN, and the leaders of the colored men were published, when it was found that the General's order was the result of the best possible counsel.

General BUTLER, in criticising SHERMAN'S order, repeats the well-known remark of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, that the colored men wish merely to be let alone. Mr. DOUGLASS means, of course, that they shall be suffered to take their chance with other people. But certainly one of the best ways of letting them alone, or suffering them to mind their own affairs, is to as-

certain what, under certain circumstances, they wish to do—and following their suggestions. The proposition of MR. DOUGLASS is that white citizens shall not impose their whims upon black; and if any of the latter honestly wish to do as the leaders at Savannah said, it is surely no offense in General SHERMAN that he promised them what they wished.

Supreme good sense is always the doing the best thing under the circumstances. Thus the Metropolitan police in the city of New York is not theoretically according to any popular system, which allows every community to take care of its own ordinary police. But no man in his senses would wish to return to the old system. It is an exceptional department for the general law justified by circumstances. Nor is it very difficult to find a similar solution for General SHERMAN'S case.

A man who has shown the remarkable sagacity of SHERMAN may be safely trusted to deal with new subjects. It is clear that he will treat them all practically and not theoretically. His education as an old army officer, and his long residence in the South had undoubtedly made him a specialist of the humane of the colored race, and possibly contemptuous of their capacity. But the moment he was brought in contact with them by the war, he looked at them and their condition exactly as they were. The slaves who followed his army in the march through Georgia were evidently no enemies of his, and his conference with the Savannah leaders, and his subsequent action, show how utterly free he is from any self-seeking or inhuman prejudice. The result of SHERMAN'S conduct in this matter with the dull opacity of M'CLELLAN and HALLECK is as striking as the difference in military genius of these men.

The order is temporary, of course. General SHERMAN has no power, nor would he wish to assume it, of finally separating one part of our population from another. For the present he is the virtual dictator, under the Government of the section in which he is operating. His means are brute force. War, as he says, is cruel. It is auxiliary. But fortunately it is temporary. It is a very unnecessary labor to fall upon his order and rend it as inhuman and antiquated and aiming at an impossible separation. It is a wise expedient, like many of General BUTLER'S acts in New Orleans.

Should Congress finally agree upon a Freedmen's bill, the whole subject will be at once removed from the operation of any military order. And the object of such a bill will be to secure the letting alone of the emancipated slaves by considering the peculiarity of their position and saving them from the interference of white sharpers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

February 15.

The military situation could not be more promising. General SHERMAN has accomplished his purpose in South Carolina. Charleston has fallen, and the rebel armies have fallen back on Charlotte, North Carolina. SHERMAN is pressing on in the same direction. Charleston was evacuated on the 18th. The same day Admiral DUPONT took possession. Florence has assumed the attitude of all the rebel armies on the 9th.

Our fleets prevail in all peculiar interest. It is quite certain that both England and France will maintain the attitude of amicable indifference to our civil war.

CONGRESS.

February 15.

In the Senate, Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, announced the death of Senator HICKS from that State. Several unimportant resolutions of respect were passed. At 2 o'clock the surrender of Charleston was brought to the Chamber, and the funeral services of the Masonic Order were performed.

In the House, the customary tribute of respect was paid to Senator HICKS.

February 16:

In the Senate, the Report of General Herman as Inspector of the Defenses of Arkansas was presented. A bill was passed to authorize the settlement of claims of the Arkansas Legislature for the support of troops and the reward Africans in Liberia.

In the House, it was resolved that that body should meet at 11 o'clock A.M., and remain in session till 9 P.M. The Senate bill to increase the mail communication between the United States and Canada was passed by a large majority.

February 17:

In the Senate, Mr. Sapue's credentials as Virginia Senator were presented, and the entire session was taken up in the debate on Senator FOSTER'S reference to the Judiciary Committee.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill came up, and was amended so as to levy a tax of one half of one per cent. on sales; another amendment was adopted, providing for a very heavy bullion broker shall take out a license for which he shall pay one thousand dollars.

February 18:

In the Senate, the Army Appropriation bill was taken up and amended by striking out the proviso that no money should be paid for the railroads for transportation of troops and munitions of war for the United States. The bill was then passed with an additional appropriation providing for the repeal of all laws and regulations of the War Department giving additional rank or pay to staff or volunteer officers.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill was passed, with amendments: that no peddler not enrolled shall be licensed; a tax of 25 cents per pound on smoking tobacco; making substitute-brokers pay $150 for a license; imposing a tax of 5 per cent. on the net profits of gross receipts of railroad companies and similar corporations, where the profits are under $3000 per annum, and of 5 per cent. on the excess of the amount. The sanctions to tax wine was non-concurred in. An amendment was concurred in taxing National and State banking associations 10 per cent. on the amount of notes of any State bank or association paid out by them on and after January 1, 1866.

February 20:

In the Senate, the vote on the Army Appropriation bill was reconsidered, and the amendment equalizing the rank and pay of officers and engineers and others was rejected.

In the House, the Conference report on the bill, amendatory of the existing law and emoluments of army officers, was disagreed to, and a new conference asked.

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner, Chairman of Foreign Affairs, declining to furnish a copy of General Meagher's report relative to the evacuation of Cumberland Gap. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the bill providing a Government for the States subverted or overthrown by the rebellion. In the midst of the debate on this bill, General Grant's dispatch, announcing the evacuation of Charleston, was received with great applause.

February 21:

In the Senate, no important business was done.

In the House, the bill providing a government for States overthrown or subverted by rebellion took on the table, 91 to 83.

THE FALL OF CHARLESTON.

An official dispatch from General Gillmore states that Charleston fell into our possession on the morning of the 18th inst., with over two hundred pieces of artillery. In other accounts says that all the guns were spiked, and a large quantity of ammunition destroyed. Evacuation had been evacuated during the previous night by the rebel forces, the Mayor surrendering the city to the troops of General Schimmelfenig, who at once took possession. The rebels evacuated Sumter, Moultrie, Gregg, Wagner, Cummings Point, and bridges, two iron-clads, and several vessels in the harbor. They were burned by the rebels. The Arsenal building contained 200 kegs of powder, which exploded with terrific effect, killing and wounding upward of one hundred people. It is supposed that 6000 bales of cotton were consumed in the conflagration. The dwelling-houses in the lower part of the city were found to be completely riddled by our shells, and only a small part of the population had deserted the city, and the poor who remained were suffering for want of food. The Stars and Stripes were raised over Fort Sumter by Captain H. M. Bruce.

NEWS ITEM.

A Cincinnati paper states that out of nineteen hundred rebel prisoners at Camp Chase, Columbus, only about one-fourth are willing to be exchanged. The remainder want to take the oath of allegiance and remain at the North.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Both in England and France the news of the fall of Fort Fisher produced a very positive effect upon public opinion. The Paris *Constitutionnel* says that the occupation of the Isle of Hoaust, off the coast of France, on the 15th of January. She had been previously supplied by French vessels, and consequently, the Paris journal says, could not, the other necessaries of an outfit. It was reported that she was bound for Charleston, for the purpose of raising the blockade. If this was really her destination she probably found a change in the aspect of affairs on the arrival of the vessels in that vicinity. The latest reports say that the Isle of Hoaust has been sold to Spain, and that she is in unseaworthy condition.

The Paris *Press* comments at length upon the disposition shown by our House of Representatives in applying the term recognition to the Bill for a Diplomatic Appropriation bill. There seems to be an appreciation among the people of the European press that the South will hasten on a crisis between America and Europe. The *Gazette de France* says that the Imperial Government has not taken a more determined attitude in relation to Mexican affairs, but that the Mexican question has done the best he could, and threw blame upon the rest of Europe for causing Europe to be in a false position. The story about the cession of Durango, Sonora, and other States to MAXIMILIAN is denied by the Mexican Minister at Paris. On the 4th instant there was a meeting of the Privy Council at Paris. It was understood that the Emperor Napoleon, who is favorable to the Union, is now Vice-President of the Council. The object of the meeting was the question to FRANCE were the chief object of the meetings. The discussion terminated in the following:

"That for the moment it would be wrong to give way to exaggerated hopes, and that it would be well to have a conciliatory assurance which American diplomacy continued to give to the Cabinet, and to adapt its action provisionally from all movement, without, however, indulging in a false security."

The British Parliament was opened on the 6th. The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's Speech. The dissolution of the Danish war was briefly alluded to. Her Majesty remained carefully neutral during the whole of the late parties in the American civil war. The opening of the Danish Sea to all flags had affected largely the trade commerce. The conduct with the New Zealand tribes was not to be terminated. Her Majesty had been invited to be at the meeting of a conference of delegates from her several British American provinces, which was appointed by Her Majesty's Governor-General, assembled at Quebec. Those delegates had unanimously agreed upon a plan for the closer union of those provinces under a central government. If these resolutions were approved by the provincial Legislatures a bill would be laid before Parliament for the purpose of giving effect to them. Unfavorable crops past year had had its share in the advantages of a good harvest. Her Majesty congratulated them personally on meeting in that part of the legislature.

The most important debate in the House of Lords on American affairs, in which the Earl of Derby expressed his opinion that there was no more fantastic ether in general reputation or in the subjugation of the South. The Earl of Clarendon replied, and was followed by the American Congress, looking to the termination of the war. Lord Russell, in the House of Commons, spoke of the Lakes, showed a spirit of hostility toward England. The discussion was followed by a speech in which he explained that Earl Derby had not made sufficient allowance for the excitement which prevailed in this country. He thought it was unjust in the American Government to find fault with England for not having prevented the war, which the authorities of the United States say a portion of the Government had declared to be a war to English guns and English rivers, and that there was no ground for the charge that the Alabama and her consorts were suffers very grievously from it—I do say it is unjust that they should be charged with what they ought in the same time certainly to ask this question—whether the Government of the United States have not very much to do with the depredations committed, and the many lives lost by the burning of vessels, by prevented by their having made the basis of warlike operations, so as to involve in the war a country with which they were at all events bound to act. He was not aware that the Government of the United States had ever called upon the Government of this country to prevent the escape of vessels from the Clyde, which, if they had done, would have been considered a most unfriendly act. He thought it was unjust to charge this country with what it had done in the way of preventing the escape of vessels, which if they had done so would have been considered a most unfriendly act. He thought it was unjust to charge this country with what it had done in the way of preventing the escape of vessels, which if they had done so would have been considered a most unfriendly act.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

HOW SOLDIER GOODS TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.—Considerable ingenuity is displayed by the thieves in conveying their unlawful possessions from one place to another. Hampers, clothes-baskets, hat-boxes, carpet-bags, and brown paper parcels, are favorite modes. Articles are carried by women dressed like servants, and by honest and unsuspected servants and boys, and parties who frequently have no knowledge of the contents of the luggage. Thieves even have been known regularly to invite a friend to dine, and travel along the streets and railways in company with a basket containing the stolen property. Two or three pounds of cheese or butter, insert therein a gold watch or a diamond ring, place the eatable upon a plate, and the savory commodity is safely carried among the police, without having excited any notice, whereas if any person or desire concerning the cheese may be that it would make a nice pudding for his family. Jewelry of the most worthy of jewelry have travelled the whole length of a railway clothed up in a salmon or a ham. Dresses, cloaks, and shawls, once obtained, in the provinces, a large quantity of which, and disposed of to a receiver of stolen goods, or to the force-master in London. They purchased a very large Bible once, scooped out the inside, filled it with valuables, and then sent it off per goods train like any other package.

A MODEST MAN.—The Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Winchester, Connecticut, recently officiated in the army as a private, and was sent to the rendezvous at New Haven. On the Sunday after his arrival he was summoned before the commanding officer of the post and addressed: "Mr. Burnham, I see by the records in the list sent to me that you are a reverend. About a dozen reverends have enlisted from this State, and I wish you to preach for the soldiers' night without asking for a chaplaincy; so I guess we'll make you chaplain." And he was made chaplain accordingly.

VALUABLE PREY.—A peasant in the environs of Kenigsgrid (Bohemia) a few days since found a hare, which had been caught in a snare, and carried it home, where it soon recovered from its painful situation and became the pet of his children. It was extremely tame, and allowed itself to be caressed by all. In



CAMP FORD, TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY G. W. SIMMONS.—[SEE PAGE 141.]



THE DOUBLE-ENDER "PONTIAC" DESCENDING THE SAVANNAH RIVER.—[SKETCHED BY B. J. S.]

THE WAR IN THE CAROLINAS.

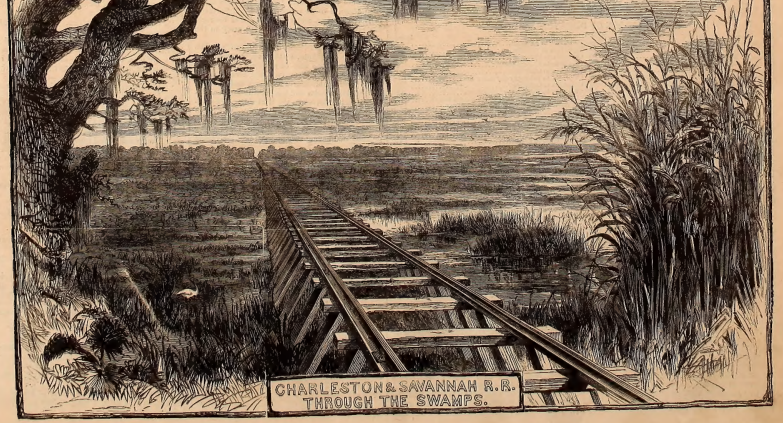
GENERAL SHERMAN'S campaign, as it has been developed thus far, appears not to have been a series of battles but one of difficult marches. The pleasant promenade across the State of Georgia was not repeated in South Carolina. A wide region of swampy country had to be traversed before our armies could emerge upon the sandy tract of the uplands. An idea of the difficulties which beset SHERMAN in the first stage of his South Carolina campaign is conveyed in the illustration on our first page and on page 137. These swamp crossings, made doubly intricate by trees which have been felled by the enemy, and where our advance is not unfrequently harassed by rebel skirmishers, occurred every few miles in the earlier stage of the march. In the march from M'Phersonville the water was up to the horses' girths.

As in the advance on Savannah, so in this march northward from that point SHERMAN'S movements appear to be hidden alike from the enemy's scrutiny and our own. At Richmond or at Washington there is the same ignorance of details. It is known that there are so many columns, that certain points have been reached, that in every direction KILPATRICK'S cavalry are meddling with the rebel lines of communication, but all else is in obscurity.

SLOCUM'S column, which is still the left wing, began to move, January 27, toward Sister's Ferry, which is seventy miles above Savannah. The greater part of the column and all its trains were obliged to move up the Georgia bank of the river to avoid the impassable swamps on the other side. The gun-boat *Pontiac* covered the crossing at Sister's Ferry. The height of water in the river produced by the late freshet made Sister's Ferry a very good temporary base for SLOCUM, and the light transports at Savannah were brought into requisition for the conveyance of supplies. We give on this page an illustration of the *Pontiac* guarding two of these transports, the *Neuskon* and *Fountain*, down the river. The scene on board these boats must have been very picturesque, as the bold shore was completely submerged and the vessels appeared to be forcing a passage through the trees and underbrush of the forest itself.

The Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps of SLOCUM'S column reached Sister's Ferry January 20. After crossing the river this column occupied Robertsville. Branchville and Augusta were thus both threatened at the same time, and the enemy was divided for the defense of both. While KILPATRICK threatened Augusta, SLOCUM crossed Whippy Swamp and the eastern branches of the Combahee River, moving on Branchville.

HOWARD at the same time moved from Pocotaligo on the Savannah and Charleston Railroad. On this page we give an illustration of this railroad, which conveys an idea of the nature of the country



MAP ILLUSTRATING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS IN VIRGINIA AND THE CAROLINAS.

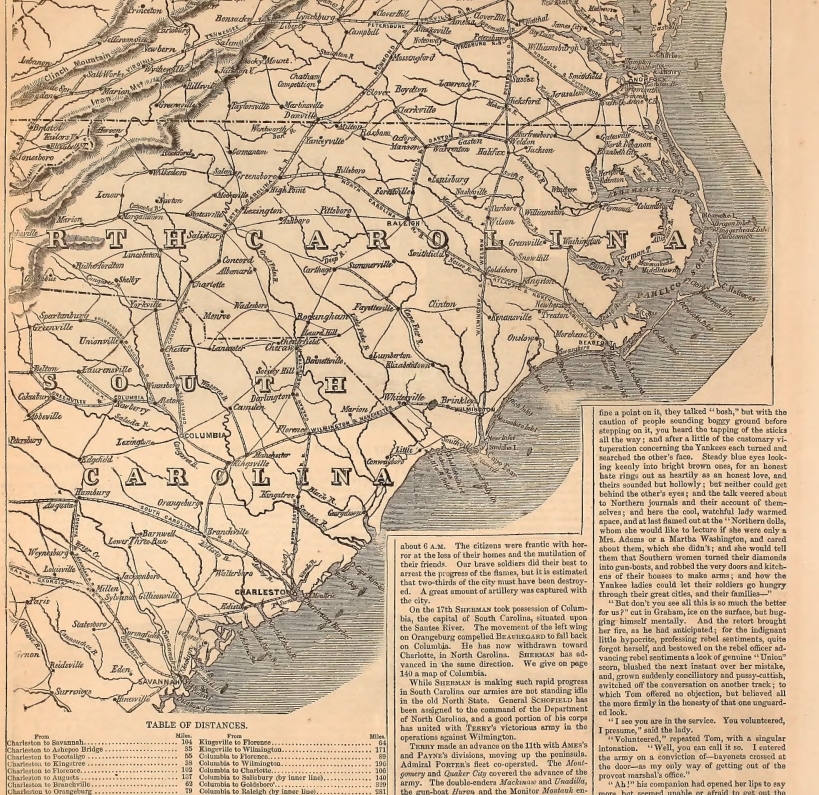


TABLE OF DISTANCES.

From	Miles.	From	Miles.
Charleston to Savannah	104	Kingsville to Florence	64
Charleston to Ashepoo Bridge	48	Kingsville to Wilmington	171
Charleston to Pocotaligo	58	Columbia to Florence	82
Charleston to Kingstree	100	Columbia to Wilmington	196
Charleston to Florence	102	Columbia to Charlotte	106
Charleston to Augusta	137	Columbia to Salisbury (by inner line)	140
Charleston to Branchville	62	Columbia to Goldsboro'	328
Charleston to Orangeburg	73	Columbia to Raleigh (by inner line)	281
Charleston to Kingsville	166	Columbia to Goldsboro' (by Wilmington route)	270
Charleston to Columbia	118	Columbia to Raleigh (by Wilmington route)	318
Charleston to Aiken	128	Wilmington to Marion	86
Charleston to Augusta	137	Wilmington to Florence	107
Charleston to Wilmington (by rail)	209	Wilmington to Goldsboro'	84
Charleston to Wilmington	459	Wilmington to Weldon	162
Charleston to Washington	587	Wilmington to Raleigh	132
Branchville to Charleston	62	Wilmington to Hillsboro'	172
Branchville to Orangeburg	17	Wilmington to Greensboro'	214
Branchville to Kingsville	104	Wilmington to Salisbury	264
Branchville to Columbia	68	Wilmington to Charlotte	304
Branchville to Florence	108	Wilmington to Fayetteville	120
Branchville to Augusta	75	Wilmington to Richmond	240
Branchville to Wilmington	326	Wilmington to Washington	370
Branchville to Charlotte	174	Newbern to Beaufort	40
Kingsville to Columbia	55	Newbern to Goldsboro'	50

which it traverses. HOWARD moved against the enemy's line nearer the coast on the lower Combahee; and while SLOCUM crossed the Edisto west of Branchville to Orangeburg on the road to Columbia, HOWARD with the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps isolated the rebel position on the south side. We illustrate on page 136 the burning of M'Phersonville by our forces. This place was five miles west of Pocotaligo.

A dispatch from the rebel General WHEELER, dated the 7th, claims to have driven back a portion of KILPATRICK'S cavalry.

In the mean time General GILLMORE superseded General FOSTER in the command of the army operating directly against Charleston. Our forces gained a foothold on Little Britain, an island at the upper end of the North Edisto. On the 10th a force from two to four thousand strong landed at Grimball's, on James Island, in Charleston Harbor, about two miles west of the city. On the 18th Charleston was evacuated by General HARDEE, and Admiral DAHLGREN took possession. In this connection the illustration of Fort Sumter, which we have engraved on pages 136 and 137, possesses great interest. The fort, which has been transformed into an earth-work, and is much more formidable than at the beginning of the war, is now in our possession. The old Union flag again waves over the fort. It was raised at 9 A.M. on the 18th. In the mean while the city of Charleston was in flames. As WHEELER'S cavalry had plundered Columbia before leaving it, so the rebel officers, regardless of all motives of humanity toward the thousands of helpless citizens they were about to leave behind them in Charleston, had, previous to their evacuation, prepared for the destruction of the city. The first explosion took place at 3 o'clock in the morning. Simultaneously with the explosion flames broke out in different parts of the city. While the unfortunate citizens were trying to extinguish the flames, a second explosion took place, causing a terrible loss of life. Our forces took possession at about 6 A.M. The citizens were frantic with horror at the loss of their homes and the mutilation of their friends. Our brave soldiers did their best to arrest the progress of the flames, but it is estimated that two-thirds of the city must have been destroyed. A great amount of artillery was captured with the city.

On the 17th SHERMAN took possession of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, situated upon the Santee River. The movement of the left wing on Orangeburg compelled BEAUREGARD to fall back on Columbia. He has now withdrawn toward Charlotte, in North Carolina. SHERMAN has advanced in the same direction. We give on page 140 a map of Columbia.

While SHERMAN is making such rapid progress in South Carolina our armies are not standing idle in the old North State. General SCHOFIELD has been assigned to the command of the Department of North Carolina, and a good portion of his corps has united with TERRY'S victorious army in the operations against Wilmington.

TERRY made an advance on the 11th with AMES'S and PAINE'S divisions, moving up the peninsula. Admiral PORTER'S fleet co-operated. The *Montgomery* and *Quaker City* covered the advance of the army. The double-enders *Mackinaw* and *Unadilla*, the gun-boat *Forest* and the Monitor *Mantauk* engaged Fort Anderson on the west side. We illustrate this bombardment on page 140. Our correspondent says that the object of the action was to ascertain the strength of the work and the number of guns, and having accomplished this the vessels withdrew.

AT A VENTURE.

STEAM was up, the train was off, and Tom Graham in it *en route* for Chattanooga; fairly in stream, as it were, and knowing no more what was to happen next than you do, only bobbing about in the tide of events and looking out sharp to see if Fortune was going to toss you a life-preserver, or if her ladyship intended to let him drown.

Beside him sat a lady, the only one in the car-ten years older than himself—that is, thirty-five—with an audacious turned-up nose, sarcastic lips, a square, determined chin, once determined for a wonderful brilliant brown eyes, and an abundance of hair, thickly sown with gray; not pretty, but not a nonentity. Many a nonentity contrives to have a mouth, nose, and eyes without as much expression as went to the making of her back. Moreover, she had met Graham on his entrance with one of those flitting, scanning glances with which women take their mental measures; and at sight of his uniform, and the M. S. on his cap, there had been a sudden dropping of the lashes, a darkening quicker than a cloud-flitting, too slight indeed for thought, had any one been aware of it, but drowning to catch at straws.

As the train jogged on they fell into conversation—about the war, of course—and, not to put too fine a point on it, they talked "bosh," but with the caution of people sounding boggy ground before stepping on it, you heard the tapping of the sticks all the way; and after a little of the customary vituperation concerning the Yankees each turned and searched the other's face. Steady blue eyes looking keenly into bright brown ones, for an honest hate rings out as heartily as an honest love, and theirs sounded but hollowly; but neither could get behind the other's eyes; and the talk veered about to Northern journals and their account of themselves; and here the cool, watchful lady warmed space, and at last flamed out at the "Northern dolls, whom she would like to lecture if she were only a Mrs. Adams or a Martha Washington, and cared about them, which she didn't; and she would tell them that Southern women turned their diamonds into gun-boats, and robbed the very doors and kitchens of their houses to make arms; and how the Yankee ladies could let their soldiers go hungry through their great cities, and their families—"

"But don't you see all this is so much the better for us?" cut in Graham, ice on the surface, but hugging himself mentally. And the retort brought her fire, as he had anticipated; for the indignant little hypocrite, professing rebel sentiments, quite forgot herself, and bestowed on the rebel officer advancing rebel sentiments a look of genuine "Union" warmth, blushed the next instant over her mistake, and, grown suddenly conciliatory and pussy-cattish, switched off the conversation on another track; to which Tom offered no objection, but believed all the more firmly in the honesty of that one unguarded look.

"I see you are in the service. You volunteered, I presume," said the lady.

"Volunteered," repeated Tom, with a singular intonation. "Well, you can call it so. I entered the army on a conviction of—bayonets crossed at the door—as my lady way of getting out of the provost marshal's office."

"Ah!" his companion had opened her lips to say more, but seemed unable or afraid to get out the words. She was startled entirely out of her high-bred repose; her quiet hands twitched nervously, the color came and went uneasily; and all the while sat Tom, not tense and self-controlled, but as if self-control were not needed; muscles lax in his easy indifference to pose; eyes cool, bright, and resting carelessly on things nearest him; not the quiver of an eyelash to tell how high leaped his heart, or how low it sank, as he said to himself,

"Tom, old boy, if that woman's face is a lie you have your pass to 'kingdom come.'"

The lady drew a long breath.

"Apparently, Sir, you are in the Medical Department."

"Yes. Surgeon at —— hospital."

The dash represents the mumble which Graham substituted for the name.

"And were the people of ——" (with a ludicrous imitation of the mumble) "patriotic?"

"Patriotic; say about boiling-point. The hospital was a sort of Levite among them, and got its dues not only of corn, wine, and oil, but of fruit, fowl, and fine linen; and the girls there had an excellent habit of being pretty and visiting the wards in person"

"Yo were in clover then?"

"Exactly."

"I could understand scrambling out of a thistle bed," remarked the lady, with an affectation of being puzzled, "but considering the scarcity of the other growth along life's highway, it is odd that you were willing to leave it."

"Ah, madam, I appreciate clover as keenly as you do, but the calls of business have no respect for clover."

"Business!" she repeated, and suddenly, as only a woman knows how, melted from reserve and suspicion into candor and pity. "I see you will not trust me; well, I dare trust you. I am for the Union, and I believe in my heart that you are also, and that your 'business' is simply running away from a detested service; and if you are a wolf in sheep's clothing after all—"

"I am not," he said, hastily; and then, as if half ashamed of his warmth, "though it is just possible that I may be the ass in the lion's skin."

"You have cast that point. I will trust! I am right in my conjecture. I can hardly understand why you are going to Chattanooga. Do you know that it is filled with soldiers? is in fact a great military camp, and that so near the Federal lines you can have no hope of protection, I suppose beyond ?" as he running from the cat heading into the trap.

"True; but on the probability of a wire bent or broken out. I know it is but the shadow of the ghost of a chance; but it is the first time I have found even that."

"Shadow indeed, my dear Sir, if you go to a hotel; but you must not go to one. You will be questioned and suspected at once. You must let me help you, and come home with me. We live very quietly, my younger sister and I. My father is dead; my mother is always confined to her room."

Cork jackets to be thankfully received and no questions asked, said Tom to himself, remembering his thoughts on starving, and accepted the invitation; but then both fell off into silence. The color that had crept into the lady's cold cheek burned and deepened for an instant as the thought, "Poor girl, her heart she would have been more at ease in playing the Good Samaritan to something grayer and grimmer than this handsome young officer," flashed, was pondering, as he had the frankness to tell her when she questioned him a moment after, "the case of one that, weary cried, 'Come in, and' as she then drove a thundering big rail through the poor fellow's temples."

"You are no physiognomist," returned the lady, laughing, "or you would see that my nose shuts me out at once from that role. How could one conspire with a sad retreat? You would see, literally spy the hammer and nails in my pocket. Moreover, my name is not Jael, but Mary—Mary Arden."

"Miss Arden," Mr. Mahon at your service," responded Tom, as if going through with an introduction.

Miss Arden smiled, but instantly sobered again, as if mirth jarred on her humor. The train jolted wearily along, the dull afternoon gathering itself, wearing itself out into twilight. It was dark when "Chattanooga" sounded hoarsely through the cars.

Miss Arden had spoken of a "quiet home," and Graham saw it in vision: an old house slumbering somewhere in the suburbs of Chattanooga, dimly lighted, faintly echoing slippered footsteps of that soft, gliding, low-voiced, younger sister, whom she had called Anne. Miss Arden's mother, a bed-ridden old, half-crazy, bitter woman, who had been a slave-holder, and was, it was likely, the most imposing building of Chattanooga. A broad flight of steps, leading from the lower windows, flooding the gravel walks, and tipping and reddening dark masses of shrubbery and great tree boles. He saw it all, and them with laughter and music, as well as the scent of roses; and in the drawing-room was not only the sparkle of mirror and gleam of vase and cornice, but sparkle and gleam of epaulet and sword hilt also—Lieut. Colonel, Captain, and the Commander in full uniform. Graham saw, but too late to draw back. He was in full view of the drawing-room and the mirrors, with its gorgeous gilt cornice, and no forward looked like sure destruction in the longrun; to go back was destruction. Hot heart bounded up in the instant to resolve to all but death, his brain counseled coolly, "Wait till worst comes." Turning on Miss Arden he grated a single fierce whisper in her ear, "Lead!" She pressed on, and—there was no time for more—and led him into the drawing-room.

"My cousin, Dr. Graham; Colonel Lightwood, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Sparke, Lieutenant Ranger. Allen, he has grown almost out of recollection; and how quite forgotten Graham was, I see."

Graham bowed, grimly. The Colonel, the Captain, and the two Lieutenants returned the salutation with severe politeness, as due to strangers and gentlemen, but, as suitors of Mistress Alice there by the window, in a state of disapprobation of male cousins on general principles. Mistress Alice herself hesitated an instant, her eyes on her sister, not the new-comer, and Tom recalled the portrait of a pallid, willowy, sighing Alice. This Alice was a flattered, softened, glowing copy of her sister; glowing not in color, which had hardly an equal in nature, a delicate sea-shell in her cheek—but with that sort of freshness that you find in some white roses fainting tinted, and on the broad leaves of the most correct as Miss Arden herself, but rounded where she was angular; eyes softer; hair as abundant, but of the loveliest brown; nose only pointed enough, curving into a very handsome throat; and a little hand that rested on Tom's like a floating flower leaf or the touch of a bit of soft white fur.

"Dear Tom," she said, her eyes sparkling with a mischief that only could appreciate, "I find I have forgotten you indeed. I should never have known you. I used to think, you know—I can tell you now—that you are so improved—that you were, just a little—gawky."

"And I," retorted Tom, kissing her, "used to think you were just a little, you know, charming, and it seems you are not well over it yet."

The Colonel, the Captain, and the two Lieutenants sat aghast. Miss Arden turned away and began discussing Reubens, as the first seizable subject, with an occasional cough from time to time that sounded as if it had a violent inclination to become a giggle; and Tom, forgetting the danger in the fun, led his cousin (?) to a seat to talk over "old times." Alice was scarlet with anger and mortification. She would have liked to cry, to box his ears, to tell him that he was ungentlemanly, to sweep majestically from the room, and she dared do none of these things, because wholly ignorant of what might be her sister's interest in the impertinent stranger. If he would have looked repentant, or abashed, by her evident displeasure; but it was only too clear that, despite an evident danger, he was keenly enjoying the situation. He had placed her in the shadow of the recessed window, and, seated himself in the full light, was zealously enacting the part of affectionate excavator of fossil remembrances, invented of course, something in this wise:

"Aunt Rutleigh, Alice, what has become of her? Do you remember how we used to go there as children eighteen years ago or more? The old Rutlege land is bought, I believe, but persisted in calling me Sir Scent d'Urce."

"I could hardly have a very vivid recollection of events eighteen years ago, my dear cousin, Alice, "I am not eighteen years old till next month."

"Ah!" responded Tom, not in the least disconcerted, and went off in a manner incomprehensible, among aunts and uncles and cousins, till he came finally to Alice's mother; "why had she not written? He was always fond of Aunt Alice, and felt the slight keenly."

"Yes; mamma was speaking of you only this morning; let us go to her now. She is generally awake at this hour," cried Alice, in utter desperation, pulling rather than leading Tom from the room; and thankful to be relieved from the sight of him.

"Do you mean to ruin yourself, whoever you may be?" she said, angrily. "My mother write to you! She has paralysis; and her name is Judith, not Alice."

"I think it should be yours also," retorted the incorrigible Tom, "for I am sure you will have my hand in a handful of your ringlets."

For all reply the indignant girl turned her back squarely on him, seating herself in the most distant corner of the room, and, with averted head, gazed at window, while Tom established himself at a table with a book. So Miss Arden found them, when at last the Colonel and his satellites were good enough to go.

"You called me Jael," she said to him directly; "but I have done nothing wrong, unless I have blundered. To save you the publicity of the Crutchfield House I have brought you to the notice of four prominent officers. They have no other suspicion here. Every one is suspected, as is quite natural where they are trying to stick a Government and people both to the disintegrating principle. You are a stranger, and doubly suspicious in that character with the Union men; and that Colonel Lightwood, unlike the majority of his sex, has eyes and ears and uses them. Alice, you must have seen—"

"I saw nothing," cat in that young lady, sharply.

"My dear—"

"Really, Mollie, I don't think you can well expect any thing further of me in this gentleman's behalf. It is enough that in love for you I did not resent his audacity in the manner that would have been well and speedily avenged. There is no further need of feigning; and as for my advice, I am not sufficiently interested to give it."

"Would it not be more just in Miss Arden to remember that it is the desperation of my position that forces upon me such disagreeable and, I fear, necessities?" retorted Tom, with great affectation of meekness.

At that Miss Arden sat down and laughed till she cried; but Alice, whose poor little heart had filled to overflowing in that long sitting by the window, could not keep her displeasure forever with tears, and that brought out what Tom had called "the better part of him," as it was inclined to think was the better part of him, at once.

"Miss Arden," he said, earnestly, "you can not believe for an instant that I can feel any thing but respect and admiration for you. You had the generosity to lose a very natural resentment in favor for the safety of an utter stranger. There are few, I believe, who would not have listened to pique, and given me, as I deserved, into the hands of my enemies; and remember, I beg of you, that I considered my offense necessary as a part of my disguise. I always kiss my cousins at home, and I'll sue Adolphus—I mean Alice's pardon for the fault, but yours. It must have been the same if you had had a red nose and cork-screw curls. I looked on abstraction—an imaginary cousin, not a very pretty—"

The sentence remained unfinished, but peace was concluded.

Early morning found Miss Arden at her breakfast-table looking anxiously across the coffee-urn at the stranger.

"I have been reviewing the situation," she said. "In fact I did little else all night. We are our sisters house in a little village, unknown and unsuspected like. Alice is pretty, and we have good society, the Federal officers, in place of impressing, visit us, and have an agreeable and entertaining time. I have a cousin in the Confederate service, unknown in the most violent Union circles, and Colonel Lightwood will make quiet mention of Miss Arden's cousin, and how long before somebody will perk up his head, Graham? Why, you know, you look well—Will Stanley, and left him only two days back in Montgomery, where he is fast enough—up to his ears in business." Nothing could be more than bringing you here, unless it were to keep you. We must have you out of Chattanooga this very day."

"To that last clause Anne with all my heart," said Tom; "but you must allow me to get myself out. I see no reason for involving you in the risk."

"But indeed you are not to deny me. We can not fall into the ranks and fight for our country. This is our only way of serving her, and we who risk and lose all things for her sake love her better than those who simply bear of a war. More than that, you can hardly help yourself out. You can not leave Chattanooga in that uniform; you would never be permitted to pass the lines. You must procure a disguise without attracting attention, and attention, as I have told you, means here suspicion."

"I understand then, madam, that you and Miss Alice here are to charge sword in hand at the opposing rebels, and that when you have been a hare over their dead bodies, that I am to close my eyes, put my fingers in my ears, and 'head for the 'open,' never stopping till I run on the Union lines."

"On the contrary, I and 'Miss Alice here' are to dress you out as our grandmother, or, to speak more literally, as the aunt of Jake Buttergood—an honest Union farmer who supplies us with what he is pleased to style 'truck;' and the said farmer is to put you through in his wagon, and convey you with the reverence due his aunt and your years to the nearest ferry, from whence you will make your way to the Union lines. Why do you shake your head? You surely are not too proud to take your liberty at such a price as a woman? Better a man than of some slave, your only other helper. Making your own way out is very magnificent, no doubt, but the days of gallantry past, and you owe your life to your country; you have no right to throw it away."

And of course she carried the question; and Tom, having yielded the great point, did not show slight on the details. *Atropos*, otherwise Alice, demanded the sacrifice of his mustache. Tom hinted that old ladies occasionally sported something of the sort. She fired at once. "Not such ugly ones, Sir." Then it was discovered that Jake Buttergood was three in the morning piecing together two old calico gowns and a couple of quilts, because over his long legs a shawl could be pulled in, came considerably short of the floor. They stuffed him back and front with the bedding pillows, a pillow-case, several pairs of stockings, a towel, and a flannel petticoat, and brought his waist well up under his arms; they got his hands down to the cuffs on Alice's collar himself enough for a main-shall, included his eyebrows, painted wrinkles on his cheeks, put patches of courtplaster over his mustache, shorned the closely-cropped head with their mother's wig, tied on over that a frilled night-cap, and above that a huge bonnet and veil, and pronounced the mass in a chair, that concealed the gown piecing, and pronounced him ready—ready, but Miss Arden was not; something had to be done for her, she said.

"God bless you!" she said at last. "The Lord Almighty have you in keeping, and bring you safe to your people, and the day when we will love. Oh, God keep you! He will keep you; and if there comes to you any great peril take heart, for Alice and I will be praying for you, and God hears the prayers of those who trust in him."

Jake Buttergood and his wagon were at the door.

"Be careful, dear aunt, Jake," said Miss Arden as he helped Tom into the wagon; "and Mrs. Buttergood, I can not recommend you, in addition of your years, not to bounce into wagons like a young kid;" for Tom had cleared the wheel at a single step, to the great astonishment of Colonel Lightwood, who, most inopportunely passing, had halted and was curiously taking notes.

"Good-by, Alice," he said. "Look well to yourself, Mrs. Buttergood, and don't omit sending the yarn you prom—"

The words were drowned in the clatter of the crazy vehicle, as the gaunt, lean-ribbed horses started off on a thundering gallop, which soon subsided, however, into the most ordinary pace of two miles an hour. The farm utensils on the wagon-bottom clattered and banged together, the various buckets and bundles rolled about uneasily. Tom, in his place, nearly double on his seat, seemed taking a nap. Mrs. Buttergood's bonnet-veil heaved a little sigh (for he was somewhat sore at heart when he thought of the two women whom he had left behind him), and wore about the middle of the second mile Tom and the woman's gear, that ripped and split at every move. At last they found themselves fairly out of the crowd of the main road, and with the open country lying free before them.

"I reckon," said Jake, laying on the whip, "we enough so we can get on now. Get up, Jake his 'mazin' to git a right smart chance o' stums atween us and that yer sceesh Council. I kan't say I jes liked the sight of his eye."

"That is unfortunate; for here he comes now," answered Tom, coolly, pointing toward the tall figure of the Colonel, and advancing leisurely toward them from the open country. "He has headed us off."

"That's so," muttered Jake. "He has piked it yere on thet ar chunk o a mar' bukletewhit. Ye kin bet high his nose's struck scent, the durned old cusses usually do. What is he?"

Meanwhile Colonel Lightwood came leisurely toward the wagon, evidently with the intention of inspecting it, yet halting at the horses rather than its occupants.

"Good animals these," he said, stroking them on the neck. "I am looking out for a team myself; what will you take for them, farmer?"

"Kurn't say as I has made up my mind to sell," answered Buttergood, sullenly. "I'se raised 'em with my own han's, and I sets dreffil high on 'em; besides, I'm goin' fer my satisfaction to the ferry, and I allow thet the marsh hev ter tote me the rest ur my days."

Colonel Lightwood walked suddenly to the other side of the wagon.

"What is your opinion, aunty?" he asked of Tom. "Why, you must be strangling behind that veil. Here! have a little of the fresh air," throwing back the veil, and peering close under the bonnet. "Aha! no need of a surgeon! I perceive that he old should have slipped, as naturally I have leaving Tom's breast in full view; for any evil eye, and a broad daylight, could have seen through wrinkles painted on a full firm face, and a frilled cap that overshadowed one bright eye, meeting the Colonel with steady masculine defiance.

With a sudden move the Colonel untied Mrs. Buttergood's bonnet, saying, with mock politeness:

"Excuse me, madam, but I fancy that I should know you better without this hat; and the cap you will allow me to remove—ah! you have cut your hair!—very unbecoming—there now! you look vastly better, and I find I am quite right. I have an excellent memory for faces, Dr. Graham, and I take strong and sudden likings. I can't part with you on such short acquaintance. I must ask you to accompany me to Chattanooga."

During this harangue and the preliminary disrobing Tom had sat quiet, hardly stirring an eyelash, to the huge disgust of Jake, who sat there muttering, "Durn 'em! wull he set thar like a sheep?" But as the Colonel, who should have known better, looking into those large, steadfast eyes, emphasized his demand by laying his hand on Tom's wrist, he swung his right arm suddenly free of the cloak, and before Lightwood could draw back, or even call out, dealt him a blow with the butt end of his revolver that laid him on the ground, to all appearance dead.

"That's the 'tork," shouted Buttergood; "ye ar a trump, ye ar, after all. And now, I reckon, the sooner we're rid off the 'tork. That 'ere has the hull kuntry arter us soon as he kin crawl, ye'd better b'lieve."

Tom looked at the horses doubtfully; a distracted gallop of three minutes, dying off continually into a crawl, was not the most effective way of "moseyin" to advantage certainly. Still, as Jake remarked, "even a wurrumill get thar of ye oo'y gev him time enuf," and toward the close of the day they came in sight of the dark and sullen river, the dilapidated house of the ferryman, and the old flat, that was the means of crossing, moored near it. Buttergood went to find the ferryman, and came back with him in tow, but looking crest-fallen.

The ferryman positively refused the ferry.

"Orders is to ferry no one, not a durn one, and that one of I do. I ain't such a disgustion-borned fool to carry my durned, unlikely, white-livered traitor to the Yanks, and pull hemp for it. When I stretch my neck it will be for somethin' a powerful sight better'n that, ye kin bet."

"You prefer shooting to neck-stretching, eh?" asked Tom.

"What—what's thet?" stammered the ferryman, a little staggered by this old lady, who broke in on the conversation in a deep bass voice.

"I say, my friend," repeated Tom, stripping off his disguise, "that the men who gave you those orders can't possibly be here before next week—time enough to run; but unless you listen to reason I will shoot you now where you stand, as there is a God in heaven I will. We are not two, We are not anxious to kill you. On the contrary, here is a sort of currency that I fancy you haven't seen for years," producing a couple of gold pieces, "and you shall be paid for the job. But we mean to cross this afternoon," tapping his revolver with a significant click between the words.

So the coward bound, seeing no alternative, undermed the flat, and with Jake's help got it out in work; and Graham, standing on the side nearest the opposite shore, drank in the air as if it were liberty.

"Ye kin say yer tun hum now," said Jake, who had been watching him with evident sympathy. "When ye git back tell the gals I'm well, and pike hit plumb east till ye make a housen in a deadnin'. That's Tim Burke's house. Tell him I sent ye. He'll forward ye as keerful as if ye was glass sent by mail. And if it wasn't fur the fambly, or I war a leetle younger, ye shouldn't trail by yer self."

Graham shook him heartily by the hand.

"No need of saying good-by, farmer. I am coming back—in another uniform."

"That's the 'tork; and Cornel, ef ye git a chance, guv the rebs a leetle brimston' for me, will ye?"

Graham did come back, and in the Federal uniform, as he promised, within the two letters found their way to Alice Arden, signed T. C. In home letters from that young gentleman we find him mentioned incidentally "that the friends the Ardens have left Chattanooga and removed to Nashville;" and later on, after the occupation of that city by our forces, we find the marriage solemnized of the whole matter in a newspaper mention of the marriage of a Miss Arden with Captain Thomas Graham, U. S., one of our most efficient officers.

THE POOR WOMAN.

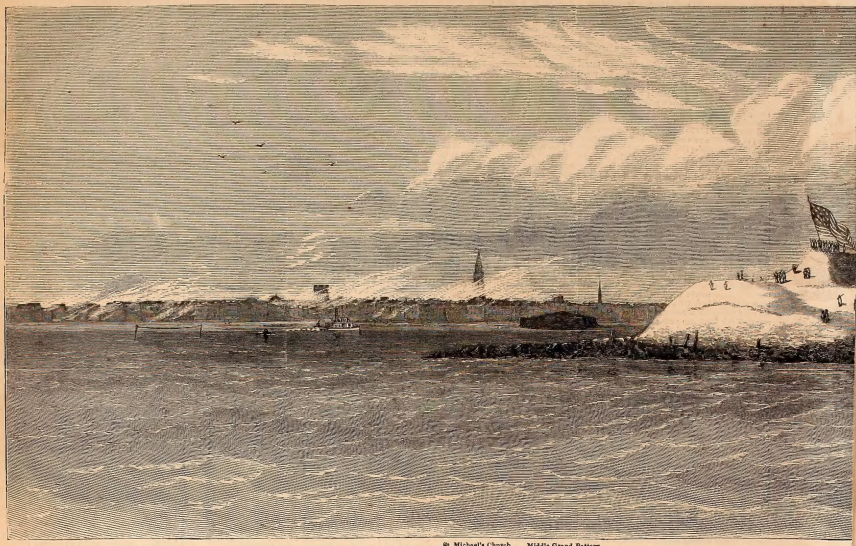
IF sneers! is sneers! and yonder, at God's porch.
Upon her knees, a woman old doth pray!
Unlike things, they range the measure still of death
It is for bread she prayeth, day by day.
Praying alms through the streets, unheeding rich.
Winter and summer season cometh she
Her worsted shawl is blind. O Future hand!
Let us bestow on her our charity!

Remember ye what this old wretch has been,
With her quick cheeks in rosiness and so white?
Once was she of our theatre the queen,
Her songs the town's delight and midnight.
Yet young, amid their laughter and their tears,
Of her good beauty was a loveliness,
And all their charmed dreams reflected here
The beauty of her face and dress.

How many times, along the homeward street,
Her shadowed speed could scarce outrun it e'rowed;
Above the clatter of her horses' feet
She heard the lover's whisper in her hood.
To hand her from her carriage to her door,
To bind her every gave vantageously,
How many rivals watch'd her steps before!—
Let us bestow on her our charity!

When all the Arts were wreathing crowns for her
How full of pomp was her high dwelling-place!
How many revelries were begot and born!
As loving tribute brought, her love to grace!
Her many partakers, all her guests,
Quaff'd the cup of her prosperity!
Our palates have all had their revelries!
Let us bestow on her our charity!

Oh sad reversal! as times here be hurl'd!
Alas! how much velds, and dimm'th her beauty's sheen!
And soon, alone and poor, she hugged her brood,
Where by the door in every years her place hath been.
No hand knew better than her hand to din
Under so many life of her poor heart
Is able yet to feed on pity,
That her last trust in likeness may not depart,
Let us bestow on her our charity!



St. Michael's Church. Middle Grand Battery.

FORT SUMTER, IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—Fro



SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA.—BURNING OF M'PHERSONVILLE, FEBRUARY 1, 1865.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 133.]



Castle Pinckney.

A Recent Sketch by William Waud.—[See Page 133.]



SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH SOUTH CAROLINA—ADVANCE FROM M'PHERSONVILLE, February 1, 1865.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 133.]

ASLEEP.

He lay beside the bivouac fire
While slowly waned the troubled night
Which nearer brought to us the dire
Dark hours of one Virginia fight.
I could not sleep; and so the while
He slept and dreamed I watched his face,
And nearer stepped, as once a smile
Caress'd it with its fond embrace.

His lips moved gently, and betrayed
A name, the name Christ's mother bore;
And then, as if in dreams afraid
To tell his secret, spoke no more.
Slowly his sense unclosed; and when
He saw me by him, blushes came
To light his boyish features; then
I smiled, and spoke the whispered name.

"You heard me, Sir?" Half shy, he seemed
Wishing, reluctant still, to tell
What of his Mary he had dreamed,
How he had loved her long and well.
The old, long story, told as pain
As sorrow, life, and death can be:
For well we know Love's lightest chain
Wears often sadly, wearily.

He guessed my thought: "'t did not mean,"
He said, with whisper aught of her:
But in my vision I have seen
(Or seemed to see) the spots that were
Our cruelty's record to slain.
Her hand in mine, to faintly call
'Dear Mary!' and at last to break
My long reserve and tell her all.

"Waking or sleeping, night and day,
Her sad, sweet face seems always near.
I see it in the battle's fray,
And through the tumult still I hear
The tremulous music of her tone—
Nay, sometimes almost think I press
Her hand again, no more alone
Amid War's heartless wilderness."

Pausing a moment, while a light
Of sad kindling fell on his stone
In his blue eyes. "To-morrow's fight
May leave my Mary all alone.
I know we soldiers should not shed
These childish tears; but you will tell
My darling one, when I am dead,
In death I love her just as well!"

* * * * *

Under the grand old forest-boughs,
Where first we met the demon storm
And breasted out its fiercest blows,
I found him, recumbent form.
Again he slept; but not again
To waken at my reverent tread.
No dreams disturbed him now; love's chain
Rests lightly on the happy dead.

"WHO DID IT?"

About half a mile from the village of Poaktown, facing the high-road to Balston, and separated from the river Peak by a small garden and a belt of trees, is a long, low cottage, known in the neighborhood as "The Building." It originally consisted of two cottages, and went by the name of "Maxwood's Buildings" but who Maxwood was, and what had led him to build such awkward cottages, had escaped the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Mr. Joseph Vance, who was a spare, active, clean-shaven man of about forty, with grey hair and no whiskers, and with nothing remarkable about him, except a keen and over-hot right eyebrow, had now been occupying the building for a little over a year. When he first came into the neighborhood the gossips of Poaktown had speculated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their conjectures, as he never himself volunteered any information as to his previous life, except that on one occasion he had been heard to say something, which led to the inference that he had been a sea-captain. People, too, who had been inside "the building" since Vance's tenancy, had noticed the drawing of a ship, and some shells lying about the room. This was considered enough to confirm his statement, and on the strength of it the village called him the Captain.

Nothing more was known of the Captain, and curiosity about him had nearly died out, when Sarah Epps, on her return from Stokesmouth, where she had been on a visit to her sister, who had married a pilot, had flourishing sea-going, brought news about him, which set the village ears tingling for some time. The pilot, her brother-in-law, remembered the Captain when he was in the coasting trade, and Sarah was full of stories of smuggling, and even piracy, to which the Captain had taken a headlong rush. But all knew that Sarah was given to an incorrigible gossip, and that any story under her management would grow considerably. The Captain meanwhile troubled himself very little about the village talk, living a quiet life in his lonely cottage, with his only servant, a buxom widow of thirty-five. Sarah Epps had been heard to say that she was more than a servant to him, but then nobody minded Sarah.

About the time our story commences the Captain had got into some troubles. His landlord, an easy-going, well-to-do tradesman of Poaktown, began to think that, as he expressed it, he should like to see the color of the Captain's money. The house had been occupied for more than a year, and not a penny of rent had as yet been paid. The fact had for some time been gradually dawning on the neighbors that, since the first months he had occupied the building, ready money had not been plentiful with the Captain, and that for the last eight or nine months little or nothing had been paid for. The sums owing were not large, for the Captain lived a quiet, simple life. But it was reckoned that, altogether, they must amount to over £100; and that was a serious sum to the village tradesmen, and to all appearance a very difficult one for the Captain to pay. He was damned, and legal proceedings were threatened, but all attempts to get money were only met by civil excuses. The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day a circular letter was sent to them, appointing a meeting for twelve o'clock at the Admiral Benbow. "Now," the Captain wrote, "he would satisfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid in to his account at the Balston Bank."

On Saturday the Captain walked into Poaktown, and hired a gig at the King's Arms to take him to Balston. Johnny Hitch, the landlord's son, drove him to the bank at Balston, where he staid about ten minutes, and came out with a packet of notes in his pocket, and some in the breast-pocket of his coat: a fat-looking pocket-book. Johnny then waited for him while he made a few purchases in the town, and then drove him straight home to the "building."

At six o'clock on Sunday morning the inhabitants of the quiet High Street of Poaktown were aroused by a violent knocking at the door of the police-station. The policeman on duty on night duty opened the door, and Mary Edgecombe, white with terror and panting with exertion, nearly fell into his arms, gasping out that her master, the Captain, had been robbed and murdered in the night. The inspector was immediately called, and the whole available police force, consisting of two policemen, set off with him for the building. Mary Edgecombe, who seemed utterly prostrated, remained with the care of the inspector's wife.

On reaching the "building" the inspector found the front unbarred, the windows closed, and the doors locked. On going round to the back the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room the dead body was seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden-door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were most frightful. The bedroom, how ever, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was thrown back, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation, as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it. A large clasp-knife lay on the floor close to the garden-door, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book and looked carefully through it: it was empty; but lying near it, and behind the door, was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents. It was a half-sheet of note-paper folded in three, and written on in pencil. Unfolded it was found to be two bank-notes, the total of which amounted to £270. Here was a clew at once. The murderer, evidently wishing to conceal what nothing but which might aid detection, had left the pocket-book behind, but in his hurry had overlooked this note. Policeman Jones was immediately sent off to Balston with the paper, to inquire of the bank-manager whether these were the same notes which had been paid to the Captain the day before, and, if so, to take measures to stop them. He also requested that a detective-officer from Scotland Yard an account of the murder, and any facts he might ascertain at Balston.

So far so good: but where, after all, was the body? From the blood on the stairs and in the sitting-room, and the open garden-door, it was presumed that it had been removed from the house. After locking the bedroom door the inspector proceeded to the garden. Outside the door on the grass were the footmarks of a heavy man, as he came in by ward the house, and the heels deeply indented in the soft earth. The rest of the footprints were partly obliterated, but it was presumed that the body dragged over them. The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room backward, dragging the body after him, and, when he had reached the end of the plot, and half-way through the belt of trees, the footsteps continued: there they ceased. On the left mould and leaves as high as a man as if a long heavy body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a knife, and at the bottom of the plot, where the ground had been dug up as if it had been intended to bury the body there. This spade was not to be found, and apparently had by given up, for the work was scarcely begun. The murderer had been interrupted, or perhaps had thought that the body would be discovered in the hole. But where? The policeman and the inspector looked at one another: they had come to the same conclusion. The body was not to be found.

On the river bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward, and not backward, and the impression was very deep, as if the body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish: there would be little difficulty in disposing of a body in the river. Mr. and Mrs. Inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises, with orders to admit no one except on business.

The inspector had hardly finished his breakfast when policeman Jones arrived from Balston. He had been eminently successful. The bank-manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank-notes paid the Captain the day before. The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondents, Cowie, Nabob, & Co., the great China and Indian bankers. Jones had then made inquiries in the town and at the railway station. At the station he found that a man in a great-coat and wide-awake hat, who was muffled up in a comforter, had left by the second train for London, and that that morning for London by the 5.30 train. He had ordered a first class to be reserved for him. The clerk remembered this, from the difficulty he had in getting change so early on the Sunday morning. The note was produced, and found to be one of those stolen from the Captain. A description of the man and orders for his apprehension had been telegraphed to London, and an answer had been received, stating that the police were on the murderer's track, but that, to make all safe, a detective would be in Poaktown by the middle of the day.

Mary Edgecombe, who had partially recovered from her fright, was now taken to the building. She identified the knife, pocket-book, and various articles of clothing which were lying about the Captain's room as belonging to him. She stated that she had gone to bed at nine o'clock on the previous night; that the Captain was then still in the sitting-room; and that she had heard no noise during the night. She was positive that no one was in the house when she went to bed except herself and the Captain. The garden door was often left unlocked, and could then be opened from the outside. The inspector was satisfied. The motive was clear enough; the clews were close upon the murderer's track; all that was now wanted was the body.

He turned to the river, pleased at the promptness and energy he had shown, and chuckling to think that the London detective would find nothing to do when he did arrive. The dregs had now been at work for some time, but without success. The river had been dragged up and down, and sidewise and across, and at every available angle, but no body had been found. The inspector was getting impatient, when a gig drove up to the building, and a dapper little man in a frock-coat buttoned to his chin, and with a heavy black mustache, jumped out. The crowd which had collected by this time fell back respectfully, for it was whispered that the stranger was no other than detective Perkins from London.

In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the inspector had to tell.

"Well, inspector," said he, "let's get it all straight. All the village, you say, knew the Captain would have money to pay his debts to-morrow?"

The inspector nodded.

"Which amounted in all to £100, more or less?"

The inspector nodded again.

"And he drew out of the bank £270. Was that the whole legacy?"

"Yes."

"He didn't want £370 to pay £100, did he?"

This was a new light to the inspector, who shook his head confusedly.

"From whom did the order to pay the money come?"

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co."

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co," repeated Perkins, referring to his note-book; "the great China house. I'll pay visit to them on one?"

"No one except the man who passed the note."

"Of course. Is this woman who lived with him?"—suggested Perkins.

The inspector shook his head. "It's a man's doing. She was not strong enough. Besides, the footprints are a man's all over."

"No one who had a grudge against him?"

"There were a few debts that couldn't get their money from him, but that's not enough to account for this," said the inspector, jerking his thumb toward the river.

They entered the building. The crowd outside were getting more excited. They thought that now the murderer had been found the murderer would soon be dragged from his hiding-place and handed over to justice. Time, however, went on, and Perkins still remained on the premises, while his character was rapidly falling in the opinion of the crowd outside.

At last one conjurer. I told ye so afore," said one sturdy countryman who had been a skeptic from the first. And this time his assertion did not meet with a challenge. Perkins had called for the pronounced half an hour before. The crowd were tired of waiting.

Perkins meanwhile, unconscious of hostile criticism, had looked over the kitchen and Mary's bedroom, but without making any discovery. He came to the last room, the bedroom he stood in the middle of it and took a general survey. He then proceeded to the bed. He raised the chairs, and again put them down again in their original positions, repeating this operation two or three times, and walking round and round the room briskly. Then he came to the bed. He looked at it from all points: first a full view, then a three-quarters, then one side view, and then the other side view, till he had exhausted it and the patience of the inspector. He then stood and mentally threw himself upon it in such a position as to give the impression which still remained on it. There was some hitch, for he shook his head. He pulled out the drawers, and examined the under side of the deceased man's pair of boots lying in the corner of the room next the bed. Nothing, however, rewarded them and he turned to the bedside and examined the floor-cloth and carpet. He then raised the boot again, and seemed satisfied, for he pocketed it.

"Rest, I suppose, are the Captain's?"

"Yes, his servant identifies them," said the inspector, who was rapidly coming round to the opinion of the outside public. What on earth could the matter whether the Captain had two or three pairs of boots? At last Perkins finished his examination, and walked the inspector down stairs inquiring each stair as he went. These were apparently more satisfactory, for his face brightened considerably, and after he had shown the trace of blood along the floor of the sitting-room, it had expanded into a broad grin.

"You see how it was done?" asked the inspector, whose opinion of Perkins had by this time reached the lowest ebb. Perkins smiled, he was not the man to commit himself. He walked to the table, and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting-paper. These he examined attentively, holding them up to the window against the light.

"Has anybody been in the room since the murder?" asked Perkins.

"No one except the man who passed the note."

"Of course. His name?"

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co."

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co," repeated Perkins, referring to his note-book; "the great China house. I'll pay visit to them on one?"

had suffered in the struggle for life, was left bare, and composed decently on his chest. The shaves passed through the dead man's chamber, some with dread, some in tears, none with indifference. At length came the confidential servant, wringing his hands and exhibiting excessive grief. The inquisitor bade him go to the corpse and touch its hand. The man smiled and made a ghastly effort to speak, but his lips were white and his face twitching with fear. The wife, with a laughing expression of confidence in his innocence, now seized his hand and approached the body. With a face blanched and with sweat, and with knees knocking together, the valet neared the corpse; his hand almost touched his master's inanimate fingers, when, with a shriek, he fell on the floor with the horrible confession pouring from his lips. He had been discovered by his fear-struck master as the person who would draw when the guilty hand touched its victim.

So his superstition convicted him, and by the aids of his mechanic benefactor he told the hideous story of murder and ingratitude.

IN THE RING.

It was a most difficult position. An invasion of ar mies, by six charming girls, upon the house of an elderly doctor, of small practice, slowly diminishing, in out-of-the-way neighbourhood, on whose few inhabitants live upon any thing and do nothing. Yet, such was my fortune, I, Adam Black, commonly called Uncle Adam, probably for the excellent reason of my being uncle to nobody, and therefore to every body, including these charming girls who had come on a mid upon me. So, instead of laughing, loving were they; full of admiration of all they saw—I, Adam Black, in house and garden, Uncle Adam's poor-chaise, and, they were pleased to say, Uncle Adam's agreeable society, that I should have been more than mortal if my heart had not speedily found itself riddled through and through.

"And now, uncle, since we mean to stay till tomorrow, how shall we mean to amuse us?"

"I'll tell you what, girls," said I, driven to sudden desperation by the youngest's proposing Readings from Tennyson's Dainty Thoughts, and Pollok's Course of Time, by way of passing the evening, "I'll take you to the circus."

I saw a slight shade flit over three of the six pretty—well, the six nice-looking faces—for pleasant women always look nice to me.

I asserted that I had a most talented company, which had been in the town three months, and the troupe were highly respectable people indeed, I had attended one of them professionally, but I did not think it necessary to state this). Moreover, I had been taken with a small party before, and never wanted a treat, and had enjoyed the evening as much as the child did. In short, as I told them, if my "nieces," though not by regular descent, ladies, would condescend to make themselves children for the nonce, to take pleasure in the innocent childish folly (there was a most original cheery, by-the-by), I would answer for it they would be exceedingly well amused.

So they put on hats and shawls—no need of white gloves and opera cloaks here—and off we sallied, through the cool bright autumn evening, to the quiet street where the circus was, a large wooden, temporary building. I had passed it often on my walks into town, but took little notice of it, and no interest in it; according to the commonly received fact, that one half the world neither knows nor cares how the other half lives—till my accidental visit lately.

Since then I had often paused to listen in passing to the sounds within, the band playing, and the horses galloping, and wonder if that heavy dull thud were still bounding through the flower-enwreathed hoops, and that agile boy turning somersaults after her, both on their "dear steeds." Always at that, what sort of thing was that "Wondrous performances of Signor Uberto on the Flying Trapeze," which had been announced night after night as the climax of attraction?

Poor Signor Uberto! it was him whom I had been deceived into by a sore hand, which had precipitated him from professional duty. He seemed a very quiet, respectable young fellow, and his name was John Smith. Of course I did not think it necessary to tell all this to my satirical young ladies; besides, a doctor's confidence should be always sacred, even if he is only a circus performer.

The performances had already begun when we entered. Above boxes and gallery were stretched out a mass of those honest eager faces which always make a minor theatre, or an accidental dramatic entertainment in the provinces, such a success. All were intently watching the careering round and round that magic "ring" of two beautiful horses, ridden by a boy and girl in the character of the "Highland Laddie and Lassie."

Ridden did I say? It was more like floating, flying, dancing on and on, up and down—pirouetting and attitudinizing in one another's arms—changing horses—galloping wildly, both on one horse. The boy was about twelve—the girl—why, she was not a perfect little fairy, with her white frock, her tartan scarf, and the hood tying back her showers of light curly hair, that tossed, and whirled, and swirled in all directions. Whether she stood, knelt, balanced herself on one leg, or wreathed herself about, in the supple way that these gymnasts do, she was equally picturesque. The little creature seemed to have no bones; she smiled, not in the dancer's stereotyped grin, but a broad, honest, childish smile, as she leaped down, made her final courtesy, and bounded along through the exit under the boxes.

But I can not specify each of the performances, though, I confess, after-events photographed them all sharply on my mind.

The last entertainment of the evening was the Flying Trapeze. Not every body knows what a trapeze is; a series of handles, made of short poles suspended at either end by elastic ropes, and fastened to the roof, at regular intervals, all over the stage. These handles are swung to and fro by the performer or his assistant; and the feat is to catch each one, swing backward and forward with it, and then to spring on to the next one, producing to the eyes of the audience, for a brief second or two, exactly the appearance of flying. Of course the great difficulty lies in choosing the precise moment for the spring, and calculating accurately your grasp of the next handle, since, if you miss, you fall.

"Ah," said my eldest niece, with a slight shudder, "now I see the meaning of those mattresses, which they are laying so carefully under the whole line of the trapeze. And I understand why that man, who took our tickets at the entrance, is so very particular in seeing that the handles are fastened securely. He looks anxious too, I fancy."

"Well he may. He is Uberto's father."

"Then, is it any thing very dangerous, or frightful? Perhaps we had better go?"

But it was too late, or we decided it was. Besides, for myself, I did not wish to leave. That strange excitement which impels us often to stop and see the end of a thing, dreadful though it may be, or else some feeling for which I was utterly unable to account, kept me firm in my place. And I sat there, seeing one by one the usual acts go, appeared a small slight young man, who looked a mere boy indeed, and in his white tights and flesh-coloured jersey muscle of an exceedingly delicate and graceful frame, was a model for a sculptor. He had long light hair, curling over his collar, after the fashion of acrobats, and thin pale features, very firm and still. This was the Signor Uberto, who was going once more to risk his life, on every trapeze performer must risk it—for our night's amusement.

He stood, while his father carefully tried the fastenings of each handle, and examined the platform on which were laid the mattresses. But the weak kindly face looked on, I fancy, in vain. Perhaps he was so used to it that the performance seemed safe and natural—perhaps he felt it was useless to think whether it was safe or not, the next part to perform. Or, possibly, he took all easy, and did not think of any thing.

But I could not help putting myself into the place of the young man, and wondering whether he really did recognize any danger, more especially as he knew, lurking and watching in the exit corner, somebody belonging to him—the young woman in black, who was his wife. I concluded, since when I visited him she had brought lint and rags and helped me to tie up his sore hand. Over this hand his father was carefully bandaging it, every day's loss of performance was a loss to the treasury. This was the first day of the Signor's re-appearance, and the people were in full force.

Popularity is seldom without a reason, and I do not deny that the flying trapeze is a very curious and even graceful thing. It is, at least, the extreme grace of the performer added to its charm. He mounted, agile as a deer, the high platform at the end of the circus, and presently, with a few electric ropes, clinging only with his hands, his feet extended, like one of the floating figures in pictures of angels, he flew to the first handle. Then, poise, and watching intently his time—for a second might prove either too late or too soon—to the other trapeze forward to meet him. The young man dropped lightly into it, hanging a moment in his hands while, with a backward swing of the body he was born to fly, then gave himself another swing and alighted safely at the far end of the platform.

This he did several times—three, four, five times, each time with some slight variation, and more gracefully than the last, followed by a low murmur of applause, which seemed to me somehow less to shout. The fifth time, when one had grown so familiar with the performance that one had almost ceased to observe it, I saw the young man's performer not as a human creature at all, with flesh and blood and bones, but as some painted puppet, or phantasmal appearance of light, in the dusk. The fifth time he missed his grasp of the second trapeze, and fell.

It was so sudden—one moment the sight of that flying figure—the next, a crash on the mattressed platform, on its edge, from which rolled off a helpless something, falling with a dull thud on the bare saw-dust floor below.

I heard a scream—it might be from one of my girls—but I did not look round them. Before I well knew where I was, I found myself with the young man's head on my knee, trying to keep off the crowd that pressed round:

"Is he dead?"

"I hope he's no dead. Give him some whisky. He's coming to, puir laddie!"

But he did not "come to," not for hours, until I had him safely in my own spare room, whither, after which happened to be my own house, for his lodgings were at the other end of the town.

All the long night—for added my seven half-crowns to tempt him, or rather the skin-flint father who was making money by him, to risk his life for the remainder of the week—I watched over the boy in the same had I not been there; but still I was there. I and my young ladies had swelled the number of the audience by one, and by this destruction, and I felt very guilty. What they felt, poor dears, I do not know; it was quite impossible for me to take any heed of them. My whole attention was engrossed by the case. I wonder if people suppose us surgeons hardened to it, when we get into the habit of speaking of our fellow-creatures merely as "a case."

No one hindered my doing what I would with my patient, so I had him removed to my own room—the spare rooms being occupied—examined him, and set a simple fracture of the arm, which was the only visible injury. Then I sat and watched him, as conscience-stricken as if I had been one of the old Roman emperors at a gladiator show, or a modern Spanish lady at a bull-fight, or a fast young English nobleman hiring rooms at the Old Bailey in order to witness a capital murder. For had I not sat calmly by, a spectator of what was neither more nor less than murder?

Somebody behind me seemed to guess at my thought.

"If he had died, doctor, I should always have said he had been murdered."

There was an intensity in the voice which quite startled me, for she had keys to quietly in the background that I had scarcely noticed her till now—the young woman in black. She was not a pretty young woman—perhaps not young at all—being so deeply pitted with small-pox that her age became doubtful to guess at; but she had kind, soft eyes, an intelligent forehead, and an excessively sweet voice.

If there is one thing more than another by which I judge a woman, it is her voice; not her set "company" voice, but the tone she speaks in ordinarily or accidentally. That never deceives. Looks may. I have known a pair of blue-eyed angels, and girls with features as soft and lovely as houris, who could talk in most dulcet fashion till something crossed them, and then came the hard metallic ring, which always indicates that curse of womanhood—worst of all faults in any unfaithfulness—temper. And I have heard voices, belonging to the plainest of faces, which were deep and soft, and low like a female's in an Æolian harp. I would rather marry the woman that owned such a voice than the prettiest woman in the world.

This young woman had one, and I liked her instantaneously.

"Who are you, my dear?" I whispered. "His sister?"

"He has none—nor brother either."

"His cousin, then?"

"No."

I looked my next question, and she answered it with the simple honesty I expected from the owner of that voice:

"John and I were play-fellows; then we kept company five years, and meant to be married next month. He wanted to mention it, or it would have been sooner. But Johnny wished to stop trapezeing and settle in some other line; and old Stone wanted money and wouldn't let him go. At last they agreed for six more performances, and this was the first night."

"He'll never perform more," said I, involuntarily.

"No, he couldn't with that arm. I am very thankful for it," said she, with a touching desperate clutch at the brightest side of things.

How could I tell her that I began every hour more to dread, that the broken arm was the least injury which had befallen the young man; that I feared one had been concussive to the spine, which are often produced by a fall from a height, or a railway injury, and which, without any external wound, crippled and killed for years or for life.

"No, he never shall do any thing o' that sort again," continued she. "Father or no father, I'll not have him murdered." And there came a new fierceness into her eyes, like that of a creature who has long been hunted down, and at last suddenly turns at bay.

"Where is his father? he has not come near him."

"Of course not. He's a precious coward is Old Stone, and as sharp as a needle after money, or at keeping every body else very likely to be wanted. But don't be afraid. I've myself got enough to pay you, Sir. That's all the better. He is my Johnny now."

This was the most of our conversation, carried on at intervals and in whispers during the night. My fellow-creatures behind the curtain, scarcely moving, except to do some feminine office, such as building up the fire noiselessly, cool by coal, as the night grew chill, and any thing I wanted, in way of food or medicine. Or else she sat motionless with her eyes fixed on the death-white face; but when I looked at her, I felt, in the dusk of the morning, the young man woke up in his right senses, and spoke fluently, but articulately—

"Doctor, I'm done for. I know you, and I know what's happened. Only just one word. I want Dorothy. Where's Dorothy? Dorothy!"

"Yes, Johnny," spoken quite softly and composedly. "Yes, Johnny. I'm here."

It was a strange scene. The first-rate city surgeon, whom, doubting my own skill, I fetched next day, could make nothing of it. There were no injuries, except the external, that could be found, except the broken arm; the young man lay complaining of nothing, perfectly conscious and rational, but his brain was paralyzed completely.

We called in a third doctor; he, too, was puzzled; but he said he had known one such case, known where a railway accident, a man had been brought home apparently uninjured, but having received some severe nervous shock, probably to the brain, which, after a few days, during which he lay yet, though it was years ago; suffering little, and with all his faculties clear, but helpless, he died. Johnny lay on his bed, not dying, but he lay yet, though it was years ago; suffering little, and with all his faculties clear, but helpless, and with all his faculties clear, but helpless, and with his arm healed, over and waited upon like an infant by his old wife.

For he was a poor man, and he had a wife, which was lucky for him," added Doctor A. "It's rather harder for that poor young fellow, who may live on for years to be a burden to those of his own."

"Hush!" I said; for he was talking loud in the passage, and close behind us stood poor Dorothy. I hoped she had not heard, but the first sight of her face convinced me she had; only women have at times a self-control that is almost awful.

Finding he could not get back to meet her I do not know, but I stepped quickly out of the house, and walked a mile or more to the railway station with my two friends. Then I returned to my thing I saw was Dorothy waiting on the ...ead, with my housekeeper beside her. ... I should observe, that good woman did not object nearly so much to a poor dying lad as to an evening party, and had taken quite kindly to Dorothy.

Yes, she had heard it all, poor girl, and I could not attempt to deceive her; indeed, I felt by instinct that she was a person who could not be deceived by me, to whom it was best to let the whole truth, satisfied that she would bear it well. She did, wonderfully. Of course I tempered it with the faint consolation that doctors are sometimes mistaken, and that the young man had youth on his side; but there the truth was, blank and bare, nor did I pretend to hide it.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir. Thank you for telling me all. My poor Johnny!"

I took her into the parlor and gave her a glass of wine.

"I don't need it, Sir; I'm used to sick-nursing. I nursed my sister till she died. We were dressmakers, and then Johnny got me as costume-maker to the circus. I can earn a good deal by my needle, Sir."

This seemed far away from the point, and so did her next question.

"His father won't help him, Sir, you'll see, not a half-penny. He's got another—wife he calls her, and a lot of other children, and doesn't care two pence for Johnny."

"Poor fellow!"

"He isn't a poor fellow," she answered, sharply, "he's a very clever fellow; can read, and write, and keep accounts; was thinking of trying for a clerk's situation. With that, and his needle-making, we should have done very well if we had once been married."

I hardly know what to answer. I felt so exceedingly sorry for the poor girl, and yet she did not seem to feel her affliction. There was a strange light in her eyes, and a glow on her poor plain face, very unlike one whose whole hopes in life had just been mistakenly blasted.

"Doctor, may I speak to you, for I've nobody else, not a soul belonging to me but Johnny. Will you let him stay in here for a week or two?"

"A month, if necessary."

"Thank you. He shall be no trouble to you. I'll take care of that. Only there is one thing to be done first. Doctor, I must marry Johnny."

She said it in such a matter-of-fact tone that at first I doubted if I had rightly heard.

"Marry him? Good Heavens! You don't mean—"

"Yes I do, Sir. Just that."

"Why, he will never be able to do a hand's turn of work for—however many years he lives! He will have to be tended like an infant for months, and may die after all."

"I know. He'd rather die with me than with any body. Johnny loves me. I'll marry him."

There was a quiet determination about the woman which put all argument aside. And, Heaven forgive me! if it needs to be forgiven, I tried none. I saw in the unfortunate fellow, who never was so happy as to have any woman loving me; but I have known enough of women to feel surprised at nothing of that sort. But Dorothy, I thought, and think still, that Dorothy was right, and that she did no more than was perfectly natural under the circumstances.

"And now, Sir, how is it to be managed?"

Of course the matter was easily managed; the better, and I found, on talking with her, that she had already arranged it all in her own mind. She was accustomed to consult when I explained to her that they might be married by my friend the minister, to whom I would explain the matter, on Monday morning.

"That will do," she said. "And now I must go up stairs and speak to Johnny."

I had no right to him, or how he received it, is impossible for me to relate. They told me nothing, and I did not inquire. It was not my business; indeed, it was nobody's business but their own.

Now though I may say a very foolish old fellow, romantic, I am not such a fool as to be a fogey. Though I did take these young people into my house, and was quite prepared to assist at their marriage, considering it the best thing to be done for both under the circumstances, still I was not going to be present at it without having fully investigated their antecedents.

I went to the circus and there tried vainly to discover Uberto's father (who looked much more like a) I was sure I saw slipping away out of the ring, where the "Highland Lassie," in a dirty cotton frock, and a dirtier face, was performing on a pair of round in her beautiful horse, while in the centre, on the identical table of the night before—what an age it looked since!—the little fat man in shirt-sleeves and stocking soles was walking solitarily and solemnly upon bottles.

From him—Monsieur Ariel, who had been inquiring more than once at my house to-day, leaving his name as "Mr. Higgins"—I gained full confirmation of Dorothy's story. Johnny Smith's home were alike respectable and well-conducted young people, and evidently great favorites in the establishment. As I looked afterward, I also learned a few other facts, which people are slow to believe when first communicated, that it is quite possible for "play-actors," and even circus performers, to be very honest and decent folk; and then, if fact, it is a pleasure to drop of any belief by his calling, but solely by himself and his actions.

I hope, therefore, that I am passing no uncharitable judgment on the Hero and Heroine if I simply relate what occurred between us, without making any comment on his actions.

Finding he could not escape me, and that I sent message after message to him, he at last returned into the ring, and there—while the horses still went round and round, the little girl continued her leaping, and we caught the occasional click-click of Monsieur Ariel practicing among his bottles—the young man met and heard what I had to tell him concerning his son.

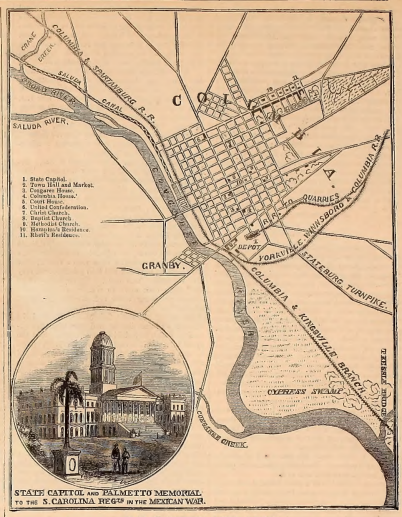
He was a father, and he seemed a good deal shocked for about three minutes. Then he revived.

It's very unfortunate, doctor; especially so for me, with my large family. What am I to do with him? What," becoming more energetic, "what the devil am I to do with him?"

And—perhaps it was human nature, paternal nature, in its lowest form—when I told him that the only thing he had to do was to give his consent to



MISS MARY HARRIS.—(Photographed by J. B. Liebenberg.)



his son's marriage with Dorothy Hall, he appeared first greatly astonished, and then as greatly relieved.

"My consent? Certainly. They're both five-and-twenty—old enough to know their own minds—and have been courting ever so long. She's an excellent young woman; can earn a good income too. Yes, Sir. Give them my cordial consent, and, in case it may be useful to them—this."

He fumbled in his pocket, took out an old purse, and counted out into my hand, with an air of great magnificence, three ten-dollar notes. Which was all that I or any body else ever saw of the money of the Herr von Stein.

When I gave them, with his message, to Dorothy, she crumpled them up in her fingers, with a curious sort of smile, but she never spoke one word.

Uncle Adam has been at many a marriage, showy and quiet, gay and grave, hearty and heartless, but he is ready to declare, solemnly, that he never saw one which touched him so much as that brief ceremony which took place at the bedside of John Stone, the trapeze performer. It did not occupy more than ten minutes, for in the bridegroom's sad condition the slightest agitation was to be avoided. My housekeeper and myself were the only witnesses, and the whole proceeding was made as matter-of-fact as possible.

The bride's wedding-dress was the shabby old black gown, which she had never taken off for three days and nights, during which she, my housekeeper, and I, had shared incessant watch together. Her face was very worn and weary, but her eyes were bright, and her voice steady. She never faltered once till the close of the short marriage ceremony, and the minister—himself not unmoved—had shaken hands with her and wished her every happiness.

"Is it all done?" said she, half bewildered.

"Ay, lassie," answered my old housekeeper, "you're married, sure enough."

Dorothy knelt down, put her arms round Johnny's neck, and laid her head beside him on the pillow, sobbing a little, but softly even now.

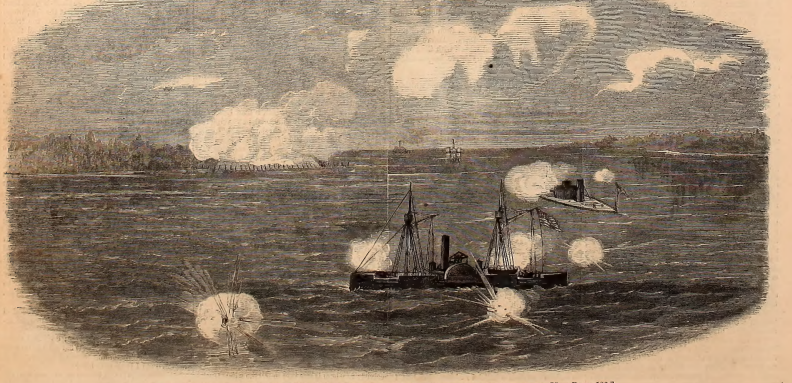
"Oh my dear, my dear! nothing can ever part us more."

Heroine or not, Dorothy prospered. And in process of time her love was rewarded even beyond her hopes. Her husband's mysterious affliction gradually amended. He began to use his feet, then his legs, and slowly recovered, in degree, the power of walking. Not that he ever became a robust man; the shock of his fall, acting on an exceedingly delicate and nervous frame, seemed to have affected all the springs of life; but he was no longer quite invalided and helpless, and by-and-by he began actively to seek for occupation. I hardly know which was the happiest, himself or Dorothy, when I succeeded in getting him employment as a writer's copying clerk, with as much work as filled up his time, and saved him from feeling, what he could not but feel—though I think he did not feel it very pain fully, that his wife was the sole bread-winner.

When I go to see them now, in their cheery little home of two rooms, one devoted to dress-making, the other, half kitchen, half bedroom, in which John sits, I often think that among many fortunate people I have seen far less happy couples than John and Dorothy.

MISS MARY HARRIS.

On the 30th of January a clerk in the Finance Department at Washington, Mr. Andrew Jackson Burroughs, came to his death in a singularly tragical manner at the hands of Miss Mary Harris, a former lover. Mr. Burroughs occupied a desk in a room near the principal passage on the second floor of the Department. About midway in this passage there was a clock fixed, and at four o'clock P.M., a young lady who had been noticed sauntering about the hall during a good part of the day took her position in a doorway by the clock. It was the hour of closing business, and the passage was thronged with the retiring employés. She was waiting for Mr. Burroughs, and as the latter came from



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT ANDERSON, February 11, 1865.—Sketched by T. L. Jeffers.—[See Page 183.]

his room and passed by where she stood she shot him dead.

The lady gave her name as MARY HARRIS. She had resided in Chicago. She seemed about twenty years of age, was quite pale and delicate in complexion, with dark hair and eyes and an aquiline nose. The reason which she gave for committing the crime was that BURROUGHS had violated his promise of marriage to her, and had married another lady. Except in the simple violation of his word it seems he had done her no harm. She had met BURROUGHS in Burlington, Iowa, where her parents resided. Her parents had objected to her receiving his addresses, he being fifteen years her senior. But an attachment grew up between them, and they appear to have kept up a pretty regular correspondence. Their affair was broken off by BURROUGHS's marriage to another lady. On the 5th of last July Miss HARRIS instituted against Mr. BURROUGHS an action for breach of promise of marriage. At the close of the year she went on to Washington to carry on the prosecution, and the sequel of the painful story is given in the tragic event which we have related.

HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.

DANIEL STEVENS DICKINSON, besides holding various minor offices of public trust, has been Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, Presidential Elector at Large, United States Senator from that State from 1844 to 1851, and Attorney-General. Mr. DICKINSON was born at Goshen, Connecticut, in the year 1800. His father removed to the Chenango Valley, in Western New York, in 1806. He was brought up as a farmer's son and received only a common-school education. Gifted with a strong will, and an acute and quick intellect, he studied Latin without a master so as to be able to teach it himself. He also mastered and taught some of the higher mathematical studies, and among them the art of Surveying, which in early life he practiced extensively. He was for a number of years a teacher of common and higher schools—studied law, became a successful manager of justice cases, steadily rose in position and influence, and entered the higher sphere of political life by becoming State Senator in 1836. Mr. DICKINSON's political views are those of a patriotic and honest Christian man rather than of a partisan. He was an ardent Democrat from his youth up, but refused to act with that party when, in his opinion, it deserted its proper standard, taking then the position merely of an unconditional supporter of the Union and of the Administration, the success of which he believed indispensable to the success of the nation against the rebellion, and to the existence and prosperity of real American principles. Mr. DICKINSON is a strong and ready lawyer, an easy and forcible speaker; and what is far better, has an unspotted personal and political reputation. He is a believer in truth and justice and the real



HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Democracy of our nation. He is still endowed with an almost youthful vigor, and we hope he may yet be spared to serve his country many years. Mr. DICKINSON has recently accepted the Presidency of an influential and enterprising new city Corporation—the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company.

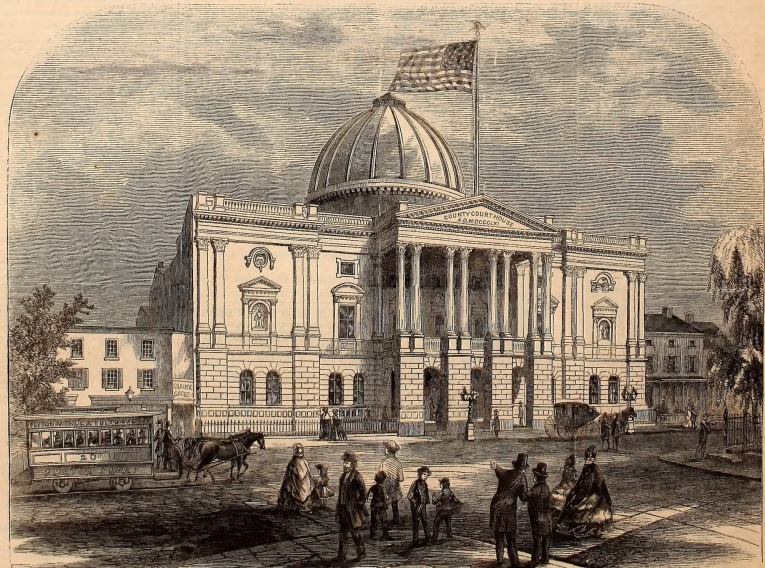
CAMP FORD, TEXAS.

CAMP FORD, the chief prisoners' camp of Texas, of which we give a sketch on page 132, lies on a sandy side-hill, three miles from the little town of Tyler, and one hundred miles west of Shreveport. A slight ravine bounds it on the southerly side, and in this rises a large spring of clear water not remarkable to Northern eyes, but far the best that any Yankee prisoner was ever refreshed with in TEXAS. Before the war the gay and festive youth of Tyler rode out to picnic at the spring; but now the trees around it have been cut away, its waters turned into a large long trough, and momentarily troubled by dirty panikins and buckets; while a hideous stockade fence cuts the spring in two and incloses many wretched home-sick hearts and weary broken forms. "The treatment of the prisoners," the subject of the day, has varied in a hundred ways. When a few officers were confined there, and the camp was commanded by Colonel Robert T. P. ALLEN, they were allowed to go out and play ball on parole, and the amiable wife of the Colonel daily visited their sick and brought them little luxuries of her own preparing. The authorities, however, reprimanded and then removed Colonel ALLEN for this, and under the rule of Lieutenant-Colonel BORDMAN men were shot down without notice, and recaptured fugitives were put in irons. An officer, for the crime of escaping, was made to "mark time" on a stump, bareheaded, in the scorching sun for three days (his guard under orders to shoot him the moment he stopped); an unfortunate sailor, for taking the name and place of a dead soldier, was bound hand and foot and buried alive for forty-eight hours. Filth, disorder, want, and wretchedness were allowed to have their way.

The oldest prisoners in the Confederacy are in this camp. Their imprisonment is now measured by years. On 21st January, 1863, the officers and crew of the *Morning Light* were captured off Sabine, and they still remain prisoners of war. A fatality seems to have attended all the naval prisoners who have found their way to a TEXAS prison-camp. Those of the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, captured at Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863, also share the same fate. Exchange after exchange of army prisoners takes place, but the boon never reaches these sailors. Soldiers have been taken from the same camp and sent back to our lines who have not been held as prisoners a month. Yet the gallant tars have shown a devotion to their flag unsurpassed, perhaps unequaled during the war. With the feeling that they have suffered gross injustice, with sense of neglect by their own Government, they have never deserted. There have been desertions to the enemy from this camp, but they have not been by sailors.

KINGS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

We give on this page an exterior view of KINGS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, in the City of Brooklyn. This edifice is near the City Hall; it has been in the process of erection for the last four years, and is now completed. Mr. GAMALIEL KING is the architect. The Court-House we understand, was thrown open to the public on the twenty-second of February.



KINGS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, BROOKLYN.—[SKETCHED BY J. WELLS.]

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These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmine Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are recommended, cheap, durable, and unimpeachable.*

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For $3 00 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 25 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

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For $3 75 a No. 4 Pen; for $5 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $4 00 a No. 6 Pen; for $5 75 a No. 7 Pen.

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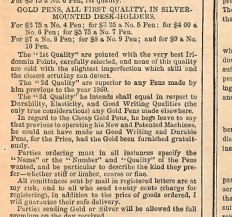
All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk, and to all who send twenty cents (*stamps for Registering*) in addition to the price of gold pens, I will guarantee their safe delivery.

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IN TRACTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS,
AT LOW PRICES.

The Illinois Central Railroad extends from Dunleith, in the north-western part of the State, to Cairo, in the extreme southern part, with a branch from Centralia, one hundred and thirteen miles north of Cairo, to Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan—altogether a length of 704 miles—and the land which is offered for sale is situated upon either side of the track, in no instance at a greater distance than fifteen miles.

Illinois.

The rapid development of Illinois, its steady increase in population and wealth, and its capacity to produce cheap food, are matters for wonder and admiration. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the amounts of the principal crops of 1864, for the whole country, as follows: Indian corn, 120,541,603 bushels; wheat, 169,695,823 bushels; oats, 176,699,064 bushels; of which the farms of Illinois yielded 128,356,135 bushels of Indian corn; 23,971,173 bushels of wheat; and 24,272,751 bushels of oats—in reality more than one-fourth of the corn, more than one-fifth of the wheat, and almost one-seventh of the oats produced in all the United States.

Grain—Stock Raising.

Pre-eminently the first in the list of grain-exporting States, Illinois is also the great cattle State of the Union. Its fertile prairies are well adapted by nature to the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and mules; and in the important interest of pork packing, it is far in advance of every other State. The seeding of these prairie lands to tame grasses for pasturage or hay, offers to farmers with capital the most profitable results. The hay crop of Illinois in 1864 is estimated at 3,160,725 tons, which is more than half a million tons larger than the crop of any other State, excepting only New York.

Cotton, Tobacco, Flax.

The cultivation of tobacco and cotton in southern Illinois has been largely stimulated by the high prices which have prevailed since the outbreak of the rebellion. The crop of tobacco in this State, for 1864, is set down at 19,807,722 lbs; and while the returns from the cotton-growing counties are incomplete, they are yet sufficient to show a large increase in the product—the most careful calculations placing the increase at fifty per cent. Sorghum is now classed among the staples of Illinois. The making of sugar from the beet is receiving some attention, and experiments upon a large scale will be made during the coming season. Hemp and flax are grown in almost every part of the State, and of a quality equal to the best European.

Fruit.

Almost all the fruits of the temperate latitude are produced in Illinois. Peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, and every variety of garden vegetables, are produced in great abundance in the central and southern districts of the State, and are supplied to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, the excellent railway facilities insuring a quick market in all these places.

Inducements to Settlers.

The attention of persons, whether limited means forbid the purchase of a homestead in the older States, is particularly invited to these lands. Within ten years the Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold 1,600,000 acres, to more than 20,000 actual settlers; and during the last year 204,422 acres—a larger aggregate of sales than in any one year since the opening of the road. The farms are sold in tracts of forty or eighty acres, suited to the settler with limited capital, or in larger tracts, as may be required by the capitalist and the great farmer is made easy payments, cash and credit.

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The price of lands varies from $9 to $15 and upwards per acre, and they are sold on short credit, or for cash. A deduction of *six per cent.* from the credit price is made to those who purchase for cash.

EXAMPLE:

Forty acres at $10 per acre, on short credit; the principal one-quarter cash down—balance one, two and three years, at six per cent. interest, in advance, each year.

	INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.		INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.
Cash Payment		$100 00	Payment in two years	$24 00	$100 00
Payment in one year	12 00	100 00	three years	18 00	100 00

The Same Land may be Purchased for $360 Cash.

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REVOLVER!
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I have drawn my wondrous power.
Power not to make but *healing*
As for *Sickness's* Prevention:
Trying *Health's* each rear flower,
With a grand *unfailing* Vision,
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Water made by *Heaven for Oil*
Whose dire use to only found in
Pain and Costly Doctor-Bills!
Would you then save Time and Money?
Would you steel your *Nerves* and *Muscles*?
Would you keep the pangs of *Sickness*?
Would you keep by Action's shrine?
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Yet MY beverage divine—
Add a teaspoon of me only
To a tablespoon of cold water;
Drink it first thing in the morning;
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This the recipe
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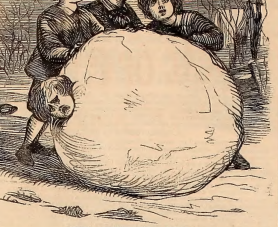
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SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE CLOSED.

Cash Working Capital, $150,000.

Officers:

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JAMES WADSWORTH, of James Wadsworth & Co., 61 Cedar Street, New York.
JOHN W. STRONG, Detroit, Mich.
EDWARD A. MORGAN, 2 Pine Street, New York.

The subscription is so nearly completed that it is intended to close the same on or before the 28th of February.

Subscriptions, $750,000, of which $600,000 purchases the land—in all, 62,680 acres. The remaining $150,000 is the permanent cash working capital of the Company.

Capital stock, $6,000,000. Par value of shares, $100.

Subscribers to this purchase will receive eight shares of stock for each one hundred dollars subscribed. Lands located on the Little Kanawha and Elk Rivers, in the counties of Gilmer and Braxton, in the very heart of the oil regions of West Virginia.

Professor Richardson reports: "Your property is the very centre of the West Virginia oil regions. It has numerous oil and gas springs along the banks of its streams, one of which vies with the famous 'Burning Spring' itself."

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"*There can be no doubt that along your creeks and tributaries will be found a large quantity of valuable oil-producing territory. The predictions amount of bituminous and mineral coal, iron ore, limestone, and fire-clays embodied in the high hills on your property, the tops and slopes of which are covered with an extraordinary growth of white oak and other heavy timbers, will immensely to its value.*"

These views are fully indorsed by the reports of the most practical and experienced men from the oil districts of both Pennsylvania and Virginia.

The Company considers themselves fortunate in having secured the services of Mr. Blackwell, a practical civil engineer, for the general superintendency, as well known as the late Chief Engineer and Superintendent on "Commissioners of Washington Heights," New York City.

Arrangements are in rapid progress for the immediate development of the property on a scale commensurate with its value and extent.

Subscriptions payable at the time of subscribing, or one-half in cash, the balance in thirty days from the time of closing the subscription. Can be made in person or by letter at the office of the undersigned, No. 61 Cedar Street, New York; J. R. DOBSON, No. 42 State Street, Boston; and JOHN W. STRONG, Detroit, Michigan, where full information can be obtained.

JAMES WADSWORTH & CO.,
No. 61 Cedar Street, New York.

Calenberg & Vaupel's PIANO-FORTES,

99 and 101 Bleecker Street, 24 Block West of Broadway.
Warranted for Six Years.

What it was that changed Miss Flora M'Flimsey from a frivolous girl into a sensible woman.

"Oh, May!" said Miss Flora M'Flimsey one day,
"We must buy no more goods of importers, they say:
"We must study economy—saving must try:
"So a sewing machine I'm determined to buy.
"Now which is the best? Pray tell, for you know
"You have tried every kind; you do nothing but sew.
"Which is your favorite? Mind, don't tell fibs."
May answered, naively, "Why—WILLCOX & GIBBS.

"'Tis a dear little beauty, a bright busy bee;
"The motion is exactly a rabbit's."
"You can learn all its ways in a single half hour,
"And feel that you've gained an all-conquering power.
"'Tis so noiseless and neat 'tis a sweet little elf:
"To be rich it brings ease; for the poor it makes pelf.
"I never have now that sharp pain in the ribs,
"And I own the great comfort to WILLCOX & GIBBS."

Miss Flora, entranced, not a moment would wait,
But drove down Broadway to live hundred and eight.
In she flounced, in she flourished, but through all her prinking,
A look in her face showed that she had been thinking.
She bought a machine, then homeward she hied;
A little child's agony for practice she tried;
And would you believe it? two nice little bibs
She made in two hours on WILLCOX & GIBBS.

Absorbed and delighted, no note did she take
Of time, or the lever who came in its wake;
For lever to vibe, that great muff, Master Willie,
With motion all wax and expression all silly.
In vain did he scold her, and swear like a Turk
'Gainst the dignity, beauty, and goodness of work.
She's all changed! What has done it? I never tell this?
'Tis that magical lever of WILLCOX & GIBBS.

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Owing to the recent dissolution and reorganization of our Firm, we desire to realize at once upon our SUPERB STOCK of

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Holloway's Ointment and Pills are a certain cure for all Wounds, Sores, and Ulcers. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

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The Pacific Coast Petroleum Company,

OF NEW YORK.

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Divided into 50,000 Shares of the Par Value of $100.

Working Capital, $800,000 in Stock, and $100,000 in Cash.

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Hon. Lovi Parsons, San Francisco, California.

The subscription price is $20 per share for a limited amount of stock. No further call or assessment to be made on subscribers. $100,000 is reserved for a working capital, and $800,000 in stocks as par, for the future development of the Company's property.

Its property consists of a perpetual lease of about 75,000 acres of oil territory in San Luis Obispo County, State of California, lying on and near the Pacific Ocean, being all the following five ranches, viz.:

I. The Manuela Ranch, containing 16,954.83 acres.

II. The Arroyo Grande Rancho, containing 4837.38 acres.

III. The Bolsa Chemical Ranch, containing 14,533.22 acres.

IV. The Piedra Ranch, containing 8838.89 acres.

V. The Stone Corral Ranch, containing 30,611.20 acres.

The titles of these large tracts have been thoroughly examined and approved by Judge Parsons, of San Francisco.

All reports, written and verbal, of gentlemen who, during the past year, have visited and thoroughly examined this property carefully and scientifically, concur in representing it as overflowing with Petroleum. They say:

"The Ranches are splendid estates, but their value is in their almost fabulous wealth in the best of oil."

The Company's lands extend for over ten miles on San Luis Bay, on the Pacific coast, with a good anchored, where shipments can be made with facility to San Francisco, South America, Australia, China, and New York.

The lands have a gentle slope to San Luis Bay, and there is full assurance of the practicability of conducting the oil, at a moderate expense, through pipes from the wells to reservoirs or tanks, to be constructed at this point, when it can be sent to the markets of the world, either in its crude state or refined, according to the demand.

The cost of shipping will not exceed 50 cents per barrel, and the Company will be enabled to deliver petroleum at New York at $5 per barrel, and at Australia and China at reduced rates.

It is designed to develop fully and practically the means and wealth of this property at the earliest practicable moment.

The varied details, giving all the information that can be required, with a general description of the character, advantages, and prospects of the Company's property, are fully and plainly set forth in the prospectus.

THE PACIFIC COAST PETROLEUM COMPANY, of New York, have been duly organized under the laws of this State, with a sufficient capital to render available its capabilities and resources in what is believed to be an unlimited supply of Petroleum, now pressed for quality.

Subscriptions for the Stock of the Company have been opened at the office of

JAMES WADSWORTH & CO., No. 61 Cedar St., N. Y.
RICH, SHERMAN & CO., No. 39 Pine St., N. Y.
NORTHRUP, HALL & CO., No. 112 Broadway, N. Y.,

where the prospectus can be obtained.

Subscriptions payable as above when the sum of $750,000 is subscribed.

Great Imperial Watch.

See Cately Brothers' Advertisement on page 149.

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GERMAN OINTMENT.—A certain cure for Piles, Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Fever and Ague, and all Skin Diseases. For sale at No. 93 Bowery, New York.

WARD'S PATENT FRENCH PRINTED PAPER COLLARS,

387 B'WAY, N.Y. & ALL GENTS FURNISHING STORES.

CARPET WARP,

FIRST AND SECOND QUALITY;

Wrapping Twine made of Paper.

Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 64 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

New Letter Writer.

A complete Guide to Business, Public and Love Correspondence. Sent post paid to any address upon receipt of 75 cents. W. J. RAYMOND, Box 5311, New York.

BROOK'S PATENT WAITING TOILET CASE.

See Advertisement and Testimonials, **Page 142.**

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR DEPOT 43 LIBERTY ST.

A certain cure for Burns, Piles, Corns, Chilblains, Cuts, and Rheumatism. Always heals without scar. Only 37 cents a Box. For Sale, all Druggists.

RATION MONEY!!!

For all prisoners of war payable. Soldiers who did not receive their State bounty under Governor Seymour's administration and others can obtain the same.

Wives and widowed mothers of prisoners of war can receive the pay of their husbands and sons.

Soldiers and their heirs having arrears of pay and bounty due can apply to or address

U. S. ARMY AGENCY,
No. 64 Bleecker Street, New York.
Twenty new prizes payable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 428.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CAPTURE OF WILMINGTON.

THE City of Wilmington was captured by the combined forces of General SCHOFIELD and General TERRY, with the co-operation of Admiral FOOTE'S fleet, on the 22d of February, WASHINGTON'S birthday. Fort Anderson was evacuated by the enemy on February 19. General SCHOFIELD, with 8000 men, had advanced against this work from Smithville on the 17th, while FOOTE opened a bombardment from the water. The Monitor *Montauk* was placed close up to the works, and four gun-boats enfiladed the fort with their fire. On the 18th FOOTE moved up closer to the enemy, and was able to bring fifteen vessels into the engagement. At 3 o'clock P.M. the batteries in the fort were silenced. COX'S division of SCHOFIELD'S corps had in the mean time got into position in the rear of the enemy. AMES'S division of TERRY'S army was in co-operation. This manœuvre led the garrison of the fort, which numbered about 3000 men, under General HOKE, to abandon the work. Twelve heavy guns were taken with the fort, and a large supply of ammunition. The line of works occupied by the enemy stretched from Fort Anderson, on Cape Fear River, across to Masonboro. This line, of course, had now to be abandoned.

After the capture of Fort Anderson the rebels only made one stand in the strongly intrenched lines four miles below Wilmington, extending—as did their first line—across the peninsula. On the morning of the 20th TERRY pressed hard against this line, while SCHOFIELD again flanked them by a movement so rapid as almost to effect a surprise. The rebels retreated hastily, but were so hotly pushed by SCHOFIELD that the latter succeeded in cutting off their rear, capturing 375 prisoners, and two guns. Admiral FOOTE'S fleet contributed greatly to this result.—TERRY then advanced against the enemy's last line of works. On the morning of the 22d he found that these works had been abandoned, and at the head of his army marched into the city. There was considerable manifestation of loyalty on the part of the citizens. About 700 prisoners were captured and 30 guns. Four or five hundred Union prisoners were released. The One Hundred and Fourth Ohio Regiment has been assigned to do provost duty in the city.

The fleet, after the capture of Fort Anderson, found the river above that point infested with torpedoes. Admiral FOOTE dispatched a fleet of boats, about 30 in number, and manned with our gallant tars, up the river, to explore and buoy the channel and to clear it of torpedoes. We have illustrated this expedition in the subjoined cut. When the fleet reached Wilmington on the 22d the later portion of the day was devoted by our sailors to the celebration of WASHINGTON'S birthday.

The capture of Wilmington not only seals the victory gained by the capture of Fort Fisher, but is especially important as an element in the combinations against the rebel armies of LEE and JOHNSTON.



BEFORE PETERSBURG—ISSUING RATIONS OF WHISKY AND QUININE.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



ADMIRAL FOOTE REMOVING TORPEDOES AND BUOYING THE CHANNEL IN CAPE FEAR RIVER.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

I KNOW I have heard them sing, Child,
And I know that they spoke to me,
With my mother's arms about me,
While I sat on my mother's knee;
And she told me of love that saved us,
And a Father we had on high,
And the grave that we need not fear, Child,
And the soul that can never die,
In the glow of the summer lime-trees,
In the glow of the summer's day,
And I heard them singing faintly then,
For their voices were far away.

Again, when I walked with the Loved one—
You remember the Loved one, dear—
And the smile that is gone from among us,
And the voice that we must not hear,
The voice was so tender and earnest,
That you was too deep for mirth,
And my heart was too full for speech, Child,
And Heaven had come down on Earth.
Not a drop in the cup seemed wanting,
The thirst of a life to fill,
And further and fairer the song died out—
But I heard the Angels still.

Then the Loved one was taken from me,
And I bowed my head in my hand,
For my heart was free on a silent sea,
And I was alone on the strand.
The day had gone down for me, Child,
The light of my life was fled,
And I longed for the sleep of an endless night,
And to lay me beside the dead;
Then I stood to the arm that smote me,
With a prayer from a bended knee,
And my heart climbed up to meet the song,
And the song floated down to me.

I have heard them so often since, dear,
At church on the Sabbath morn,
When the organ swells, and the praise goes up,
That "To a Child is born;"
And here in the hush of my home-life,
And deep in the little one's play,
And once in the tremble of twilight,
At the turn of the night and the day.
Each time they call in a clearer strain,
They sing in a sweeter tone,
And I look for the Reaper to house the grain,
And the Master to claim his own.

I know it will not be long, Child,
For they bid me home at last,
To the place where the pledge of the Future
Is linked to the Love of the Past,
Where the lonely may seek a shelter,
Where the friendless may find a friend,
Where the weary desire shall be granted
That has trusted and loved to the end,
Where there's fruit in the gardens of Heaven,
From the hour that on Earth was betrayed,
Where there's rest for the soul, life-wearied,
That has striven, and suffered, and prayed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1865.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

ON this day President LINCOLN enters upon his second term amidst the benedictions of the loyal citizens of the United States. No man in any office at any period of our history has been so tried as he, and no man has ever shown himself more faithful to a great duty. His temperament, his singular sagacity, his inflexible honesty, his patient persistence, his clear comprehension of the scope of the war and of the character and purpose of the American people, have not only enabled him to guide the country safely in its most perilous hour, but have endeared him forever to the popular heart.

Forty hate has dashed itself to pieces against his spotless patriotism. Friendly impatience has long since hushed its hot criticism. Foreign skepticism and professed contempt at length recognize in him a purely characteristic representative of that America which conquers by good sense and honest fidelity. The history of the first term of his administration is the story of a desperate and prodigious civil war waged over a continent, and revealing the unprecedented power of a Government founded upon the popular will.

Such a war necessarily clothes the chief executive magistrate with extraordinary power. Yet it is the most significant tribute to the character of Mr. LINCOLN that his exercise of that power has been so temperate and so purely patriotic that after four years' experience all parties crumble away, and he is continued in his high office by the hearty confidence of the vast body of the people.

And that he is to-day inaugurated amidst universal applause, that the nation has not been deluded by the vehement party sounds which every civil war makes so practicable and specious, but has known and approved a man so just and true, is the noblest proof of the truly conservative character of that popular Government with which the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN will henceforth be associated.

AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

WE commend to our Copperhead friends, who have always sneered at the policy of enlisting colored soldiers, the report prepared by an Adjutant of General LEE's. Now that the rebels concede the valor and value of such troops their allies at the North will agree that they are most excellent material for an army. Fort Wagner, Milliken's Bend, Port Hudson, and every field upon which black troops have fought, could not prove their bravery and discipline; but the word of LEE's Adjutant will doubtless convince those who have never had any opinions until they received them from slave-drivers.

The paper of which we speak cites the conduct of the colored soldiers in our army, as well as the experience of every nation by which they have been employed, as proof of their peculiar fitness for the service. But the remarkable point of the document, which contains nothing new to those who are familiar with the question, is the admission throughout of the bitter wrong of slavery.

The plan proposes to give immediate freedom to those who do best, not the promise of freedom at the end of the war to all who fight. This is offered as the highest conceivable incitement to bravery and fidelity. But how can it be so if the blacks were made for slaves, and are happy and contented in that condition? What kind of an incitement would it be to an ox to tell him that if he moved fast he should be thrown into the river at night? How would a fish be stimulated by the promise of being laid in a clover pasture?

Again, the plan argues elaborately to show that a soldier does not think; that an army is a machine; that discipline makes a man fight equally well upon any side. But what is the point of the argument? Slavery being the divine supplement for all men of African descent, and being also the most divine institution for them, why rely upon discipline to prevent their thinking? The more they think they are fighting to perpetuate the bondage they have heretofore lived, the better, if it be true that they are born for it.

Since this debate was opened among the rebels, every word they say has convicted them of the consciousness of the foul injustice of slavery. It disproves every thing they have asserted about the coffee-house; and the thoroughly contemptible it leaves the Northern teadies of the delectable system! What says Bishop HOPKINS to this flying in the face of Providence? What says Mr. ROBERT M. T. HUNTER to this departure from the divine ordination? What have become of the curse upon HAM, and the conclusive argument of ORESTES? Whither has disappeared the divine purpose indicated in heels and shin-bones? The whole ghastly imposture collapses before the dire necessity of facts. They are as good men as we are, if they will only fight for us, cry the pale rebel chiefs as they feel the wind sucking before the cold of DECEMBER.

Meanwhile let the gentle Copperheads ponder one question. If the slave-lords confess that their chattels are fit to be free, how long will it be before the good sense of the country declares that they are fit to vote?

RECONSTRUCTION.

It is remarkable that one of the most important questions of the war was lately decided for the present in Congress by a single party close vote, and almost without exciting public attention. The bill for reconstruction, involving the very consequence of the war, was lost by a majority of five or six.

There is certainly no subject upon which the public mind should be more fully enlightened before legislative action than this, and therefore we can not regret the present postponement of a final decision, which gives the country time for ample consideration.

One thing is clear. Whatever the special terms of any system of restoration may be, and whether there be any at the moment or not, yet the essential point must be the security of peace. No mere theory of the Constitution will suffice. The practical point is that the nation, from the highest statesman to its life, shall take care that it does not yield to political arts what arms have not been able to control for ever.

FERNANDO WOOD gives us the rebel theory of solving the question. "Congress has no power to make conditions on which a State may resume its position in the Union. Whenever the people of a State shall lay down their arms and recognize the Federal Constitution and laws, and send representatives to Congress, I should like to see the power which would prevent the return of those States." Here we have the rebel view of the matter, and FERNANDO WOOD having said what he thinks we should do, every loyal American citizen knows exactly what ought not to be done.

It is for the Government, not for the rebels, to decide when it may withdraw its troops and when it is no longer in danger from rebellion. This is a point which can not be determined by oaths, but by experience. The Government must decide what tests to employ. It is not bound to remove its troops from a region full of rebels, nor is it to assume that they are loyal because they say so. As the national army advances it recovers the various States. Provisional Governors will be of necessity appointed. They hold by the national authority. They summon the people to an election, and, of necessity, they determine by the same authority who shall vote and under what conditions. This or anarchy is the alternative.

In any system of restoration whatever, which contemplates permanent order and actual quiet, the national Government takes the initiative, and holds the State until it is satisfied that with perfect safety to the country its hold may be released. The fundamental question is, therefore, what tests are satisfactory. Is it enough that the voters swear allegiance to the Government? Is it enough that emancipation be accepted by the State Legislatures? Is it necessary to disfranchise certain classes? Is it necessary to enfranchise certain other classes?

But whatever tests be decided upon these points one end is paramount—the national safety; and the whole movement proceeds by one authority, that of the nation. Of course it is exceptional. Of course it is abnormal. Of course it would be absurd to say that in a time of profound peace the national Government could altogether suppress the State authority. But of course it would be still more absurd to contend that in the settlement of this civil war it could not. The supreme consideration now is national safety, not State rights. To insure the tranquil operation of the States in their spheres hereafter, it is necessary to adjust them by the national authority now. The loyal citizens of any State in rebellion are, in the eye of the national Government, the State; and to defend them against violence within and without the State, and to secure them in their defense, the national Government will justly do whatever the vital necessity of the case, not State precedents, shall require. And of that necessity the Government is the judge.

The bill reported by Mr. ASHLEY was lost, as we understand, for two reasons. The Opposition voted against it as an unconstitutional invasion of State rights, and some friends of the Administration because they did not like its terms. The bill seemed to some of these last too sweeping in disfranchisement, and to others unjust because it did not allow the black population to vote. Governor SHORTER so radical a Union man as Mr. JULIAN, of Indiana, was found voting upon the same side with FERNANDO WOOD.

There is a similar anomaly in the Senate, where Mr. SUMNER and Mr. POWELL, of Kentucky, both oppose the Louisiana bill. Mr. POWELL, because the State election was held under terms prescribed by the national authority; and Mr. SUMNER, because those terms excluded the colored population from the polls.

We are glad that the present defeat of the bill enables us all to consider the subject more maturely. The principle of such a bill is beyond debate. Congress would be treacherous or imbecile if it did not provide for its inevitable emergency. Public opinion must now indicate what terms the bill shall prescribe.

THE FATE OF THE REBELS.

IT is a common remark that the wounds inflicted by civil war heal quickly. Mr. EVERETT, in his Gettysburg funeral oration, repeated it, and unfortunately illustrated it by the English restoration of CHARLES SECOND—unfortunately, because CHARLES's reign was one long act of vengeance, which his brother JAMES continued, until the nation rose again and expelled the STUARTS forever.

The truth is, that such wounds do not and can not heal quickly. The English civil war began in 1642; and in 1745 the Jacobites took arms again. The reasons are obvious, and equally obvious are the reasons why, in this country, we should be as gentle and humane in our feelings as possible, and, to our last statement of them, as firmness of purpose and security of settlement will allow. As we have constantly said, there has been no vindictive feeling upon the part of the loyal nation since the war began; and although the Presidents has been sharply censured for his tender heart and incessant pardons and commutations of severe sentences, his conduct has responded to the deepest popular feeling. The long national forbearance under the most atrocious outrages of prisoners in rebel hands shows how perfectly clear of hatred or anger the public mind is.

This disposition will deepen with increasing victory, and the danger is not that we shall punish too relentlessly, but that we shall imperil the result which the war should secure. Magnanimity is not weak forgetfulness nor weakness, and firmness is not revenge. For a just solution of this terrible struggle, it is essential that every man bear constantly in mind the inescapable wickedness of the system for which the insurrection was long prepared and the utter criminality of its leaders. For more than a generation the whole life of the debauchery of the national conscience. For all that time they devoted every power and opportunity to confusing the sense of right and wrong in the nation, and to corrupting the fundamental principles of the Government. To this end they appealed to all that is basest in human nature. They made the name of the United States hated as a bully abroad and a slave-driver at home. They created that public sentiment in the governments of Europe that hailed our probable destruction with delight. At home they annihilated the most fundamental constitutional rights of free speech and equal citizenship; and when they thought that the national mind was sufficiently enervated and corrupted they drew the sword, believing that the mere sight of its edge would compel the quaking nation to terrified submission to their will.

These are the crimes of the leaders of the rebellion, and they are crimes that can never be safely forgotten. Those leaders are to be remembered not for the blood of the war, not for the young and noble of every section of the country whom they have sacrificed, not for the broken hearts and wasted homes and desolate land, not for the war, but for that conduct and purpose which made the war inevitable. The Earl of STRAFFORD did more than any single man to precipitate the struggle between CHARLES FIRST and the Parliament. STRAFFORD was executed before a drop of blood was shed. But no student of history and human nature can justly fully condemn the extraordinary act by which he fell.

What STRAFFORD was willing to do that the rebel leaders have done. First they corrupted the people by arts, and then they tried to overthrow the Government by arms. But STRAFFORD's punishment would be inadequate for theirs. We neither wish nor expect to see a single capital execution follow the war. If England had taken NAPOLEON BONAPARTE to the Tower and shut him at midnight in a ditch, as he murdered the Duke D'ENGHIEN, there would have been a painful sense of tonal inadequacy between the offense and the penalty. NAPOLEON's fate had some proportion to his career. JEFFERSON DAVIS, even if he falls into the hands of the nation, will not be long in the power of any living man. Congress he should be individually and forever disfranchised as an American citizen, and then delivered by the ordinance of the nation to be as sought first to debase and then to destroy.

As for the great mass of the people in the Southern States, they have always been taught by their leaders to hate us, and they have learned the lesson. Only time and constant intercourse will wear away that feeling. And it is clearly the duty of every loyal man to help its removal, not by any twaddle of sentimentality about "the South" being "a great people;" not by embracing the dearly-beloved brother QUARTERLY, or weeping over the grave of that precious friend of our souls, WINDER; but by clinging steadily to the great principles of an equal government, and showing by example how freely men of one mind may abide for soul and body in liberty than slavery.

SHERMAN AND THE REBEL PRESS.

SHERMAN continues his "retreat" from Chattanooga to Richmond. The perils of his prodigious march are plain; but his unconquerable genius is plainer. The *Edinburgh Review* which, looking at him and GRANT across the sea, declares that since BONAPARTE and WELLINGTON there has been no such soldiership, will have fresh reason for admiration and delight as the details of his new campaign appear. We must remember that we are yet to know the history of his march across the swamps of Georgia and South Carolina; but in the memoirs of LIEUTENANT HANLEY, describing the operations of the Revolution in the same region, we can see the immense difficulties to be overcome.

We are yet to know also how formidable a resistance the rebels are to offer to his advance. If rhetoric and fustian could annihilate him, SHERMAN would be already extinct. If swagger and bluster could win a cause, the rebellion would be triumphant. But why will not the rebel newspapers remember their own gasconade from month to month and year to anniversary? Their enemies will be captured or slain. The defeat will be equally fatal to him.....Let SHERMAN gain two great victories over us, and he and his army are ours. But we will have them on cheaper and better terms. He will gain no victory. His lines of communication will be cut off. He will be compelled to attack HOOD behind his intrenched camp, will be defeated, and, seeing no hope of escape, he and his army will surrender at discretion. This is the most probable result, and it will come, sooner or later, and whether he captures Atlanta or not, he and his army will be captured, or cut to pieces in the attempt to retreat."

This was on the 6th of August, three weeks before SHERMAN took Atlanta. On the 23d of February, a week after he occupied Columbia, the South-side Railroad in Richmond *Examiner* said: "He may march through South Carolina to Charlotte or to Wilmington; but he conquers nothing, he holds nothing. The communications are destructible but not subjugating. The first mistake ruins him, the first check becomes a defeat, a rout, and will prove the destruction of his army."

In the *Examiner* probably any wiser on the 23d of February than the *Sentinel* was on the 6th of August? Do the newspapers expect to save the rebellion by eternally prophesying disaster to SHERMAN? He knew, says the *Examiner*, that all the fighting men were gone out of

South Carolina, leaving scarcely enough to carry on the government of the State. But there's a lion in his path. Very well. We do not deny that there may be. We know the extreme uncertainty of war. But if South Carolina be, as the *Examiner* says, abandoned to old women, why does it say in another article in the same number that "the progress of SHERMAN through South Carolina almost unopposed, the fall of Columbia without the slightest resistance, the swiftness of the enemy's movements, and the apparent ungenerability of the Confederate commander, has created very serious apprehensions on the part of the public as to the military condition in that State?" But why so? If, as the *Examiner* insists, there are only "graybeards, old women, and halfwitted children," left in the State, why should not SHERMAN'S progress be almost unopposed? and why should the failure of graybeards and little children to stop the march of a great army and a able soldier create serious apprehensions as to the military situation?

The discrepancy betrays the falsehood. It was evidently supposed that SHERMAN'S march would make a stand on South Carolina. That he did not alarms the Richmond leaders. Forced to account for a thing unimagined possible, they declare the State emptied of its fighting population, but in the same breath whisper their surprise and alarm.

We know how critical such a campaign as this of General SHERMAN'S is. We know how many and unexpected are the chances of war. We exhort every man to hold his mind open to sudden reverse and disappointment. But at the same time we beg him not to suffer his heart to be dismayed by the insinuations, head-shakings, and prophecies of the rebel press.

LOSS AND GAIN.

The rebel newspapers in Richmond not only profess to regard the recent successes of the national arms as blessings in disguise, but they insist that it is a fortunate event for the rebellion that it is relieved of its seaports. Even the loss of Wilmington they assert will merely compel them to develop their own resources.

Let us take them at their word. Let us concede that it is an advantage to the rebellion to be shut out from the coast entirely. But if it be, why was it not always so? And if it were, then the blockade of the coast has been a military error. Or will it be said that it was necessary to hold it for some time in order to get foreign supplies of arms that now have grown enough that we can safely lose it? But granting this, the ports were as useful for sending out as for taking in. The expenses of the rebel war must be paid in money. It has never been pretended that they could be paid by an internal tax. The great resource is cotton. The very last financial plan of the rebels contemplates the sale of "Government cotton on hand." But with the ports all closed, how is the cotton to be sold! The rebels have received arms and supplies from Europe, and the foreign loan has been based upon cotton. The closing of the ports cuts off the supply of cotton. The failure of the cotton by their reasoning, therefore, spoils their whole financial plan.

But there is another view. Look at the port of Wilmington again. The rebels inform us that it is of advantage to them to close it. Suppose that we grant it. Is it no advantage to us to gain it? That is a consideration for them quite as important as the other. It is not a question to argue. The map settles it. Take the situation of the campaign. See what SHERMAN has done. Between Savannah and Wilmington is an empty shell, shout the rebels. But do they suppose that it is considered valuable to us in itself? Wilmington is worthless as a capture, for it is not a war of conquest or aggrandizement in the usual sense. But Wilmington is invaluable as a base for a great army advancing through North Carolina and co-operating with another before Richmond.

Even if it were true that it is an advantage for the rebellion to lose it, it is no less an advantage for us to gain it. And the result is not less than the military advantage. As DR. DRAPER well said in his late lecture, there is no force like success. It is not the success that ends every war; it is the sense of the power of the sword. That consciousness conquers the mind, and then mere muscle relaxes.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

WHEN General GRANT announced that the exchange of prisoners was now left entirely to him we were very sure that he would not be unjust to any soldier that defends our flag, and we are therefore not surprised to read in a letter from City Point to the *Herald* that "the first lot of negro soldiers exchanged during the war, fourteen in number, were delivered to Lieutenant-Colonel MELFORD yesterday among a lot of white soldiers. If left to act unofficially there is no question but that the Confederate authorities will gladly exchange negroes for white men; but if called upon to recognize the rightful status of a black soldier, in any official form other than [illegible] decline to do so." The action of the rebels is taken unquestionably because they intend to put colored soldiers into the field, and reflect that, if the rule is that such men are not to be exchanged, it is a rule that will work both ways.

SHERMAN'S ACCURACY.

On the day before SHERMAN moved from Dalton upon his march through Georgia, a gentleman at his head-quarters wrote, "W. go to-morrow. You will hear of us on the coast on Christmas." He ate his Christmas dinner in Savannah. On January 31st, the day before the present movement began, the same gentleman wrote, "You will hear from three weeks from the coast of North Carolina." On the 22d of February Wilmington was evacuated, and SHERMAN'S base was established upon the coast of Carolina.

MR. CHILDS AND THE PHILADELPHIA "LEDGER."

IT is a good thing for the public when a good newspaper falls into good hands: and therefore we congratulate Philadelphia that the Philadelphia *Ledger*, one of the most popular journals in the country, has passed from the hands of MR. SWAIN, originally a printer's boy and the founder of the great prosperity of the *Ledger*, into those of the well-known publisher, GEORGE W. CHILDS.

MR. CHILDS'S energy, tenacity, skill, and practical genius have been conspicuously displayed as a publisher; and his shrewd knowledge of the popular taste, and his wide acquaintance of an influential journal, will heighten the singular prosperity of the *Ledger*. His unswerving patriotism secures the fidelity of the paper to the great principles which are at stake in the war, and his discreet and genial temper assure the public of the urbanity with which all opinions will be treated. The field for the distribution of the *Ledger* is immense. Its daily issues are not less than seventy thousand, and it goes to every part of the community. We cordially wish MR. CHILDS a great increase in his new relation of that success which he has fairly achieved in his old.

BOUND VOLUMES.

FOR a short time the Publishers have been unable to supply the orders which they have constantly received for complete sets of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," since of the first volume the numbers became exhausted. These have been reprinted, and the Publishers can now furnish any or all of the bound Volumes, eight in all. Each Volume contains the Numbers for a year, commencing with the 1st of January. The price of the Volumes, bound in muslin and gilt lettered, is *Seven Dollars*. They can not be sent by mail, the weight of the Volumes being greater than is allowed by the Postal Laws. They will be sent, They will be sent by Express, freight paid by the Publishers, for the above sum.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE rebel papers in Richmond have been prohibited from publishing the news of SHERMAN'S movements northward. By the latest Washington reports concentrations of the army opposed to SHERMAN, which is reported to be under the command of General JOSEPH JOHNSTON, are: 30,000 men, made up as follows: from Savannah 8000; from Charleston 5000; from Georgia 5000; from various parts of North Carolina 6000; 7500 cavalry under WHEELER and BATTLE. This is the only force of any kind under the immediate command of SHERMAN. General THOMAS'S Western campaign for the present closes with the capture of Eastport, and the perfect occupation of the line of the Alabama River as its entire purpose. We shall soon hear of the co-operation of Mobile.

The House has passed the Senate bill to prevent the introduction into the portion of its present session in the consideration of proposals for the amendment of the Constitution abolishing or extending the forfeiture of the real estate of rebels beyond the lives of the present owners. The Senate has also under discussion to recognize the present State Government of Louisiana. Progress of this will be watched for by those who secure the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

The Senate has confirmed JOHN SHERMAN.

CONGRESS.

February 23:

In the Senate, the House bill to build a ship canal around Niagara, and the bill to build a canal connecting Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River, were reported back, the first from the Foreign Relations Committee, the latter having surveys to be made with a view to the construction of those works. A bill was passed to amend the Copyright Law so as to authorize the copyrighting of photographs; and a joint resolution was adopted to submit a report to the United States shall be forwarded to the library of Congress a failure to which forfeits the copyright.

In the House, A. P. Field was brought before the bar of the House charged with contempt of the House. The Senate resolution freeing the wives and children of colored soldiers was passed.

February 24:

In the Senate, Mr. SUMNER submitted for the report of the Judiciary Committee on the constitutionality of the government in incorporating States was rejected by a large majority. A joint resolution was introduced into the Southern States from representation until that privilege was also accorded them by the act of Congress.

In the House, the bill repealing the law which prohibited the forfeiture of the estate of rebels beyond the natural lives was passed by a majority of one. In the Senate resolution freeing the wives and children of colored soldiers was passed.

February 24:

In the Senate, the bill granting $300 to the surviving heroes of the Revolution was passed. The Fortification bill was passed, the appropriations being cut down one half.

In the House, the Senate joint resolution directing inquiry into the condition of the Indian tribes was p[illegible].

February 25:

In the Senate, the joint resolution recognizing the State Government of Louisiana was taken up and debated throughout the entire session.

In the House, the Senate bill to inquiry was passed as to the number of rebel prisoners who had enlisted into our service.

February 27:

In the Senate, the Conference reports on the Army and Navy Appropriation bills were agreed to.

In the House, the Fortification bill was returned from the Senate, and the amendments, reducing the appropriations one-half, was concurred in. The Enrollment bill was passed. One section of this bill provides that no person of foreign birth, who has resided in the United States for three years preceding his arrival at the age of twenty-one years, shall be exempt from enrollment and draft on account of being an alien. The remaining sections provide that the mustering in of a substitute shall be conclusive in favor of the principals, and exempt him from military service for the term for which he was drafted. Assistant Provost-Marshal General is appointed by the Secretary of Interior, and chargeable with the duties intermediate between the Provost-Marshal General and the District Provost-Marshal. Any person who has been or may be drafted for one year, and who furnishes a substitute for the remainder of three years, shall be exempt for this period of time. It shall not be lawful for any person to engage in the business of procuring recruits or substitutes for money or profit in any State or subdivision thereof, without a license or authority in writing. The party is to file proof of his loyalty and good character. Any one found to the amount of $50,000 that he will faithfully observe and obey the laws and regulations which may be prescribed relative to recruits or substitutes. Any recruiting agent who ceases to be entitled any time to remain, or convicts, or persons under indictment for felony, is to be punished by fine and imprisonment; and any officer knowingly employing any deserter, or insane person, or person in a condition of intoxication, or any person without the consent of his parent or guardian, shall, on conviction, be dishonorably dismissed from the service. Persons who go to procure substitutes are to be notified of the fact, in order that their places may be supplied promptly, and such notice be given to the principals within thirty days. In addition to the other penalties provided for the punishment of deserters or of naval service, all persons who have deserted, who shall be taken and convicted thereof by a Provost Marshal's Court in sixty days, shall be deemed and taken to have voluntarily relinquished and forfeited their rights of citizenship and their right to become citizens; and all persons who shall hereafter desert, or who shall aid, abet, or assist or depart from the jurisdiction and go beyond the limits of the United States with intent to avoid any draft duly ordered, shall be liable to the penalties of this section, and the President is authorized to issue his proclamation that he will pardon those who return and serve out their original term. The bill was passed by a vote of 82 to 64.

The CRISIS OF THE BATTLE.—In one of the battles on the Mississippi, the Confederate General Pillow called out to his men, "Boys, the day is lost, but send powder!" Captain DUNCAN, first the crisis has come." DUNCAN, without waiting to consult with his men, or to receive orders by their gun, already shotted and primed, and simply called out, "All right!" The men were intelligently surprised at the order, there being no particular object within range, when an aid-de-camp of the Confederate staggered up. "Where is Pillow, what shall we fire at?" "Fire at the crisis," said the gunner, "and you have the honor to tell it come!"

THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.—There are in Europe forty-three reigning sovereigns, not including those who are constitutional. Of these forty-nine there belong to the Roman Catholic religion, but one of that number is excommunicated—the King of Sardinia—and two to the orthodox Greek Church, one a Mohammedan, and the other a Pagan in Japan. The Catholic sovereigns are Austria and France; four Kings or Queens—Bavaria, Portugal, Prussia, and Wurtemburg; Belgium, Naples, Spain and Monaco. The excommunicated Sovereign is Victor Emanuel. The Church over which the Pope of Roman Catholic religion are the nine Kings or Queens—Denmark, Greece, Holland, Hanover, Oldenburg, Saxe-Coburg, Saxe-Gotha, Grand Dukes—Baden, Hesse, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg, and Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Gotha, Saxe-Coburg, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Schleiz, Schaumburg-Lippe, Lippe-Detmold, Waldeck, Anhalt-Dessau, Anhalt-Bernburg, Anhalt-Cothen, Hesse-Homburg, Liechtenstein, the Elector—Hesse-Darmstadt; one Landgrave—Hesse-Cassel; one Duke—Brunswick Greek Church—Emperor of Russia, and the Mussulman Sovereign the Sultan. There are besides in Europe sovereigns who are not Roman Catholic—San Marino and Andorre; and five whose religion is Protestant—Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Frankfort, and Lubeck.

A ROMANCE OF THE HAREM.—A Constantinople letter says: "Even in the conversions from Mohammedanism to Christianity, or from the latter to Islamism, fewer still of the Ottomans have been influenced by motives connected with women. One of those very exceptional cases has, however, just occurred, in which the apostate is a young Belgian girl named Cocleiier—the niece of the proprietor of the well-known English shop in Pera—who, despite all the popular errors as to the status of women in the Turkish Empire, has risked every thing to unite her lot for ever to the faith of Mecca for love of a seductive young Turk. For some months past the Sultan Abdul Aziz, finding frequently to harems in Stamboul to take military music to play to the ladies of them, appears to have made the acquaintance of the young Effendi in question, his acquaintance with whom ripened rapidly into love, and when on her sudden disappearance, on Sunday week, revealed for several hours in anxious ignorance of her whereabouts. Late in the evening, however, a note from the fair runaway put an end to all doubts and fears, announcing the step she had taken, and firmly stating her determination to cast her lot with that of her faith in spite of every opposition. A personal interview, on the following day, with her father, in which he found the Ambassador also had taken sanctuary, failed to shake this resolution; and, accordingly, on Monday she was formally received and made the first of the necessary declarations which precede formal admission into the pale of Islam. The Belgian Legation then interfered, and later in the week the young convert appeared in court attended by two of her countrywomen, and by almost unknown years of age, and possesses the barren personal attractions which are dear to the eyes of the Turkish gentleman in question. Before the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in company with her national Minister, she declared again, this time with entire purpose to abjure Christianity, in spite of all that could be said to the contrary, and to adopt the Mussulman faith. Further details are wanting, but the conversion before finally committing herself to so grave a step. In the case of a runaway the Belgian Legation has every her right to make the change, on the ground of non-age; but in that of a Mussulman it has no power to interfere, her local reception into Mussulmanism is suspended until the Legation has formally declared her of age. The affair has been the nine days' talk of Pera."

AN IRISH SCHOOLMASTER PUT OUT.—A country schoolmaster, being asked by a visitor to point out the most ancient class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them, and handed them to the boys. They arrived, and so did the bagwalls, all but one. The pupils were asked to read the questions aloud, and after a little giddy until the question of the absentee came, when the schoolmaster said: "In whom do the Jews, the Christian Bonaparte," was the answer quickly returned. "You be—" "No, Holy Catholic Church, try next one." "No," said the youngster, amidst roars of laughter; "the boy that you mean is the Protestant Church, and he's not a boy—he's at home sick abed."

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.—It may not be forgotten that a member of the Bonaparte family was offered forty years ago the throne of Greece. He was then a boy of fifteen, a mere himself in his sketch of Joseph, eldest brother of the First Napoleon. Joseph and his family at that time took refuge on the banks of the Delaware, thinking of nothing but of doing good to their neighbors, and of enjoying the peace which surprised and touched him. A deputation of Greeks came to offer to the princes of his family the crown of Mexico. The ex-King of Naples and Spain answered that republican institutions were not to his taste, nor a crown, and I would not take a single step for a third. Nothing can be more flattering to me than to see mankind, when I was in Madrid, refused to recognize my authority, come now in my exile to ask me to put myself at their head. But I do not believe that the throne you wish to raise up can make you happy; and every day I spend on the hospitable soil of the United States proves to me more and more the excellence of republican institutions for America. Preserve them, then, as the precious ark of your safety. That is and to remain your code: imitate the United States, and look out among your own citizens for some one more capable than I am to play the great part of Washington."



VIEW OF PETERSBURG FROM THE SIGNAL-STATION ON OUR EXTREME LEFT.—SKETCHED BY HOMAS HEATH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



EXTERIOR VIEW OF HOSPITAL TENT AND WAGON.



INTERIOR OF HOSPITAL TENT AND WAGON.

VIEW OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

WE gave some weeks since a view of Petersburg, taken by an English artist in the rebel lines. We give this week another view of that town, taken from a point on our extreme left. It now appears quite probable that the rebel General-in-Chief will soon find it absolutely necessary to evacuate Petersburg. The great value of the rebel position here has been that it afforded a more satisfactory base than Richmond, or rather that it preserved the communications southward from Richmond itself. This position not only covered the Southside Railroad, but was the only possible support to Fort Darling, the loss of which would open up the James to our gunboats. But SHERMAN'S advance will soon render both Petersburg and Richmond useless to the Confederacy. If General LEE insists upon retaining them, he will soon be isolated from the Confederacy, of which his army is the chief defense.

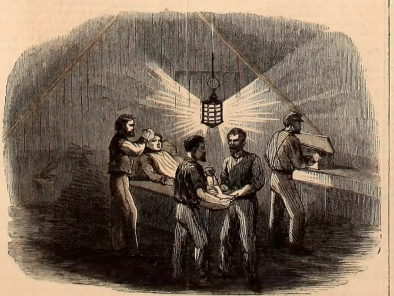
We give on our first page an illustration of our soldiers before Petersburg, receiving their rations of quinine and whisky, which are issued to them twice each day. These rations are very efficient safeguards against diseases of the camp.



BEFORE PETERSBURG—FIELD HOSPITAL OF THE FIRST DIVISION, NINTH ARMY CORPS.—[FROM SKETCHES BY A. MCCULLUM.]

FIELD HOSPITALS.

WE have engraved on this page a number of sketches, illustrating various scenes in the Field Hospitals of our army. Although these sketches especially relate to the hospital of the First Division, Ninth Corps, they yet have a general application to all other hospitals of the same class. The feature which will immediately engage the reader's attention is the neatness and taste displayed in the life of our sick soldiers, and in all their surroundings. No labor is spared in beautifying the grounds, and all the internal arrangements are controlled with a tasteful skill that does credit to the directors. Cleanliness and comfort are secured to the disabled



OPERATING-ROOM.



INTERIOR OF A HOSPITAL WARD.

soldier; his diet is prepared with great tact and carefulness, and every appliance which surgical art has invented is used to promote the comfort of the wounded.

HARPERS FERRY.

We give on pages 152 and 153 some recent and characteristic sketches of Harpers Ferry. The little village is situated in one of the most picturesque defiles in America, at the junction of the Potomac and Shenandoah. Harpers Ferry has now an important military history. It has been the startingplace and the goal of numberless marches. Hither and thither the waves of war have swept over it, and it is no longer the peaceful retreat which five years ago was so attractive to the tourist. The marches of Federals and Confederates have left behind their ugly traces. It is not a strong military position, being commanded by eminences on all sides. Last summer, before his celebrated victories at Winchester, Cedar Creek, etc., General Sheridan was so continually in the habit of falling back on Harpers Ferry that his men bestowed upon him the humorous *sobriquet* of "Harper's Weekly."

THOU ALSO.

I MUSOUAT that we twain together
In one night have blent our days;
If under no light of passion,
Yet in safer, shadier ways:
Or never, by one, that evening,
Yourself had I dared to claim;
So I thought:—some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

'Tis true, I am grave and silent,
You, lively as bird on wing;
But there's strength in the latter summer,
And only a promise in spring;
And I thought that our differing natures
Would have linked in the wedded name:
So I thought:—some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

There are gales that change in an instant
Still sun to burning snow;
And I thought I would be your pilot
If ever those gales should blow;
I'd have guarded you, oh! so safely,
Against ill that came;
So I thought:—some day, proud maiden,
You may wish you had thought the same.

COUSIN SILE'S OIL FARM.

"THAT most dreadful smell! What on earth is it? Sally Ann!"

"Praps it's the lie; some folks *does'n't* like it. How do de, Cousin Peter?"

It was the same chubbermaid. I knew that at once. But turning, I was puzzled to guess who the stranger was. To my knowledge I had never seen him before; or I never should have forgotten him. Long and lank, with straw-colored hair and blue eyes like dull glass beads, with a nose long enough to have made one apiece for three ordinary faces, and with apparently two joints in it, both movable, and a long expanse of yellow cheek awful to behold. Attired also in the blue, long-tailed coat and brass buttons, the yellow vest and tall white hat of the stage Yankee. I verily believed that some one of my theatrical friends had played a trick upon me, and was visiting me in masquerade.

"Eem'n, Cousin Peter?" said the presence again; and I replied, upon my guard against a practical joke,

"And you, what am I to call you, Sir?"

"Lor', don't stand on no ceremony; I ain't stuck up if I am forehanded. Jest call me 'Cousin Sile,' like you used ter."

Then I knew him. It was Cousin Silas Peek, whom I had not seen since we played marbles, and robbed bird's-nests together down in the Jersey. Broadway was marked by the sniffs of pedestrians against whom we brushed, and ejaculations of "Awful!" "Horrid!" "Horrible!" "Awful!" "Awful!"

They had a party at the Wicketts—an elegant, select affair, graced by the belles and exquisites of the *crême de la crême*. Cousin Silas had his stuff and on his fingers through his hair I felt my heart sink. He seemed such a greasy wretch. I expected to be ordered from the house when I said to Mr. Wickett aside,

"My dear Sir, I've taken the liberty of bringing with me a distant cousin of mine, Mr. Peek—a gentleman—a rather unsophisticated gentleman—a—in fact, just from his extensive oil-farm, where he has amassed a fortune, and, I fear, learned but small of the observances. I—ahem."

To my astonishment Mr. Wickett shook me by the hand.

"No apologies," he said. "These busy and prosperous people are perfectly welcome. I expect of them what we do of others. Introduce me."

All kindness to me, of course. I felt grateful. So I introduced Mr. Peek, and he and Miss Wickett, who was divine in scarlet with white flowers. How I adored that girl! How I fretted on her smiles! How I repined on those rare occasions when I dared to say sweet nothings to her—when she would answer me as only she could look! Every man has been in love once in his life, they say. If so, every man can recall his own experience, and know how I regarded William Wickett. Words can not do justice to my emotions.

In her presence I forgot my cousin Silas Peek for a while. But soon, in the midst of the silence in which we listened to Wilhelmina singing, I heard his voice, and, turning, saw him. He stood in the midst of a group of gentlemen, till with their faces very red with excitement and their eyes wide open with surprise, and bold forth on the subject of oil.

How his tract spouted, Sir, as of eleven thousand whales was underneath the earth. How folks went on their knees to get the first supplies of that lie. How he did verily believe that, diggin' down six feet, you'd come to a great vat full, all ready to be scooped up; and how all the ile streams and ile wells jest had their rise in Peek's farm, and nowhere else, by jingo!

And when she had done singing, Wilhelmina—I mean Mr. Wickett, darted from the crowd, and, seizing her hand, drew her toward Silas with the words, "My love, I must make you acquainted with Mr. Peek, one of our pioneers, who has been advising us some valuable information on the subject of oil lands."

Poor Wilhelmina—she who shuddered at the unpleasant perfume of a marigold, and could not bear the faintest touch of the gardener had uprooted that obnoxious weed—how I pitied her as the atmosphere of my horrible oil cousin surrounded her as the ether surrounds the sun!

"For my sake you have borne it, angelic girl!" I thought; and followed her with my eyes as Silas took her down to supper, saying, on the stairs, "I wish I'd a thought to fetch along a bottle o' ile, you could a seen how fine it ate on salad. And, I tell ye, there ain't nothin like it for a hair ile. Reckon you've noticed how slick mine looks. It would take that kink out o' your'n in no time."

Then we had a departed! I could not help breathing in her ear, "I appreciate your kindness, most amiable of mortal women—angel!" And also smiled as I felt Silas' hand upon me out-goggling.

The next day there came to me a dainty note, written as an old friend might write. Papa was away, but mamma requested her to write. Could Mr. Paragraph dine with them on Wednesday, and bring his dear, old, agreeable cousin Mr. Peek, who had so interested papa about his wells and things, along with him? And she remained

Sincerely Wilhelmina Wickett.

Of course Mr. Paragraph could. He was only too happy. Cousin Silas turned his paper collar on the other side, and went also.

Mr. Wickett, Mr. Bungales and Mr. Trumps, of the firm of Wickett, Trumps, and Bungales, to meet us; and the conversation ran on oil so entirely that it took me some minutes. But when we should care for food we could sit near Wilhelmina Wickett, and feel the folds of her silken robe brush his coat-sleeve as she passed. I permitted to her the plate for more turkey, and to see that she had "just a mossel more gravy." Not I for one. A delicious certainty that my day-dreams were to be fulfilled, and that I would one day call Wilhelmina my own.

That night I drew her little note of invitation from my bosom, and, kissing it, repeated, alluding to the signature,

"Remain Wilhelmina Wickett. Oh, no! no! not long, for I shall make you Wilhelmina Paragraph. Does she not smile upon my oily cousin for my sake?"

Yes, she had been very kind to Silas. She continued to be so. Mr. Wickett, papa, also. The members of the firm Trumps and Bungales. They made Silas Peek the fashion, and lovely girls called him a dear creature.

When we passed along the street people ran to look at the proprietor of the "Peek Oil Farm," and then would whisper,

"That's his cousin, Mr. Pierre Paragraph the poet. I hear that I shone by reflected light. The light of oil.

I began to see at last that poetry was as nothing beside prose. Cousin Silas Peek was rich, and all his farm's sake. That he was a veritable lion. A man bowed down to and adored. He had influence with the firm. Mr. Wickett was conversed resolved at once to "put his money into oil."

I should myself if I had had any.

At last a horrible suspicion dawned upon me. It was idiotic. I laughed at it. Yet it remained.

One day, when dining with Cousin Silas at the Wicketts, it forced itself into my mind. I resolved to banish it forever, and seized the moment when Wilhelmina and Cousin Peek were both absent, about ile, and we, Wilhelmina and I, were on the garden balcony.

Then I began:

"Wilhelmina, you must long have known—"

But she put up her hands and implored,

"Please don't, Mr. Paragraph!"

"I must," said I.

"I'll go away if you do."

"Nay, stay and hear me."

"Oh dear! Fie-o-e-cane—"

"Angel, we have no auditors. Your father and my cousin have forgotten all in oil. My heart—"

"Oh, you mustn't say any thing about your heart. We're friends, in quite a tragic way."

"It's wrong for me to hear it."

"Wrong to hear my fervent protestations of adoration? Say that you believe I love you better than my soul! I—"

"Oh! what would Mr. Peek say? Do go away." And she wrung her hands despairingly.

"Mr. Peek? I trust Mr. Peek would not venture to oppose his own cousin's—angel, I said, haughtily. "I accord him no such privilege."

"Oh! but he has, you know."

"Has what?"

"The privilege—the—the right. Oh, Mr. Paragraph, don't you know I've been engaged to Mr. Silas Peek for three months?"

I fell back flat among the flower-pots. When I picked myself up Wilhelmina had joined Silas Peek and his pals.

They had sold her for oil. Mr. Wickett had put his money into oil and added his daughter. Mr. Trumps and Mr. Bungales only wished that oilfarmers were Morsons, that they might give him their daughters also. They had sacrificed her, driven me to despair, and established "The Grand Peek's Farm Oil Company."

Next week she was married in Grace Church. Silas asked me to be his groomsman, and I, for the first time in our acquaintance, turned on him and cursed him as a "Yankee."

Who cared? They went on their tour (to the oil farm, I suppose) as merrily as though I had not uttered the vindictive words.

About three months afterward I remember to have read something in a paper about a celebrated divorce case. It appears that Mrs. Wilhelmina Peek had been in divers ways ill-used. Among other things expatiated upon by her lawyer were the facts that Mr. Silas Peek, having invested all her fortune in oil-lands, had insisted on establishing his residence upon the oil-farm, where it habitually rained gruesome; and, furthermore, had insisted on replenishing the castor-crusts with petroleum, and had forced the delicate Wilhelmina to partake thereof. I read the announcement with great gusto. I attended court daily throughout the suit. Yes, I have been avenged!

THE MYSTERY OF THE FLOATING JACKET.

EARLY in the beginning of 1860—the exact date unfortunately can not be supplied—an event occurred which disturbed and alarmed the inhabitants of the Island of Barbados. News had been taken some time in the spring of the year of the mysterious death of a black fisherman, who was, it is presumed, well known, since his disappearance from his dwelling-house when a negro murder (or was not a matter of importance) created considerable sensation in the parish to which he belonged, and, indeed, all over Barbados. It seemed impossible, however, notwithstanding that several people were deputed on special suspicion, to fix the guilt upon any body. The clothes of the murdered man—for the old man met with a violent death, if the testimony of the ground stooped in blood be any of any weight—were covered in a wood by some stray people, and were produced at a renewed committee of inquiry. But his *jacket*, which was a common knotted garment of the laborer man wear on some English coasts, was nowhere to be found; nor could the body of the ill-fated black be discovered, though enthusiastic a rigorous search in all directions. This mystery alone gave importance to the wretched negro's disappearance; but though involved it began to lose interest, and was giving a natural death, when, one morning, an inhabitant of St. Philip's parish staggered the local authorities by a report that the murdered man's jacket was floating in the middle of Tudor's Pond, which was inclosed in an estate hard by the main road, and in the centre of a field, through which it was approached by a narrow walk or foot-path.

A way rushed crowds of gaping blacks and whites to the spot; and there, sure enough, was to be seen, floating about in the middle of Tudor's Pond, a *fisherman's blue jacket*.

The news spread like fire among the canes (to use a local illustration), and in a short time a great crowd encompassed the pond. The authorities, roused by this fresh stimulus into a hope of obtaining some clew to the agent of the late murder, now appeared upon the scene, and only had time to see the jacket slowly sink and disappear. Drags were instantly employed, and, after some difficulty and loss of time, the jacket carrying, the drags were launched into the pond. After some hours of unavailing labor the boats were pulled up on the banks, and the crowd separated—full of surmises, suspicions, theories, and of hints at Obeah, the negro's point of support in all cases of mystery, however, was not to end here; for next day a large concourse assembled at the same time—between seven and twelve in the morning—to witness for the possible reappearance of the jacket. Punctually at twelve o'clock the blue garment rose to the surface of the pond. Horror now took the possession of the spectators; some ran for guns, and others for the governor. Down came the authorities, with due chief official. There was the jacket floating calmly. A boat was now put out by order of His Excellency the Governor, and its occupants rowed up to the mystery: the boat's crew, steerer and rearer—till a man in the bows cautiously extending his oar attempted to secure the jacket. Just as he touched it the point of resisting it dove in such like lead. The rowers bucked water a little and waited. The jacket, in a state of peace, rose again in the same spot. This time the man made a rush at it—but once more the thing disappeared before the oar could touch it. The governor now saw matters that, on its reappearance, the jacket should be fired at. Accordingly the crack shots awaited its rising, with their rifles fixed in their steerer and pointed at the spot in the centre of the pond. They were not disappointed—up came the jacket, and on the instant they fired a dozen balls and riddled it. The jacket, however, didn't sink: the water was white with the dashing of the bullets, and the object of their aim still floated agitatedly. It was not till they passed and the boat approached that it sank—but then it went down like a stone; and it was only this time that it ceased to rise on that day. The island was now in a ferment of doubts and fears: a terrible mere (there were none, it must be confessed, in the island at that time) shook their heads after vainly endeavoring to find a natural solution to this strange mystery. "It must be a hoax," they said aloud, but how a hoax could possibly be worked in the centre of a pond they could not divine. Again. Day after day, at twelve o'clock precisely, the goblin jacket rose to the surface of Tudor's Pond, and, day after day, eluded all efforts to secure it. The jacket itself was guarded and watched incessantly, and dr. gged thoroughly at intervals, but to no purpose—the best swimmers in the island (and they are, as it were, "to the manner born") endeavored to circumvent the delusive jacket, but were obliged to return to the shore baffled and exhausted. In vain, as it sank, did they dive after and s..ive to follow it to its retreat—panting and almost breathless they were compelled to come up again and rest, while the provoking jacket would slowly rise before them as if in scoffing. Visitors from various adjacent islands arrived—the best swimmers from Jamaica would try their respective skill, but fruitlessly.

Approaching the jacket as closely as possible, the swimmers would dash out from their boat appropriately upon the jacket, but they never succeeded in catching it. Day after day, and week after week, this went on in sight of the governor and other officials, and before thousands of spectators; and no one could "catch the jacket asleep," as it was said.

Gradually, however, the pond began to dry up and expectation was raised to its height.

Nothing, however, was discovered in the pond when all the water had evaporated under the severe drought—though it was dredged carefully, and when the rains refilled the basin the appearances entirely ceased.

No one as yet has accounted in any way satisfactorily for this startling occurrence, though one or two theories were broached from time to time—one of which (suggested to the writer of this paper) was to the effect that some fish had got entangled in the jackets—which might have been thrown into the pond by the supposed murderer—and so in its struggles to escape, and for fresh air, have dragged the jacket to the surface of the pond. This is fair enough, so far as the mere rising of the jacket and its elusive pursuit are concerned, but how was it that it rose and sank at precise intervals? and how was it that no traces were discovered when the pond was dredged and dragged? Furthermore, is it likely that out of the hundreds of bullets actually fired into the jacket, not one succeeded in killing this entangled fish?

THE MILLER.

MERRILY rolls the mill stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry we might shall be my song
As ever the guy lark's trill.
While the mill stream shall flow, and the mill shall go,
And his garners are bravely stored,
Come all who will, there's a welcome still
At the jovial miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light,
Well may his song be gay,
For the rich man's smile, and the poor man's prayer
Have been his for many a day.
And they have been the name of the miller's dame
In cots where the lowly mourn,
For want and woe at her presence go,
And joy and peace return.

Fair is the miller's daughter too,
With her locks of golden hair,
With her laughing eye and her sunny brow,
Still better is she than fair.
She has listened to all, with her winning smile,
And if ever his heart is sad,
Let her sing the song he has loved so long,
And the miller's heart is glad.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

LAST summer, while staying for bathing at a little sea-port town on the coast of Caen, I made the acquaintance of Father Moneeau, professor of swimming. This man was a miser, whose avarice was notorious. He lived on black bread and the refuse of fish which he himself caught; he drank nothing but water, which in that part of the country cost nothing; and his garments were always of the coarsest and commonest description, and patched, besides, in a dozen places. And yet his means must have been, at the least, easy, to judge from the profits of his various trades. Over the day, entering the salle-à-manger of my hotel, the Soleil-Levant, I observed a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, sitting working at a window. She raised her eyes on my entrance, then dropped them, and continued her work, without further noticing my presence. I was, however, that she was very pretty, with regular and delicate features. On inquiring of my hostess, I found that she was the daughter of Moneeau. "And the true child of her father," added Mme. A. "You see how she is dressed. Look at her clothes; and yet she is always at work, and earns more than enough to maintain her and even well."

"The avarice of Father Moneeau is detestable enough," returned I; "but in such a young girl it is repulsive."

On entering my room I found there a letter from one of my friends, Ernest Préaux, who resided in the neighboring town. Hearing that I was not far off, he had written begging me to come to him, that we might renew our old friendship. It was a strange nature, that of Ernest Préaux. At five-and-twenty he had the manners of a cold and austere monsieur of forty. He was clever; had read much and mixed much. When he had left college together, and had afterward met again, I found him, he of law, I of medicine. He seemed pleased that we should be at once on our old familiar footing together, but he preserved his habitual calmness and taciturnity. I fancy that the extreme sobriousness of his character was in part owing to a disappointment he had met with. A young girl to whom he had been engaged had deserted him and given her hand to another. Her perfidy had made a misogynist of him; he was so young, so inexperienced; and he had now become utterly skeptical with regard to woman and woman's constancy. Another circumstance had also, perhaps, helped to make him what he was. He had lost his parents at ten years of age. They had both died of gifted malady, by seeing the honor of their house imperilled. His father had been robbed of a considerable sum, and had immediately been declared bankrupt, the suddenness and shame of this brought on an attack of apoplexy, to which he succumbed. The mother, who had been in delicate health, was unable to bear up against so many misfortunes, and in a week followed her husband to the grave. Then came all the long and weary business of liquidation, at the end of which the poor little orphan was found to be the inheritor of the modest annual income of 600 francs. His prospects as regards education, therefore, would have been of the scantiest, but that his guardian one day received, on his account, the sum of 1500 francs, together with a letter of a few words, bearing no signature, stating that the same amount would be paid annually on that day to the son of M. Préaux.

The next day I proceeded to the house of Ernest's former guardian, with whom he was passing his holiday. He received me most cordially.

"I wanted particularly to see you again," said he, "for a few months later I shall be unable to do so."

"Why?" said I.

"Because I intend to become a Trappe," he answered.

"My dear Ernest," said I, "I am perfectly aware of your capacity for silence, and it is a precious gift in monasteries; but I love not monasteries in violent onslaughts; you used to make against a monastic life."

"I was wrong," replied Ernest. "At any rate, right or wrong, I feel now that I require calm and solitude. I want to try and deaden my heart. I *must forget*. This is why I intend to turn Trappist. There are philosophers who cry up memory as the essential base of all intelligence. It is possible; but it is sometimes a very sad gift. To remember is to suffer, either in the past, present, or future. Better at once to forget."

"Come," said I, "I see you are not yet yourself. In love's affairs the only cure is indifference: you are at present only at Despair."

"You are wrong," replied Ernest. "I have thorough contempt for the person you allude to; I detest all women, and that one in particular."

I usually paid my visit to Ernest between eight and nine in the morning, but I found several times that he had risen very early and had already had a long walk when I got there. I proposed, therefore, to go earlier, that I might be his companion on those occasions; but he answered me evasively, and in such a manner that I at once fancied he had a secret connected with these excursions. Although his reserve pained me somewhat, it was obvious alone that discovered to me the reason for it. One morning I arrived at his house a little earlier than usual, but he had already left; and on walking out I met him, within gunshot, crossing the fields. I hurried after him, but before I could reach him he had disappeared into a little thickly wooded shaft with trees. "Ah!" thought I, "now I shall catch him by the fact." I entered the shade. What were my astonishment to discover in my friend's companion, Ursule, the daughter of Father Moneeau! Now I have a horror of "peeping Toms," and remembered the abuse lavished by Ernest upon women and the prudish airs of Mlle. Ursule, I drew back thoroughly indignant at discovering so low a school, determined from this day to cease my visits to Ernest, and I held to my resolve. But a few days after another little circumstance occurred which increased my dislike of Ursule. In the morning, after bathing, I had strolled to Father Moneeau's cottage, not having seen him on the sands. He was a capital swimmer, and, in his professional capacity, I had met with more than one of his pupils. I found the door I saw Ursule with an old stocking in her hand filled with sous. Directly she caught sight of me she endeavored to hide it, but ineffectually. "So," cried I, "you are rich?"

"Oh no, Monsieur!" she answered.

"But your purse?" said I; "be well filled," returned I.

"What purse?" replied Ursule.

"That stocking that you had in your hand just now," I answered.

"There was nothing in it," said the girl.

The lie and the avarice of one so young seemed to me monstrous.

A short time after this occurrence, Father Moneeau came to me, as a doctor, to beg me to go and see his daughter, who was ill, not forgetting, by a sinister hint and insinuation, to let me know that it was not my intention to demand a fee on the occasion. I found Ursule really very ill; she required the greatest care. I told her father this, and wrote a prescription.

"Will these drugs cost much?" he asked, anxiously.

"Only two or three francs," I answered.

"Three francs!" he echoed; "and where is a poor man like me to get three francs? and, besides, will that cure her?"

"Probably not," replied I.

"Then I shall have to buy more? Oh! I shall be ruined, ruined!"

"If you wish to save your daughter," said I, severely, "spare nothing; the case is serious."

I left indignant, but returned in the evening, fearing that he might not have sought any assistance. The door of the cabin was open, a fact which indicated great confusion in the domestic arrangements. Entering the kitchen, and was about to go into Ursule's room, when I saw a light shining through the door—which was a little ajar—of her father's chamber. On advancing to call him, I saw him standing before a cupboard, on the shelves of which glittered piles of louis and five-franc pieces. He was so engrossed in counting his riches that he did not hear me. I retreated, and then called him. Then I heard him double-lock the cupboard, and then he appeared in the kitchen, with a decided and resolute look about him.

"Doctor," said he, "people do very well at the hospital, do they not?"

"Yes," I answered; "but people are better at home."

"No doubt, when they are well off," returned Moneeau. "But I have an idea, doctor, that Ursule would be well taken care of at the hospital. They tell me that patients want for nothing; that they have good chicken-broth, and wine if necessary."

"Certainly, it is true."

"Then I shall decide to take my daughter to Pont-L'Evêque."

"You must remember that she can not walk, and is not in a state to bear the motion of a carriage," answered I.

"My good doctor, I will take her in a litter; two of the neighbors will help me."

"It is a good five miles from here to Pont-L'Evêque," I observed.

"No matter; we can stop and rest."

More than a year had passed, and I had nearly forgotten this disagreeable affair, when I was one day called on to be present at an examination of young girls who were being brought up as teachers. The ceremony was an interesting one to me, as the fate of a goddchild of mine was then to be decided. Among these young girls was a face that puzzled me dreadfully. It seemed to me to belong to Ursule; but it was Ursule transformed, bearing the trace of her severe vices, but always delicate and refined features.lit up with the brilliant flush of excitement. Her bearing was graceful, and, which was still more extraordinary, she was in a charming toilet. She trembled a little in answering the examiners, but her answers were correct, and she obtained her diploma as governess. My god-daughter was not less fortunate. I had seen her talking to Ursule, and I was eager to question her, hoping that she might enlighten me as to the transformation of the avaricious and apparently ignorant country girl into the elegant and well-educated young lady.

"Mlle. Moneeau," answered my god-daughter, "has been in my family two months, and she only came to stay until the examination, for she knew more than any of us. They say that she is quite a prodigy in the school."

This was all I could obtain, and I was very curious on the subject. But I knew that Ernest Préaux was at Caen, and resolved to see him, hoping that he could give me the answer to this enigma. I found him more moody than ever.

"Sit down," said he.

"No," replied I. "Your manner makes me think you are wishing me a hundred miles away; so good-by!"

"Nonsense," returned Ernest. "I assure you your visit gives me much pleasure, the more so as it may be the last."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied I.

"There is no compliment," he rejoined. "You must know, then, that I am thoroughly decided to enter La Trappe."

"Ah, bravo!" said I. "But your decision does not disturb me much. I know now your peculiar way of turning mouth."

"You may laugh, but I am more than ever resolved."

"From your manner of saying that," replied I, "one would imagine that you had fresh motives for quitting the world—that Ineichle Babylon in which virtue has but one asylum—a cabin embowered in trees, etc., etc."

Ernest slightly colored, and his eye sparkled; but he kept down. However, I was determined to make him speak.

"Is it long since you saw Mlle. Ursule?" I asked.

Ernest lifted his head and quickly answered, "Ah! then you have guessed my secret; and that little wretch can keep me in the world. Oh, women, women!"

"What! is this one also incontant?"

"Do not calumniate her," he returned; "she is an angel."

"I must believe you, certainly," rejoined I; "for you ought to be a judge of angels, as you are having had so many opportunities of making her acquaintance in the aforesaid cabin embowered in trees."

"What! you know?" he exclaimed, with astonishment. "But you know I was obliged to think of Ursule's reputation. People would have thought all sorts of harm if I had not married her, and married her so carefully."

"Certainly, you behaved like a gallant man, as well as a man of gallantry," I answered.

"Don't laugh, and do not judge me unfairly," he returned. "I assure you that my object was not to ruin a poor girl who had been my friend's mistress, but to save her."

"Your reason, at all events, could not be more moral," said I, laughing.

"I see you doubt my sincerity," said Ernest, sadly, after a moment's pause of reflection. "But listen, and I will tell you all about it. You may know, I love Ursule with all my heart, but she has not the least idea of it. She herself loves another, and will, no doubt, shortly be married. But I will begin at the beginning. One day—some few years ago—I was walking on the beach when a little girl of thirteen or fourteen advanced toward me. She appeared nervous and hesitating, and perfectly said, in a little voice, 'Monsieur Ernest, do you not recognize me?' I am little Ursule, don't you remember? She was the daughter of a fisherman. I did remember, but with a certain feeling of displeasure, which at the moment I could not master. I had passed from my childhood to my manhood without a little share in the rain of my father. However, Ursule began to talk to me of old times, and appeared to remember every little kindness I might have shown her as a child with so much joy and gratitude that my heart was ingratiatingly touched, and I soon found myself talking to her as affectionately as of old. From this time I often met her, and gradually learned the whole of her almost as a brother. I found that she had very romantic notions, balanced, however, by strict right-mindedness. A year or so had passed, when she one day confided to me something that may surprise you, skeptic, but which did not astonish me, for her character was a singular mélange of boldness and simplicity. She told me that her father, who was extremely avaricious, was opposed to her attempting to educate herself. 'He is poor,' said she, 'and says that I must work for my bread, and not waste my time in studying.' 'But why,' I answered, 'do you desire so much to be learned?' I was bewitched a moment, and she replied: 'Because I love some one—some one who would blush to be the husband of an ignorant girl like me. So I want to improve myself, and to study to become a governess. Then, perhaps, he will be touched by what I have done, and will marry me.' From this day I began to teach Ursule, who made astonishing progress. She has the courage of a heroine. Every morning she used to go to the little cabin, and there I met her, and did my best in helping the development of her mind. During the day she worked hard at her needle, in order to gather together a little sum for her marriage portion. I endeavored to make her accept my gift; but she was resolute in refusing. 'I must make my own position myself,' said she. 'I hope he will like me the better for it.' And so he will. I love her sincerely. She has every good quality but gratitude. Would you believe that since the lessons have ceased I have not heard a word of her?"

Ernest's voice trembled as he spoke. At this moment a ring at the bell was heard—a timid, hesitating, undecided ring. "It is she!" he cried, jumping up; and he pushed me into the adjoining room with an energy of which I should have thought my future Trappist incapable. He went to open the door, and then I heard the sweet voice of Ursule murmuring thanks. I closed the door, gently, or, if he did, it was in so low a tone that I was unable to catch what he said. Ursule was the first to break the silence that ensued. In these circumstances generally appear to be bolder than men, in reality because they are more timid.

"Monsieur Ernest," said Ursule, "you appear to be ill. It grieves me to see you so, now that I am so pleased at having succeeded."

"At all events you are happy, Ursule," murmured Ernest, hardly knowing what he said.

"Happy!" she cried, "not yet, monsieur."

"And *he*?" said Ernest, after a pause.

"Oh!" returned she, "I begin to be afraid that, after all, he may not care altogether for me."

"Is it possible?" cried Ernest, almost joyfully.

"But you have not told me, Monsieur Ernest, why you are sad," said Ursule.

"Oh! as to me, I love an ungrateful girl, who, in her turn, loves some one else!" answered Ernest.

"Is it possible?" this time cried Ursule. "And who is this person who might be so happy, Monsieur Ernest?"

"What does it matter? what do you care about it, since I am not the one you love? And, in my turn, may I ask you who is this man who disdains your affection?" said Ernest.

"And suppose I answer, also, What does it matter? what can you care about it, since I am not the woman you love?" replied Ursule.

This kind of declaration is, perhaps, as good as any. Ernest knew it was true, fell down at the feet of Ursule, and covered her hands with kisses. The poor girl herself was crying for joy. I was on the point of entering my hiding-place, when my situation began to be rather ridiculous, when a ring at the bell was heard—this time a violent and energetic one. At the moment I recognized my visitor. "Ah, doctor! I am glad you are here; for I am come to clear my character." And as he spoke he took from his pocket and put on his large old-fashioned greasy pocket-book; then from another he drew a packet containing his bank-notes, and coolly proceeded to wipe his forehead. I was certainly deceived in imagining him to be angry. His face presently became radiant as he said, "And the good doctor, too, who thinks me an old miser! Poor body else did. But listen, Monsieur Ernest, doctor, my child, every one! You know that I owe to Ernest M. Préaux, the father of Ernest, a debt of honor and every confidence in me, although he was aware that I had an unfortunate propensity to drink. However, as I was steady enough in the business of sale, only indulged in my wretched taste when work was over, my employer kept me, and contented himself with occasional remonstrances. But I was about to be devoted to him, as I was—I swear it! One day M. Préaux sent me to receive money for him, and according I was five o'clock. I was returning home with a large sum in my pocket-book, when, on passing a cabaret, I felt a thirst which I attempted to rise of entering and taking a glass of something and a crust; it is true that I was ready to drop from fatigue after my day's excursion. I had not finished a moment with two comrades with whom I was often in the habit of drinking. Chatting now with them and drinking with them, I lost myself in the wood, and fell asleep, utterly forgetful of the money which was in my care. When I awoke, some hours later, my pocket-book was gone. What was I to do? You know the rest, Monsieur Ernest. Your father was ruined, and through me. But I swear to you I had no regard or fault as much as was in my power. I have ever year saved enough from my earnings to send you the annual sum of twelve hundred francs, and to-day I come to bring you, thank God, the sum of a hundred thousand francs, the result of a very fortunate investment in the funds, added to a ship-owner at Cherbourg, a very honest man, who did his best for me: and now, on my knees, Monsieur Ernest, I beg the pardon I have asked." Ernest hastened to embrace the old fisherman, who was about to prostrate himself at his feet, but was easily able to utter a word. He could only point to Ursule, whom her father had almost disregarded until then. Suddenly, however, he turned to her, and said, "Ursule, my child, how is it I find you here?"

Ursule looked imploringly at Ernest.

"We wished to see you," said Ernest, to Father Moneeau, "to beg your consent to our marriage."

"To your marriage! What! you love each other?" exclaimed the old man, joyfully.

"Yes; we have loved each other for four years," replied Ernest.

"And I knew nothing about it," said the father.

"We did not know it ourselves," rejoined Ernest.

Father Moneeau appeared to gather very little from these answers; but, as it is sometimes not necessary to understand in order to give happiness, he seemed to be satisfied; and after having embraced Ursule Moneeau, in the prettiest of bridal toilets, he consented to the happy and radiant Ernest.



UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT HARPERS FERRY, NOW USED FOR QUARTER-MASTER'S STORES FOR SHERIDAN'S ARMY.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]



JUNCTION OF THE POTOMAC AND SHENANDOAH RIVERS, FROM THE C



VIEW IN HARPERS FERRY.—GENERAL STEVENSON'S HEAD-QUARTERS, LOUDON HEIGHTS IN THE DISTANCE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



METERY ABOVE HARPERS FERRY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 150.]

PATTY'S VOCATION.

I.

OUR village is a very pretty one. It nestles in a valley, which valley is crowned with hills—mountains, I may say, of every form and height. Round shouldering hills, covered with a patchwork of fields, and dotted with farm-houses and barns, lead up to slopes of plantations and oak copses, which are again surmounted by the purple-clothed grouse hills. A broad and very beautiful river makes a turn through the valley, enriching and gladdening it. This river is our pride and boast. Part of the village is on one side, part on the other. The two are connected by an old-fashioned substantial wooden bridge, which is never without a passenger on it.

Our modest little house looks down from a tiny eminence on this bridge. Opposite to us, on the other side of the river, is the grand residence of the squire. But as to forms, the letter H, and one side matches the other side: which to my mind is very ridiculous. The Hall is so large, and so conspicuous, and has such big windows, that we can almost see every thing that goes on there. But the squire can only just perceive the gable end of our cottage, through the trees, so, as I say to Robert, "We have something that the squire has not."

"Don't be envious of the squire, Patty. I have got something more that he has not, and that is a good wife."

Now, to be sure, it was a nd thing, not only for himself but for all the world about us, that the squire was unmarried. It would make such a difference to the poor, as well as to the rich, if he were married. All the world, and especially the bridge, through the myrtle.

One day I saw two strangers loiter on the bridge: an old man and a young girl. The old man had a supporting arm of the girl, and crossed feebly to the other side of the bridge; she was dropping the petals of a rose into the river, and watching them float away. At that moment on to the bridge dashed the squire's carriage.

How it did not break and quiet men have impetuous and haughty servants? When we dined at the Hall the servants gave us the impression that the thing short of their master's absolute commands made them take the trouble of handing us any thing.

Thus, the coachman, adopting the habit of the rest, was accustomed to drive his master with a reckless defiance of the idea of the possibility of the road being required for any other person. He scared the villagers fly before it. And in a moment, before the young girl could turn round, the carriage had knocked down and driven over the old man.

I rushed down to the bridge without any shawl or bonnet. When I got there the squire's carriage had stopped, and the squire was assisting the young girl to help the old gentleman up.

Without her being pretty there was something so sweet, so modest, so wonderfully tender, in the young girl's manner as she moved and spoke, that I was instantly taken by her.

By a great effort the old man seemed not dangerously hurt; that is, he was quite sensible, and able to walk; but the girl that she might suffer fear. But his leg was broken. That we all saw at once. He was a traveler, merely passing through the country. Where was he to go? To the inn? How we do with him? The village inn was by no means good enough. The squire seemed to have forgotten he had a house, and I offered our house.

The squire jumped at the idea; he called his carriage, bade his imperious footman help him to place the old gentleman in it, and walked himself by the head of his imperious horses, as if that were the only way to make his imperious coachman drive at a foot pace.

We soon reached the cottage. There all these imperious people had to wait, after sending for Dr. Leech, then for Mr. Bplendon to assist Dr. Leech, until the old gentleman was not only safe in bed, but had expressed himself as "comfortable," etc. precisely comfortable" which was as much as one could expect from a person with a broken leg. Finally, peaceably at the idea they would not be any more polluted by doing any other business than that of their master, the imperious horses and servants were all ordered off to the neighboring town, and desired to transpose themselves into mere carriers of baggage (and that on their master's), and bring back the baggage of the old gentleman and the young lady.

Now, with having so much to do, I was wholly forgetful of Robert's feelings on the matter. Not until dinner was over, and the young lady had gone up to see if the old gentleman was still continuing "comfortable," did I recollect to say, "My goodness me, Robert, to think of my having done such a thing without your leave!"

"I do not know what you have done; but I know that is the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Now, Robert!"

Robert did not often praise people. If he did, it was in a roundabout away.

"Robert, she is a French girl."

"And why should'n a French girl be pretty?"

"You know she is not pretty." N.B. I wonder if I was jealous? However, if I was, that was my first and last twinge. I began to see directly what Robert meant by her being so pretty. She had such sweet ways. She beamed over with goodness, and though she spoke English wonderfully well, astonishingly well—she had a way of placing her words that made every thing she said piquante and durable. Thus, when I wished her good-night, she had so engaged my heart that I gave her a kiss.

"Ah!" she said, returning it, "that is a thing of you as good." I am no more strange, but a little friend ever to be."

So I was obliged to kiss her again. When we met in the morning she offered her cheek at once, saying:

"Good-morrow, dear friend."

"Patty," said Robert to me, "the squire is in love!"

"My goodness me, Robert, how you startle me! With whom?"

"With Pet."

"How, Robert!"

Pet was our name for the sweet girl. Her real name was Frances du Chaine. Her mother was an English woman, married to the old gentleman driven over by the squire's imperious servants and horses. He called her Fanny. That was too prosaic a name for us. We kept with Fanny, but soon got to Pet.

"The squire in love with Pet! As if I should not have seen that before you, Robert!"

"Perhaps you ought to have done so—perhaps you would have done so, had he not confided his love to me."

"My dear Robert. Such a splendid match! And the dear child was going to be a governess."

"Not now, Patty—not now. The squire is love the first day, and wanted to propose on the bridge—"

"Now, Robert!—"

"—and every day since; but he does not know how to do it, she is so reserved and shy to him."

"My goodness me, Robert, but that must be altered. I must go to her. I must see her. Oh, my dear Robert, what a fortunate thing was that accident!"

"We don't know yet. Perhaps Pet will not accept the squire."

A fear seemed to rise in my heart, for indeed she seemed to have an antipathy to men, such as some folks have to cats. Only lately had she begun to find out that Robert had nothing obnoxious about him.

"Your Robert," she had said to me, "is good. Oh, I like good. He is like a woman."

Perhaps Robert might not have thought this a compliment, and for fear he should not I did not tell him of it.

But at all events, Pet having accorded him her affection, now gave him such abundant proofs of it that no one more thought her the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

"You must go and break the matter to her, Patty."

"Oh no, Robert; let the squire tell her himself."

"But she will not give him the opportunity."

"I'll talk to come this evening, and I'll see him sitting in the veranda. I will so place Pet as that she shall have her back to the bridge, but I shall be able to see. And when I have him coming, and just as I know his hand is on the wicket of our garden gate I will make a pretence to go for something, and he will just have time to say, 'Such a splendid match!'"

Robert approving of my plan, all was executed most delightfully; except that the squire, more nervous than ever through anxiety, sped up the hill so quickly after I had left him on the bridge, that my little manœuvre, and he was so astonished to see me that he tumbled over my workbasket, and, altogether, made an ignominious rather than a pleasing entry.

However, I made a dash after one of my balls of wool as it went down the lawn, and slipped round in by the back way, fervently praying the good fates to attend the squire, and having great misgivings that they would not.

It seems that he did not do amiss. He expressed himself in a manly, honorable manner.

He confessed that he loved her, and did not know him enough.

He would wait until she knew him better.

She thought very well of him then, because he was so kind to grandpapa.

She could not have affection such as should be a wife's all in a moment, he hurry.

He would wait—weeks, months, years.

No; she would not have him wait. She was not in love with a wife's duties. She knew nothing of men and their ways, and was not of a mind to try the wife can.

"I must not force myself upon you," said the squire. "I will leave you with this last remark: I love you, and I shall never love any other woman."

"My goodness me! To think of her resisting that, and then the squire too. Robert, he does not know what she is refusing."

"No, she does not, Patty; you must talk to her."

Talk to her! the whole parish talked to her. Her grandfather, generally strong and well, talked to her until he had tears in his eyes.

"Child," he said, "you must not think only of yourself. Remember the benefit to your family. So kind and good a man will doubtless make your brothers and sisters his own. I am old; soon, probably, I shall be a heavier burden on your poor mother than the youngest of her children. Who is to take care of you all?"

"It is not right, grandpapa, to marry a man for that."

"It is not," he answered; "but you are thoughtless. What more can you require in a husband than what is now offered you?"

"He is a man so tall—I love not men so tall."

Grandpapa spoke to the winds. This little wild innocent creature could think of nothing but flowers, and pets, and child's things. The squire wooed in vain, and my heart bled for him.

"Oh, Robert, what are we to do? If she was only Sarah Jane for five minutes—if she was only me!"

"What! You would commit bigamy and marry the squire?"

"It distresses me so to see him, Robert. He was very thin before, and so awkward, but now he is a wilting-stick. Pray, Robert, don't worry me with ridiculous ideas. I am miserable enough as it is, and old Mr. Hamilton declares he is well enough to go home."

"I think so too; I do not wish to seem inhospitable; I wish no one to think me unreasonable; but I own I look forward to having my cottage and my wife once more to myself with a vast deal of pleasure."

"How can you be so unfeeling, Robert; you don't think of what will happen if they go away. The squire will never see Pet again, and we shall have no lady at the Hall."

"Hah! Now a light strikes on me. We are not wholly actuated by love of the squire, we think a little of ourselves."

"Get away with you, Robert; no one being by, I may tell you you are most provoking."

And Pet and her father did go away, and the squire was left forlorn.

But Sir Robert was properly punished for his want of sympathy; for the poor squire was up at our house morning, noon, and night. He came in the morning to ask if I had heard from her. He came at noon to talk about her, and he came at night to ask me if I had written to her. Hitherto I have presented no advice to public view as a man possessing negative qualities or virtues. Yet I am happy to say he was not so wholly different from other men as not to be without some negative popularity or virtue. He wrote the best hand and the best letter that any man could write.

Remembering this, I was happily hit upon the idea that he should begin a correspondence with Pet, sending the first letter under cover to her grandfather. I dictated to the squire's letter, but merely a chatty, amusing, friendly letter.

"And will she write the return!" thought I, as he started up on this proposal like a magic figure of fame, anxiously on the look-out for a hot loaf from the oven. "How can he write any thing amusing or chatty!"

But he did. And he brought me the letter to read.

Well, Pet did not answer the letter for days. I thought the poor squire would vanish into thin air. But, after he had written six letters at least, he received one in return.

There was a solemn joy in his face as he appeared with the letter closely buttoned up in the inner breast-pocket of his coat. He drew it forth, as a man might draw forth a treasure that no one else ever possessed or ever would possess.

"It is short," he said, as he handed it to me, at the same time giving a little chuckle that you might suppose a child would give over a box of sugar-plums. Poor dear squire!—as I said of Robert.

It was, in fact, a very short, and not a very affectionate letter, but very grateful. And when dogs grateful pugs, and my mamma, and they both say, so much of an answer to your letters."

"How nice of her to conclude so, Patty!" murmured the squire, as I finished reading the letter.

My goodness me! To think of the squire, in the transports of his happiness, calling me "Patty." What would Robert say? What would every body say? The proud and imperious squire! He turned scarlet.

But I had to tell him what I thought of the conclusion of Pet's note. Should I call him by his Christian name? Or was the idea brought on by our sences. It was a pretty name—Oliver. The surname, of course, I dare not tell here for my life. But it was only a pet name, which was the proper thing to go with a Christian name of three. But to go on with the discussion of Pet's letter. I must confess I saw nothing in this scrap of writing from beginning to end, conclusion and all, that warranted any one having the slightest excited about it. And when I heard that her grandfather had insisted, and her mother commanded, and both stood over her, and one on each side of her, before the letter could be written, I was more than ever puzzled what to say. But of course the squire never knew what trouble I gave those loud her before he got his long-expected letter.

"My dear Patty," exclaimed the squire, quite timidly, "will you be my answer me?"

His dear Patty! As if I was his sister! Well, to be sure! But I was already so scarlet I could not become more so.

So, as I can do on great occasions, I collected myself, and assuming a confidential and sisterly air, said,

"I do think she wishes to be friendly, putting Pet instead of Frances du Chaine."

"That is just it, Patty; exactly what I feel. If she had desired to put me down altogeth r—to snub me altogether—she could have put Pet." And again the squire gave that foolish little feminine chuckle. "I have great hopes," he continued, "that she will make her new duties. I have been in the neighborhood, and have made inquiries, and, from all I can learn, the people she is going to are not at all refined. They will not suit her ideas at all, she is so essentially a lady."

Think of our shy, awkward, proud squire talking in this fashion. I was beginning quite to love him.

Certainly, as the squire said, her new duties did not agree with her. She came to us to spend her first holidays with a bad cold and cough, and was very thin and white. But she was as saucy as ever, and regarded the squire and all his devoted attentions as if she had been a young princess and he the page appointed to run by her stirrup.

One day he asked to speak to me alone.

"Tell her, Patty," said he, "that I am going away. I see my presence is irksome to her. It is necessary that she should have rest and quiet before she returns to governessing. I think she will be happier, and will soon regain her former strength and spirits, if she is left only with you and Robert. Go and tell her so. I shall try to make myself happy with the recollection of her thanks."

So good and unselfish of the squire!

I gave his message, with a little spice of my own added.

I was delighted to see that she was more astonished than pleased.

"Dear squire!" she exclaimed. "Why for? I am not too teased. I think not of him."

"Shall I tell him to stay, Pet?"

"No. You are of all Pattys the most naughty. I give no message; I say nothing; I am as one who has not had the least of a message. Why do he and me have messages? We are free of each other."

Common man. I was afraid to write and tell him. Moreover, one day, when going over the Hall, to which we had free admittance, and that without the servants knowing of the servants, if Pet did not throw herself down upon one of the blue satin covered chairs, on which I never dared to sit down except I had on my best gown, and say, "Ah, Patty, would you like to see fine lady? Look at me. I know all the airs. I have in me a doting old Henry, and I have been educated, and I have a wish to be gracious and dignified. See this courtesy that I make you. And if you were not much to my liking I would be haughty, Patty."

She airs the child gave herself!

"Do not look at me so, my best Patty, all ever-mannish intended to be. You are farmer's wife, yet the prettiest lady and sweetest friend. Why not little governess like me? I feel lady ways. I like that one, sometimes, that is not ever to be ours."

"Ever, child!" I exclaimed, significantly.

Pet blushed—positively blushed—and made no answer.

That evening I had a serious talk with Pet.

"Child," said I, very severely, for I was a very aggravating, provoking, good-for-nothing sort of a thing. Why not love so good a man—so respectable a man, Pet? I declare I love him almost as much as if he was Robert."

She flushed up, evidently pleased.

"But—but—yes—he is good—more—and he is—"

"Well?"

"He is not bad; but he is man."

"You can not marry a woman."

"I not marry him. Why will he be friend, the great friend, dear friend?" And as she said this she was more scarlet than ever I was in all my life.

"She must love him," I thought, and rushed again to the charge. "You must marry him, Pet. Think how happy you will make us; how you will delight your grandfather; how happy your—"

"Hush! hush! Was ever so bad a Patty? A girl marries because she loves, not for riches and grands."

"To be sure; so she ought."

"And he—he—de you think that he must be married for that? Is his wife's friend, a? I think more of him than you; oh so foolish Patty!"

"You do, indeed, Pet. The poor dear grandpapa spoke ought to be provided for himself. And can't you love him?"

"I have much love, great respect—so much, that if he was not the squire, so rich, so great, I should say I ten love, but not marry."

"But why not marry, supposing the squire became poor?"

"I love not marrying." And she blushed deeper and deeper.

"Why?" I asked, all curious and anxious.

She put her rosy lips to my ear, whispered something, and then sprang away, laughing with all her might.

"What a ridiculous creature! Why I no more minded—indeed I was quite anxious—but how am I to tell it here? Why, I will kissed me, and then I should Robert laughed heartily, and, says he: 'If Pet objects to being kissed by the squire when she accepts him, we will get him to forego the ceremony.'

That was her whisper.

Such a ridiculous idea! What could have put it into her head? To be sure, when Robert told me he was going to marry me, I did not think it at all a certain fact until he had kissed me, and then I knew that for evermore I was his and he mine.

"Come, don't cry about it," said Robert. "One thing is pretty certain to me: if Pet refuses the squire because she has an objection to being kissed by him, I will bet you fifty pounds she ends in marrying him."

I never was so perplexed. I was in such a state that I really was quite elated—not glad when Pet's time was up, and she had to go back to her governessing.

II.

SUCH a ridiculous idea!

I kept saying this to myself as soon as ever I saw the squire again; for, though he was very tall and a little grim-visaged, yet he had a handsome mouth, very fine teeth, and—in short, one might be saluted by moonlight with a warm.

Indeed, the squire was improving vastly. Now he had not only a fashionable collar, but absolutely one of those little ties that Robert says are meant for grasshoppers, not men; in short, the squire not only looked fashionable and well got up, but also seemed to feel quite a comfort in the change. Being obliged to face the world boldly, now that there was not a fraction of collar to creep behind, he did so resolutely. And his confidence—upon my word, his confidence about Pet's loving him at last beat Robert's all to nothing.

"My goodness me, Robert, if he is disappointed after all!" said I to Robert, behind our bed-curtains one night.

"Wait until he is, Patty."

"But I feel for him so, poor fellow! and he is going to paper and paint, and new-furnish the house, and alter the stables, and put in a bow-window to the summer drawing-room—and suppose he does it all for nothing! However, it will amuse him, I hope, and make the time pass."

As the months glided away, I must confess that if ever a woman did her best to make another welcome—if ever a man's visit was a real treat to a visit—it was I and Robert to Mr. Dyer. Yet Poets upon sheets of all my private ideas; and Pet's letters began to pour in almost daily, and were full of questions; and it was astonishing how all these questions had reference to the squire. I describe the rooms, describe the thousand odd questions in Pet's letters.

Never shall I forget my amazement, when one day, just outside the sight of the bridge, as I ran by the staircase window, I perceived an extraordinary figure, without a hat, and with coat-tails flying, striding over the bridge, as if he had seven-leagued boots; and before I could take breath, there was the squire thundering at the cottage door.

"She accepts me!" he exclaimed, as he burst into the house, and threw me a letter.

Such a letter! as if that letter I do not like to say much. It was totally and entirely different from any thing like what Sarah Jane would have written. If I had been the squire, I should not have considered it at all the sort of letter to receive upon such an occasion.

"Robert," I said solemnly to him, on telling him what was in the letter, "she does not love him, she only marries him because we have persuaded her. And he has found out how to ask her love."

"Then do it, Patty; and when she comes whip her: if you do not I will."

When she arrived, if Robert did not pet her, and coax her, and humor her, until I was so bewildered that I quite forgot to order dinner one day, and kept putting my balls of wool (I am always knitting) under the clocking hen instead of her own eggs, which I only found out when the eggs would not lie on the floor one day for my work-basket. Such a lovely fitting, and all from my gay Darking! However, it must allow that Pet required petting, for she was as pale as a clean shirt, and as thin as Robert's old-set stockings, which it is of no use to mend any more.

As for her spirits, she had none. No more chatterations, no more seeing of great ladies; she was as dumb as any lay-sister.

It was just what I thought. She was going to marry the squire, and she did not think she loved him.

"At this moment, oh! best Patty, I have a shudder of marrying."

"Then don't do it."

"But I will."

"You naughty Pet, the squire is far too good for you. He worships you, and he has a most tender heart, and you will break it, if you marry him and do not love him."

"Now that this, Patty. He writes to me; he says he loves me, and me only; never before, since, or again, will he love. I think this good; I think that, it makes me see he is not like other men; so I am interested. Then he says in his letter, that I am not to forget and to love him, or I will die of him at all. I am to live always for now, as if we had never met. He will not ever come in my sight, because he can not come, but that he will always wish I was his wife. So he says 'Adieu' finally. Now, Patty, what do you think I find? Quite a heart, running all over my cheeks. I say, 'What are these tears? Are you sorry, you bad girl?' And the answer is, 'I am sorry.' So then I write and say, I like not that either; and when the answers come to my letter, it is himself. Then I say nothing, but that I will write once more, and that I do, and I am this bad girl. I have said I will marry, and I like not to marry."

"Let me write to the squire; let me break it off; it will be utter misery to you both if you marry."

"Why misery?" says she, hotly.

To be sure, there was no understanding the girl.

And what a martyr she looked, on her weddingday. Of course Robert and I went to the wedding, and I always put on my knees to beg her to let me break it off, even the very day before.

How the squire got through the time of his courtship without a strait-waist to hang or drown himself, or to hate her, and break with her, I do not know. She was more cross-grained and cantankerous than our brindled cat, which we were at last obliged to sell, though she was the best milker we ever had. Fourteen pints of cream twice—I say twice—spurning Pet's wedding-day. She was married, and if the squire had married a statue she could not have been more silent. And the squire behaved like an angel, even if he did not look like one.

"I shall take her far away from you all," says he to Robert. "Change by degrees shall become accustomed to me, and having no one else to talk to, she will gradually find herself chatting to me, as she did when first I knew her."

"Patty, you are a match-maker."

Now I am sure every body must see, after reading this letter, that the squire made his own bed, and so must lie on it. He *would* marry her, though she plainly showed she hated the idea of it. I did every thing I could to prevent it, and why she persisted in marrying him is one of those mysterious paradoxes that can never be explained. Did she secretly like him? or did she desire to be rich? or had her mother persuaded her? or her grandfather commanded her? I asked myself these questions a dozen times over, and could not answer them. Then I asked Robert, and he said at once:

"She is a woman, Patty, of all animals the most curiously fashioned and incomprehensibly organized."

"Now, Robert!"

Isn't it odd that men, even the best of men, such as Robert is, should have such odd notions of us women? And there is another weakness, too, which they possess in a frightful degree. They can not bear to think themselves in the wrong.

"Whipped! so she ought. Pet is a humbug, Patty. I believe she loves him; yet she has never called him Oliver once."

"No more she did, and we must not call her Pet any more. It is too familiar for the squire's lady."

"Fish! he will call you dear Patty. And quite right too. I agree with him. You are a dear Patty."

"Of course, Robert, that is very nice of you to say so."

"What are you crying about, Patty?"

"Oh, Robert, if she feels that he has made a mistake—that it can not be undone—that she loves somebody else!"

"Of all absurd little Patty. Lever knew you are the most preposterous. Pry your eyes, or I will have a divorce. I shall have the rheumatism for a week through merely sitting by such a damp creature. For your comfort, learn that the squire said to me: 'If he fancied he saw any thing matrimony was averse to in himself he would never have permitted an engagement to take place between them. But he could not help fancying he had the best chance of any man, and he did not see why he should lose it because she had some quite unaccustomed notion, very unlike your gushing Sarah Janes and impulsive Pattys.'"

"Robert, hold your tongue. I won't sit here and have my self abused. Go, go, go! You will—I remember to be kind and forbearing to me, for I expect to be utterly miserable."

III.

My goodness me! what a turn it gave me when I saw the clerk come over the bridge, and Robert waving his hat like mad, and I waved my handkerchief too, and Pet—I mean the squire's lady—looked out and saw me, and waved back. And upon my word there was the carriage with the impressive horses and the imperious servants covering them after putting their baby up at the Hall, and coming up to our door with the squire's and the squire's lady's compliments, and would I be so kind as to step up and dine?

Dine up and dine! I was all over a regard man, invented humanity. In fact, he did not seem to care in the least. The more they shouted, the more he seemed pleased. The more they bowed to shake hands and congratulate the more he obliged them.

And he made a speech, the first I suppose he ever had dared to utter, saying just what he did not intend to say.

"I thank you, my kind friends, for your warm welcome to my wife. I can only say that the more you know of her the more reason will you see for regarding me as a most fortunate man. I feel, my kind neighbors, and you, my tenants, will unite with me in making her so happy among us that she will regard this day as the brightest of her life."

"Now, Robert, if the squire had said that of me, what should I say?" "No, there is one brighter; the day on which I married you."

"And what has the day you married me got to do with the squire?"

"I have great misgivings. Why does she not call him Oliver?"

"He seems very contented. I never saw him look better, and he is on the broad grin all the time. I will tell you what I saw."

"What, Robert?"

"When he welcomed her home he gave her a kiss."

"No! before all the people! and what did she say?"

"She said, 'May the carriage go for Patty?'"

"Darling creature!"

So upon the whole my mind was a little more easy. Still she had rather a grave name, not with her, but she did not look unhappy, while the squire was positively radiant.

They entertained their return home by a series of entertainments. As I dressed to go to their first dinner-party I could not help thinking of those dull parties, in reference to all, that the squire gave when he was a bachelor. I wondered how it would be now, and if Pet would act the great lady, or the lady lady, or the sweet-tempered lady.

While I was thinking, if the imperious carriage with the imperious horses and servants did not drive up to our cottage door.

She looked so pretty when she came forward to greet us: not fine, or grand, or supercilious, but just the old affectionate Pet-sweet, and conscious that she was beautifully dressed, and looked well. As for the squire, he beamed with admiration. He could not take his eyes off her, and upon my word if she didn't seem to enjoy it.

And as I sat beyond him, she said, with a little sort of quick glance under her eyes, as I admired a new bracelet she had on:

"Yes, it is the prettiest I ever saw; Oliver gave it me."

And then she said another thing. She said to me: "I have no acquaintance, no ugly remains of teaching. I arrange my dress, I walk through my house, I give great orders, I send mamma all the notes the old thing gives me."

"Old thing!" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes, old thing; you are 'old thing' sometimes, and Robert. See, now, I will call him by that name. Old thing, I want you!" And the squire turned to her, delighted, bending down his stately back to listen to her little whisper, as pleased as if she had said "darling."

"Old thing, dear Robert!" said I, "did you ever see any thing so delightful, and did you ever enjoy yourself more? Was it not a merry dinner, and how we all chatted afterward! We will remember what I have endured in that great drawing-room, what a blessed change!"

We were all in the greatest state about Pet, and the dear sweet darling squire's lady she made. And our county people paid her the greatest compliments, and quite loved her. No party was thought any thing of unless our squire's lady was there. As for the poor, they adored her; as for the imperious servants, they obeyed her.

And did she at last love the dear good squire, who had so instantaneously discovered what a darling she was?

We could not tell. The "old thing" seemed necessary to happiness; but for one might judge by the many times she invoked him. Not as heretofore, in a sly, half-ashamed way, but openly, and rather ostentatiously.

"Where is my old thing?" she would say, imperiously. "I am here at a loss for what to do or say, and there is no old thing to tell me."

She had settled it between her and me, that when she required me for any particular purpose she was to place her pocket-handkerchief at her bedroom window: upon the seeing of which I was to hasten up to the great house.

I imagine the state of mind when one morning, on looking up at the great house, it appeared as if there was a white signal at the window.

"My goodness me, Robert, look there! They must have quarreled. Never, never more will I make another match. Oh, my dear Robert, leave me on with my shawl. Where is my bonnet? Do come with me; I shall cry my eyes out. Never, never will I attempt matrimony!"

Robert kindly consented to come with me: partly moved to do so, he said, lest I really should cry my eyes out, and then he knew would there be to do every thing for him? But I knew better. He was just as anxious as I was. So we hurried up. We took the liberty to knock at the front door bell, but ran in by the garden entrance.

There, in her boudoir, the prettiest and sweetest of all rooms, sat the squire and Pet on her sofa, her face buried in the cushions.

"Oh, my darling child!" I exclaimed, "let your poor Patty comfort you! Tell me, dear, what has he done? What has happened?"

"Oh, Patty, I am of all creatures everysomuch the most unhappy!"

"My darling, my dearest, sweetest darling, what can I do to relieve your misery?"

"That is what *he* said; but he goes all the same. Oh, Patty, a miserable man of a lawyer has sent for Oliver on county business, and he has gone away for two days. I could not bear myself, I am so much unhappy, so I sent for you. And oh! if there is an accident—if a horse runs the train—I shall die: I know I shall die. And I feel as if I hate Oliver's little child that is coming, because I am not to go with him, and I am afraid of the train too."

My goodness gracious me, Robert, am I standing on my head or my heels?

"Bodily, you are all right, Patty; mentally, you can hardly say. But, as all events, you are not so wholly distracted as to be any longer blind to Pet's love for her husband."

"Love," sighed Pet, "I know not what you call love. I love Oliver, my own Oliver, my own husband. I can not live two days without my old thing!"

And Pet and I cried and laughed together, and Robert and the squire looked wise, and going to join us both performances, when the door opened and in walked the squire. With a cry of delight Pet sprang up and flew to his arms, and then she said, in sounds that. But, however, it is not fair for me to tell. In fact, the sounds very distinctly proved that Pet had changed her mind in her ideas.

"Pet is a hypocrite," says Robert to me, as he tucked my arm under his, and we sped away home as quickly as we came. "She has loved him from the first."

"My dear Robert, our squire's lady—calling her names!"

"She is a hypocrite—you never gave me such a hug."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

A CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE wishes to know what is the best way of procuring vinegar. We should think sending out for it.

Why celebrated their return home by a series of entertainments. As I dressed to go to their first dinner-party I could not help thinking of those dull parties, in reference to all, that the squire gave when he was a bachelor. I wondered how it would be now, and if Pet would act the great lady, or the lady lady, or the sweet-tempered lady.

While I was thinking, if the imperious carriage with the imperious horses and servants did not drive up to our cottage door.

EVERY MOLODY wants to know the derivation of the expression, "Let us have a stunner." We believe it was first employed by a young lady who was very much "struck" with a gentleman's appearance.

ROOT ODIUM is desirous of learning some means by which he can get rid of his unpleasant name. He should avoid dipping it into alcoholic liquors. If he tight hard, he might succeed in getting it changed to Root Beer, whichever may be most convenient.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN are hard to sing. Go and give a musical master gold, and he will give you notes in exchange.

Why celebrated their return home by a series of entertainments. As I dressed to go to their first dinner-party I could not help thinking of those dull parties, in reference to all, that the squire gave when he was a bachelor. I wondered how it would be now, and if Pet would act the great lady, or the lady lady, or the sweet-tempered lady.

Why is the letter "n" one of the chief causes of an appetite? Because it satisfy—Because without it meats would make you sick.

SEASONABLE STATEMENTS.

When people stick quarrelsome the performance may for convenience be described as a snow ball.

Although we are not fond of any signs of coming snow, we may, when we see a young gentleman putting on skates for the first time, exclaim, "Oh, my ice!"

Although there are no indications of an approaching thaw, we shall, when we see many people out in the sun, be sure of a break-up.

Though the most opposite of rain can be observed, we may, if we see four or five gentlemen turn into a tavern, look out for a fair drinking.

THE HAPPY FIGURAN.

"May we ne'er want a friend, a friend not to raise to give him?" Said Solomon once (and his proverbs are quite mine); "But I'll make you a bottle, dear friend, in a moment, But not while there's—*hic*—while there's any thing to do!"

KISSING CONSIDERED, BY JOHN BILLINGS.—"Man was made tew muss," so warbled Burns. "and woman was made tew muss," so warbled Billinger. One of these executants has his already immortalized, and the other I intend shall be as soon as the Legislater meets. I am not yet told how I shall bring the matter before that honorable body. I have got the idea how the immortal deed is to be spoken, and how the will arise if ever the law is passed. Then I'll give a few remarks upon kissing, upon kissing in the hump and kissing in the dessie, requires a extra extry education, and how to tell, by lite and skeer taste, and sum experience in testing. Kissing is one of those fu things that is better done than described; in fact, about the only way how describe it will in tew do it well. It is what I call a "natural awtomatic operation;" and judging from what we saw on human nature in this latitude, it will be a long time down in the Potomac, when he first discovered his wife. If Adam didn't kiss Eve as slick, as soon as the man I saw him tew her, and if Eve didn't relish it, it must hav bin bekaus it wasn will did. There is no more kissing in the world than there is fun from the rest or the fore ears, and that is, it don't exsize. Sum enjoy exhilaration, but few do it with the relish that the more undefined it was did (provided it didn't mix the mark) the more they seemed to hav beldish. The kissing is a good deal like eating; there is not much fun in a person in hungry) in standing by, and so it did bi smother follow, if it is did over so well. It is one of those fu things that if better done than described, and don't she enjoy disposition tew go out or fashion, and will keep sweet tew her husband. Sum men is like, if yu attend kissing in the hump, closely, yu will be led tew exclaim, "Fudge!" but that is our opin that it is as it is handy tew do it. Scksndly, that it is like Cooper's tea, it is more a man to meet coming him; and, thirdly, it is a frugal, highly concentrated, and reversed luxury.

Why has the noble animal that carries the Queen of Spain's children nothing "particular" to do with the subject?—Because it's her elephant (*irrelevant*).

Why is a summary of to-day's *Times* like a sweet thing in drinks?—Because it's the Daily Nectar.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be of any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every one has a right to wear a mustache if he can. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to put more plums and pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man has a perfect and undoubted right to think himself, by putting a few of the best hits aside. Every woman has a right to think her baby the prettiest baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she will believe so in spite of all. Every baby has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

At the Lewisville skirmish the colonel of the Nineteenth Indiana, noticing some of the men ducking their heads as the shells fell about, rode along the line calling them to order. "Stand up your heads, and look like men." Immediately after, however, an 18-pounder shell burst within a few feet of the colonel, and he disappeared in all directions. Instinctively he jerked his head almost between his shoulders, while his horse squatted like a frog. "Boys," said he, as he raised up and reined in his steed, "I want you to look like horses."

A CHILDS BILL.—The following is a copy of a bill found among the effects of Wentworth Abbey (Earl Fitzwilliam).—November 1, 1805.—"Mr. J. Macquire, to J. Clark Dr.—To making a new head to a child, 6d.; ditto, and solidly repairing St. Joseph, 6d.; cleaning and ornamenting the Holy Ghost, 1s. 6d.; for replacing the Virgin's head and before, and making her a new child, 6s. 6d.; for putting a new nose to Moses, and making a new rod to his head, and giving a piece to his tail, 6s. 6d.; total, 12s. 6d. Received the amount."

A SEA OF TROUBLES.—The Papal see, just about this time.

TYRIAN PURPLE.

THE public have been familiarized of late years with the fact of the most fashionable and most beautiful colors of these modern times having been obtained from the waste products of coal tar, or alkalode to what are known as the aniline dyes, those deep and lovely blues, reds, purples, and violets, which are known as magenta, aniline, etc., dye in all kinds of fabrics become so attractive to the ladies. The history of the production of these vivid shades of color reminds us of how the most famed of all dye-stuffs was produced, namely, the Tyrian purple, which was so extensively used from the time of a shepherd inhabiting a sea-shell found on the shores of Tyre and the Mediterranean, the *Murex trunculus*, and others of the genus, in which there are altogether about sixty different varieties.

It is only none but the first among the people were allowed to wear purple, and it was not till a great increase of luxury had taken place that even the rich merchants were allowed to indulge in this symbol of wealth and taste. It is said that the art of making this purple, as practiced in Tyre and on the Mediterranean Sea, and others adjacent, with the imperiousness of one of the emperors, who would not allow it to be worn by a subject, holding it under high penalties for disobedience, to be the exclusive property of the throne alone to wear robes of the imperial color.

Other shells besides the one named were called into use in the extraction of purple and dyes of a similar color, as the *Murex brandaris* and the *Buccinum*, or trumpet fish, and on our own shores at a future time the whelk, in its many varieties, was employed by Mr. Edmund du Noncan who discovered the *Purpura* in great abundance on the coast of Provence. Mr. Cole also found out that the dog whelk yielded a fine dye, and Mr. Beaumont followed with experiments on the *Buccinum*, while a French naturalist, who was exploring the coasts of Spain, discovered that the dye could be extracted from the spawn emitted on the rocks by these shell-fish.

There is no authentic account of how the Tyrian purple was extracted, but the *modus operandi*, we infer, would be very simple: the requisite quantity of shells being gathered, they would be broken by force, so regulated, however, as not to injure the animal, and a certain little vein being opened, a few drops of the rich coloring fluid would be obtained; but the substance was so intense—for according to the Abbé Rayaul no color can be compared to it

either in depth of tone or duration, of which latter assertion we have proof in the fact of the Greeks having found purple robes in the treasury of the king of Persia that were known to be two hundred years old, and yet were brilliant as ever—that a very little of this matter, which must, we think, have been largely diluted, went a long way in the process of dyeing. Another way was to draw the animal out of its shell, squeeze it gently to obtain the much-coveted liquor, and then allow it again to retire into its house, the animal being restored to a tank to feed and gather additional dye. This process was repeatedstill the animal became so weak and worthless that it was thrown to feed other fish. Smaller shells again were entirely crushed in a kind of mill, and the liquor drained off for use. The tint varied considerably it seems, according to the living and feeding-place of the animal, just as it is found in the present day that the color and flavor of all kinds of fish are dependent on the kind of water in which they live, and the quality of the food they can obtain. The largest and best fed *Murices*, of course, produced the finest dye.

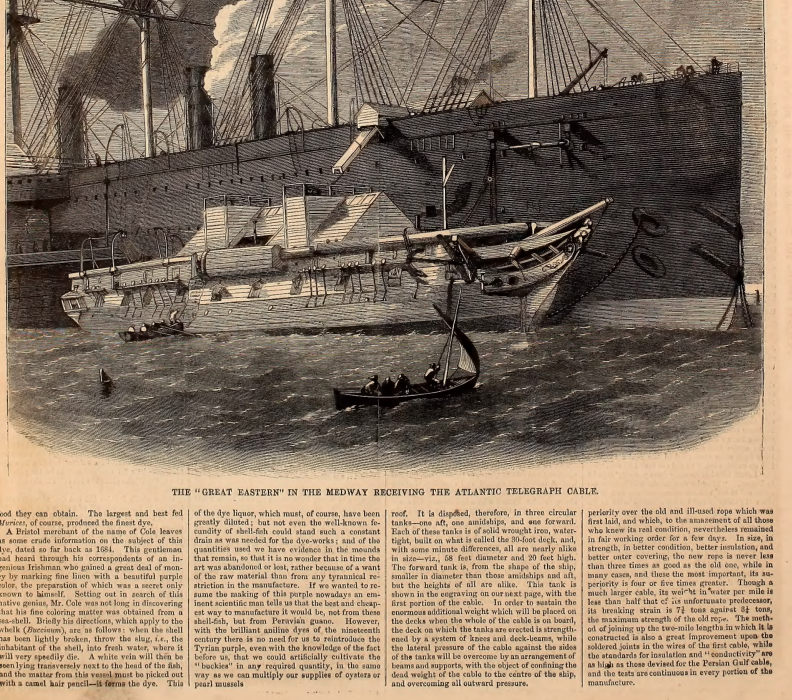
A Bristol merchant of the name of Cole leaves us some crude information on the subject of this dye, dated so far back as 1684. This gentleman had heard through his correspondents of an ingenious Irishman who gained a great deal of money by marking fine linen with a beautiful purple color, the preparation of which was a secret only known to himself. Setting out in search of this native genius, Mr. Cole was not long in discovering that his fine coloring matter was obtained from a sea-shell. Briefly his directions, which apply to the whelk (*Buccinum*), are as follows: when the shell has been lightly broken, throw the slug, *i.e.*, the inhabitant of the shell, into fresh water, where it will very speedily die. A white vein will then be seen lying transversely next to the head of the fish, and the matter from this vessel must be picked out with a camel hair pencil—it forms the dye. This is a suitable substance to write with on either calico or silk; the figures, in marking linen, will first, as Mr. Cole tells us, appear of a green, then of a yellow color, and then by successive changes will at last become purple. The mode of dyeing adopted by the Tyrians was to gather all the liquor into a bath, in which, for a longer or shorter period, always according to the intensity of color desired, they steeped the wool or other substance which was to be colored.

After the wool had been immersed for the requisite time in this preliminary bath, it was then thrown into a boiler filled with the liquor of another variety of shell-fish, and the stuffs that underwent this double process were very greatly esteemed and very costly, each pound weight of the colored wool being valued at not less than thirty pounds sterling! In fact, the genuine purple was even more valuable than gold itself. Immense quantities of the shell-fish were required, because each pound weight of stuff to be dyed required six pounds of the dye liquor, which must, of course, have been greatly diluted; but not even the well-known fecundity of shell-fish could stand such a constant drain as was needed for the dye-works; and of the quantities used we have evidence in the mounds that remain, so that it is no wonder that in time the art was abandoned or lost, rather because of a want of the raw material than from any tyrannical restriction in the manufacture. If we wanted to resume the making of this purple nowadays an eminent scientific man tells us that the best and cheapest way to manufacture it would be, not from these shell-fish, but from Peruvian guano. However, with the brilliant aniline dyes of the nineteenth century there is no need for us to reintroduce the Tyrian purple, even with the knowledge of the fact before us, that we could artificially cultivate the "buckies" in any required quantity, in the same way as we can multiply our supplies of oysters or pearl mussels

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

We give on this and the next page two illustrations—one representing the *Great Eastern* lying in the Medway, and receiving the Atlantic Telegraph Cable from one of the hulks employed to bring it from the manufacturers' yard at East Greenwich; the other showing the manner in which the cable is coiled and stowed away on board the *Great Eastern*. That mighty vessel, "hugest of all that swim the ocean deep," has undergone an internal transformation to fit her for her new duties as a cable-ship. The great object was to get as few coils of cable as possible—in fact, if possible, to have it all in one. Large, however, as the *Great Eastern* is, she could never hold the Atlantic Cable in one coil, for, apart from its weight, which is 5000 tons, its bulk in one mass would be gigantic—a coil 58 feet in diameter and nearly 60 feet high, enough to fill Astley's Theatre from the ground of the circus almost to the roof. It is dispelled, therefore, in three circular tanks—one aft, one amidships, and one forward. Each of these tanks is of solid wrought iron, watertight, built on what is called the 20-foot deck, and, with some minute differences, all are nearly alike in size—viz., 58 feet diameter and 20 feet high. The forward tank is from the shape of the ship, smaller in diameter than those amidships and aft, but the heights of all are alike. This tank is shown in the engraving on our next page, with the first portion of the cable. In order to sustain the enormous additional weight which will be placed on the decks when the whole of the cable is on board, the deck on which the tanks are erected is strengthened by a system of knees and deck-beams, while the lateral pressure of the cable against the sides of the tanks will be overcome by an arrangement of beams and supports, with the object of confining the dead weight of the cable to the centre of the ship, and overcoming all outward pressure.

The work of shipping the cable was begun on Thursday, the 19th ult., and will continue without intermission now until nearly the end of May, by which time it is hoped all will be coiled away snugly on board the great steamship. The total quantity of rope required to connect Valentia with Bull's Bay, Newfoundland, allowing for the "slack" which must run out to prevent too great a strain on the cable, is about 2200 nautical, or nearly 2700 statute miles. With this length a liberal margin is given of nearly 600 statute miles of rope for slack caused by currents, possible rough weather, and the avoidance of any thing like unusual strain on the cable in the deepest water. Over one part of the route the depth is as great as from 2500 to 2600 fathoms, or nearly three statute miles—a depth, however, which is only considered of importance in case of rough weather in paying out, the mere strength of the cable being sufficient to bear its own weight in eleven miles of still water. In this respect—as, indeed, in all others—the new cable has an enormous superiority over the old and ill-used rope which was first laid, and which, to the amazement of all those who knew its real condition, nevertheless remained in fair working order for a few days. In size, in strength, in better condition, better insulation, and better outer covering, the new rope is never less than three times as good as the old one, while in many cases, and these the most important, its superiority is four or five times greater. Though a much larger cable, its weight in water per mile is less than half that of its unfortunate predecessor, its breaking strain is 7½ tons against 3½ tons, the maximum strength of the old rope. The method of joining up the two-mile lengths in which it is constructed is also a great improvement upon the soldered joints in the wires of the first cable, while the standards for insulation and "conductivity" are as high as those devised for the Persian Gulf cable, and the tests are continuous in every portion of the manufacture.



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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1865.

A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA.—*(Sixth Paper.)* 1 Illustration. Hermits in the Mountains. Mining Company.—Sandstone Columns.—The Sabrie Mine.—A Grave in the Desert.—Lead Mountain.—Mexican Mines and Works.—The Baboquivori.—Head-Quarters and Offices of the Company.—Our Journey Over Barren.—Charles D. Poston.—Aztecan in Sight of Home.

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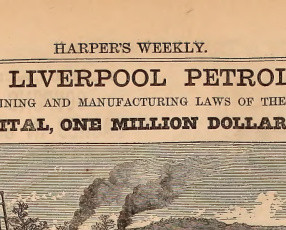
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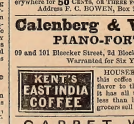
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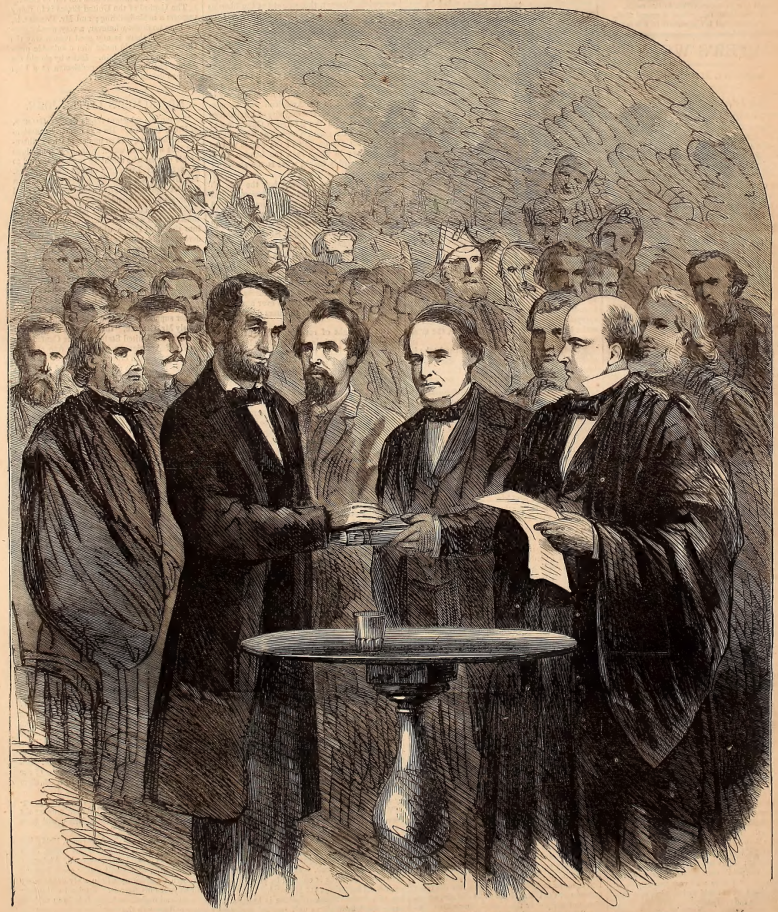
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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LINCOLN TAKING THE OATH AT HIS SECOND INAUGURATION, MARCH 4, 1865.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.—[SE

SOUTH CAROLINA.

1865.

Behold her now, with restless, flashing eyes,
Crouching, a thing forlorn, beside the way!
Behold her ruined altars heaped to-day
With ashes of her costly sacrifice!

How changed the once proud State that led the strife,
And flung the war-cry first throughout the land!
See helpless now the parricidal hand
Which aimed the first blow at the nation's life!

The grass is growing in the city's street,
Where stand the shattered spires, the broken walls;
And through the solemn mourning silence falls
The sentry's footstep as he treads his beat.

Behold once more the old flag proudly wave
Above the ruined fortress by the sea!
No longer shall that glorious banner be
The ensign of a land where dwells the slave.

Hark! on the air what swelling anthems rise—
A ransomed people, by the sword set free,
Are chanting now a song of liberty!
Hear how their voices echo to the skies!

O righteous retribution, great and just!
Behold the palm-tree fallen to the earth,
Where Freedom, rising from a second birth,
No more shall trail her garments in the dust!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE inaugural address of the President is characteristically simple and solemn. He neither speculates, nor prophesies, nor sentimentalizes. Four years have revealed to every mind the ghastly truth that the Government of the United States is struggling in a death-grapple with slavery; and as a new epoch of the Government opens in civil war, its Chief Magistrate states the truth of the contest, and invokes God's blessing upon the effort of the country to finish its work in triumph. With a grave, grand and quaint vigor, unprecedented in modern politics, the President says: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

We are especially glad that the inaugural does not, as the New York *Tribune* wishes it did, "appeal to the rebels for a cessation of hostilities as plead ugly as its prototype [the first inaugural] urges forbearance from beginning them." Such a tone would have been neither politic nor humane. When the President speaks of "the progress of our arms upon which all else chiefly depends," every man is reminded of the peculiar history of the last year, and of the terms which have been constantly repeated, and which are perfectly well known to the rebels and to the world. Those terms are unconditional submission to the laws of the United States.

We are equally glad that the President indulges in no observations upon Mexico, England, France, and things in general. He was taking the oath to continue the work in which his conduct has so satisfied the country that he is continued in his office by general assent. With a fine sense of propriety he says, in the gravest of most impressive way, that he accepts the trust and prays for strength to do his duty. And all true American hearts say, Amen!

THE PERILS OF THE RAIL.

THERE have been more than fifty serious railway accidents in the country since the year opened. In the last week of February there were ten, and since the first of January more than sixty people have been killed, and more than five hundred wounded. The Ohio Senate has appointed a Committee to report upon some plan by which human life can be better protected upon railroads. Scarcely a day passes that some disaster is not recorded, and if the people of the country, their Legislatures, do not help themselves they are likely to go unaided.

That Government should not meddle with private affairs is very true. But wholesale slaughter upon railroads which derive all their privileges from the people is not a private affair. There is a contract between the companies and the people. Personal safety is one of the inevitable although unexpressed conditions of the contract. If it is broken by the privileged party, the party that grants the privilege may properly take the steps necessary to secure the fulfilment of the conditions. Legislative control of a railroad company may be undesirable, but universal accident and slaughter upon railroads are much less desirable; and whenever a company established for the public convenience becomes a public danger, the public will very properly insist upon taking care of itself, by imposing new conditions upon the company.

So unfortunate a season for railroad travel was never known in this country. The reasons are many. All the roads are well worn. The price of iron has been so high that, at a time when the roads were most worked, repairs have been delayed. The long-continued frosts have weakened the rails and the iron-work of the locomotives. The throng of passengers and the press of freight have been unprecedented, and the Government has constantly wanted locomotives and engineers. Consequently, as we have pointed in every direction; locomotives have been disabled; trains have been whirled from the track; the cars have been crowded and uncomfortable; time-tables have been utterly useless; connections have been seldom made, and trains have been quite generally delayed.

If any man thinks that the Legislature has no right to meddle with private affairs we should like to seat him in a car from New York to New Haven, and when the train is thundering along at thirty miles an hour, jerking and jumping from the track and every passenger waiting for the crash, ask his opinion of the right of any company to play with human life as it is played with upon that road. Or if he is confident that every company should be left to mind its own affairs, we should like to stand him up in a car upon the New York Central from Albany to Utica, with no chance of a seat, and, reminding him that there was no question of helping himself by the competition of another road, ask him whether he paid his fare for the privilege of discomfort, and whether the charter was granted for the public accommodation or not.

Of course the companies are not responsible for not overcoming the elements; but they are responsible for not accommodating their business to circumstances. For instance, a traveler lately left Albany for the West upon the Central Road. The train was made up, and there were twelve cars. It was crowded, and in every car some passengers were standing all the way. The weather was cold, and when the traveler who sat near the stove asked that it might be tended the fires to put in some dry wood he replied, good-humoredly: "Dried wood! Golly, there are twenty-four stoves in the train and only two on 'em has any fire, and yourn's one. Ef yer wait for dry wood you'll freeze pretty sudden. This wood was all cut down this mornin'." From eight o'clock in the morning until ten at night there was no stoppage for eating. The train was laboring along behind time; and whether, as the critic said, the whole system of the road was interested in coal, and so had had the locomotives changed from wood-burners to coal-burners; or whether the company's parsimony had compelled the Company to use green wood to make steam, the result was the same, the most baffling and disastrous delay.

"I advise every body to keep cool and take it philosophical," said a traveler, who was calmly smoking a cigar, at ten o'clock in the evening.

"I have been cool and philosophical," said the traveler, and I hain't made but two connections in all that time. Might as well be cool about it. Here's this Central Road. Out of sixty locomotives, twenty of 'em are broke. Two smashed up this morning at Utiky. Better take it philosophical." All this time no water was to be found for the boilers. Every one of these inconveniences could have been easily remedied by an efficient superintendence; and if the increased weight of the trains or diminished power of the locomotives prevented making time the time could be altered.

It was agreeable for the travelers in that train to reflect that the Company, which was responsible for all this discomfort, was at that very moment beseeching the Legislature for additional privileges. But if the Central Road treats its passengers like dogs, even with the high charge them two cents a mile, it will treat them like pigs when it can charge them three. There is a profound public sentiment back of the increased grant. But it is undoubtedly true that if the Company had been careful to be courteous and considerate, and had, by very obvious and simple means, secured the public against most of the ill-feeling of the public, the new grant would have been regarded very differently.

It remains to be seen whether any fresh securities of greater public safety and comfort are to be made the conditions of the new privileges of this dangerous corporation.

THE OLD SOPHISTRY.

THE London *Times*, in politely saying to its late pets the rebels, "emancipation will not save you," adds that such an act upon the part of "the confederate" would merely make it absolutely clear that "the federals were fighting, not for the freedom of the negro or the soil, but for imperial dominion, and nothing else."

When the Scottish Absentee was defeated at Culloden, when SHITH O'BRIEN was seized in Ireland and transported, when the Sepoys were blown from cannon in India, what was the British Government doing? Was it fighting for imperial dominion and nothing else, or was it fighting to maintain the authority of the Government? Is not every sovereign power fighting for imperial dominion when it refuses to yield to rebellion upon its own domain? And has the Government of the United States less rightful sovereign authority over the United States than England has over Scotland, Ireland, or India?

It is necessary constantly to expose this absurdity, because incessant repetition at last works conviction.

Or is it pretended that this Government is debarred from maintaining its sovereignty by force because it exists by the consent of the governed? Does the *Times* or any Englishman gravely assert that therefore any citizen may refuse to pay his tax, or to resist a law which he does not like? If he does, he should mend his knowledge by a little study.

When the Parliament took arms against CHARLES FIRST, that was the justification. That he had violated the Constitution of England. What was that Constitution? It was a theory, a system of laws and precedents. The theory was that the Government should consist of King, Lords, and Commons. Each part had its privilege. The King asserted a privilege which the Lords and Commons denied it. The most vehement Parliamentary historians agree that the limits of the prerogative had never been exactly defined. Why, then, had not the King a right to determine the limits as well as the Parliament? Because, rightfully answered Parliament, that would put the liberties of every Englishman at his mercy. The King must do nothing against the law, and the law is made by the representatives of the people. The law, therefore, expresses the will or consent of the people. Does the *Times* deny that the Government of England exists by the practical consent of England? What else did Lord BROUGHAM mean when he said in Blairgowrie, two years ago, that the British Government would remain neutral in the American war, because undoubtedly the majority of Englishmen sympathized with the American Government? What is the danger that threatens England today? That the power of the people will be disregarded; in which case, the London *Times* would be terribly taught what is the source of government.

"Yes," says the *Times*, "but the English never admitted the right of revolution." But whether they have or not, they have practiced it. What is the foundation of the present system in England but "the glorious revolution" of 1688 which drove JAMES SECOND from the throne? What was its justification? The wrongs of the people, which, in reality, the present or prospective legal redress. What was the justification of the American revolution of 1776? That the people of the Colonies, which had no present or prospective legal redress. That is the only right of revolution ever asserted in America, and that came in direct descent from England.

But the right of revolution can neither be pleaded for the rebels, nor do they plead it for themselves. It is the right of secession by which they justify their rebellion. Not only had they no unredressed wrongs to declare, but JEFFERSON DAVIS, last December, confessed that the rebellion was a mistake, although he did not refuse to yield to the secession of his State. The American people have no more asserted the right of any State or section to secede from their government at pleasure than the English have asserted it; and any ceaseless insurrection in Kent or Yorkshire could as properly plead the revolution of '88 as a justification as the rebellion in the South can plead the principles of '76.

There is many a man who is perplexed by such sophistry as this of the *Times* and of Lord RUSSELL'S dogma, that "the North is fighting for empire and the South for independence." But a little reflection will show him the fallacy.

MR. POWELL'S PICTURE.

THE Senate of the United States has appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars for the purchase of a picture, by Mr. W. H. POWELL, to be placed in the Capitol at Washington. Senator SUMNER in vain endeavored to provide that no contract should be made until competition had been invited among the painters of the country. The resolution was pressed to a vote, and carried by twenty-three yeas against seventeen nays.

Against this action of the Senate we enter a protest. Mr. POWELL is doubtless a deserving gentleman. We certainly know nothing to the contrary. But he does not rank among the two most eminent painters in the country; while the sum appropriated is, we believe, the largest ever paid by Congress for a picture. Mr. POWELL'S picture of DE SOTO discovering the Mississippi hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and it is, in no sense, a work of the highest excellence. But the question involved is not personal. Our objection to the proceeding would be the same whoever had been named by the President.

We know nothing of the methods which have been employed to secure this preference of Mr. POWELL; but we do know something of the manner in which such a result is usually achieved. It is what is commonly called lobbying. It has little reference to the capacity of the artist or to the value of the work. The interest of some Senator or Senators is enlisted by personal appeals—not pecuniary, but personal. The pressure of private recommendations is brought to bear—recommendations well merited doubtless as to the worth of the individual, but not valuable as to the ability of the artist—until finally the matter becomes a point of pride, and the project is consummated. The consequences of such a method may be contemplated in the Capitol. They are both ludicrous and humiliating.

Finally the proper course is an open competition. There is not a painter in the country who would not gladly compete for such a work and such a price, and the collection of cartoons which would thus be produced would be both valuable and interesting, while many of those which were unsuccessful would be privately commissioned. This course would enhance the dignity of American art and the popular interest in it; and however opinions might differ as to the propriety of the final decision of the Congressional Committee, there would be no question that all possible means had been taken to reach a fair verdict. This can never be the case so long as the present method is pursued. It is seldom known that a picture is to be ordered until the preparations are completed to secure the success of a certain individual. The inevitable result is dissatisfaction and suspicion, by which the artist himself does not fail to suffer.

The Capitol of the United States is in many respects a noble building; and Mr. POWELL is, we have no doubt whatever, a very worthy gentleman. If there is any good reason why the present arrangement should make him a favored one, we do not complain. But why should the Senate employ a worthy gentleman at a high price to deface the Capitol?

MR. GILMER'S LETTER.

AMONG the reluctant rebels was Mr. GILMER, of North Carolina. He was formerly conspicuous in Congress, and so moderate "a Southerner" that his name was mentioned among those of his section who might be properly invited to a place in Mr. LINCOLN'S cabinet four years ago. Mr. GILMER is a large slaveholder, and has been a quiet and conservative member of the rebel Congress at Richmond.

After the failure of the late peace negotiations Mr. GILMER introduced some resolutions into the rebel House which, if disease had not deranged his mind, are intelligible only as a cunning satire upon the absurdity of the claims of the rebellion. They are in the form of a supplement to the resolutions which declare that the rebels will prosecute the war until they have gained their independence, and resolve that, *whereas the Confederate States of America, the Confederate States would consent to*—" what does the reader suppose? They would consent, resolves the sly Mr. GILMER, to that there be a separation between the United States and the Confederate States of America, each perfectly free and independent of each other."

That is the first thing they would "consent to." They would further consent that there should be a "Diet," to which each might send its own delegates and in such manner as it chose. In the Diet there should be but two votes, one by the Northern, the other by the Southern delegates, and its acts should be binding upon neither party until ratified by both. Finally, the rebels would consent to allow Kentucky and Missouri to decide, by a vote of the people resident in those States at the beginning of the war, whether they would go with the North or the South.

This is grim jesting. It is not difficult to imagine Mr. GILMER, after hearing Mr. LINCOLN'S speech, which declared the last hope of the rebellion to be the help of the slaves, rising and suggesting that the Confederate army think, whereas the "Confederate States" took up arms to secure their independence, and whereas, after a war of four years, they are now manifestly overcome by the superior power of the Government, and whereas they can not secure their independence by arms, therefore the same "Confederate States," as a compromise and final adjustment of the quarrel, will "consent to" the recognition of their independence by the United States Government!

THE SOUTHERN PEOPLE UNDECEIVED.

WITH what the rebel leaders wonder that the people around them no longer trust them? The Southern people are rapidly discovering that they have been fooled by men whose aim was their own aggrandizement, not the welfare of the whole. These men cry frantically to their followers to stand fast. But why should they? Don't despond, says General LEE. But why should they not? Have the results of the war or its conduct been such as to teach them confidence?

The Richmond *Examiner* despairingly exclaims: "If Richmond be held but another six months the fate of the Confederacy will have been favorably decided."

This was on the 27th of February, 1865; but in February, 1861, just four years before, JEFFERSON DAVIS said in Stevenson, Alabama: "Your border States will gladly come into the Southern Confederacy within sixty days." And we will be your only friends. England will recognize us, and a glorious future is before us. The grass will grow in the Northern cities where the pavements have been worn by the trend of com-

merce. We will carry war where it is easy to advance, *where food for the sword and torch* await the armies in the densely populated cities."

Do the rebel chiefs suppose that the men to whom they appeal have no sense and no memory? At the opening of the war JEFFERSON DAVIS told them it would be a holiday task to establish "the Southern Confederacy." Then JEFFERSON DAVIS quakes in Richmond, and his confederates implore the people whom he deceived four years ago to cling to Richmond and all will be well. It is too late. The Southern people have seen the terrible hand fall upon the wall. They know that the leaders who dragged them into rebellion for their own selfish ends now entreat them to remain that the leaders may escape their just doom. No wonder that LEE's army comes into our lines by companies. No wonder that half the rebel army has deserted.

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

NOTHING can show more vividly the hopeless dismay and confusion of mind of the rebel whippers-in, than the two extracts that follow, both from the same journal, the Richmond *Examiner*.

On the 22d of February it said: "The fall of Richmond in itself, apart from the moral opinion involved in the fact that it has been the great objective point of a four years' war, and also the fact that it is the principal workshop of the Confederate armies, would not involve the failure of our cause."

On the 27th of February, five days afterward, the same journal issues a wild cry against the evacuation of the city. It sneers at DAVIS and BENJAMIN for hinting that its loss would not be fatal. "It has become the symbol of the Confederacy. Its loss would be material ruin to the cause, and in a moral point of view absolutely destructive, crushing the heart and extinguishing the last hope of the country.....Let us think of establishing a Confederacy and of securing its recognition among nations would be gone for ever."

SOCIAL HEROISM.

Ash Wednesday.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The Fast season has begun in good earnest, and it hastens to inform you of a new and heroic development of patriotism. The frightful cost of all material for fine dresses has filled many ladies of the highest ability with a spirit of noble renunciation. There is nothing they will not gladly sacrifice, and they are therefore firmly resolved to dispense with dress altogether. I know that you will permit me to call the heroic movement already advancing. It began at the top of the dress, and the most unflinching of the fair patriots have already reached a point in the sacrifice far below the neck. The delightful emulation continues, so that by the opening of the next season we may confidently expect to see perfect heroism.

Of course as dress disappears a refined and delicate substitute is provided. The neck, for instance, is draped in the most exquisite enamel; the arms are protected by the rosiest rouge, and lest the exposure of the eyelows and eyelids should be injurious to health, they are clothed in the richest henna. This simple costume is surely enough for those who are ready for the last sacrifice. What sublime scenes! What unspeakable renunciation! The farther it goes the more indescribable it is. I will tell you what you would come and see for yourself. We never think of not going to parties now when there is so much to be seen; and what do we not owe to fellow-feeling surrender every night? Whenever old pig to whom I was dilating with enthusiasm upon the subject, replied, "Yes, I have seen a great many time. but this goes beyond the entirely new view of woman." Of course it does. Is it not clear that every one who is capable of talking put in the above conversation is capable of any thing?

I know that you are interested in every thing which shows devotion to the country, and although you were a little skeptical about the Women's League to make cotton cards and spinning-wheels, you thought there was some evasion about it. I am sure you will hear with astonishment and gratitude of this truly brave economy which conceals nothing. All for our country or dress well lost, is the inspiring rallying cry of the lovely patriots.

Good-by. I will be off to dress for the ball, which the ladies used to do before these patriotic days. Yet Dress is just the difference between us now. And how much more noble they save themselves! But all virtue has its compensation. Remember I have told you nothing but the naked truth, and have barely time to subscribe myself,

Yours in breathless expectation,
THOMAS FELT.

COLONEL COLYER.

EVERY honest man will be glad of the appointment by the Governor of Colonel VINCENT COLYER as Superintendent of the New York Soldiers' Depôt. Colonel COLYER has devoted himself unreservedly from the beginning of the rebellion to the truest service of the country, and his earnestness, efficiency, fidelity, and profound conviction of the justice of the war have made him one of the best friends of the soldiers. We congratulate all of them who fall into his hands. He shall will be fortunate if every appointment made by Governor FENTON is as wise as that of Colonel COLYER.

LITERARY.

THE new edition of THACKERAY's works to be issued by the HARPERS, of which "Vanity Fair" in three volumes, is now ready, is one of the most beautiful series of volumes ever printed. The text, the paper, and the binding, will delight all collectors of exquisite books, while the elegant and permanent form thus given to the works of one of the great masters of English literature will satisfy his sincerest lovers. A new and happy device in the "getting up" of this edition of "Vanity Fair" is the facsimile of the water-color sketches by the author, and the portrait which adorns it is engraved from LAWRENCE's drawing, which reproduces that characteristic look of the head which all the friends of THACKERAY will instantly recall. The illustrations are from the originals made by the author, and the edition is prepared with a faithful care which will give it precedence over all others.

DR. DRAPER's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," one of the most remarkable works of the day, has been republished in London, and Italian and Dutch translations are in preparation. The last number of the *Westminster Review*, in the course of an article upon it, speaks of the work of this accomplished American scholar as "one of the not least remarkable achievements in the progress of philosophy that has been made in the English tongue. It is a noble and even magnificent attempt to frame an induction from all the records of the progress of European society, of North African history, and thereupon to establish certain general principles of social and political development.....It has been elaborated with a degree of care, assiduity, and attention to orderly arrangement, combined with a power of clear and very eloquent diction, which give it an independent interest of the highest character to any mind not familiar with the subject which the author has chosen for it presents. All the latest researches in history, all the most recent discoveries in the realms of science, mechanical, physical, and human, and language, every minutiæ particular that can explain or illustrate the general progress of all the European nations, each the most recent and the most accurately and copiously detailed in their several relations, have been carefully collected into an array of representation as can render a book not only such as we ought to read, but also such as we like to read. The style with the most elaborate philosophical subtleties, such as the theology of Buddhism, the psychology of Plato, and the necromancy of Egypt, with a facility and clearness that fit the subject which much facilitates for the reader the process of assimilation. Again, there are passages such as those describing the social condition of Indian intellect, the corruption and immorality of the late days of the Roman empire, the progress of the Saracens compared with the Christian discoveries of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where DR. DRAPER soars to a height of eloquence and composition which may by no means impairing the cogency of, a strictly philosophic treatise."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE military record of the past week furnishes but a single item, a picket-skirmish on Saturday, the 11th, at General Early's army and the capture of its commander, giving no promise at the moment of Confederation. This information comes to us from General GRANT. It is based upon the statements of deserters, the authority of the reports, coming as they did from various parts of the country's lines, is sufficiently large to warrant what is believed then to be true.

In Georgia and in Tennessee we have no precise information, but there is good reason to believe that he has effected a junction with SHERMAN, and that the rebel forces under Regard and Wilmington, taking Florence and securing its railroad communications, will be compelled to evacuate Danville, the scheme would have been bolder than practicable, and the rebel forces, under the most prompt pressure against the line from Richmond westward, with a powerful reserve force of deserters, would be unlikely to rest, the necessity of SHERMAN's moving on Danville may be a strategic necessity, but we do not think it may be clear that the road through Lynchburg, traversing the southern State of Virginia, is the only route by which the enemy than the road through Danville traversing one half that distance. The railroad from Lynchburg to Danville in South Carolina is either already destroyed by Sherman's army or will be destroyed by it before it. If any also to be remembered that Lynchburg, once in our possession, is a formidable position against Confederate attack; but also it should be borne in mind that GRANT's extensive line of defense from Richmond to Petersburg.

Our lines are now complete to HATCHER's Run, to which place General MEADE extended his left. The enemy have been under the impression that GRANT was massing his forces for a new attempt to turn the Confederate right. Our army in Virginia is being strongly reinforced by the constant arrival of fresh troops from the field. The three hundred thousand men then soon to be added to our forces will enable General GRANT to act with a force to compete with great vigor. This, by-the-way, is the expectation of large numbers of persons in Confederate Congress proposes to raise. The House has passed another bill calling for those between the ages of seventeen and the Senate, in the fact that it does not guarantee freedom to rebel slaves. The passage of the bill, however, gives to General Lee's recommendation, it is likely to prove rather a source of relief to the Confederate army. The policy of a war to prosecute slavery is suicidal. The opposition to the bill, be overcome by the necessity to employ every available armed force to keep the negroes under control during the absence of the white population. If the bill should be been perfected, they will take the first opportunity which offers to turn their arms against their masters, whose army of them have indeed, but whom they would easily smother for their deliverance within their power. At the same time the State of Virginia, through her Legislature, has authorized the Confederate President to call upon her for her quota of her soldiers.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURATION.

The great political event of the week was the President's re-inauguration on the 4th. The ceremony was very interesting and impressive. The following was the Inaugural Address delivered by the President:

"FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

"On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without warblood-curdling fact, an insurgent army was organized with the object of breaking up the Union by war. While the latter was avowedly for the purpose of preserving the integrity of the whole Union, the former aimed to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

"One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

THE END OF THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

The closing days of the thirty-eighth Congress were hurried through without much ceremony. We give the result of the last days in our usual chronicle.

March 1:

In the Senate, a bill was passed giving the Lieutenant-General's rank and staff the pay of a Brigadier-General. The $600,000,000 Loan bill passed without amendment. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed. So the bill to establish the office of Naval Judge Advocate.

In the House, the Conference Tariff bill and the Legislative Appropriation bill were passed.

March 2:

In the Senate, the Tax bill was perfected and adopted.

In the House, the Congressional Standing Committees were established. 1. Committee on Appropriations. 2. Committee on Ways and Means. 3. Committee on Pacific Railroad. The Civil Appropriation bill was passed; also the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial bill, also restricting the issue of circulating notes by National Banks to $300,000,000.

March 3:

In the Senate, the annual Post-route bill and the Revised Tariff bill were passed. Also the President's Business bill. The Conference Report on the Freedmen's Bureau bill was agreed to. The Enrollment Act repetition bill and a bill authorizing the coinage of three-cent pieces were passed.

March 4:

In the Senate, the Conference Report on the Amended Enrollment bill was adopted. The bill for the coinage of three-cent pieces was passed. At noon Vice-President JOHNSON took the oath of office, and the Senate adjourned. The Clerk then read the proclamation for an extra session of the new Congress, and declared the Senate to be now joined in the ceremonies of the inauguration.

In the House, the Conference Report on the bill reducing the duty on imported printing paper only to 10 per cent of gold was agreed to. The duty on foreign Bibles proposition bill was passed. The Civil Appropriation bill was passed. The Enrollment Act repetition bill was passed.

NEWS ITEMS.

A letter from Wilmington, North Carolina, states that reliable information had been received at that city that Sherman's army was marching through South Carolina two weeks and must be himself was at Camden, in that State, on the 24th inst.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch was confirmed as Secretary of the Treasury by the Senate on the 7th.

Governor ANDREW, of Massachusetts, will not take action in the case of the negro soldiers sentenced to death. Legislative action is taken upon the subject of the abolition of capital punishment in the army and in the message of the Executive.

A Canada paper estimates that forty-three thousand Canadians have enlisted in the Federal army since the commencement of the war. Of these, it is estimated that fourteen thousand have died on the battle-field.

The New Jersey Legislature has ratified the Constitutional Amendment.

According to General Gillmore's report 450 pieces of ordnance were taken with Charleston.

Fort Fisher has been evacuated by the enemy, and is now in our possession.

Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES H. Ledlie, late commander of the First Division, Ninth Army Corps, has resigned his commission and returned to private life.

Colonel Alonzo Allen, injured at the explosion in Fort Fisher, has been appointed to a Brigadier-Generalship.

General Forrest is busy reorganizing the rebel cavalry in the district of Mississippi, East Louisiana, and West Tennessee.

General Grierson is to have charge of all the Federal cavalry in the Department of the West.

Rear-Admiral Lee, late Fleet Captain, Assistant Provost Marshal in New York City, having reported to General Butterfield, has been assigned to the temporary command of the Second Division.

Another fight of importance occurred on the Camden Road, near Bristol, on the 7th instant, by which nine lives were lost, and some thirty persons seriously injured.

FOREIGN NEWS

EUROPE.

On the 16th of February the Legislative Session was opened by the Emperor NAPOLEON in person. In his speech he indicated no change in his attitude toward the country. The treaty of commerce between France and Sweden had been signed.

The Italian King on the 15th of February authorized the publication of the Pope's Encyclical Letter—reserving, however, the rights of the State and Crown, and without admitting the propositions contained in those documents which are contrary to the institutions and legislation of the country.

The treaty between Spain and Peru has been ratified by the payment on the part of the latter of 400,000,000 reals as an indemnity to Spain.

The new Confederate ram *Stonewall* was at Ferrol at our last advices. She had three heavy guns and seventy-four men, but was not considered sea-worthy.

In England there was considerable commercial depression, occasioned by the rumors of the Peace Conference between President LINCOLN and the Confederate Commissioners.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COMPANION.—A parrot was lately advertised, and offered pointing it: personal beauties, its other accomplishments were thus described: "Will talk anything. Is a perfectly good trumpet; no bad language; well worth the attention of a family circle that may want company." We do not remember to have met with any human advertisement more fully gifted, and would recommend any elderly bachelor, in making his election, to ponder maturely upon the merits of the young ladies who may tempt him from celibacy and the above state of the poll.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Stitch in Time, and Seven Nine. By the author of *It is Never too Late to Mend.*

The Art of Dressing. By Mrs. CRAWFORD.

How we Cut Out the Tennessee, from the log of a retired Gunboat.

The Strong Ale Chronicles (in the press-gang), being your private correspondence with the Captain.

The Undertaker's Manual. HERBERT AND BLOUNT.

WANTED.

The time that the engines played upon the late fire.

The off wind of the coach and four that was driven through an Act of Congress.

The wave that rocked and the saddle pat upon him.

Any one of the words belonging to the key fit which Sambo played.

A coffin in which the celebrated "dead lock" that affords security.

A photograph of the bruises on the hour that was struck by a bell.

The exact elevation of the gentleman who was shore long a-lee.

The exact distance of a statement that is beyond belief.

The number of the gentleman who was knocked into the middle of next week.

The boy of the period.

The blooper of an arm of the sea.

A human form that is not of a mercantile.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.—We have much pleasure in announcing a sweet thing in coiffures. It consists in a bonnet-shaped cap, and is made in white net, trimmed with and other precious stones of various colors, arranged in a symmetrical figure imitative of the wearer's taste.

COOD PLACES FOR HIS WINE IN OLD VESTMENTS—The Isle of Mull.

A BOOK FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.—The late Duke of WELLINGTON was sent to an old-college School Melchorock, who was brave but poor, a small pot-bills, and was in the habit of receiving from his mother pretty crowns. Some time afterward he met the officer, and said to him, "Well, how did you like the new coin which I sent you?" "Excessively, Sire," replied the Colonel. "I send it with the greatest respect for the second volume with impatience." The King smiled, and when the officer's back was turned, he was heard him with tender pat-dins, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "The work is complete in two volumes."

The winds sweep, the waves wash, the clouds weave, and the planets spin, but the good housewife knits.

ONLY A POET.—Mr. Tennyson recently lodged for a few days in a little inland inn of the Hebrides along with other tourists. The landlord, seeing the gentleman read to his inn-keeper, "Do you know whom you have had in the house?" "No," was the reply; "but the unknown gentleman is the poet-laureate." "The poet-laureate!" echoed the landlord; "I'm glad to hear it. I thought he was dead—a somewhat ill and he married off, apparently quite unconscious of the fact, for his unusual politeness to so humble or doubtful a character as a poet.

An over-scrupulous editor refused to insert a poulterer's business announcement on the ground that it was a quack advertisement.

A Manchester gentleman having invented a new dance, with a true commercial eye has christened it the "Cotton Reel."

WEDDED.—A renowned clergyman of Lincolnshire lately united in marriage a king crown from the Tweed. "You act wylied in the balance and found wanting." After the ceremony was performed he said to the bridegroom, "I got to get weary and went out: others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. At last only one remained, whereupon the person stopped in his sermon and said, 'Well, my friend, remember, as far as you are weighed you out!" He continued his sermon at some length after that, but no one remained to hear the ravings.

The newest mechanical contrivance announced is Mr. Harrison's invention of "Weaving by Compressed Air." Is this what has been so long "looming in the future?"

A SELL.—A charming French actress, embarking with a child, was asked by the purser, on showing her over-board as if by accident, whereupon she cried out in despair, "Oh, Monsieur, you have lost the child in the Mer!" mon Dieu!" She was consoled as well as gentle as the circumstance would allow by the purser's coy prevent. Subsequently the box was fished up, and, for a considerable time, was an object of interest. Query—Is the astonishment on finding it contained only dowsinces?

HOW TO MAKE A LITTLE GO A GREAT WAY.—Send it by rail.

THE PROPER DAY FOR MARRIAGES—Weds'nesday.

EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.—A young gentleman accused a lady of his acquaintance with having broken his years of celibacy by taking a kiss from him by force and fraud. But he did not consider the donation as a substitute.

VERY SOOTHING.—Brigands in Greece pour boiling oil on their captives to extort their money. That's an unpalatable "lib" of Greece.

A general shudder's stand too straight. He ought to lean a little upon his staff.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.—An old man, on being asked how he had lived to such a great age, replied, "When I could eat I never stood: I married late, was soon a widower, and never married again.

WITNEY.—An old Red Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years, said that a barrel of liquor contained little water and much spirit.

A gentleman was one day, in the old coaching times, traveling by a coach which moved at a very slow pace. "Hey?" said he to the guard, "what is the name of this coach?" "The Regulator," was the reply. "And a very appropriate name too," said the traveler, "for I see all the other coaches go by it."

A QUEER START.—"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, I have been wanting you to start for the last hour."

If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt and do it.

THE QUAKER'S MOTTO—I dislike thistle.

THE THREE WISHES.

THE eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a great stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into his cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his jailers: "You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter, and a priest to marry us." This first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a gold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among the courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, Sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see any thing—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed any thing of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared that he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offense, upon which the prisoner said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offense committed, the count can not be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offense than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL.

THE first inauguration of President LINCOLN was under circumstances of most intense interest. The people were wrought up to a high pitch of expectation. They were eager with apprehension, which was partially relieved by the eagerness of the hope that balanced with their fear. The apprehension related to the revolutionary excitement which was already culminating in the Gulf States—the hope wavered toward some deep resource of statesmanship, as yet unknown, which might master the storm and save the Republic. In the election of Mr. LINCOLN, the people, though they issued no writ of ejectment against slavery in States, yet forbade its extension over the national territory. By his election the Government became national without doing the least violence to the reserved immunities of the States; it became national instead of sectional. But the necessity had already long existed for a sectional government in order to the perpetuation of slavery. A national creed was, therefore, unacceptable to the South. She required that every issue in which *all* the people were interested should be decided in the interest of a part, and that part a minority. Because in a single instance the people had decided otherwise a revolution of terrible import was growing rapidly toward its crisis. And the watch-word of the revolutionists was this paradox: That the Republic was invading certain States because it would no longer suffer *their* invasion on its own most sacred immunities.

For two reasons the popular expectation centred upon Mr. LINCOLN. His election was in some sort the pretext of the revolutionists, and his attitude toward the revolution must now represent the decision of the people. Up to the time of his inauguration Mr. LINCOLN was very reticent. But in his inaugural address his voice was clear and decided. The peculiar feature of the address was its nationality. Up to that moment the national consciousness of our people had found little expression of itself. Now we were one people, with a common boundary which we determined should be as invirlable by traitors as by a foreign enemy.

Mr. LINCOLN'S second inaugural address was delivered under far different circumstances from the first. In the one case the address was the principal thing. March 4, 1861, the people waited upon Mr. LINCOLN'S *words*; March 4, 1865, the solemn ceremonies of inauguration were inseparable from an expression of triumph—it was the occasion itself and the spectacle which impressed the people. The most that was required of the second inaugural address was that it should befit the occasion. It was needless to reiterate statements already given as to the policy to be pursued in the conduct of the war, or as to the conditions necessary to peace. The President's views on these matters are well known to the people, and they are the views of the people. In fact, President LINCOLN, in this second address, simply alludes briefly to the change of situation since his first inauguration, only dwelling for a moment upon the relation of slavery to the war, and then proceeds to take upon himself anew the vow of fidelity to the Constitution of the United States. The ceremony was an impressive one. The most hopeful thought connected with this event is that its next repetition will find us a united and happy people.



VISIT TO FORT SUMTER BY GENERAL GILLMORE AND STAFF, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 172.]



"MARCHING ON!"—THE FIFTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS COLORED REGIMENT SINGING JOHN BROWN'S MARCH IN THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.—[See Page 172.]

LET US MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

LIFE is but a fleeting dream,
Care destroys the rest of it;
Swift it glideth like a stream,
Mind you make the best of it!
Talk not of your weary woes,
Troubles, or the rest of it;
If we have but brief repose,
Let us make the best of it!

If your friend has got a heart,
There is something fine in him;
Can away with darker part,
Cling to what's divine in him.
Friendship is our best relief—
Make no heartless jest of it;
It will brighten every grief,
If we make the best of it.

Happiness despises state;
'Tis no sage experiment,
Simply that the wise and great
May turn by and merriment;
Rank is not its spell refined—
Sorrows or the rest of it—
We shall overcome them all,
If we make the best of it.

AN APPARITION.

"FATE will find us out," says the proverb. One day it certainly found out Sabrina D'Arlincourt.

She would be an old, old woman, were she alive now; for it was more than fifty years ago that she flourished, the belle of belles, among all the beautiful women in the old town of the Provinces, Mer Sable, on the coast in the British army, neither particularly talented nor efficient, had been stationed there during many years previous to the War of 1812, and seemed likely to remain there through the greater part of its continuance. Once he had been a wild youth, living the genuine of gay London lives, till he contracted a slender pecuniary debt, not merely that of the son of a younger son; for the cadets of the D'Arlincourt race were unexpectedly well endowed, in order that the heir might maintain his ancient line in all its pristine magnificence. Thus when nothing remained to him but the income of his sword—an income that he had never regarded as more than loose change—the young gentleman obtained a transfer to another regiment, destined to pick up a rich wife thereby as he patrolled England from end to end; and before he had accomplished his purpose he was surprised to find that he had taken his across seas and stationed him permanently in the province of Nova Scotia. Here, after many a weary year, he one day married a meek little woman, who gave him his daughter Sabrina and died; and here he continued to live, and, as he had no rich wife with a rod of iron, by a natural retributive justice the young lady hence forth ruled him.

Sabrina D'Arlincourt had a good deal of the beauty that had always distinguished her family—not a lively beauty, but a commanding one, that received involuntary homage as if a queen had passed. If she did the most daring and unheard-of things it was with such an astonishing grace that they seemed the only things fit to be done, and the habit of ruling her father passed into a habit of ruling every one else. Her tall and sumptuous figure seemed formed only to be adorned by richest hues and softest textures; her white hand, shapely as sculpture, carried itself like a part of itself; her dark hair, with its large loose wave, bore in its shadows just enough of that tinge of red to make it seem as if golden dust had been powdered and sprinkled through it; while her rich color, her thick and brilliant eyes, and her splendid bearing, her erect and haughty features, all gave her the right as well as the power not only to reign but to take captive.

Old Major D'Arlincourt, it is true, loved his daughter, and after her fashion Sabrina was very fond of him. In return for his adoration he wished also a little worship. The only way in which it seemed practicable to him to obtain it was by diluting upon certain remembrances of his childhood—the past glories of his uncle and the present woes of his cousin, Sir D'Arlincourt D'Arlincourt of D'Arlincourt Castle. It was not singular that, upon such recitals, Sabrina should have fancied herself entitled to perfect fealty, and although she belonged to the provincial branch in England, should have pleased herself upon the fact that in Nova Scotia there were no other D'Arlincourts than themselves. It was also not singular that, since there was no other way to meet them upon their own ground, she should aspire to some alliance that, when they went home to England, would place them on a level with the eminence of their cousins the D'Arlincourts. It was then, these altitudes considered, *extremely* singular that, one day, Sabrina D'Arlincourt found herself the promised wife of a poor and obscure young subaltern, who earned a scanty livelihood by his portraits. It only proved that this superb creature, with her outer crust of pride and power, had an undercurrent of fire like the molten stream that courses artrially under the hardened surface of the lava torrent.

It had been a gala-day in the place; troops had been under review, and ships-of-war had come boating up the harbor, with all their white sails set, like a fleet of swans. Sabrina, with a company of her friends and subjects—she had no enemies—was on horseback, making herself, as was unavoidable, a part of the pageant, in her purple habit, while feather, and frowned veil, riding an Arab that listened to no voice and obeyed no hand but hers—a horse that had been sent out to her by her lofty cousin on some report of the beauty that did honor to his name. Suddenly, one moment, not at the noisy blare of the trumpets nor the salute of the artillery, but at the flirt of a white handkerchief, the little Arab sulked, reared, and shot forward, went flying through the city with Sabrina in the saddle, as he leaped some obstacle, and taking the bit between his teeth, threw out his haunch, and left the rest behind him at a pace that the wind itself could hardly follow. A dozen gallants started in pursuit, which only made matters worse with this fiery spirit of the desert. Sabrina, however, was a born-woman to dream of disaster, would have reckoned enjoyed the race had not a fearful doubt, grown every moment into a certainty, that at the end of this road yawned a dry gully, too wide for any leaping, and floored with rocks and thorn-bushes some thirty feet below, and that there the terrible death that gully offered she and the Arab were plunging on together. While then, for the first time, this unbowed lineage was brought face to face with unspeakable fear, her eye, seeking vainly for help, caught sight of a form dashing down a hill-side some way beyond her on the right, standing in the middle of the road, waving a hat and cheering, the owner of which, who was a young officer, with a daring sprang caught at the bridle and dragged the lady from the saddle, and the animal turned about, raced back to its own, accustomed stable, and left the rest of the pursuers, with his empty saddle, till they turned the angle of the road, and caught sight of the rescued in the arms of the man who had saved her.

The first thing that Sabrina D'Arlincourt saw, as she woke from the swoon and from the nightmare of death that had never really overtaken her, in the fascination in connection with herself, was this face bending over her own. No wonder that it seemed to her as beautiful as it was; and, in fact, was a more truly beautiful countenance than Gabriel Andre's never existed of a picture; and if it was not perfect—if it that night, it was the first time that any identity had ever haunted her dreams with the least special significance. It was not the man, indeed, before whom D'Arlincourt had previously desired to send home a likeness of his daughter—that this daughter might command a higher price in the rich market, a pier that he might transfer her bloom to his canvas, so far as it was possible for any pencil to do it. The young painter was unknown to fame. Consequently were that Sir D'Arlincourt's rapture found expression in fit and magnificent presents; Miss Sabrina would have been the first to laugh at them. Sir D'Arlincourt insisted that her young cousin-in-law's measure should be sent home to her own dressmaker in London, and that she should be fitted by a artired in the supplest Parisian fashioning. Not to accept every thing offered by the hand of the lover is to reflect upon him; to refuse nothing now and then between the coquettish lashes to make certain that he was still there, dreamed for a moment of a perfect union of happiness and peace. Nothing could have exceeded the pleasure of Mrs. Howard, Sabrina's governess, at the announcement—which the uninterrupted attitude of the two gave her as she entered the room—she was one of that numerous drive-nothings who received the D'Arlincourt orders. It was to be of Spanish brocade, each fold to fall in lustre and amplitude above white and pink of such as some were but, and the garnishing of the whole to be in Irish lace, sown with seed-pearl.

"Ah! I am not the first to bring you this," said Gabriel, sliding down a moonbeam; but whereabouts in our little house that is to be can such splendor hide itself as a sun like you?"

And at that Sabrina began to build fine schemes of all that her cousin, D'Arlincourt, decided to be large gold and silver, and the young artist white and both sought English shores, as had been planned. It would not be in any little house that her future should be spent for her father Joshua and every other had found knighthood, why might the day not come when Lady Gabriel Angier should take her place beside Lady Lady of D'Arlincourt Court; and for this consummation her hopes rested far more on her cousin's influence than on Gabriel's talent. Not that she thought him less as well pleased as any maiden at thought of the dazzle of her wedding-gown.

Meanwhile Gabriel, having become a lover and ceased to be a monitor, was a lover in earnest, growing nearly as much absorbed as Sabrina was in that of herself. It made no moment to her that her companions wondered or satirized. She herself was the only one that she allowed, and, all unregarded, the marriage was only delayed for the arrival of the *Foundell* with the wedding paraphernalia on board of Sabrina's and in Mrs. Howard's and eyes nothing constituted the freight of the *Foundell* but that one box of bridal finery. And when one remembered all the blithe scene on the morning that order was written out, all the blushing, the whispering, the laughing, the planning, how gay Gabriel was; how oblivious the duenna; how sweet and sunshiny Sabrina herself, it would have been not unnatural with a host of recollections were sufficient in themselves to freight any vessel.

When Gabriel put off the austerity that perhaps he had felt it necessary to wear as a guard against the bewitchment and beauty of this girl, in station so far beyond his reach, as it then appeared, nothing surpassed his winning power. Sabrina felt it so much that, as if warned by an innermost instinct, half the time when he came she refused to see him, with a wayward impulse not to subject herself wholly to this influence until irretrievably its boundless empire. She was the charm of his waking moments crossed by an angry hovering jealousy, when others found favor with her, that in a white face made his eyes dark, glittering, and restless, above compressed lips; and then, as the glance of them met hers, Sabrina would be only the more mischievously wild and gay, till he would quietly hid her alien and go out to walk off his mood as he might in the dark and lonely streets; and then through all his severe manner meant for others, that look meant for her only would haunt and hurt her half the night.

Three incidents then occurred with some bearing upon the lovers. One day it was announced that the *Foundell* with all her precious cargo, whatever it might be, had been made the prize of an American-cruiser, and taken into an American harbor. Another day, news came that Sir D'Arlincourt D'Arlincourt had departed this life; all hopes of the D'Arlincourt direction died with him. The third bit of news was the declaration of peace. The loss of the *Foundell* wounded things yet a little longer; and, after that, to show her impetuous lover that she was yet mistress of herself, Sabrina put off her wedding-day another time. The death of her cousin destroyed all her plans for Gabriel's advancement and her own. The declaration of peace brought a proclamation of great wealth and some pressure from baltimore to the Provinces. "He was a relative of Mrs. Howard's, and, according to the true Provincial hospitality, made her house his home; and with her the saying proved only too true that blood is thicker than water. The old Lady could not bely wedding-day another time. The death of her cousin, that it was not Mr. Hilary instead of Gabriel that was going to take her away; and then the young woman would go off into dilations upon the style and splendor of the Hilary mansions: their retinue of servants, their equipages, and entertainments, till Gabriel being out of the way—more especially as Mr. Hilary himself was evidently of that way of thinking—Sabrina could hardly help waking so too. And Gabriel, seeing dimly how the tide was setting, continued out of the way, giving his rival unlimited advantage; and Mr. Hilary made the most of every opportunity afforded him, loading her with flowers, putting his superb horses at her service, since the lady had long been ailed, with every thing else that could in any way lower her father's debts, bringing her music and books, paying her compliments as a matter of course to Gabriel's talent—though perhaps none the less sincere for that—and finally one day, through Mrs. Howard, making to Sabrina the most direct offer of his hand.

That very day Gabriel came in, and in her own room found Sabrina seated before her mirror. He tossed into her lap a bunch of damask roses that must have blossomed under his touch upon some favorite bush. He was ready to be scolded not to be found outdoors upon that late autumn day with its light snow falling. "Some roses for my rose," said he. "Although, as we no need of any bud in our own." They bloomed on Sabrina's cheek afresh as he spoke, but she silently gathered the stems with one hand while the other she hummed over the strings of the harp still vibrating with the tune. Gabriel laid his palm upon the strings to deaden them, and bent his head to hers. "All," said he, "and to that my morning greeting?"

"Don't be idle now, Mr. Gabriel Angier," was answered with a pretty dignity.

"Ah!" said Gabriel, drawing back, "there is no sorrow, I have heard say, like that of the phrase of one's own words."

Just then Mr. Hilary went down the stair and went out. "Is that creature here yet?" asked Gabriel.

"That creature is my very good friend," said Sabrina, with sauciness.

"Ah, the more pity. Shall I tell you what I have heard? No, not I, will take my love's name away from it." She possessed herself of her sketching-book. But Sabrina knew very well that it could be nothing but mention of herself in another that he would speak of. "Up to me, Sabrina," said he, half-lying back among the cushions and watching the slow descent of the large flakes without. "But great heavens, my dear; "play some tune like that these flakes are falling to. I remember, before I came, I did I was born in a snow-storm out upon moors like these beyond this town; the snow has ever since had a cruel kind of fascination to me. Give me a tune to it, and I shall be back ground to your picture so long, so long ago?—Play, my love."

So Sabrina played, a slender, ringing, melancholy tune, as if the thing in the night its wings between the strings. "Ah," said Gabriel, as she finished, "when I have you and your music always with me I shall wonder how I ever lived not do! I will paint the Archangel listening to music, and nobody will guess that it is only Sabrina D'Arlincourt."

Gabriel asked her when they should begin.

With a curious word Sabrina put him off; she had not been ill, so she said herself and none of her servants, but she was low. And when he would not accept her answer by lady withdrew into her shell and kept herself.

"Sabrina," said Gabriel, "if you care for me, you can not torture me so. I love you, and I can not endure it."

"Put an end to it then, Mr. Angier," said Sabrina, coldly.

Gabriel rose, walking up and down the room; stopped at last an instant before her, gave her one long look, a look full of pathos and fire, and then, without a word, went out. Then the door closed behind him, soft and dull, Sabrina found in her hand the ring that once she had given him. And just then Mrs. Howard came in, the bearer of Mr. Hilary's proposal. There was no time to think, no time to feel, and, with her clock running like an autumn leaf, Sabrina—angry, pained, proud, pleased at once—gave her answer.

But whether Gabriel sailed away that day in any outward-bound ship for the United States or England; or whether he wandered out upon that wild stormy moor that was the town, and, bewildered in the thickening snow-storm, the trackless, misty

day, the starless, windy night, with that tune her harp-strings sung still ringing slavishly in his ears, he had lost himself and perished in the drifts, Sabrina never knew.

Certainly after seeking her in the full knowledge of her existing relations with another, Mr. Hilary deserved a loveless wife, and certainly he got one. He had no idea of uniting upon captives; affairs were ordained at his pleasure; before he could elect the virginity of his youth he carried his wife with him back to Baltimore.

Plunged at once into fur cayer society than ever her native town afforded, with its officers and barracks, quartering in her set all day, and its hearts by storm, Mrs. Hilary might well forget Sabrina D'Aricourt. The day that left her free with the ring between her fingers she had shut down and lid upon all her inner self, and fastened it, it seemed, with bands of iron. She ignored the past, gave no heed to the future, lived only in the gorgeous present. The dinners, the balls, the entertainments that she gave, were unequaled by any others; her diamonds, her lace, her shawls, and her velvets, were the despair of her female friends each and every; her horses and her coachmen were sent in to all the regions on gentleman's passionate excelled. To those who saw her only in the drive or on the street she seemed too brilliant a meteor to dwell long but pass; to those who haunted her hearth she was the thing to make them forget all the world besides in the intoxication of her smile, to her husband this did not displease him; she was a part of his *entourage*—he wished her worshiped. Gay, flattered, adored, commanding, the cup of triumph was forever at her lips. From the hour that she rose until that when she sunk wearily among her pillows at night, followed by guests, and gathering from a round of perpetual festival, there was scarcely the moment when she was alone, no instant for thought or memory, no blank, dark moment for any look to rise in. Her beauty seemed only to deepen with every season; whether in winter lights she looked from her opera-box like a picture from the past, or whether in summer days she held her court upon the sea-shore, that autumn leaf turned yet a richer by upon her cheek as ever in its Italian-summer sunshine on the bough; that lustre yes shone in her eye, that seemed illumined like the fires of the grace yet followed all her movements. The black day that should change all this bloom to frost was yet to come.

Mrs. Hilary had been married several years. She had never spoken of her girlhood since; she had seen no one from her native town; she had perhaps ceased to remember that such a man as Gabriel Angier had ever lived. It may be she had not yet seen that hour which would give her memory life to evoke her shadows and let them flap their wings about her; it may be she was strong enough to keep them all imprisoned as the seal of Solomon bound the Djins. To look at her you would have said she had no shadows, except those cast by her own radiance. To know well that her life was hollow and worthless; she was beginning to tire of adulation, of envy, and of conquest. Sometimes as she stepped into her carriage she felt a careful hand close the cashmere round her, where hand was none but in her sudden fancy; sometimes, if she woke bewildered in the dark, she felt a tender arm about her, a warm breath on her brow—she had her lamp kept trimmed and burning after that, she feared lest she were growing weak, and only threw herself into silver, more extravagant gavottes.

One summer-time, when Mrs. Hilary and her husband entertained a large party of their town acquaintance at their country-place, a rainy week came on, and they wearied at the close of the first time since Mrs. Hilary's marriage, for fresh amusement—and fitting out extemporary theatricals had recourse to a little drama, whilked the elder Mrs. Hilary directed them. The placid old lady, who had lived out her heyday, went with her daughter-in-law and the group willingly followed.

"There now," said she, "are suits, my dear, that you could play Shakspeare's queens in—and there are those that would do well for the witches. I remember we all went through one of Milton's Masques in that part there, and very well we looked it, as you say nowadays; and we played Molière once in these wigs and farthingales and folderols—the old thing has been turned into a pretty nursery since then, but it would do quite well enough again, my dear. Perhaps there are other things in all those chests gathered since that time. Open them, Mr. Bryant—shall he not, my dear? and we will see. Ah yes, that now. It was brought in here some dozen years ago. We were full of the prizes of one of my son's privateers, and I suppose it was nothing of value—it ought to have gone, I seem to have heard, to our cousin Howard in Nova Scotia; only it was of no use then, my son said, and so he sent it up here. If I remember rightly, it looked like a *trousseau*—it would do now for the Icy Bride. That one, Mr. Bryant."

The person addressed speedily did as desired, removed the cover of the box, and extracted first a square of hempen matting.

"To keep out sea-water, I suppose," said the old lady.

Then came, slowly lifted out, a large package, the twines yet united that had once bound it; and roll on roll of the old linen that wrapped it being opened, slip after slip being loosened the old lady gingerly raised what met her fingers at last, and, raised by the two shoulders, and shaking down fold after fold of rustling gauze-paper, there slowly came into the gray light of day a gown, where the tawny woven flowers and sprays swimming to the surface of the rich heavy fabric and curdling in every pocket, one would have said, seemed like the tarnished specter of some frosty morning's brother. It had grown yellow with the years; the full length of its drapery was streaked with dun breadths, as if snow could throw a shadow. Once it was dazzling enough for any bride, a gown of old Spanish brocade, each fold falling in lustre and amplitude silver-white and thick as some waxen leaf, and the garnishing of the whole in Irish lace gown with seed-pearl.

Mrs. Hilary stood there talking lightly with one of her crowd of conquests, the wit sparkling on her tongue, the light in her eye, on her cheek still that glowing autumn leaf burning itself away.

Suddenly, as she saw what her mother was doing, the moment came that had power to turn all her gems to cinders, her days to darkness—to lay its silent finger on her lips, to refuse to her forever the relief of tears. Gray hairs seemed all at once to cluster among her curls; the vivid hue of the autumn leaf fell from her face—the snow of winter gathered there and never left it.

For lifted slowly there before her, as if it were issuing from a sepulchre, and brought all the vanity, damps and mouldy stains of the grave with it, rising not like the ghost of past joys, but lifted like the dead body of joys that had lain with it, rotting in it, lying and loam in flaccid folds, the old hands there before her held her wedding-gown.

And then like an arrow piercing her heart in twain, the last look she had received from Gabriel Angier, that she had never since, in memory even, allowed herself to see, that look from the pale, blue, anguished eyes, full of pathos and full of love, came and smote her and hung before her, and with the apparition of that dead agony and the sudden act of its snow-drifts, the other apparition, avenging, unfading, like the rings and rays of light one sees when the eyes have been long pressed, now and staid forever there before her shuddering, aching gaze. Yet never was she desolate, whose life henceforth was bound and lived by a specter; and Mrs. Hilary's splendor went out in gloom and her fires in ashes.

MISS PRECIOSA'S PRINCIPLES.

In the most precise of country villages, in the primmest mansion ever built, dwelt the most precise maiden ever born, Miss Precious Lockwood. Even in that village, ruled by a spectre, Miss Precious reckoned one of the smaller sins, and the family in whose dwelling lights were seen burning after ten o'clock were considered dissipated, there was a current joke regarding Lockwood Cottage, which giddy girls had dubbed "The Nunnery," and some even went so far as to call "Miss Precious" by the name "perior."

Certainly convent walls never closed themselves more grimly against mankind, gentle and simple, old and young. What in many an excellent spinster has been an affectation was genuine with Miss Precious.

Long ago a pretty little cousin, who had been her confidential companion for some years, quarreled with a rascal with a handsome face and a sergeant's seal, and had eloped with him. They heard of her wearing clothes of flaming colors, of her dancing-ring, and driving about New Orleans in a handsome carriage, wondered at and admired for her beauty and shunned for her sin. Then, long after a long silence about her doings, a faded thing in rags came creeping at night to Miss Precious's cottage, begging for bread for her children, and for her in to die. Miss Precious did the reverse of what most women do. She gave a sister's hand to the poor victim—cared for her, fed her well, and buried her decently, and thenceforth shut her spinster home to man. She was twenty-seven, then, and far from young, but she argued thus: Something in a stove-pipe hat and boots has wrought this ill—all who wear those habiliments must be tabooed.

She kept her resolution. From the poor-house she selected a little orphan-girl who was old enough to think of "followers." As cook she kept a hideous old female, too far advanced in years to remember them. For a gardener she had a German woman. The butcher's wife, by request, brought in the joints. Even a woman cut the grass in the garden—it was the first time that it was approached the gates ancient Deborah, the cook, was sent forth to parley with and obstruct his approach. Having thus made "Perior" inviolate, Miss Precious went to New York and brought home a dead sister's daughter, who had hitherto been reared by a boarding-school, and the arrangements were complete.

Miss Lockwood took her niece to church, also to weekly meetings. They spent afternoons out with widow ladies with no grown-up sons, or with spinsters who resided in the village.

The elder lady kept an Argus eye upon her blooming niece, and bold indeed would have been the man who dared address her.

For her part, Miss Bella Bloom was an arch-hypocrite. She had learned that at boarding-school, where impunity is granted to those who flatter the authorities, and doing always exactly what is most forbidden. Bella Bloom came to Lockwood Cottage perfectly prepared to look for and find her aunt.

She did it. Precious blessed her stars that her niece was not a romantic, but a dull, matter-of-fact wonderer how any young lady could walk and talk and be sociable with and marry them. And when she thought that she had found in some widow lady could not intrude, *how* thankful she was Aunt Precia could never guess.

And all the while Bella was chafing inwardly at her restraint, envying girls who had pleasant little flirtations at will, and keeping up a private correspondence with a cousin. "Dear George," who used his letters under cover to the butcher's wife, who brought them in with the beef and mutton, and said, "Miss Jane, you're a lucky young lady to get such maids; and I was a gal myself once afore Cleaver courted me."

Dear George was desperate. He could not live without seeing his Bella. He wrote bitter things about cigar-smoke in the parlor, and threats to stone rendezvous in the back garden of the seminary, with Miss Clever standing sentry at the gate on the look-out for a governess and enemy. The first opportunity he was coming to Plainacres, and intended to see his Bella or die. Was he not twenty-three and also seventeen, and ready to waste their lives at a spinster's bidding? No.

Miss Precious, with her Argus-eyed watchfulness, sat calmly hour by hour two inches from the locked drawer of a cabinet which contained the gentleman's letters, and dined from meats which had been the means of conveying them across the threshold, inculcating her principles into the minds of her niece and handmaiden, the letter of whom grinned behind her lady's chair without reserve. Charity Pratt, having grown to be sixteen, also had her secret. It was the apothecary's boy who, in his own peculiar fashion, had expressed admiration at church by staring.

A few days after Mr. Green, the bachelor minister, called at the cottage. Deborah went out to huff and snap, and was subdued by the big eyes. She came in.

"Miss," said she, "the clergyman is out there."

"Where?" gasped Precious.

"In the parlor, with his beautiful' you."

"Ma! You said, of course, I was out?"

"No, Miss. Every body receives their pastor."

So the pastor was ushered in. He conversed of church affairs. Miss Precious answered by polite monosyllables. Bella smiled and stitched. Deborah sat on a bench and dozed. Finally the best specimen of that bad creature, man, was got out of the house safely, and the ladies looked at each other as the door might who had been cloaked with a polar bear and escaped unharmed.

"He's gone, aunty," said the hypocrite.

"Thank goodness!" said sincere Precious. "I thought I should have fainted. *Never* let it happen again, Deborah. Remember I'm always engaged."

"But he seems a nice, well-spoken, good-behaved kind of a gentleman," said Deborah. "*And* a clergyman."

"So he does," said Precious. "But appearances are deceitful. I once knew a clergyman—"

"Yes, Miss."

"A Doctor of Divinity, Bella—"

"Yes, aunt."

"Ah! who—who—"

"Well?"

"Who *kissed* a young lady of his congregation in her father's parlor."

"Oh! aunt!"

"He afterward married her. But I never could look her at the face."

"Bless you no," said Deborah. "Now the best thing you can do is to have a cup of strong green tea and something cooling to keep you from getting up. Cleaver's wife has just fetched oysters in." Private signal to Bella.

"Has she? Oh, I so *love* oysters!" cried Bella, and ran to get dear George's last.

It was a long one, and in it George vowed to appear at the cottage when they least expected him and demand his betrothed.

That evening, at dusk, Miss Precious walked in the garden alone. She was thinking of a pair of romantic big eyes, of a soft voice and a softer hand which she had been surprised into allowing to shake hers.

"It's a pity men are so wicked!" said she, and sighed. Although she was near thirty she looked very pretty as she walked in the moonlight, forgetting to put on prim airs and graces and to stiffen herself. Her figure was much like Bessie Bella's, so much so that some one on the other side of the convent-like wall, with eyes upon a level with its upper stones, detected it was that young lady, whether this belief he clambered up, stood at the top, and whispered,

"My dearest look up, your best beloved is here; behold your George!"

And Precious, lifting her eyes, beheld a man on her wall, flung her hands in the air, and uttered a shriek like that of an enraged peacock.

The gentleman misunderstood his mistake, endeavored to retreat, stumbled and fell headlong among flower pots and boxes, and lay there quite motionless.

The shriek had brought Deborah to the house. Deborah, Bella, and Charity Pratt rushed to the scene, and found a gentleman in a sad plight, bloody and senseless, and Miss Precious half dead with terror.

Bella, recognizing dear George, fainted in good earnest. Deborah encouraged by numbers, ordered the prostrate youth,

"Get up, young man, and go your wickedness has been punished enough. Please go."

"He can't; he's dead," said Deborah.

"Oh, what a sudden judgment! You're sure he's dead?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Then take him into the house and call the doctor."

They laid him on the bed and medical aid came; the poor fellow had broken a leg.

"He'd get well. Oh yes, but he couldn't be moved."

Miss Precious could not murder a fellow-creature, and she acquiesced.

"He can't run off with the spoons until his leg is better," said Deborah.

"He isn't able to elope with any one," said Miss Precious; "and we should be quite unable the errand. What shall we find to nurse him?"

"Old Todds is competent, Miss," said Deborah.

"Yes. He said that the old person," said the lady.

And old Todds came. He of course dwelt in the house. The doctor came every day. The apothecary's boy brought the bill with medicines; and finally, when the young man came to his senses, he desired earnestly to see his betrothed.

"Our clergyman is his friend," said Precious. "He must have been misled then; surely his general conduct must be proper. Perhaps this is the first time he ever kissed a girl. I will make love to a lady. By all means send for Dr. Green."

Thus the nunnery was a nunnery no more. Two men under the roof. Three visiting ladies! What was the world coming to? Miss Precious dared not think. Bella was locked in her own room in the most decorous manner while her aunt was in the house, but when she was absent Deborah and Charity sympathized and abetted, and she read and talked maliciously to the young lying on his back with his handsome face so pale and his spirits so low, poor fellow!

Troubles always come together. That evening Miss Precious received information that legal affairs connected with her property, which was considerable, demanded her presence in New York, and left the establishment, which never before so much needed its Lady Superior. She returned after three days toward evening, no one expecting her. "I shall give them a pleasant surprise," she thought, and slipped in the kitchen-way. There a candle burned, and on one chair sat two people, Charity Pratt and the druggist's boy. He had his arm about her waist.

Miss Precious grasped the door-frame and shook from head to foot. "I'll go to Deborah," she said.

She can speak to that misguided girl better than I." She faltered forward. Deborah was in the back area scouring tea-kettles. Beside her stood old Todds, the nurse. They were talking.

"Since my old woman died," said Todds, "I hain't seen nobody sour like you—and the pies you does make."

"They ain't better than other folks," said Deborah, grimly cogsettish.

"They are," said Todds; and, to Miss Precious's horror, he followed up the compliment by asking for a kiss.

Miss Precious struggled with hysterics and first parlorward. Alas! a murmur of sweet voices. She peeped in. Through the window swept the fragrance of honeysuckle. Moonlight mingled with that of the shaded lamp. Bella leaned over an easy-chair in which reclined George Loveboy. This time Precious was petrified.

"Dearest Bella," said George.

"My own," said Bella.

"How happy we are!"

"Oh, so happy!"

"And we shall be together again? You know I must go. Your aunt won't have me here, Bella. I must tell her. Why are you afraid of her?"

"She's an aunt and good," said Miss Bella.

"Ah! you don't love me as I do you."

"George!"

"You don't. Would *I* let an *aunt* stand between us?"

"Oh, George, you know I've told you that nothing could change me. Why, if you had staid lame, and had had to walk on crutches all your life, it would have made no difference, though I fell in love with you for your walk, I'd love you lame."

"And I," said George, "would have almost been content had fate willed that I should be a cripple to have been so refished, to have reposed on so faithful a bosom."

"Oh, oh, oh!" from the doorway checked the speech. Those last awful words had well-nigh killed Miss Precious Lockwood. Hysterics supervened, and, with their raising, Gentleman was announced. The Rev. Peter Green.

"Show him in," said Precious. "I need counsel. Perhaps he may give me a hint the first time in her life she hailed the entrance of "a man."

Mr. Loveboy left the room as stealthily and hopeetly as he had entered. Bella followed him. Charity was in the pantry hiding her head, and Deborah returned to the cellar.

Alone in the room Lady Superior received the Rev. Peter Green. She faltered and blushed.

"You are, I presume, already aware of the fact that I am much disturbed in mind," she said.

"Yes, Madam. That is perceptible."

"You are my spiritual adviser, Sir. To you, though a man, I look for advice," and she shed a tear or two. "My own household has turned against me." And she told him all.

The Rev. Peter Green made light at her, and broke the truth gently.

"My dear Madam, you do not know that old Jonathan Todds and your faithful Deborah intend to unite their fortunes in the bands of holy wedlock next Saturday week."

"Know *I*! Oh the old, old sinners! *Are* they in their dotage?"

"Or, fair Charity Pratt, who seems a likely sort of girl, has promised to give her hand to Zeddock Salts on Thursday?"

"Oh, Peter Green! What do I hear?"

"The truth, Madam. Can you hear more?"

"I hope so."

"Then it is time that you should be informed that Miss Bella Bloom and Mr. George Lovelyn have been engaged a year. They have correspondence regularly. It was he in the garden and the garden wall and met with his accident. Don't give way, Madam—don't."

"You're very kind," said Miss Precious; "but is it awful! What would you advise?"

"I should advise Allow Todds and Deborah to marry next Sunday."

"Yes, Sir."

"And Charity and Zeddock on the day they have fixed. And I should sanction the betrothal of your niece and Mr. Lovelyn, and allow me to unite them at some appointed day before the altar."

"My own niece!" said Miss Precious. "Oh! my own niece!"

"Do you so seriously object to weddings?" asked the pastor.

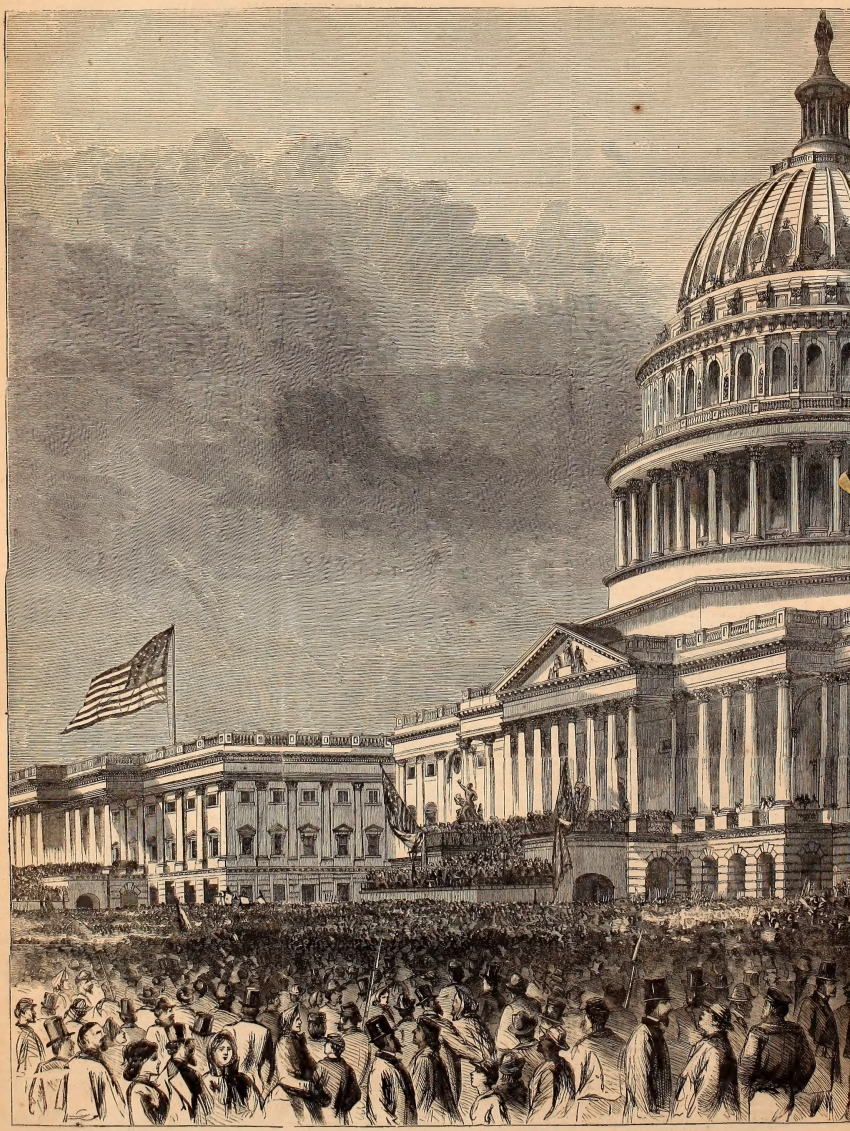
"N—no," said Precious. "It's this awful courting I dislike."

"I agree with you," said the pastor. "I have resolved, when I marry, to be one of the point at once. Miss Precious, the Parsonage needs a mistress. I know of no lady I admire and esteem as I do you. Will you make me happy? will you be my wife?"

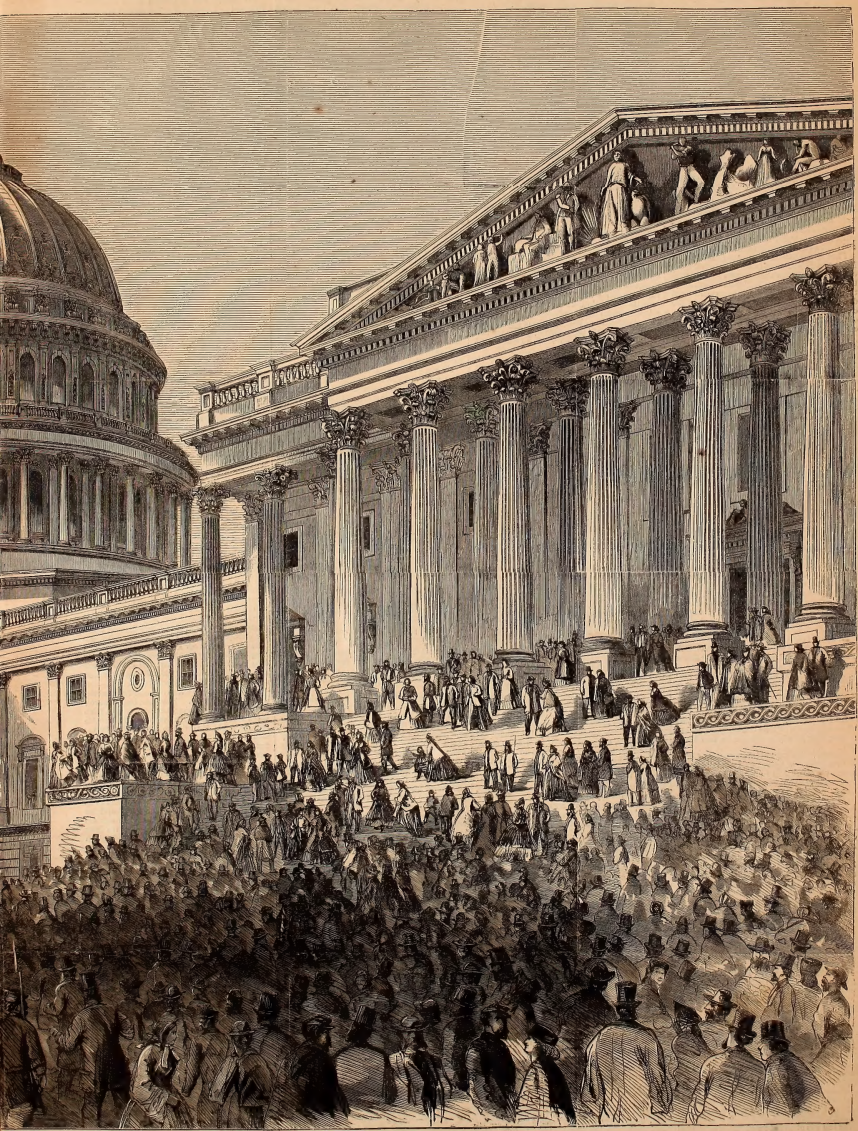
Precious said nothing. Her cheeks burned; her lids drooped. He came a little closer. He made bigger eyes at her than ever. At last his lips approached and touched her cheek, but silence said nothing.

In such a case "speech is silver, but silence is gold."

Deborah was married on Sunday, being her fortieth birthday. Charity on Tuesday. Miss Bloom gave her hand to George Lovelyn in a month; and *on the same day* a brother clergyman united Precious and the Rev. Peter Green. And the Nunnery was broken up forever.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S REINAUGURATION AT THE CAPITOL, M



ARCH 4, 1865.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 164.]

A TROUBLED TENANCY.

THE strange story which I am about to relate embraces a short period in the close of October, 1862.

I, Henry Marston, solicitor, then aged 28 years, had just returned from a continental tour. Before leaving town I had arranged finally to quit the chambers which I had previously occupied there; on coming back, therefore, I was, for the time, a homeless man.

Under these circumstances I gladly availed myself of a kind offer made to me by an old friend, a brother of my own profession, to invited me to take my abode at his house, which was situated in a village twelve miles from the city. Here, he assured me, I was heartily welcome to remain until I could find new quarters in town. Although he and his family were comparative strangers to the place, lodging me to make myself comfortable, adding that he had instructed his servants to show me every attention.

Inclination, no less than necessity, led me to accept the invitation. Heathfield was my native village; and, although my relatives had long left the neighborhood, several friends of my boyhood still resided there. There was for me, moreover, another and a still stronger attraction to the place.

I had scarcely stepped upon the platform of the Heathfield Station when an old chum of mine discovered me, and, after a few minutes' conversation, begged me to come to a ball at his father's house that evening. It was the latter's twenty-first birthday, and there would be a large gathering of our common acquaintances. I must excuse the brevity of the notice, for he was determined not to let me off.

It was a brilliant entertainment, and I found it enjoyable. I was soon surrounded among the group of lady whom I most desired to see, and ere long Edith Arnold was by my side, evincing, as I hoped, by her manner a pleasure in my society similar to that which I was myself experiencing in her own. I secured her as my partner for several dances; and I fancied that on discovering how happy as when I claimed her, nor so sad as when I resigned her to another.

Encouraged by these tokens of her favor, I began to entertain the idea of making to her an important declaration, but such a measure as Edith could not, I felt confident, long remain unclaimed. If I would possess her, I must lose no time.

Again the opportunity came.

"There is," I remembered, "a tide in the affairs of men." Reflecting thus, I drew my partner into a conservatory which opened from a saloon adjoining the dancing-room.

We paced this conservatory for some time in company with many others, and I waited. The scene was likely to be popular, for it had been arranged for the occasion with much taste, and its general aspect was beautiful and elegant in the extreme. Variegated lamps shone like glittering gems above; while fountains flung up diamonds from beneath, amidst feathery fronds of tropical plants.

But gradually the promenaders thinned; and at length, although after what space of time I can not say, I found myself alone with Edith. I led her to a couch which had been placed at that end of the conservatory farthest from the drawing-room, and seated myself beside her.

Having proceeded so far, I confess I found it difficult to advance further, and, as encouraging silence convinced me that I was a bad hand at making an offer. When at last I opened my lips, it was only to experience, with painful vividness, the truth that

> Words, like Nature, half reveal
> And half conceal the soul within.

My faltering, roundabout observations seemed just rudely to sketch the outlines of my passion, and at the same time to obscure its finer lights and shadows.

Meanwhile Edith listened prettily. As I drew near to the climax of my address, I naturally turned to watch her face. And I might well be pardoned for seeking information and encouragement from such a source. Adequately to paint those eyes and cheeks, an artist would have needed to dip his pencil into pigments of the very ivory and of molten applecolor; and the fair forehead gleamed out amidst rippling hair like a pearl from an entourage of golden fretwork. The countenance altogether was indeed one of rare beauty.

The conservatory for the most part was lined with blinds, which had been drawn overnight and apparently enhanced the light within. Near us was a door (leading to the garden) which had not been thus veiled, but which was left exposed, and, it might be readily opened for ventilation. Thus, as I turned, the encurtained entrance became visible to me.

In an instant there appeared amidst the blackness a horrible apparition—a face, a wild unearthly face, surrounded with pale drapery, and glaring upon me with an expression malevolent and fiendish in the extreme.

Hardly believing my eyes, I started to my feet, exclaiming unconsciously:

"Angels and saints of grace defend us!"

"What in the world do you see?" cried Edith, rising in alarm.

"I cannot know indeed," I answered hurriedly, for by this time nothing unusual was in sight.

I was just about to explain as well as I could what I had witnessed, when Edith's better nature got by swept into the conservatory, and in accents of impatience told her daughter that they must leave immediately. My sweet girl was, therefore, hurried away not one before I could complete the story of my love, but before I could explain the strange cause of its interruption. With a wondering look and a hasty bow Edith followed her mother, and I was left alone.

The ball was at an end for me, now that she had departed. Grieved and excited at the unsatisfactory termination of our interview, I hastened from the house.

Upon retiring to my room I took the precaution of lighting a night-light before getting into bed, anticipating, amidst my mental disquietude, a wakeful night. But it happened that I soon fell asleep, and forgot for the time both my love for Edith and the cruel interruption which I had met with in declaring it.

I awoke with a start under the impression that I had been spoken to. The words, which I can hear to this day, seemed to abide with me after their actual sound had ceased. To the reader they will appear, perhaps, ridiculously pointless or absurd; to me, in the silent watches of that night, they at first seemed unspeakably awful. They were these:

"Vile usurper! How long will the avenging angel's hand be stayed? Vacate this domain—to which thou hast no shadow of a claim—save a few more days, and it shall have expired, or thy wicked life is forfeited."

Now, supposing that these words had been all—supposing that I had been called upon merely to account for the sound or fancied sound—I could easily have reasoned myself out of it, and simply gone there to clear up the ugly riddle. But as I did so the cause of my perplexity vanished. Standing upon the floor, instead of, as I arrived at, upon the conviction that I was the sole occupant of the room. I now entered upon a course of rational and logical examination, in the hope of eliciting from my confused impressions facts on which to found some plausible theory as to what had occurred.

Nor was I long in erecting such a theory. It struck me as probable that the servants, wishing from motives quite conceivable) to get rid of me, had been playing me a trick.

I need scarcely say that, so soon as I believed myself to be the victim of a practical joke, I felt the same angry. But I decided that the best way to take vengeance was to appear unconcerned, and simply to request, in the morning, that the trick might not be repeated. Accordingly I bottled up my wrath, got into bed, and contrived to sleep soundly till the morning light.

The footboy who waited upon me at breakfast—a pale-faced lad of seventeen—was naturally an object of my scrutiny, since I, of course, supposed that he must be in the plot from which I had suffered during the night. But he appeared to be a dunce; and, judging from his sly slits of eyes and stealthy movements, I could readily conceive him capable of any amount of mischievous cunning. But this estimate of his character presently came to be modified.

Before leaving for the city—where I was obliged to go early on account of a business appointment—I rang the breakfast-room bell, and requested that I might be summoned at once if I should inquire, by made their appearance, and against the whole party I proceeded to bring my charge. After unpacking my bells and other paraphernalia, I was supposed joke with far greater warmth than I had designed, I completed my harangue with these words: "I regret if my practices have caused trouble, but having received an invitation from the master of this house to stay, I am determined to do so. The foolish means which some or all of you have employed to displace me would succeed with no one but a child or an idiot. I trust, therefore, for your sakes, that these pranks may not be repeated. If they are, I shall report the whole matter to your master, and I doubt not he hearing will order you instantly for me dismiss every one of you from his service."

"I do believe the fellow's mad," exclaimed the lady, angrily, as she and her colleagues out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Mad! The word at first made me angry; it then set me thinking.

What if, after all, I were under some insane hallucination? Apparitions as vivid as mine had often been the result of delirium tremens. Was the accusation of the servants seemed to give color to the idea that my brain was disordered. How unlikely was the charge had been true! Was it not like the words of a domestic had been those bombastic expressions supposed to me in the night! How slight and paltry altogether were the grounds upon which I had founded my suspicions!

At the very moment that these thoughts were revolving in my mind, I happened to take up a large volume which lay upon a table near me. It proved to be that quarterly periodical, "The Times," and now—"On Obscure Diseases of the Brain and Mind." I opened the work at page 269, and my eye immediately fell upon the words: *"The perplexities of insane are often the first to yield."* Upon reading the succeeding paragraphs a horrible doubt of my own sanity rushed suddenly upon my mind.

Had I been able to remain in solitude that day I verily believe I should have lost my reason. But I was obliged to go immediately; and a few hours of enforced attention to the details of a complicated legal question drew away my attention from myself, and assisted me to recover my mental equilibrium.

On returning in the evening, I was received by the servants with a curt suspicious manner which annoyed me, and which disinclined me to attempt any explanation. I therefore wrote an excited letter to Edith, and what I hoped was a judicious one to her father, and, designing that both should be delivered next day, I retired at an early hour to my haunted bedchamber.

II.

BEFORE leaving town, I had provided myself with a bottle of laudanum, judging that, since it was possible my last night's vision might have been the result of nervous excitement, a timely narcotic might prevent a recurrence of such annoyances. But I had not properly informed myself as to what quantity of the drug it would be suitable for me to take; I swallowed, therefore, what I now suspect was an inordinately large dose. I lighted a taper on the prévious night, and laid myself down, expecting to sleep soundly. But instead of sleep, the most extraordinary sensations seized me. My soul seemed wrapped in an atmosphere of delicious and ravishing happiness. Every thing painful and annoying was eliminated from my thoughts; and, although the perplexities of the last twenty-four hours were not forgotten, I could trace in none of them the slightest cause for distress or disquietude. Sweet memories of Edith floated through my soul; and even the apparitions of the previous night assumed the form of interesting phenomena, phenomena which I judged it a privilege to have witnessed, and a pleasure, moreover, to study. My intellect, too, was wondrously lucid. I recalled the most extraordinary affinities, and drew the subtlest logical distinctions with a clearness which astonished and delighted me beyond measure.

This lasted long. I knew that the night was advancing, but I had no wish for sleep. A condition more enjoyable or desirable than that in which I now found myself I could not have conceived.

While still experiencing these peculiar and intensely pleasurable sensations, I, for the third time, beheld the terrible object of my recent speculations. I felt not a particle of fear now had place in my mind. I sat up in bed, gazed at the apparition, and calmly reasoned respecting it. At length I addressed it as I had replied to me in language similar to that which it had employed on the previous night, reminding me that half the period of my probation had already expired. I complained of the harsh decree, argued my innocence, and challenged my prosecutor to substantiate the charge against my character upon which my cruel sentence had been founded. But the inscrutable being, without heeding my appeal, repeated with much the prophetic threat, and then seemed to vanish.

My happy feelings continued long after this vision, and I enjoyed my protracted illumination with perfect calmness and content. Not until daylight began to glimmer between the mullions of the window did drowsiness overpower me; but when sleep actually commenced it held me with such tremendous power that I lay in a death-like stupor till noon.

And now there fell upon my mind once more the painful suspicion that my reason was, indeed, deserting me. In spite of the opiate I had used, I had seen the accursed vision again. That was a terrible fact that could not be got over. I was as far off as ever from any solution of the mystery, and that dreadful one which now again suggested itself to my mind.

I dressed, went down, and in a sort of mechanical way folded, addressed, and dispatched my letters to Edith and her father. I found myself too unwell to go to town, and sank into a state of utter mournfulness and despondency.

So scarcely half an hour elapsed when the following note was placed in my hands:

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated yesterday, addressed to my daughter's behalf, of a communication which you have addressed to her.

"In reply, I have to inform you that my daughter and myself are entirely agreed that your proposal is one which can not be entertained.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,
"LAURENCE ARNOLD."

This cold, curt reply to my letters struck upon my heart like a knell. That in the world could be an explanation of its chilly tone and laconic style? To this question my suspicions supplied a ready answer.

The servants had done it. I had offended them, betraying at the same time the fact of my mysterious visions. They had told on their vengeance by reporting me in the village as a man subject to insane delusions. Perhaps they were right! At any rate I knew that every such reports would do about; how likely they were already to have reached the ears of Mr. Arnold and his family.

As my last hope was removed from the effects of the overdose my spirits revived. At evening I endeavored dispassionately to review all that had occurred, and to form some sensible and decisive line of action. I was deterred from searching the house from end to end only by the remembrance that the servants would certainly take such an act as fresh evidence of my madness: and many another attempt to baffle the solution of the enigma flitted through my brain.

The sudden recollection of the case of a certain English solicitor, who had been found insane by him, I remembered, in a vision somewhat similar to my own, once more depressed and unnerved me; and I was debating whether against this recurrence, when my attention was arrested by a knock at the front-door.

III

A FEW minutes afterward a card was brought to me. The gentleman whose name it bore had inquired for me at the door of the house; but, learning his absence, he asked to see any one who might be considered to represent him.

I started with surprise at the name which was familiar to me. Alfred Enderby was a young physician who, with his father, conducted a private lunatic asylum. He had formerly been an intimate friend of mine; but some time had elapsed since our last meeting.

I was annoyed and almost alarmed when I first realized who had arrived, thinking that some officious Heathfield busybody, having heard of my special visitations and strange manner, had summoned "mad doctor" to my aid. But upon reflection this seemed so unlikely, and further, as Enderby came into the room his surprise and delight at seeing me were so unmistakable, that I quickly laid aside my suspicions, and gave him a most hearty welcome!

He now inquired the cause of my sorry appearance. The question led me fully to narrate the circumstances which during the last day or two had been giving me so much uneasiness; and the relief which it afforded me to do so was great and immediate.

He listened with an interest which manifestly increased as I proceeded. The earnest attention, indeed, with which he heard the story, and the deep thought which it seemed to awaken in his mind, surprised me. I concluded my narration by saying: "So now, my dear fellow, do, if you can, enlighten me as to these strange visitations. At any rate, I hope you will not do as people here have done—as I myself have once or twice been inclined to do—pronounce me a madman."

"You are as sane as I am," was the reply.

"Well," I said, "it is a comfort to be told that by so experienced a judge as yourself."

"I think," said the young physician, "it is in my power to give you further assistance still; to clear up altogether the perplexity under which you have been laboring."

I opened my eyes incredulously.

"Yes," continued Enderby, "such is the fact indeed. Let me tell you first that your own story relieves me from a doubtful anxiety which it has been the object of my journey to dispel. In return for this good service I undertake, in making known to you that object, to deliver you from your own difficulty."

I drew my chair to the doctor's side, for he spoke in an undertone.

"You remember, probably," he began, "a family named Marsdale, who formerly resided, as I am told, in this very house?"

"Certainly," I answered; "in my boyhood the daughters were among my companions."

"About ten years since," my friend continued, "at a date later, I believe, than that at which you and your friends left the village, this family met with reverses of fortune. The ruin, in fact, was complete. They left the place, and a sale was held at this house. I will briefly explain the little circumstances, although with many of them you may already be familiar.

"The Marsdales felt the blow keenly. The father and mother both died within a year of the date of their misfortunes, and these successive sorrows affected the intellect of the eldest daughter, Catherine. She went to reside with some distant relatives, who, from the date of the parents' death, treated the orphans as their own daughters. Their kindness to poor Catherine was unbounded; and for a long time they endured the same caprices, and believed that time would rectify her derangement. At last, however, a dangerous outbreak convinced them that they could no longer pursue the course which their affection had dictated; and Catherine Merivale was placed under my father's care.

"Her madness now declared itself in a single strange delusion. She imagined that her family had been forcibly expelled from their old home—this very house—and that it was her mission and destiny to endure the vengeance of Heaven against the unjust and merciless intruders.

"During the last few months the poor lady's health had sensibly declined. She had become more calm than formerly; and my father and myself both hoped and believed that her cure would ultimately be effected. The restoration of her imposed were gradually slackened, and she appeared still further to benefit by increased freedom.

"I am now satisfied that the most accidental conduct was the result of that deep cunning which not unfrequently attends madness, and that it was intended to lead our suspicions astray, and facilitate escape. Three days ago the poor woman suddenly disappeared from the asylum; and her flight was accomplished in a manner which displayed the most remarkable ingenuity and forethought.

"Until to-day we were on a completely wrong scent in the right. This morning, however, while reflecting on the special nature of Miss Merivale's delusion, it struck me as highly probable that she might have fled to Heathfield. By the help of an intelligent detective officer I have verified my suspicions, and tracked the poor lunatic to this place. And now I have only to add that, from the description you give of your nightly visitations, I can not doubt in the least that is under my roof. The comparative emptiness of the house, and her thorough knowledge of the premises, have no doubt facilitated her concealment. We have had occasion for the deepest thankfulness to Providence that the intensity of her delusion—under which she regards herself as the avenging angel of the Most High—has led her to delay the deed of blood (which he says she would have perpetrated at last), and to enter by way of preface, pompous taunts and prophecies in token of her imagined divine commission."

On listening to this extraordinary narrative my feelings, as may be supposed, were those of mingled pity, horror, relief, and gratitude. All was now clear to me as day. The face that I had seen was, of a truth, the terrible countenance of the Catherine Merivale with whom I had played as a child; and those dim spectral words of the night-mare had been uttered by a maniac—imagining me (the luckless victim) to be the actual owner of the house, whom in vain she desired to seal or destroy.

But no time was to be lost in discovering and securing the dangerous inmate. Her capture was accomplished by the detective officer, who, under the instructions of my friend, personated with wonderful skill and coolness a second avenging angel, and drew the unhappy lunatic from her place of concealment by means of bombastic phraseology, in which she resumed at a subter-spirit was offered, and co-operation in the act of vengeance assured. Thus the madwoman's delusion was made to accomplish her capture.

Once secured she was treated with the tenderest consideration; and when she had been removed to a place of safety (a neighboring asylum) for the night my friend returned to me, and we examined together the rooms in which she had expatiated.

Since the strange reports concerning me had alone prompted that letter from Edith's father, the facts which confuted those reports restored me to my

previous position in the prudent parent's estimation. Edith, moreover, took to her bed on my account, and so inclined her papa for an opening of negotiations. My love for the gentle girl enabled me to detect my opportunity, and to seize it with avidity. My comfortable private fortune and fair professional prospects at length told favorably upon the somewhat calculating old gentleman; so that when, having lost two more children, I returned to town, my "troubled tenancy" had yielded me two benefits, viz.: the subject for a story, and (under parental sanction) the promise of a wife.

WILI AND WILINIK.

WHEN the charming ballet Giselle was in full vogue, we were all very familiar with certain Sclavonic spirits called "Wilis," and were taught to believe that they were the ghosts of young ladies crossed in love, who had found in the tomb not an asylum, but a stimulus to the ill-humor natural under the circumstances, and displayed their hatred of the world in general by tearing to pieces every mortal man who came within their reach.

Very kind-hearted Wilis have been known to heal the wounds they have inflicted, and the result of the operation is a quality being called a "Wilinik." The Wilinik is an ordinary mortal, who, having been wounded and healed by a Wili, arrives from her a right, the possession of which guards him against all deceit, and secures him a progeny of brave sons and lovely daughters. Assuredly the root does not enjoy a sinecure. Let us look out for a Servian tale or two, in which the Wili plays a part.

There was a certain king who had two sons, one just, the other unjust. When he died, the unjust son said to the just one, "We can not agree; so take the horse and these three hundred pieces of gold, making together your share in our paternal inheritance, and I will keep the rest safe off." Whether this particular act was unjust or not we can not say, as we have not had an opportunity of looking over the deceased monarch's accounts; but we should all was not quite fair and shorebound, inasmuch as the unjust brother avowedly chose "Honesty as the worst policy" as the ruling maxim of his life. Knaves in general strive to conceal their idiosyncrasies, but "Wili" in his hypocrisy was your unjust man of Servia. He coolly and even ostentatiously said, "I am a rogue, not from any natural weakness, but because my deliberate conviction that roguery is superior to its opposite."

The righteous brother, whom, for brevity's sake, we will call "Justus," had not proceeded far, when he accidentally encountered the unrighteous one, whom we will call "Injustus," and who saluted him with one of the usual panegyrics of flattery.

"Well," said Justus, "I'll bet you a hundred gold pieces that, in spite of your advantages, you are not what wonder assertions, honesty is the best policy after all." "Done," said the other; and they then agreed to let the Lord One himself, disguised as a monk, and he, of course, was strongly of opinion that wrong is far better than right. Two other similar wagers, which he decided, conquered the rest of poor Justus's little fortune, and his horse went with it; but so firm was his conviction of the superiority of virtue, that he now offered to stake his eyes on the soundness of his views. Emboldened by his previous successes, Injustus, without further ado, or another word, put another arbiter, cut out both Justus's eyes, and then appealed to Justus himself whether the two were not the blindness and theft of self prove the worthlessness of right. The martyr to justice still affirmed, without intending a pun, that "he did love it," and instructed his vicarious brother to give him a vessel of water wherewith to moisten his lips and wash his wounds, and to place him where he first grew by a certain spring. Injustus, who, after all, was not without his good points, granted this very modest request, and poor Justus lay on the night-time he and alone by the spring, heard the Wilis come to bathe in the waters, and then heard one of them say:

> She's very fair, this king's poor daughter,
> To such a case has her nativity brought her;
> But if she only bathe in the water,
> She'd get very well,
> And I, too, I ween,
> And all who are deaf, or dumb, or blind,
> In these waters a cure may find.

The cock crew, the Wilis vanished, and Justus, creeping on all fours to the spring and washing his eyes with the water, found that the last part of the Wili's assertion was, at least, correct, for he saw as well as ever. Nor did he fail to make good use of his sight; for immediately he filled the empty magic stream, and, taking it to the daughter of the king referred to by the Wili, restored her to a condition of robust health. That the princess was given to him for a wife, with half the kingdom for her dowry, followed as a matter of course.

Though weak and not travel fast in those days, the great prosperity of Justus became known, in course of time, to his iniquitous brother, who at once shrewdly inferred that it must be a very fine thing to lose one's sight and sit under the fir-tree. So he cut his own eyes out, took the station formerly occupied by his brother, and presently, like him, heard the Wilis come to bathe:

> These are
> At all about
> Title fat, that some one overheard
> What I of these fine waters said,
> Her father, the royal head,
> Yes, cry'd word.
> We'll look around us, for I vow
> I think there's some one listning now,

cried the Wili, whose information had proved so useful to Justus. And the search, which immediately began, terminated in the capture of the hapless listener, who was no sooner caught than he was torn into four pieces.

Once upon a time a certain man had a dream. He thought that a child, white as snow and with wings on its shoulders, stood before him and said:

"Climb up the highest mountain of which thou hast knowledge, and thou wilt find on the summit therea of a lofty fir-tree. Beneath this thou wilt perceive a jagged rock, out of which water is running like tears. Dig beneath the rock as many feet as it is high, and thou wilt come upon a round vessel with a golden cover, filled with Then thou hast removed the cover, eat and leave it, but the coins thou mayest bear away." Still, mind thou tellest no one of what thou hast done, or evil may befall thee."

This was pleasant, and apparently profitable, information, and the man had no sooner received it than he proceeded to carry it into execution. He left his child's description, and began to dig with all his might and main. When, however, he had struck the third blow with his pickaxe, he heard a voice as of a child, which seemed to proceed from beneath the ground, and imperatively commanded him to desist. So much was he shocked that he at once fell down and sank into a deep sleep, during which he saw again the child of his dream, who said, in a stern voice: "Why hast thou committed my labor without crossing thyself as a pious Christian? Had I not been by, a grievous ill would have befallen thee. Therefore, now, when thou arisest, cross thyself as is meet, and resume thy work in a good spirit."

Strange to say, when the man awoke, he found himself not on the spot where sleep had overtaken him, but in a valley surrounded by the most beautiful flowers. Nevertheless, he resumed his digging, having first crossed himself, in compliance with the child's command. Soon he struck a bowling up the earth a light as of sunbeams flashed into his eyes, and he perceived a dragon asleep on the vessel that contained the treasure. The dragon did he entreat the monster to depart, but the dragon, waking at the third summons, flatly refused to stir. "The treasure," said he, "is mine, because it was mine; but if thou wilt tell me how many streams spring from this rock I will leave the place, and thou mayest have it for as long as thou."

The required enumeration proved no easy job, and the man, after going from spring to spring, became so weary that he was obliged to rest against a tall tree out of pure exhaustion. While he was thus reposing he heard a woodpecker tapping and looking upward, saw a Wili and a Wilinik engaged in hot debate. The Wilinik wanted to know something about his wife, who, he complained, was ugly as loth to communicate, and at last the latter cried out: "As sure as there are seventy and seven springs in this mountain! Is that information to thy wife?" So saying, the Wili flew away, but the Wilinik, perceiving the man, told him he might now take the treasure without fear, which, noticing that the dragon had died, the man did.

The Wilis once manifested a remarkable creative talent. On a broiling summer's day they fashioned a young damsel out of some snow which they found at the bottom of a ravine, and, as soon as some of their work accomplished than the figure was animated by the wind, nurtured by the dew, fed with lovely flowers, and, finally, decked with the choicest flowers by the moonbeams.

This singular young lady will remind some readers of the antique Atalanta, issued a proclamation declaring that she would become the bride of the first youth who could outrun her in a foot-race. The first gentleman in the world, including the emperor's son, eagerly responded to the summons, and when the time for the race arrived, ready to start the damsel took her place in the midst of them, not on horseback, but standing on her feet, and thus spoke: "Yonder, against the winning-post, I have set up a golden apple. The first who takes it shall be my husband, but if I reach it before any of you, a sudden death will at once close your eyes. Think, therefore, what you are about."

The aspirants did think, and they thought it very unlikely that they could win a race against any competitors not even on horseback, for they were not aware that the young lady carried Wings on her shoulders. But they soon found that their thoughts had been too hasty, for when they were about half-way to the goal they were thrown into a fatiguing gasping ahead. Still they did not lose courage, but, clapping spurs to their steeds, overtook the girl, who was just stooping to pick up the bead and flung it to the ground. A forest immediately sprung up, in which the riders were lost, but by dint of perseverance they overcame even that difficulty, and making their way through the trees were again on the track of the nimble maiden, who had a long time comfortably expended into a foaming torrent and drowned the whole party, with the single exception of the emperor's son, whose horse swam safely to the water. Perceiving that the snow-maiden was again far ahead, he thrice invoked her, in the name of the Trinity, to proceed further. She stood still accordingly, and placing her on his horse, he swam with her to dry land, and proceeded with her to the capital, where a magnificent dinner. When, however, he had reached the highest summit she was gone.

An ambitious youth once made the singular vow that he would wed no one but a maiden of imperial race, and, as, with all his visionary prospects, he was of a thoroughly practical disposition, he went boldly up to the emperor and asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Now the emperor, as it happened, was of a somewhat timid temperament, and though a soldier by trade, and a man of high lineage, he preferred to utter his refusal in a more circumlocutionary manner. He therefore said:

"I shall only be too happy to give you my daughter if—if—"

"Yes?" asked the youth.

"If in the course of, say a week, you will procure me—first, a white horse without speck that has never known bridle."

"Secondly?" inquired the youth.

"Secondly, a sorrel horse with a black head that has never been mounted. Thirdly, a black horse with a white head and white feet that has never been shod."

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The youth, having thanked the emperor much more heartily than he deserved, took his leave in no very cheerful mood; but fortunately the imperial maiden had overheard the conversation, and had, moreover, seen the petitioner, who appeared to her the handsomest man in the world. Therefore, on his departure, she sent a letter, which the young lady sent him by the hands of a confidential servant, and which commanded him to come to her secretly on the following morning if he desired a successful issue to his suit.

While the youth remained awake through the night, ruminating on his good fortune, the imitable, likewise awake, occupied herself in stealing from her father a magic knife which she gave to her lover when he came according to appointment, and they both vowed eternal love and fidelity. She then directed him to take a horse which belonged to her and to ride with all speed to the Wili's wood, where he would find a certain tricipital hill, and after that a smaller hill bright in a spark, with many of the most various colors grazing upon it. From these horses he was to choose three of the desired colors, and if he were observed and unwilling to be caught, he was to draw out the knife so that the sun might shine upon it, and thus light up all the meadow: when all these things would come to him of their own accord. The horses secured, he was to proceed to the middle of the meadow, where he would find a golden tent with a coat of lions, boughs of silver, and leaves of gold. From the roof, cut with the magic knife, a torrent of gold coin would burst, which would fully enable him to comply with the emperor's terms.

These minute directions were strictly followed, and the success of the adventurer was complete. Nay, so greatly was the king struck with admiration when he saw the horses arrive laden with the golden treasure, that he could not help asking the suitor what he required in the shape of dowry? "Give me the princess herself and the knife," said the gallant youth, "and I will ask no more." And the princess and the knife were given, and all parties were satisfied.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

WHAT A BEARD MAN CAN DO.—John Metcalf was born in Knaresborough in 1717, the son of poor working people. At about six years of age he caught the small-pox, and became totally blind. In these any one of us who could possibly have compassion for a child in such a condition. He had some advantages—a good bend, a good heart, and a good deal of health and power. Let us watch his career. In six months after the fever had left him he was able to find his way to and fro, and to act as his own little guide; at nine years old he could go on a message to any part of the town. He was remarkable as an expert climber, and mounted almost any tree with ease. His favorite feat was to climb to the top and ride on a gale. He kept a dog and coursed hare; in fact, he was the wonder of the town. He could swim, and more wonders the lives of three of his companions. He was a great diver. At cert ain times he would dive into deep water, and, to a bole of manufacturer's yarn. He played the fiddle beautifully, and frequently entertained the assemblies at the Queen's Head and the Green Dragon on Harrogate. One day, when riding to Harrogate on York, he overtook a gentleman who had lost his way. He brought the gentleman to the Queen's Head, and was invited to dine with him in a tankard of negus. On Metcalf leaving the room, "Gentlemen," said he, "I have offered to bet that my little man here drank a great deal of spirits since he came into the room." "Sir," said the judge so from the appearance of his eyes." "Level bless you, Sir, don't you have been blind?" "Blind! I never was blind in my life." "I mean, Sir, that he can not see: he is as blind as a beetle." "Well, Sir, I believe I really too much, but I'll bet him in." "Enter Metcalf." "My friend, are you really blind?" "No, Sir, I can see a little." "How many fingers I was six years old." "Had I known that, I would not have ventured with you to Harrogate or York for a hundred pounds." "And I, Sir," said Metcalf, "would not have had my way so much affected if you were not five feet two in height, and of great strength and robustness. He saved money, and, having thought the matter over, he answer his call by neighing. Marvelous stories are told of the effect of this neighing. It was a perfect neigh of the field, and to follow the hounds was his greatest delight. Upon one occasion, when Metcalf was engaged in coursing with them. On one occasion he rode his horse in a match for 100 guineas against a horse and rider for a mile, to be run three times round. Great odds were laid against him, but Metcalf, mounted on a three-legged mare, he directed himself by their sound, and the consequence was that he won the match. Metcalf set up as a livery-stable keeper, but soon gave up that trade and became a contractor. He bought hills for the coast, and sold it at Louis and other places. The next we hear of him he was a soldier! He served in Scotland during the Rebellion of 1745. One Mr. Thornton came to him and offered him a commission if he would undertake to raise him he was going to raise a company. He informed Metcalf that he had no money to pay for the recruiting, and that if the country were to fall into their hands he would be responsible for the whole public. Metcalf, who was a true-born Briton. He not only enlisted himself, but he got a number of his companions to enlist. In a few days raised the company and left for the wars, dressed in blue and buff, with a cocked hat and feather. Thornton's men actually performed nearly all the duties of a soldier; indeed, he was one of the most active officers during the hot marchings—was present in several engagements; and once was nearly surrounded by enemy, who succeeded in taking prisoners nearly half of his company. He captain Thornton's men, and, having collected his own men, and Metcalf undertook to turn spy, in order to open up communications with the rear. There is little doubt that success in the narrative of how he succeeded in penetrating into the enemy's camp, and how he was received; but he ultimately succeeded in clearing himself before a court-martial, and was honorably acquitted. Here he remained until the battle of Culloden put an end to the war. On Metcalf's discharge, Now the emperor, as it happened, was of a somewhat timid temperament, and though a soldier by trade, and a man of high lineage, he preferred to utter his refusal in a more circumlocutionary manner. He therefore said:

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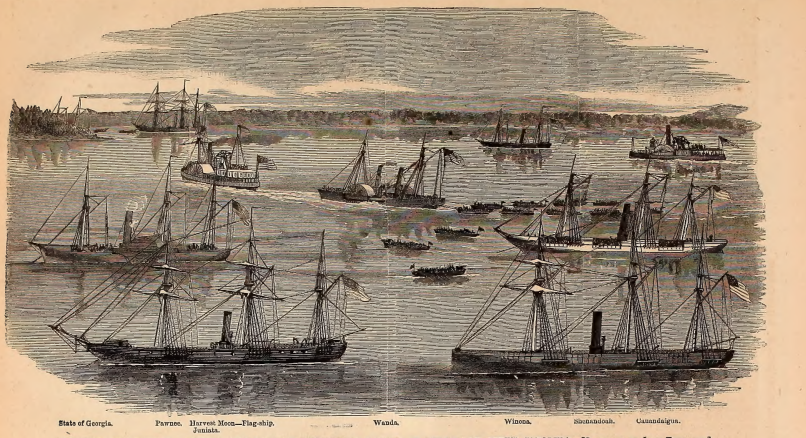
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LANDING OF GENERAL POTTER'S AND ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S TROOPS AT BULL'S BAY, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN EVERDING.]

A VISIT TO FORT SUMTER.

THERE is a thrilling dramatic effect in the repossession of Fort Sumter four years after its surrender to traitors. Every thing connected with the capture of Charleston has more or less of this dramatic interest. Here the rebellion had its birth, and after four years of a strife the most terrible as well as the most needless on record, after four years which have done very much toward exhausting the Confederate States, the city which was the first theatre of war, which first heard the rebel shout of victory, has fallen before the prowess of our national arms. We illustrate on page 164 a visit made by General GILLMORE and his staff, accompanied by some ladies, to Fort Sumter on the 21st of February, immediately after the evacuation of the fort. Captain BEARD, who appears in the sketch, first raised the Stars and Stripes over the captured work.

We give this week two other illustrations relating to Charleston. One of them, on this page, represents the landing of the Naval Brigade and 1500 troops in Bull's Bay, sixteen miles northeast of Charleston, under Admiral DAHLGREN and General POTTER. This movement was effected February 13, and, threatening the only line of retreat left to the rebels on the north side, hastened the evacuation of the city.

On page 165 we illustrate a very picturesque feature of our victory at Charleston. Our readers will remember that the first troops occupying the city were negroes under Colonel BENNETT. On the night of the 21st the Fifty-fifth Colored Massachusetts landed in the city and marched through the streets, singing the March of John Brown's Soul. If the war itself was a revolution of citizens against their Government, it has introduced also a revolution quite as profound in the relation hitherto existing between the negro and his master.

'GEN. EWELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

WE give on this page a view of the rebel General EWELL'S Head-Quarters, at the Widow CHAPIN'S house, on the Osborne turnpike, leading to Richmond. The view was obtained by going into our advanced rifle-pits on the hill in front of Fort Harrison. By using a glass the minutest details could be observed. Indeed our lines are very close at this point. In front there is a ditch, *fraises*, and *abatis* defending it. Then a low parapet, forming a portion of their long intrenched line, behind which the men live in their little tents, with clay and stick chimneys; and beyond these the open plain and the homestead of the family that owns the large tract of land on which Fort Harrison now stands.

Our force north of the James has been considerably depleted; but it is likely that the Army of the James will soon have an important part to play.

OUR RETURNED PRISONERS.

WE give on page 173 an illustration of the embarkation for home of exchanged Union prisoners at Aiken's Landing. The work of exchange is now going on as rapidly as possible. All our prisoners in Richmond and Danville have been returned, and arrangements are being made to receive those which still remain in North and South Carolina. On the 24th of February 1000 were received from Florence. The Georgia and Alabama prisoners will be delivered at Mobile, and those in the prisons west of the Mississippi at the mouth of the Red River. Even if the war should continue for many months to come, there will hereafter be none of the difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of a prompt exchange of prisoners. If the South uses negroes, it is for her interest as much as for ours to secure to them every privilege accorded to white troops.



THE REBEL GENERAL EWELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS, FOUR MILES FROM CHARLESTON.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN L. L. LANGDON.]



EMBARKATION OF EXCHANGED UNION PRISONERS AT AIKEN'S LANDING, FEBRUARY 21, 1865.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 172.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Attention, Officers and Soldiers!

Genuine Gold Rings.

All the Army Cap Rings in 14 k. fine gold stamped and warranted at $3 and $5 each. Also 100 other rings of every size, plain, enameled, and with fancy stones from $2 to $10 each. Sent by mail. Circulars with full description of styles and prices, sent on receipt of stamp. Address,

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Something new and handsome.—The Fairy Album. The neatest little article of the day. Every body should have one. Album holding 20 pictures, $1; 40 pictures, $1 25; 80 pictures, $1 50. Trade supplied. W. C. Wemyss, 615 Broadway, N. Y. Send for catalogue of toys and fancy goods.

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Cases, &c. [illegible] 711 & Co. 15 John Street, New York.

R. Ke[illegible] with in your own Hands.

Your Hea[illegible]s true. Half diseases to which we are exposed by letting the skin and system run down below the standard of health, are not due somewhat the to softer tissues below. It c[illegible] seat but upon the cool shocks of the season.

Nature, in the midst of nature, thereby [illegible]es when they vest faint and torpid, which is evidenced by the [illegible]ness of the skin, want of appetite if gone, strength, sluggish, and, [illegible]ach if weak, tone and vigor.

Your remedies there is no preparation so ab[illegible]olutely adapted to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Remember that it purges the stomach and bowels, and thus equalizes the circulation of the blood, and thus opens the pores and cuticle, and gentlemy which no physician a directions are given in the Almanac. Druggists and dealers everywhere sell it.

BATTERIES have proved to be of more use than ornament, and are being a very extensive business, and have on hand the largest stock that can be found in this city. Address Times, Fast Water, Mich., Oct. 31, 1864.——"Their stock is large, and they sell very cheap. Every one we have purchased from them just as represented. Their long continuance in business shows that they offer better inducements than any other house in the city."—*Loyal American*, Annapolis, Md., Dec. 31, 1864.——"Their watches are substantial to the eye, and those who have used them, to the last degree. They are all they are advertised to be."—*Independent*, Warsaw, Ill., Oct. 30, 1864.——"They are large dealers, and their stock is manufactured in the latest style and of pure materials."—*Telegraph*, Saugerties, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1864.——"All goods furnished are just what they are represented to be."—*Times*, Waterville, N. Y., Oct. 30, 1864.——"Most liberal dealers."—*Journal of Commerce*, Warsaw, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1864.——"Honorable and fair dealing men."—*Chambersburg Valley Spirit*, Chambersburg, Pa., Oct. 29, 1864.

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500 Gentlemen's Hunting-Case Silver Watches. 20 " 30
200 Diamond Rings. 10 " 300
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains. 5 " 15
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets. 4 " 8
3,000 Chased Gold Bracelets. 4 " 8
5,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains. 5 " 20
5,000 Gentlemen's and Ladies' Pins. 2 " 6
5,000 Lava and Florentine Brooches. 4 " 6
5,000 Cameo, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops. 4 " 8
4,000 California Diamond and Garnet Pins. 2 " 6
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4,000 Gold Lockets. 3 " 10
8,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs and Sets. 2 " 6
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5,000 " Coin Gold Rings. 4 " 10
5,000 " Band Rings. 4 " 10
10,000 " Set and Signet Rings. 2 50 " 20
10,000 Ladies' Garnet Rings. 2 " 5
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jew[illegible]ry—Jet and Gold. 5 " 15
6,000 " [illegible]ons, Pearl, etc. 5 " 15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Cases, [illegible]a Holders and Pencils. 4 " 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders. 6 " 8
5,000 Gold Vest and Fancy Chains. 5 " 10
5,000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups. 5 " 10
5,000 Silver Cups. 5 " 10
2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets. 20 " 50
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By Francis S. Smith,

Author of

"White Eagle, the Avenger," "Galoway the Gladiator," "Ironsides, Wilton's Negro, the Child of Charity," "The Sexton of Saxony," etc., etc.

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900,000 ACRES

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BEST FARMING LANDS

FOR SALE BY THE

Illinois Central Railroad Company,

IN TRACTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS,

AT LOW PRICES.

The Illinois Central Railroad extends from Dunleith, in the north-western part of the State, to Cairo, in the extreme southern part, with a branch from Centralia, one hundred and thirteen miles north of Cairo, to Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan—altogether a length of 704 miles—and the land which is offered for sale is situated upon either side of the track, in no instance at a greater distance than fifteen miles.

Illinois.

The rapid development of Illinois, its steady increase in population and wealth, and its capacity to produce cheap food, are matters for wonder and admiration. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the amounts of the principal crops of 1861, for the whole country, as follows: Indian corn, 830,581,000 bushels; wheat, 160,695,823 bushels; oats, 176,600,064 bushels; of which the farms of Illinois yielded 168,356,123 bushels of Indian corn, 23,211,171 bushels of wheat, and 34,273,751 bushels of oats—in reality more than one-fourth of the corn, more than one-fifth of the wheat, and almost one-seventh of the oats produced in all the United States.

Grain—Stock Raising.

Pre-eminently the first in the list of grain-exporting States, Illinois is also the great cattle State of the Union. Its fertile prairies are well adapted by nature to the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and mules; and in the important interest of pork packing, it is far in advance of every other State. The seeding of these prairie lands to tame grasses for pasturage or hay, offers to farmers with capital the most profitable results. The hay crop of Illinois in 1864 is estimated at 2,316,725 tons, which is more than half a million tons larger than the crop of any other State, excepting only New York.

Cotton, Tobacco, Flax.

The cultivation of tobacco and cotton in southern Illinois has been largely stimulated by the high prices which have prevailed since the outbreak of the rebellion. The crop of tobacco in this State, for 1864, is set down at 18,907,722 lbs.; and while the returns from the cotton-growing counties are incomplete, they are yet sufficient to show a large increase in the product—the most careful calculation placing the increase at fifty per cent. Sorghum is now classed among the staples of Illinois. The making of sugar from the best is receiving some attention, and experiments upon a large scale will be made during the coming season. Hemp and flax are grown in almost every part of the State, and of a quality equal to the best European.

Fruit.

Almost all the fruits of the temperate latitudes are produced in Illinois. Peaches, pears, plums, strawberries, and a great variety of garden vegetables, are produced in great abundance in the central and southern districts of the State, and are supplied to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, the excellent railway facilities insuring a quick market in all these places.

Inducements to Settlers.

The attention of persons, whose limited means forbid the purchase of a homestead in the older States, is particularly invited to these lands. Within ten years the Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold 1,600,000 acres, to more than 20,000 actual settlers; and during the last year 284,422 acres—a larger aggregate of sales than in any one year since the opening of the road. The farms are sold in tracts of forty or eighty acres, suited to the settler with limited capital, or in larger tracts, as may be required by the capitalist and stock raiser. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility; the climate is healthy; taxes are low; churches and schools are becoming abundant throughout the length and breadth of the State; and communication with all the great markets is made easy through railroads, canals and rivers.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The price of lands varies from $5 to $15 and upwards per acre, and they are sold on short credit, or for cash. A deduction of *ten per cent.* from the credit price is made to those who purchase for cash.

EXAMPLE:

Forty acres at $10 per acre, on short credit: the principal one-quarter cash down—balance one, two and three years, at six per cent. interest, in advance, each year.

Cash Payment.	INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.		INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.
Payment in one year	$12 00	$100 00	Payment in two years	$6 00	$100 00
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The Same Land may be Purchased for $360 Cash.

Full information on all points, together with maps, showing the exact location of Lands, will be furnished on application, in person or by letter, to

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Approved by the Government.

Warranted not to say quicker than any one else. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

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Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving motive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00. Address F. H. THOMAS & CO., Box 5051, New York Post-Office.

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COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR

REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of *Kidney* complaints, cured entirely by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound.* This medicine was first made as lately as the spring of 1856, and has nearly the sale of any individual one now offered, with an indorsement of the thread. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and *every one* using it received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November, 1857, when it was called *White Pine Compound.* During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1850 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a horse, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being *truly a discovery,* the fact was mentioned to a skilful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the *Compound* would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been realized, but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound,* in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes,* prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it exclusively in their family.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful remedy in all throat and lung diseases. It so quickly and soothingly allays inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the proprietor where *relief to every severe case* has been experienced in one hour, and a *cure* effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark and even the leaves of "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in reducing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fact, the use of White Pine for medicinal purposes is *old,* and this, combined with the great reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received, is the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound.* It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and the peculiar characteristics of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It stands before the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

Letter from REV. L. C. STURTEVANT, *Pastor of the Baptist Church, Gaffstown Centre, N. H.*

DR. J. W. POLAND: *My Dear Sir,*—You have asked me what I think of your White Pine Compound. I never before put my paper to such use, but will say, that I think it a patent medicine. My father, a physician of the old school, early led me to entertain prejudices against patents, and I never shed nor bearing the stamp of that fraternity. But those weighty I have parted with by degrees, as I have carefully examined myself with the leading principles of Hydropathy, Homœopathy, Thomsonianism, Eclecticism, and other systems which have claimed public favor within the last twenty-five years; and I shall feel at liberty on this ground to speak my convictions. Then the sympathy which I feel for you in the many disappointments clinging so reluctantly the ministry nearly on account of ill health, has led me to watch with the deepest interest early years for this blessed work, and laboring to your utmost in other ways to proclaim the glorious Gospel, induces me as a matter of duty to comply with your request. In 1853 I became acquainted with Deacon Stephen Landman, of Maine, brother of the late George Dana Boardman, formerly missionary at Burmah. To him I owe the first time learned the wonderful medicinal qualities of white pine bark. He had a few years before been brought to the borders of the grave by what the best of physicians pronounced pulmonary consumption, and was given up to die, but was nevertheless entirely cured by a principles made from his own healthful pine. From what I saw, I became acquainted with your article, I have been prompted that I have employed your article and to undertake a cough preparation from white pine. As soon as my article was brought to the notice of brethren secured my attention; and I have not failed to acquaint myself with a sufficient amount of facts to produce a settled judgment as to its value. Some of my own family have used it with signal benefit. I believe it one of the best cough medicines ever prepared. Besides its value as a cough medicine, I have good reason to believe it to be all it claims as a remedy for kidney diseases and diabetes.

Yours truly, L. C. STURTEVANT.

Gaffstown Centre, N. H., Feb., 1863.

The Editor of the *Manchester Weekly and Weekly Mirror,* in a header of the *Daily* thus writes of the Compound:

The White Pine Compound is somewhat extensively used in our columns, and we are happy to learn that the demand for it is increasing beyond all previous expectations. It is the very best medicine for coughs and colds we know of, and no family that has once used it will ever be without it. We speak from our own knowledge; it is sure to kill a cold, and pleasant as it is sure. The proprietor intends to be sedulous, and it is singular that the White Pine Compound, made for coughs and colds, should prove to be the greatest remedy for kidney difficulties known. But so it is. We can vouch it, so many testimonials come to us from well-known men. Besides, the character of Dr. Poland is such that we know he will not countenance what is wrong. For years a Baptist Clergyman, studying medicine to find remedies for his ailments, with a delicate, consumptive look, standing with one foot upon the grave, he made the discovery which has cured himself and called out from hundreds of others the strongest testimonials possible. We have known Dr. Poland for years, and never knew a more conscientious, honest, upright man, and we can state that we believe whatever he says about his White Pine Compound.

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COOK. "Ah, I see! You've been vexed in the parlor, and so you comes and wents it on me in the kitchen."

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Length, 7½ Inches. Weight, 14 Ounces. Carries a No. 32 Metallic Cartridge.

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"Electric" Self-adjusting enameled white, $1, $5, $7, and $9 per doz.; specimens, 50 cts., 75 cts., $1. Snow-white, linen-finished, illustr-ntched, $1 25. Suitable Tie, $1. Ladies' "illusion-embroidered" Steel Collars, $1 50; Cuffs, $1 20. Gents' steel Cuffs, $2. Mailed on receipt of price and "size." JEANERET, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. Box 285.

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From Engineer of Mines Shaws, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune: "*It is one of the most extensive fruits tracts in an almost land position and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

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Great Imperial Watch.

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A SURE CURE for those distressing complaints is now made known in a "Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was furnished him in early life by a providential means, that he can not conscientiously withhold it, and will send it free, as it has cured every body who has used it, never having failed in a single case. It is peculiarly sure in cases of Fits or of Dyspepsia, and all who desire may be found in any drug Dyspepsia, and all who desire may be found in any drug store. Sent free to all on the receipt of five cents to prepay postage. Address DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, New Jersey.

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This now celebrated Pistol is the most compact, powerful, and effective Pocket Revolver in the world. It carries the largest ball for size of the Pistol of any Revolver made. EXTREME LENGTH, 7 INCHES; WEIGHT, 14 OZ.; IN 6-SHOT, 25-100th BALL.

Its Advantages are:

1st. It is loaded with perfect ease and safety, without removing the cylinder *for any part of it*, at the fore end, and can be carried when loaded without the slightest danger.

2d. The cylinder never fouls; is made from solid steel, bored; and can not get out of repair, or clog, as cylinders made of many parts are liable to do.

3d. The cartridge is made on an improved plan; the fulminate is concentrated in one place, which insures sure fire: is METALLIC CENTRAL FIRE, AND WATER PROOF.

4th. In point blank model makes it the most desirable Pocket Revolver ever made.

FOR SALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

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Certificates.

I have used the "National Revolver," and believe it to the best and most convenient revolver ever offered to the public. (Signed) JOHN S. FOLK,

Inspector of Metropolitan Police, N. Y.

I have thoroughly tested the new "National Revolver," and find it an effective weapon, of new fire and convenient size. At fifty yards, I think I could with this Pistol kill at every shot. I take pleasure in recommending it as a weapon in every way desirable. In company with Capt. Scott, Provost-Marshall, and other officers, I fired this pistol a large number of times, and not one cartridge failed to explode. (Signed,) JOHN CHARLESTON,

Chief of Police, Cairo, Ill.

We have one of the "National Revolvers" now in use, and pronounce it one of the most perfect things of the kind we ever saw. It is simple in construction, substantial, sure fire, and shoots with the force and accuracy of a rifle. Any one in want of a good and reliable weapon can not do better than procure a "National Revolver."

(Signed) T. VINCENT,

Editor and Proprietor "New Era."

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The immense popularity of "Gray's Patent Molded Collar" has given rise to many imitations and infringements of my patents.

The public, and especially dealers in collars, are cautioned that all such violations of my rights will be strictly prosecuted. SOLOMON S. GRAY.

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$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever, Cap, small size, white enameled dial, cut hands, "*English Movements*," and correct time-keeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the "*Day of the Week, Month, &c.*" in back case.

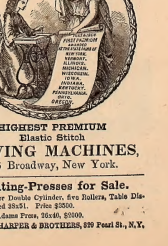
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Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 58 & 60 Ann Street, New York.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 430.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE TRIUMPH IN NEW YORK.

THE grand triumph in New York on the 6th of March, after a weak fashion, reminds the scholar of those splendid triumphs which frequently glorified the streets of Imperial Rome on the occasion of a great victory or series of victories. There were some important differences, however. Those triumphs were graced with the presence of the returning conqueror: but our GRANT and SHERMAN, after many important successes, are still in the field awaiting the consummation of the nation's triumph. The triumphs of ancient Rome were made glorious not alone by the trophies and spoils of war, but also, and mainly, by the spectacle of conquered generals borne as captives in the great procession: we displayed many trophies, but we are not at war with distant provinces, but, unhappily, with our own brothers, whom we prefer to meet on equal terms and as brothers still—not as the victor meets the vanquished. So far there is nothing unfavorable in the comparison. But we very much doubt if a Roman triumph was ever degraded by mercenary tradesmen, whose chief object in participating in the festival was the opportunity to advertise their wares.

In one respect—and that the most important of all—the gala-day in New York excelled all ancient triumphs. It was the people's festival. Our victories have all been gained in the interest of the people, and it was fitting that a million of hearts and faces should have responded to the demands of the occasion. The vast concourse of people thronging the streets and literally crowding every window and balcony along the long line of the procession, was the great feature of the day. It appears to us that the triumph was timely; it revived the patriotic pledges which New York city gave four years ago, that at whatever cost of blood or treasure the Union must be preserved; and it was a foretaste of the happier, because completer, triumph that can not be far distant.

HON. HUGH M'CULLOUGH, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

HUGH M'CULLOUGH, appointed Secretary of the Treasury in place of WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, who resumes his seat in the Senate, is a native of Maine, though he has since 1833 resided in Indiana. Mr. M'CULLOUGH received his collegiate education at Bowdoin College, and then became a lawyer. In the spring of 1833 he settled at Fort Wayne, in Indiana, and two years afterward began his financial career as a banker. When the Indiana State bank was organized in 1855 he became its President, and remained in that position until May, 1863, when he was appointed Controller of the Currency at Washington. His politics had been those of the Whig party. His sentiments are in perfect accord with the Administration, and from the first indications that he has given of the policy which he intends to adopt as Treasurer we prognosticate for him a successful career. Upon the supposition of an early close of the war, Mr. M'CULLOUGH is probably the most competent man who could have been selected, even should the war be prolonged he possesses rare qualifications for the office.



HON. HUGH M'CULLOUGH, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

THE DARK ICONOCLAST.

[When Charleston was occupied by our troops the bust of John C. Calhoun, in the office of the *Mercury*, was dashed to the ground and broken by a female slave.]

WHAT though a prophet had pronounced the word,
With solemn warnings, in the years* gone by,
Ere death had closed the grave Calhoun's stern eye,
While yet in Senate halls his voice was heard
Uplifted in defense of that great Wrong—
That accurst curse whose cruel gyves and yokes,
Inhuman brands and harsh inflicted strokes,
Have stained the honor of our land so long—
And had declared the time would soon come round
When one of that oppressed and servile race
Should lift his freedman's image from its place,
And dash it into fragments on the ground—
Who would have heeded had the words been spoken?
And yet to-day his sculptured bust lies broken.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

IT was on the 18th of February that General SHERMAN took Columbia. BEAUREGARD, who had just left that point, placed his army so as to cover the approach to Charlotte, deeming that line of greater importance to the safety of Richmond. SHERMAN, while making a strong feint in BEAUREGARD'S front, moved his main column on Camden and Florence. Intelligence which is thought to be trust-worthy makes it evident that SHERMAN was, on the 1st of March, some miles west of Florence, at Cheraw, on the North Carolina border. In that case he is apparently aiming at Raleigh. There are columns co-operating with his advance in that direction—TERRY'S from Wilmington and BAUFORD'S from Newbern. Dispatches from General LEE to the rebel Secretary of War indicates that SCHOFIELD'S column, on the 8th, encountered the rebel General HOKE at Kinston, under General BRAGG, near Kinston. A battle was fought, in which SCHOFIELD was driven back, after having disputed the ground obstinately, with a loss of three guns and a portion of his skirmish line taken prisoners. Kinston is 20 miles east of Goldsborough. On the 9th the enemy attacked and was severely repulsed, leaving his dead and wounded on the field, and losing several hundred prisoners. HOKE attacked again on the 10th, and was so badly beaten that he was forced to withdraw to the north side of the Neuse. In connection with General SCHOFIELD'S command the illustration given on page 181 of that General's head-quarters at Wilmington, and of the lodge of his corps, will have great interest to our readers.

A dispatch received from General SHERMAN, dated Laurel Hill, North Carolina (20 miles northwest from Fayetteville), March 8, states that he had reached that point, and that all was going on finely.

SHERMAN'S march northward from Columbia has not been rapid, which is probably due to the state of the roads. The slower he moves and the more completely will he exhaust the country of food and forage absolutely indispensable to LEE'S army. The rebel journals have lately charged SHERMAN with having burned Columbia. Now, it is certainly true that the public property was burned, but if any thing else suffered it was by accident. This is proved by the fact that the houses of General HAMPTON and PRESTON are left standing. The *Augusta Constitutionalist*, a rebel organ, says: "If few, if any, private residences were entered. If any outrages were committed on ladies it is not known. The troops were under strict discipline and orders during their march.... They marched as if they had most perfect confidence in their expedition, instead of having been out for weeks."

The victory of SHERIDAN over EARLY'S command, in the VALLEY, has been continued except in the single fact of the capture of EARLY himself. Eight cannon were captured, and 1300 prisoners, which have been sent to Washington, the first division southward toward the James. The route taken by these separate columns may be traced on the map which is to be found on page 176. SHERIDAN, under General DEVEN, took a directly southern route to Staunton, destroying all which he could use, and bridges on the line of march, and along the RIVANNA River to Columbia. The other division proceeded on the railroad to Lynchburg, destroying it as far as to Amherst—a distance of over 60 miles. From Scottsville DEVEN'S division proceeded westward along the banks of the James, destroying every lock on the canal as far as to Duguidsville, 20 miles from Lynchburg. SHERIDAN takes his dispatch from Columbia as the point up to that date he had captured 14 guns. We give on page 185 an illustration of this new "ride" of PAUL REVERE across the creeks of the Shenandoah. He started from Winchester on the 27th of February.

In the Southwest Mobile is the prominent centre of interest. The rumors to the effect that that city was being evacuated were so far unfounded that, instead of evacuating, the rebels have, for weeks, been strengthening the position against a federal attack. The citizens have been summoned to arms, and a whole batch of rebel generals have been inciting them on to a gallant defense of the city. Among these is BEAUREGARD, who is ever present at that point of the CONFEDERACY which is slipping out of DAVIS'S hands. Like BRAGG, he has come to be recognized as a "signal of distress." There are two Federal corps, SMITH'S and GRANGER'S, operating against the city. These are under the command of General CANBY. PASCAGOULA is the proper base for operations against Mobile. It is not improbable, after all, that upon the approach of CANBY —who will, of course, hold every line of retreat—the garrison defending the city will follow the example of HARDEE at Savannah and Charleston, and march out, while there is an opportunity.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1865.

THE LAST MASK GONE.

MR. HUNTER'S argument in the rebel Senate is unanswerable. It leaves the rebellion utterly without the shadow of pretense. We seceded from the Federal Government, he says, because it attempted to touch slavery; and now we propose to allow the Confederate Government to meddle with it. The arming and emancipation of the slaves, therefore, is, he contends, an abandonment of the contest. In other words—although MR. HUNTER did not put it in that form—we seceded to be slavery, and now we abolish slavery to save secession.

The argument of his speech upon the grounds of the rebellion is indeed unanswerable, but the tone of it is humiliating for any intelligent human being. To vote for the bill, he says, is to abandon the principle of the contest, and to make the losses of the war mere murders. It is natural to suppose, therefore, that MR. HUNTER will save his consistency and honor by resigning. Certainly the "honor" of a Virginian "gentleman" will not suffer him to be the tool and tool of traitors to a cause which he professes to regard as sacred. If the holy cause is to be abandoned, he will say, find some one else to do it. Not at all. This Virginian "gentleman" is "instructed" to betray his country, as he conceives, and he makes a very low and obeys.

This is the kind of person who, for thirty years past, has been lecturing this country upon "honor." This is a specimen of the "gentleman" bred in the school of JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, commenting upon the debate, says that slavery is dead in Virginia, but that Virginia did not mean to sell slavery, but for the great principle of self-government. Where, when, and how had that principle been assailed? The election of 1860 was exactly as constitutional, nor do we believe less so, as that of 1856. If the latter were in obedience to the principle of self-government, so was the former. Either the one election was legal under the usual system, or it has never been contravened. If it has never prevailed, why have its hot advocates postponed their defense of it so long? If it has never been endangered, why do they fight to protect it?

Or will it be urged that by self-government the *Enquirer* means State sovereignty? That will not help it. For two days before the same journal declared that State sovereignty had been the weakness of the cause, and was so defeated by its practice as it was pretty in theory.

We expose these contradictions and absurdities that the utter hollowness of every pretense of this unhappy war may be exhibited. The London *Saturday Review*, which has been from the first as unscrupulous as the Richmond papers, thus unscrupulously exposes the rebel Press in pleading the cause of the rebels, now declares, in their dire extremity:

> "The promoters of Secession were as blind as the last of the dynasties they overthrew. Instead of the method of homely moulding in the face of unexpected resistance, they have, to the utmost of their material power, made good by their valor and fortitude the miscalculations of their policy; and they have exhibited to the world a spectacle of revolutionary which forms the original protest of the present a grand and unique example of a great and heroic community to form an independent nation."

That is to say, the *Saturday Review* holds that any body of citizens may rise in bloody insurrection against their government without any reason whatever; and that is the inevitable logic of any vindication or defense of the rebellion. American statesmen and the best English have always held that, after long and hopeless oppression, when all legal methods of redress have obviously most continue to fail, then, after due deliberation and a solemn declaration before God and man of the terrible necessity forced upon them, the oppressed people have a right to rise by arms the acknowledged rights which laws neither defend nor promise to defend. This is the right of revolution according to the gravest and best of men.

On the other hand, that is body of citizens may, from fanciful and trivial grievances, plunge a whole nation into the horrors and sorrow of civil war for the sake of preserving the system of human slavery, is, according to the London *Saturday Review*, the logical assertion of the right of a great and heroic community to form an independent nation!"

To such writers as this those reduced who undertake gravely to defend the most causeless and infamous rebellion in history.

SHERMAN.

THE mystery of SHERMAN'S march was impressing. Yet the silence of the rebels was expressive. If they made eager haste to publish such stories as that of BRAGG'S victory and of WADE HAMPTON'S victory, did they not see that not to claim SHERMAN'S defeat was to concede his success? The winks and shrugs and hints of the Richmond journals were simply the grimaces of despair. "She knew that I knew that she knew," says the good lady in Cranford, and we know that the rebels know that we know that SHERMAN'S march is as yet unimpeded.

"It is the flying of a bird through the air," "it is a huge raid!" "the country closes up behind him;" "he is marching to his doom:" these and other things like them were all the rebel journals had to say. Did they really suppose that bluster in Richmond would stop SHERMAN in Carolina? Did they imagine that rallying and cheering or sneering and snuffing were valuable allies against such a man? "He has yet to prove himself a soldier," they cried. Would they not have consulted their own honor by addressing him as a man who could march from Atlantaonga to Richmond by the way of Atlanta, Savannah, and South and North Carolina, shaking off JOHNSTON at every step, might have some military talent?

War is uncertain. We constantly remember it and remind our readers of it. But if SHERMAN joins GRANT, will it be uncertain that he has done any thing? If Richmond is evacuated and DAVIS flies, will SHERMAN'S march still be "mere raid?" If this campaign shall end the substantial military effort of the rebellion, will GRANT still be only a butcher, and will SHERMAN yet have to prove himself a soldier?

When public opinion is reduced to frantic rhetoric it will soon spend its last breath.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

THE universal railway slaughter which is now taking place in this country gives occasion for a striking illustration of the pusillanimity of the rebellion. There is no other civil war country in the world where such frightful daily massacres would be tolerated. But we content ourselves with a joke and a shrug, and a coroner's jury which "duly exonerates the employés on the train from all blame."

This is the verdict upon the recent wanton and awful destruction on the Camden and Amboy road. What are the facts? A train stops upon a curve. Another train comes thundering on and crashes into it with horrible destruction of life and limb. WILLIAM EARLEY, Coroner, and six gentlemen of the neighborhood, thereupon inform us that the accident resulted from the want of proper caution on the part of the switch-tender at Neshaminy Bridge in not stopping the Washington train according to the orders given by the conductor of the train, which it clock P.M. train from Philadelphia, believing, according to the evidence given, that there was a misunderstanding on the part of said switchman as to those orders, which, in their opinion, tend to mitigate the censure which otherwise would fall upon said switch-tender; and the jury fully exonerate the employés on the train from all blame.

If the switch-tender misunderstood simple orders the Company is directly responsible for the consequences of his blunder. But if the conductor gave them blunderingly he is the guilty agent. It is idle to talk of misunderstanding. The duty was imperative for understanding. The thing to be done was to stop the other train or to switch it off; and as the conductor is by position the higher officer, the conductor of the P.M. train from Philadelphia should be held responsible for not stopping the Washington train, and for the frightful results of not stopping it.

And so thoroughly subjected are the people of New Jersey by the great Camden and Amboy monopoly that they must not be surprised if such a verdict is rendered as a shield to the monopoly to shield that monopoly from public indignation. Every citizen of New Jersey, in a matter which concerns the Camden and Amboy Railroad, is liable to suspicion until the State emancipates itself from its control. How many influential newspapers in New Jersey dare to expose the acts of that monopoly? How many State law lawyers accept briefs against it? How many men in public life hope to rise in face of its tremendous power? Something of MR. WILLIAM EARLEY, Coroner, nor do we insinuate a suspicion of his perfect rectitude; but as he is a Jerseyman, living in the vicinity of the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and heads such a dainty verdict, it is impossible to help wondering whether the worthy MR. EARLEY has, or has had, or hopes to have, any advantageous relations with that Company.

We speak of the Camden and Amboy accident, but the air hums with disaster upon every side. Remember the story if LEGISLATURE were honest. In the State of New York, for instance, the Legislature should make every train stop at least five minutes every draw-bridge. It should compel the renewal of the rails at certain periods. It should have the roads constantly inspected by experts paid by the State. It should enforce a heavy fine from every Company for every accident which could not be satisfactorily proved beyond human control. By thus squeezing the Erie Railway Company in the State the Legislature would keep every railroad in good repair and save hundreds of lives.

But unless the people move by petition and besiege the Legislatures nothing will be done. Men and women will be slaughtered by scores, and after the indignation of the newspapers has expressed itself, we shall be comforted by the polite verdict that nobody was to blame, with a mild implication of censure upon the foolish brittleness of the public neck.

SHERMAN'S PEN.

On the 12th of last September General SHERMAN wrote to the Mayor of Atlanta: "War is cruelty and you can not refine it, and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out....... Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the national Government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread use of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger let it come from what quarter it may..... You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war."

YET WADE HAMPTON, one of the chief actors in bloody contest which he and his fellows forced upon their country, is frantic with rage because General SHERMAN, in the absence of civil authorities, forages upon the country in orders those who murder his foragers to be shot. WADE HAMPTON does not deny this military right of forage, but he says "there is a right older even than this, and one more inalienable, the right that every man has to defend his home and to protect those that are dependent upon him."

Look at it! WADE HAMPTON and his associates offer this nation an alternative. It must submit peaceably to destruction, or it must fight for its life. The nation will not fight. HAMPTON and Company light their matches and fire. They invite civil war. They begin civil war. And when civil war comes they cry for the throat they cry "thief," "murderer," "barbarian," "savage," and "wild beast." To all this the Boys freely from the pen of "YOURS, etc., WADE HAMPTON, Lieutenant-General," the letter of General SHERMAN contains the calm and complete reply. "Personally I regret the bitter feelings engendered by this war, which they were to be expected, and I simply allege that those who struck the first blow, and made war inevitable, ought not in fairness to reproach us for the natural consequences."

SHERIDAN.

"BOOT, saddle, to horse, and away!" So shouts PHILIP SHERIDAN cheerily as he swings into the saddle and rides forward with his bold and dashing troops. Presently his voice rings back again from far away: "I have had no opposition. Every body is bewildered by our movements. I have not seen a trace of rebel since I left." And again: "I can not speak in too high terms of Generals MERRITT, CUSTER, and DEVEN, and the officers and men of their commands. They have waded through mud and water during this continuous rain, and are all in fine spirits and health."

This is what is probably to be treated as "a mere raid" by the Richmond doctors. But if a mere raid can cut "the great feeder" of the rebel capital, if the re-engagements of Generals LEE in North Carolina prevent his attending to repairing the feeder, may not a mere raid be of rather vital importance? Hamlet was scutched only; but what kind of it. The campaign in which General GRANT opened upon the first of last May is proceeding. "I shall fight it out upon this line," he said, and he is keeping his word.

COWELL LENDING A HAND.

WE are afraid that even COWELL can not save the rebellion. COWELL is a correspondent of the London *Examiner*. COWELL hears something of a proposition reported to have been made in Richmond to arm the slaves as individuals and rebel forces in an invasion of Canada and Mexico; and COWELL hastens to remind the rebels of the fact that "the key of the whole original plan of avoiding the war! Ah! thinks COWELL, assisted by the London *Times*, if it could only be believed that the American Secretary of State is the author of this suggestion, another body might be induced to throw an alms in the hat of a needy rebellion!

But it is too late, said, even COWELL will hardly succeed. The United States, France, and England are certainly not cordial friends, but they do not wish to involve each other in war which does not concern them. That to have been bitterly hostile to England for hot haste in recognizing the rebels as belligerents, and maritime belligerents, is true. That we have been hostile to France because of the losses wrought by the rebel ships that sailed from her ports under her flag is very possible. But we do not wish to wrench the question to arbitration—she will not go to war about it.

That France has failed in respect for the Monroe doctrine, as generally understood, is apparent. That she chose the season of our distraction to accomplish her purpose is beyond question. But that the United States, emerging from the most severe war known to history, with a vast country to compose and a debt of three or four thousand millions of dollars to pay, would wish more drafts and more debts in order to restore Mexico to its traditional anarchy is not clear. Or that LOUIS NAPOLEON, to keep his balance in Mexico, would try to destroy that of the United States, just as it was righting itself, and thus invoke general war in Christendom, is less likely than that he will see such a course to be unnecessary. The United States,

at the end of their present difficulties, may not wish to fight. But they will be certainly able to fight; and so sagacious an observer as LOUIS NAPOLEON will hardly fail to note so interesting and suggestive a fact.

It seems, therefore, as if COWELL would lose his pains. Foreign war is not at all likely unless provoked by us; and the union of national and rebel arms to provoke it is one of those shallow schemes which common-sense instinctively repudiates. That the war has proved the immense strength of our system and our formidable military power is plain; but it has not made us a military people. It has not tainted us with lust of dominion, and by exterminating slavery it has extirpated the cancer of "manifest destiny." A military force in the land, and a huge retain, because preparation discourages insurrection. Nor are we ever likely again to be so utterly stripped of defensive and offensive means as we were when the war burst upon us.

But still the restored Union will be moderation, firmness, and peace. The infinite swagger and bluster of a slavery-tempting people, which disgusted every decent nation in the world, will give place to a spirit of civilization and equity. The sentimentality and savagery, which had both inflated and degraded the country, will yield to the plain common-sense of universal justice and fair play. Exactly what ABRAHAM LINCOLN is contrasted with SEWELL, and WIGFALL, and DAVIS, and BENJAMIN, and TOOMBS, and FRANKLIN PIERCE, and BUCHANAN, and FERNANDO WOOD, and YANCEY, and PENDLETON, and SAULSBURY, and VALLANDIGHAM, just that will be the contrast of the spirit and policy of the United States after and before the war.

A TRAGICAL DELUSION.

THE tragical delusion of the madmen of Charleston four years ago, that they could overthrow a great nation as easily as they could fire upon a provision ship or upon a little Federal garrison, is vividly illustrated by the two following extracts. The first is from the Charleston *Mercury* of the 10th of January, 1861, and the second from a letter to the *Tribune*, written in Charleston on the 20th of February, 1865:

"The expulsion of the steamer *Star of the West* from the Charleston harbor yesterday morning was the occasion of the ball of the revolution.... We would not exchange or recall that ball for millions.... The blood which in either cannon has see this reverberated from Maine to Texas, through every hamlet of the North, and down along the great waters of the Southwest. An thought paper and treacherous ruffians may cry on the days of war, and traitorous politicians and their all in the Northern South Carolina will stand under her own palmetto-tree, untertified by the smiling of traitors or the sneers of the foe to be deceived or deterred by the wily machinations of the other. And if that rest es of blood be still lacking to the parchment of our freedom, and blood they shall have, blood they shall have, and blood enough to stamp it all in red. For, by the God of our fathers, the soil of South Carolina shall be free!"

So wrote men who were ready and eager to smother in blood a Government which they did not pretend had ever harmed them, and which they had absolutely controlled. Four years pass. One by one their hopes disappear. And now amid the desertion, according to Governor VANCE, of half their army, amidst the imprecations and cries of the Richmond journals that their leaders shall not flee, by the mere visit of SHERMAN'S thundering march Charleston falls without a blow, and the crazy city that ceaselessly defied a Government as strong as it is benign, is thus described:

"The wharves looked as if they had been deserted for half a century—broken down, dilapidated, grass and moss peeping up between the pavements, and every sign of active fleet of commerce trade incessantly. The warehouses near the river, in the centre as we enter them; the houses and the stores and the public buildings—with the ball that will hold our thanks in utter amazement. Every step we take increases our astonishment. No pen, no pencil, no brush can do justice to the scene. No imagination can conceive of the utter wreck, the universal ruin, the hopeless desolation. Ruin—ruin—ruin—above and below; on the right hand and the left—ruin, ruin, ruin, every where and always—staring at us from every quarter—ruin that seems to cut us from every shell-torn wall; glaring at us from every battered door and pillar and window; ruin that breath our feet on every sidewalk. Not Pompeii, not Herculaneum, not Thebes, nor the Nile, have ruin more complete, so saddening, so plaintively eloquent, for they speak to us of an age and ours, and long ago dead, with whose people and life and ideas we have no sympathy whatever. But here, on these shattered wreck of houses —built in our own style, many of them quite new in the architecture of our epoch—we read names familiar to us all; initials of trade and professional and commercial institutions, which every modern city reckons up by the hundred; and we feel that the dust, as silent as the grave of the Pharaohs, so deserted as the bazaar of the merchant princes of Old Tyre."

A PHOTOGRAPH FROM ANCIENT GREECE.

WE have already mentioned Professor TAYLOR LEWIS'S remarkable monograph, "State Rights, a Photograph from the Ruins of Ancient Greece," in which the most copious scholarship is brought in a most trenchant and picturesque style to illustrate the condition and the dangers of our condition. The pernicious folly of the doctrine of supreme State Rights, which is but another name for the right of secession, is shown in the history and fate of Greece, and shown not only with the inexorable logic of the philosophic historian, but with the pathos of which a scholar who, deeply versed in the literature and language of Greece, perceives the exceeding charm of Grecian civilization and its possible influence upon the course of history, an influence which was paralyzed and lost by the same false doctrine that now imperils the American Union and finally destroyed Greece.

The pamphlet, originally published last autumn, and one of the most interesting and significant which the war has produced, is now reissued by WARD, FARNSON, & Co., of Albany, enriched with three supplementary chapters on the Ideas of Nationality; of Sovereignty; and the Right of Revolution. The stringent common sense of these chapters is not less striking than their clear and conclusive reasoning. As a contribution to the solution of the vexed question of nationality, which will be debated until it is finally put to rest in the fundamental law, this pamphlet of Professor LEWIS will hold a distinguished place. It is plain that as the partial obscurity of the constitution upon the point of Slavery has compelled the people to make it clear as day, so its equally dangerous want of an explicit declaration of the national inviolability will be supplied by the same power. There can be no more important topic for the consideration of every citizen. There is no more valuable treatise upon it than the pamphlet of Professor LEWIS.

FOR THE SOLDIERS—A CARD.

WE publish the following card with pleasure, and remind our readers once more how easily they can please and help the soldiers:

MR. JOHN SAYLES, Agent of the United States Sanitary Commission, returns his thanks on behalf of the soldiers to those thirteen friends and patrons who have remembered us, in the way of books and papers sent to the Hospital Library at City Point. The editor and patron of *Harper's Weekly* his thanks are especially due. The help and comfort thus afforded to the soldier is second to none in importance in this war. Invoices of books have been received from the following gentlemen in the vicinity of Hanover also from young ladies in Lexington, Kentucky; and papers from an unknown friend in Indianapolis.

All reading matter intended for soldiers at this Point should be boxed up and marked as follows:

For BASE HOSPITAL, for Capt. or Dr. M'DONALD (or to JOHN SAYLES, Care of U. S. Sanitary Agent,

City Point, Va.

Contributors, in future, will please make known their name and address, that suitable acknowledgments may be returned.

SECOND CORPS HOSPITAL, *March*, 1865.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

A GENERAL view of the military situation has been given on the preceding page. It appears that no small portion of the rebel army is retreating in the Valley of the City of Kinston, in Schofield's front. Sherman and Schofield are declared to command the line. The gain in Richmond will not be diminished, we may be sure, from the fact that all the rebel communications will be destroyed. It is effectually interrupted as it could possibly be if Lynchburg itself were to be our possession. If Sheridan crosses the James the Southside Railroad will suffer a similar fate. At the same time movements are reported in the Carolinas, ready to supply Lee's army by subscription. Every thing remains favorable for the complete success of Grant, Thomas and Sheridan.

There is no political news. The extra session of Congress, after electing its own organization, has adjourned.

FIVE DAYS NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

On the 14th a dispatch was received from General Sherman, dated Laurel Hill, North Carolina, March 8. He says: "We are well and in good spirits." [*Sic.*]

SHERIDAN AND SCHOFIELD.

On the 15th of March two dispatches were penned, one by Schofield, near Kinston, and the other by Sheridan, on the north bank of the James, at Columbia. We copy them dispatches below:

HEAD-QUARTERS, MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, *Columbia, March 15, 1865.*

Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, Commanding Armies United States:

GENERAL,—In my last dispatch, dated Waynesborough, 27th ult., I informed you that I was about to cut the Virginia Division.

The main night this division was pushed across the Blue Ridge and entered Charlottesville at two P.M. the next day. The Mayor of the town and the leading inhabitants came out and delivered up the keys of the public buildings.

I had to remain at Charlottesville two days. This time was consumed in destroying the railroad, depots, stores of ammunition and pontoon trains.

The weather was beyond my speed description and the rain incessant.

The two divisions were during this time occupied in destroying the two large iron bridges—one over the Rivanna River, the other over the Rockfish—on the Central Railroad, and the railroad for a distance of eight miles in the direction of Lynchburg.

On the 6th of March I sent the first division, General Devin commanding, to Scottsville, on the James River, with directions to send out light parties through the country to destroy all manufactories, mills, bridges, &c. Scottsville, on the Rivanna River, the parties to join the division at Scottsville. The division was engaged during the day canal to Duguidsville, fifteen miles from Lynchburg, destroying every lock on the canal between that point and the canal. At Duguidsville we hoped to secure the bridge to let the men across the river, but were disappointed.

On account of the high water in this, however, we were foiled, as that the bridge and the ferry-boats at Duguidsville were burned by the enemy upon our approach. Meanwhile accompanied this division.

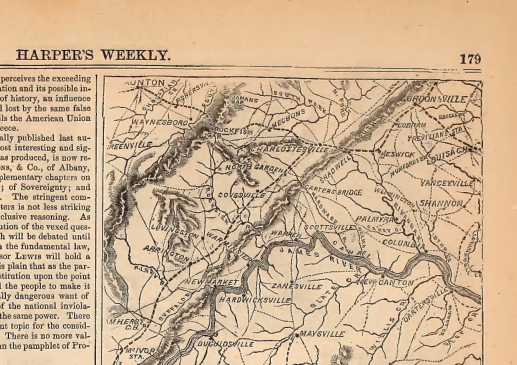
The third division started at the same time from Charlottesville, and proceeded down the Lynchburg Railroad to Amherst Court House, destroying every bridge on the road, and for many places miles of the road. The bridges on this road are numerous, and some of them five hundred feet in length. We have thus almost abandoned to this country for our men and animals. In fact the canal had been the only source of subsistence. At the South River the bank of the canal was cut, and at New Canton, on the same river, a dam across the canal was built and destroyed and the James River let into the canal, carrying away the locks above and filling up the bottom of the canal.

The dam across the James at this point was also partially destroyed.

I have had no opposition. Every body is bewildered by our movements. I have had no news of any kind since I left.

The latest Richmond paper was of the 9th, but contained nothing.

I omitted to mention that the bridges on the railroad from Seven Pines Depot, on the road to Richmond, to Charlottesville, were utterly destroyed; also all bridges for a distance of ten miles on the Gordonsville Railroad.



MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN WEST OF RICHMOND.

The weather has been very bad indeed, raining hard every day, with the exception of four days, since we started. My wagons have been the ruin of the roads, destroyed them.

Up to the present time we have captured fourteen pieces of artillery—seven at Waynesborough and three at Charlottesville.

The party that I sent back from Waynesborough started with six pieces, but they were obliged to destroy two of the six for want of animals. The remaining eight pieces were thoroughly destroyed.

We have captured up to the present time twelve caissons loaded with artillery ammunition, besides medical stores.

I can not speak in too high terms of Generals Merritt, Custer, and Devin, and the officers and men of their commands. They have waded through mud and water during the most inclement rain, and are all in fine spirits and health.

Commissary Hall, of the Second Division, and Quartermaster Gordonville, while attempting to make his escape from our advance in this direction.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

STAUNTON, *March 17, 1865.*

To Lieutenant-General Grant:

The enemy made a heavy attack upon our centre and left to-day, but was decisively repulsed, with heavy loss.

He dead and badly wounded were left upon the field.

We also took several hundred prisoners. Our loss is small.

General Custer is only twelve miles from here to-night, and will be up early in the morning.

We took possession of the town and Stoutt's corps. They say that two corps are here, and the rest of Johnston's army is coming.

J. M. SCHOFIELD, Major-General.

General Schofield, in a dispatch dated at Newbern, March 12, states that on the night of the 10th, near Southwest Creek, General Cox, with Jessen's 23rd division, routed the rebel rear guard across the Neuse at Kinston, and now holds the bridges and the river at that place.

RUMORED REVERSE TO KILPATRICK.

The following dispatch from General Lee, claiming that a victory was gained by Hampton over Kilpatrick on the 10th. The locality of the battle is not given:

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VA., *March 10, 1865.*

Hon. John C. Breckinridge, Secretary of War:

General Hampton attacked General Kilpatrick at daylight this morning, and drove him from the camp, taking the guns, wagons, many horses, several hundred prisoners, and relieving a great number of our men who had been captured. The guns and wagons could not be brought off for want of horses. Many of the enemy were killed and wounded. Our loss is not heavy. Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. King was killed. Brigadier-General Rime, Colonels Kegan and Morrison, and Major Davis are wounded, and others, were wounded.

R. E. LEE, General.

SOUTHERN SLAVE CONSCRIPTION.

The bill to arm slaves and place them in the ranks of the Confederate army passed the rebel Senate March 7 by a majority of two. Mr. Hunter voted for the bill, which has become a law, but he made a speech directly contrary to this vote. He said that to arm the slave was to abandon the principle which the war was ever undertaken. "Who is to swear, then," he asks, "for the hundreds of thousands of slaves who shall be armed? Who is to be true to answer for them before the bar of Heaven? Not those who had entered into contract upon principles to adhere to the principle, but those who had abandoned the principle. Not for all the gold in California would he put his name to such a measure as this, unless obliged to do it by compulsion. He was as be was five years ago, in his own convictions nothing could have extorted it from him. He hunter then stated the necessity of freeing the negroes if they were made soldiers. There was something in the whole plan head-head-head-able in it must be so, when they come out scarred from the conflict that they will be free."

The following is a copy of the bill.

A Bill to Increase the Military Forces of the Confederate States.—The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that a sufficient force be raised by law to repel the invasion, maintain the rightful possession of the Confederate States, secure their independence, and preserve their institutions, the President be and is hereby authorized to ask for and accept the services of slaves for the service of such number of able-bodied negro men as he may deem necessary for employing in, and performing military services in whatever capacity he may direct.

Sec. 2. That such slaves shall be impressed to organize the said slaves into companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, and such other organizations as the Secretary of War may prescribe, and to be commanded by such officers as the President may appoint.

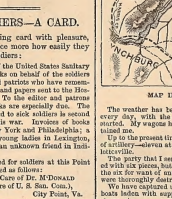
Sec. 3. That while employed in the service the said slaves shall receive the same rations, clothing, and compensation as are allowed to other troops in the same branch of the service.

Sec. 4. That if, under the previous section of this act, the President shall not be able to raise a sufficient number of troops to prosecute the war successfully and maintain the authority of the laws and the independence of the Confederate States, then he is hereby authorized to call on each State, which may be liable to conscription, for a quota of three hundred thousand troops in addition to those subject to military service under existing laws, or to many thereof as the President may deem necessary to be raised from such classes of the population, irrespective of color, in such States, as the proper authorities thereof may determine. Provided, that not more than twenty-five per cent. of the male slaves between the ages of eighteen and forty-five in any State shall be called for under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 5. That nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relation of any such slaves.

PRESENTATION OF A GOLD MEDAL TO LIEUT.-GENERAL GRANT.

On the 11th there was a review of the troops on Grant's left, which was graced with the presence of the Lieutenant-General—who had the wife of his Chief of Staff, General Rawlins. In the evening the General and his party returned to City Point, where, in the presence of a large number of officers and distinguished civilians, he was presented with the gold medal voted him by a joint resolution December 17, 1863. The medal was accompanied by a copy of the resolution engrossed on parchment. The accompanying engraving is from a daguerreotype taken by the President:



"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT,—In accordance with a joint resolution of Congress, approved December 17, 1863, I now have the honor of transmitting and presenting to you, in the name of the people of the United States of America, a copy of said resolution, engrossed on parchment, together with the gold medal therein ordered and directed.

"Please accept for yourself and all under your command the tender expressions of my gratitude for your great and transcendent services to the nation and the cause.

"Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN."

The General replied: "I accept the medal and joint resolution of Congress with which the President has accompanied you to deliver to me. I will do myself the honor at an early day to acknowledge the receipt of the letter of the President accompanying them, and to communicate in order to the officers and soldiers who served under my command, prior to the passage of the resolution, the thanks so generously tendered to them by the Congress of the United States."

The cost of the medal was $1,000. The Congressional resolution was beautifully engrossed, and encased in a silver tube.

NEWS ITEMS.

A report from Newbern, N. C., says that the remaining Union prisoners at Salisbury, N. C., have been sent to the Union troops, whether of Sherman's or some other force is not stated.

New Orleans advices of the 7th inst. state that large bodies of troops were then being there for the victory of Mobile. General Bishop's expedition from Baton Rouge into the interior of Louisiana had returned to that city. Nine consists of three thousand cavalry and some artillery.

On the 11th the obsequies of Major-General Whiting, who died at Governor's Island of fever, were performed in the saloon on Fort Fisher, took place at Trinity Church. Before a large congregation. The Rev. Dr. Tuttle officiated, and the remains were subsequently interred at Greenwood Cemetery.

Governor VANCE, of North Carolina, makes an urgent appeal to the people to send in provisions, for there are four months to come, depend for food upon portions of Virginia and North Carolina. The Governor has donated half his stock of provisions to the rebel Government, placing the rest in the hands of agents to be sold. He also ordered from both Charleston and Savannah, with orders to randezvous at New Inlet.

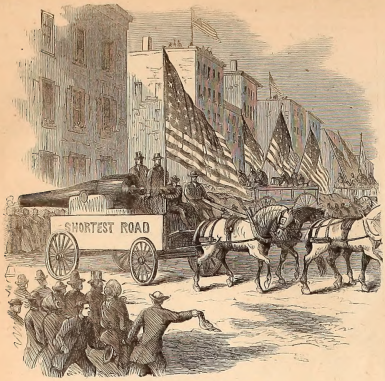
A gentleman who left the Army of the Potomac on the 11th, and who had been with it through several days at the front, state that the Army is in most perfect condition. Large accessions are being made to it daily; and the color, cannon, drill, and discipline are complete; the parades and reviews are splendid, and viz the spirit is equal to any. The British Major-General who has been for a time the guest of General Meade. There are very few regular staff lines closely covered with Union troops. Our troops continue to be well fed, clothed, and cared for, as ever by Richmond. They are most abundantly fed and clothed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

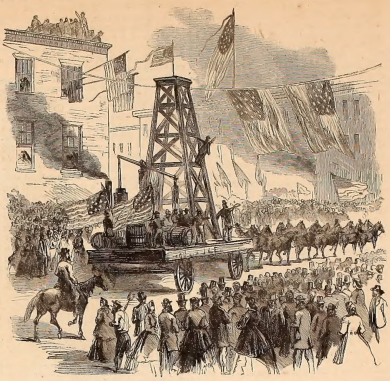
EUROPE.

LORD LYONS has resigned the office of British Minister to Washington. Sir Frederick Bruce, English Minister to China, has been appointed to succeed Lord Lyons.

Queen Isabella of Spain, it is reported, is about to sacrifice her private estate in aid of the National Treasury. The royal palaces and their contents, Santa Isabel, Aranjuez, the Escurial, and ten more, the Museum of Art, Industry, and Science, and some other property are to be offered for ever on the Crown; and when so much has been put aside for the civil list, the remainder is to be the fund of the patrimony, hereditary possessions, and other estates enjoyed by the Queen, are to be sold. The proceeds of the proceeds are to be paid into the TREASURY, and the remaining fourth to herself.



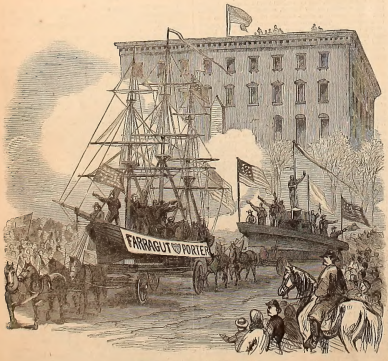
THE SHORTEST ROAD TO PEACE.



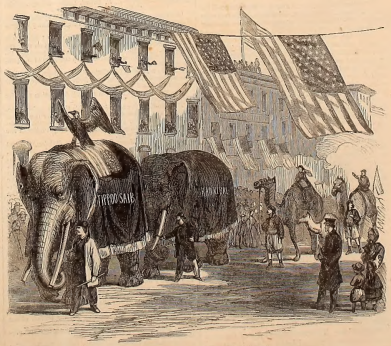
STRIKING OIL.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.



THE NAVAL DEMONSTRATION.

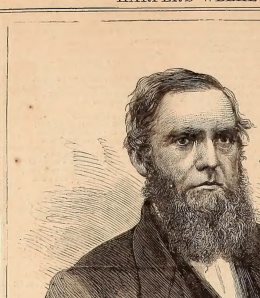


WINDING UP OF THE PROCESSION.

THE TRIUMPH IN NEW YORK—GLIMPSES OF THE GRAND PROCESSION.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

HON. JAMES HARLAN, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

HON. JAMES HARLAN, who has just been appointed Secretary of the Interior, was born in Clark County, Illinois, August 20, 1820. He is now, therefore, nearly forty-five years old. At the age of twenty-five he graduated at the Indiana University, and devoted himself to the profession of law, in which he obtained a high position. Two years later he was Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Iowa, where he had taken up his residence. In 1853 he was chosen President of the Iowa Wesleyan University, which office he retained one year, when he was elected United States Senator. He was re-elected for the term ending in 1867, serving as Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. His past experience in the West, and his relation to the Committee on Public Lands, have well fitted Mr. HARLAN for the important duties of his new office.



HON. JAMES HARLAN, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

WITH GEN. SHERMAN IN THE CAROLINAS.

NEAR BRANCHVILLE, Feb. 20, 1865.

I AM one of the "uncounted throng" who compose General Sherman's army; and the general purpose that brings us here, or takes us elsewhere, is as well known to you as to myself. Cadmus, perambulating the Oriental world in search of his sister, Europa; Japhet in search of a father; or Diogenes looking for an honest man, had no such task as ours. We are looking for a rebel army that we expect to find, burrowed or "ditched," somewhere in the Carolinas.

Nature's picture-gallery hereabouts is monotonous. No mountains, no valleys, no "cattle upon a thousand hills," or even one hill worthy of the name; no pretty villages thickly set, with beautiful women and happy children flitting about like butterflies—nothing of the sort. Silence and gloom, swamps and forests; a low, level country, inhabited mainly by negroes and alligators—the former migrating seaward, the latter dormant—are the general features of the region from whence I write.

This forest is but an enormous growth of evergreens, beneath which day is always murky, and night gloomy and hideous. Among these vast fields of pine silence reigns supreme. Night, dark as Erebus within the cavernous woods, tinges with gloom the meditations of the wakeful. A stillness reigns here as deep and solemn as that which prevails in a country church-yard. In the dense swamp hard by the alligators have their lair, and at certain seasons of the year hold nocturnal revels. To get through this swamp our men and animals have to wallow in mud and water, compounded into a bottomless chaos. But the birds are here, and singing merrily; while the morning sun makes futile efforts to penetrate the gloom, and plant its rays upon the cold, damp earth.

Where and when we are to emerge from the wilderness of pines is problematical. We have left the land of cotton rearward, and are making ourselves familiar with the land of turpentine. We give some attention to botany, and the geology of the country through which we pass; and are not indifferent to the fascinations of natural history.

The negro is ever before us. We see him in all his gradations—from the unmixed specimen up to that which is nine parts white man to one of "Africa." It is interesting to note the gradual improvement in physiognomy as they progress upward. The mouth recules, the nose contracts laterally, the forehead advances and spreads out on either flank, the labial organs diminish in size and protuberance, the cuticle changes its hue, and the hair loses its propensity to be rooted at both ends, with numerous Gordian knots intervening.

The negroes along our line of march display a great desire to see "Massa Sherman." On one occasion, during our Georgia campaign, General Sherman had chanced to make his head-quarters for the night at a plantation belonging to Howell Cobb, and the proprietor's "people" were extremely anxious to see the man whose name is such a terror to traitors.

An aged "specimen," bowed down with years and much stooping over the cotton plant, requested permission to behold the "man of war" of whom so much had been told in his hearing. His request being made known to the General, he was admitted. The military mastermind was seated astride a chair, smoking, when the patriarch was shown in and stood before him. "Africa" bowed very low, and, with dilapidated hat in quivering hand, stood mute with fear and wonder.

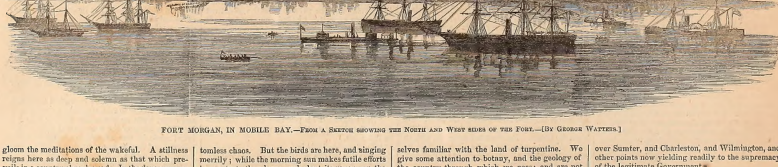
Growing bolder, he asked, "Are you Massa Sherman?" "I am General Sherman; do you want to see me?" was the reply. "Lord-a-massa! is it true that you is the man I hear so much about? I bress God I live to see your face! tank de Lord! tank de Lord! May I come up and look at you!" he asked. "Certainly," said the General; "take the candle and look at me as long as you choose."

Seizing the light in his trembling hand, the old man walked slowly around the General's chair, holding the candle frequently quite close to his face, and looking at him on all sides with intense interest. His curiosity gratified, he reluctantly departed, frequently ejaculating his thanks to the Lord that he had been permitted to see Massa Sherman face to face, and on the old plantation.

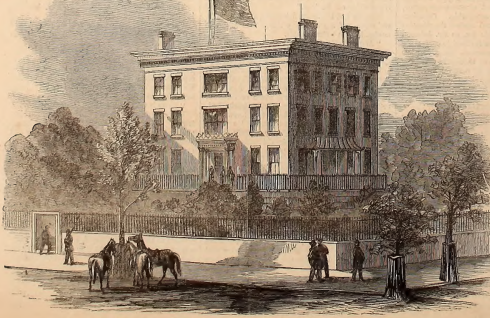
Absurd notions prevail among people of the South, claiming intelligence, as to the character and motives of leading men in our Government, whether in cabinet or field. On one occasion a man of prominence in Georgia propounded the following question to General Sherman: "General," said he, "what kind of a man is your President, Mr. Lincoln? Is he not a hard-hearted, tyrannical man, with very little sympathy or love for his race?" "By no means," said the General. "Mr. Lincoln is a tender-hearted man—*very* tender-hearted; so much so," said he, "that I dare not let him know I was coming down through Georgia, lest he should stop me, fearing that I might hurt somebody." And thus were set aside the erroneous views of one man at least as to the character of our amiable Chief Magistrate.

Doubtless, ere your readers have perused these desultory lines, this army, under its restless and successful leader, will have finished its immediate work, and assumed a temporary stability. Our campaign through South Carolina will have ended, its capital city will have felt the heavy hand of war, and the national colors will be floating in triumph over Sumter, and Charleston, and Wilmington, and other points now yielding readily to the supremacy of the legitimate Government.

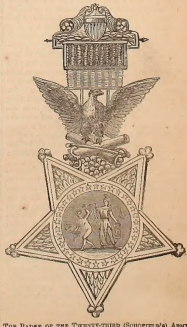
South Carolina is just now in a transition state, and is about to become a proselyte to the true faith. Externally she has the appearance of being sick.



FORT MORGAN, IN MOBILE BAY.—[FROM A SKETCH SHOWING THE NORTH AND WEST SIDES OF THE FORT.—[BY GEORGE WATTERS.]



GENERAL SCHOFIELD'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT WILMINGTON.—[SKETCHED BY E. H. HALL.]



THE BADGE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD (SCHOFIELD'S) ARMY CORPS.—[SKETCHED BY E. H. HALL.]

Like other portions of the South her cotton and rice fields are overgrown with weeds, and her people are "out at home." An ominous silence pervades her forests and cultivated fields, and we who visit her in this her hour of trial tread lightly over her tainted soil. Her families, of royal blood and illustrious name, who have lived in lordly retirement, and whose sporadic dwellings are scattered over a great surface, at a solemn distance from each other, are fleeing coastward, or to the few remaining localities where rebellion dares to congregate.

"Is your master at home?" I inquired of an aged female servant, who appeared at the door of a fine mansion, embowered within a beautiful grove of live-oaks. "Yes, massa," said she. "Is your mistress within, or any of the family?" "No, massa." Why have they left such a charming home—such a picture of beauty?" said I, as my admiration rose contemplating the surrounding loveliness. "Spect they's afraid of you Yankees," said she; and therein I found my answer.

Occasionally we meet with a low hovel in some obscure place by the wayside, where Poverty and Ignorance have fraternized and set up a temple. These are the dwelling-places of the "poor whites" of the South—that abject, ignorant, and degraded white people it was ever my fortune to see.

It is from such homes as these the bulk of the rebel army is drawn, Without education, without hope of advancement, without ambition, or any of the higher attributes of manhood, the hapless beings, and brothers who have sprung from these hovels are the plaint tools of designing men, and are led to fight for reasons without a shadow of interest idea of the object for which their hands are raised against a beneficent Government. These are the people whom we are to take by the hand and lift up from the slough of ignorance and apathy, and place their feet on solid ground. They form by far the larger portion of the white population of these States.

A few Southern men, born to wealth and educational privileges, equivalent to themselves superiority to aught else that wears the human form. They claim to have been

"Made by some other Deity than Nature,
That shapes man better,"

and grate loudly of the "Southern spirit," which they say can not be subdued, though it may be overcowered for a time. It is the spirit of the fox, not of the mouse; and I may venture to say that in crushing the spirit of the few we may elevate the spirit and character of the many.

The only true exception—those which awaken no regret—are those obtained over ignorance. Thus our efforts to put down rebellion may be crowned by a victory over those who have been misled, and destroy the Government, and a victory over the ignorance and degradation of a class bound down by the shrewd and selfish curse of slavery, is a victory for the poor white man who lives in contact with it.

H. H. W.

SECRETS.

WITH most persons the art of keeping a secret is at a low enough stage of development. With uncultivated, unrestrained people, a secret is often a burden intolerable to be borne, and this burden of secret be one to affect their fame, and even life. We believe half the confessions of gross crime are made, not to expiate, but simply because the criminal can not keep his secret; he wants a present gratification, and prefers to tell it all at once. Once it is told, he never cares for the punishment, but is easy about the crime. He has satisfied the want of his soul. Secrets, then, are not kept simply from a man's ordinary acceptance, any deep oppressive mystery; and "keeping secrets" means something quite different from the disinterested, high schemers, or the silence of moody conspirators or breakers of the law. Our relations to secrets are of two kinds. We keep our own or we keep those of others. Prudence and favoring circumstances may keep us clear of important secrets of our own, but there is always something to tell. It is wise to keep our own, and most people know something or other about their friends which they must not divulge. Now it is clearly a duty to keep our friends' secrets. It is wisdom to keep our own, but with the majority this is a hard duty. Some, indeed, seem physically incapacitated from observing it. We all know people who can only regard a secret as something to tell. Their organization is only engaged to retain it as a fit depositary; they regard it as an egg to be laid in some hidden safe place. And perhaps, if they could be induced to do one telling, they would never suffer so much from their fellows, for very few people can lock a thing that deeply interests and concerns their self-love up in their own breast, and see them the yearning to tell continues on them so long as the secret interests themselves. They have no place to put it in, so they give it to some one else. Their minds are thoroughfares through which they invite any one to pass. All their doors lie on the window, and our secret is only hung out with the rest. This mere babbling incontinence of a secret is a different thing from that love of power which tends to much the same result. To be fond of secrets leads, of course, to the manufacturing of them; it is to be fond, not only of hearing and telling, but of having them. Indeed the impulse to tell and to conceal are in this case kindred ones. People in this state of mind feel much one for the communication that is not enveloped in a mystery. Their notion of a pleasant conversation is of telling things that ought not to be told, or of which the less implies that they ought not to be told; their notion of a compliment is to impart something with the entreaty not to let it go further. Our first introduction to this form of confidence is at once flattering and embarrassing. Our honor and discretion are appealed to with a trust and engaging reliance of which it is anxious work to show ourselves worthy. No doubt gossip gains a great deal in excitement when thus imparted, but in time it becomes a harassment to a tender conscience, which can not for the life of it recall which was particular and which general information, and fears lest what was confided under oaths of secrecy should be let out. It is aware. But we come in time to the conclusion that the person who tells his secret from no necessity, but only to amuse himself at the time, can not thus throw the onus of keeping it on our shoulders. He has no right to expect from us more prudence than he has shown; while a further experience makes it apparent that our friend had only one notion of a téte-à-tête—an opportunity for telling a secret. A vast number of secrets are current in society in this short-lived species of circulation. Nor does it do to call it a secret no longer. It is a very fair secret, as the world goes, so long as it is not discussed between the first two who hear it—so long as the person mainly concerned does not know that it is known. This is the real standing of many religiously kept secrets.

Secrets themselves vary very much in their keeping power. There are secrets which there is no temptation to tell, from the almost total lack of certain popular qualities; there are others so universally interesting or curious, or so congenial to both tellers and hearers, that they have no chance of being kept. Nobody could have kept the secret of Midas's ears. A slave has the chance of keeping it not, but if he had waited, the monarch's wisest and most ancient councilors would have whispered it, not to the world, but to each other, under the excuse that it was an affair of state; and if these had got no hint of the wonder, the owner of the ears would have told it himself. In the case of these peculiarities that can not be borne alone. Even if the perruquier did his part to a miracle, the secret of a wig would scarcely keep itself. Wherever a prominent form of curiosity is stimulated, it always gains its end. Thus no matrimonial engagement is ever a secret, even though it is often the case that the principal parties try to keep it one. The secret that is kept best is what people don't care to hear; and even here the possessor has to be blab, from resentment at the neglect of his mystery.

There are two seasons of peril for an important secret—its birth and its maturity. Nobody is a grown old and so familiar that the mum's other thoughts have adapted themselves to it. To Quin-tus gives it a place in the scheme where a secret is of a nature to affect some person's life, most men would not remember beyond their own, and so common obligations to secrecy. After a lapse of time the substance of the secret will remain upon the mind, but how came by it will be forgotten. There are secrets, we know, that never pass the lips of the possessor. There are people with strength of character, or with so many secrets that habit enables them to live a long life and make no sign of a continually gnawing anxiety. At the best, this is anguge which we would not envy those who occupy the position. Something about a man is always sure for a mystery. It may be only his manner, if the secret has no guilt in it. Some of the most sad, caused by some personal fault, the mischief of wrongdoing is indefinitely aggravated by absolute secrecy silence. Husbands and wives have their secrets which they seem to have no temptation to tell, and which separate them from their confidence. Even those men whose life is one system of shams and false pretense. Nothing can look what it is to one of these men guarding some secret. His own mind becomes so fixed on the thought of preserving a secret which is life and death, that it comes at last to be himself against the world—the world unconscious and thing outside his own consciousness. A selfish secret is the worst of all. We read of conspirators and national assassins. We, also, read of the best secrets in the spirit of the salutory impostor, and with a patient vigilance which no temptation or surprise can betray. It is wise to keep secrets, and the most remorseless when their time comes. Many secrets are well kept because there is no form of words at hand to tell them. The whereof one can slip out too naturally is the easiest narrative, others are instances even in thought. The complicated ones and explanations they would involve. Secrets that are nice to tell have no chance against these. For their nonce secrets very fashionable and very dear heart die untold. The story is interesting, and, on some points, tempting to revive; but it would require too much and is not pleasant to set it attractively before the hearer.

The faithful keeper of a secret is not one who thinks of it always, but one who has it in his own nature, and, for certain purposes, can forget it. Secrets may be told; and with such, an innocent secret is safest.

If a man has a weighty secret, it is superfluous to say that he should not tell it to his friends. But if he is not equal to the burden, or if, on other grounds, a confidant is needed, it is not well to fix upon a person because he is a friend. He is the most likely of all to blurt out your secret, from mere ignorance of the art of talking. The silent man has nothing to care for, and so very frequently has but this is no guarantee when he finds himself in the novel position of having something which he would like to say and which he would like others to hear. People are not taciturn from discretion. A natural easy habit of talking is the best one for a secret. A good talker knows how to divert suspicion, and to give the conversation the direction he pleases. Persons naturally silent seldom know the right thing to say in an emergency. Neither must a secret ever be told to a person who would look down upon it. Full half the breaches of confidence are perpetrated in mere disdain. Thus husbands and wives betray each other's secrets. The wife tells what she imagines will be a fashionable one, as she does not realize its importance. The husband betrays his wife and her friends to his familiars, "on many contempt of women's petty mysteries. The only safe confidant—apart from high personal qualities—is one with some community of interest in the affair itself.

RECOLLECTION.

REMEMBER me when long, long years have fled,
When all this past appears a shadowy dream:
Let me not then be cheated by the stream
Of memory, unwept, forgotten, dead!

Remember me, if far in other lands
When you can look no longer on my face;
Do not forget me now or long ere change
In eloping other, perchance stronger, hands.

Remember me, if you should win their love,
Your life be blessed with a happy love;
Remember then my pa ns were once your bliss;
They will ease be now—blind, time will prove.

Remember me, if sickness rack your frame,
If none can cool you; feverish, aching brow;
Think I would soothe you, were I near, as now,
And lull you with deeds of your name.

Remember me when, smiling, you bestow
A sunny glance on other eyes that shine;
Remember, once their smiles were only mine,
And ponder, was it well to bid — go?

Remember me, if grim should come to shroud
Your life in the dark mystery of woe;
If so-called "friends" should pass you by, and lo!
You find yourself alone — all that word—

Remember me, and then oh throbbing heart
Come back and call me to my place of rest;
My old, old home of quiet—on your breast—
And having come, we two will never part.

WRECKED.

"IT is an awful night!" I said, shuddering all over, as I heard the roar of the surf, the hideous wailing of the wind, and the dash of the rain against the window. We lived on the Cape coast, in the prettiest village ever crafted on its silvery sands, and lulled in the closest sunshine—thrice blessed because of the fearful storms that darkened our horizon at times. My husband was out in the storm; he was the favorite physician in the village, because he was skillful, never pressed for his pay, and endured many nights and other hardships like a good-natured hero.

I could not go to rest this terrible night while my husband was out. He was always my Angus, though he was "the Doctor" to many others. I sat cowering over the fire, with my infant nestled in my lap and the cradle near piece of babyhood, wailing and longing for my husband. My heart was sinking with fear. I was sorry that he was a physician. He was not a farmer, a teacher, a clerk, a tradesman, or a mechanic, he might have been in his bed now, and so I vainly regretted that what might have been was not. Very foolish I was, like many others. At last I heard his steps, and the next door opened. I could hear him bless us, as it seemed, and with difficulty he shut the door. He came up stairs, and exclaimed, "Not in bed, Mattie? It is time—midnight. Lay that little bed away, and make haste after him. You should have been asleep two hours ago."

Angus spoke cheerfully, but there was a tremor in his voice, as if he were frightened, and did not wish me to know it. I locked up at his face. It looked pale, I fancied.

"What is it, Angus?" said I.

"What is it? why, the hardest storm that ever blew great guns from the sea!"

"But something troubles you, Angus. Is old Mrs. Pratt going to die?"

"No, not for these a hundred years old. Make haste, Mattie, and go to bed. Dick will wake and cry presently, and the storm is bad enough without his screaming."

I still looked into his pale face, and at that moment a dreadful sound struck my ear. Angus started to his feet.

"You heard it," said he.

It was the cannon fired by driving on the breakers, almost at our very doors; for we lived close to the sea, and on the most dangerous part of the coast.

"I see how it is. A ship of lightning just has come in," said Angus. "She was driving right on the rocks. Go to bed, Mattie, dear, and I will call Jenny, and go down to Higgins and Dort, and see if any thing can be done."

Higgins and Dort were fishermen, and had boats, and ropes, and all those many things that might be needed in such a time as this.

"Angus," said I, "don't ask me to go to bed. Let me stay with you. Poor creatures are in peril? Can I forget that you might be on board that ship?"

My husband looked at me. I was much nerved again put on his storm garments, and silently kissing me and the baby, he went out. Again the booming gun sounded. It was much nearer now, or else the roar of the storm was somewhat hushed. I warmed some milk for my baby, for I knew I was too much excited to nurse him. He would be hungry, and I fed him. He slept again, and I tried to look out into the pitchy darkness. I heard only the roar and dash of the storm. All is over with the ship, said I to myself. I waited for my husband, and for the morning, and longed to hear again the sound of the gun. I waited in vain for all. The morning seemed indefinitely postponed. It was early autumn, and the weather, though calm, would not be fatal to the poor sailors, on the cold often is on our terrible snow. Day dawned at last, and when it was quite light I examined the beach with my husband's spy-glass. After a time I made out the ship, wedged in among the rocks, and the waves rising like hills and mountains over and against her. Meanwhile my husband and others were on the shore. I should have been with them but for my baby.

A barrel was sent ashore with a line wedged in at the bung-hole; when this was secured, a heavier rope fastened to the line and drawn ashore by means of it. Such matters were drawn away from the breakers as much as possible, and firmly secured. One by one the men ventured upon this support. All came safely to the shore but the captain. He was the last to leave the ship, and by some means he lost, or never gained, the support of the hawser, and his lifeless body was thrown ashore at some distance from the point where the men were received. A young man, who had been the last to leave the ship before the captain, was passing to and fro on the beach in an agony of anxiety, when the body was thrown high upon the sand, almost at his feet. With a will ery he seized upon what had been a fine, a few minutes before, the animated master and preserver of those all. My husband was beside him. A fisherman brought a piece of sail, and they laid the body on it, and four men bore it to our house. The young man had given some directions to the sailors, and then followed the sad *cortège*. It was a miserable end of my suspense, but I was relieved. The rescued crew were sent on to Plymouth, after they had been provided with dry clothing and breakfast by the villagers, who supplied their wants with great kindness, and afterward gathered up their coffee and oranges, as they came ashore, with as much diligence as if they had been a bill of sale of the cargo.

A strange feeling thrilled through my heart as they brought the captain of the *Atlas* to our house. I did not feel as if a corpse were being borne over our threshold.

"Angus," said I, "he is not dead."

"He is dead, my dear," said my husband, solemnly, at the same time drawing me away from the body.

The men placed their burden gently on the floor, and then they lingered, as if loth to leave.

"His friends—and I can do all for him," said Angus, very thankfully; "and, Higgins, you and Dort must go and see if you can't save some of the cargo that will be driving ashore. They will call in upstairs or Arabs if it is appropriated, as the cargo of the Negress. Off you go!"

"Men don't consider it stealing to pick up a bag of coffee or a box of oranges on the sea-shore," said Higgins. "They would not call it stealing to offer a single orange out of a shop for their right hands."

"I know," said Angus; "but you must tell them that sometimes I have that cargo."

"We will see to it," said Dort, and then they all went away.

The young man had held his hand on the captain's heart, in the vain hope to discover warmth or motion.

"Angus," said I, "will you not put him in my bed? There is a fire in my room, and we must try to bring him to life; I am sure he is not dead."

Angus smiled pityingly at patience of my unreasonable particularity; but he made a very thorough examination of the body, but failed to discover any signs of life. Then he turned to me, and said,

"My dear, I will do every thing just as if I were sure that he was alive as I am, but he is dead."

He called John, and assisted by the young man, whose name was Wilson, they carried the captain up to my room, where they put all his clothes, and laid him in my bed. Two women came in. I gave my little Richard to one, and employed the other in preparing the breakfast; and then Angus left, with my husband and Mr. Wilson, to the endeavor to resuscitate the drowned man.

We heard the wind on pillows at the back of the bed, and let the legs and feet lie over the front side of the bed in a pail of warm water. I had flannel cloths on the chest and stomach, which were of hot water, or hot vinegar, or hot spirits, for I used all in turn, and Angus and Mr. Wilson and John rubbed with the opposite sides of the body. At last I felt sure the captain was alive, and I was impatient that I could not make Angus believe it too.

"My poor Mattie," said he, "the wish is father to the thought."

Mr. Wilson hardly spoke; he worked incessantly, never stopping to take any thing but some wine and water, when he was nearly fainting with exhaustion. Some days of the time he was rubbing the body; again he was inflating the lungs with the bellows; and then he was fomenting with the warm flannels and hot water. At the end of seven he sat down, and seemed despairing. He sat with his face buried in his hands, and then he rose, and flung himself on the bed beside the body. He clasped the cold form to his bosom, and exclaimed:

"Oh, my friend! how can I ever tell Annie and Lizzie that I have come to you from?"

Then he wept long and bitterly. My husband led him out of the room.

"It is all over, Mr. Wilson," said Angus. "Take a morsel of food, and go to bed; you are worn out; you will be ill next."

While they were gone out I examined, probably for the fiftieth time, the space over the heart. There was a scarcely perceptible motion, but a very perceptible. I ran down stairs to tell my husband. He was standing by Mr. Wilson, whose arms hung beside him as if they were dead.

"There is warmth about the heart," I cried.

Wilson sprang to his feet as if he had been electrified. My husband looked at me with a gentle reproach, as much as to say, "Your hope is false and foolish;" but he did not speak, and we went up stairs. He examined the heart with his hand and his ear, and then bade Mr. Wilson do the same, saying, "*There is life!*"

Hope seemed to have animated Wilson with a new life, but my husband would not allow him to do any thing.

"If you will take some toast and wine, then you may work again, Mr. Wilson," said Angus.

I brought the food, and the young man ate, and then they again began their labor of love. The warmth at the heart increased, and then there was a faint fluttering, and in an hour more we were rewarded by the first struggling breath of our patient.

I never saw such joy as that of the young man when he knew that his friend was alive. Soon he was breathing steadily. He was not as much bruised as we had supposed at first, and he seemed strangely well when he became conscious. He took a cup of hot wine and water, and said:

"Let me go to sleep, Wilson, and I will wake as good as new. All hands are safe, you say, and I can afford to turn in and sleep till to-morrow or next day."

He smiled a good-natured, happy smile, and went to sleep.

"Now, Mr. Wilson," said I, "can't you follow such a good example?"

He lay down on a couch in the room with his captain, and I went away to my baby, as happy as I could be. Why can not we be as happy when all our friends are alive and well, and saved from the endurance of sorrow, day after day, as when a stranger is rescued from death! How near and dear these strangers seemed to us, though we had known them not yet a day! We sent word to Higgins that the captain was alive, and he and Burt came up, and with a glory shook hands with us, seeming afraid to speak above their breath, lest they should awaken the sleepers. They spread the news, and the next morning a great many came to offer their congratulations.

The captain tried to rise early, but his head failed him.

"The more haste the worse speed," said he. "I meant to see home and wife to-day, but they will keep till to-morrow."

And he quietly laid his head back on his pillow.

"You are a poet of a man," said my husband. "I expected you would be down on your luck, and could, because you could not go home the day after you were drowned."

"I am very thankful for the chance of going home at all. All seemed so near, as if I were at my door when the storm struck us. But as I can't go to-day, the next best thing is to go to sleep."

We left him to the sleep he so much coveted, and went down to the parlor with Mr. Wilson, who had very little of the captain's patience—I suppose because he had not been drowned.

"You have been very kind, my friend," said he, "and before I leave you I wish to say a few words thing about myself. Three days ago I was going home with a heart full of hope. Now my hopes are gone, or indefinitely postponed: for I am happier than when I was hopeful. If I had been left to the terrible sorrow of going home with Captain Martell's body ahead of his living, dear wife, I think I should have known trouble.

"Two years ago I begged my mother to let me go to sea. She is a widow, and I am her only son. She was not willing that I should be a sailor, but finding that I could not be happy at home, she consented to consult Captain Martell about me, and take his advice. Of course he advised her to subscribe to fate, and took me on his ever to the first voyage was to China in the good ship *Midas*, that is beating herself to pieces out there on the rocks. We had a fine voyage, and came home laden with tea and silks. I was twenty years old when we reached home. I staid at the captain's house a day and night before I left for my own home, which is some distance from Plymouth. On this visit, at my captain's, I first saw his wife's sister, Annie Lawrence. I left my heart to the shore that day. She was a lady, and her father was wealthy, and she had many suitors. She was eighteen years old, and had not her heart against the sea.

"I will never marry a sailor, though he were captain of a golden ship," said Annie. "I would rather marry an apothecary, and live at the back of the shop, and smell assafœtida all the time."

Captain Martell laughed. "I remember," said he, "my wife said the same; but she got over her prejudices when she found that I could not be coaxed or driven."

"My mother had a good property, and she put half of it in my hands to make ventures in our ship, and for a year past I have been trading with Captain Martell to the West Indies, and adding to my capital very rapidly. Just before our last voyage I felt determined to have a last word with Annie across the sea. She knew very well that I loved her better than all the world, though I had never told her so.

"You may think it strange that I should tell you all this, but you seem just as if you were my brother and sister. The night before we sailed was a lovely summer evening, and Captain Martell and his wife, Annie and I were sitting in an arbor in the garden; for though the house is close to the town, they have a pretty garden. We were all very merry, probably because we were not sailing.

"Mrs. Martell seemed to know that I wished to speak to Annie, and she drew her husband away, and left us alone.

"'Annie,' said I, 'are you in earnest when you say you will never marry a man who goes to sea?'

"'I am,' said she.

"'You know, Annie,' said I, 'that I am now second mate of Captain Martell's ship, and that when I am twenty-one, which will be next month, I shall be first mate.'

"'Is that any thing to me?' said she, almost harshly.

"'Annie,' said I, 'I love you, and if you have any regard for me, it is something to you.'

"She buried her face in her handkerchief, and wept passionately, terribly.

"'Oh, Ralph,' she said, 'you don't know how miserable I am! I have every thing to make me happy, people say, but I am miserable about the sea. I was terrified about Captain Martell before I knew you, but since I came to be your friend—'

"'To love me, Annie,' said I; 'do say that.'

"'Well, ever since the first day I saw you, and thought of your going on the baleful, treacherous ocean, I have dreamed about you every week. I verily believe. And I have always dreamed that you were wrecked, cast away on some dreadful breakers, and always you and Captain Martell were drowned. I have seen your bruised and bleeding bodies on the rocks and sands, and beaten about among the breakers, full fifty times. Oh, why would love a sailor, if it were possible to avoid it? Oh, if you could escape from the sea! But you can not. Captain Martell is your Fate; he will never leave the sea, and you will never leave him; and the end will be as I have seen it in my dreadful dreams so many times. And then what will become of Lizzie and me?'

"Again she wept passionately.

"'But, Annie, will you marry me if I leave the sea?' I must go this voyage.'

"'You will never return alive,' said she; 'you and Captain Martell will be drowned. I saw you both last night, wrecked and cast ashore dead.'

"'Annie,' said I, 'if I return alive from this voyage will you marry me?'

"Her only reply was, that if we made the voyage we would both be drowned.

"I left her the next day in a great sorrow, and now I am going back to her penniless, for all my property was in the ship. How can I marry and be dependent on my wife?

"It is better than being wrecked and drowned besides," said Angus.

"Better, but it is not well," said Ralph Wilson.

In the afternoon Captain Martell was able to get up and be dressed. In the evening he came down stairs.

"I shall be as good as new to-morrow," said he. "I wonder if the people here will gather the pieces of my poor *Midas*; if they do, before I am gone for me big enough to make a cane. There is one comfort—we were insured, vessel and cargo."

"Insured!" exclaimed Ralph Wilson, "vessel and *cargo*?"

"Exactly. I should not have insured our cargo, but Annie begged me to do it; she said you would be ruined if we were wrecked, and that it would be hard for a young man to lose an independence just as he had gained it."

"Then she did not *quite* believe that I would be drowned," said Wilson, laughing.

The next day Captain Martell and Ralph Wilson went home. Some weeks after my husband received a letter from Mr. Wilson. I give an extract:

"I am married to my dearest Annie. Captain Martell said I was going into business, and he would give me the wholesale traders in coffee, tea, tropical fruits, etc. I thought Annie ought to give up the sea, and she promises me to give up dreaming.

"I wish you could have been at the wedding, but I have that lucky coral on which you bought, and would not set it home, so you did not get an invitation. Next summer we shall come to see you, and you must do the same. In the meanwhile, you will accept our love and the assurance of our deepest gratitude, without which we should have been no fee. You are four of the happiest people in the world, and you were the means of our happiness."

Besides this letter, Angus received many Christmas gifts from our friends; and from that time to this they have visited us every summer, and we have visited them every winter.

WHAT THE CYCLONE DID AT MASULIPATAM.

MAN has done something toward replenishing the earth, but shamefully little as yet toward subduing it. Where he has it pretty well under control, he is too apt to make it a hell upon earth for those who come after. Thus, for instance, in the south of France people have only just found out that our ancestors were right in cutting down all the woods, and so subject their posterity to destructive floods and torrents which come heavily. That's the way man too often deals with the earth where he can manage it—leaves it like an old cellar-playground in Vanity Fair, at best kept, some time or other, to know the law of storms so well as to foresee them, and so to be forearmed. We shall do much more than we have yet done to go so far the next twenty years at the present rate of discovery.

Nature's warning in the form of the late great cyclones in India. If the telegraph clerks at Kedgeree, by the Hooghly mouth, had sent on word to Calcutta the moment they saw the first waves of the European ships and hundreds of poor craft might have been saved. But it was not their business to keep anything of the kind in mind, and there was no one to calculate the path of the cyclone (as calculable, they say, as the path of a comet), and its nature returning in the form of a tornado inland. Again, at Masulipatam, some forty-five thousand people were living mostly on land below the waterline, not of the sea, but of a river. Here, any extraordinary tide must wash over, packed in mudhouses, to the ground. The brown cob-huts are palaces in the swell; no protection. The calamity came. One great wave rushed over the town on the night of last Ash Sunday—and more than seven out of ten thousand people were drowned, and a little heap of wet mud marked the position of four houses out of five. Seven days after the event, and before even the magistrates, the moonsiffs were indefatigable; the poor pecns (policemen), two-thirds of whom had perished, stood by the magistrates and kept society together; and the native regiment quartered near the place, which lost sixty rank and file and nearly their full complement of wives and children, is described as having "behaved admirably."

We can read enough about Calcutta in the papers; this calamity to Southern India has met with less noise; but the destruction is relatively more terrible; and our accounts are more from the spot, so that it will be our fault if they are not interesting.

The 31st of October was a bright, cool day, refreshing after the great heat and long drouth from which the district had been suffering. Next day, light misty rain set in, and by 9 P.M. the wind began to drive (writes one) I was strongly reminded of some of our damp, warm autumn days at home. To avoid evening dinner, for which I had no taste, I went to bed early, and was awakened by a sound like a heavy gun at 2 A.M. I looked at my watch, and found it was 2 A.M. the barometer fell rapidly, and the wind passed round by north to due east, blowing furiously. The magistrate and his assistant determined to sit up and "see it out;" but they had not sat long when, between nine and ten P.M., a native servant rushed in, crying in broken English, "Sea come over us—sea come over us!" "Nonsense," cried the Englishmen; "get along with you!" But they are persuaded to go to the veranda, and there, true enough, the water is already surging up to the godown (cotter verandah); several natives come up swimming; and the first act of the magistrate is to hail his two or three half-drowned creatures, and to set a lamp as a beacon to others. In this way ten or twelve are saved; and then the water gets into the house, the servants run for dear life, and block up the staircase; and the whole party, having first cut off, go into the upper room; natives praying, crying, and then sleeping. Englishmen getting into a sheltered corner, and then dozing off, too, their sheer exhaustion, to wake just before dawn and find themselves wet through, while the lightning is flashing over their heads, the roof having been torn off, fortunately in one piece, while they were asleep. What a scene of ruin and devastation! nearly three feet of water still over the low ground; corpses every where; men and bullocks washed into verandas, and lying about promiscuously (corpses and even gentleman's house); the town nowhere; here and there a burnt brick or thumb house standing (mostly roofless) amidst the waste. Not a tree spared, except those which (like some palms) yield to the blast. What is to be done is all but that wave spread so far that a lot of arrack casks were found six miles inland, and was so strong that it filled up one of the pits of a minor lock-gates and lashed it on a strongly-built house, crushing it like a nutshell. The sepoys' lines were swept down like cardhouses; the cattle were woefully shaken; the rice in store all damaged, so that every one had to be set to work to crush the husk off the paddy (rice on the bush), and so on. The people were fortunately, and one of the things most urgently called for from head-quarters was a supply of pestles and mortars, that all hands might be kept employed. Then the wells were all sanded up, or spoiled with salt-water; only one fit to drink from in the whole place. The Trooper was wrecked; all native records and part of the English ditto as were on the lower shelves destroyed; and among the laughable incidents, "the whole stock of stamps, official and postage, swept away;" a fresh supply "urgently requested." And then, "the necessity" my new and permanents was found, five days after, full a mile off." Sad stories of European suffering during that wild night: sailors' wives, in the fate of the little steamer at Mr. Scharey's Church Mission School for native girls—thirty-five drowned out of fifty. One poor lady, writing, says, "I shall only survive a day," and tells how she and hers "passed a night of terror, with three feet water in the highest rooms, huddled together on the house-board, wet (for the roof fell off), and the children choking all the time with whooping-cough." In every case Europeans and Christians have lost all their clothes and personal effects—no light loss, we can readily understand, for people have to subsist in official life. Every thing in India, too, is one hundred per cent. at least above its English price. Yet there is no sign of whining from any but the destitute. One of the finest gentlemen from up-country, where they had only wind—though that was bad enough, marking its track, writes a sad account of a Gentleman of a Collector's beveled crops, and cattle killed by falling trees or buildings—finds time to groan over "our vegetables which were perfectly ripe, as well, and are not just spoiled;" and "our custard-apples, which are stripped of their fruit and most of their leaves!" and "the fine Mango-tope," which he says "received some injury, we have not yet heard what." These lucky men are often accused by old Indians of a little want of the true creature-comfort, and surely the reverent writer of the above seems to justify the accusation. Here are we talk of cathedrages and custard-apples, while one-fifth of the people of the Kistna district are dead and four-fifths famishing, where the thirty-five thousand of Masulipatam who must starve but for the immediate government help. They get cooked rice now, and are paid for digging the dead, and have begun to use up the fallen trees for rebuilding their huts; so that, for the present, they manage to hold out. Everybody else is in debt, for the crops under the whole sea-board, soaked with brine, will never grow again.

Naturally by the first great wash was coolies to bury or burn the dead, to unstop the wells, etc. These were soon sent in by the different collectors of the country. The cholera preceded as terrible (one writer says he rowed up the river; "it was full of corpses"). Fortunately in winter, but the commissioner of Board to "take proper measures." Of course they sent tents, disinfectants, food, etc., freighting a steamer with them (literally at hand); quinine, too, to remit taxes, and relax "jungle conservancy laws." The collector, who had written for leave to spend thirty thousand rupees, and who apologizes for sending his rough draft, being fairly beat after five hours hard work in the open air, is empowered to do "whatever he may consider best for him." Immense power these civilians have. A young fellow not seven years from college is at once judge, sheriff and chancellor of the exchequer over a tract as large as Devon. It is an ugly name, "Collector," and often a very unlucky one; but not always, but they who answer to it have, on the whole, always nobly sustained the English character for uprightness, and self-restraint, and perfect incorruptibility.

It took twelve days to clear away the worst of the shells, and then the work of burying men and cattle. The immediate neighborhood could not help much; for the storm was felt full twenty miles inland. At Guddyr (or Gudiwar) the whole police force was killed: further off, in a navvies' village connected with the Kistna anicut works, not a house was left standing. A resident in Nursapur, going into Masulipatam to inquire after some friends, finds the village of Kottha Sivaby entirely swept away. Of a large choultry, where travelers had rested for years, nothing was left but two strong posts with their cross beam, by clinging to which the only two persons who escaped out of all the inhabitants were saved. A mango-tope of heavy thick walls of the choultry had been driven more than a hundred yards by the force of the water. A hundred trees were found broken across within half an acre; and where they were still standing further inland, the wood was hanging in them as nine feet from the ground. Cocoa-nut trees there are, as Enfield, marvelous escape; men swept along for miles, and then landed on trees, to which they were able to cling; human left standing because they were to leeward of some larger building which gave way. On the water, too, the rain was great. Boats, coasting and fishing, no grief in great numbers; of three ships that were in the harbor, two—an Arab and a French ship—broke their moorings, and drove ashore; the third, an English brig, rode out the gale.

The Masulipatam people are as helpless as the Lancashire mill-hands. Well, we mustn't become politics!; we have seen what a reviving storm can do along the same demands; enough to let us be thankful that there are no cyclones here; and that our sea-walls too are a tolerable protection against such "slight ebbs" as that of which Jean Angus spoke so sweetly; and which we suppose are due to a fit of sudden pain on the moon's part, or to the sea forgetting for a moment its "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO LEARN TO SPEAK IRISH.—Put a three-cornered bit of the blackest peat you can find in your mouth, and it will moistened with whisky that has never seen "the ugly eye of a gauger." Our Hibernian readers will explain this among themselves.

WANTED.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of potatoes.

The club with which an idea struck the poet.

A stick to measure narrow escapes.

The identical hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.

An umbrella used in the reign of tyrants.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—How to get rid of your surplus cash. Marry a small "widdy" with a large family.

SOMETHING THAT TICKLES THE "FANCY."—A trotting-match.

THE WORST ORGAN-GRINDER.—A hollow tooth that plays the deuce.

PLEASANT.—To *fall in* with a pretty girl at a skating frolic.

A YANKEE has invented a machine for grating people's feelings.

Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure?—Because he lives on the fat of the land.

A one-legged miller is at once a miller and hopper.

Why is a superfluity like a retired waiter?—Because it's an extra.

"Are you fond of novels?" said Mrs. Jones. "Very," responded the interrogated gentleman, who wished to be thought by the lady's daughter a boy of the period. "Have you ever read," continued the inquisitive lady, "Thomas's Year?" "No, madam," said Jones, "I never read so many in all my life."

Why is friendship like an addiction to ardent spirits?—Because it conduces to hand-shaking.

OVERTITULATION.—A coroner's jury in Wales returned as a verdict that the deceased "died by the visitation of God," that "she died from congestion of the brain, caused by hydrophobia."

GRIEF.—A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed, "Oh, that splendid gold watch and ring! Will he have it? I may remember him and cherish his dear memory."

WANTED BY A BACHELOR JEWELER.—A wife with a neck of pearl, teeth of ivory, hair of jet, a golden hair, a silvery tongue, and a perfect jewel as a temper.

WIDOW PARTINGTON has recently paid a visit to the menagerie, and has written her experience for the benefit of whom it may concern: "You see, my dears (that's her way of writing), I've seen all the world in my time (husband), I never was in such a Noah's ark of a place before, and I'm thankful for the many mercies and blessings vouchsafed. That was the elephant, with his orful long proboscis, and that was the camel, a queer plan, but wisely ordered to him: and the jaguier, or South American tiger, a tricky animal; and the cockatoo, a new bird altogether, and the varnish; and the painter, that was continually brushing it up, and the rest of the animiles, and the which's behind enclosed at a school where they taught manners; and the hostrich, a queer bird indeed, for the hostrich feather to buy, but the price was reddiculus; and the four performing dogs, which I thought the cleverest of the cage tew. Oh, it was a remarkable expedition of the works of nature, and I'm glad I went, for I've seen sumthing perfectly that we are all frightfully and wonderfully made!"

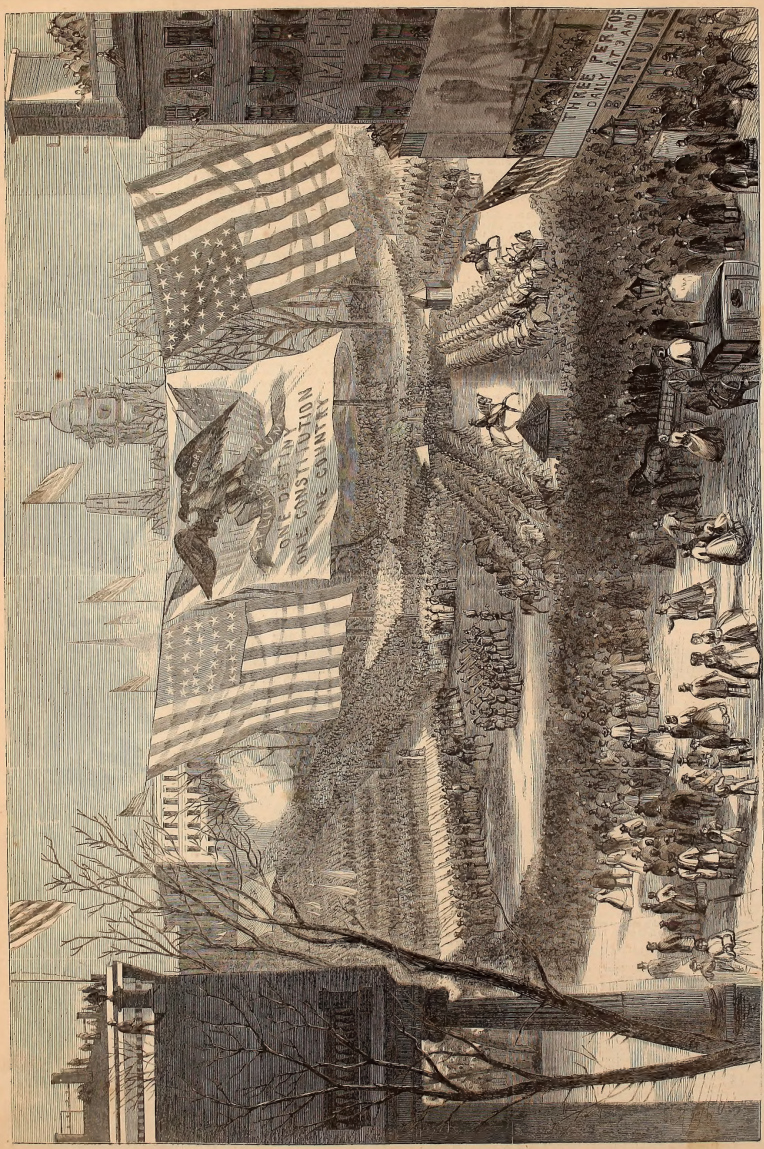
Two gentlemen having a difference, one went to the other's door early in the morning and cried "Scoundrel!" upon it. The other called upon his neighbor, and was followed by a servant that his master was not at home, but if he had any thing to say he might leave it with him. "Why, then," said the gentleman, "tell your master that I only wished to return your master's visit, as he left his card at my door this morning."

DOGGOL.—"This hyar babe's got the small-pox; and I ain't posted up on patisics. We must approach this case by system, Sam Slocum. You give this Rile cure this draught. That'll send him into fits. Then send for me. I'm a steamer on fits."

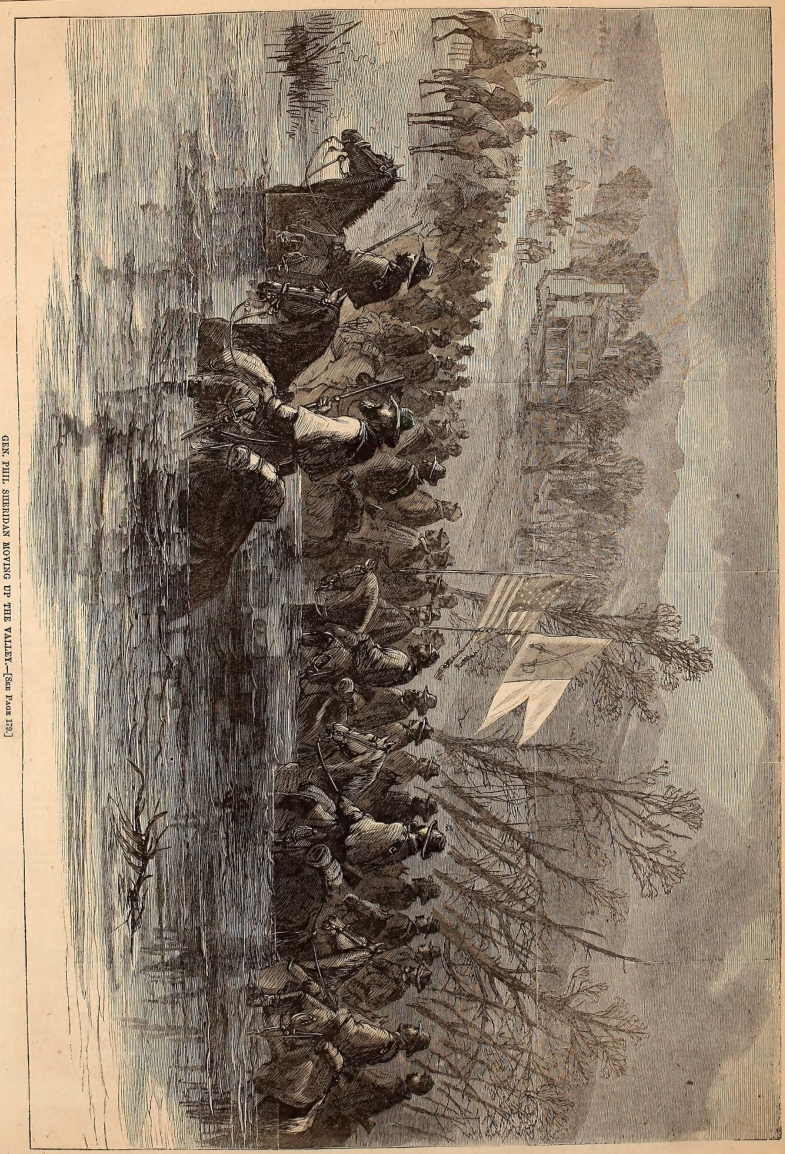
Professional thieves are notoriously brave, hence the proverbial expression, "Thick as thieves."

Two clergymen were conversing together, when one remarked that he could not tell what he found so difficult to preach twice on a Sunday. "Well," said the other, "I always find, when I preach twice, I repeat myself."

It is always exceedingly pleasant to be generous, but very wearisome to pay debts.



THE TRIUMPH IN NEW YORK—THE PROCESSION PASSING AROUND THE SOUTH END OF THE PARK.—[See Page Page.]



GEN. PHIL SHERIDAN MOVING UP THE VALLEY.—[See Page 179.]

MARCH MUSINGS.

THE March wind blows across the sea,
And through the pine-trees o'er my head
Its voice is as the voices dead.
What are the words it speaks to me?

Hard to define: for as it sweeps
Through the thick branches on its way,
The echoes quickened by its sway
Are heard by me as one who sleeps.

Heard as the memories that wake
From their long rest when, in an hour
Least marked, we find a faded flower,
And straightway all the fetters break

That bound the past in silence. So
Floats back the soul upon that stream
Whose current passes as a dream,
Whose waters all so stilly flow.

The wild March wind smites on my face
With stinging strength; and yet the past
Rises so surely and so fast
That I scarce feel it for a space.

What says the March wind? Does it speak
Of its work done a year ago,
When eyes that erst so sweetly shone
With love's light darkened as the weak

Last sigh of life was swept away,
By the cold March blast which had been
Charged with arctic chills all keen,
Sealing her doom ere break of day?

In vain, in vain the sunny South,
In vain the work of love and care,
Though love grew maddened with despair
To touch with life the rose-bud mouth.

IN THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

My brother Willie and I were orphans. There was a family of us once—six children, boys and girls equally divided. We lived, with our parents, in an old house in the country, and had no neighbors. A desolate place every body thought it, and I suppose it was so, but I loved it from its being the only home I had ever known, and full of old associations. I'm afraid it was an unwholesome place. It was nestled down deep amidst trees and great wallowing meadows—splendid evergreens, and so shady in summer; but it is true that they did hold the damp dreadfully; from some of the wide doors we could look out over hazy meadows which we used to amuse ourselves when it was too wet to go out, by doing so, and plucking the leaves and blossoms. There was, too, from habitation to roof, was hidden by creepers, ivy, and honey-suckle, and roses, all growing so thick that in summer they were put perfectly into a great straggling sprays used to wave across them, and up above the line of the roof cornices. The walls in summer time rose and the woodbine were! clustering in long trailing masses about the walls, and hanging over the porch, and making shelter for dozens of sparrows' nests. There were, too, great bowery elms and ashes, and one huge walnut-tree almost leaned against the house, overhanging a part of it, built as a lodge; beautiful it looked; but in wet weather, and ours was a very wet part of the country, the perpetual drip, drip of it and the chimbers had a dreary sound; and in the autumn the leaves used to choke up the gutters, and make such floods through the ceilings. Almost all the rooms were stained by these overflows, and when I was a little child, and used to wake early, the shadowings of the sparrows in the grassery about the window often woke me at daylight—for when I was ill, which was not unfrequently the case, I used to lie in my little bed and count the rings and images in those stains. Things laid by for a while got mildewed and mouldy, and some of the rooms, the upstairs ones, the wallcloths peeled off the north, where the laurels and rhododendrons—and rhododendrons!—grew close against the walls. I was, I say, sadly dark and cold, and damp, as damp that the paper used to peel off the walls. The garden and lawn, too, were lovely shady places; but I suppose there may have been somewhat too much grown, for the flowers never throve there, and the grass was nearly always soppy, and the walks wet and moss-grown.

Whether this had any thing to do with it or not —sometimes I think it may have, though I don't see as if it were treason against the dear old place to say so—we certainly were not a healthy family, nor yet a long-lived one.

My father farmed his land himself; it gave him something to do, he said, and, indeed, if he had not had that, I don't think he would have had any thing. I suppose he could not have been called an energetic man; but he was a kind man as ever was, dear father, and never teased or talked much about him, but let things take their course. He did not make much of the farming, and he had enough to live upon comfortably, it did not so much signify. The land was wet and heavy, and wanted such a lot of draining, and the hedges and banks were so thick and high, they took up a deal of space and kept the air and sunshine off the fields. We did not know these things then in our part of the country, and it's only since I have lived where I do now that I've learned them. There was generally something the matter with the sheep or the cattle, or the potatoes got the disease, or the hay heated, or the rats got on board that they ate up half the corn, and the young ducks and chickens too. Farming—at all events it was so with us—is, I do think, a very unsatisfactory sort of thing; though I took great pleasure in it myself in those days, in the poultry-yard especially, and in rearing the calves, only they would die often.

However, as I have said, my dear father never took these things much to heart. So long as he could saunter about, seeing to things, and get a day's shooting now and again, and have his nap after dinner, all went smoothly with him.

My mother was just as easy-going as my father. A pretty, fair woman, I remember her, always delicate, and going about the house, or sitting on her sofa with a shawl; a sweet-looking creature, gentle and placid, but with a great distaste to trouble of any kind, or being put out of her way. S' ...om left the house, summer or winter, and yes...by year she got paler and more fragile. She died when the little cough I always remember her having, got worse, and used to disturb her at night. The few visitors we ever used to advise her seeing a doctor. But she always replied it was nothing, she would be better when the spring came, or the summer, or perhaps in the next season might be that we were coming. They told her they did not think the place agreed with her; it was so damp; but she only smiled, and said, quietly, "Do you think so?" and thought no more about it. We children, too, throve no better than the beasts on the farm; and yet I don't think there was any hereditary disease in the family; I never heard of any, at all events. But we grew up slight and weak, and were always having colds, coughs, and sore-throats, and croup. The quantity of mustard that was used in plasters was enough, and more than enough, to scare, I have served with all the pigs and oxen we ever reared.

Then there came a hard winter. Oh, did I remember it!

My sister Janey, sweet little blue-eyed thing, the image of mamma, got a terrible cough on it, and her chest, and the usual mustard plaster and current-jelly water did no good. She got worse and worse, never playing, never running with Willie, and at last mamma thought that maybe it would be better to send for a doctor. But when the doctor came it was too late. She had inflammation of the lungs, and died next day. The doctor said it was very unwise to let us go as we did all the year round, with bare arms and necks and legs, about in and out of the house. But we had always done so, and mamma thought that nonsense; it made children hardy, she said, so she never would be made. But Janey-boy Roger, the stoutest of us, was taken ill, much in the same way, and before the New Year he went too, and was laid beside Janey. Then mamma grew weaker and weaker, and coughed awfully, and could neither sleep nor eat. Ah me, ah me! it breaks my heart to think of that time.

In a word, she was in a consumption before any body in the house thought there was any thing serious on the matter. She languished, and kept dying and summer, and in the autumn she died. It took my father by surprise, just as all the rest had done before—sudden. He could not and would not believe he was to lose her. He did what I have since noticed many people do when they are about to be bereft of those they love too well to own they must learn to do without them. He took notice of no favorable symptoms, but only of those which were alarming one; he never would go back to remember how much weaker she was than she had been a few months ago. If he saw her sitting up to tea with any appetite, or seemed interested in any thing, she, he considered, showed a real improvement, while the sinking fits, the loss of appetite, the return to food and the sad weary listlessness, were mere accidental and passing states. He never recovered the shock of her death. He grew moody, and silent, broken-down man, and died two years later.

Within the next seven years Lena and Charlie followed, and then I was left alone. And I left alone in the old house, without a near relation, or, I may say, an intimate friend in the world.

You may guess if I loved Willie! He was two years younger than I was, and even while the others lived, we two had been drawn to be like twins to each other. Oh, he was my boy he was! with his soft eyes, and delicate skin, and fine hair, like a child's always. He was not a strong feeder, and used to grieve, and his hands white and transparent, like mamma's. I used to tremble all over if I heard him cough, and often I would creep under the bed-clothes, and make some horrible dream of his being ill, and going; like the rest. Sometimes I used to think to myself, maybe it would be better not to love him quite so much, at all events, it did not suit us. But where to go? How could we two, I, a girl of twenty, Willie but eighteen, leave this, our own place, to which we never been away from since we were born, and go out to seek a home in the wide, wide world? Still, I used to be up at Willie night after night, when he got even an attempt to see if a change might not save him?

One night, when we were sitting alone and silent over the fire—we seldom talked much, for, I suppose, we were both afraid to touch on any thing new or pleasant to talk about, and I was listening to that drip, drip, that I have said was so dreary—I ventured to open the subject. Willie was very feverish head, and put it against my cheek, and held it there, looking into the fire while I spoke.

"Willie, dear, how I love you!"

"It *always* rains, I think," he said.

"Well, I do believe it rains more here than in most other places. I'm afraid it must be much to be very healthy."

"Oh, there's no harm in rain, if it was only clearer."

"But sometimes I'm afraid there is harm in it, and in the damp. I do think it hasn't agreed with us all."

"Oh, it wasn't that! A place we've been used to all our lives can't agree with us. And if it did, where else could we go to?"

"There's the question. But I do think we ought to try to get a little change."

But Willie wouldn't hear of it then, so the matter dropped for the moment. Poor dear, he hated change or movement, or the sight of strangers, so that I could not find it in my heart to urge him. Besides, I had another reason, a foolish one, perhaps, but still it was so. We had determined together, when we were first left alone in the world, that we should never leave it, in all to each other. We would never marry, nor go out into society, nor be separated for one week, but live and die together.

Now, I thought, perhaps if I press it upon him, he may think I am speaking for myself; that it is I who want change, and another life, and other companionship than his.

And so the time went by, and I could see that my Willie's little strength and spirit were going with it, and in my own mind I resolved something should be done, and ere long what the thing should be.

Willie's godfather lived in Rockminster, which was about nine miles from us, and in a higher and better part of the country. He was a banker there, a kind man, and well to do, and was about the only person who had continued to remember much about us, and take any notice of us. It was not our own fault that more persons did not do so; for when we were left alone, many, even of those we hardly knew, came to us and offered their services, and asked us to their houses. But we were shy and sad, and unused to strangers, and shrunk from them. So these good people, seeing it was no use to wooed, let us alone. But Mr. Heath would not be put off so. He had known my dear father when they were both boys, and, as my position with regard to Willie made him feel that he had a duty and a right as respected him. Still, though he came to see us as often as he could, and was anxious that Willie should take some occupation that would draw him into a more active sphere of life, and bring him in contact with more people, he, in the face of Willie's constant objection to any change, by degrees left off urging it. For Willie, like his poor sweet people, was so determined when he took a resolution, and even I always approached any difficult subject with much caution and fear of opposition.

However, on this occasion I resolved to see what was to be done with Mr. Heath to get Willie into a new sphere. Willie was body and mind going, I thought into more healthy action. For it wore my life out to see him, day after day, doing nothing but hanging about the place, in and out, and out, weary, listless, and hopeless. Besides, too, he had taken to smoking a great deal more than was good for him. For Willie, like his great people, was determined when he took a resolution, and even I always approached any difficult subject with much caution and fear of opposition.

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So I wrote to good Mr. Heath, laying before him all my cares, and desires, and perplexities, but request him to say nothing to Willie lest I had done so. It was the first secret I ever had from my darling boy, and it made me feel very guilty; but after myself in the village, and he, sitting in front of the door smoking, and occasionally throwing a stone at a passing sparrow, I went off to, I felt like a disguilty creature being found out.

Two days after Mr. Heath came over. Before he had been many minutes in the house he opened the business. He told Willie that he was in want of, not exactly a clerk in the bank, but a young man to help people do their writing for checks, &c. short, in whom he could have perfect confidence, to employ in copying letters and other light work. He offered very handsome salary, to begin. He could be a hundred a year; he should live with his own family, if he liked, and he pointed out all the advantages of the place, and the pleasure it at this new life in such glowing terms, that I could see Willie, for one, was shaken. "But the farm," he said, "and Miss Ellen—what's to be done?"

"Why, you'll let the farm and the house for a good sum. I know a man who would be extremely likely to take them. And, as for Miss Ellen, she would live in Rockminster, and you could, if you preferred it, live with her. What does Ellen say?"

Hitherto Bessie, listening with all her ears, had said nothing, knowing that it was better to let Mr. Heath have his say out, and be chimed in. Now, however, I, as if this was the first I had heard of it, said as calmly as I could, that I really thought the plan a very good one, and, considerations, apart, that for my part, could see no objection. However, Willie, half inclined, but fearing to commit himself, looked very perplexed, and Mr. Heath rode off, pretty well satisfied.

You may suppose all the pros and cons that followed, and what ended in my had to keep the former in view without appearing too anxious in the matter. However, the upshot of it all was that Willie consented to make a trial—a question on our account, namely, that Grimwold should still be our home. And so it was to be. Mr. Heath let us have the grounds, and he would ride or drive over to Rockminster and back every day. I saw much to object to in this plan, especially the isolated position, and the risks of bad weather. Still it was something gained, and as Willie had been used to occasional riding from childhood, and was not all the better for it, and that now the summer was set in, and the weather was not likely to cause much unpleasantness, I was glad to get my half-loaf and with as much contentment as I could.

And soon I saw good reason for contentment. Willie was very anxious, he seemed to be, to set about his day, what he had done, and who he had seen, and what passed. Heath and Willie talked for hours; and sometimes he used to be quite in spirits, and tell me funny things that made us both laugh as we had not laughed since we were children.

I found it very lonely, the long day, at first. But then I used to make myself as busy as I could about the house and in the garden, and contriving nice dinners for him, and then when the time drew near for his arrival, I made myself quite smart—he was so particular about my appearance—and I dressed and told me how the Miss Heaths wore theirs—and was ready at the gate to open it for him and welcome him home. And I found all the world pleasant the day.

Very kind the Heaths were; they often asked me to go and spend some days with them, and invited me to their parties, of which they gave a good many. I could not always refuse; but oh, I found it but weary work! I was so unused to strangers, and to dress, and somehow or other I always felt so much more lonely among a crowd than I did at home. Lonely, loving family, than in my own quiet old home, where the memories of those who were gone kept me far more company. I suppose

my youth had died out of me when they died, and I was no longer able to take my place among the living. Not that at home I was unhappy, or even unchcerful; far from it, now that my precious boy was getting to what I wanted him to be.

So two years went by and Willie was made a man of. His figure, though still slight, was no longer of that excessive slenderness and suppleness. His face had brightened and lost its soft girliness; he worked actively; he took to cricket and foot-ball with the young men of the village, and played in the matches, for Mr. Heath was always ready to give him a holiday, especially for such purposes.

As time went on Willie got to enjoy his new life more and more; he became fond of society instead of hating and shrinking from it, as he used to do, and occasionally he staid a night at Rockminster for dinners ad dances. He was vexed, dear boy, that I cou...e not follow his example, and used to urge me to do so. But where was the use? It was no pleasure to me, and I felt it would be no credit to him for me to be there, lost in the solitude of my own sadness and loneliness made around me in the midst of strangers. Whereas, when he came home and told me all about it, I could thoroughly enjoy it all, and asked him an endless number about his partners and their looks and dresses, and the dances and the music and the supper, as if I had longed to be there myself.

He had often talked to me of his greatest friend in Rockminster, Walter Ray. Such a fine fellow, he said, so good-looking and bright and manly-mannered; such a shot, and such a rider, and such a first-rate cricketer, and such an any thing. I knew Walter Ray quite well from Willie's constant accounts of him, yet I was somewhat startled when one day Willie told me that he thought of coming, or bring his friend home with him to play at the cricket match that was to take place the day following.

"Oh, Willie," I said, "how can we entertain strangers?"

"Nonsense!" Willie replied. "Walter's no stranger to me, and therefore he mustn't be to you; and what does he want more than we have ourselves every day? I shall look after the cheeses coming, and he'll cheer you up, you old gooxy girl, as you haven't been for many a long day."

I laughed at him once more, and as soon as Willie was off I went to see about getting a room ready for him. Rooms enough there were, Heaven knows! all and more than we needed since the departure of those who had dwelt in them had been carried out. But I could not do to think of that now; so I chose the sunniest, and had a fire lit in it, for even though it was June it struck damp and chilly when I opened the door. Then I got my basket, brown with old age, aired, and the roses and honey-suckles peeped curiously in at the long unopened windows, as though they were surprised to see preparations for a body's coming to make the room alive again, and when I had put flowers on the mantle-piece, and arranged every thing in apple-pie order, I felt I took cheery enough. And then I had to go and see what we could do about having a nice dinner, and what I had decided on, and getting out all the silver candlesticks and tea-pot, and the beautiful old Worcester china breakfast-set, and the scarlet and gold dessert-service. Then I had to run to the village to see if I couldn't beg, borrow, or steal some strawberries and cherries to put into it, for none of these, hardly, were ripe yet.

And so the day passed away I didn't know how till I dressed, and about that time, after I had shown Eliza how to set out the table, to smooth the cloth and put on a clean muslin gown, before Willie and his friend should arrive.

They came laughing up the drive, just as I had gone into Mr. Ray's room to give a last look, and see that every thing was all ship-shape. My heart beat, and I felt so foolishly fluttered, that I dared not go down at once and meet the stranger in the hall. I only heard Willie's voice and laugh through the roses; his face was turned upward at that moment, looking at them, I fancy, and, though he could not have seen me, I felt sure he knew I had been caught in some guilty trick. But the glance, brief as it was, had had of his face, reassured me. Still I waited, till Willie's voice called to me from the foot of the stairs, brought me down to the presence of our guest.

I don't know how it was, but in half an hour I had quite forgotten that Walter Ray was a stranger, and was talking to him as cheerfully as I ever talked to any. Dinner passed delightfully; he was more amusing than any one I had ever met in my life, not that that is much to say. He had been all over the face of out-of-the-way places—South America, the shores of the Bosphorus, the Isles of Greece, and he instructed me how to steer to start for Australia, and, if he liked it, settle there.

It was Willie's custom, be it known, to take a nap after dinner.

Poor dear, his long ride home used to tire him just enough for this, and he would go off with a kiss of his child, as I was my work, talking to him. I had hoped he would keep awake to-night, it would be a kind attention to our guest to see him settling down in the arm-chair, and heard him flag in the talk, I fidgeted in my seat, and coughed and cleared my throat, in vain, his eyelids would droop and droop, and quite drop, and his head fall helplessly aside against the back of the chair. I coughed louder, and let fall a book, but his closed eyes just opened for a moment, and then closed again.

I glanced toward Mr. Ray; he was watching my manoeuvres with some amusement.

"Are forty winks tabooed in your house, Miss Bessie?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh no; I don't mind Willie's sleeping in general, but—"

I felt I was saying something stupid, and stopped.

"But you don't like him to betray the weakness to me? I'm afraid I've set him the example before you. Now, I pray you don't let him know how I do you pass your evenings? do you never find it hard to get through them, after the long, lonely day?"

"Oh no; I am used to this kind of life and no other, and I would not change if I could."

"And yet," he said, half to himself, half to me, "what a life it is to one of your age! I know what the force of habit is; how prisoners learn, after long years of confinement, to dread removal; how women can fit themselves into the niche that is made for them, however narrow it be. Yet such a life is not natural, till the years that have brought the stormier experiences of life to them have ended by bringing the desire for rest. It can't last for ever, you know," he continued, looking at me, "but I think it will. I don't see what is to change it."

He shook his head.

"When one of you marries, how then for the other?"

"We never mean to marry, either of us."

He smiled.

"You think so? Why not?"

"Oh, that we decided on when first we were left alone."

"I know you are in earnest. But you will see. If one of you kept such a vow even, it is impossible it should. Ah, how little you know of life!"

A sudden pang shot across me.

"You know something?" I said, glancing across at Willie. I need not mention his name, knowing such utterance always disturbs a sleeper.

"No, I give you my word. I only speak from what I have seen. Besides, he is but a boy! At twenty there is little chance of such a change. I am five years older, but I have no present prospect of becoming a Benedick. I must wait for my unknown Beatrice, till I have a home to offer her, and till I am quite sure she is the *real* Beatrice. I don't despise so far the confession, but most of us meet a good many Realities before we discover Juliet."

Whether I was moved to Willie by the instinct of a sleeper generally has of his being the subject of conversation, or what, I can't say; but at this point he woke, and he ran on the cricket-match till bedtime.

After that Walter came often; I need not pretend that I did not learn eno to see he came for me. And then rose in my heart a great struggle. This must not be; yet how to prevent it?

Inexperienced as I was in the ways of the world, I should hardly have understood how to signify, as some women can by a hundred little manners indications, without giving offense—to a lover I cared not for, that his pursuit was a vain one. How then assume an indifference I did not feel? How keep the boundary line I knew he would soon seek to overstep, when my heart rose up to welcome him over it?

Think what my life was, and what his coming made it! Think of the long, solitary days which whatever I did I was no more or less free to think of him. How his image became associated with every thing around me, every occupation, every pleasure, every thought! How it supplied a motive, and a reward for all I might do, and left me a world of thoughts and recollections, to turn over and fill and feed my heart with, so that I hardly missed him when he returned.

And all this was vain, life, hopeless, must be kept down and put away. But how? Ah, how?

One day, early in the afternoon, I was in the garden, and started to hear a horse's footfall on the gravel of the drive. Could Willie have come home thus soon for some unexpected reason? Visitors, especially on horseback, were so rare that I hardly thought of them, unless it might be Mr. Heath. So I turned down my sleeves, took off my gardening gloves, and came forward to the house by the hedge. It was Walter Ray, alone. Oh, what should I do? What should I say? for I knew, seeing him thus, what he had come for.

Whether he saw me, or knew by some sound that I was there, I can't tell; but he stopped his horse, and taking it and his gride swagwhich was what I was tempted to do, he called me by my name. So I had to come forward to the gate close by, and meet him.

"Are you angry with me?" he began, when he had dismounted and taken my hand; for I was so flushed and trembled so, and could not speak intelligibly, that I had turned from him, to hide my confusion.

"Forgive me if I have thus come upon you by surprise. I had meant to speak to you alone, and when I come with Willie it is almost impossible. Let me go and put my horse up in the stable, and come and speak to you two—may I?"

Had I dared to follow my impulse I should have said, "Go, I am not to listen to you; you are not to speak." But, make my task of forgetting you possible—if it be possible still—try me not above my strength."

But I assented, something, as in a minute more he was again beside me, and had drawn me, I know not how, by the mere force of his will, into one of the shadowy dark walks. I remember nothing, though I hardly heard them at the time, how the blackbirds screamed and scolded as we entered it.

"I am going to Australia in two months," he said. Then he waited for me to speak, but I was still dumb.

"Do you remember, I wonder, something I said to you, the first time I ever saw you, about Beatrice?"

"Yes, I remember."

"You do?" he said, sniffing, as if pleased and encouraged. "I should tell you, then, that I have found the real Beatrice? that I have come to ask her if she will take Benedick, with all his imperfections on his head?"

I struggled for a word, but instead came a passion of tears, so violent that he stood pained and startled.

"No, no!" I sobbed; "it can not be! it must not be! Don't talk to me of this; leave me. Oh, you can do for me to leave me!"

"Bessie, darling! why is this? What have I said to pain or grieve you? tell me!"

"I can not tell you. I am not angry; it is not your fault. But you must leave me; indeed you must."

And I turned from him, and walked slowly in the direction of home. I was furious with myself, so furious that I fear I was almost rough to him. I remained looking after me some moments in utter bewilderment; then he suddenly joined me.

"Bessie," he said, taking both my hands, as that I could not advance, "I can not leave you without further explanation. You did not lead me to expect this, and you give me no reason for it. Tell me only you refuse to listen to me. You owe me this."

"I can know the reason," I sobbed. "You know I told you from the first I never meant to leave Willie."

"But Willie will leave you; I tell you he will. Oh, Bessie, if you care for me, if *this* is your only reason for refusing me, don't—I beseech you—don't sacrifice yourself to this wild, romantic duty! Listen! I have taken you, perhaps, by surprise. I will go to Australia alone if you will say that if I can leave you in a year you will marry me; say two years if you prefer it. Will you say so, Bessie?"

"I can not! I can not!"

"This is your last word?"

"Yes."

"Then good-by. I will trouble you no more." He threw my hands till the pain made me wince, and was gone.

I never told Willie what had passed, or even of his visit. It was impossible to me to speak of it; and oh, the anguish of trying to keep calm and cheerful, and to appear interested in what Willie was telling me of the Rockminster news, and of the grand public ball that was to be given there. Ah me! I no more thought of that ball than I could calmly one long, vain, empty yearning for what could never be.

Two months Walter Ray sailed for Victoria. He wrote me a line first. Was the last word I had spoken to him final? I could but say yes, and the chance never gave him to say more. I had to listen calmly and make something like excuses for him when Willie told me how he had come, and gone, and how he had left a gift with us before he went, and how Walter had constantly refused him on some pretext or another, even for Willie's things, a present of the imaginary unfriendliness.

A year went by. I was now much alone, for Willie not only had his studies, but many of his wiser gayeties might be going on there, but his friends often asked him to go with them on shooting and fishing excursions, which lasted some days off, and how could he refuse, poor dear? I was only too glad he should amuse himself. I felt I was, in my way, the cause of his seeming so dull and quiet now, and he was always so happy to come home, and so full of all he had done and seen, that he was less likely to notice the change in me.

One bleak autumn evening we were sitting by the fire together. As I could not bear to turn over a book, but this made me the habit of reading aloud, a proceeding which always had the effect of advancing his sleeping-hour considerably.

But this night, when I took the book, he said, with a half-averted face, "Not to-night, Bess; I want to talk to you."

I laid the volume aside and sat down on a low chair by him, looking up expectantly.

"It is something hard to begin, so I took his hand, stroking it down softly.

"Well, dearie?"

"Well, I can't be cleared his throat, but his voice was still husky. "Bessie, what would you say if I told you I was going to be married?"

"What I did say then? I only know that the first thought that came into my head was not about Walter. It was this: So he has been carrying on this affair, and I never knew! Oh, how *base* it was settled—without giving me the slightest confidence. Not a hint that his fancy even had turned to one of the girls we met! one of the many girls he had carelessly mentioned as his partners at dances!

But he seemed, now that he had brought himself to speak, to perceive but little the effect of his communication, and told me the whole story right through.

Her name was Charlotte Turner; she was nineteen, very pretty, of course, or Willie would not rode better than any girl he ever saw, and was "so jolly." He believed she had a little money, too, but did not know, or even care. Oh, how should love her!

I felt much more, God forgive me! as if Walter had just died.

"But you'll never leave me, dear old girl," he said. "Whoever comes, I can't see you left alone. You and Charlotte must get on as beautifully; you'll be such company for each other all day while I'm away. Though, indeed, I shouldn't like to go on Mr. Heath's after he's found some one to take my place. I shall come home and take up the farm again."

I can't bear to think of it or talk of it. I know I should not like Charlotte, and, though I tried, I couldn't. She came to see me, and affectionately looked on me as a dull, dowdy sort of old maid, though, after all, I wasn't yet four-and-twenty. I had to be very lovely I am sure, when I dare say I was; I had nothing to make me otherwise.

The wedding was over, and the honey-moon, and I made the old place as bright as I could to receive them. There were great fires in all the rooms, and the new furniture was arranged, and the best fruit picked through, indeed, we had hard work to make them stick on account of the damp; and what I used in coals and fire-wood during that month I'm not prepared to say.

However, the house, I'm sure, did look fit for the reception of a bride, and I thought Charlotte must be pleased with it.

They arrived just as the day was closing in, and, as luck would have it, it was a wet day, and the drip, drip was audible enough even indoors.

"Oh, what a state the drive is in!" were the first words I heard as Charlotte got out of the carriage. "And how you are shut in with trees! Why, you can't see the sun at noonday here, I'm certain! Low, how dreary!"

This was encouraging! However, I said, "Never mind; come in, come in; it's cheery enough inside."

She came in, but she didn't seem to think so. Every thing was "so old!" "so queer!" "so antique!" Nothing was "so pretty!" I cried myself to sleep that night. It was the first after her arrival I did so, but by no means the last.

My head I got on telling all the petty mortifications I endured, the small stings, the smarts without end she inflicted on me? I soon saw she had resolved, from the first, to make the place uncomfortable—to drive me out by pin-pricks that should never draw blood, but that should sting and rankle.

I stood it as long as I could for Willie's sake. But the day came when I saw she had made Willie understand that we could not get on together." It was my fault, of course. I don't blame my boy—I never did; he was an infant in her hands, and she never let him forget it, even for an instant.

Well, I have lived here all alone for the last two years. I have got used to it and reconciled to it in the garden. I wonder? If I had but known! And me!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A MONSTER IN A DILEMMA.—It is well known to all who have read the Life of Edward Irving that his prayers were sometimes lengthy. The circumstance complained, when he came to preach the dedication sermon at his new church in London. The following extract from an eye-witness has reached this paper before the time for the sermon. The following is the exact truth, and nothing more but it should be read a minister into trouble: For a considerable time he had been in the habit of preaching at a certain hour on Sunday, prayer-meeting was open to any who chose to attend it. The hour on the above-named eve six in the morning. Many Dissenting ministers whose duties in their respective chapels commence at that hour, and who, on the Sabbath-day, were imbued, by their anxiety to see and hear him preach, with more than an early prayer-meeting, on the occasion the Rev. Mr.——, a popular Dissenting minister, in Hackney, commenced his duties in the pulpit, a spacious edifice, so the clock struck six in the morning. After a psalm had been sung and a brief exposition of his duties he began to dress the Throne of Grace. The party having done so very lengthy, the congregation, which had joined in the Songs of David, was sung, when Mr. Irving himself attempted to pray. The well-regulated gentleman continued in the exercise for about fifteen minutes without the slightest sign of a pause, when the clock struck seven. Perceiving the latter being at the time connected with a theological institution, he thought it would be correct precisely at seven to be now within twenty-five minutes of the time; and so, without a pause, he began to wind up his prayer, a specimen of an hour of the most rapid cab-driving to carry him to the conclusion. At the end of the first hour he found his house at the time, sprang upon him, and placing one of his large paws on the reverend gentleman's head, the reverend gentleman down to a crouching position, with his head against the door. The sacrifice, fortunately, did not bleed or in any way hurt Mr.——, but kept him in the position and meditated upon the propriety of making a meal of him. Having concluded his devotions, one of his servants, on opening the door, extricated him from the exceedingly awkward and unpleasant predicament in which he was placed.

SOMETHING LIKE AN APPETITE.—The *Patria* of Naples states that there is at present in the Hospital of Incurables in that city a man who is suffering from a singular species of disease. She every day eats at least five pounds of meat, about 70 eggs, two dozen of bread, and, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. This man is a native of Sicily, and time was he was in feeling as well as in velvet and satin clothes. Now he is in rags. Sometimes he goes about all go threadbare, and fall into rents as the months pass on, and what can be more natural than that he should in summer flowers. In the youth and heyday of our life our moral character is not much thick will—the pliable pudding, and we scout as sacilegs the idea that we shall ever be corrupted by money. But as we grow older, it is possible that we, burning fary bit with poetry and zeal, should over come the temptation and resist temptation, that our philanthropic design for regenerating mankind would be frustrated by the power of the dollar. Assuming that our poetic flights into the regions of the beautiful and the true should end in the lowest sea of the sordid and the expedient.

WOMEN IN ARMENIA.—Until marriage, the Armenian girls go about very little in the streets, and, when out, adjust as much freedom as they could do in European countries, walking, love-making, and other things being carried on in as more civilized lands. But once married, and all is changed. From that moment she buries herself, and never speaks to any one except her husband, and then only in private. After the ceremony, she goes to the house of her mother-in-law first, and after the lapse of certain period, to that of her husband's relations-in-law and to those of her sisters. She is always veiled, even in her own house; she never speaks to any one except her husband, or never leaves the house. Her finery, jewelry, and ornaments are all given to her by her husband, and, as a rule, the very best solution is as complete as that of the Turkish women. Her time, other than that occupied in the duties of the household, is spent in working for her husband, and in the handiwork of the Turkish wife, who, moreover, has to attend to her husband's every want, and to show him every possible attention and deign to bestow on her. As the Armenian husband can only talk in her own house how her breath, the sense of her male relatives may hear what she says. From this the consequences which usually result from the retardance of so many women in one house, incessant quarrelling, is quite avoided.

THE SECRETS OF THE DEEP.—What has become of the innumerable human bones and scales of fishes, that for all the years gone by, have died in the broad Atlantic? Have they been devoured by the monsters of the deep, or swallowed up by the waves? Where the gravel beeps left by the Deluge? Where have been deposited the sands down from the Polar Seas? Where, also, the substances drifted across by the Gulf Stream and other currents that traverse the ocean? Nothing—not one solitary indication of all these, but in their place a fine, impalpable, tenacious mud, every where extending, and made up of little particles of carbonate of lime, secreted by countless myriads of animalcules, the food perhaps of whales and fisher of the surface, but more probably the sole inhabitants of these great depths which other animals more highly organized would in vain attempt to penetrate. Truly may we say that the secrets of the great deep are mysterious and grand—and that the search of them amply repays the toil of investigation.

HEALTH AND STUDY.—If, by guiding knowledge, we destroy our health, we labor for a thing that will be useless to our hands and to others. By harassing our bodies through with a design to render ourselves more useful, we deprive ourselves of the ability to accomplish any thing like the good which we might have done with a manner talent. Health is a blessing sufficient for its having dwelled on the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions could not get on together." It is much service, and our neighbors of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it with wealth will not only himself and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

SUPERSTITION OF INFERIOR THINGS.—It is a great comfort to the majority of mankind to reflect that inferior things are under their superior. If a sloth a palace or a castle gains the magnificent he loses the magic. And to an average mind there is the real enjoyment in the song than in the magnificent. You look at the magnificent for a little while, and then you are done with it. The expressions of admiration; with the song you are content to remember day by day. You can not choose that the unfair friend a sum twenty feet high. You could not sit down by the sweeping Swedes and count the number in a gallery two hundred feet long. I know a man who has a picture worth a great deal of money, because it is said Providence to give him for his own a very plain church. He has not a more impressive thing in the universe, and made upon the east end of that edifice, at the cost of not a twenty-pound note. Here is a man who has the wherewithal in greatly elevating the character of the entire town. He has the wherewithal of real luxury and yet he could get out of this little thing! Yes, more than many a man who has not a tithe of his means. Why? Because a little more than he himself would have got out of that if it had been given to him. A man, in the Rockminster parish, Walter Scott, devised and erected a little rustic gateway at the entrance of a wood on the road to Rockminster with his wife, with a lantern, and surveyed it with great satisfaction. Every week of each year on the Sunday he derived from that small matter was at least as keen a delight as the owner of a picture gallery, or of a great estate. And the man of simple and moderate taste, and of small means, derives a large share of velvety green sward by warm evergreens, and fragrant in early summer with the sweet briar that clambers over it. He has made a graveled path, not so long as a quarter-deck, and enjoys the full benefit of it. Perhaps he may enjoy it more in six miles in circumference, which is so big that one can not see the end of it, than the possessor of a mile and a half. There can be no doubt that very diligent cultivation bestowed upon a most unpromising piece of ground will draw forth from it a most unusual crop of vegetables. So will prolonged study from an uninteresting subject of study will draw forth from an indescribable amount of enjoyment. Study, of course, is not pleasant to all men. For, in fact, most people must put up with literature, though it be cold and dry, as they must with a dinner of herbs. There is a very serious, a peculiarly squid young about little verses and few things in the world are more dismally things want.

ONLY A CHILD.—In the afternoon I strolled into the burial-ground, and, seeing a little child at play there, I went with it, and some future day, I may probably have a nearer acquaintance—here I am, but let me not anticipate—with—we occupied with his usual noisy glee—slightly to the right of the path, and a few things a peculiarly squid young about little verses and few things in the world are more dismally things want.

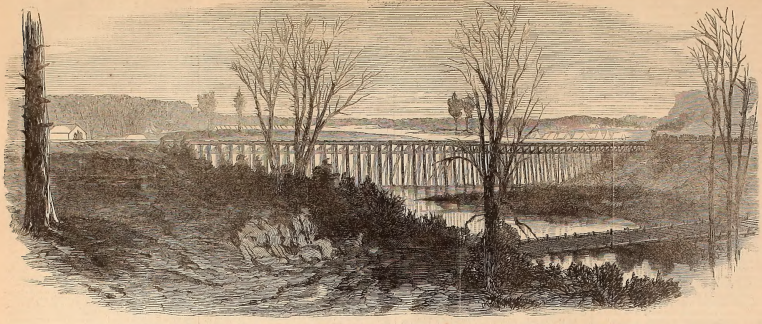
Only a Child.—In the afternoon I strolled into the burial-ground, and, seeing a little child at play there, I went with it, and some future day, I may probably have a nearer acquaintance—here I am, but let me not anticipate—with—we occupied with his usual noisy glee—slightly to the right of the path, and a few things a peculiarly squid young about little verses and few things in the world are more dismally things want.

"Oh, only a child," was his careless reply, as he resumed his play.

"Only a child!" thought I, as I turned away. "Only a child!" Ah, reader, you, who are so constantly after these three small words, you little know how significant they are. You have not heard the deeply pathetic tone and import. You have never, evening after evening, bending down the little mangled head to your knee, and watched the darling's slumber as its little velvety hand dropped upon your knee. You have never received the first look of waking spiritual life; have not gazed upon that cherub face, and seemed even in its features a mother's love in that glance. You have never shed a widow's tear in the anguish of your heart, though, as yet, does not know its loss. Your heart, bowed down and inconsolable, has not felt itself crushed by the iron sound of that feeble voice. You have never waged a fatal strife with death, and have braved the pangs of its fell denial, that your little darling might wait for nothing. You have never, for hours on end, been sad even in the lonesome prairie found a rich recompense for all that you have undergone in the past, and from which, as the sun burnt the hope has never sprung up that that young ara would, at the end of the journey, be the star of their declining years, and that at least one eye will beam kindly upon you, let the world frown as it will. You have never formed plans in which that child was the hero, the angel of your dreams. You have never, when you have been one, and one alone, on earth to love and have been loved, and have been deceived, and have been left in utter darling, when the clear eye became dim, and the little heart ceased to beat, and the cold, white hand lay known with what untiring patience she had watched and tended that darling, and how, in the cold, clammy, lifeless hand upon the beating heart, of grief-stricken, heart-broken feelings of unbridged agony of that hour.

You have never known the wretchedness and void of a mother's heart when, after all hope has departed, she has stood over the little child's dead body, and felt as, his man sat was vain, and the little sufferer breathed its last sigh, the last bond between it and earth was forever broken.

You have never taken the last farewell kiss in this earth of that child's cold forehead, as the coffin-lid closed over it, and that agony was over standing by the fresh-turned earth, and that agony was over standing by the fresh-turned earth, and that agony was over standing by the fresh-turned earth

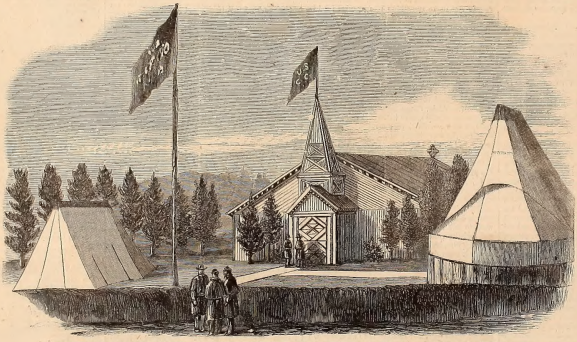


BRIDGE ON THE MILITARY RAILROAD FROM CITY POINT TO HATCHER'S RUN.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Two weeks ago we gave some illustrations of the Field-hospital of the Ninth Corps. The same artist now contributes sketches of the CHAPEL OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION connected with that corps. We can only remark, as of the previous sketches, that they display the exquisite taste of our heroic soldiers.

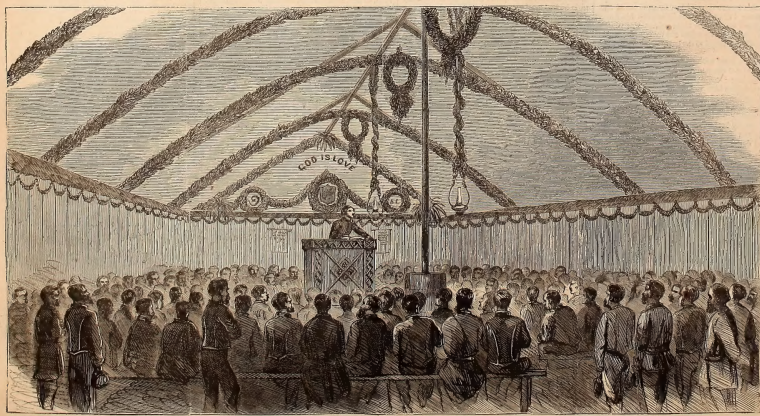
We also engrave on this page a view of a BRIDGE OF GENERAL GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD, between Humphreys's and Griffin's stations, on the extension recently constructed to connect the lines at Hatcher's Run with those on the right. This view conveys a very faithful idea of the country southwest of Petersburg.



CHAPEL OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, NINTH CORPS—EXTERIOR.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW MCCALLUM.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

HIS Eminence NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D., Cardinal Priest of the ancient Church of St. Pudentiana at Rome, one of the most eminent Catholic prelates of modern times, was the scion of a highly respectable Irish family, apparently a branch of the old Essex line, of which the present Sir WM. SALTONSTALL WISEMAN, Bart., is the male representative. Cardinal WISEMAN was the son of JAMES WISEMAN, Esq., of Waterford, of the firm of Wiseman Brothers, merchants of note and high standing at Seville, in Spain. He was born at Seville on August 2, 1802. He was sent from Spain, at an early age, to school at Waterford. Thence, when about seven years old, he went to St. Cuthbert's Catholic College, Ushaw, near Durham, of which the celebrated Dr. LINGARD was the Vice-Principal. In the autumn of 1850 the British public were startled by the announcement of the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. On the 29th of September, 1850, the Papal brief was issued; and in a Consistory held on the 30th of the same month, Dr. WISEMAN was made a Cardinal and Archbishop of Westminster.



CHAPEL OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION, NINTH CORPS—INTERIOR.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW MCCALLUM.]

The new Cardinal forwarded the Papal brief to England, accompanying it with the famous pastoral from himself, dated from the Flaminian Gate, no prelate but the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, having a right to date letters or pastorals from the Eternal City itself. In addition to the archbishopric of Westminster, twelve other sees were marked out. A perfect whirlwind of indignation burst forth from the Protestant population of England at this "Papal aggression," ending in the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Assumption Act. The Cardinal was enthroned on December 6, 1850, in St. George's Church, Southwark. He then lost no time in endeavoring to throw oil on the troubled waters, by the publication of "An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy." He continued in the peaceable exercise of his ecclesiastical functions, and often wrote or lectured upon matters of taste and science. His lectures on art especially, and his work, the "Recollections of the Four Last Popes," attained considerable popularity. The Cardinal was a poet and also a dramatic writer. His Eminence was not only a thorough master of English, but also an admirable linguist with regard to Italian, French, Spanish, and most other Continental and many Oriental languages. He died, after a lingering and painful illness, on the 15th February, at his town house in Portman Square.



THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

EVERY thing in Paris is subject to the caprices of fashion, even to the colors selected for the attire of the different seasons; and if the chivalric sentiments of the present day required each faithful knight to wear the colors of his lady, the changes would be frequent, if not irksome. Just now the black and white predominate, for all gala and public dress, to such an extent that almost every lady's colors are those usually worn by every gentleman; and there might be some difficulty in recognizing these, but that the old custom of wearing "her color" has been relinquished.

The order of the day is simplicity united with good taste, a union productive of the best results even in these days of dressy ostentation, when, in spite of the gaudiness inherent in many of the articles worn, a certain degree of elegance is obtainable in their disposition and arrangement. Even with such a costume as that depicted in the third figure in our engraving of the Paris Fashions for March, a stamp of elegance may be acquired by the manner of the wearer, although we only reproduce it in the illustration as coming within the ordinary scope of our observation.

For indoor wear, the Zouave vest, in cashmere or in velvet, with the trimmings special thereto, are still in considerable favor in Paris. Skirts are made on purpose to be worn with these vests, as well as with the braided canezous, in foulard or in cashmere.

We may here note that satins are quite à la mode again, even for ball costume, the turquoise blue, pale rose, and pearl gray colors being preferred. The gray especially, either in crepe or satin, has been particularly remarked at the recent *bals de la Cour*.

The taste for fur trimmings in rolls or narrow bands on pardessus has turned to account the merits of the sable tufts. They are particularly charming on black velvet vestments, no matter of what form. Where the sable trimming might be found too expensive, strips of martin fur may be employed with advantage.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Light gray moire antique robe, provided with a pascrementerie ornament fringed with light beads, so placed on the dress as to simulate a tunic. The bere dress has the front of the skirt, of the same material as the dress, are edged with two rows of beads. The corsage is ornamented in a similar style. Gray velvet bonnet of *Fenelon*; a velvet band passing across the middle attaches the bere of the fanchon.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White silk robe, ornamented with rolls of satin surmounting a flounce composed of upright satin rolls between two rows of white satin plaiting. Over the robe is a tunic forming a sort of train, and surrounded with a flounce of plaits and bouillonnes very similar to the ornamentation of the lower part of the dress. The corsage is round, and the berths is trimmed to match the other portions of this ball toilet. Pearl necklace, and bead-dress of marguerites.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Light brown silk robe, trimmed round the skirt with two wide bands of black velvet edged with small balls and surmounting a plaited flounce. The corsage-habit, or coat-corsage, is also trimmed with velvet bands and passementerie round the edges of the back-turned tails. Green crape bonnet, without bavolet, but ornamented behind with a profusion of magenta velvet ribbons.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1865.

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Oh, mother dear! I had a dream,
So sad and yet so bright,
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That made my heart rejoice,
So soft and sweet it seemed to me
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This size weighs 22 oz., carries a ball 42-100 calibre charge and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 11 oz., uses a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 4 and 5 inch).

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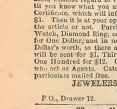
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5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 " 50	
10,000 " Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen.....	20 " 40	
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250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled-Case do.	35 " 70	
250 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	30 " 100	
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3,000 Gold Thimbles, Crosses, etc.....	2 " 4	
3,000 Gold Lockets, Pencils, etc.....	3 " 6	
10,000 Miniature Lockets.....	2 50 " 10	
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4,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Onyx, and other stones.....	3 " 15	
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils.....	4 " 10	
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5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles.....	3 " 15	
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Under the circumstances ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a Grand Sale, and therefore announce the following regulations:

Certificates of various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, are taken out without choice, and forwarded by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will know what article you will get. You will then send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

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Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county, to whom those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, when the remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, with cash or postage stamps.

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No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

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Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*Saturday Evening Mail*, Boston, June 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the offices of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of valuable articles of Jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand that all of the above mentioned splendid articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantage to buyers for cash.—*Evening Post*, July 15, 1864.

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ARRANDALE & CO.,
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Dr. Poland's
WHITE PINE
COMPOUND.
THE GREAT AND POPULAR
REMEDY FOR
Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity during the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, some cases in which it has failed, the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular remedies offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound*. The medicine is pleasant to take as lasting the spring of time, and then merely for one individual who was effected with the first stitches of the throat, was entirely relieved by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one of them received a great benefit. The article, however, went without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound*. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

A man came to the Medical Office, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a publish gentleman, who replied in substance that the Sale of White Pine was one of the best discretive known, provided his astringent properties could be retained by it. Other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a change was made in the article. *The fortune has yet to be* been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated forms of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such complaints. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But what the WHITE PINE Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung affections. It is quickly and certainly relieves all those affections that harassers and accrues are received as if by magic. Many cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been surprisingly quick, and a cure effected in a very few days.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal properties. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine to treating diseases long before the settlement of America by the whites.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in relaxing inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and the Proprietor has one principle way the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of the most distinguishable have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and others, all testifying in entirely unison to the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, Boston, Mass., writes:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in relieving pulmonic affections, but also those in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred complaints."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have used the White Pine Compound and found it an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as the best medicine for coughs, colds, and sore throat I ever just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having found the astringent and other valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on entering upon the preparation of a White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family with success in the most severe colds, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. I am sure that many others will receive similar benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT,
Druggist, Boston, N. H., Sept. 1863.

DR. POLAND.—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a very severe cough, pain in the side and lungs, and headache. I was also very badly afflicted with that troublesome disease—the Kidney complaint. For the latter I have paid I know not how many; troubled with my throat and lungs, choking up and raising an immense quantity of phlegm, and coughing blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I could get relief. I was induced to try your White Pine Cough Compound, though my faith in it was small. After taking two bottles, my cough was relieved, I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the kidney trouble also, and I continued to take it until I had taken six bottles, when I was entirely free from all pain, and am feeling like a well man.

Many others of my family is indebted to you for consumption, my father, mother, and two sisters having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT,
Bradford, N. H., July, 1859.

DR. POLAND.—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaints for a long time, and had used a good deal of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. By use of your recommended I would get relief, but not health again. But *two bottles* of your White Pine Compound has done more for me than all the Kidney Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of ours, was also cured of a severe cough that she was not only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she would die with consumption. Your medicine is the medicine of your Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only as to its name inviting, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while living in Connecticut, and now here as the minister. His experience as a sufferer led him to make experiments which resulted in his medical discovery.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

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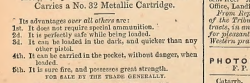
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Five Certificates will be sent for $1, sixteen for $2. We will send one Certificate as a sample of 25 cents. Send for Circular and Terms to Agents, which we want everywhere, and offer liberal inducements.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 431.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE BATTLES IN PROSPECT.

SHERMAN has promenaded Georgia and South Carolina. The rebels have retired before him from Augusta, from Savannah, from Charleston, from Georgetown, from Wilmington and Kinston, concentrating as they have fallen back. The days of long marches are over, and the days of sharp conflict are already begun. The elements have been hurtling and combining, and now comes the storm. When SHERMAN'S columns were five hundred miles distant from where they are marshaled to-day the prospect was so vague and shadowy that the vain boasting and confidence of Richmond editors did not seem the farce which to-day it seems. The match was a long way from the powder which it is now about to explode. Panic knows no law, but it is not therefore always unreasonable. It is not wonderful that, with two grand armies—like those of GRANT and SHERMAN—between the Cape Fear and the James, and already in co-operation, and with SHERIDAN rough-riding at his leisure about the Confederate capital, destroying three months' supplies in as many days, and cutting off both the line of retreat westward and of a possible march northward, DAVIS sends a frantic, clamorous message to the rebel Congress, betraying his sensitiveness of the peril at hand, and calling for men and provisions, which he knows are inaccessible, and for the suspension of the law of *habeas corpus*, which he knows will do him no good. It is not remarkable that those in Richmond who happen at such a time to have gold are reluctant to let it go, nor that the people generally have given themselves up a prey to their apprehensions.

A series of decisive battles can not long be delayed. LEE will probably precipitate these battles himself. To stand on the defensive is to invite defeat. He must take the initiative, and trust to strategy for the result. His most promising scheme would be to rapidly and stealthily reinforce JOHNSTON very heavily, and then falling upon SHERMAN endeavor to repeat the success gained on the first day of the battle of Shiloh. He would strive to do this before SHERMAN'S arrangements for a base are permanently established. But it must be remembered that SHERMAN has fought but little on his long march, and has plenty of ammunition to carry on a great battle. He will soon be firmly established on the line of the Neuse with an army equal to any which by any possible combination can be brought against him.

If, however, LEE and JOHNSTON decline attack, they will yet be forced to an engagement by the necessities of hunger. Standing still or retreating their communications are at our mercy; and in a battle they must fight at a disadvantage against men equal in courage and determination, and superior in strength and discipline to themselves. Were it not for those rebels who have already lost all, and who therefore listen only to the suggestions of pride or despair, we might hope that now at length reason would resume her sway and prompt to loyal submission.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ENTRY INTO COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 17, 1865.

THE SONG OF KILPATRICK'S TROOPERS.

Up from the ground at break of day,
When the bugle's note is heard,
From the cold, hard ground, where all night we lay,
To rise with the waking bird.
Right merrily our sabres ring
As we scour along on our steeds;
Oh, true and trict are the hearts of those
Whom the brave Kilpatrick leads!

Away, away, o'er the plain we go,
Away on our steeds so fleet!
Ah, well the foeman's path we know
By the print of the foeman's feet!
So on we ride with our sabres ring
A merrily sounding tune,
By field and river and wooded steep
To the halt when the comes with noon.

And then in the forest's welcome shade,
'Neath the pine-trees dark and high,
We rest till the burning heat is past
From the Southern noonday sky.
Then up and away o'er the rolling plain,
Away on our gallant steeds!
What foe is there whom we would not dare
When the brave Kilpatrick leads?

Of Northern steel our good blades are,
Our carbines are true of aim;
The Southern rebel horn with dread
The sound of our leader's name.
Oh, wild is the life we troopers live,
But a merrier none may know,
To scour the plain on our gallant steeds
In search of the traitorous foe!

And when on the battle-field we meet,
And loud on the echoing air
The bugles sound, and quick in the sun
Our blades gleam bright and bare,
Away we go at the one word charge,
With a cheer, at the flying foe,
While the bullets sing, and our scabbards ring,
And the bugles loudly blow!

Oh, long shall the tale of our deeds be told
When this cruel war shall cease,
On winter even, by the glowing hearth,
When the land shall be blessed with peace
And long shall live in the hearts of all
Our valiant leader's fame,
And our children lisp with their infant lips
The brave Kilpatrick's name.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1865.

PARTIES AT THE SOUTH.

FROM the glimpses opened by SHERMAN, and furnished also by the rebel journals, and the message of JEFFERSON DAVIS, it is not difficult to understand the condition of public sentiment at the South. There is the original fire-eating war-party, of which DAVIS is the gloomy chief. To this belong the mass of the women and the aristocracy of the plantations. The young men of this party are in the army, and the army is controlled by the Richmond cabal. The adherents of this party retire before our advance. They discard their town-houses for the interior, grimly hoping that accumulating disaster may drive every body to their own desperation. Then there is the small party of original Unionists, of whom MR. PETTIGRU was a chief. They have been utterly overpowered, and in the ruder districts remorselessly slaughtered for their fidelity. Besides these there are the Unionists of whom MR. AIKEN is a representative; those whose sympathies are entirely Southern but who through accession a dangerous minority. Beyond these is the great party of those who acquiesce in the situation whatever it may be; who submit quietly to the rule of the rebellion, and with equal passivity to that of the Government.

In addition to these there are the slaves, who are much the largest party of all. They are the most faithful of the whole population of the Southern States. Despite their ignorance, and the cruel falsehoods of the rebel chiefs, they know perfectly well that the Yankees are their friends. Notwithstanding the criminal blunders of Generals HALLECK and MCCLELLAN, a sure instinct leads the slaves true to us. The best information for our armies and fleets comes from them. Escaping Union soldiers, whether in Louisiana, Georgia, Carolina, or Virginia, make straight for the negro quarters. There they are fed, cheered, and guided. One officer, making his way through the heart of the rebel region to our lines, traveled two hundred miles without seeing a white man. He went by night and was passed along to freedom by friendly black hands. The slaves have been the chief tax upon the rebel fortifications. They speak freely of it; but they have one answer when asked what they will do if they are armed by the rebels. They will shoot them. The slave-masters are not ignorant of this, and therefore they are opposed to arming them. It is the same knowledge which made LEE's Adjutant-General declare that the opinions of the soldier would not impair his military efficiency, if only discipline were severe enough. In other words, this wisecre thinks that a man will fight just as well for his slavery as his liberty if he is only drilled sufficiently.

In all our meditations upon reconstruction we must constantly remember these various groups. The fire-eaters and those who have been conspicuous in rebellion will always retain a certain hate of the Union and Government. But they will be the smallest element of the population, and constantly dwindle by exile as they have been destroyed by the war. They will be the most dangerous political allies, because they will constantly compromise any party with which they may act. The Alien Unionists and the acquiescers will be disposed to co-operate with their old political friends as the North. But the true Union men of the South, of whom JOHNSON and the Blairs and Brownlow are the noblest representatives, will accept with all their hearts the new conditions of the country, and become the active power in the Southern reconstruction, as the fire-eaters were in the Southern rebellion. With these must be counted the late slaves, the great laboring population. They will be enfranchised, we have little doubt. By the sagacity of the new party in the Southern States as a permanent security against reaction. When that is done, there will be no more "natural antipathy" to the African than to the Asian, or to the European. The rebels have discovered that a colored man is as good as any other if he will only fight for them. We will find that he is no worse than others if he will only vote with us.

The work of reconstruction will be done by those who are in earnest, both at the North and South. And as the vast cloud of ignorance which has overshadowed the whole South scatters and lifts, and the people are enabled to see their country and understand their Government, they will have touched the bottom of the slough in which slavery and State sovereignty had plunged them.

A LITTLE EFFORT.

THE little effort of the rebel chiefs in Richmond, in concert with their sympathizing organs in New York, to make it appear that the Government is averse to peace, is amusing and natural, but not plausible.

DAVIS and the Copperheads know perfectly well that under no circumstances will the Government of the United States treat with any agent of the rebels, civil or military, as the representative of a nation or of a legitimate separate government. If DAVIS or LEE, or any rebel soldier or civilian, has more to say than that the rebellion is a failure, he can have peace by submitting to the authority of his lawful Government. There has never been any other condition, and there never will be. If General LEE should write to General GRANT that he wishes to cease his resistance to the laws, and acknowledge the national authority, no doubt they would at once accept his surrender. But when LEE writes a letter, as he did on the 2d of March, speaking of armngements and negotiations, General GRANT properly replies that he is a soldier, and that his business is suppression of the rebellion by force of arms.

DAVIS and the New York friends lose their pains. The case is clear. The "negotiation" policy has been fully exposed. It was the attempt of DAVIS to get the Northern people to gain the chance of saying that the Government were resolved upon reducing him and his fellow-citizens of "the Confederacy" to submission, and to give his Northern allies the opportunity of denouncing the Government as barring the door to peace. Oh no! The Government holds it open. It says to DAVIS: Submit to the authority of the laws, it says, and you shall have peace. Until you do submit you shall not.

DAVIS ASKS TO BE DICTATOR.

IN the doomed city of Richmond JEFFERSON DAVIS still plays the part of chief. He has sent another message to the remains of the rebel Congress. He says in it that "our country is in danger," and that the "capital is in greater danger than it has been at any time during the war." He then proceeds to ask the Congress to completo by law the military despotism over which he presides.

We must have money, he says. The mint must be paid. It should be paid in coin. The proper officers report that the accumulations of the mint will supply the army for the remainder of the year. Pass a law to make the coin available. Let no seize the gold for the army.

The impressment law is found to be tedious and uncertain in its operation. Sometimes owners of property refuse to part with it. Let the supplies be estimated at their value in coin. Give the obligation of the Government to pay in coin when it can. Then pass a law to let me impress provisions for the army.

Congress, he adds, has been very foolishly in not increasing taxation. It has also been very dilatory in passing the act to raise negro troops. Besides this "a law of a few lines repealing all class exemptions" would enable me to put every man into the field, and to have the papers edited by my tools and all the civil service performed by my own creatures.

We need a new militia law, says DAVIS, which shall override that of the States. One Governor informs me that he has not the power to call out the militia in one county for service in another. Such State rights are folly.

I wish also, he continues, to have the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* suspended. If this is ever to be done, now is the time. Suppend it at once. He concludes by saying that General ORD told General LONGSTREET that there might be a chance of settling "the present unhappy difficulties" by an informal conference between General GRANT and General LEE; and then goes on like Colonel Sellech General LEE proposed such a conference, General GRANT replied that he had no authority to act. It remains only then, says DAVIS, to commend our sacred cause to God and our own valor. Pass the laws I recommend; then go home and encourage the people.

That the rebel Congress would put all the military power and food of their section at the disposition of JEFFERSON DAVIS—that they would allow him the absolute control of every person, either to put into the army or into prison at his pleasure—and thus by law make him what he asks to be, absolute Dictator, was hardly to be anticipated. They have declined to do any thing he asks, and have gone home.

His message will be an authorized cry of despair to DAVIS's foreign supporters. How JOHN SUELL will chuckle that, while DAVIS has had all the bitterness and anxiety and struggle, he has performed his part of the rebellion in Paris, in a country ensconced in airy apartments, tranquilly trundling on pleasant afternoons in the *Bois de Boulogne*, gambling a little in the Bourse occasionally, with his money quite secure from his friend DAVIS's tax-gatherers, and his precious person safe from a very doubtful *habeas corpus*. History will record that SUELL was the shrewdest rebel of them all.

THE HEALTH OF NEW YORK.

A NEW YORKER contemplates his city with complacency. He moves among the busy streets down town, passes up Broadway, and looks with pride upon the long ranges of stately houses that line Fifth Avenue and Madison Square. It is a very beautiful city, he says to himself, with satisfaction; and if the population is not so large as that of some European cities, it is at least nearly a million of people, who are remarkably comfortable.

That is certainly a just inference from the parts of the city of which he have spoken. But if in the complacency the observer will hear a few facts about the parts and people of the city that he has not seen in Wall Street, Broadway, or the Fifth Avenue, he will walk a little less proudly and speak more humbly.

Of this population, then, 78,000 live in damp, dark, dreary cellars, often under water, always in the foul neighborhood of sinks, overcrowded, and reeking with filth and mortal disease. There is never sound health in them, and the constant sickness-rate ranges from 75 to 90 per cent.

Of this population 500,000 live in tenant-houses. These buildings are of two classes—front and rear. Between them is the well-hole, as it is called, for the sinks and cesspools, from which the disgusting odor constantly penetrates every recess of the buildings with sickness and death. In every hideous form of misery and vice, hunger, murder, lust, and despair, are found in every corner. There is nothing that strikes human nature repulsive or inhuman that is not available that does not abound in these tenant-houses.

It has been estimated by careful investigators that 17 in 1000 die annually in these dens of infection. This may be taken as the necessary death-rate under the most favorable conditions of life. But the City Inspector's records in the city of New York show that for the 11 years preceding 1860, excepting 1854, the year of the cholera, the death-rate was never below 33 in 1000; the average was 33 in 1000, or nearly twice the necessary rate; and twice it exceeded 40 in 1000. So if we take the lowest rate, that of 28 in 1000, New York annually lost by preventable deaths 11 in 1000 of her population, or more than 7000 yearly, making for the whole period 77,000 preventable deaths. Now need we make our consciences with the reflection that we are no worse off than other great cities; for, while during the ten years from 1850 to 1860 London lost exclusively 165, the death-rate of New York was 33 in 1000, that of London was 22, and that of Philadelphia only 20. Yet year after year the City Inspector of New York solemnly returns that New York is one of the healthiest cities in the world, and smug New Yorkers take his word for it!

But if we look a little closer we find that the terrible death-rate is in the tenant-house region. The Seventeenth Ward has the natural rate of 17 in 1000, but in the Fourth and Sixth wards the death-rate is 40 in 1000. Of course, such a still closer glance it appears that, while the average rate in the Sixth Ward is about 40, the mortality of the large tenant-houses is as high as 60 or 70 in 1000.

"The evidence," says Dr. STEPHEN SMITH, in his remarks before the Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly, from which we take these facts, "proves that at least half a million of its population [the city of New York] are literally submerged in filth, and half-stifled in an atmosphere charged with all the elements of death.....It is a city without any sanitary government."

It is here that the work of reform must begin. Moral, intellectual, political progress is impossible until a wise sanitary system is secure. Starving, sick, vicious, despairing men, who live in noisome dens in which human souls die, will neither think, act, vote, nor pray rightly. So long as their physical degradation continues so long their souls will be imbruted. While half of the population of the city lies in filth and breathe poison so long the taxes will steadily increase, so long the city will continue to be burdened with ferocious classes who endanger its peace and prosperity, so long the politics of the State will be a contest between the ignorance and vice of the city and the intelligence and well-being of the country; and so long every infamous public crime, whether it be slavery, filibustering, riotous resistance to the laws, or open rebellion, will find its vigorous supporters among the squalid and vicious population of this city. Appeals to the passions, ignorance, and prejudice of this class are the entire political stock in trade of men like FERNANDO WOOD. Purify the stews of New York, and you annihilate such public enemies at once.

The labor of any citizens' association, addressed directly to political reform in this city, is best before it begins. Lay the axe at the root. Spend your money to make it penal to live underground. Begin by giving every body a decent and fresh air. Remember that half had a cellar population of 20,000, and a special ordinance, which forbade living below the street, lifted the great mass into better houses and elevated the morality of the city. Compel the landlords of the tenant-houses to keep them in good repair, to ventilate them thoroughly, to fill them with pure water, to purify the sinks, to remove garbage, and enforce cleanliness among the tenants. When once we have given these poor people a chance of life they will wish to live decently. As their physical condition improves all other improvement becomes possible. But one thing is certain, so long as filth and disease and a death-rate of 60 or 70 in 1000 are the portion of half of the population, so long corruption and imbecility will be our governors.

DAVIS AND LEE.

JEFFERSON DAVIS is evidently no longer the chief personage in the rebellion. As President and constitutional Commander-in-Chief he has the superiority of position, but among rebels whose sole hope is the army, the actual commander, when beloved and trusted as LEE is, is the true master. Doubtless at a word of LEE's DAVIS would fall from power unpitied, and LEE be saluted Dictator with universal consent and enthusiasm.

The reason is plain. JEFFERSON DAVIS is an old politician, and a cold, hard, unsentimental man. His person has excited every and ancient dislikes, and with the evident failure of the rebellion which he has conducted, all opposition becomes more bitter and hatred and contempt. No new man in his place but must have aroused immense hostility, while an old political leader brought with him the full budget of a lifetime of odd to those he daily kindled. Nor is there any thing in DAVIS's character or manner to relieve, in failure, the jealousy, suspicion, and antipathy which, even if successful, he could not have escaped.

The sunshine of success would have gilded the defects of LEE. But in the dark hour of so prolonged and terrible a struggle as this has been—when the earlier lights of victory are going out in utter gloom—when the whole part of their terrible accomplied and paralyzed, and the general apathy and despair of the population foretell their certain failure—the rebels who still hold out must cling with entire faith and devotion to a soldier who has shared all the personal dangers of their enterprise, who had no political antecedents, who was the object of their sympathies, prayers, and tears, and who seems to them at once a great captain, and a mild, unselfish, patriotic gentleman. All the faults of detail in the administration, all the minor misfortunes and the general disaster, are mercilessly thrown upon the evil and executive head of affairs, while the soldier who might have been fully associated with the popular favorite and military hero. That his heart was not at first with the rebellion; that he is not a secessionist by nature; that he has no signal ability, are considerations of no moment in presence of his apparent modesty and fidelity. The rebels respect only to their military chief. While he remains all is not lost. The very doubt whether they could persuade him to seize supreme power is probably to their rebel minds his highest merit.

Indeed, while DAVIS is to the rebels very much what JAMES MACDONALD was to the Jacobites in England, LEE has all the chivalric charm of Prince CHARLES THE PRETENDER. The romantic devotion which few royalists could feel to the saturnine bigot they could cherish with enthusiasm for the graceful gentleman with no past and—alas! for them—with no future. Thus the fiery TOOMBS, whose guilt in this great crime is black, has a thousand political and personal reasons for which he could never have of LEE.

But if, by any chance, the fate of the rebellion should be left to Lee, he would contemplate the situation as a soldier and not as a fire-eating braggart. Confronted by irresistible combinations and overpowering force he would hardly chatter about the last ditch, but would surrender to save useless suffering. Even should he do otherwise, if the rebel army retreat to the mountains, the apathy of the sea-board and interior population will gradually succumb to the necessity of the case. Men must live: and to live they must work. As industry cannot prosper under a war census, those who have accepted failure may retain a romantic sympathy with those who still contend; but it will be only romance, like the feeling and the toasts of comfortable London Jacobites to the Pretender skirmishing in the Scotch Highlands. The end of the rebellion will be practical. There will be no day when "peace is declared." The embers will long smoulder after the flames are extinguished. But even those who welcomed the fire, when they have rebuilt their houses and begun to plant again, will not wish it to be kindled anew.

TRADE WITH REBELS.

The order of General Grant prohibiting all commercial transactions with the rebels is an act of the plainest common sense. Nothing certainly could well be more absurd for a General in earnest than to suffer Sherman and Sheridan to destroy property and resources in Virginia and Carolina, while he supplied the enemy with money in Louisiana or Georgia. It is a subject upon which faithful Union men have differed. It has been the opinion of some that for every million of dollars the rebels received in exchange for cotton, the Union cause gained five millions of advantage. But a million to the rebels is more valuable than twenty millions to us; and even if it were theoretically probable that those who received the greenbacks would hoard them or invest them beyond the country in the rebellion, it was still practically true that we could never be sure of such a disposition, and that we know how unsparing the rebel army is in impressment.

Nor is the necessary demoralization of such a course to be overlooked. Surely it was a ludicrous illustration of Yankee enterprise to furbish the world to supply rebels against the Government with food and arms, in order that we might monopolize the profits of such a trade. Nothing should we be glad to see more than the rebels know that we had supplied the means to procure the arms with which the enemy was to destroy them? The most shameful and humiliating event in the whole war was the Red River expedition. Is there any body in the country so dull as not to know that it was a trading and not a military expedition?

General Grant is willing and able to fight the enemy, but not to feed him and furnish him with arms and ammunition. The expedition to Fredericksburg and the seizure and destruction of the tobacco was as legitimate a military operation as the battle of Chancellorville. But in the latter case the rebels won a victory; in the former we prevented their winning one. And General Banks declares that the misrepresentations of a censor in Louisiana are daily originally from traders, whose transactions he would not tolerate. The deadly injury that this trade has already done, by the aid it has rendered to the rebellion, is undeniable, and General Grant adds to his claims to national gratitude by peremptorily stopping it.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

On the 11th of March, 1861, the Constitution of "the Confederate States of America" was adopted at Montgomery. It began by setting forth the doctrine of State sovereignty as the foundation of the Confederacy. "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character," etc., etc. Here was a deliberate renunciation of the principle of national union of which our Government is the first example in history. It was a recurrence to that modified union, that ghost of nationality, that hopeless shift of divided sovereignty against which the old Confederation and the universal experience of mankind protested. But supreme State sovereignty the rebel chiefs would have, and they would begin to build their fire upon the back of the whale. "That is no island," cried history; "we have tried it, and it is only a whale." "Pooh!" retorted the gallant gentlemen, "do you pretend to teach us who have had Calhoun for our master?" And they made the fire hotter and hotter. Suddenly the whale dived, and they are left wallowing.

They have learned by their own experience what they refused to learn from that of the world, that fire burns, that when each State acts in its sovereign and independent character there is no nation, and the league is just as strong as the weakest State, and no stronger.

This is the unpleasant but unhesitating confession made by the Richmond *Enquirer*, the chief rebel paper, just four years after the solemn proclamation of the absurdity at Montgomery: "Has not State sovereignty been the weakness of the cause? If, during the life-and-death struggle, with the compress of a common danger to bind and hold together these States, this principle of State sovereignty was continually obtruding itself, delaying and preventing the legislation necessary to the successful conduct of war, impairing that authority intrusted with the general welfare, and impeding the execution of laws necessary and proper to the success of the cause, is it to be supposed that, when peace returns, this principle of State sovereignty will permit the Confederacy to exist one year?..... The conduct of certain States, in opposition to the laws passed for the organization of the army and the preservation of discipline, has caused many to question whether their long-defended doctrine of State sovereignty, and to come to the conclusion that, while in theory it is beautiful and true, in practice it is utterly defective."

This was exactly what Washington and Hamilton said eighty years ago, and the American people, believing them, utterly and forever renounced the insane theory of State sovereignty, and established National sovereignty. If our fathers had not been a great deal wiser than their reverent children at the South, this Government could never have made the rebellion which would have conquered any other Government in the world. We have proved the inestimable value and the enduring strength of union. The rebels have illustrated the weakness and folly of federation. State sovereignty is nearly as dead as slavery.

JOHN McLENAN.

The name of John McLenan, who recently died at the age of thirty-nine, was familiar to all lovers of American humorous and characteristic illustration, and especially to readers of *Harper's Weekly*, in which many of the most amusing and satiric cuts were from his pencil. With great facility of force and a shrewd vein of comedy, Mr. McLenan united a sincere love of his art and a generous ambition to excel. Many of his illustrations in "Vanity Fair," "Punch," and "Judy" were full of character and spirit, that of Count Fosco, especially, accurately reproducing the intention of Wilkie Collins's wonderful study. In "Sam Dale" and "Fisher's River Sketches," and it is in the multitude of such works that his name will be pleasantly remembered.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

The London *Review*, in a recent notice of Artemus Ward's book, gravely remarks: "At the present time his lectures are the rage." And William Cullen Bryant, the poet, writes of him in the New York *Evening Post*: "Artemus has a style of his own, which no lecturer has yet followed. He says so many funny things that the audience sometimes let a "gosh" [joke] slip by unnoticed, and then Artemus will pause for another to burst in downcast expression, till a sudden guffaw tells him that somebody has seen the point." This is a mode of authorship entirely unknown to the many new to us. We do not know how it may be in London, but in this country an entire journal is not written by one hand. It may be unknown to the London *Review* to know that Mr. Bryant does not write all the advertisements, nor compose the whole of the political and social and literary and scientific reviews, nor all reports of lectures, speeches, and sermons, which appear in the *Evening Post*. We presume that many of the faithful readers of the *Tribune* in the rural districts suppose that the caustic criticisms upon literature which appear in the columns of that journal are written by Mr. Greeley. The ground of the supposition is that the *Tribune* is "Greeley's paper." But even the most British and rural friends who cherish this idea, that every leading journal has a full and well-appointed "staff" of writers, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. Greeley are all in "letters from the people" which appear in the *Post*, nor Mr. Greeley the novels of Charles Reade and Trollope, which have been published in the *Weekly Tribune*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

The London papers are full of Louis Napoleon's "History of Julius Cæsar." Under the present circumstances, will be one of the most notable books of the time. The Harpers have bought the early sheets, and it is now printing. Meanwhile the press, and will be issued immediately in a handsome form. The English notices treat the work as a significant political manifesto. It is in fact, as the preface already published here shows, a defense of imperialism by an Imperialist. Cæsarism is identified with the Napoleonic idea, and the Napoleonic idea is that might is right. The historical value of the book is undoubtedly great, for it has unquestionably had the scrutiny and approval of the most accomplished scholars in France. Even the Emperor could not dare to be an historian in any other form. The English notices treat the work as a significant political manifesto. It is in fact, as the preface already published here shows, a defense of imperialism by an Imperialist. Cæsarism is identified with the Napoleonic idea, and the Napoleonic idea is that might is right. The historical value of the book is undoubtedly great, for it has unquestionably had the scrutiny and approval of the most accomplished scholars in France. Even the Emperor could not dare to be an historian in any other form. The work has had in the preparation all the advantages that unlimited expense could secure, and is issued with corresponding pomp of typography.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

REPORT OF SECRETARY STANTON.

Secretary Stanton has at length submitted his report. He has been waiting, he says, for the Lieutenant-General's report, which has not been received for the simple reason that that officer has too much work to do to make reports. We make the following extract:

"The military events of the past year have been officially published by this Department from time to time as they transpired, and are fully known in every branch of this Government and throughout the civilized world. They constitute a series of successful marches, sieges, and battles, attesting the endurance and courage of the soldiers of the United States, and the gallantry and military skill of their commanders, unrivaled in the history of nations.

"The campaign of the Army of the Potomac, and the operations on the James River, the Appomattox, and around Richmond and Petersburg; the masterly operations of our army in Georgia, resulting in the capture of Atlanta, Savannah, and other important military posts in that State; the reduction of Fort Fisher and the harbor of Mobile; the hard-fought battles at Franklin and around Nashville, resulting in the total defeat of the rebel army; the successes of brilliant victories won by the Army of the Cumberland; the successful storming of Fort Fisher; the capture of Wilmington, Columbia, and Charleston, and other important events, have all contributing to the triumph of the Union cause and the suppression of the rebellion. The military power destroyed and the organizing in the report of the Lieutenant-General.

"Over two hundred guns captured from the rebels have been received, properly labeled, and deposited for safe-keeping.

"The work of preparing official reports of battles, etc., for printing, in accordance with the resolution of Congress of May 19, 1864, is progressing as rapidly as possible, and all officers from whom such reports are due have been called upon for them.

"Ordnance supplies furnished to the military service during the fiscal year include 1141 pieces of ordnance, 1,030,000 small-arms and cutlasses, 650,000 small-arms, 802,044 sets of accoutrements and harness, 1,913,793 projectiles for cannon, 1,749,000 pounds of fixed and loaded, 464,540 rounds of artillery ammunition, 250,067 sets of horse equipments, 12,061,000 cartridges for small-arms, 7,544,044 pounds of gunpowder. These supplies were in addition to large quantities of parts provided for repairs in the field.

"The Commissary-General of Subsistence reports that the supplies of subsistence stores have been mostly purchased in the markets of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, and St. Louis. But certain articles are furnished by contract of short duration at most convenient places, and driven from the places of purchase to the front. All the stores were purchased by advertising, accepting the lowest bids offered for suitable articles as such proposals. Attempts have in some cases been made by individuals and associations to monopolize and control the prices of articles required by the Subsistence Bureau, thereby creating much difficulty.

"The number of troops in the service, and also whole some food, and large numbers of prisoners and suffering Union refugees have been furnished with subsistence. Generally the contractors and others have faithfully complied with their contracts, and no difficulty exists in this branch of the service, with but few exceptions, have performed their duties with fidelity and zeal, and to the satisfaction of the Department.

"The clothing for the year ending June 30, 1864, fully authorized and required by the service, and no monthly accounts have been examined and referred to the Treasury Department.

"The mobility of the armies has increased. The opinion, lately and generally held, that in the earlier history of the rebellion, that an army could not be maintained except by transportation on railroads, has been entirely and fully refuted by such marches those of General Sherman from Chattanooga, Georgia, to the sea, back to Pittsburg, from Memphis to Knoxville, and back to Decatur, at a time when railroads were not in operation; that of General Burnside from Cincinnati and Louisville, through Southeastern Kentucky to Knoxville; that of Lieutenant-General Grant from Washington to Petersburg, and the march of General Sheridan from Atlanta toward the coast."

THE BATTLE OF KINSTON.

On the 25th of February General Palmer, in command of the district of Newbern, North Carolina, with orders from General Schofield for an advance on Kinston, North Carolina, leaving a force in the Neuse, about 10 miles below Goldsborough. Between Kinston and Newbern the road crosses Southwest Creek, a narrow and deep stream. The enemy was supposed to make a stubborn defense at Kinston, and for that purpose had thrown a strong force across Southwest Creek from Lee's army to that point. This force is estimated at 5,000 men. General Cox arrived on the 8th and took command of the Federal column advancing from Newbern.

The next day was occupied in skirmishing, chiefly with cavalry, in which the enemy were constantly driven back. Cox's advance line, and taking over a thousand prisoners. On the 10th Colonels Comstock and Beardsley—formerly Massachusetts. Three guns also were captured. This occupied Kinston and Wyse Fork Station. Lee's force on the rebels attacked and were repulsed with heavy loss. Meanwhile the enemy had begun to fall back on the 10th, and Kinston was abandoned, the enemy falling back on Goldsborough. On the 14th Cox's force in front of Kinston was nearly equal. General Schofield occupied Kinston on the 15th.

NEWS ITEMS.

General Sheridan, on the successive raid up the Valley and along the James, not being able to cross that river, destroyed the railroad and canal boats north of Richmond, and at last accounts had nearly succeeded in joining General Grant on the left by way of Bor. White House.

The rebel Congress, on the 18th inst., among its very last acts, passed a bill empowering Jeff. Davis to call to arms the gold in the banks for the purchase of supplies. Missouri. By this means the State of Virginia will be still put into Davis's hands about two millions of gold. equivalent to one month's duty military raised of currency.

The rebel Congress also passed the act suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, the Senate having reconsidered its previous action, by which the bill was defeated. This, nearly all of Jeff Davis's requirements, as set forth in his late Message, have been accomplished.

An important general order from General Pope is published, which is the first step toward giving practical effect to the views of his recent letter to the Governor of Missouri. By this order it seems as unfortunately that is received from Governor Fletcher of the re-establishment of the courts and the election of officers in county districts, the pronunciences exercise of martial law there shall cease; Provost Marshals will have immediately released from all duties except those strictly military.

On the 16th Mr. Dudley, the accredited French Minister at Washington, and M. Dano Minister at Mexico. The Fall River Steamboat Line is conformity with public opinion in France, the Emperor Napoleon will leave Mexico to be dealer to the people as Prince Regent have returned.

A new ministry has been formed in Portugal, with the Duke de Sesia as President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Marquis de Ss Da Bandeira as Minister of War.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

ONE FOR THE EMPEROR.

(Overtaken upon the Champs Elysées, *Paris, Act I. Scene 2.*

"Who is it in the Press?"—*Julius Cæsar.*

The American Flag Re-quartered.—Whether the South be ever restored, as a component part of the Union, it is clear that the Negro will. When the Stars shine again, the Stripes will have disappeared.

An eloquent "reverend" gentleman, who says eccentric things in his sermons, recently pleaded out to his "auditors" that "the Lord had graciously made people extraordinary fools and worldly, forgetting religion, and he therefore concluded by a prayer that his audience might never become respectable.

The Gas Companies' Lawyer.—Coke.

Collecting the Rents.—A Roman Catholic clergyman residing near Limerick has the benevolent fancy of carrying out Gospel precept and thread with him, and either gutting the tattered to sew up their clothes, or in cases of obstinacy with all himself.

The Gown of Manhood—His wife's.

A Historical Parallel.—Some people object to parallel when the Imperial author of the Life of Julius evidently intends to draw between ingenious and subject. The likeness will be more clearly seen, if the name be written—as it should be.—"Seizer."

On the word parliament.

"The lords word comes only from *parler*, to speak,
As best etymologists trace;
We pay the price for a parle, and nothing is wanter;
Too often the truth of the case."

A Thought in the Dark.—What an aggravating reason it is to assert your most pressing creditor driving a pair of dun ponies.

Heroic Retirement (by Louis Napoleon).—"Caesar and Henry very much alike: 'quitting Henry IV.'"

The difference between the married and divorced is exceedingly slight, consisting merely of the exchange of a couple of letters, the married being united, and the divorced united.

Waits of Rebs.—Marriage contracts.

A Dramatic Question.—Why is a short-hand writer like a husband of Imogen?—Because he's a-symbolic (symbolizing).

An art auction at Cork, recently, a lady and gentleman, who were so placed that they could not see each other, kept up the bidding for an article after all the other competitors had given it. What was his surprise when the gentleman stopped her with exclamation against his wife!

Model for a Painter.—A man of *color*.

What Religion is a Mute?—He is a Sadducee (sad-you-see).

How to Keep on Good Terms with Creditors.—Pay them.

Post-office Query.—How many letters would a fellow have to put into the post before he may be said to have "got in a mess?"

"Dennis, my boy," said an English schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "I fear I shall make nothing of you." "Yis, yer honor," answered Pat, "I'm afeard I will." "And the quick-witted lad, "isn't it myself that's always being after telling you that same for th' last two years, and the newspapers that 'no Irish need apply,' at all, at all?"

Outlandish.—An old bachelor being asked by a poet young lady to give a friend account for the application of the term belle to handsome young ladies, promptly replied that it was owing to the goodly proportion of brass in their composition.

"William, what part of speech is the word 'egg?'" "Why, sir, I don't know." "Don't know?" "Can't say, sir," said the quick-witted lad, "isn't it myself that's always being after telling you that same for th' last two years, and the newspapers that 'no Irish need apply,' at all, at all?"

LOVE.

Love is a comical thing,
And yet it sometimes stirs;
Thrill make a man whistle and sing
When he ought to be saying his prayers.

Love is a comical thing,
The rose of all evil, I'm told;
Gray hairs it will frequently bring
Prematurely, before we are old.

Love is a comical thing,
It induces a fellow to spoon;
And oft it will worry us when
We have can't get one cadence in tune.

Love is a comical thing,
And it comes on one all unawares;
From the lodging we take to the king
All rest and repose it impairs.

Love is a comical thing,
And is frequently said in a knot,
That I glibly, carelessly sing,
If I marry just I'll be shot.

Art Anecdote.—One of those intimates whose secure footing allows them to mention the foibles of friends, remarks to our Gay Cynic that Mr. Church shuns observation. "No," said the prosperous painter, "I'm like Napoleon the Great. I've little really cash in my pocket, but I can draw for thousands."

What is Matrimony?—A long *engagement* in which the parties have to wait for the *mastery*—the woman being generally the *ring*-leader.

Motto for Banting.—*Eat it Fast!*

A Rent in the Clouds.—Two dollars per week for lodgings in a top-garret with a sky-light.

Swift Disposition.—The rapidity with which fresh eggs go a-begging.

A Chronatic Conundrum.—What is the color of a scream?—Yell-ow, of course!

Dear Stalkers.—Those ladies who still come out in the Spring.

An elderly maiden, meeting a newly-married man, who had once been her servant, carrying home a cradle, exclaimed, "Why, John, you are carrying home a cradle!" "No, madam," replied John, "this be only the fruit-basket."

Lay on.—A retired actor, with a fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen "Macduff?" He replied that it was because she would have to "lay on."

What tune would a person whistle who had been stealing milk? *"Robin Adair," eh? (Robbin' a dairy!!!)*

Lucky Infantry Movement.—Agitating a cradle with a baby in it. This kind of movement is principally practiced in the early hours of morning.

"The Gentleness of the Long Rebe."—Baby-boy, before they are shortened.

The public lecturer who dwelt upon a topic has changed his residence.

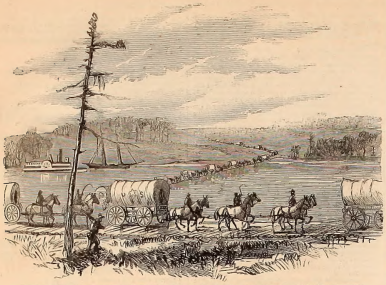
Wanted for chemical purposes—a lady "dissolved in tears."

The climax of human indifference has arrived when a man does not care how the stock.

A bird that always taxes the stem—The weather-cock.

An Irishman's Telescope.—A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman that the science of optics was now brought to such perfection that by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the Irishman, "I have one at my house in the County. We'll find what will be a match for it; I brought the council of Embassy by so near to my view that I could hear the white waistcoats singing 'God save the King.'"

"Heaven bless the trees, they fill us; bless
With little bees and honey!
They're such a help to any wood our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?"



FOURTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CORPS CROSSING THE SAVANNAH AT SISTER'S FERRY.



THE TWENTIETH CORPS ENTERING BLACKVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

Our readers will remember that at New-Years we filled our illustrated pages with sketches by Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, of General SHERMAN'S march through Georgia. Three months have scarcely passed since then, and we now fill our sheet with another series of sketches by the same artist, illustrating General SHERMAN'S march through the Carolinas.

The orders for the march remained the same as in the march from Atlanta. As before, HOWARD had the right wing and SLOCUM the left. The army consisted of four corps—the Fifteenth, General LOGAN; Seventeenth, General BLAIR; Fourteenth, General DAVIS; Twentieth, General WILLIAMS: these were accompanied by KILPATRICK'S division of cavalry.

The right wing, consisting of BLAIR'S and LOGAN'S corps, left Savannah for Beaufort January 16. Four days afterward SLOCUM, with WILLIAMS'S and DAVIS'S corps, started up the Savannah. On the 4th of February HOWARD'S column crossed the Savannah at Sister's Ferry. This column had been delayed by mud and rain and crossed the river with great difficulty. The corduroy roads near the river were almost afloat from the height of the water. In the mean time HOWARD had passed through M'Phersonville, which was burned, and was moving across the Salkehatchie in the face of the enemy. This was effected by troops of General BLAIR'S command; and the following extract from a letter written by HOWARD to BLAIR the next day shows the importance of the movements referred to. He says:

"YOUR FIRST DIVISION, under Major-General MOWER, with almost incredible celerity, cleared Whippy Swamp, seven burned bridges, and the road filled with felled trees; made a successful reconnaissance to BAXTER'S Bridge, forcing the enemy to destroy it, and to defend the causeway; then, aided by the Ninth Illinois mounted infantry, drove back the enemy, reached River's bridges so quickly as to arrest and effectually prevent their destruction. The same division, under the same indomitable leadership, in one day made two infantry roadways through the swamp, a mile and a half in extent, demonstrated strongly on the enemy's fortified front, completely turned his position, and planted itself firmly on the eastern shore of this indescribably ugly Salkehatchie. All this was done in the face of canister, shells, and a sharp, obstinate musketry fire from behind works. Your Fourth Division, under Brevet Major-General GILES A. SMITH, also crossed this wide and troublesome swamp, walking in water above the knee, skirmished successfully with the enemy, and cut off all reinforcements from below, which might have hindered General MOWER'S success."

The movements of the right wing were now very rapid; two positions—Bamburg and Midway—were gained on the Augusta and Charleston Railroad. The rebels had not properly improved their best line of defense, which was the Salkehatchie. The cavalry had already gained Blackville, on the railroad west of Branchville, and was soon followed by the Twentieth Corps. Thus, it will be seen, the left wing was rapidly coming up into position. Several miles of the road west of Branchville were destroyed. This completely isolated Augusta.



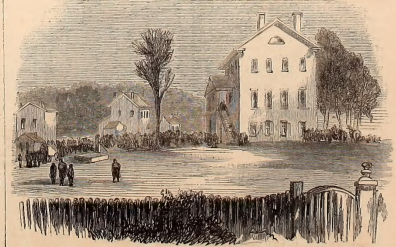
HANGING ROCK, SOUTH CAROLINA.



OLD GOLD MINE NEAR CLIBURNE'S STORE, SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE FOURTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE CATAWBA AT ROCKY HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA.



THE TWENTIETH CORPS ENTERING CHESTERFIELD, MARCH 3, 1865.



WINNSBOROUGH, SOUTH CAROLINA.



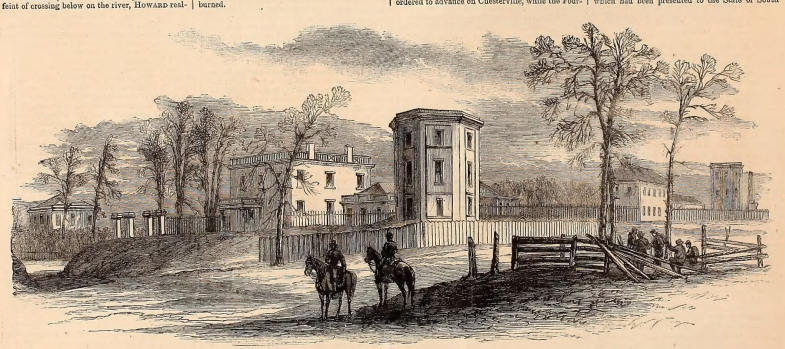
GENERAL MOWER FIRING THE BLAKELY GUN ACROSS THE PEDEE.

By the 14th of February both wings were across the North Edisto, Orangeburg had been occupied, the rebels flanked out of Branchville, and SHERMAN'S right wing had made fifteen miles on the road to Columbia. On the afternoon of the next day the rebel fortifications on the north bank of the Congaree, and covering the approach to Columbia, were carried by the Fifteenth Corps. Making a feint of crossing below on the river, HOWARD reallbeauty. Our artist has given a view of this building as it appeared at sunset February 18. It was spared from the general conflagration which, on the night of the 17th, destroyed nearly the whole city. The order of architecture followed is the Corinthian. The capitals of the columns are delicately carved in marble. A great deal of this carved work, stored in sheds about the Capitol, was burned.

No. 1. Lieutenant John Holdman, 129th Illinois, Nov. 13.
" 2. L. D. Fairfield, 80th Ohio, Nov. 8.
" 3. Capt. David Hombury, 6th Ind. Battery, Nov. 22.
" 4. C. K. Ekings, 2d N. Y.
" 5. Lieutenant A. C. Spafford, 21st Ohio, Oct. 14.
" 6. James E. Wenrick, 19th Pa. Cavalry.
" 7. John Jackson, 4th Ind. Cav., Nov. 21.

From Columbia SHERMAN pushed straight northward, as if moving on Charlotte. KILPATRICK was ordered to advance on Chesterville, while the Fourteenth Corps followed in his rear, destroying the railroad on the way. The other three corps joined the Fourteenth at Winnsborough. The Fourteenth, with KILPATRICK, still pushed northward, while the other three corps moved more to the eastward, toward Cheraw. On the 25th of February the Fourteenth Corps began the difficult crossing of the Catawba River at Rocky Hill. It was not till March 1 that this corps was able to move on to Hanging Rock, of which our artist has given a picturesque sketch. Gold Mine, a few miles farther eastward, also affords a characteristic picture. The Twentieth Corps entered Chesterfield March 2.

The next day the whole army was across Lynch's Creek, with the advance already at Cheraw, on the Great Pedee. As the rebels fled across the river Major-General MOWER sent after them a few shells from a Blakely gun which he had captured, and which had been presented to the State of South



UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA.

ly crossed at Saluda Factory. The factory was burned on the 17th. At 3 o'clock, on the morning of the 17th, Columbia was surrendered. We give on our first page a sketch illustrating General SHERMAN'S entry into this city—the capital of South Carolina. The railroads for twenty miles about the city were thoroughly destroyed, and the public property burned. On pages 200 and 201 we give several sketches of Columbia. The State Capitol, which is not finished, has great architectural

The great fire destroyed several hundred buildings, and deprived many poor families of their homes. SHERMAN tried hard to check the destruction, but without avail. On the 19th 20,000 bales of cotton were burned.

Across the river from Columbia is Camp Sorghum, where our prisoners were kept. Our artist has numbered the graves, and we give below the names to correspond. These men were nearly all murdered by the rebels.

Carolina by her citizens residing abroad. Twenty-five pieces of artillery were taken at Cheraw, besides eighteen tons of powder and several thousand bales of cotton. On the 11th of March the entire army entered Fayetteville, where communication was established with Wilmington by means of the Cape Fear River. During the march 83 cannon were captured, and 4000 prisoners. Over 15,000 refugees were received; hundreds of miles of railroad and vast quantities of cotton were destroyed.



CAMP SORGHUM, OPPOSITE COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.



SALUDA FACTORY, NEAR COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS.

THEY gathered by the quiet homes
Where white stones overlean
The spreads whence no footstep comes
That once has passed between,
And raised a monument to keep
A soldier's memory green.

The grass had not been touched by spade
Where its slant shadow lay,
The soldier's resting-place was made
On red chill clay,
And yet with bowed, uncovered heads
They kneeled around to pray.

Thus did they consecrate the place
To memory of that one.
One? Why was there a vacant space
Left ominous on the stone?
They turned to each their sorrowful face
Who dared to look thereon.

That little town its willing score
Of patriots had sent,
And there was room for nineteen more
Names on the monument.
They only said, "They will be done,"
And went their way content.

The graver came another day
And cut a name beneath,
And on the stone next morning lay
Another grey wreath;
And pale forgét-me-nots were there
That sweeten even'death.

So let the soldiers' monument
In every grave-yard stand—
Although their buried forms be blent
With distant sea or sand—
To keep their memory for aye
Within a grateful land.

THE BURGLARY AT THE MEADOWS.

THE household at the Meadows—a lonely place, every where surrounded with low salt marshes, the mansion itself standing on a knoll and approached by a causeway of a mile in length, so handsomely shaded with elms as to be worthy of the dignified appellation of an avenue—the household at the Meadows was one night rudely disturbed from its slumbers by an alarm of burglary. One of the children, waking from some unseen-pie dream or other, heard a most singular sound; and creeping to the bedside of Katy Small, their nurse, a little white phantom before her, paused last into a terrified wakefulness. But after her first glance she, too, detected the stifled sound, and, seizing the matter at once, grasped a blanket round her and to the door of her mistress's sleeping-room, in such a shaking fright that she could not command her voice, nor had she not feared being overheard by the thieves. "Oh, ma'am! Oh, Mr. Grey!" was what slid through the keyhole, accompanied by a flutter of timid taps, till Mr. Grey began to dream of a moth battering about the window-pane saddenly endowed with voice and calling him by name, and till at his hurried, half-awake uprisal, as she made bold to turn the handle of the door, Katy turned and fled. Then Mr. Grey clearly heard the sound, and thrusting himself into part of his clothes, stepped out on the soft carpet of the upper hall and listened.

This sound, to which all under the roof were now aroused, was a soft, slow, gridding, sliding one, as if with their delicate and muffled instruments the burglars were sawing the bolt of the great lock upon the front-door. Now and then some slight scraping of the tool took place; now and then there was a step upon the low, sunken stone; now and then the handle of the lock rang at a faint touch; now and then all gave way to something like a singular whispering.

It was well known that much valuable plate was always in use at the Meadows, for it was a hospitable place, with a round of guests and dinner-parties and suppers, and at to-night of all nights in the year, there was no one at home but the family; and, owing to some whim of the ancient architect and owners, the apartments of the household were of a majority of the servants were in a separate building. Katy knew, however, was a host in himself, and he desired no help, unless there was a one disabled in the combat that seemed imminent, in which event Katy Small was prepared to be a hamber-maids would open the other door for the adherents to come to the rescue of his wife and children. But if the burglars were not alone—if their adherents themselves? The thought was like a cold chill. Yet—no; the singular whispers, which seemed to be those of some foreign tongue, dispelled such an idea; moreover, their fidelity and attachment to himself, the most indulgent and considerate of employers, were proverbial.

Meantime the work was progressing. While he listened there sprung at any moment burst open and he be found defenceless. Defenceless he was, for was at that moment, for though a master of the noble Western pile, lets would be of small service against the mace or mallet of a house-breaker, and all his guns were down in the shallow closet on the other side of the front-door, so that it would be almost impossible for him to reach them without being seen. Finally, however, with one hand upon the railing of the balister, he noiselessly slipped down, possessed himself in the dark of his best rifle and of sufficient ammunition for a siege, and returned half-way up the staircase, where, seating himself, he coolly made his preparations—made them somewhat slowly, as he could scarcely see his hand before him, loading the rifle with a charge of small-shot, determined, the moment the door gave way, to pepper the malice roundly with a ball for every bone in their bodies.

During this work, Katy Small, with the trembling help of one of the chamber-maids, had dressed the children even to their hats and water-proofs, and had furthermore tied the blankets and coverlets together in a long knotted rope, as a possible means of exit from the back should the robbers succeed in entering at the front. The other chambermaid had taken the occasion as an opportunity for exhibiting her accomplishments, and had fallen from one fainting-fit into another faster than Mrs. Grey could bring her out of them. Mrs. Grey herself, a woman of Southern birth, was no more acquainted with fear than her husband was, and she had raised her head from her pillow full of fight. As she saw him sitting at the mid-way, bickering with his rifle, she was fired with impatience, she longed to have him go down, fling open the door, and there meet at the assailants as such a valley as would put them to terrible rout and confusion; there was to be indiscriminate slaughter on the grass outside the door, after which the household servants were to be taken into shelter, the house turned into a hospital, and themselves nursed back to health and virtue by the inhabitants. But this was not the way to do it, sitting waiting for them, instead of dashing down, taking the war into Africa and converting the attack into defence. It seemed almost craven to Mrs. Grey, this calm delay. If she had only ever learned how to handle a gun herself she would pass him and teach him a lesson, woman as she was; but as the case stood, such conduct on her part might result in her death, the only hand over herself of all the parties concerned, and add to the general disturbance disastrously. So she left the chamber-maid to her fainting, and stood at the head of the stairs a white shadow herself, urging her husband, another shadow, to descend and engage the villains, even though he should die and imagine her voice above the slow and interrupted grinding and grating on the panel as she spurred him on.

But what Mr. Grey feared the hall to the gun-closet he had given his attention to the door, you may be sure, in passing. And there, dimly to be detected in the darkness of the hall, lay, unknown might, he was perfectly sure that he saw through the place—plus sidelight the darker outline of a pair of legs, the legs of the man who had come at work to quickly, so skillfully, upon the lock; then he heard steps upon the turf and the other man lifted him again the same. If, then, he could thus see two of the plunderers, there could scarcely be more than half a dozen of them in all, and for one man to go down and meet a whole band of such desperate creatures was mere bravado. Moreover, by remaining where he was, he had the vantage of a cage of a garrison, and as they secured entrance could pop them over, one after another, like so many plump partridges.

There was never any lost outside stir, by day or night, to be heard at the Meadows; there was no thing but the flap of an eagle's wing, and the wash of the mowers' scythes, the warble of the bobolink, in the morning, the scream of a night-hawk, the hoot of insects in the swamps; consequently there was a picture that always make assonance with the scene around them, and leave the silence more pronounced. Mr. Grey had not heard these sounds for a long while sitting on the stair; no other noise in all the region round could be detected but the grating upon the door, this tap upon the lock, this step upon the turf, this strange rough whisper—it made the resolution of the gun-room all the more kind of awe; he knew that have wrapped the knoll itself, that all below and around it was waist-deep in soft and white vapor, and was aware that in which cry or murmur would at any distance fall equally dull and dead; there were not even enough star-beams divided into the haze about the house to be discern his assailants plainly when they should have flung open the door and confronted him. To obviate this difficulty Mrs. Grey, who was not to be left in the tallous spirit, waited with match and wick behind him, ready at the appointed moment to blaze away in her part. The moment for which they were anticipated from the fierce scratch she was to give with that hideous sound of bare fingers upon the work, much more than equaled all that her husband looked forward to from his trusty rifle. To a person of Mr. Grey's temperament, and one easily to be awakened from sleep, there would have been something delicious in watching this slow, soundless lapse of a summer night; the gradual transition from twilight and desolation, the suspense, the penduventure, gradually made the delay intolerable. And through all the time there was something else. Now and then, intermittent sawing, that tap upon the handle of the lock, that scratch of the panel, those steps about the turf, that whisper, and all the while the succulent grass that grew all round the low doorsame and close up to the threshold. Why they were so long about the business was more than Mr. Grey could conjecture.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Grey, her patience worn out, "there is no use in my sitting here with a match and a moderator"—which last, though it was the name of the lamp, was also a familiar phrase for a sly bit at her husband. "Those doughty knights of the latch-key will effect an entrance at this rate by the time we are all grandmothers. Stand from town. I will leave you to watch them carefully till then; and, for my part, I shall go to bed!" And she was about to carry out her threat, when, look at the little huddled group of frightened children fallen half asleep between Katy Small and the chamber-maids.

This, at last, was more than Mr. Grey could bear, or else his over-anxious wife misjudged him; he rose for the fray, let her have it! He sprung down the stairway, grasping his rifle surely; Mrs. Grey blazed away with her lamp and followed him; he drew back the bolts, flung open the door, and there, standing across the low, narrow stone, was a great dun ox, placidly feeding on the rich, sweet, juicy grass that grew so rankly there, the nibble of his teeth, and the swish of his tail as he brushed away the settling night-fly making, indeed, whispering sound, and his brass-tipped horn tapping now upon the lock of the door, now upon the panel, now scratching on the side-post—a mild, contented creature that stared round, large-eyed, at the sudden splendor that streamed over him from the open doorway, whisked his tail, tossed up his heels, and pat down his head, wheeled about, and darted off into the shadow.

"Ah, how did you dare," said a young acquaintance, to whom Mrs. Grey was laughingly relating the occurrence next day at dinner, "to urge Mr. Grey to go down and meet them? It makes me shiver! I should have thought every valuable in the house and set them out on tables directly before the front-door that they might take our money and leave our lives."

"Precisely!" said Mr. Grey, proudly. "That is the difference between you and a Southern woman, my little friend!"

"If you mean," retorted the little friend, indignantly, "that I should have my husband's safety more than my jewels and silver—it certainly is the difference!"

"Ah, I try you mercy!" pleaded Mr. Grey, repentantly. "Latitude hardly alters human nature, I confess. At the equator or at the poles equally we wrankind are all kin! Shall us—it is in their power to be *la chaque sauise au chandelle!*"

THE VAMPIRE'S WHIST.

I HAVE always been considered a safe player, and I was generally managed to economize my losses, to penses at the whist-table. I never played high, nor was my game dashing; moderate stakes and prudent play carried me through through many a combat. The chief secret of my success was that I never lost my head. I was my match with the first arrangement, and never needed look on them again. My eyes were on the table; I never had to ask who played such a card; I never once seemed vacillated in the plan of my campaign. If you can read my character from this account of my play, I have proceed to tell my story without further preface.

I was going to spend a winter in Florence. I had good introductions and plenty of letters of credit; I was told I should find plenty of whist and players worthy of my steel. The night before I left London—the last game I played was with my old friend and partner, Jack Mackenzie—as I rose from the table Jack took me aside, and said, "Don't mention my name to Tremlett, if you meet him."

"Tremlett?" I asked.

"Have you never heard of Tremlett? You will not be long in Florence without making his acquaintance, and he'll give you a hard fight; yes, Jack, Master Dave! He is the best whist-player in Florence, and if he could come to London he would be the best whist-player here. Don't you have anything to do with him off the table; he'll give you work enough on it."

I started next morning for the Continent, my passport clear of Jack's name, and my ticket for the name, Henry James Solly. I scarcely stopped in Paris, for winter was coming on quickly, and Paris is locked in the embrace of cold. All my friends advised not to go by sea, for the weather was very unsettled; and when I got to Genoa, and saw the vessels lashed to their moorings and swinging at the long swell, and heard the wind howling over the bay, I was glad I had profited by the advice. I had secured a place in the *Courier* from Genoa to Pisa; my fellow-passenger in the interior was a young Frenchman, with whom I struck up a speedy acquaintance. The spare seat by the side of the *Courier* was occupied by a short stout gentleman, whose face I never once caught sight of, but whose harsh voice disturbed me frequently through the night. Alighting at Pisa I resolved to stop the night, took my luggage to the hotel, where I was joined by my fellow-passenger, and devoted the afternoon to the cathedral.

It was late in the evening when I strolled away from the quiet group of medieval buildings, and lost myself in the less-frequented parts of the town. The cold stillness of the streets every where was in contrast to my musings, and rested my mind after the bustle of travel, and the constant change of busy figures in which I had grown so habituated. As the day fell I wandered into an out-of-the-way café, to rest myself and observe the people.

Only one other group occupied the café. It consisted of six or eight decently-dressed, and yet not prepossessing, Italians gathered round a short stout gentleman with bushy whiskers and a hard face, who was relating his adventures. His face was strange to me, but something in his voice struck me as familiar to my dreams. Those harsh, jarring tones, where and when had I heard them? Perhaps I should recognize the face closely, for I looked uneasily and watched me out of the corners of his eyes, dropped his voice, wandered in its narrative, and at last ceased to speak. The attention of the comrades was turned to me by the strangeness of the conduct; I regarded me as suspicious, and to lull their suspicions I took out a letter I had found at Turin from Jack Mackenzie, and began to read. In my suspicious state of mind I did not remember I had named his narrative in the same loud tones as before, which, spite of my interest in the letter, haunted me still and distracted my thoughts. I looked up again, and directly I did so the whole party sprung on their legs. The gentleman in the middle came up to me and asked the reason of my abrupt leaving. He spoke in Italian, and though I was not sufficiently versed in that language to follow his rapid speaking with ease, I was so familiar with it as to carry on a conversation. Of course I disclaimed all idea of offending him; but he was not so easily satisfied.

"You traveled with me from Genoa," he replied; "you follow me into a retired neighborhood, into an unfrequented café; you watch me; then you take a letter from your pocket and watch me while you read it. What have you about me in it?"

"If the letter was not in English I should offer it for your satisfaction."

"I read English," he said, and snatched the letter from me, just glanced at the signature, and threw it in my face with the words, "You're a liar and a spy!"

Twilight was growing deeper all the while, but we went out at once behind the walls to a secluded field. Two of the group alone were with us; they placed us at a short distance, measured the paces, and put the pistols in our hands. We fired at the signal; his ball whistled within an inch of my ear; he clapped his hand to his cheek, and the two seconds ran up to him.

"It is only a scratch," he said; "give us the other pair!"

The two seconds, who had shrugged their shoulders at seeing me unwounded, obeyed him. We fired again; again the ball whistled past me, but he fell heavily and without moving. His two friends ran up to him, and one said to me in *English*, "Fly! we are not assassins!"

I caught one glimpse of his face, and I was too stupefied to fly. I walked with a composure which would have disarmed suspicion through the nearest gate, asked my way to the hotel as calmly as though I was not stunned into confusion, and sat down at the window, gazing out like one under chloroform. My trance was broken by the voices of chanting priests and the murmur of a curious crowd; through the street swept past an array of white robes bearing torches, surrounding a body, and anxious eager faces behind, gathering mystery.

"Who is it?" asked a by-stander.

"The man whose body was found outside the gate."

"Shot, you say? How long had he been dead?"

"They don't know; but he was alive at ten, sir."

My letters of introduction procured me instant admission to the club when I got to Florence. There was not much going on; the most eager players were shooting in the Maremma, or not yet returned from their summer rambles. I had a few dinners with those that were left, and after one early one fair player, an ancient Florentine Englishman, named Austin. He told me about Tremlett, with whom he has had a fierce battle in the morning at the whist-table, and he promised to introduce me and get up a game as soon as the renowned player came back from shooting.

One afternoon, when I came into the club from a stroll in the sun along the Arno, there seemed to be more than usual stir in the small room of idlers. As Englishman just returned from the Maremma was retailing some unusually successful news to his acquaintances. As I sat at one of the tables listening, Austin came up and told me this was Tremlett. I had expected to see a man from his had a fine face with strong lines, and a good development of forehead, though hardly intellectual. The calculation, the steel-trap memory, were not in the game in the faces of the other players, had given that thoughtful appearance; something indescribable told me the power was not purely mental. His whiskers were probably dyed, to add youth to his face, yet the firmness of the lines about his mouth resisted all attempts at concealment. He watched him with considerable admiration, not unmixed with a slight feeling of repugnance. I felt sure that he was virtually an outlaw from England, that he had been turned out of the clubs of Paris, that his name was not used with those of honorable and guardians who had thoughtless young men to care for? Yet, if it were so, where was my danger? He might beat me at whist, but he would only tesch me to play better. I neither feared being enticed into too high play, nor meeting him on other fields of action. My heart almost beat at the prospect of a good fight with the cards; I felt a glow in my blood which I had not felt for thirty years.

As soon as the knot of English had broken up, Austin went to the here of a hundred flights and said, "Tremlett, I want to introduce you to a whist-player who has heard a great deal of your prowess and wishes to encounter you."

"I shall be only too happy," answered Tremlett; and on being introduced he proposed an immediate game—I was quite prepared to dispose of my time, and should hardly find a fourth at present."

We sat down. The first few games passed over quickly; Tremlett was too much used to consummate either of the prospects of amusement afforded by the coming winter, or of things thirty and twenty-five years old in England, to have his whole game was his boundary, he never breathed a whisper of that time.

We were about equally matched; if he had any strength in reserve he never showed it. He played a first-rate game, but I felt myself tolerably secure. He began with a confidence which I felt was myself; but the real fight throughout was between him and me; Austin played curiously and without speaking for he was a bad player. He never went and won. When it chose to Austin's turn, he would have gladly excused himself as not being equal to a fight against two such brilliant players. Tremlett begged him to continue, for he wished to try our games as a partner. But Austin refused. Just then a celebrated theoretical whist-player, who never played himself, put so often stood behind and watched that he had a perfect right to the game, entered the room, and he consented to help Austin against us.

Twilight was now creeping on gradually, and we were all silent as chessmen. I had arranged my cards quickly and waited for Tremlett to play. I saw he deliberated I looked up at him, and it then struck me that I had seen his face before.

I was confronted by the same harsh, jarring lines about his mouth, which were drawn up and puckered into thoughtfulness; he must have an embarrassing hand. He looked up at me, but not playing with dummy! For I had a most peculiar hand, one which no partner could suspect, but which would make a fortune if shown on the table. The thought had scarcely crossed my mind when Tremlett, who had been holding his right hand over the upper part of his face, withdrew it, and slapped down the very identical card which was the keystone of my game.

I looked over it with astonishment, and I detected an alteration in his face. His hand had slightly brushed off his whiskers from their usual curl, and just under his eyes I saw a scarcely-healed across the cheek-bone. How well he had concealed it!

Tremlett's lead prospered as I expected it to prosper. He led through dummy with perfect impunity, and it was the same if Austin finessed or played high. But every time Trehlett led, it was as if he saw every card in my hand; and each time I looked up I caught the same haunting expression of face which had struck me the moment we were partners. As far as I could think without neglecting my game, I tried to recall the face of which his reminded me. It must have been the set of the cheek-bone; where had I seen any one with a scar on his cheek-bone? And yet, when I thought over it again, I remembered that I had only noticed the scar after he had played his first card; the resemblance had struck me while I waited for his lead. What was it then? Oh, I have it! the youthfulness of his dyed whiskers bringing out the hard old look of the lines about his mouth when he was thinking. Yet there was something more haunting.

I had neglected my game during this last moment of thought, and I was recalled by my partner.

"Your play, Mr. Solly!" he said, in a strange harsh voice, so different from the pleasant tone of the beginning of our game. It only wanted that to bear out the resemblance; the voice was now entirely in keeping with the face. "Your play, Mr. Browning ;twilight it grew upon me like something ghostly; the knowledge of the cards I held in command of the game, the rending my thoughts, coupled with the ghastly look of his fresh whiskers and his hard face, seemed to paralyze me. At times I was on the verge of making fatal mistakes; but each time it seemed that Tremlett looked at me reproachfully, and his look appeared to say that I should play. We won the first game with ease, but we lost the second. Tremlett said, "I like your play better as antagonist than as partner, Mr. Solly. You made a mistake."

"I own I made one," I replied. "It is the last. My eyes are rather weak, and I can't see any longer."

Tremlett called for cards, and the waiter lighted while the new ones were dealt round. As soon as the light came full on his face I fell back in my chair with horror. I now recognized the face now; it was the man I had killed at Pau!

We won the next game, but it was all Tremlett's play. I, in fact, had by my cards to play into his. I sat watching him without thinking of the game, and my hand moved as if by the exercise of his will to the right card when it came to my turn. It was getting ghastly pale; the lines of his face had assumed a rigidity really fearful, and his whiskers fell from the vapid curl into a stiff and horrible appearance. He scarcely spoke now; when he did, it was in monosyllables, with a grating, rasping voice; and there was a fierce gleam in his eye which remained immovable. I sat opposite to him as if mesmerized.

We changed places and partners now; and I took advantage of the change to walk to the other end of the room for a breath of air, and to wipe my cold hands. I could not breathe freely with his cold glassy eyes glaring at me from over his cards, with his sharp voice, like a galvanized corpse's, uttering my looks in every direction. It was against my rule to drink any thing stronger than lemonade while I played at whist; but I could not face this game without acquired strength, and I took off three glasses of brandy, one after the other, without a pause between them.

Tremlett took dummy now, and I was on his right. I felt easier, having Austin facing me, the man he evidently had stirred his resentment. I never struck me that the power of knowing my cards, which Tremlett had shown when he was my partner, could continue to him now that he was my opponent in open incident. I kept my eyes riveted to the dummy hand; I refused to look at or mind them only on my partner, or on dummy's cards. The third game it was my deal; and when I took up my cards I felt certain at once that my last doubt if ever before I held such cards; I shuffled them hastily over while I thought out my plan, and then I cautioned one little fact to my partner. If Tremlett held a peculiar hand—if he led a certain card, and persisted in that suit, I was ruined. But I had no grounds for supposing that he held such a hand, or that if he had it, he would play it in such a way. I felt safe.

What was it induced me to look up in his face? Fatality, I suppose. He had kept us waiting rather longer than usual, and I forgot my resolve of avoiding the sight of him. It is the strongest impulse of a whist-player to look impatiently at any one who keeps you waiting for his call, and I glanced up at Tremlett. He was looking at me curiously, with a cool, collected sneer on his lips, and a stronger resemblance than ever to the dead stony face I had last seen between the two seconds as I turned away from the field of my duel. As my eyes caught his he quickly cast down the cards in his hand, and, with the same look directed at me, placed it softly on the table. It was the fatal card I had feared. I dropped my cards on the table, face upward, and fell back in my chair.

"Game!" screeched Tremlett, in his most grating tones.

Austin looked at me with the dreadful forced composure of an injured partner, and said, "Allow me to observe, Mr. Solly, that if you had the worst cards ever dealt I had the game in my own hand; I had three honors, and you turned up the fourth."

I could only point to the card Tremlett had led; I was speechless. Austin shrugged his shoulders, and was rising from the table.

"You won't play any more, Austin?" asked the victor. "Nor you, Mr. Solly?"

With great difficulty I forced out a few words. "I am not quite well to-night. You will give me my revenge another time?"

"Ay, that I will. When shall we say? Let us see—to-day is Friday?"

God help me! it was the day week we had fought.

"To-day is Friday," he repeated. "I must go down to Pau to-morrow morning, and I don't be back for some days. Shall we say to-day week?"

I met Austin the next afternoon down the Arno. He was cold at first; but I apologized for having made a mistake in my calculation, and accounted for it by a certain feeling of indisposition. He had received a letter that morning from a London friend, speaking of my play in the highest terms, and he was flattered by an apology from one of the best whist-players in Full Mall. He took my arm, and we walked together along the casine.

"Tremlett started off to Pau early this morning," began Austin. "He played *goffe* at the club till after five, and left the train at half past five. He's after no good now, I expect; but when a man once gets launched in those intrigues he can't stop. I'll be glad for him if he don't get caught on one of these days."

"I heard something about him in England from a friend of mine."

"Yes, I expect more is known about him in England than is known on the Continent. If some of his associates, who don't speak out loud, act in whispers, it would be all up with his reputation, even in Florence. A Scotchman I know ran him pretty hard once, and was the only man I ever heard mention of another state, who claimed him."

"Who was the Scotchman? not Jack Mackenzie, surely," I asked.

"Who else but Jack Mackenzie? Don't you mention his name to Tremlett; he's down on him. Jack would not fight a man who had been turned out of London and Paris, or else Tremlett is a dead shot."

The next Friday I went to the club to keep my engagement. I was sure something had happened as soon as I came in. The room was very noisy for a time, and I could see that every one was discussing some event. Presently a waiter came to me, and told me that I was wanted in the next room by a gentleman

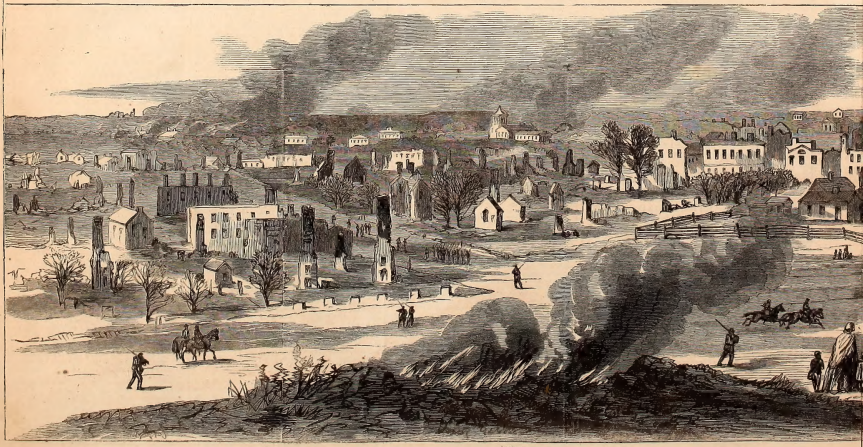


GEN^L SHERMAN RECEIVING "THE MARCH TO THE SEA"

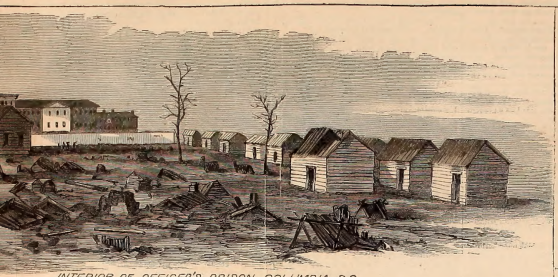




RUINS OF COLUMBIA FROM THE FRONT OF THE CAPITOL LOOKING NORTH.



SCENES IN COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLI



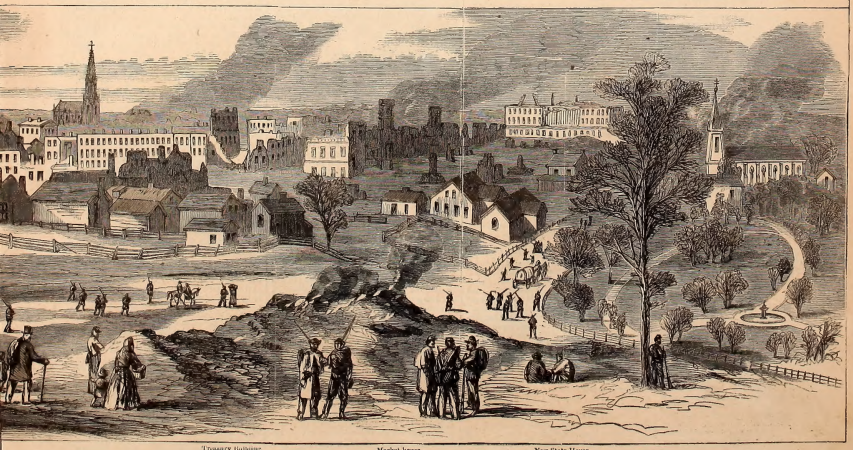
INTERIOR OF OFFICER'S PRISON, COLUMBIA, S.C.



ESCAPED PRISONERS AIDING UNION CITIZENS.



STATE CAPITOL, COLUMBIA, S.C. FEB. 18, 1865.



A, THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.

LAST WORDS.

ARE have they told you all? Ah yes, I see
At last you know it—know that I must die.
Don't tremble so; but come and sit by me,
And hold my hand, and be as calm as I.
Bend nearer, for my voice is faint and low;
And I would tell you something ere I go.

I've known a long time now that in that heart,
Whose every beat was music to my ear,
I've held the second place. Nay, do not start;
I would but tell you—not reproach you, dear.
You loved her first; and though with all your will
You strove to conquer it, you love her still.

'Twas hard to bear—to know that she whose whim
Had blighted all the sunshine of your life,
Could claim a second fealty from and your every dim
Even with a word: could not, though your wife.
I struggled hard to win your love; but no!
I could not win it; yet I loved you so.

The hope that lighted up my path so long
Has flickered and died out. I could not live
Without your love; but you did me no wrong—
I could not give what you had not to give.
Nay, weep not! I am happy now I see
You'll love my memory better far than me.

The strife has been so long, the way so drear,
I feared my patience and my trust in God
Would fail me; but now I see the end so near,
'Tis easier far to bow beneath the rod.
The night is sweet, and yet to morn is night:
Thank God for taking me! Dear love, good-by!

THE BROUGHTONS.

SHE might be a little too young for him, perhaps; but if she was, that was the only fault between them—and that was a fault which every mother said, putting back her flaxen ringlets with a coquettish air—would mend itself every day, as her own dear husband could tell her, sometimes over thirty did not in general complain of the overyouthfulness of their wives; she always found that week—with that undefined expression of the mathematicians, her poor dear husband was so fond of using?—by inverse ratio, or something like that.

"Look after her, my mother than the doctor," muttered the pew-opener, pretending to be looking at the prayer-book, and not at the bride.

And as for Mrs. Broughton, the mother was one of those fair, ringleted, brisk, little women who are only in middle age at sixty, and who positively refuse to be old at eighty—well dressed, coquettish, with very white teeth and very blue eyes, a little closed at the corners, as if the edges had been badly cut and bungled. The bungling—eyes that were afflicted with an occasional squint, and more apt to look at things out of those badly-cut corners than straight in front—but as blue as two turquoise beads and as sharp as a bird's; a lively little woman, who never paid a bill, and was never out of sleep, but always full of resources and clever shifts, and who could by no means be put out of countenance nor moved from her self-possession; a quaint-mannered little woman, full of smiles and endearing epithets, and very cordial pressure of her somewhat silvery hand; a wise and really little woman, who wore silken surcoats over her inner coat of mail, and tinged the tips of her fingers so skillfully you never saw she had iron claws at the end of them hooked like a vulture's beak.

No two people could be more unlike than the mother and daughter. Young Broughton was one of those girls who look full of a really formidable amount of character. She was tall, and what people call well developed, indeed, her figure was the envy of a woman of five-and-twenty rather than of a girl scarcely nineteen. Her hair was of the darkest shade possible next to black, but lifted out of absolute blackness by the shy scattering of brown-gold threads through it, and the quite full gold of the ends and downy undergrowth. To look at her casually you would say she was full of strength; but when you came to examine her closely you would see that what you mistook for solid masonry was mere painted scaffolding, and that the marble statue in the niche was only but a bit of bright-colored wax, which any one with ten working fingers could mould to their will. Those straight black brows of hers that looked as harsh and were as soft and silken, were indicative of neither will nor decision, nor even of strong perceptions; those dark eyes with the dash of red through the brown, and over a soft suffusion over them like embryonic tears not perfected, those only humidity and pulpiness, and with no fire in them for all their size and radiance; the red lips, a little swollen, were like twin roses, full and loose and richly redolent of youth and love, but without the harder core of the rose; in a word, she was nothing but a great, soft, beautiful child masquerading as a full-grown fall of tenderness and love and sweet obedience and self-sacrifice, but with will and individuality as yet only in the germ. Her mother was not quite the kind of person to allow even a strong nature to develop side by side with herself. Such boundless power of compression, then, had not those curved iron fingers of hers had in the manipulation of such a plastic creature as this!

Of Gertrude Broughton a few words will be enough. A tall, handsome, military-looking man; exact to the extreme of precision; grave to almost gloom, but tender withal in the strong way that goes with an iron will in the centre of him surrounded by wide outworks of lofty kindness and secure tolerance; scrupulous in money matters and rigidly truthful. A strong, self-centred man, able to walk alone without the recognized social supports, he was yet proud, as such men are, of the merits and possessions of his wife; proud of her as she stood there carved out of the purest marble, and silently defying the world to find a flaw any where. This was the group, then, that set out on the great highway of life together, without a cloud in the sky as yet.

"A person wants to speak to you, ma'am."

"Who is it, Annie?" said Mrs. Broughton.

"I don't know, ma'am, I'm sure; he's not been here before, and he asked for you."

"Go and see what he wants, then; and if he's a gentleman, show him up," said the little woman, briskly.

That Gordon is not at home, mamma," interposed Laura, in her soft, low, deprecating voice.

"Well, and what then? Surely the man won't eat us up alive, child?" laughed her mother.

"But if he wants money or any thing?" again urged Laura, with a pretty uppermost with her as expectation with her mother.

"Leave that to me," replied Mrs. Broughton, arranging her cool forehead over the bow of bright blue ribbon, worn at the side like a matronly kind of snood.

"The very person I want to leave it to," said a thick oily voice, and a swarthy man, almost like a man of color he was so dark, shabby, and vulgar, but yet out of the "low" classes," as they say called, pushed the servant aside and entered the room.

Mrs. Broughton gave one little cry—only one; and for a moment became green, not white. "Sam!" she then said, in a low voice. "You villain!"

"Well! that's an affectionate greeting, at all events!"

"What would you have better? What business have you here at all?"

"That I call cool! I should think more business than any one else," said Sam's dark face grew darker with the sullen look that came into it.

"But so suddenly—so unexpectedly!" said Mrs. Broughton, drawing herself into matronly facility, and falling into the old cheery manner quite naturally—but squinting.

"Which should have made the pleasure of my visit all the greater," sneered the man, "if you had been a dutiful—"

"If I had been an affectionate sister!" laughed Mrs. Broughton, shrilly. "Well! and so it should, of course."

Sam looked at her for a moment and whistled.

"Oh! that is the game, is it?" he said, and planted his right bride upon his hip. "Then I've come at last."

"And who have we here? My niece?" he asked.

"Yes, your niece, Sam, your poor brother's child and my sweet daughter," said Mrs. Broughton, with what was meant to be a tender touch upon her daughter's sleek head.

"Ah, well, it's a credit to him," said Sam, examining her much as if she had been a horse or a dog. "Come here and kiss me, my dear."

"Go and kiss your uncle, my child," began Laura, "

repeated Mrs. Broughton, in a caressing tone. Laura hesitated.

"Do as you are bid, child," said her mother in a low voice, harshly.

And Laura went.

"Well, did I do you a great deal of harm, my dear?" said the man, after he had kissed her, holding her still in his arms and looking at her with a strange expression.

"No," blushed Laura, and stammered and tried to free herself from him.

"But you didn't like it, eh?" said the vindictive expression that seemed the only one really natural to him came into his face for the second time in this short interview.

Laura was silent; her mother gave her a sharp, deadening look, and her cheek burned heavily; and the young wife felt instinctively that a web was weaving round her, of which she could foresee neither the outlet nor the end.

"Of course you know what I have come for, Louisa?" then said Sam, turning to Mrs. Broughton, and running his fingers through his short, curled, crisp hair.

She tossed her head and made her flaxen ringlets dance. "The old story, I suppose!" But though she tried to speak with jaunty unconcern the intense shrillness of her voice betrayed her, and her squint became painful to witness.

"Exactly so," said Sam.

Mrs. Broughton looked at her daughter out of the corner of her eye. "*I* have no money," she then said, emphatically.

"No?" Sam looked incredulous and insolent. "Yet you are living with a fine house and a fine appearance—all sham, eh?"

"It is not mine," said Mrs. Broughton. "I am as poor as I ever was, and poorer. If you want any thing you must ask Laura there."

"Fact! Seems strange, too! I should have thought that my pretty niece would have taken better care of her mother than that."

"It is not what it may have been said's," said Laura, scarlet to her very neck.

"I should think not! that was much the same thing," observed Sam.

"It ought to be," returned Mrs. Broughton, with the air of a dictatress.

"But it is not," said Laura, a little faintly; "and, considering that I have nothing of my own, ought not to be so treated."

"Oh! Gordon is very generous, that I will say for him," said Mrs. Broughton, twisting her bracelet, "and doesn't mind how much he gives to the bills."

"He always looks at them and checks my money," Laura answered. Then, with a burst—"And I could not give it away without his permission!"

Sam and Mrs. Broughton looked at each other.

"Oh yes you could, dear!" said her mother, gently, "if you were driven to it."

"I could give all I had of my own," said Laura, "but I can not give away what is Gordon's."

"Nonsense! you can make it up again—I will give it you again, if that is all. Laura, you must. It is not often that I beg of you any thing, but I do beg of you now! Will you not do your own poor mother a favor, Lulla? Your mother who has always loved you so fondly? Will you not—for her sake, mind—help your dear father's brother from starvation?"

"I would if it were my own," again said Laura, troubled. "But would it be honorable?"

"Am I no judge of right and wrong, my dear?" said Mrs. Broughton, with touching humility of voice. "If I see no harm in it your self I and I to be taught truth and honor by my own child, Lal?"

"Yes, mamma, I know—I didn't mean that—" began Laura.

"Oh, you did, dear!" and the mother wiped her very blue eyes and made the eyelids red. "And you have been very much altered to me since you married; and I'm sure I love you still the same, and would be all to you a mother could be!"

"Oh, mamma! don't say that!" Laura threw her arms round her neck and sobbed.

"I should be sorry to be the cause of any trouble to," then said Sam, coming forward: "so let me go. I have other resource," with a desperate cast of his hard black eyes upward, and a clenching of his hard hand against his breast, and a setting of his teeth, and the hard sucking in of the breath through them—"only one: the poison or the knife! What matters?" muttered he. "Who will miss me? a good-for-nothing vagabond like me—let him go!"

Mrs. Broughton gave a faint kind of howl and squirmed out of the arms of her eyes. Laura sobbed piteously. "I will tell Gordon all, and I am sure he will not mind," she then said, and drew in her pretty arms, and her whole Russia leather purse, which Gordon had given her specially for the housekeeping funds—and gave him ten dollars.

"God bless you, mother Sam!" said the mother, kissing her.

"God bless you, my angel!" said the uncle, kissing her too; and Laura's tender heart glowed, and her soft brown eyes rained over with love and happiness.

In the midst of which came Gordon's well-known military knock at the door, and sobered Sam and his elder like a dash of cold water dashed into their faces.

"Go away! go away, you wretch!" said Mrs. Broughton, with sudden savageness, shuffling him out of the room. "Go away, murder you if ever I play me this trick again," she whispered, as she pushed him through the doorway.

"Why was Laura not with Gordon, striding into the room with his usual long commanding step slightly quickened.

"Oh, it was only—" began Laura.

"The laundress man," interposed Mrs. Broughton, briskly. "Fancy a man-washerwoman, how absurd!—who came to say with a pitiful tale of distress, and your good wife here lent him five dollars. That's a touch of nature, is it not, Gordon, and you will have to take care of that in her, but I felt sure you would not be angry; so I did not check her this time. And you remember, Laura, dear, I told he would not be! and then, you know, it is only lent, and will be made up by degrees in the washing, so no harm is done, I'm sure? You dear old fellow!" and Mrs. Broughton kissed her tall son-in-law's chin, which was all she could reach up to. "I quite love you when you declines I do!"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! what have you done?" cried poor Laura, when Gordon left the room. She was almost convulsed at what she had done, for her mother had never dropped the mask to her before.

"What else was there to do, simpleton? Tell that proud husband of yours that you have a vagabond uncle whose mere acquaintanceship would disgrace him in the eyes of the near 1?" said Mrs. Broughton, with strange savageness of manner, the velvet under her paw for the claws out.

"But why did you never tell me about this uncle before, mamma?—and why did you not tell Gordon the truth when he married me?" cried Laura, with growing energy.

"Because, my dear, I have ears of only the ordinary length, and am quite so absurd as not to seem to think me," answered Mrs. Broughton, quite her old charming self again. She never kept her passion for long. "Tell your pay, she used to say, and self-control was not difficult to her. "I was too good a chance to throw away on a Quixotic sentiment of that kind."

"If I had only known it!" exclaimed the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah yes, I see you had; but then, you see, you didn't, Lal, and I never meant you should; and, what is more, you never would, if your good-for-nothing uncle had not so wickedly trusted me down."

"I will tell Gordon all honestly this very night, and then he can do as he likes about living with me any longer," said Laura, with fresh weeping. "It is only right that he should know."

"And if you do, young lady," said Mrs. Broughton, clutching her arm with all the force of her small bony hand, "I will never, so help me, but I will kill myself. Mind that, Laura! and you know I never make vague threats, or say what I don't mean. And if you tell Gordon all that has passed you, and very likely divorce you, and then you will go about the world without a home or a character, and with a ruined husband and a murdered mother on your conscience."

And poor, simple Laura believed her, and did not tell her husband.

When the week's accounts came to be overlooked, for Gordon chose to see into all this kind of thing for himself, wishing to train his young wife into exactness and care, there was the deficit of ten dollars staring him in the face. Laura had been too honest to write down five as "Loan to the laundress man," according to her mother's suggestion. If, overborne by fear, she had consented passively to this deception in chiefest part for her mother's sake, she could not bring herself to do so actively. Her partnership with sin should at least be only negative, she said to herself; as if sin can ever be merely negative!

"Can you explain to this?" said Gordon, reckoning: "where's the ten dollars, Lulla?"

"I don't know, Gordon," stammered Laura.

"Five dollars, remember, for the washer-woman's man," chimed in Mrs. Broughton from the sofa, where she was making a scarlet smoking-cap for her son-in-law.

"Oh yes? well then that leaves five. Now, little one, the five?"

Laura trembled, but did not speak; she only fumbled in her pocket, and dived into her purse, looking into the little divisions for postage stamps and receipt stamps, and all manner of queer corners, with a kind of instinctive hypocrisy, poor little soul! more to gain time than any thing else.

"Why, you naughty child, do you mean to say you have actually been losing a whole five-dollar bill?" said Mrs. Broughton, getting up from the sofa and coming to them.

"I know nothing about it," cried Laura, and burst into tears.

"Gone!" said her mother, and slipped her hand as if in play, but taking care to slap it pretty hard when she was about it.

Gordon looked at his young wife with a long steady look. "Put the books away, Laura," he then said, a little gloomily, and sighed, and sat all the evening after with his chin in his hand, looking into the fire and weaving unpleasant fancies from the flames.

A cloud had come over Laura. Her husband could not define either its shape or its origin, he was only conscious of its existence. Instead of being the loving, confidential creature of former days, she had become gloomy and almost morose, with a sullen manner, half angry, half terrified, toward her mother, and a shrinking withdrawal from himself, inexpressibly painful to witness. She would sit for hours reading another working nor reading; simply staring out of the window in a vague abstraction, or looking into the fire, with the tears dropping silently from her eyes. She only spoke when she was spoken to, and then she started as if awakened out of a sleep, and as often as not answered with the air of one half in her own world-gathering, as her mother said they were. She refused to keep house, too, any longer, alleging her inability to keep her accounts correctly right, and refusing Gordon's offers to help her through; and as her mother was always at hand, and was a first-rate manager, Gordon turned over the military chest and the commissariat to her, until such time as Laura should recover her right mind, which he firmly believed she had lost. He did not gain much by the change. For he found that Mrs. Broughton's lovely face and lovely person could always be added up to rather more than Laura's girlish sprawls and blotches had done; and that the housekeeping had risen with a bound on an average of fifteen a week. And yet with no better or richer mode of living as the visible cause. But what could he do? "Bide a little from day to day," and it was very unfortunate indeed that we, Laura and I, chose that dear day when you say it was so cheap down in Catherine Street, the day before, or I forget which now. And as for brooms and brushes, no, dear boy, they don't burn their fingers—wood—you are so funny, Gordon! or boil the bristles into soup; they are a little extravagant in them, I confess, but then, you see, such a beautiful broom does have its consequence, and how delightfully clean! How, every there are the items set down correctly, one by one, and if I put a certain point set to me where we save, I am sure we will; won't we, Laura love?"

But Gordon couldn't point out the specially offending items—and if he did, there were the very things, you dear stupid old thing, that were absolutely indispensable—might as well do without bread or butter or tea—that were singularly cheap, or singularly small in quantity—just the very thing of all not to be interfered with, and that couldn't be cut down, or altered in any way. So Gordon gave up contesting the point; and not being suspicious, however rigid, accepted the rise in his household expenses as a regretful and inevitable, however mysterious.

He cared more about Laura's strange state of mind and uncomfortable behavior; but here, too, Mrs. Broughton came to his aid as his better angel, and smiled away, and laughed away, and cried, and twinkled her two turquoise beads, and said: "Don't notice her, my dear boy, she'll be better presently; and worry, worry, double soul!" which Gordon sagely gravely tender to her for days after, so considerate and gentle, that Laura's heart nearly broke; though her manner toward him was more constrained than ever, and her shrinking from him more apparent.

"When will all this end?" she cried, half aloud, as she threw herself on her bed after her beckside, in a passion of despair and unavailing remorse. When shall I escape from this, and be no longer a thief in my husband's house—no longer live a life of robbery and deception? Oh, if I could only die! if God would only let me die!" In this tragic vein live long, and Laura's initiation into the solemn terror of sin, however much it agonized her, blanched no shining, hair nor caused an impress on her smooth rich face. It saddened her soul but did not corrode her body; and well for her, though she in her girlish impulsiveness thought it ill, that the worm lived her, and grace and opportunity for reparation.

It was a terrible night—one of the most terrible of its kind—which almost a human passion in its fury, and more than human despair. The wind raved and howled through the streets, and through the chimneys, with no amount of drapery could keep it from stealing into the room like the ghostly wail broken bone from the dead; while the rain beat against the window-panes, and tore down on the pavement which it lashed and spurned like a liquid whip, making the gaslight reflection all dance and quiver and spout up in jets of light, as it plowed the wet already lying; and, mingled with the rain, was a cold and ghastly sleet and the stinging blows of hail, all knotted and twined together in a triple cord of winter wrath.

"What a night for Gordon!" said the mother, glancing at her daughter out of the corners of her eyes. Laura shivered for sympathy, and not for cold. "I never will what a night for all poor houseless wretches!" continued Mrs. Broughton, a little con-

fessedly as to her tabulation. "What a night, indeed! not fit to turn a dog into!"

"No," said Laura, by way of saying something. And then there was silence again, as there always was now between the mother and daughter. And the wind howled more fiercely than before, and the rain beat more heavily against the windows, and the cruel bitterness of the evening deepened, till it seemed almost like the face of God withdrawn from the world.

A knock came to the door. It was not Gordon's knock, but a louder and clumsier knock, quite as imperative but not so refined; for even door-knockers can be representatives of states, and give utterance to insolence, of anger, or eagerness, or timidity, as eloquently as words. Laura and her mother both knew too well whose knock it was: the one turned scarlet and trembled, the other a light shade of cream and frowned, but there was no sign of a coming contest in either; only of fear and anger in the one, and of craft and anger in the other.

"Mr. Roderick," said Annie, opening the door sullenly. "Roderick, indeed!" she repeated, when she went down stairs to cook; "and I wonder who? Roderick, and as like to our young missis as pork's like to pig. I have eyes, I have!" which, indeed, Miss Annie, every one has not.

It was a strange contrast to that luxuriously furnished room, with its two brightly-dressed, elegantly-appointed ladies, that a visitor as now ushered in. Shade of the fire and under the shine of the gas, Haggard, dirty, wet to the skin, insolent with the insolence of a social and moral ruin that has never been built up again, the hunted look of a wild animal in his bloodshot eyes, and the desperation of a criminal prepared for the worst, yet prepared also to fight to the last, in his close-pressed mouth—he looked what he was, emphatically a dangerous man, throwing off his hat and stake.

"I have come here again, Louisa, you see," he said, abruptly, "in spite of your warning."

"Yes, I see," returned Mrs. Broughton, quietly "and a pretty pleasant night you have chosen."

"It suits me," he said, with a little laugh.

"Does it? I can imagine it," said Mrs. Broughton, in the same quiet, well-behaved way.

"Have you anything to say to your cousin, Laura?" then said the man, speaking harshly, and scowling at Laura.

"Nothing in the way of welcome," burst out Laura, not in her usual manner of shy timidity, but with a passion—a breaking down of accustomed restraint—that more than any thing else could have done what a terrible effect her late experience was working in her.

Her mother trod her foot. "Our dear pet is not quite well to-night," she said, in a voice that was meant to be warning. "You must not be angry with her."

"I have rather too much to think of, just at present, to trouble myself with little girlish impertinence," said Sam. But his dark and angry look did not quite suit the scornful carelessness of his words. "It is only a matter of a little money," he added.

"You have no business here at all," Laura went on to say, excitedly. "It is not our house, but Gordon's; and not our money, but his. You have no right to come about us as you do, following us in the streets, and making mamma give you money every week, which then she has to tell Gordon about, and pretend she has spent in the house. If it were not for her sake I would tell my husband every thing at once, and let him know the whole truth."

"I advise you not," said Sam, speaking very slowly and deliberately; "unless you are tired of him, or unless you're weary of his rent bill; for I swear to you this, as true as there's a God in heaven, I would at his throat if he dared to lay a finger on me."

"A God in heaven," said Mrs. Broughton. "I know that!"

"My husband could defend himself," cried Laura, scornfully; but she turned very pale as she spoke, and it was evident that her own thoughts frightened her, however brave her words.

"Could he?" sneered Sam. "I am glad you think so. I'll tell you not to try it, then. I can be good-natured, you see, sometimes, and I advise not just for your own sake, you know."

"And are we never to get rid of this horrible life?" exclaimed Laura, clasping her hands before her eyes.

"All in good time, my dear," said the man, brutally. "Perhaps sooner than you expect." And he looked at Mrs. Broughton, watching him out of the badly-cut corner with eyes that were more snake-like than human. "At all events you are not going to get rid of me just yet. Give me something to eat."

"Mamma!" appealed Laura.

She sighed and shrugged her shoulders. "What can I say, my dear? He is hungry," she said. "Perhaps," she then whispered, "if you treat him kindly and give him what he wants, he will go before your husband comes back, else I would not answer for the consequences if they meet. I do not command, Laura, my dear; I only advise. He is very wet, and hungry, and chilled, and wretched, poor fellow, and I can not help pitying him. Suppose you tell Annie to bring up the tea and then we will try to get rid of him quietly."

"I will do anything to do with it at all," said Laura. "I can not bear the whole thing any longer, and I will not help in it one way or another." And she got up from her chair to leave the room. Her mother would have prevented her.

"Let her be," said the man. "Let her go. It is best as it is. Poor little wench," he said, in almost a softened voice, when she had flung herself out of the room, "it is hard lines for her, say what you like! Now then, Louisa, I want you but first of all give me something to eat—and drink."

"They're attending of him now down in the dining-room!" cried Annie, when she came down with the order for the rapparee-way, tumblers, and hot water. "My! when master comes to know!"

"Mizes 'll hetch it," said the cook, philosophically. The cook had a husband of her own, and knew what it was for a wife to catch it pretty liberally.

Warmth and food and brandy, while they mended Sam's dilapidated body, seemed not to do much good to his soul. As he drank deeper, and the sense of physical well-being grew stronger, he became more sinful and unmanageable, unassailable by all Mrs. Broughton's cunning resources or wiles or caresses, and sullenly determined to stay there where he was, let what would be the consequence. Lying back in one of the arm-chairs, which his soiled and dripping clothes had soaked and spoiled forever, his feet fixed (he had no stockings) stretched out on the rug, while his muddy boots were drying, soles uppermost, inside the bright steel fender, his third tumbler of whisky-and-water in his hand—the third and the stiffest of all the stiff three—the conjoyments to be had from money swallowed up every thing else, and he was happy. Which is so much needed, and ultimate self-preservation. A kind of deadened stupidity came over him, a sleep of the intelligence, which made him forget every thing but the mere sensual pleasure of the moment. Mrs. Broughton was in despair. She could manage any situation requiring tact, and facile lying, and craftygeneralship, and quick-fingered moral scamperership; but between a half-drunken animal and a high-toned gentleman—she put her hands up to her head, with the feeling that it would be crushed in the collision. She dared not let sleep, and snored heavily. Then the little woman busied herself. She put out the gas, lighted an extra lamp, and locked up her desk back to her son she took care to mix the grog herself; and so this tea passed off, and Gordon made no remark.

Still the man never stirred, and the gilt-less rain still the same wild sobs and moans in the air, like the souls of the lost come back to the scene of their sins and their punishment, the same sense of danger hanging round the night, and of evil threatening the future. Laura could not sleep for those ghastly noises and their terror, tired as she was, was feverish and disturbed, and restless like herself.

"What is that?" he cried suddenly, starting up and looking round him, wide awake and frightened too. It was a small grating noise, such as might be made by a file, and sounded like the filing of a bolt. It sounded like the filing of the bolt in the dining-room, as well as they could judge. Presently it ceased, and then they heard a movement in the room open, and a soft and stealthy foot creeping up the stairs.

"Some one is in the house!" cried Gordon, dashing on his clothes, and flung open the bedroom door—flung it open face to face with a swarthy, shabby, ill-conditioned man, who leaped across the passage with bare feet, and holding a dark lantern in his hand.

A muttered oath on the one side, but nothing more, and a struggle on the other, and then the two men sprang together in a grapple that seemed for life or death. A long and silent and deadly struggle: Laura and her wild shriek before she fainted lost in the wilder noises of the night: a struggle that meant more than the mere physical mastery of the combatants, but was the symptom of spirits and the fight of fate with will: a struggle that might be for life or triumphant power, and destroy the very life of the household forever. That long, fierce, silent struggle!—only the sound of the men's breathing, hard and fast, and the slipping of their feet on the floor, and the heavy bruising of the flesh as blows were struck and met by blows against the sound of a falling body strikingbreaking the terrible anguish of the night. But for once fortune went over to the other side; and after a long and terrible struggle Gordon had the man down on the ground, and was kneeling over him with his hand on his throat.

Then the two quick and lightly-stepping feet, and Mrs. Broughton, fully dressed, slid round to Gordon's side, and whispered something in his ear. Gordon looked round and then whispered—never, to the last day of her life. That was a secret which her husband was to shout with him always, unknown and unshared; the splash of mud which he kept covered up forever from both wife and children. Whispered: and the man him improper back as with a sudden faintness—his grasp on the man's throat relaxing, and his pressure loosening. Taking advantage of the momentary weakness, Sam slipped away from under him, and, rushing down the stairs, went out, a detected criminal, bareheaded, bleeding, and barefooted, into the cruel fury of the night.

Two years after there died in Sing Sing a prisoner convicted of murder. His name, under the name of Roderick, who used to talk mysteriously at times, when his brain was a little affected, of a ring, an inheritance, and especially of his daughter, "one of the finest young women in the country," though nobody gave much heed to his boasts. He died, however, no matter of that, b-lieved in them. But when news of his death—sent by a penniless acquaintance of peculiar—came to a certain Mrs. Lascelles, then acting as lady housekeeper to a widower of independent means in the country, had a fit of tears of joy; almost then the only tears she had ever been known to shed; and ever after might have been observed—had any one known of the circumstance—and cured to connect events together—to dress with even more than her ordinary care and taste; and to be more than ever pleasant to her employer's children.

"You are not afraid of me now, Laura?" Gordon said this two years after that memorable winter night, when, strangely, it was just two years, when they were both sitting by a gracious little bed done up as a nursery-bower, by the depths of which a fire, flashed with warmth and sleep, lay like a rosebud among the lace and down.

"No," said Laura, and hid her face in his arm; but she lifted it up directly after, and looked at him tenderly, if bashfully, in the eyes. "Never again, Gordon!—never again consenting to the smallest act of deception toward you!—never again more afraid of truth than of sin!"

"No, and I am sure as I love you, my wife! Where love is real there must of necessity be trust. What is that word—one of the truest of all the true words written there, 'Perfect love casteth out fear?' And our love now made perfect," and he looked at the tiny face in the bassinet-bed, "must cast out fear and distrust forever."

"Forever! dearest Gordon," said Laura, and put her arm round him, and clung to his breast. And an Angel of God wandering through the homes of men to bless the loving, blessed them that night with a blessing that never departed or faded away.

SHADOW OF DEATH.

On Mona's desolate shore, in a cavern by the sea, there dwelt long ages ago the last of the Druids. Across lone waters he came to know long had lived there alone; some said it was for a hundred years, and others that it was for a time far beyond the age of man; and that the Druid was no other than Merlin himself, who had seen Arthur die, and had dwelt in the halls of Caerleon, and worshipped in yet greater fane in the sun-temple of Stonehenge. Men and women traveled far to visit the solitary cavern where the Druid dwelt, and to ask him to reveal to them the mysteries of life and death; and kings came to consult him regarding war and the policy of states, and priests asked him concerning eternal things, and to all of them the Druid made response, and his words were wise and good, and were treasured in many souls.

Now it came to pass one morning in the later autumn, when the air was still and shrouded, and the sere leaves were slowly descending from the trees, and the salt green sea cast its tribute of wrack and shells at the door of the Druid's cave, that there came up together from different lands seven royal vassals, and they all entered into the cavern to entreat the seer to answer their questions and give them counsel. And behold the Druid sat on a stone in the depths of the cave, and the red fire-light shone on his white raiment, and his hair and beard were white as snow, and his eyes were like dark and sad sweet, and none who looked on him felt any more fear. And the seven suppliants drew near and saluted him reverently; and he bowed his head to them, and they should speak, and each of them in turn spoke; and this was what they said:

"O Druid! I am a queen of far-off islands, and my king, who loved me well, loves me no more, nor remembers me at all, and I am alone with him my father's crown, and loved him with my whole heart. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the second suppliant spoke and said:

"O Druid! I am a knight and I loved a lady who once gave me her troth; and I have borne for her in my hand a banner with a bloody field, and I have brought her back glory and fame; yet she loves me no more. What must I do to awaken her love?"

And the third suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a rich man, and I loved my brother, and divided with him my lands and gold; but he loves me no more. What must I do to awaken his love?"

And the fourth suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a bard, and I loved not one man only, but the good and the fair all. I poured out my soul in song; but they loved me not, nor responded to my words. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the fifth suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a seeker of knowledge, and I love my race, and have imparted to it all the truths I have read in the stars and gathered from the ends of the earth; but they love me not, nor regard my lessons. What must I do to awaken their love?"

And the sixth suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am not great, nor wise, nor rich, nor beautiful; I am but a poor maiden, and I love not only the good and learned, but also the weak and ignorant, and I give them my heart all my time; and all my life; but they love me not, and, because they love me not, I can not serve them as I would, and I am sad. What must I do to win their love?"

And the seventh suppliant spake and said:

"O Druid! I am a mother, and I love my only son; and I have no crown, or heritage, or art, or wisdom, to give him; but I gave him what was more precious than them all—a mother's love. Yet he loves me not. What must I do to awaken his love?"

Then the seven suppliants stood silent, and the Druid sat still for a little space. And the night had fallen while they spake, and the fire had burned low, and the ashes of the Druid's feet were red.

And it came to pass, as they waited patiently, that the depth of the cavern seemed to become light, as if a glorious moon were filling it. And, as they gazed at the mist, behold! as if reclining on clouds, lay a form as of a beautiful youth, more beautiful than any of the children of men, and he was all in shade. And the Druid spake to the suppliants and said: "Behold now, and see how Love sheepeth; and how happy are his slumbers! and who is it that shall awaken him?" And lo! there came through the mist a train of beautiful women, and they were pursued by the couch of Love, and strove to wake him with kisses and with tears. And some tried to awaken him through their eyes and ears; and others were seen to wring their hands and kneel at his feet in agony; and others brought him crowns, and sceptres, and gold, and gems, and stars of honor, and wreaths of fame, and they cried with exceeding bitter cries, "O Love, awake! awake!" But Love slumbered on, and he heeded not, and his eyes was unbroken alike by their kisses, or gifts, or tears.

Then there came forth from the mist another band, pale and dark, and dressed in the secrets of the grave; and it passed slowly nearer and nearer to the couch, till its shadow fell like the shadow of a cloud over Love as he slept.

Then Love sprang up with a wild and terrible cry, and held forth his arms for those to return who had striven to waken him so long, but who now were passed away beyond his reach forever. And the Druid turned mournfully to the suppliants and said: "Only this solace have I for your aching hearts, SLEEPING LOVE WILL WAKEN WHEN EVER HIM FALLS THE SHADOW OF DEATH!"



GENERAL KILPATRICK RECAPTURING HIS HEAD-QUARTERS, MARCH 10, 1865.

GENERAL KILPATRICK'S OPERATIONS.

IT was at Aiken, a few miles northeast of Augusta, that KILPATRICK fought his first battle. Here the Second Brigade under General ATKINS encountered WHEELER'S command. Falling back so as to receive the support of the other brigades, ATKINS awaited the attack of the enemy, which was repulsed.

There was no other engagement until March 10, when KILPATRICK came into collision with WADE HAMPTON'S command. KILPATRICK was pushing forward in order to reach Fayetteville before HARDEE, and strike him in the flank, or, failing in this, to intercept HAMPTON, who was following in HARDEE'S rear. HARDEE made better time than KILPATRICK, moving out from Coleman's Grove just as the latter entered it. KILPATRICK'S cavalry was not all up, two of the brigades being behind on account of the bad roads. In this situation KILPATRICK was attacked by three divisions of rebel cavalry. He was obliged to abandon his head-quarters and two pieces of artillery until he could bring his command together. But HAMPTON did not keep the ground long. KILPATRICK soon returned, and, leading his men on in a furious charge, swept the field and regained his camps and artillery. His loss was not over a hundred, while the enemy left upon the field seventy-six killed, and his wounded must have numbered several hundred.

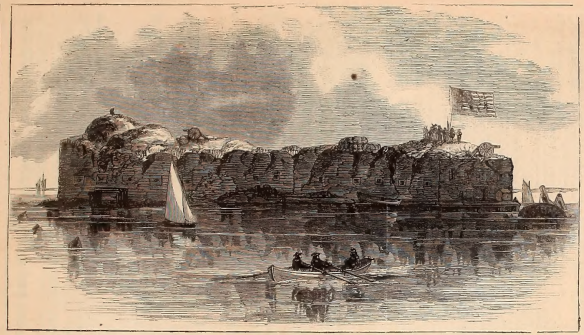
We illustrate this battle on this page. We also give two sketches showing SHERMAN'S foragers, or "bummers," as the soldiers call them, setting out from and returning to camp. These foragers not only collected provisions, but also acted as flankers and advance skirmishers.



FORAGERS "STARTING OUT" IN THE MORNING.



FORAGERS RETURNING TO CAMP AT NIGHT.



FORT SUMTER—SIDE TOWARD CHARLESTON.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]



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C—Pipe.
D—Tape Step.
E—Valve Rod.
G—Matches.
H—Pipe Lighter.
I—Valve Rod.
K—Tobacco.

Hold the case (Fig. 2) in your left hand, to load your Pipe, withdraw and close the valve (D) once or twice, press the thumb on the catch (A) and open the case, withdraw the pipe stem (D) and adjust it to (C), draw the pipe in your mouth, ignite a match on the top of the Safety-Lighter, close the case with the forefinger of the left hand (Fig. 3), and light your pipe.

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COMPOUND
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Cures Great and all Kidney Diseases.

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Since that time to 1866 an immense sum was purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of years' experience. This being truly a *discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a few friends, and soon began to spread, and from the birth of White Pine was one of the best disorders known, provided its extravagant advertisement. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, it was found in the White Pine. Many have not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the short period since of Kidney Diseases including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine, and one that will be a great benefit to all physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

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The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*, and has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the White Pine Compound have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that the people living where it is prepared so high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of Physicians and Chemists have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes, and from all parts, of the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nathaniel A. Rutherford, of Boston, says:

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From JAMES J. HOYT.

Dated at Boston, Mass., M. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND.—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which settled on my lungs, and I had a fever in one and lungs, and raising blood. I was also very badly affected in the kidneys, and passed blood from the bladder. I applied for the three years past I have been very much troubled with my kidneys and bladder, and was raising an immense slight, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my time here must be short unless I soon got relief. The spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound. I purchased a bottle, and from the use my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was lessened, my kidneys were also much relieved, and without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and am better than I have been for

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and sister having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT.

BRADFORD, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND.—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a cough of ten years' standing, which caused me to spit blood quite frequently. No one of my acquaintance thought I would get my health again. But two bottles of your White Pine Compound have cured me of my Kidney and Lung Complaints. I would also state that a lady, a neighbor of mine, had been afflicted with a cough for years, so up only long enough to have her bed made, and we all thought she would die with consumption. She took one bottle of your White Pine Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

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—*Boston Wachman and Reporter.*

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Under the supervision of
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5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Nets and Bells	5 " 10

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Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and using the business card of the party ordering a certificate that the certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; twenty-five for $5; and one hundred for $15.

Parties who want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed a liberal discount. Certificates ordered by them, provided their remittances amounts to Five Dollars, or more, will collect 26 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

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The *British Web of Fashion*, C. F., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady correspondents became an agent for Arndale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all the articles are worth treble the amount of cost to the recipient, and some of them six times.

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Watches made for the trade with the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR APRIL, 1865.

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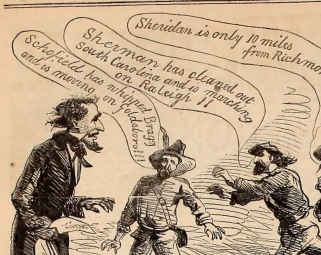
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 432.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WEIGHT OF THE FEDERAL ARMIES.

THE armies of the Union are bearing down heavily upon Richmond—the great military centre upon which the revolutionists have drawn back for their last convulsive efforts against the United States Government. For almost a year Lieutenant-General GRANT has confronted the principal army of the Confederacy with a force so strong as to make any depletion of that army perilous to the safety of Richmond. Not for one moment has the tenacity of his hold been relaxed; even the old move of the rebels down the Valley against Washington proved ineffectual to turn *him* from the gates of the doomed capital. How long he might have to wait than he knew not, but he knew that he was compelling the concentration of the best portion of the rebel force against himself, and that the battles which SHERMAN was conducting in the West would have to be fought without any help from LEE. He knew that from the battle of Dueelron the advance of our Western armies had been a series of flank movements on Richmond. The movement of HOOD northward after the capture of Atlanta and his defeat by THOMAS was the turning-point in our favor. From that point the great flank movement under SHERMAN progressed with almost incredible velocity, meeting with no considerable resistance from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence into North Carolina.

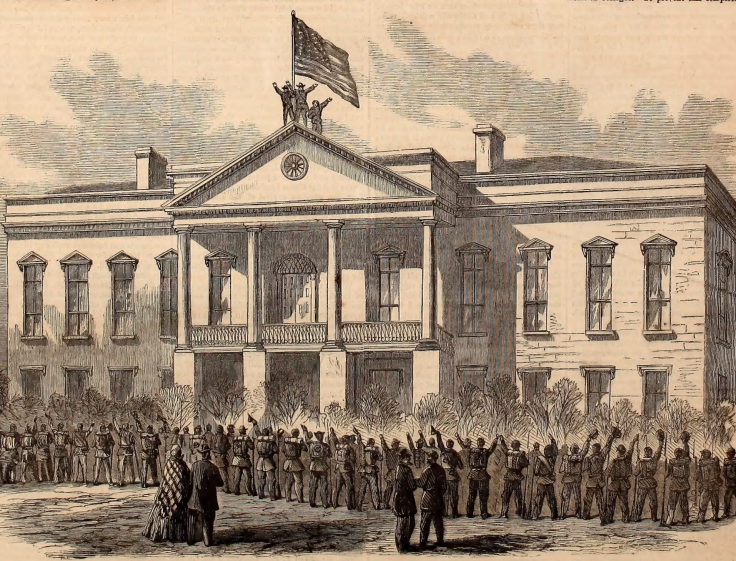
The rebels may compare this movement to the flight of an arrow, if they please, but it was none the less a successful flank movement on Richmond. Besides, IT WAS not like the flight of an arrow, except in the matter of FAME and velocity. It has secured our possession of all the sea-ports and all the great rivers of the South. It has completely destroyed the Georgia and South Carolina systems of railroads; and it has effected these great objects, for which a dozen battles might well have been fought, without a single important struggle.

But SHERMAN'S and GRANT'S armies are not the only ones available in the combinations against Richmond. There is SHERIDAN'S splendid corps of cavalry already with GRANT; there is HANCOCK'S veteran corps, which, with the army of Western Virginia, constitutes a formidable army north of Richmond; and it is not impossible that the force which THOMAS has been organizing in the vicinity of Eastport will also take part in this final struggle of the war. We have, it is true, in the earlier stages of the war, had in the field a larger number of men than we now have, and we have before formed combinations which in themselves were quite as formidable as those now forming. But power is measured by resistance; and in order to estimate the weight of the armies now operating against LEE, it must be considered how weak is the resistance which he can oppose to them. In some sort this power of resistance has been tested. For, even if we allow that for the sake of concentration it was better for BEAUREGARD, BRAGG, and HARDEE to fall back into co-operation with LEE, it still remains true that this concentration has not enabled JOHNSTON to resist even SCHOFIELD'S column with any success. And the test thus afforded is a fair one, for there was the opportunity to fight SCHOFIELD alone; and it was most desirable that he should be defeated before he should be joined by SHERMAN.

The battle of last Saturday before Petersburg shows what LEE may hope to accomplish by hurling his columns against GRANT'S fortifications. His loss upon that occasion more than decimated his army. Half a dozen more such battles would leave him no army to fight with. In a few days it will no longer be an exaggeration to speak of Richmond as besieged. To prevent this complete in-



THE FIFTEENTH CORPS CROSSING THE SOUTH EDISTO.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]



RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CAPITOL AT COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

vestment is the work assigned to JOHNSTON. But it is a work to which his force is inadequate. Indeed how can LEE expect JOHNSTON to defeat SHERMAN while he must confine himself unable to defeat GRANT. As SHERMAN pushes forward, flanking JOHNSTON out of Raleigh and completing the siege of Richmond, the choice is given to LEE either to fight against terrible odds or to capitulate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1865.

OUR RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

IT is a very instructive recreation to compare the late debate upon the American question in the British House of Commons and that upon the Laird privateers in the same body two years ago. At that time Lord RUSSELL and Lord ROBERT PALMER announced that although privateers were constantly equipping and escaping from English ports, yet the Government had done all that the law required, while Lord PALMERSTON, with jaunty insolence, said that the Government had no thought whatever of asking a change in the law. The British Government thought the United States were in extremity, and politely sneered. It was very exasperating to us; yet we have no reason to suppose that had England been in extremity we should have done very differently.

The radically different tone of the recent debate is the result of success. The well-known opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, that no government in existence was strong enough to subdue so enormous a rebellion as that of the slave interest against the Union. He was confident that England could not do it, that France could not do it. He was sure that the United States could not do it. He and his colleagues spoke from that conviction. But when, after four years, they see that it is being done—when they reflect upon the triumphant army and navy which this Government has organized, and remember how unfriendly their official action has been,—they naturally ask what are the chances of war with the United States; and the pliant PALMERSTON hastens to agree gingerly with JOHN BRIGHT, and to say that he is content if England will not give to America any just cause of complaint.

There is evidently much more apprehension of war in England than in this country. We are very sure, except for serious and unforeseen cause, which does not now exist, there will be no difficulty. That public opinion in this country considers the British Government as have made unfriendly haste to recognize the rebels belligerent rights—that the British ministers have spoken very offensively of this Government and of war—that a large part of the English press has constantly and meanly maligned us—all this is true. It will be remembered, but neither nation will go to war about it. A great deal of what Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE said was due to their profound ignorance of the character of our Government and of the spirit of the people; a great deal more was to be justified by the statements made by Mr. DALLAS, the retiring minister under the BUCHANAN administration, and by the unfriendly tendency of opinion in American commercial circles. A great deal also was to be explained by the natural delight of every civilized power at seeing the country, whose foreign influence it has gravely proposed to rob other countries in the Ostend circular, suddenly convulsed by civil war. Nor will any American forget that part of the political stock in trade of the party so long dominant in this country was an appeal to prejudices against England. A very slight acquaintance with our political annals will show him that, if England has not been especially friendly to the United States, the United States have not been impartially friendly toward England. Nor will any while no honest Englishman will be disposed to deny that we have observed the obligations of neutrality during the wars in which England has recently been engaged more faithfully than England has observed them during the rebellion.

That Lord RUSSELL should gravely put forth a pain in Sir Somebody Something's stomach, as an explanation of a rebel privateer escaping from an English port, is as laughable as Sancho Scott's hasty plate of soup. In plain words, that the English Government were as anxious to prevent the sailing of the *Alabama* and her colleagu as they would be now nobody will pretend. Such a ship would, under no circumstances, now be allowed to leave an English port. But it was as possible to prevent it then as now: and the honorable obligation of neutrality was not less binding upon England in our dark day than it is in the sunshine of national success. Success resorts to a teclinical defense of her neutral conduct. But had she believed from the beginning that we were sure to conquer, she would not have been satisfied with technicalities.

One of the firmest and most intelligent friends of the United States in England writes: "I can not altogether concur in your admiration of Mr. SEWARD's dispatch in the Bahia affair: the legal positions in which I think he will find it difficult to sustain. I am most anxious that both the rights and duties of neutrals should be enlarged, but we ought to be careful of confounding between what the law *is*, and what we wish it to be. I have seen no warrant, either in the works of any publicist or in the decision of any prize court, for regarding the *Alabama* and her companions as 'pirates.' I should be very glad to see such produced. Nor do I think there is any valid ground for the assumption of your Government on the score of our conceding maritime belligerence to the Confederates..... However, I can not believe that anything will arise between us which may not and will not be ultimately settled.....if in the mean time the two nations can contrive to keep their tempers."

This is written in the most temperate and friendly spirit, and that which we believe will control the settlement of all differences with England. But the objection is perfectly and insurely not destitute of reason. A pirate, for instance, is an ocean robber, stealing and destroying without a legal commission. But when an insurrection is recognized as belligerent his right to wage war is acknowledged; and if he have a long sea-coast, is it not easy to refuse him recognition as a maritime belligerent. It is for the recognizing power to decide whether it will take the risk of mortal offense to the government against which the insurrection is directed. But when it has done so, and has taken its part as a neutral, while it is bound by every means and with sleepless care to prevent the equipping of privateers, it is absurd, if notwithstanding, a privateer escapes, and roves the sea under a commission of one of the acknowledged belligerents, it is entirely a question whether she is properly and technically a pirate.

This is but one illustration of the arguments which may be urged for the conduct of the British Government during the war. Yet with the openly confessed sympathies of the majority of Parliament, and the tone of the speeches of the British Ministers, it is fortunate that when the authorities were so favorable to the evasion of the law the law should have been vigilantly enforced. British action may indeed be open to the letter, but it has flagrantly violated the spirit.

The change in British opinion wrought by the development of the war is precisely what will be seen with pleasure, although, of course, with a little contempt, by all faithful American citizens. Washington Irving wrote in the Tory Revenal Address: "There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must correct, which is just pride ought to discard." We were shocked by the British official action, as we should have been by the coldness of a friend in our sorrow. We forgot that our relation was one of interest merely. But whenever we are conscious that we have been to any nation truly and sincerely a friend, then, and then only, may we rightfully expect from her the conduct of a friend, and not of a trader or a selfish ally.

AMNESTY.

THE mischief which is done by the well-meaning but foolish cry for amnesty for rebels shall offer fresh terms of peace is inexcusable. That the malignant Copperhead opposition should seek to embarrass the administration by representing him as averse to peace is natural; but that loyal papers should persistently poison the public mind with the impression that the President is reluctant to conclude the war is the most unfortunate. To destroy public confidence in the chief executive by incessant complaint that he does not seek peace, when the desire for peace is at every moment possible if only the President chose; to declare that the rebels are merely waiting for a kind word from him before laying down their arms, is to be guilty of the greatest injustice to him and the gravest injury to the country.

The President has already several times declared to the rebels and the world all that he has the authority to say upon the subject of peace. On the 8th December, 1863, when the act of Congress which authorized him to promise pardon and amnesty to rebels with such exceptions and conditions as he chose, the President issued his amnesty proclamation. By this act he pardoned all rebels who should solemnly take and faithfully keep the oath of allegiance to the Government, except those guilty of property except as to slaves, and excepting from the pardon certain classes of persons who had held civil or military positions, and who had treated our colored soldiers, seamen, laborers, and officers otherwise than as prisoners of war. Lost summer he repeated the substance of this offer in saying to whom it might concern that submission to the laws and emancipation were the conditions of peace. On the 5th of December, 1864, the President in his message renewed the offer of amnesty of the previous year, announcing, however, that the time might come when public duty would demand that the door of grace should be closed. On the 3d of February, at Hampton Roads, he repeated the conditions plainly: the restoration of the national authority, no modification of his position upon the slavery question, and no cessation of hostilities without a final disbanding of the insurgent armies.

What more can or ought the President to do? "What we desire of the President," says one man, "is that he clear it [the subject] of all ambiguities, by publicly setting forth precisely what the Southern people hitherto in revolt against the Federal authority are to get or save by promptly throwing down the weapons of rebellion and returning to loyalty and peace." This is exactly what the President has done, and repeated, and reiterated. It is just as well known to-day to every man who cares to know as it could be if it were announced twice a week. His amnesty is addressed to the rank and file of the rebel army, to the deluded people of the South. It could not be clearer or more explicit. But what he offers he ought not to offer, nor would public opinion justify. As a citizen of the United States he may believe, as we believe, that there is no desire of blood or revenge in the hearts of loyal men. But as President he certainly ought not to say that DAVIS, HUNTER, & Co. shall not be justly tried, and punished for treason. The pardoning power is not a dispensing power.

There is no conceivable good end to be accomplished by insisting that with every step of General SHERMAN the President ought to say to the rebels, "There! will you give it up *now*? Please, then!" The rank and file of the rebel armies and the citizens of the Southern States know perfectly well that when they take the oath of allegiance in good faith they are safe from molestion, and in danger of a trial for treason. If they do not know it, after four distinct proclamations of the fact, a fifth will not help them. It is very much

himself within the rebel lines, would not unhesitatingly trust himself to the slaves. The reason of this is plain enough. It is that men love liberty and not slavery. It is that, despite the blissful friendship in which the "kind masters" and "happy slaves" live, a man wishes to own himself, and does not wish another man to sell his wife or his daughter. Therefore, says the Richmond *Whig*, as the slaves constantly want to run away to freedom, and the vile North will not send them back again, and as we have rebelled to keep them hopelessly in slavery, let us fully explain to them that if we conquer they shall never be free, and "in an army of negro troops will soon be raised."

AN APPALLING FACT.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The most appalling incident of Sherman's march is recorded in the Richmond *Whig* of March 23. That paper says that Mr. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, whose house was protected by our troops and was afterward destroyed by a negro who "applied a torch," succeeded in saving *over one hundred volumes of his manuscript works!* Good Heaven! Mr. Editor, if LEE and "the Confederacy" wish to be safe against all attack, why don't they intrench themselves behind those works? SHERMAN'S men are heroes, but I should like to see them undertake to get through one hundred volumes of SIMMS'S manuscript works! We are told that the road to Kinston was strewn with torpedoes. That was bad; but just think of "a Confederacy" strewn with this fearful quantity of Southern literature! No wonder the rebel papers speak of a general depression of the public mind.

Yours respectfully,
CATO THE YOUNGER.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S SON.

THE son of the famous African traveler was a sailor, and, as the London *News* says, was induced by a substitute broker in an American port to enlist in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers. He is known to have been in the skirmish before Richmond on the 7th of October, 1864, and has not been heard of since. If he has been taken prisoner, it is hoped that, through mention in our papers, he will become aware of his father's great anxiety to hear of him before returning to Africa.

LITERARY.

THE HARPERS will immediately issue the "History of Julius Cæsar," by the Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, from the advance sheets bought in London.

The same house has just published the second and last volume of "Autobiography and Correspondence of Lyman Beecher." It is a thoroughly American book. Dr. BEECHER'S character and career were typical of those of the American clergyman, and his history is full of interest in many ways. As a sketch of the religious movement of a half century it is very valuable, while the strong and noble sympathy of his children, who contribute much of the material for the biography, gives us many delightful glimpses of country clerical life during the same period.

The late WILLIAM L. STONE was one of the most eminent of our local historical scholars and authors. His interest in the Indian annals and intercourse with the Indians was profound, and his knowledge was so extensive and accurate that his works upon the subject have a permanent value. His warm sympathy was so heartily appreciated by the red men that the SENECAS adopted him as one of their chiefs. For years before his death he had projected a Life of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, and had collected abundant material, including a large portion of Sir WILLIAM'S manuscripts; but he died before beginning the biography Mr. STONE died. His son, of the same name, has pluckily fulfilled his father's work, and in two goodly volumes has related the story of Sir WILLIAM and his times. The material has been collected with the most conscientious care, and fully used. Mr. STONE has made a valuable contribution to the history of the country, and especially to that of New York. If two volumes seem too much for the subject, we have only to remember that Sir WILLIAM came to America in 1738, when he was twenty-three years old, and died in 1774, in his sixtieth year; and we shall see that his residence included the most interesting period of our colonial history with the long French and Indian wars, which properly pass under the biographer's hand. In all that stirring events of the time upon our side of the sea, Sir WILLIAM was a conspicuous actor. No man knew the Indians better; nor did the Indians ever trust a white man more than they trusted him. "He never deceived us," was what they said of him; and what can be said of scarcely one of the leaders we now deal with then. Mr. STONE'S narrative, if it lifts much in the forests and upon the frontier, is picturesquely broken by such episodes as Pontiac's conspiracy and the siege of General WOLFE at Quebec, and by constant vivid glimpses of the course of city and country politics in New York and New England. The whole work has a charming air of authenticity. It is written in a lucid and quiet style, and with a thoroughly enthusiasm for the subject which alone could have sustained the author in his long and patient research.—J. MUNSELL, Albany.

"TOBY BUTLER" (HARPERS) is a novel of unusual excellence. It deals with the times, and so vividly that it has been ascribed to Sir BULWER LYTTON and CHARLES LEVER. It is full of striking description, of variety, and adventure; the scene shifting from the city to the country, from Italy to England. Brief and spirited, it is a capital book for the cars and the club.

"The American Union Speaker," by JOHN D. PHILBRICK, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Boston, is a good, solid, handsome book of fresh and excellent selections, in prose and poetry, for declamation in schools and colleges. Those who remember the American First Class Book will find here enough of the best of its contents to see that mere novelty is not preferred; while the generous selections from the most modern and most American of orators will serve as an inspiration of patriotism and humanity in every school where the volume is used. As a collection of the elegant and eloquent extracts it is unsurpassed, while its peculiarly American character makes it doubly valuable. (TAGGARD & THOMPSON, Boston.)

"CHRISTIAN'S Mistake," by the author of "JOHN HALIFAX" (HARPERS), is one of those tender domestic tales in which MISS MULOCK is quite unrivaled. It is simple, natural, and pathetic, gradually developing into a pleasant and healthful ending; one of the books which, without preaching in the least, are sure to do good. Clearly printed and very neatly bound, it is sure of a hearty welcome.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 21st General Schofield occupied Goldsborough. General Sherman was at Goldsborough on the 23d.

The official report of the engagement with Fayetteville up to the 22d shows hard fighting, resulting in very heavy loss to the rebels, who had drawn, and were, over 2000 prisoners in our hands. His own loss he says will be covered by 500 men taken at the fall of Savannah. Many of them are but slightly wounded. A letter from Goldsborough says that the entire Sherman army was now marched in and met Schofield's men en enthusiastic beyond description. The gallant fellows had a swept record behind them, and had not at last met any reinforcements. Hardee and Beauregard have probably won new victories. Schofield says he will be ready in a few days to move his army south to the capture of Atlanta.

The junction of Sherman with Terry and Schofield took place at Goldsborough on the Neuse River, a few miles west of Goldsborough.

An unofficial dispatch states that the Fourteenth Corps of Sherman's army met a flag with Hardee at Averysboro on the 16th inst., in which the latter was handsomely defeated, capturing all his guns and his entire force retreating to Bentonville. Also, that at Bentonville, on Friday, the 19th inst., one division of the Fourteenth Corps was attacked by Johnston, and for a while outflanked, but was soon reinforced by the rest of the column drove the enemy back, and during Sunday night it had abandoned Bentonville and fell back across Mill River to Smithfield, some ten miles west of Goldsborough. The dispatch continues that Johnston had taken his regains at Bentonville, Joe Johnston fell back to Smithfield, to cover Raleigh. Desertions of North Carolina troops from his army were numerous.

LEE'S ATTACK ON GRANT'S LINES.

On Saturday, March 25, early in the morning, four of Gordon's division, under General Evans, attacked Meade's right before Petersburg. They had at first a partial success, capturing Fort Stedman, and a line of rifle pits adjacent. They failed, however, in securing the City Point railroad. The assault of the Federal troops to regain Fort Stedman appears to have been successful, and the rifle pits which the enemy was repulsed with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The following dispatch from General Grant gives the details of the fight:

CITY POINT, VIRGINIA,—5.30 P.M., *March 25, 1865.*
Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

The following dispatch of General Parke is received from General Meade, dated 10.30 P.M.:

The enemy attacked my front this morning, at about 4.30 o'clock, with three divisions, under command of General Gordon.

By a surprise they carried Fort Stedman, the two batteries Brigade, Fifth Division, at the foot of the hill to the right of Fort Stedman, which and overpowering the garrison, with a considerable force of the enemy.

They established themselves upon the hill, turning our own guns upon their front.

Fort Haskell and Battery Kelly opened fire.

Afterward a determined attack was made upon Fort Haskell, which was repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy, by Brigadier-General Hartsuff's division, and was repulsed with great loss to the enemy.

The First Brigade of Hartsuff's division, held in reserve, was brought up, and a check given to any further advance.

One or two attempts were made to retake the batteries, were only temporarily successful, until the arrival of the Second Brigade, Third Division, Ninth Corps, which, coupled with the troops of the First Division on either flank, turned the tables upon the enemy, and he fled in great confusion, a number of prisoners, estimated at about 1000. Two battle-flags have been captured by us.

The enemy also lost heavily in killed outside o. our lines.

The whole line was immediately reoccupied, and the line entirely restored.

I regret to add that General M'Laughlin was captured in Fort Stedman.

Our loss otherwise was not heavy.

Great praise is due to General for the gallantry displayed in handling his division, which behaved with great skill in this its first engagement.

JOHN G. PARKE, Major-General.

According to a later dispatch from Grant, dated March 27, the total loss of the enemy in the fight during loose on our side:

Second Corps.—Killed, 51; wounded, 403; missing, 417.

Sixth Corps.—Killed, 47; wounded, 401; missing, 50.
Ninth Corps.—Killed, 68; wounded, 388; missing, 500.

Our aggregate loss in killed, wounded, was 936; by the Sixth Corps 689; and by the Ninth Corps 1049. The Second Corps lost 1401. The gallant Hartsuff was severely left, and captured the enemy's strong intrenchments and turned his guns upon their own lines. Gen. Hartsuff, in trying to retake this battle was continued until the arrival of the Sixth Corps, when the enemy fled. Hartsuff plays estimates the loss of the enemy in his front at three times his own loss, or about 3000 men. This is probably that of ours. The enemy brought in a flag of truce for permission to bury his dead. The Sixth Corps captured 200 picket line and their main line of fortifications. Permission was granted.

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

Mobile was to have been attacked on the 24th. A fleet of 30 vessels was in the Tombigbee River and more than Thomas is organizing a powerful army in Tennessee.

The following dispatch is from Sheridan. All the enemies recently undertaken by Lieutenant N. C. Perkins of the Mississippi Squadron:

FLAG-SHIP "GENERAL BURNSIDE," OFF DAUPHINE, MOBILE BAY, *March 24, 1865.*

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that I took advantage of the last tide in the Tombigbee River and entered Eli River Shoals with the flag-ship and the *General Thomas*, and went down to Blakely. Finding the enemy below this general Rhodds's camp and drove them off, captured some of their horses with the equipments, and seven bales of cotton. I destroyed the rebel communications at Lunt's Ferry. A large number of fish, pontoons, stores, and canoes that I found there I also destroyed.

I then penetrated Elk River and found a rich and populous country. A great deal of loyal sentiment was displayed. The people, seeing with a view of success in endeavoring to encourage loyal feelings on the south side of Mobile. The citizens are very anxious to get from the rebels and taking the oath. From interviews I have had with prominent citizens, I think there is no doubt that Alabama will soon return to her allegiance to the General Government. Mr. Clements, I have understood, is endeavoring to become military Governor, and I think will be very popular with the loyal people of the State.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
CORNELIUS COLEMAN,
Lieutenant Commanding 11th Div. Miss. Squadron.
Rear-Admiral FARRAGUT.

General Hartsuff, on the recommendation of General Grant, has been promoted to be a Major-General by brevet, for conspicuous gallantry in repulsing and driving back the enemy from the lodgment made on our lines last Saturday.

Major-General Gibbons, of the gallant old Second Corps, has also been ordered to Orders appointment to the command of the Department had the temporary charge of the Twenty-third Corps, and will be in command of the department as commander of that corps.

The President has also ordered Major-General Andrew, son to raise over Fort Sumter, at the hour it rose, on the 14th of April, at the same place and by the same hand as it at the time of the rebel assault, and that it be saluted by the 100 guns that were fired on that day for each and battery that there died during the war. On the solitary occasion will be performed under the direction of Major-General W. T. Sherman, whose operations embrace the ancient city of Charleston, or in his absence, under the direction of General Gillmore, commanding that military department; and also that a flag has taken place in Charleston to participate in the ceremonies. And that Rev. Henry Ward Beecher be invited to deliver a public address on the occasion.

The whole of the first lines of the seven-thirty loan has been taken up by the people. The investments of persons in the city within the last few weeks have reached the proportions of from one to five and sixty-one millions.—Not impossible that in the history of popular subscription.

The official order for the Grand Review at Washington, which was to commission been date March 27, 1865.

General Thomas says, in an official report, that from Decatur to Gravelly Springs, on the Tennessee River, he numbered 13,189 men, and a large quantity of horses, wagons, cattle, and Indian artillery. Over 2000 deserters were also received, and a great deal of valuable ammunition and other war material was captured. Our own losses, of all sorts, are rather 10,000.

The forces in front of our Petersburg lines are the same that have been there ever since. The corps came from the Valley, viz.; A. P. Hill's corps on the rebel right; Longstreet's corps, Bushrod Johnson on the rebel left, with a couple of divisions, one of which is Rodrod Johnson's, from Georgia, between the James and the Appomattox. Longstreet has two divisions belonging to his old corps on the north side of the James River.

The President last Saturday had a distant view of the fighting before Fort Fisher, Petersburg. While going to witness a review with General Grant he stopped at a fort within reach of the rebel batteries. The fort had a parapet took a survey of the field. At one point in his position, Mr. Lincoln saw within one mile of Richmond.

Major-General George Cook has been ordered to report to General Grant for important to command. He will probably succeed General Kautz in the command of the cavalry division on the south side of the James, the rebel cavalry force being once more under the command of General Fitzhugh Lee.

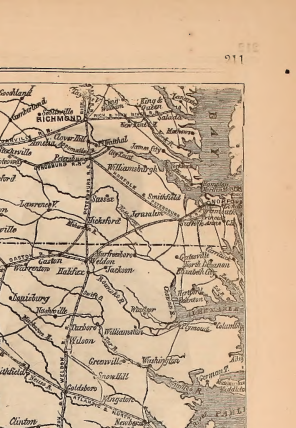
On the 28th of February, at the close of the carnival, at Pietro-a-Petres, there was to have been a performance in the evening at the theatre, but in lighting the lamps, through some carelessness the scenery caught fire. The building was soon destroyed, and the Samee spread from house to house until the hundred houses were destroyed, involving a loss of forty to fifty millions of Haetian dollars, and depriving hundreds of persons of their homes. The fire, though lasting only six hours, destroyed the most active business and the city. There were but a few fire-engines, and such a scarcity of axes that hardly any thing could be done to stay the progress of the flames. The consternation of the people was great for several days after the fire. The city is now under the charge of the Government is taking measures to assist the sufferers, and has ordered the immediate rebuilding of their benefit.

The Post-office Route Agent between Charleston and Wilmington, North Carolina, has applied to the Post-Office Department for services rendered after the secession of the State.

Of the 110 rebel officers captured at Fort Steadman, and sent to the Old Capitol, four were colonels, two lieutenant-colonels, six majors, eight captains, and ninety lieutenants, representing not less than forty rebel regiments that were engaged in the attack.

Major-General Custer's cavalry, Army of the James, has been relieved and ordered to report to General Weitzel. General Merritt, of the Army of the Potomac, succeeds him.

An average of $350 a day is being paid to rebel deserters for the muskets they bring in.



MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

On the 13th of March an important debate took place in the British Parliament on the defenses of Canada and the probability of a war with America. The debate generally arose out of the supposed proposal made during the recent correspondence between the Colonial and the British federal authorities. Mr. S. Fitzgerald began the debate by calling attention to the report of Colonel Jervois on the defenses of Canada. Mr. Foster objected that the expense of the proposed fortifications would be almost fabulous. He believed that the apprehension of war was unfounded.

Then Mr. Disraeli arose. We can only report his speech in full, but give a few extracts. He said:

"I am not aware that in the event of the termination of the American War we should be placed in any immediate danger of coming into collision with the Government owing to our connection with Canada. I do not believe that the dismay of the United States of the North, even if entirely and completely victorious, will lead inclined to enter immediately into another struggle with a Power not inferior in determination and in resources to the Southern States of America. The democracy of America must not be confounded with the democracy of the Old World. It is not formed of the sons of turbulent cities, neither is it merely a section of an exhausted middle class which speculates in stocks and calls itself a nation. It is a territorial democracy. Now, being a territorial democracy, their character has been formed and developed in a manner by the property with which they are connected, and by the pursuits they follow; and a state of responsibility arising from the reality of their possessions may restrain them from political conduct. And I believe they are very much more inclined to welcome the returning laborers to their fields, to save around them the produce of the earth, and to behold happiness in those homes which they have left, than to be stretched, than to plunge into the misery of a new and terrible war." Mr. Disraeli then went on to say that great changes had taken place in the United States during the war. There had been great centralization, and from this would be developed after the war, on account of the new element introduced into society by the sudden creation of a new class of citizens, would yet be delivered from the evil of a standing army. He then went on to say that it impossible to accept what relations any portion of the United States might entertain with Great Britain's dependencies on a discussion of the subject. The question was for the people of the country present to remove his Australian colonies, Canada, or are we to retain that tie? Now, if these colonies expressed a wish to separate the connection, and if they preferred to be absorbed by the United States, we might terminate our connection with dignity and with advantage. But if, on the contrary, these views are just which are more generally accepted—that these colonies in the part of Canada and the other North American colonies a sincere and deep desire to maintain their present connection with the mother country, and to preserve the patronage and aid of England until time restores local vigor and shall lead to confidence, then gain a permanent ally and friend—then it would be the great political blunder that can be conceived for us to renounce, relinquish, and avoid the responsibility of maintaining the connection with Canada at the present moment. If, from considerations of expense we were to quit the North American continent, or are we to retain that tie? Now, if these colonies expressed a wish to separate the connection, and if they preferred to be absorbed by the United States, we might terminate our connection with dignity and with advantage. But if, on the contrary, these views are just which are more generally accepted—that these colonies in the part of Canada and the other North American colonies a sincere and deep desire to maintain their present connection with the mother country, and to preserve the patronage and aid of England until time restores local vigor and shall lead to confidence, then gain a permanent ally and friend—then it would be the greatest



COLONEL O. M. POE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. A. BARNUM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ARMY.

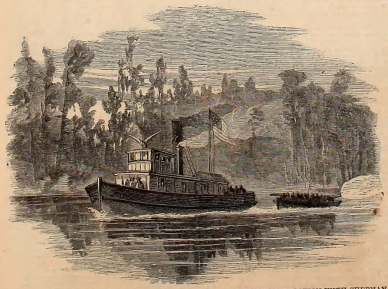
We continue in this week's issue our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S march through the Carolinas. Not the least interesting of these will be the portraits which we are able to give of General BARNUM and Colonel POE.

Brigadier-General H. A. BARNUM entered the service as a private of the Twelfth New York Regiment. With this regiment, having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he served in the several campaigns of the Army of the Potomac.—After the battle of Malvern Hill he was reported killed. The citizens of his county recovered what they supposed to be his body, took it home, buried it with the highest honors, and inscribed upon his tombstone his excellent qualities. But BARNUM turned up again. He had had a perilous escape, with a great hole in his side, which can never be closed without causing his death. On his return he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth New York. He was wounded at Lookout Mountain; and in that battle his regiment captured the greatest proportion of rebel colors. General BARNUM was the first to discover that the enemy were leaving Savannah, and was the first to enter the place when he received the surrender of the city. At General SHERMAN'S suggestion he was recently made Brigadier-General by brevet.

Colonel ORLANDO M. POE was appointed to West Point from Ohio in 1852. At the completion of his course he was commissioned Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and assisted Captain MEADE in the survey of the Northern Lakes. At the breaking out of the war he went to Columbus, Ohio, and assisted Governor DENNISON in organizing the first two regiments of Ohio Volunteers. He was chief Topographical Engineer on Gen. MCCLELLAN'S staff in Western Virginia. September 16, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Second Michigan, and was attached to BERRY'S brigade of KEARNEY'S division, in which capacity he served until KEARNEY'S death. On November 29, 1862, he received the com-



CHARGE OF THE FIRST ALABAMA AND FIFTH KENTUCKY, UNDER COLONEL SPENCER, AT WHITE POND, FEBRUARY 8, 1865.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



CAPTAIN AINSWORTH MOVING UP CAPE FEAR RIVER TO OPEN COMMUNICATION WITH SHERMAN.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

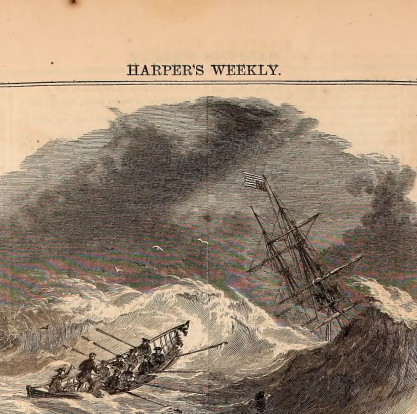


LIEUTENANT GRINNELL AND ENSIGN COLBY BEARING DISPATCHES TO GENERAL SHERMAN.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

mand of a brigade of the Ninth Corps, which he accompanied to the West in the spring of 1863. In the movement on Knoxville he acted as Chief Engineer of the Twenty-third Corps. He took a prominent part in defence of Knoxville against LONGSTREET. He it was who constructed Fort Sanders, which was held against the rebel assault of November 29. In all of SHERMAN'S campaigns since the spring of 1864 Colonel POE has acted as Chief Engineer on his staff.—He is now Brevet Colonel in the Regular Army.

The graphic sketch on page 212 of the charge made at White Pond by the First Alabama and Fifth Kentucky, under the command of Colonel SPENCER, deserves particular mention. The First Alabama was organized at Corinth, Mississippi, early in 1863. During the grand campaign against Atlanta this regiment accompanied the Army of the Tennessee, rendering signal service to the lamented General M'PHERSON up to the time of the evacuation of Kenesaw Mountain by the enemy, when it was ordered to Rome on scouting duty. During the movements of HOOD upon our rear this regiment rendered most invaluable information to Gen. SHERMAN, their superior knowledge of the topography of the country, together with their peculiar Southern familiarity with the inhabitants, greatly aiding them in obtaining the most accurate news of the enemy's designs. In the ranks of this regiment are to be found some of the original true blue Southern Unionists, among whom are three ex-members of the last Alabama Union Legislature, two or three ministers, two lawyers, besides a large number of intelligent mechanics.

On the same page are illustrations of the first boat which, under the management of Captain AINSWORTH, established communication by way of the Cape Fear River with General SHERMAN'S army, and of the two officers—GRENNELL and COLBY—and their march through the swamps, bearing dispatches for General SHERMAN. Lieutenant H. W. GRENNELL and Ensign H. B. COLBY left their ship, the *Nyack*, at Wilmington March 4. They traveled in the full naval uniform, accompanied by two Jack tars in sailors' rig, and with two negro guides succeeded in making their way through the swamps and forests to General SHERMAN, whom they reached on March 12. The only determined attack made upon them was within ten or twelve miles of our lines, when two of SHERMAN'S "bummers," mounted on their mules and armed with Springfield muskets, charged wildly down upon these six well-armed men, ordering them to surrender instantly or they'd blow their heads off." The mistake was soon rectified, and the entire party came into SHERMAN'S lines. Upon their return to their ship at Wilmington they were received with hearty cheers by the Jack tars, who never fail to appreciate a brave and successful undertaking.



THE "RICHMOND" RESCUING THE CREW OF THE "ENTERPRISE," FEBRUARY 15, 1865.

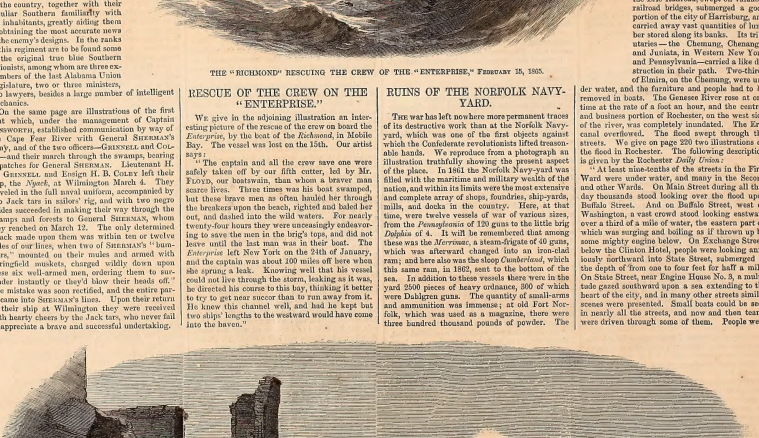
RESCUE OF THE CREW ON THE "ENTERPRISE."

WE give in the adjoining illustration an interesting picture of the rescue of the crew on board the *Enterprise*, by the boat of the *Richmond*, in Mobile Bay. The vessel was lost on the 15th. Our artist says:

"The captain and all the crew save one were safely taken off by our fifth cutter, led by Mr. FLOYD, our boatswain, than whom a braver man never lives. Three times was his boat swamped, but these brave men as often hauled her through the breakers upon the beach, righted and baled her out, and dashed into the wild waters. For nearly twenty-four hours they were unceasingly endeavoring to save the men in the brig's tops, and did not leave until the last man was in their boat. The *Enterprise* left New York on the 24th of January, and the captain was about 100 miles off here when she sprung a leak. Knowing well that his vessel could not live through the storm, leaking as it was, he directed his course to this bay, thinking it better to try to get near succor than to run away from it. He knew this channel well, and had he kept but two ships' lengths to the westward would have come into the haven."

RUINS OF THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

THE war has left nowhere more permanent traces of its destructive work than at the Norfolk Navy-yard, which was one of the first objects against which the Confederate revolutionists lifted treasonable hands. We reproduce from a photograph an illustration truthfully showing the present aspect of the place. In 1861 the Norfolk Navy-yard was filled with the maritime and military wealth of the nation, and within its limits were the most extensive and complete array of shops, foundries, ship-yards, mills, and docks in the country. Here, at that time, were twelve vessels of war of various sizes, from the *Pennsylvania* of 120 guns to the little brig *Dolphin* of 4. It will be remembered that among these was the *Merrimac*, a steam-frigate of 40 guns, which was afterward changed into an iron-clad ram; and here also was the sloop *Cumberland*, which this same ram, in 1862, sent to the bottom of the sea. In addition to these vessels there were in the yard 2500 pieces of heavy ordnance, 300 of which were Dahlgren guns. The quantity of small-arms and ammunition was immense; at old Fort Norfolk, which was used as a magazine, there were three hundred thousand pounds of powder. The value of the military property of the yard was estimated at not less than thirty-five millions of dollars. Commodore M'AULEY was in command of the yard at that time, but delayed to remove the property until it was too late, and he was compelled to destroy it. But the destruction was partial. Nearly all the ordnance and all the immense stores of powder fell into the hands of the rebels.



RUINS OF THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE SPRING FRESHETS.

THUS spring the mountains have paid to the sea an unusual tribute. Owing to the unprecedented fall of snow during the winter the freshets throughout the country have been greater than for a generation past, and have been very disastrous. The Hudson, the Mohawk, the Connecticut, the Susquehanna, and all our great rivers, have been swollen with the flood to an almost incredible volume, which has overflowed the land and carried away houses and destroyed factories, and even robbed graveyards of their quiet inhabitants. It is almost impossible to estimate in money the losses which have been sustained.

The Susquehanna, in its sudden rise, tore away hundreds of miles of the Erie Railroad, swept off valuable railroad bridges, submerged a good portion of the city of Harrisburg, and carried away vast quantities of lumber stored along its banks. Its tributaries—the Chemung, Chenango, and Juniata, in Western New York and Pennsylvania—carried a like destruction in their path. Two-thirds of Elmira, on the Chemung, were under water, and the furniture and people had to be removed in boats. The Genesee River rose at one time at the rate of a foot an hour, and the central and business portion of Rochester, on the west side of the river, was completely inundated. The Erie canal overflowed. The flood swept through the streets. We give on page 220 two illustrations of the flood in Rochester. The following description is given by the Rochester *Daily Union*:

"At least nine-tenths of the streets in the First Ward were under water, and many in the Second and other Wards. On Main Street during all that day thousands stood looking over the flood upon Buffalo Street. And on Buffalo Street, west of Washington, a vast crowd stood looking eastward over a third of a mile of water, the eastern part of which was surging and boiling as if thrown up by some mighty engine below. On Exchange Street, below the Clinton Hotel, people were looking anxiously northward into State Street, submerged to the depth of from one to four feet for half a mile. On State Street, near Engine House No. 3, a multitude gazed southward upon a sea extending to the heart of the city, and in many other streets similar scenes were presented. Small boats could be seen in nearly all the streets, and now and then teams were driven through some of them. People were

seeking places of safety, some removing goods, and others carrying food to their families.

In Rochester alone the loss is estimated in millions. Very curiously this freshet was predicted by a citizen, LYMAN B. LANGWORTHY, in 1850. He said that the Genesee, in consequence of the encroachments upon its right of way to the Lake, would at some time inundate the central and lower portions of the city; and under the corner-stone of the Court-house there was deposited a memorandum of his prediction. We are indebted to E. DARROW & BROTHER for promptly furnishing us the photographs which we reproduce relative to the flood at Rochester. One of these gives a view of the river, the other is a view in the city from the south side of Buffalo Street.

On the same page we give two illustrations of the flood at Mendota, Ill., Illinois—one of Main Street and the other of Happy Hollow in the suburbs. Says our correspondent, writing after the flood: "It is amusing to watch the innumerable small boats, canoes, and rafts paddling through the city. Yesterday, while sailing through the principal street, out of curiosity I counted the small boats, and could at one time see forty-three of these diminutive vessels rowing back and forth, crossing and recrossing, in the one street alone."

In addition to the instances which we have given there are many others which we must omit. It is probable that the oil regions in Pennsylvania have suffered more serious loss than any other district. Tanks and machinery have been destroyed, and thousands of barrels of petroleum have floated down the river.

WAITING.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds sing,
And the linn branches, where soft winds are blowing,
Shall murmur the sweet promise of the Spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Then shalt behold the quiet of the morn,
While tender grasses and awakening flowers
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,
The rosy radiance of her ever dying daylight,
To fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Shall misery night be beautiful to thee,
And the cold moon shall look through the blue silence
For—One by her—that path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,
Life shall be thine; life with its power to will;
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,
Bringing the thousand joys thy heart can thrill.

A little longer still, and Heaven awaits thee,
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;
Then our pale path will seem a dream forgotten,
Our sun a darkness and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, believed,
Shall have its perfect will in love divine;
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,
No mortal knows and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices
Shall sing a welcome chant upon thine ear;
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee:
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

MY BOAT.

"I DECLARE, Susan, I believe something is the matter with me. My mouth tastes this morning as if I had slept all night with it full of cotton."

"That must be a funny sensation, dear," said my wife.

"Yes; 'tis queer."

"Sense in your mouth, you know."

"Eh?"

"You don't often have sense there, do you, James?"

"I didn't say I had," said I, in blissful unconsciousness that there was a pun very where about. "I said it tasted as if I had. Ditter, you know. Ugh! I feel very like getting dyspeptic."

"Dreadful," said Mrs. Dobb, with much calmness.

I was standing before the glass in our bedchamber brushing my hair. My wife was doing something with her hoop-skirt.

"I feel dizzy," said I. "Dumb-bells and things. I'm going to join a gymnasium."

Mrs. Dobb laughed outright. "What a figure you would cut, my lights and sparrow-grass! round a trap—what do they call it?—like a partridge on a spit!"

"Pooh pooh!" said I, a little nettled at this allusion to my figure—which might be pronounced dumpy, I dare say, by some envious raw-boned person; "you don't know what you're talking about, Mrs. Dobb. I don't mean that kind of thing. I have often heard of the new gymnasiums. It's dumb-bells mostly, I believe. A very genteel and proper thing, I assure you."

"Especially if genteel pretty my wife.

"Mrs. Dobb," said I, sternly, pausing with a brush in each hand, and bending a piercing eye upon her through the looking-glass, "don't talk about expense at such a time as this! If your husband's health and strength are fading away, his digestion suffering, his tongue getting furry, his eyes losing their native lustre, it matters very little what expense is incurred that may serve to check the fell destroyer before his ravages have accomplished their work."

"That isn't cyrtical," said Mrs. Dobb.

"What isn't?"

"I saw it in a medical almanac the other day. Somebody's pills."

I resumed a vigorous brushing of my hair. I was determined, however, on having the coveted exercise. At the breakfast-table the subject was resumed.

"I don't know, said I, "whether the gymnasium would be the best thing to do or not. I might try the virtues of a course of bowling."

"Bowling?"

"In an alley, you know. Ten-pins, they used to call it. Very healthy. Very popular, too. I know several of the first men in town who bowl. And something, I repeat, I must do."

"Yes, dear, I do think you shut yourself up in your studio too closely; that you keep too still there. I was going to suggest something myself, by which you could have more exercise."

"Indeed!" from my carving to see if my wife was joking. But she was tying Fred's napkin with a perfectly sober face.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, I was thinking, that if you were to paint a picture which would cover a great big canvas—something in the style of Church's Niagara, for instance, or Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains—instead of setting all the room, and the children, in a would give you fine exercise running about from one side of the picture to the other, and climbing up stepladders to the sky, and so on."

"How absurd you are, Susan!"

"I don't see any thing absurd about it! I should think it would be good for you. I should like to look in and see you at work. Oh dear!"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't save much expense, wife."

"Why? You could exhibit it afterward, and finally sell it for a hundred times as much as you get for a portrait, I shouldn't wonder."

"Ah, Susan, if I was a Church myself— But I'm not. I think the bells would be cheaper in the end."

"Up 'a a steeple, papa?" put in Fred, at random, anxious to have a word in the conversation.

"No, my son, not in a steeple; your mother wouldn't consent to any thing that was so high."

"James!"

"I was only complimenting your economy, my dear."

"I'll tell you what you can do," said Mrs. Dobb, brightening. "You can get a cord of wood and saw it up! That would be splendid!"

I tried the proposition with contemptuous silence, sipping my coffee and glancing over the morning paper.

"The very thing!" I suddenly cried.

"What!—the wood!" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Oh, no! But here it is, in the paper here—an advertisement. A row-boat for sale. I'll buy it."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. Dobb, a little alarmed, "you know nothing about managing a boat."

"I know it, Susan; but I can learn—any body can learn to row. It'll be splendid exercise—bring out my muscle—expand my chest. Nothing like it. Why, look at Tom Ten Eyck; he's as strong as a horse—got the shoulders of muscle on his breast, and measures I don't know how many feet across his shoulders. He told me boat-rowing was what did it."

"Tom Ten Eyck," said Mrs. Dobb, "is a sort of a giant. No wonder he is so powerful. You don't suppose you would ever look like him, do you?"

"No, my dear, I hope not. But I shall buy that boat."

I bought it. It was what I called a regular bargain. The man was very glad to get rid of it himself on his own use; and if I wasn't goin' t' Eye-dyho I wouldn't part with her no way. She's a prize, if I do say it."

"Carry a big load?"

"You can take six in her easy," said the man "four on them stern-seats an' two forrard."

"No danger of upsetting, I suppose?"

"O Lord! not the least. Why, you can't capsize a boat built the way that boat is. Flat bottom, you see; no career to her."

I paid the thirty-five dollars for the paragon of boats, and took her away.

"Tell you what, Susan," said I that night at tea, "I've made a good bargain in the way of my life."

"The first time, I guess," said Mrs. Dobb.

"I'll put that dirt-cheap. You can't guess what I paid for it."

"Oh, I don't know any thing about what such things cost, James. What did you give?"

"Guess, guess," was the rubbing my hands briskly in anticipation of her astonishment when I should disclose my paltry figure; "guess once."

"Well, a dollar, you," said my wife.

"Was it ten dollars?"

"Ten dollars!" I exclaimed, in astonishment. "Are you crazy?"

"There!" said Mrs. Dobb. "I told you I didn't know any thing about what boats cost. You needn't get angry about it."

"Angry? Oh no; I wouldn't get angry at a thing of that kind, you know. Ha, ha, ha! By George! it's the best joke— Why, Susan, you can't get a row-boat of the commonest description for less than seventy-five dollars now."

"And what did you pay for yours?"

"Thirty-five mine at a bargain, as I told you. The man had to leave town to-night, and he sold it to me for thirty-five dollars."

"Where is the boat?"

"Oh, I've hired a place for it, in care of a German that sells fish on the shore, right down here, not fifteen minutes' walk from our house. I rowed it up myself. Ah, you've no idea what a delicious sensation it is to row a boat; you seem to accomplish so much with so little effort. And how beautiful it was to swim over the waves so easily, just dipping the oars in the cool water! Talk about its being hard work to row a boat! It was nothing but fun. I felt like a blithe young sailor-boy, and I actually began to sing a song I've heard somewhere—

"'Lightly row, lightly row,
O'er the glassy waves we go!'

Something out of Scott's poems, I think; isn't it, dear?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said my wife; "it sounds familiar to me."

"I liked the words the song is," said my oldest daughter, the blooming Nellie—the one with a literary turn of mind.

"Ah, Nellie," I said, gratified with this opportunity to test my daughter's culture. "Well, we shall be glad to hear."

"It's in our school song-book," said she. "I can sing it. The rest of that verse is,

"'Smoothly glide, smoothly glide
Our bark o'er the silent tide!'"

"Well, as I was telling you, Susan," I went on; "I was so pleased with my purchase that I rode some distance above my German's place of business, and I don't know but I should have kept on up stream till now if I hadn't noticed my feet were getting damp."

"What!" cried Mrs. Dobb, "does your boat leak, James?"

"Why, certainly, my dear, it leaks a little; all boats do. Didn't you know that? It don't hurt any thing. She didn't leak more than two or three pailfuls all the time I was out, and I dare say half of that spattered over the sides."

"Pa-pa," said Mrs. Dobb, "you will certainly be drowned."

"Fudge! Don't interrupt my story, dear. So I turned and came back. But, curiously enough, I didn't get ahead so well after I turned round. It never struck me before that it could be harder to row down than it was to row up; but the fact was, don't you see, wind and tide were both up stream. Ha, ha! So I've learned something by my boat, eh? I might have lived on land all my life and never thought about that."

"But you got back safe."

"Yes, but I didn't row back. You see my back began to ache a little and my hands to smart; so I thought I would get a boy a quarter to row me back to the German's."

The next day I didn't go to my boat at all; the *Water Lily*, I had christened her. For in the morning I found, very much to my regret, that there were three or four great blisters on the palms of my hands. I thought every hour or two of the day in procuring a suitable outfit. You can't row very comfortably in a bronzleoth coat with long tails. They get wet. I bought me a blue flannel shirt, a turpaulin hat, and a pair of big water-proof boots that came above my knees. Then I bought me a pair of India-rubber gloves. And I thought it would be a good idea to have them to protect my hands.

I made my appearance at the German's next morning in my new suit.

"I want to leave my coat with you, Jacob," said I, "while I go an out rowing. You'll take care of it till I return?"

"Yah," said he; and I went out to my boat.

I found it full of water to the very top. Don't know as that is a mariner's phrase; maybe it's gunwale or something. I came back to the German in some haste.

"Why, look here!" I cried; "what have you been doing to my boat? She's full of water!"

"Yah," said Jacob, as he broke away in the night, too. Dere was a man like to git drownded mit de dam ole ting. He was lean off de dock mit a long pole, an' he fill it mit water all over his boat. He tole me he charge you half a toler. He git he out."

"Oh, he sunk her in trying to get her, did he?" said I, brightening up; "I was afraid perhaps she had sprung a leak, which I had been afraid of for him, and tell him I'm obliged to him. But how am I to empty her? Can we pull her out and tip her over?"

"Haf to bail her out mit a pail," said Jacob. "I do it for you."

But I perceived expense. Such alacrity was not a gratis article. I concluded to bail her out myself. Might as well have some exercise that way, just for once. So I went and went to work, and I had to do it by means of a rope attached to the pail, at first; for actually the seats rose above the water, and I got in. I then sat down—quite unintentional, I may say—and arose dripping like a mermaid. My costume was warm; I didn't mind it much. It took me an hour to bail her out clean; and then, after borrowing an old stump of a broom from Jacob, I swept the water nicely. I concluded to go home, for I was tired, wet, and hungry.

My wife said I looked like a fright; but she was not so frightened but that she laughed immoderately.

The next day, on going to the river, I found my bucket-and-rope gone, which I had hung up in Jacob's shanty the day before sopping wet, were new dry, and just as large as a pint of board gloves. I went to them to Jacob, and went and bought me another pair. When I returned, Jacob had pounded my old gloves out and dried them; and since then, I have known how to treat buckskin gloves when they get hard. I went out to my boat, and found her as dry as a bone, with the previous morning.

"Broke loose again, Jacob?" said I, in a vague hope that another accident had occurred.

"No," said he, "she leak dat vay."

"You don't tell me that she—" But it was no use asking the question.

"What you charge for dem boat?"

"I gave thirty-five dollars," said I.

"Ah, you git cheated bad. Dem boat ist nicht good for nothing."

"Couldn't she be mended somehow?" I asked.

Jacob shook his head with an incredulous smile. "Cost you more as a new one," said he.

Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that the boat-vender had sold me what he called the boat to me. But he was well on his way to Idaho by this time. It was useless hoping for retribution. I finally traded back my boat for a brand-new one. The price of the new boat was $80, but the man allowed me $5 for my old one.

I forgot to tell Susan about my new purchase. Luckily she had not seen the old one, though I had intended taking her out riding in it.

My first boat had oars with fastened locks; and my body who has tried it (that is, any body unaccustomed to rowing) knows how much easier it is for a novice to row with much oars than with those which have open locks, in which the oar plays freely. Good oarsmen would sneer at fastened locks; but I must say I did not feel so inclined as I handled the loose oars of my new boat.

"Confound these things!" I exclaimed, as I went splashing along; "they're as clumsy as— I can't do any thing with them!"

But I got more accustomed to them after a little, and soon began to enjoy my daily boat-ride in good earnest. I used sometimes to get in the hottest of the day, carrying with me a lunch in a basket; and then, when I was pouring down a flood of intense heat on the water, I would rest under the stern of some great ship away up-stream, where the shade was almost cave-like in its delicious coolness, and making my boat fast would eat my lunch with such a hearty relish as I had not felt in months, sitting in my little cock-pit and rocking lazily on the murmuring waves. Ah, it was delightful!

My new boat was a decided beauty—and *Beauty* was the name I gave her. She was painted black outside, with a strip of red running round the edge, and lead-colored inside. She had three seats—one astern, one amidships, and one forward (oh, I picked up the terms from time to time), and her prow was exquisitely rounded. I dare say any body not a judge of these things would have thought my boat looked like a common junk-man's boat—those felucca-looking craft that go round with tin, iron, etc., from the vessels, you know! The idea!

Well, the fact is, I did get taken for a junk-man, and I had to buy some handfuls of tobacco of him from ships at anchor, holding up armfuls of junk they wanted to sell; and it was immensely amusing to see them stare at me with a sort of contemptuous indifference to the offered prize, wondering, no doubt, whether they had made a blunder or I had.

One day a man hailed me from a three-master dock, and wondering what he could want I rowed over to him. Perhaps he wants a ride, thought I; if he does he shall have it, as soon as I've sold him some tobacco.

He was a gang of laborers near by, prying along a great stick of timber; and as I drew near I recognized an acquaintance in Mr. Brown—of the firm of Brown & Spalding, lumber merchants—who stood near. Brown lifted his hat to me, and I bowed in return. He had seen me out in my boat before now.

"I've got a job for ye," roared the man on the dock who had hailed me first, not noticing the recognition that passed between Brown and me.

(By-the-way, though, did you ever notice how people on shore always shout to a man in a boat, as if he was half a mile off? They don't talk that way to a man on a bridge, or any thing of that sort. This has nothing to do with my story, but it's so curious I thought I'd mention it.)

"Have you?" said I, with a wink at Brown. "What's it like?"

"Yas," said he; "want ye t' tow this 'ere stick o' timber up to Knight's dock"—half a mile off.

"Couldn't advise you, my friend," said I.

"Give ye a dollar," said he.

I shook my head, and rowed slowly away.

"Hallo, you,—you—a fat," growled the man, looking after me with his face full of profane language; "I thought you fellers would do any thing for money."

Such a peal of laughter as Brown sent up!

"Who is that fellow?" he cried. "There's an unbiased criticism on art."

The man looked quite mystified as I rowed off. After I had got to be what I deemed a pretty expert with my oars, I invited Mrs. Dobb and a young lady friend to take an afternoon ride with me. I chose to do a deed of cooking, but at last I succeeded, and they went. My wife—under that vague impression of going a long journey which women generally seem to connect with the idea of getting out on untried waters—had brought along a thick camel's hair shawl (cost five hundred dollars by-the-way—by which I had it for many years) and a nice little female morocco satchel stuffed with sandwiches and sweet-cake. She was very much pleased with the motion of my *Beauty* after she got a little accustomed to it. It didn't make her sick at all, she said.

As we were gliding along pleasantly with the tide, one of those junk-buyers came alongside in his boat, and hailed me with a view to trade. Then he was an Irishman, and he was a little under the influence of intoxicating beverage.

"Hillo, Jimmy!" he shouted to me, as he kept his boat near mine, "where th' divil d'ye git that soort o' job? Takin' th' ladies out ridin' What d'ye give a day?"

I made the insolent fellow no reply, and my wife stared at him in great amazement.

"Jimmy," she whispered to me, "what does that ugly Irishman mean by calling you Jimmy?"

"Johnny's gittin' proud," cried the junk-merchant, who overheard at my silence. "Bedad, he didn't luk that way th' day th' sailors pitched him overboard o' th' *Empress* for dhrinkin' a new rope! Hev ye had yer dinner th' day, Johnny? Faix, I seed him t'other day under th' stern o' th' *Black Prince* wid a hunk o' bread an' some fat as cold pertaty in t'other, 'atin' as if he hadn't seen vittles in a month o' Sundays."

There was no stopping the fellow's tongue, though my wife turned red and white alternately, and looked greatly distressed; and there was no rowing away from him either, I turned about, and he turned about, too; and while I grew red in the face with exertion, it was exasperating to see with what ease he kept along with us, dipping his oars lazily, and keeping up a running fire of Irish wit, impudence, and blackguardism the while.

He left us at last, and then I found that we were further up stream than I had ever ventured before, and I despaired of rowing back against the tide.

Mrs. Dobb would almost crying with vexation.

"James," said she, "how could you sit so quietly and let that horrid man insult you in that way?"

To which, my dear, it wouldn't have done any good to talk back at him. You don't suppose I could keep up with an Irishman's tongue, do you?"

"Well—he had no business."

"Certainly not; none whatever. But how are we to get back? that's the present question. I'm about tired out."

"Oh, let me row!" cried Mrs. Dobb, brightening up instantly. "Do, James! Let me try it!"

"No. You can't row, Susan, indeed. It with a sudden consciousness of my boasting ability.

"Just for fun, you know," she pleaded. "Let me try!"

Of course I let her try; I never can resist Mrs. Dobb when she sets about a thing in earnest. The first thing she did was to lose one of the oars overboard. I sprang for the other oar, and in trying to reach the lost one my hat fell into the water; and in reaching for that, I tipped the boat a little, whereupon Mrs. Dobb screamed with terror. Meantime the oar floated out of reach. It took me a long time, and a great deal of perspiration to recover it, and by this it was grown late, and we at least two miles from home, with a strong tide against us.

"I'm sorry to say it, ladies," I remarked, "but I can't possibly row you back against this tide to-night."

"Why, I thought you such an expert oarsman," said my wife, with just a shadow of sarcasm in her tone.

"Susan," said I, "I can do any feat with a boat that any reasonable person could expect, and unfortunately the yawl-boat dragging astern, and so tow down.

"Oh, Mr. Dobb!" screamed my wife, "you shall not! You never could do such a thing! You'll tip us all over!"

In vain I protested I had done it a dozen times. Mrs. Dobb would not consent to it.

"We will go ashore, and walk up to the horses," said she, "that's best; it won't be far. And you can take the boat back alone."

"Very well," said I, "but I assure you there isn't a bit of danger."

"I'll leave my shawl and satchel in the boat," she added. "You can bring them up when you come," and the skiff vessel yonder. "Now how easily I will do it, and then I'll go down-stream like a streak. I'll be home before you are. *Au revoir!*"

The vessel that was now approaching was moving pretty rapidly, and I understood my advice seemed too well to care for that. I struck out briskly, and was soon rowing directly in the path of the approaching vessel. I dropped astern as she came near, and unshipping my oars nimbly caught her yawl with a dexterous hand; and as I did so I turned and cast my other hand to the ladies, as much as to say, "Now you see how easy it is!"

But, alas! —I can't explain just how it was—the prow of my boat got turned a little too much onward, and I, sitting amidships, leaned half out of her, and tried to right her; I might as well have tried to right a fundamental error—the thing was simply impossible—but I was not conscious of my exact predicament at the moment. I hung on to the yawl like grim death. My boat capsized forthwith—I hung on. "Now you see how easy it is!" but, alas! —I can't explain just how it was—the prow of my boat got turned a little too much onward, and I, sitting amidships, leaned half out of her, and tried to right her; I might as well have tried to right a fundamental error—the thing was simply impossible—but I was not conscious of my exact predicament at the moment. I hung on to the yawl like grim death. My boat capsized forthwith—I hung on. "Now you see how easy it is!" but I wouldn't go, and was soon engaged in a vigorous hand-to-hand struggle with my other hand to the ladies, as much as to say, "Now you see how easy it is!"

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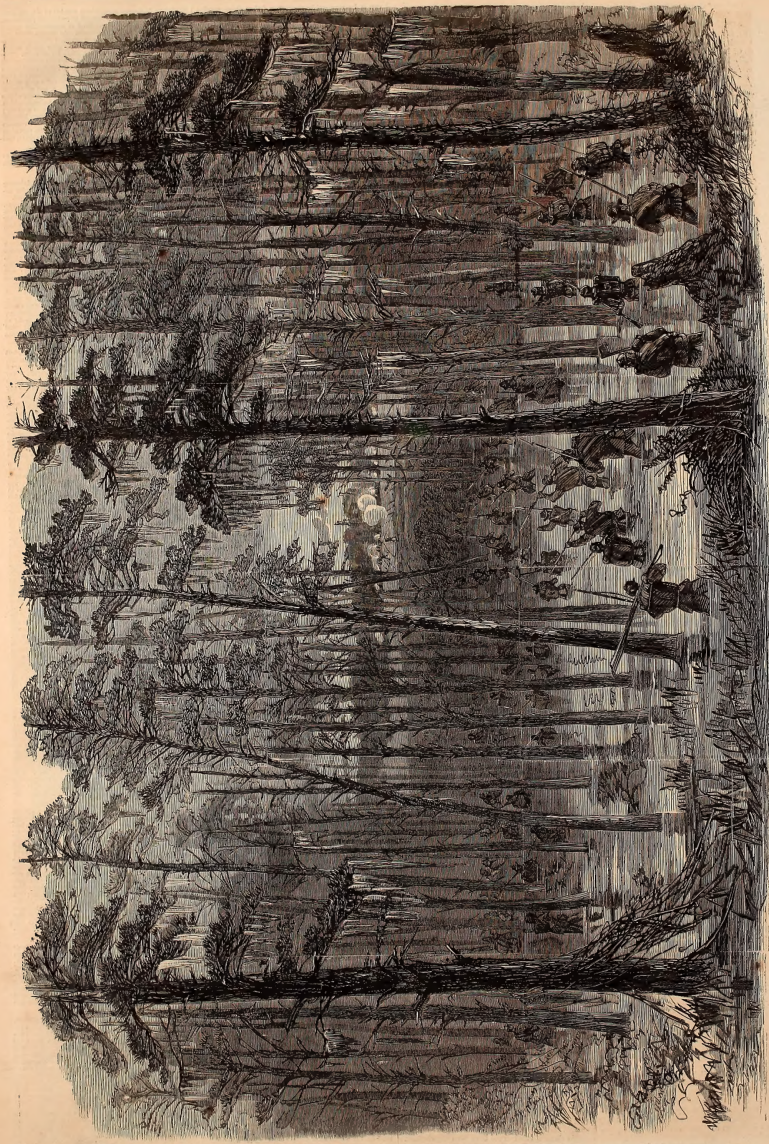
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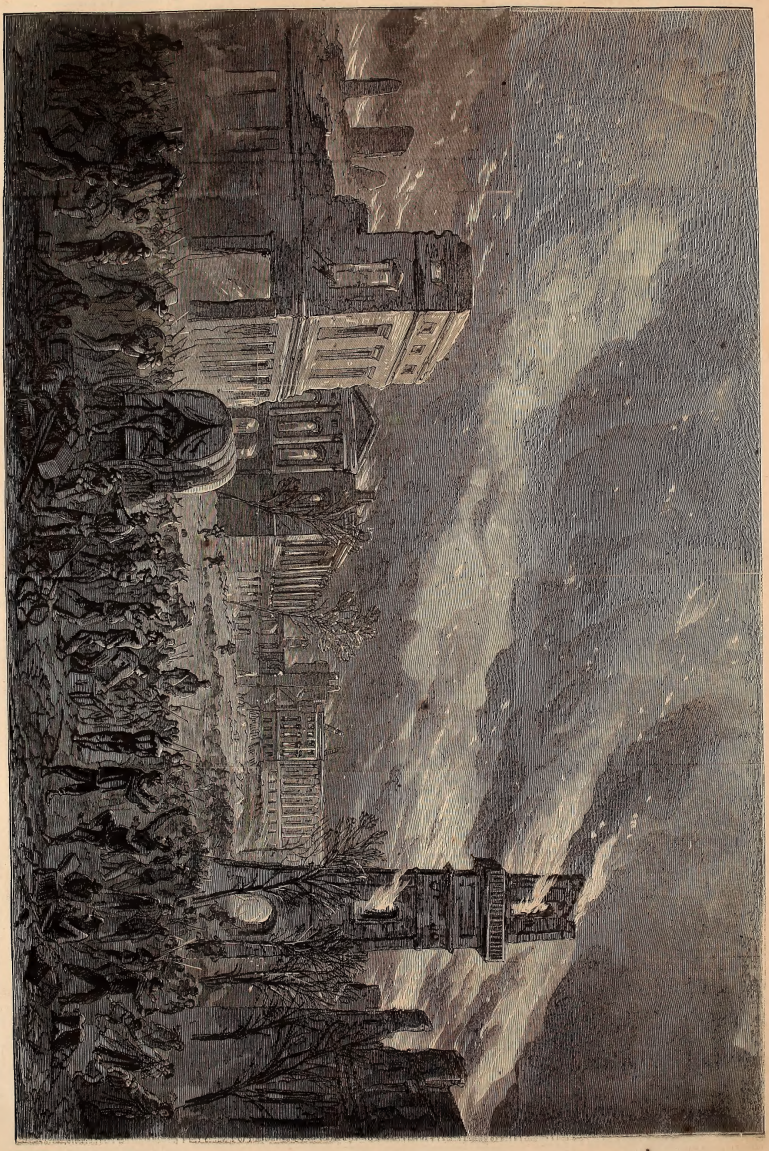
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CHARGE OF WEAVER'S BRIGADE ACROSS THE SALKEHATCHIE, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]



THE BURNING OF COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, FEBRUARY 17, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY W. WARD.]

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

OH! the homes we give the poor!
In the alleys damp and grim,
Where the noisome vapors swim,
In the cellar-caves that drink
Poison from the sewer and sink,
Are the homes we give the poor.

See the homes we give the poor:
Piled to weary, dangerous heights,
Toward heaven's cold and pitiless lights,
Chilled above by wind and snow,
While the fiends that lurk below—
See the homes we give the poor.

Are they *homes* we give the poor?
Danger sits by every gate,
Pain and misery round them wait,
Ghostly tenants put we in,
Death, disease, and shame and sin—
Homes they are not for the poor.

Have we no homes for the poor?
Hold we earth so cramped and bound
Place for these can not be found?
Do *our* homes so wide expand
That they cover all the land?
Leave we no homes for the poor?

Near us ever are the poor.
They are nearer than we think;
We but stand upon the brink
Whence we push them; and their fall
Shakes the mansion and the hall:
We are very near the poor.

Ask we how to bless the poor?
Build them houses not unmeet
To be trod by human feet—
Give them homes; and blessings thus
Shall run swift from them to us—
From the homes we give the poor.

KATE.

"WHAT has become of the Mahons?" said Tulloch to me, about seven or eight months after his return from China, as he sat in my chambers one fine spring morning. Tulloch was my first cousin once removed, at least so his grandmother, my aunt, always said, and the Mahons stood in the same relationship to me, on the other side of the house, and always, by-the-way, seemed to stand much nearer.

"Old Mahon was very hospitable and kind, when I went to Ireland. He ate me, sweetmeats and all, years ago, it must be," continued Tulloch. "I nearly lived in his house. What pretty children he had!"

"Well, he has come to grief since then, you," I returned. "His wife died, so did the eldest boy; the second went away somewhere; Mahon himself is here with the two girls, and a good deal reduced in circumstances, I am sorry to say."

"The deuce he is," said Tulloch, his strong jaw dropping with sudden regret and disapprobation. He could sympathize with sorrow or mistrust suffering honestly enough, but there was moral guilt in pecuniary troubles which grated on his perceptions in some mysterious way.

"Is he very hard up?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," I replied, cautiously. "They seem to get on quietly, but comfortably, I often see them, and they were asking about you last Sunday."

"Is he doing any thing?" asked Tulloch. "Likely to come round?"

"Well, he is not likely to make a fortune again; he is at the wrong side of sixty for that."

"Why, I thought he was as safe as the bank! If lived in such style—horses, carriages, and such a house! But I suppose he has something comfortable left?"

"I hope so. But you will come and see them?"

"Who, I? Certainly. They are not in what you call distressed circumstances? Because that is painful, and does not answer, eh?" said Tulloch.

"Oh no, not at all; you will see nothing to distress your feelings; but you need not come, you know."

"But I certainly shall come. I don't forget old times, my boy, and Mahon was uncommonly kind to me when I was a raw youngster."

"How are you off for time? Shall we go together?"

"Yes, I have nothing particular till three. I don't care if I do. What are the daughters like?"

"As pretty girls as you would see in a day's march; up to fun, and fresh as roses."

Tulloch's eyes sparkled. He was an ardent admirer of beauty, and had seen very little freshness in the sixteen or seventeen years during which he had been absent scraping together the two hundred thousand dollars which made him and his family safely, before he set himself to enjoy life, and live like a gentleman.

"It is many say off, but we will soon rattle down in an omnibus." Which we accordingly did. (I said for it.)

Mahon and his daughters lodged in an old-fashioned roomy house on the sunny side of the road. The door was opened by an indiscriminate grubby sort of a bundle, known as "Matilda" by the lodgers, and the "girl" by the missis; however, the room into which we were shown exhibited that had impression. It was a large three-windowed apartment, with a faded carpet and faded furniture; but the muslin curtains were full and fresh, there were some pretty worked cushions about, and one or two baskets of bright flowers—besides a stand of plants in the centre window.

The eldest girl, Kate, was writing at a small table covered with papers near the fire-place. Ellie, the youngest, was diligently at work repairing a number of gloves which lay before her.

went in first. "I have brought you a new cousin forty-five times removed, though bodily present,"

Kate, whose back was toward us, sprang up, and came forward with that unspeakable welcome in eye, lip, and cheek which no mere word can ever say. She was emphatically a woman, somewhere about twenty-three or twenty-four, with a tall, rich figure, full of splendid outlines, not easy, or flowing, sinking down into chairs with careless complete repose, and filling up into tall stateliness, for which her fascinating attitudes did not prepare one. With masses of chestnut brown hair, bright and clean, but alas! not tidy, tumbling into her ink and over her paper, and thrust every now and then behind a tiny ear, showing the round white throat that looked as if its tint resulted from a flirt of cream and almonds, and under the wide brow those dark gray eyes, with their long black lashes and infinite variety of expression! Oh, Kate, Kate, I was a fool then. Oh, Kate, Kate, I am a fool still!

Ellie was some six years younger; a slender, fair-haired-like creature, who looked up from her work with the daring of utter innocence; the confidence of one who had never known a wound.

Both girls had the same pale face, but in Kate's there was at times an intensity of expression, as though the soul was looking inward; both had mouths somewhat wider than is the style of beauty admits, the same brilliant teeth, that helped to give such radiance to the smile, but round Kate's lip a tender persuasive hung always, though it could laugh right merrily, and smile right scornfully.

"Who is it, Cousin Mahon?" said Kate, giving me her slight hand, while Ellie familiarly hugged my arm, and Tulloch stood transfixed by Kate's eyes.

"A! the aunt. No, it must be Mr. Tulloch. I think I remember his face."

Tulloch, albeit not a man of many words, managed to say that "He could remember her, though —though she was—" He paused.

"Rather better looking than she promised to be?" put in Ellie.

Tulloch colored, and we sat down.

"How is your father?" asked our relative.

"Quite well," returned Kate. "He is out," she added, addressing me; "he is gone to Mr. Timbs. He had a note this morning to say he had more work for him."

"Ah, yes," I interrupted, for I did not want them to be over-candid before Tulloch. "Your father's experience must be of great value to Mr. Timbs."

"I wish he thought so," said Ellie, laughing; "if you have found work for any one in your friends, Kate to Mr. Timbs." "How glad you must be to come back!"

"It is as well to rest a while; but I am thinking of joining a concern in the city. It does not do to let one's money lie idle, and not to make the most of it."

"Idle!" cried Ellie, "certainly not. Amuse yourself diligently."

"I did not make it for that," returned Tulloch.

"What did you make it for?"

"I do not mind her, Mr. Tulloch," said Kate, smiling; "she is a saucy girl."

"And so you remember me, Miss Mahon?" asked Tulloch, who had a certain quiet and secret vanity, arising from a doubtful estimate of himself.

"Yes," returned Kate. "That is, hearing your name, I saw your face in fancy, as I do now."

"I was very anxious to see you, very," said Tulloch, "as Harry Longmore here will tell you, very anxious, indeed." And the conversation flowed as easily in an exchange of questions and compliments —these last somewhat clumsily offered by Tulloch to Kate, with whom he was evidently deeply and violently enamored. I wondered she took them so kindly, though I confess there was a tone of rough sincerity about him.

"What a charming girl!" exclaimed Tulloch, as soon as we were in the street. "Such splendid eyes, such hair, such a figure! And the young one is a fairy. Really you did not say enough for them."

"Take care, man. Kate is hard to please, so do not lose your heart and think you have a safe game."

"Game! Why, don't you think she is far too sensible not to know the value of a comfortable home and enough to keep her? Besides, I don't seem pretty comfortable. I suppose old Mahon has a trifle to leave them—not much—but still a trifle?"

"I know very little of his affairs," I was beginning, when my companion suddenly hailed an omnibus.

"May as well go that way, as we are not in a hurry."

I assented; and as we rode along meditated on the little there was to know of poor Mahon's affairs.

He practised as an office of a very high and known and eccentric lawyer; and Kate, who had a genius for languages, obtained frequent employment in translating letters for foreign clients, while Ellie had music pupils. So, among them, they kept the wolf from the door and enjoyed life amazingly.

But Kate was the providence of the family. If Tulloch were to take a fancy to her, would it not be well for all parties? For that iron-jawed bright-eyed man, yes. But for her, though the ease and security of her material life would be secured, I shuddered at the idea of such profanation. I could see that, to him, she would be so much fair flesh; a rich, tender, lady, ugly in the market value he was disposed to put upon her; but the proud tender spirit, the pure frank heart with its wealth of love, the bright joyous nature, the keen intelligence, what would these be to him who only wanted a beautiful echo?

Next morning the following note was put into my hand:

"DEAR LONGMORE,—I was very sorry to miss you and Mr. Tulloch to-day. The girls tell me he has turned out a fine young man. Bring him over to dinner on Thursday, a day of comparative rest for me. Very welcome. Tell him I suppose he can do without fancy for an old friend. I am will be glad to hear that I have a good long job with Timbs; shouldn't be surprised, if I play my cards well, that he takes me on permanently, say as manager. Any how, I see the tide's turning. The girls send their love, the ducklings! Look ought to come, if it was only for their sakes. Yours always sincerely,

"CORNELIUS MAHON."

I lost no time in communicating this invitation to Tulloch, who was highly pleased to accept it, and we agreed to go together the following day.

I saw immediately on entering that my Hibernian relative had imbibed a large draught of hope's elixir. There was a certain quickening of the head, a touch of his bright blue eye, a curl of suppressed fun and good-humor about his mobile mouth, which bespoke magnificent success. Mr. Mahon! His plans were generally on the inverted pyramid system; from a pin's point of a base what a spreading superstructure it always became! Kate was a beneficent contractor. Mahon had little of this world's goods, but then fancy and temperament supplied him with true riches.

Tulloch could count on hard cash for every well-considered project his practical imagination suffered him to conjure, but beyond were no pleasant mercantile dealings, no heart-warming anticipations for him.

While these thoughts came unbidden to me, the object of them was bestowing the heartiest of welcomes on Tulloch. He had sprung with the agility of youth from his easy chair, and his slight full figure almost as upright as of yore, his fine aquiline face beaming with the light of the ohhilliks heart within.

"Delighted to see you, Tulloch, my boy!" he exclaimed. "Faith, you are a fine-looking fellow. I always said you'd fill out, and there was room for it. Lord, what a fine fellow you were! Eight, little Ellie, she was only an infant when you saw her, but Kate says she remembers you. And now you are come back for good, what do you intend to do? Go to Congress?"

This, laughing heartily, Tulloch disclaimed; and, after some general talk, Mahon cried,

"Ring the bell, Ellie darling, here's Tulloch ready to pick the bones of the chair he's sitting on with the hunger."

The bell was answered by a promising jingle, and dinner appeared.

There was a round plump leg of mutton, delicately browned, and a piece of creamy white crimped veal, with rich gravy between, and there was vegetables with forcemeat, and there was a gooseberry tart with cream, and there was a nice little dessert of oranges and apples.

The viands were irreproachable, and if the attendance were reprochable, there was an honest light-hearted Irish girl doing that was charming. She jumping up for bread, the hunting in improbable corners for the cork-screw, the indiscriminate cramming of knives and forks for every one in turn, the benevolent striving to save Matilda from additional runs up and down stairs, gave a cheerful picnic aspect to the entertainment. Then the joyous hospitality of our host! How he beamed upon us from behind the leg of mutton and praised it, and said what a happy day he counted this was the case with every thing at table), and dropped unexpected hints about the plates which were not yet ready in reach, and made surprising "long arms" to those that were not, and pressed us to drink the beer and the sherry, and declared that he would have us all, that little miser Kate would not let him have any, "though, faith, he was the first of his name that ever was refused any thing in the best; not that you are a miser, my darling, but prudent, and here's your health, my jewel!" Is it not all written in the records of domestic happiness? It was a treat to dine with Mahon. You felt that every morsel you swallowed invigorated your host. Alas! that the unalloyed joy of such a nature is so rare! The general circulation, that the sandstone which can be so readily and gracefully moulded will not stand the wear and tear of life, is sad.

Tulloch was loud and emphatic in his praises of Kate's prudence. His deep-set, dark eyes dwelt upon her with an undisguised admiration that she colored, and evidently strove to avoid them.

After the dinner, which with a jug of deliciously iced cold whisky-punch was produced—the manufacture of Ellie, who declared the weather too warm for anything but punch to hit water and the inevitable fumes.

It was a pleasant dinner; even I, though generally his humble guest, always wanting my host's cousin against unnecessary expense, was carried away by the fun, the irresistible enjoyment of Mahon, in the midst of his unvented hospitality. His genial glow which seemed to pervade all things. And Kate looked divinely handsome in a white muslin and blue ribbons, while her distinctly evidence in me was charming, though I confess Tulloch's admiration filled me with a vague dread.

The young ladies retired to some invisible withdrawing-room, and then we talked business and politics, and Tulloch gave Mahon a hint on his plan for taking possession of Timbs's business.

Tulloch listened with a slight contraction of the eye, as though he would turn here for information as to buy a house and furnish it, and that if Mr. Mahon thought he saw his way clearly to making a good thing of it, and of which he was the judge, (Tulloch) would not mind investing five or ten thousand to forward the scheme, provided there was no risk.

"Risk! my dear fellow," cried Mahon, his eyes sparkling; "it's as certain as you are lifting that glass of port to your mouth. Such an opening! Old Timbs is a clever fellow, but no enterprise, sir. Now, I have not seen only the big premises yesterday he said to me: 'Mahon,' says he, 'you're a clever fellow. How is it you're come down in the world?' 'Faith I never could tell,' says I. 'Luck was against me somehow, though I was an enterprising fellow.' 'Ah!' says he: 'enterprising! just so. *I* never was enterprising. Now, I suppose if I took you as a partner you would make my business spin prettily?' So you see the old chap has some thoughts of it. I am not given to fancy things, you know, but it looks like it; and if our friend Tulloch here was inclined to advance the capital—"

"Shall we call?" said I, hastily interrupting the conversation at this dangerous point.

Then the multifarious bottles and glasses were cleared away, and Kate quietly put all things in order, and placed a basket of flowers once more in the centre of the table, and then the piano was opened, and the girls sang simple old duets and sweet ballads, until Tulloch was in raptures, while I played backgammon with Mahon, and so the hour for parting came too soon.

Our adieux over, we strolled along, cigar in mouth.

"I fancy you live rather fast, Longmore," said Tulloch, gloomily.

"I? Far from it. I am as careful a fellow as ever lived. Why, Kate Mahon calls me a screw, and I am always preaching prudence to her father."

"Well, he seems prudent enough—at least his daughter is. What a wife that girl would make! I'll gift her to choose some of my furniture."

The next time I saw Tulloch he was in a thoughtful mood.

"We had a great spread at the Mortimers'. Such a lot of dishes and wine! Why, a dinner like that must cost a fortune."

"Yes; I dare say it does. Yet I'll wager a round sum you would not like our little scramble at the Mahons' much better."

"I believe you!" said Tulloch, emphatically. "Why, I ate twice as much there; but—I met Miss Goldfrap. Indeed, I took her down to dinner. She is a fine girl—a tall, fair, easy-looking creature! and, Longmore, she has a hundred thousand! There is a catch!"

"Why don't you go in and win a hundred thousand?" I returned, carelessly.

"Well, I dare say I could, if I liked; but, somehow, I can not help fancying Kate Mahon. I was always a fool about a pretty face. Come now, you are in all the secrets. What tin will the old fellow leave?"

"An old coffee-pot probably, not a jot more."

"What! do you mean to say those girls are unprovided for?"

"Yes; utterly."

"What an infernal shame!" was the energetic reply. "What a reckless old scamp that Mahon must be!" he continued, with some heat, as though responsible himself. "And I declare I never so much accepted his invitation to dinner if I had known all this!"

Tulloch now got into a sort of easy way of dropping in at the Mahons' and taking a cup of tea; and it was wonderful, considering the distance from his lodgings, how often he seemed to pass his evenings there. I know, whenever I could snatch an hour or two to pass there, I always found him installed—perfectly at home, and a certain look Ellie lallied each other, and I was usually handed over for backgammon to the pups.

Matters went on thus for some months. Could Kate care for this man, whose whole exterior was a complete though unintentional deception? He had sound health, capital intellect, and a certain quiet earnestness which laid him peculiarly open to the depths of passion.

Then the superiority of his pecuniary position gave him a delicious sense of pre-eminence over those who must be patronize him, mixed with the extreme attraction Mahon's lovely daughters naturally offered: while they, inexperienced and full of all generous tenderness, gave him credit for the truth of sympathy, which led him to desert his gayer friends for that humble house.

Kate was about even to look with admiration at his tall stately form and bold black eyes, at least I thought so! Why had I let her glide into that self-asserted beautiful tone of interference? Yet, was it not better so? I was not, to use a favorite phrase, "in a position to marry," and how could I govern of dragging my sweet cousin into ever-deeper troubles than she had already to contend with?

It happened that we both (Tulloch and myself) met one Saturday evening, about three weeks after the little dinner above described, and, to our surprise, found Mahon absent.

"Where is Kate?" was our unanimous exclamation.

"Gone to dine with Timbs; no less," returned the father, laughing heartily. "You know, he is educating her; he thinks she hasn't been properly developed, so he lends her books. Well, the last she has seen reading. Elsie dear? Abercrombie's Intellectual Powers? More power to him. And then, when the old fellow thinks she has sufficiently 'marked, learned, and inwardly digested it,' he sends for her, and the devil a thing have they for dinner, beyond the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but two chops. O Lord! To think of scraping up a hundred thousand dollars, saving your youth and manhood putting it together, to dine on a chop every day in a room without a carpet, when you are on the shady side of sixty! And, upon my life, the only glimpse of comfort the old sinner has, so he sends for her now and again, to teach her how to live. Have a glass, my lads!" added the host, laughing genially out of his superior heart-wisdom. "As if she couldn't teach a dozen like him, if they were not too old to learn."

"But," said Tulloch, a little bewildered by the train of ideas this speech suggested, "Mr. Timbs is a man of high standing in his way, a man of substantial wealth."

"Substantial wealth!" repeated Mahon, in immense mirth with the idea of Timbs's substantial money, and as though he were somewhat scandalized by Mahon's half-contemptuous mention. "I have told the man on a direction would float any company."

"May be so; he ought to have something, for it's a poor life to be always rolled up like a mummy in parchment."

Kate came in before we left. She looked a little weary.

Tulloch became, almost imperceptibly, less impressed with Kate than formerly. He even extended to the fact that the kindly Bohemianism of the party did not suit his substantial position.

Kate observed that she did not think the renowned Timbs was well, or in his usual spirits. "Poor old man!" she added, "I feel sorry for him."

Tulloch seemed uneasy at this. How was it that persons earning their daily bread with uncertainty should look down upon and compassionate a millionaire like Timbs?

Then Kate sat down to the piano, and sang us some Scotch and Irish ballads with simple pathos, and in just the rich sweet voice you would expect from her.

We returned in an omnibus that night as usual, and before we had proceeded half-way, a little elderly pale foreign-looking woman, who sat upon the opposite side from us, suddenly discovered that she had lost her purse. She was respectably dressed, in well-preserved but faded black, and it was pitiable to see the trembling anxiety with which she shook herself and disturbed every one.

"Mais bon Dieu! I had it when I got in the omnibus." A frantic plunge into her pocket. "Ah! ciel! would these gentlemen be good enough to move?"

I rose, so did Tulloch, but grumblingly. "I suppose she thinks we picked her pocket," he muttered.

"Hush!" said I, for the poor soul, seeing that it was indeed gone, sank down on the seat and covered her face, with such sincere and genuine emotion, that I could not but feel touched.

"But I have not money to paysany fare," she exclaimed, removing her hands from her face, which looked ghastly.

Feeling considerably ashamed of myself, I said, "Do not let that distress you: I shall be very happy to pay it: I hope you did not lose much."

"No, not much, yet all to me! Thank you, Sir, you do me a great service."

When she got out I very readily paid the fare to the driver.

"Ah, you *are* green!" said Tulloch, with a sneer, as we stood in the street. "I never saw a more regular flat."

"I do not agree with you," I returned, rather warmly: "at any rate, if a 'do,' not a very expensive one."

"A dime's a dime," said Tulloch, "and if she had had any thing in her purse she would have taken better care of it."

"Well, I don't begrudge my dime. Good-night."

We—that is, Kate and I—went the next day but one after that to hear the music at the Park. There was the usual crowd, however, we were lazily amused watching the motley mass of color and variety of costume, while many on an easy turn prefer admiringly on my beautiful companion. Suddenly I exclaimed, "Why, there's Tulloch, and is very pretty girl with him!"

"Where?" cried Kate, eagerly.

I pointed them out, and, as I looked in her speaking face, could not help fancying her countenance changed and her color paled.

The brilliant Tulloch walked was above middle height and plump, not to say fat. She had fair round, fresh-colored face, and a pair of baby blue eyes: a pleasant smile set upon her countenance, and she looked the very picture of material ease and comfort. She was richly and becomingly dressed, and there is a good article, and her whole appearance was in perfect accordance with the requirements of conventionality.

Tulloch seemed to pay assiduous court to her, and the lady seemed well pleased.

"Does you know who it is?" said Kate.

"No."

"Why, it is Miss Goldfrap, the heiress."

"Is it indeed?"

We watched them take several turns; they were evidently accompanied by a large and brilliant party. As they passed us for the third or fourth time Tulloch's eye caught Kate's; he looked a little confused, and merely bowed his recognition.

Kate was (a little) pale.

"Mr. Tulloch is on his good behavior to-day," she said; "he must not acknowledge his country cousins."

I laughed somewhat uneasily, for I felt unspeakably vexed. Here had this fellow been delighting in the cordial delight of those friendly evenings with poor old Mahon and his daughters, and *doing* his best to please Kate he was in love with her, and now, at the first glimpse of a richer prize, he was off. It was too bad! And Kate—I could not make her out. Could she care for him? It was hard to say. The most unattractive man at other times acquires a wonderful interest in the eyes of a woman who he loves her.

"It is time to go home, Harry," said Kate, "and will you come in and have tea? Papa will be home about seven, and you do not mind struggling it with us?"

"No, certainly not, and I have a book here for Ellie which I want to talk to her about. By-the-way, how does your education get on with Timbs?"

"Oh, very well indeed; he is very good to me in his queer way, and has been ever since I went to him so bdlly—with no introduction beyond his having been papa's correspondent long ago—and asked him to give my father work. How wonderfully we have got on since we came here, and what a friend you have been, dear cousin!" She pressed my arm so tenderly to her side, looking up into my face. Oh, what a tender look of gratitude! What rich and pleasure it gave me to look at her, but only as a useful old friend.

As we passed through the less frequented part of the Park we met Tulloch returning alone. He greeted Kate with rather forced cordiality, and said he was coming to look for her. She received him kindly enough, and we strolled on together. As we approached the further gate a lady in rusty black came in from one of the sidewalks, and went slowly along in front of us. It was a small unfashionable figure, and yet the gait and air were refined, and the aspect was that of a gentlewoman.

"How like that person before us is to our old French governess, Madame la Rose: so like," exclaimed Kate, "it purports me back many times to look at her! It must be ten years since we parted. Do you remember her, Cousin Harry? She left when we broke up, and went abroad. How kind and good she used to be!"

Here the person in question sat down wearily on a bench, and as we drew near Kate cried aloud, "It is Madame la Rose! Dear Madame, don't you remember Kate?" And they were embracing and half crying the next moment.

Tulloch's brow darkened, and he looked greatly annoyed. "I tell you, Kate, this would look very queer if any one we knew came by; do stop this nonsense," he said, rudely and peremptorily.

She raised her head indignantly. "Then leave us if you are ashamed," she said; "you are not wanted here!"

Tulloch turned pale with anger. He thought his money entitled him to the tenderest considerations. "Kate, you shall repent this. I am going."

"Don't be offended," I said, laughing; "you began it; Kate is not in earnest."

"I don't know that. But I warn you, Longmore, take care of that woman: she is an impostor. I thought so the night before last; I am certain of it now."

"We will see," I returned; for I also had recognized the stranger to be the poor woman who lost her purse.

Tulloch walked off, and I turned to Kate, who was now seated by her ex-governess, tenderly holding her trembling hand and looking into her face with those sad pretty eyes, whose eyes like wells of kindliness wherein weary hearts might steep themselves and be refreshed.

"Oh, it is the good God who has guided you to me," the poor Frenchwoman was saying, "and I was in despair! I had spent every penny, and paid my last week's lodging; for the day before yesterday, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to get an engagement, some one picked my purse. But for a kind gentleman I could not even have paid my fare. And to-day I strove to find some one in the streets to help me, but in vain, and my courage is gone. I have been ill too."

"Let me speak to you, Cousin Harry," said Kate, drawing me aside. "I know this poor dear thing, and I have not a penny to spare. Had I not better take her home? Ellie and I have a large room, and she can sleep there, and we can help her to pupils."

"My dear girl, you have enough to do to provide for your own wants. This would be an imprudence. You do not know what a burden you may bring yourself."

"I know it is imprudent; but what can I do? She is an eminently self-helpful woman. I can not desert her after sore distress. Will you ask for help if I did? No, Cousin Harry; there is no choice."

"Come with me, dear old friend," she said, again taking Madame la Rose's hand, "come! We are poor enough; but what we have we will share with you till you get better. Ah, you know, you know what pleasure it will give us to have you for a guest. Take my arm; it is not far."

"Ah, mon Dieu! I am not to know from children," cried the delighted Frenchwoman. "I must go with them; yet will I pay them." And so they went, with strength and confidence amidst your kind faces and familiar voices."

"Well, I," said I, "of madame will let me assist her—for I see she is a good deal shaken—we shall reach your abode all the sooner, Kate."

"Ah," murmured Madame la Rose, "it is the gentleman who so kindly assisted me the other evening! Sir, you have brought me good fortune."

How Madame la Rose and your fellow Timbs had known and treated her as if she were a princess, and talked of all the obligations he was under to her, and how he would be the making of a widely-puneh (which was abomination to her French palate), and how he gloried in her reminiscences of his past grandeur, and how proud he was prospects of future splendor, would take a far more eloquent pen than this poor pen of mine to describe.

I dare say it was all very magnificent. Never theless, if the recording angel's office be not abolished in these hard times, the night's work was a good deal to his glorious volume.

Tulloch was in a sad state about this proceeding of Kate's. "I wish to Heaven you had put down I don't know how many per cent. through so flagrant and reckless an act.

"I am afraid those people are incorrigible. In short, poverty only teaches extravagance and bad habits. I feel it due to myself to draw out of that concern as fast as I can. Timbs is a considerable open-hearted sort of fellow, and I feel I must resign my natural inclinations and try to be consistent. I shall have liked well enough to have given that old woman a dime the other night; but you see it would have been an infringement of the principle, eh?"

"Very likely," said I.

"Now I hope you are among a substantial lot of people like the Grimeses and that set, you feel safe. There will be no demands made upon you, no—"

A knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in!" said I. And enter Mahon and Ellie, looking like a wild rose, in a fresh blue muslin, a new bonnet, and white ribbons.

"Come to pay you a visit, Harry, my boy. Saturday is Ellie's holiday, and poor Timbs is so ill that he can't spare her to work in the office now, so we came off early. And how are you, Mr. Tulloch? Faith, you have been a long time coming to see your friends since being with yourself? You ought to come over of an evening, as you used. We have a snug supper and pleasant evening with us, a French lady, a trifle come down in the world, like myself, but knows life well."

Poor Mahon was oblivious of the fact that Tulloch knew the whole circumstance, and that the most extended knowledge of life was of small value in his eyes if not founded on a solid basis of credit at your banker's.

"Oh, papa! Mr. Tulloch knows all about it," said Ellie, with a wicked twinkle in her eye. "He knows what a misfortune poor maddine met with, and as she wants all sorts of things we can not get her, I am going to try a subscription for her. Now, I know you are rich and generous, Mr. Tulloch, so I shall begin with you! Come! What shall I put you down for?"

Tulloch looked very black. "I seldom subscribe except to well-known charities," he began.

"Well known! and is not this well known?" cried Ellie. "Come, I'll put you off with ten dollars, in consideration of not appearing in print. Come, it is cheap, you know; because if Goldfrap and Co. were going to do a thing of the kind you would have to give fifty."

"Ah!" cried Mahon, "do not limit him, mayhe he'll like to give more. Why unknown."

We all (except Tulloch) laughed heartily.

"Well," said Tulloch, rising, "I was going over to-day to see Timbs, therefore, for I am off to Boston for a week or two."

"Oh, good gracious! Give me the ten dollars and I'll tell Kate you are a darling!"

Tulloch resigned himself, and produced the amount.

"Give my love to Kate. I'll come and see her as soon as I return. And, Mr. Mahon, excuse me, but get rid of that Frenchwoman as soon as you can. Why should you burden yourself with her?"

"Burden! Sure it's a pleasure. And the girl find her a governess's place."

So Tulloch departed, and I could not say whether he left much regret for that departure behind him, for in a day or two he was entirely expelled and all absent a month.

On my return I found two letters awaiting me. The first was from Ellie. She informed me that they were going on very tranquilly, and that Madame la Rose was very kind, and capable of taking a room in the same house, so as to board with them.

"Mr. Timbs is dead, you will be sorry to hear," she continued, "and left a will in favor of poor Kate and grand anticipation. We have never seen or heard any thing of Mr. Tulloch since the day I extracted the ten dollars from him. Do you think he died of the operation? Do come out and see us soon. I think Kate looks ill, and is not at all content as she used to be. She sends her love—does she not?—to dear Cousin Harry.

Ever yours, ELLIE M.

P.S.—An old client of Timbs's told papa that you were to be married soon to a lady with quantities of money, the daughter of an eminent personage. I hope it is not true. What sinks people will do for cash!"

How could so absurd an account get into circulation? And how could Kate—that is Ellie—believe it?

The other letter was from Tulloch, and announced his engagement to Miss Goldfrap:

"I quite forgot to say that you would see the Mahons and break this matter to Kate. I do not mind confiding to you that the poor girl was extremely partial to me; nor was I without an affection for her. Indeed, I think it a mercy of what was due to myself would have induced me to do so, but when all circumstances are to be paid out of pocket it makes a serious difference. Be sure you say how warmly I admire her, and add any thing else that would soothe her feelings which suggests itself."

Confound the coxcomb! To dare to write thus of my peerless Kate! But most he not have had good reason to be sure of his conduct, or he would not? Oh, idiot that he was, to weigh a few thousands against the love of a queen! Well, it is ill wind that blows no one good; she may turn to me yet. And really this last circuit shows me a very fine specimen of man. In four or five years at this rate, I may venture—

But my further speculations were cut short by the entrance of Kate, pale and wan as the wildest excitement, with a letter in his hand.

"Longmore, my dear fellow, here's great news: read that. Now that poor fellow Timbs has left my darling Katie his residuary legates. Residuary no less! And faith they say he has left a bank of money: but as he died worth so many, there dwells at lawyers will cheat the poor girl of the half of it. We got the letter this morning, so I came to you directly. Kate is with your friend Ellie—such a kit and thin, sunshine and storm! Now go to these people, Plackett and Mash, and inquire about it, and find out if we can touch the cash, and come back and dine, and I'll go and order in a nice little thing, with a bottle of Port and Champagne too, faith!"

The letter in question was from a well-known firm, to whom the deceased, and who permitted me to peruse a copy of the will. It proved, that after large bequests to charities, to distant relatives, to old servants, and two residue came by right of cousin—so large as even to surpass the fortune of Miss Goldfrap. After a few formalities she would be able to take possession.

A few weeks later, and I was explaining and advising with Kate in a long *tête-à-tête* luncheon. After listening to her queries and sensible projects respecting her father and sister, I approached a subject we had hitherto avoided.

"Have you Tulloch will be when he finds he is lost you a. I got less money with Miss Goldfrap!"

"Why? I am glad."

"Because—because—but I can not jest, dear Kate, about what may have cost you even a passing grief. Can you forgive me if you?"

"What are you talking of?' she exclaimed, indignantly. "Why, you must know that Mr. Tulloch was a man for whom without attraction for me I was not at all the sort of man I could fall in love with." Meeting my eye, she blushed and beat her fingers on the glorious hair fell over her cheek and had to be shaken back again.

"And you do not suppose you could fall in love with?" I asked, my heart beating wildly. "What sort of man could you fall in love with, Kate?"

She looked down demurely as well as prudent, she said, in a low tone, clasping her hands together, "one who can do long and true service to a friend, as though it were a personal gratification; one who is brave enough to give his arm to a poor forlorn shabby stranger in the gayest gathering-place in New York?"

"Kate—beloved Kate!" I threw myself at her feet.

"No! Not there, trust, kindest; but in my arms! to my heart!" said Kate.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

WHY is a candle-maker the worst and most unfortunate of men?—Because all his trade is in the wicks and all his wicks are brought to light.

WHAT color did the wind and waves represent the last storm as set in?—Because the waves rose, the winds blew.

A correspondent in Illinois sends the following: In Pontiac, Wisconsin, the flags were all flying to the breeze in honor to the second inauguration of President Lincoln. It being the 4th of March. A stranger in town, meeting one of the young ladies, asked her the meaning of so much display. "Why," said she, "they've hired the man what's carried on the war for four years longer."

A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young doctor, in the most natural way imaginable. She had long felt her hands in the left arm round her waist, and whispered something in her ear.

WHY can not two bishops row in the same boat?—Because one may use a diocese.

Alfonso Lombardi, a celebrated sculptor of the Emperor Charles V., was a great coxcomb. He got punished one day by a lady of Bologna, to whom he took it into his head to make love in a foppish manner. She was his partner at a ball, in the midst of which he turned to her, and, bowing a profound sigh, said, as he looked her in the face with what he thought ineffable sweetness in his eyes, and we may suppose some fantastic and writhing gesture, "If 'tis not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Perhaps," said the young lady, "something bites you."

A ship that is to be pitched by the sea should be thoroughly caulked before she goes into it.

A long bullet cruiser publishes the subjoined advertisement: "Wanted, a thin man, who is willing to undergo hard collecting, to crawl through keyholes and find debtors who are not to be found at home. Salary, nothing the first year, to be doubled each year after."

TWO sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the theaters in a neighboring village, a fascinating sleeping-draught reading upon the top of a hill. They encountered him in a drowsy state. "You have a fine view here: you will see a great way," "Oh aye, on aye, a farry great way on a clear day—three counties and Scotland, I reckon," quoth that, "said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "Oo, just that will tak aught saye, wi' the spy-glass, ye ken."

SAMSO ON WOMAN.—Do not pay rail against women as much as day like, day can't set me up against dem. I tink dem is de best ting dat ever was born—dat is, a good—a natural—but in dance—de fust in le-ocean mbon—ah! de fast, but, by de by, when dey get old, dey would no poor debils do without dem? Let us be born as little, a ugly, and as stupid as we you please, add a woman's arm are open to receib us. She it am who gifts us our fust look of castor-ile, she it am who cures our hoopin'-cough and cushers up our foots and toes in long flannel petticoats: and by-and-by when, as we grow up, she find a-ear-bushes with apples so we starts to stock, and kicks us out when we tease her.

SAYS I to S——, "If I marry the girl I am most interested in at the present time, why will my wife be the first one I shall be thinking of?" "Why, of course."

A little nine-year-old was going to a little party the other evening, and his mother was taking a last look to see that he was all right, when she said, "Now, Johnny, Charlie; don't be boisterous." He stood in the doorway, and said, "No, I'll be politerous," shut the door and ran off to his party.

A Quaker having married for his wife a member of the Episcopal persuasion, was asked, after the ceremony, by the clergyman for his fee, which he said was a crown. The Quaker replied, "Friend, I have given thee no ring, and as shown any text in Scripture which proved the fees were a crown." "Friend," replied the clergyman, upon which he by turned in the fifth chapter of Proverbs, verse six, where it is said, "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Thou art right," replied the Quaker, "in thy assertion: therefore take one of mine here is thy money which thou hast well and truly earned."

ANECDOTE OF RUSSELL.—Two cordiliake objected to this great master of the pencil, that in one of his pieces he had put a ruff in the costume peculiar to the time of Queen Sonn Peut. "I do not astonished at that, my lords: I have painted them as they are in heaven, thinking with shame at seeing the church so badly governed."

It happened that Swift, having been dining at some little distance from the parsonage, his attendant was returning home on horseback, in the evening, which was pretty dark. As he passed the rectory he espied a village lad in the horse at a stoo. Unwilling to run the risk of leaving the animal behind, he called to the lad through the window, and at one Kelly's, the blacksmith of the village, where, having called for ale, he asked him if he could shoe a horse with a candle. "No," replied the son of Vulcan; "but I can shoe a horse without."

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth that there's no end to them.

A plaintiff, in stating his case before the provost of a certain borough, said that the second witness on the part of the party who was dead, regularly described him as the deceased. Irritated by the liberality of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed, "What's the use of talking to me about your dead? Do you take me for a fiend? came ye bring the man here and let him speak for himself?" "The defendant's dead, my lord," added the weaver. "Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the provost, and proceeded.

BUNTAN'S SARCASM.—A Quaker called upon Bunyan in jail one day, with whom he professed to be a message from the Lord. "Ah!" said Bunyan, looking for the last time at the jails of England, I am glad to have found thee at last." "Friend," said the Quaker, "what dost thou mean?" "you would not have needed to take so much trouble to find me out, for for three years that I have been in Bedford jail thou seven years past."

A TIGHT FIT.—Intoxication.

A CANDID PREACHER.—A clergyman one Sunday was complaining bitterly of the fickleness of his friends since he had been delivering. "South himself" (alluding to the celebrated divine of that name), exclaimed a Scotch woman, "never preached a better." "You are right," replied the honest preacher, "it was the very best he ever did preach."

A SEVERE LUNATIC.—A lunatic, confined in an asylum for life, was asked, not long since, by a visitor, interrogated, "By a dispute. The world said I was mad, and I said the world was mad, and we could not agree it quieted me."

A SCOTCHMAN'S TESTACHE.—On one occasion during a debate in the House of Commons, one of the members of the Scotch bench rose to speak in favor of a measure of a Scotch County, and was informed that he could not be heard. "I never before," said the M.P., "knew a Scotchman quiet his place." "Except," added a friend near him, "except his native place."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP!

WHY is law like a flight of rockets?

Because there is every expense of powder, the cases are well got up, the reports are excellent, but the sticks (talents) are sure to come to the ground.

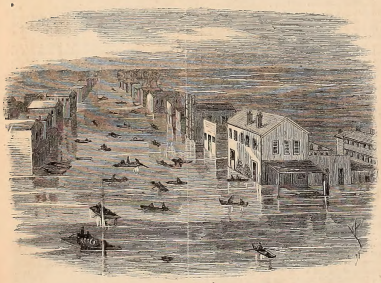
WHY is a race-horse like a lollypop?

The more you lick it the further it goes.

SCENES IN THE RECENT DISASTROUS FRESHETS.



THE FLOOD IN ROCHESTER—VIEW OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF BUFFALO STREET.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BACON & TAYLOR, ROCHESTER.]



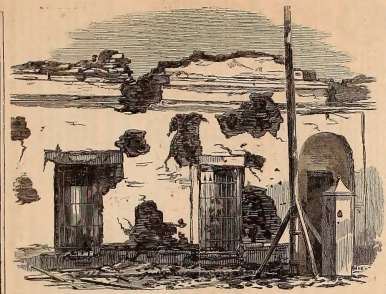
FLOOD IN MOUND CITY, ILLINOIS—A STREET SCENE.
[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROSE.]



"HAPPY HOLLOW," NEAR MOUND CITY, ILLINOIS.
[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROSE.]



THE FLOOD IN ROCHESTER—VIEW OF ANDREW STREET BRIDGE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. W. MASER, ROCHESTER.]



LEANDRO GOMEZ'S HEAD-QUARTERS, PAYSANDU.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the intensity of interest with which we await the developments of our own civil war, we can not be indifferent to the more distant conflict in which Brazil is engaged against the South American Republics of Paraguay and Uruguay. The cause of this will be best understood by a brief retrospect of the last two years. During that time Uruguay, which touches the southern border of Brazil, and is wedged in, as it were, between her and the Argentine Republic, has been distracted by rebellion. The revolution, headed by Flores, has been gaining headway, the government of Uruguay being too weak to oppose an adequate resistance. Paraguay, which is just north of Uruguay, has awaited with interest the development of the revolution, throwing her influence against Flores and his party. Brazil, whose government is imperial, hoped for the destruction of the Republic. She complained that her citizens were imperilled by the situation in Uruguay, and threatened interference. Thereupon President Lopez, of Paraguay, declared to the Brazilian government that he should consider the invasion of Uruguay by Brazilian troops a cause of war.

Brazil, however, persisted in her interference. On the 16th of October, 1864, she blockaded the ports of Uruguay. One of those most strictly blockaded was Paysandú. On the 6th of December the Brazilian squadron co-operated with the army of Flores in an attack upon this town. During that day seven hundred bombs were thrown into the place from four Brazilian gun-boats, while Flores with three thousand men attacked by land. The town was defended by Leandro Gomez most gallantly. Gomez had in his command a force not quite one-third as strong as that engaged in the attack.

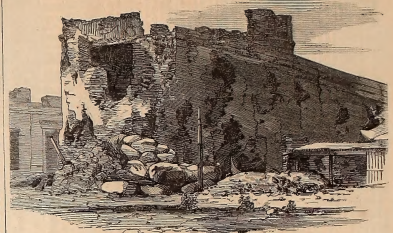


LEANDRO GOMEZ.

Paysandu resisted every open attack, but the rebels and invaders ultimately succeeded in taking the place. Paysandu was formerly a very thriving town on the River Uruguay; it is now, however, little better than a heap of ruins, and in the possession of the Brazilians. Leandro Gomez was murdered by the victors, and his body shamefully mutilated. We give on this page some illustrations, engraved from photographs, representing the ruins of Paysandú. One of these represents the *Comendadencia Militar*, or Gomez's head-quarters.

Only the front wall is standing, and it is so battered by cannon-shot that we can only recognize it was once a house by the grated windows.

Another represents the *Turret Fort*, whence the heroic garrison made its last stand. This work was almost entirely destroyed.



THE TURRET FORT, PAYSANDU.

From Paysandú it is expected that Flores and his Brazilian Allies will move down the river and lay siege to Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, situated on the Rio de la Plata. We give below a view of this place. It is situated on a gentle elevation, at the extremity of a small peninsula.



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The Self Cocking carries a ball 42-100 in. in diameter (same as Colt's), and can be used with either Kerr's or Colt's cartridges. *The Pocket size* weighs 1 lb. and carries a ball 36-100 calibre (same as Colt's) and cartridges.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENT'S PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000,

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Each ring is made of 18 k. Solid Gold and Ring for either Division or Corps in the Army, and for $5 I will send an extra size, *extra style*. This is a splendid Ring for Officers or Soldiers. (Send the size of the finger.) Also, I will send, as sample, on receipt of $1 50, a Gold Silver Badge (Coin Silver), appropriate for either Corps or Division, Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Engineer, or Signal Corps Departments of the Army, with your name, regiment, and company name engraved in neat letters—and for $2 I will send a Solid Gold Masonic Pin. Agents wanted every where. Send for Illustrated Circular.

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SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

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500 Gold Hunting Watches ..... 50 00 to 150 00
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$1 50.	$1 80.	$2 25.	$2 75.	$3 0

10-carat Pens with Rubber Reverse Holder:

Size No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
$2 75.	$3 00.	$3 50.	$4 00.	$4 50.

12-carat Pens in Gold Plated Telescopic Extension Case.

The Best Pocket Pen Made, and Pencil ever made.

Size No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
$3 50.	$3 75.	$4 00.	$4 50.	$4 00.

8-carat Pens, with Ebony Holders (in Morocco Cases), or in Silver Plated Extension Cases with Pencil:

Size No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
$1 each,	$1 50 per doz.	$1 25, $12 do.	$1 50, $16 do.	

14-carat Pens, with any of the above Holders, only $1 each.

Pens repointed for 50 cents each.

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Dr. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, cause unknown to the sufferer, taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular remedies ever offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound*. This medicine was first made known in Boston by Dr. Poland, and then nearly for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat, for which he obtained by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and thus gradually it gained a great hold on the public. The sufferer, however, was without a name till November following, when it was called WHITE PINE COMPOUND, during which month it was advertised for the first time.

Since that time the Proprietor has purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of two years' endurance. This being truly a *discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skilful physician, who replied in substance that the Pine of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency was counteracted. Since that other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune may be made by it. Accordingly, the same has been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney Diseases, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such cases. It is also known to be a most valuable *new* supply is or recommend it for such use.

But that the White Pine Compound is so useful in kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. Dr. Poland's pamphlet gives many affirmations that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been acquired in less than one hour after effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain eminent medicinal properties. Dr. Indian employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in relieving inflammation in bleeding, and healing. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known very well, and this, therefore, is the reason why the *New White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given ample opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been purchased with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the medicine that no bad effects have been reported nor high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and others, all speaking in the highest terms of the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, N. H., writes:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious and only in cases of Kidney Complaints, but also in cases in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred cases."

Rev. J. K. Chese, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for some time used the White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it as even more efficacious for Throat and Lung Diseases than just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having been afflicted with a severe kidney medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertising publication entitled the Kidney Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family in cases of Kidney and Throat, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Indeed, I may say that I have received more benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT,

Of the firm of Hoyt, Sawyer & Co., N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND.—In the fall of 1851 I took a very violent cold, which brought on a severe cough, settled on my side and lungs, and raging blood. I was also very badly affected with that terrible disease—the Kidney Complaint. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, and with that raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood. I felt that my time was short, and tried every thing for relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though my faith in it was small. To my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better, the throat trouble also, and I could raise with without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and feel that I am cured. Yours truly,

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, and my brother died of consumption having died of it.

From STEPHEN DARTLETT,

Bradford, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND.—I had been afflicted with a kidney complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which gave me a distressing state of suffering. No one of my acquaintances expected I would get my health again. I was induced to try your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaint. I would also state that a lung of my daughter's, who was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to take her meals, and we all thought that she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is known to be a valuable remedy, but is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who have given testimonials which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister. He experienced in the healing art, and to make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Evening Mail*, February.

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GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D.,

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1000	" Card Baskets, lined with Glass.....	20 " 50
1000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups.....	5 " 10
1000	" Castors.....	10 " 25
1000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets.....	10 " 50
1000	Gold Watches, Tea Spoons, per dozen.....	50 " 100
10,000	" " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen.....	20 " 50
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches.....	$50 to $150
500	Ladies' Gold and Enamelled-Case do.....	50 " 100
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches.....	25 " 75
500	Diamond Rings.....	50 " 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains.....	4 " 30
5,000	Gold Guard do.....	4 " 30
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets.....	3 " 6
2,000	Charleston Chains and Grand Chains.....	3 " 6
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1,000	Gold Ear Drops, Enamelled.....	2 50 " 10
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7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold.....	5 " 10
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10,000	Gold Chains, Bracelets, Lockets, Pencils and Pencils.....	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	5 " 10
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5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Gold Belt Clasps.....	5 " 10
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Bands	5 " 10

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Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business. Every article will be found as enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; Eleven for $2; Thirty for $5; sixty-five $10; one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will find this a rare chance. Liberal commission ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one hundred dollars. We will allow 20 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,

No. 161 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for securing a fine gold watch, diamond ring, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 161 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fair, as purchasers agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay the money until you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than this amount, and which will be sent by mail. An excellent mode of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us as men of business, and to be very worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish Americus Journal, April 11, 1863.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Manufacturers' Agency, the remaining jewelry, the assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest styles, which they are now offering at one dollar each, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles will be disposed of on a novel principle, affording great advantage to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We have every disposition to be a very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish Americus Journal, April 11, 1863.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Manufacturers' Agency, the remaining jewelry, the assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest styles, which they are now offering at one dollar each, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles will be disposed of on a novel principle, affording great advantages



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SENATORIAL INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE (*to* MR. T——, *the Health Officer*). "Do you know, Sir, what Hygiene is?"

HEALTH OFFICER. "Oh yes! I know Hygiene. It's the effluvia arising from stagnant water, the consequences of which is disease!"

[*The Chamber's look astonished, and the Health Officer, suspicious of a blunder, adds:* "Oh, I don't understand Greek!"]

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SLOCUM'S Patent Side-Loading REVOLVER.

Length, 7½ Inches. Weight, 14 Ounces.
Carries a No. 32 Metallic Cartridge.

To advantages over all others are:

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Descriptive Circulars furnished upon application.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.—70,000 PERSONS WANTED TO CLAIM MONEY, ESTATES, &c., which have been advertised since 1794. Fee to search for name in Registry, $2. Genealogists traced. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Property Registry, No. 17 Charlotte Street, London (W. C.), England.

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Warranted for Six Years.

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Pensions, Bounties, Pay, Prize Money, together with all claims of the army and navy promptly procured. Correspondence promptly answered. L. Brown & Co., 3 Hank Place, N. Y.

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This invaluable salve is a certain cure for PILES, CORNS, CUTS, BRUISES, SORES, and BURNSTANKS. Relieves BURNS in five minutes. No one should be without it. It saves Doctors' bills. 25 Cents a Box. Sent free by mail on receipt of 37 Cents. Depot 46 Liberty St., New York.

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Chief of Police, Cairo, Ill.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 433.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL CANBY.

THE Gulf Department has been in this war so far removed from the vital centre of the rebellion that our interest in it has not been very intense. Especially of late, when the series of brilliant victories gained by THOMAS, SHERIDAN, SHERMAN, TERRY, and GRANT, extending in one continuous line of glory from Nashville across the States of Georgia and South Carolina, and up the Atlantic Coast to the Shenandoah Valley, has absorbed all our attention, we have overlooked important movements in the Southwest, and have lost sight of some of the bravest heroes of the war. Among our veteran officers there is probably none who, for fidelity, integrity, and hard service, has more claims upon the gratitude of our people than Major-General EDWARD R. S. CANBY.

General CANBY has been for nearly thirty years in the military service. A native of Kentucky, he entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1835, from which he was graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant. In 1846 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and the year after to a Captaincy. In the Mexican war he gained high distinction in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, and Belen Gate. He was rapidly promoted, first to a Major and then to Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. In the war on the frontier, also, he performed important services, which gained for him a high place in the esteem of the army and the people.

General CANBY entered into this war against the rebellion with the devotion of spirit and the disinterested patriotism which characterize the true soldier. Placed early at the head of the Department of New Mexico, he maintained his ground in that Territory with an obstinacy which won the victory even from superior numbers. His operations in this department were conducted under many disadvantageous circumstances. He was remote from the seat of government, and surrounded by hostile tribes of Indians. The vicinity of Texas enabled the rebels to confront him with an army superior in numbers. The country was almost a Sahara. Available springs of water were many miles apart, and his fortified posts must of necessity lie upon the banks of the rivers. It was under these circumstances that, in the spring of 1862, he fought the battle of Fort Craig, called by the enemy the battle of Valverde, against an army of Texans under the rebel General W. U. SIBLEY. This battle was fought in the open field against great odds; and the result, though a repulse, was in no sense a disaster. He was compelled to retire upon Fort Craig, where the rebel General declined to assault him. Here for some weeks General CANBY was compelled to remain, powerless for an offensive movement. Reinforced at length, he boldly took the field, and in a brief space of time drove the rebels back into Texas.

General CANBY superseded General BANKS in the command of the Department of the Gulf, and is now at the head of the operations against Mobile. This city is chiefly important from its situation at the mouth of the Alabama and Mobile rivers. Its capture will wind up the war in the Southwest. General CANBY's combinations are such as must inevitably bring success to the national arms. Since General CANBY has been at the head of the Gulf Department he has, in the midst of temptations that would corrupt many men, preserved his integrity intact. No officer in the army can produce a cleaner record. None is more respected and beloved by the soldiers of his command.

The photograph from which, on this page, we reproduce the portrait of General CANBY was taken by Mr. THEODORE LILIENTHAL, of New Orleans, to whom we are indebted for many similar courtesies in the past.



MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD R. S. CANBY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LILIENTHAL, 131 POYDRAS STREET, NEW ORLEANS.]

THE INTERIOR OF FORT LAFAYETTE.

LIKE old Sumter, Fort Lafayette is a sea-girt fortress, standing at the entrance of New York Harbor, and, bristling with 100-pounders, is ready, with its sister forts, Hamilton and Richmond, on Long Island and Staten Island respectively, to dispute the passage of the Narrows. As soon as the war commenced the National Government recognized the adaptability of this fort as a military prison. It was here that the members of the Maryland Legislature were imprisoned in 1861. PIERRE SOULÉ, too, and a host of other notables, have been confined here; among whom were Admiral BUCHANAN, General PAGE and his Staff (captured in Mobile Bay and at Fort Morgan), Generals PRYOR and BEALE, and Captain THOM. In room No. 2, which is the subject of our illustration on page 236, Captain BEALE, recently executed as a spy, and Captain KENNEDY, who has also lately met his end in a similar manner, were confined.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 240.]

THE JOY-GUN.

BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD REALF.

[1] Soon after the occupation of Wilmington by the United States forces a negro called at the head-quarters of General Schofield, to whom, being interviewed, he made known his errand. He had gathered together thirteen of men and women, escaped slaves, marching them from the interior by night. Not knowing whether our forces were in the possession of the city, he had left his people behind him and scouted through alone, prepared to them that if he found the Union soldiers he would ask the General to fire a 'joy-gun,' when they were all to come in and join him. The General ordered one of the heaviest pieces of artillery in the fort to be fired."—*Army Letters.*

Born on the wings of the Northern breeze,
Wafted on airs from happy seas,
The word of the Lord by his servant's mouth
Came to the imprisoned Negroes of the South;
And young and old with a sudden cry,
Answered, "Yes, Master, here am I!"

* * * * * * *

With the drest of his old life shuddering through him,
With the hope of his new life beckoning to him,
In his heart the goal of the troubled eyes
Of those whose prayers flew on before him,
And a vast vagus dream of fresh skies
Beating like God's dear pity over him.
The black man looked in our General's face,
Speaking his word for himself and race.

He was only a black man; grim and gaunt,
Torn and tattered and lean from want;
Mired with the slime of the oozing fen
Wherein he had crouched from tiger-men,
Poor and ignorant, mean and low,
Blessed of sky of shame and woe.
Cowed by scourges and chains and whips,
Starved of bountiful fellowships;
Dull of brain and prone to think
Dead to the finer spiritual sense
Which through the white man's passion and pain
Sees that the barriers are clear, and thence
God shining on us. Only a slave,
With the ache in his breast which dumb souls have.

But as he stood there bare of head,
Telling the Union General
How his people arose and fled
Out from the dreadful gates of hell,
Into the darkness, into the night,
Through terrible leagues of mortal flight,
Past forest and thicket, swamp and flood,
Leaving a trail of human blood,
And how he too had crawled and crept
Through the armed watch the enemy kept,
To see for his brethren, hidden there
Down in the jungle's fastnesses,
Whether indeed a pathway were
Open to Freedom for him and his.
And how they waited with straining ear,
And hearts on tip-toe of hope and fear,
To catch the sentry, of the blessed gun
Which he prayed might shout to them all was won,
And the General said it should be done:—
Oh, it was wonderful to see
How, o'er his black and stolid face,
Shot like an instant gleam from the sun
A grand rapture, an awful grace,
An august look in his lifted eyes,
Tranced with a vision through which there brake
The sublunar Infinite Voice which spake
To the dead Lazarus, saying, Arise!
So was the human soul within him
Drawn from its hideous subjections,
To where archangels might woo and win him,
And the breath of the Lord be Comforter.
So from his brow like a cowl there slid
The stagnate seeming of sullen care,
In the dark of which had the MAN lain hid:
A new life stirred in the roots of his hair:
The glory of God eclipsed the brute,
And the slave fell dead at the freedman's feet.

Oh, gun of freedom! that then and there
Poured for the hunger fugitives
Oil of gladness upon despair,
Healing balm upon bruised lives.
Albeit thou spak'st but once, I know
That thy grand thunder shall never die,
But gather an angler voice, and grow
In groaning echoes around the sky,
Over the hurtling shouts of war,
Landward and seaward, near and far,
Till every fortress reels and rocks,
Smitten to hell by mighty shocks;
And the wasted hearts of the weary cause
Springing from drunken watery graves;
And its blessed billows of music roll
To shackled body and thralled soul,
Slave and master and head and foot,
Till the whole earth, Lord, lies pure in Thee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

RICHMOND.

WHEN OLIVER CROMWELL won a vast and decisive victory his earnest heart thanked God for a "crowning mercy;" and we may be sure that nothing less than the consciousness of a great deliverance could have set every bell ringing, every flag flying, every heart beating, and have brought merchants and bankers to the steps of the Exchange on high-noon of Monday, April 3, 1865, to unite in solemnly singing "Old Hundred" and "John Brown." The Virginian capital, doctrously defended for years as the very heart of the rebellion, was not surrendered by military or civil negotiation: the armies of the United States did not occupy it by permission of any man or body of men. Their victorious entrance, and liberated thousands of their fellow-citizens from the most relentless despotism,

It was fit that the old flag should be restored to the city of Richmond by soldiers of the race to secure whose eternal degradation that flag had been pulled down; and it was peculiarly fit that the army of the Potomac so brave and steady and persistent, so long baffled by various fortune, should at last justify their own patient heroism and the national confidence by striking the final blow. Nor less pleasant is it that the concluding operations of the war in its chief battle-field of Virginia should have been personally directed by the simple, silent, sagacious, tenacious soldier, whose name will be always precious in the national heart, the Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States.

It is a natural speculation to wonder what the rebels will do next. Their leaders are men who will relinquish the struggle until the defeat and disappearance of their soldiers assure them that there is no other alternative. Those soldiers comprise the most desperate men of the insurrection, and their fighting at Fort Steadman, and Bentonsville, and through the tremendous week that destroyed their cause before Petersburg, shows that then, at least, they were not demoralized. If LEE can escape with any considerable force which will organize and kill join JOHNSTON, and either make for the mountains or for the Southwest; or, possibly, upon a calm military survey of the situation, considering his ghastly disaster in Virginia and the comparative fewness of his defeated troops, surrender unconditionally. If he can not escape, and if surrender is the GRANT option, the question will be decided before these words are read.

As for the country, solemnized by the war and inspired by its success, it has learned what it did not know at first—and that is, what it is fighting for. While it has been defending its Government, assailed by rebels, it has learned that the assault was made in the interest of a system inconsistent with free government, as it is with social Christian civilization. Meanwhile an earlier and easier victory would have blinded its eyes, and have delivered it once more to the deadly political corruption of slavery, which would have made the shock of terrible civil war even more perilous than this has been. Bull Run was a bitter pang, but it was a higher wisdom that caused us to

> "Wait beneath the furnace blast
> The pangs of transformation,"

until the cold blood of its noblest children washed the national blindness away, and every man saw the reality of the terrible conflict between humanity and brutality, civil order and barbarism.

And now, with no hatred of our fellow-citizens with whom we have fought, and whom we know were deluded by leaders who can never be forgiven, without scorn or vituperation, but with devout gratitude to Almighty God for this crowning mercy, let us all, remembering the young and brave by whom we have been saved, the eyes that are dim and the hearts that are breaking, even in this hour of jubilee, resolve that the peace they have secured shall be as broad as liberty and as eternal as justice.

SHERIDAN.

AMONG a host of heroes it is almost unfair to mention a single name only. But the attentive reader of the reports of the great battles before Petersburg will not be able to restrain his enthusiastic admiration of General SHERIDAN. For two days he was baffled, and his defeat would have implied the whole movement; but with masterly skill he retreated, re-formed, knew no such word as fail, and finally, grasping his army with the hand of genius, hurled it at the enemy, routed them, and secured the victory. No name will be sweeter to American ears than that of "LITTLE PHIL SHERIDAN."

THE AGASSIZ EXPEDITION.

THE generosity which sends our greatest naturalist and his party to South America deserves a permanent record. MR. NATHANIEL THAYER, of Boston, knowing that PROFESSOR AGASSIZ was contemplating a tour of scientific exploration up the Amazon and Andes, authorized him to take with him as many assistants as he chose, and assumed all the expenses of the expedition. This is a national gift. It is not only spending money, but spending it wisely. Like the Astor Library, and LAWRENCE Scientific School, the Institute, the AGASSIZ expedition will be a monument of Mr. THAYER's munificence. The jealousy of riches disappears when they are nobly used, and we feel that he has a right to thank who shows that he considers himself a steward and trustee for the public benefit. Nor ought we to omit to mention that the Pacific Steamship Company, in the most generous spirit, have made their contribution to this expedition of AGASSIZ by conveying him and his party without expense in the splendid ship *Colorado*. It is a graceful munificence that will not be forgotten.

We wish the example of MR. THAYER might be followed by some other of the wealthy men of country. The *Evening Post* has already suggested a special agricultural embassy to China, which should be intrusted to DR. MACGOWAN, and there are many other good things that might be done. For instance, a complete gallery of casts from all the famous statues in the world would be a collection easily made and of the highest value. The expense would be great, but there are great fortunes that could well support it; and as a cast is the most perfect copy of a work of art possible, we should have the treasures of all the capitals of the world gathered in our own. NAPOLEON brought the bronze horses of St. Mark from Venice to Paris, and Italy sighed and deplored as the noble works borne away as trophies. But some of our peaceful conquerors might stretch their golden wands, and, without robbing a single foreign city, indefinitely enrich their own. That is a secret which neither NAPOLEON nor JULIUS CÆSAR knew. Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war.

ART CRITICISM.

NOW that the beautiful doors of the new National Academy of Design are about to open upon an exhibition of paintings which will probably be more numerously visited than any previous one, the critics are burnishing their pens and preparing for their duties. The experience of last season admonishes us that there will be much difference of opinion, and that frank and fearless censure both of the spirit and the manipulation of pictures will not always be agreeable to the artists. It is only fair that there should be no avoidable misunderstanding; and as we are friendly to the artists, and shall not hesitate to say what we think of the pictures upon exhibition, we think that we believe to be the limits of just and generous criticism.

It seems to us, then, that the criticism of pictures should proceed from a kind and sympathetic study of them—a study enslaved by no theory, no school or clique, while the judgment should be a candid statement of the impression produced. Sneers and sarcasm recoil upon the critic. A quip may easily excite a prejudice, and a sneer pass for a verdict. A critic has duties and responsibilities, and no man who remembers that the painting of pictures is the means of livelihood of many meritorious artists will wantonly injure them unless he is very contemptible.

On the other hand, the critic can not forget that he has undertaken to say what his sincerely thinks of exhibitions of general public interest, and, if he have a true sense of honor, he will no more speak falsely about a picture than about any other subject which he is treating. If he has duties to the artist he has them none the less to the public: and if a man exposes a wretched daub, hoping that nobody will discover it, another man who knows it to be a good, or who, having assumed to speak, allows his silence to be construed as approbation, is merely accomplice in an imposition. On the other hand, if a critic were to visit a gallery, and speak only of the pictures that he could honestly praise, those that he did not mention would be as emphatically censured by his silence. If a man's object is to say pleasant things it is a very excellent object, and we wish him unvaried success. But if he wishes to criticise honestly or not, or hesitates in conduct, or character, he will often be compelled to say very unpleasant things.

Yet the strictest and gradations of all things should be remembered. A man may paint a very wretched picture without the least moral offense. Because his imagination is at fault, and his eye for color, or his drawing is defective, he is not necessarily so terrible a sinner that he must be overwhelmed with obloquy. The mildest and most innocent man is sometimes paint the most atrocious pictures, just as they whistle out of tune or quote poetry incorrectly. In treating of their poor pictures an overpowering solemnity of wrath is the manner it recoils. It is a crucifying a moth. It is proclaiming figs in the name of the prophet.

But while a painter's picture does not betray a bad heart in the painter, a very clever picture may be of very corrupting influence; and the critic who, in a high or low way, writes of it in literature or art, is persuaded that it is injurious to public morals, is certainly bound to say so. He may be mistaken, of course. Another man may be differently employed. But it would be very foolish for one reader of BYRON's "Don Juan" to refrain from condemning what he thought to be the loathsome tendency of the poem because another reader thought better of it, even though the other reader were Professor WILSON, who considered it the finest of modern poems.

It should be remembered, also, that the critic is not to be accused of personal malevolence because of his opinion of the immorality of a work. It is hostility to the shade of the leaden-pipes ASPHER BEHN to say that her novels were prurient and disgusting? And if a man for the first time encountered the tales of PAUL DE KOCK, not knowing who wrote them, could M. DE KOCK justly charge the critic with injuring his moral character if he advised his friends not to read them? If all honest moral censure of æsthetic works is to be interpreted as enmity of the authors there is an end of criticism. And if it be unkind or uncivil to censure in print, it must be no less so in conversation; and we thus arrive inevitably at the absurd conclusion, that if we think a book or a picture or a statue immoral, we must carefully hold our tongues, and so permit the public mind to be corrupted, lest the feelings of the corrupter should be hurt. If, indeed, a critic should gravely declare that the Madonnas of RAPHAEL were demoralizing pictures, he would only make himself ridiculous. But if he said that CORREGGIO's Io was a work which might harm young people the critic might be mistaken, but the sensible CORREGGIO could not be fairly angry. Or we take an illustration at hand. GEROME's picture of the Almes is, in our opinion, a work which may wisely be exhibited; but if M. X. or Y. or Z. who are for other papers, should say that it is too indecent to be publicly seen, we should not at once angrily suppose that he meant to injure M. GEROME, nor to spoil his market.

It is for this fidelity and frankness in criticism which distinguish the little monthly journal called *The New Path* that we are glad to see it taking a fresh lease of life and, we hope, of public attention. Its aim is single and sincere. If its criticisms seem to us crude and unjust and severe, they yet have the radical merit of honesty. If it appear to favor new and unacademic school of art, it is because, in common with some of the acutest and most thoughtful critics of the time, it believes the principles of that school to be correct. If it censure the departure of artists from the great original, Nature, it censures in good faith and before the public judgment. We do not always agree with what it says, nor can we always commend the manner. But it has freshness, vitality, conviction, and a genuine interest in the subject. The *Open Spirit of The New Path* can not be too highly commended. What we all need—painters and public and critics—is a little more honest frankness: and with the opening of the doors of the new Academy we heartily hope that the doors of a new era in current art criticism will also open.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.

THE important question is the disposition of the people in the Rebel States. Are they the people actively hostile to the Government, or is the strength of the rebellion in the army? The answer to these questions is best found in the unconscious admission of the chief rebel journals.

The Richmond *Sentinel* of March 30, in a very long and serious article on the state of the opening campaign of GRANT, SHERMAN, and THOMAS: "Without doubt this combination is very formidable, and should be faithful to stand fast. On the 1st of March it said: "Why is it that our public men can not see the importance of cultivating a cheerful spirit and encouraging hopeful sentiments among the people and soldiers?" On the 7th it said: "We will surely win the fight if we do our duty.....No one can imagine that the few poltroons with beards on who are whipped without ever having been in a fight are a sample of our population.....We do not intend to be whipped out of house and home.....Stand up like men in this hour of trial." On the 8th it said: "Nothing can be more unpalatable or in worse taste than to disparage the majority with defection and abandonment unless they shall yield their opinions to a loud and unscrupulous minority.....We do not credit any threats or rumors of desertion." On the 15th it said: "In the great occasion which is upon us all have opportunity for the display of whatever courage and devotion the soil has implanted in them.....The opportunity has come to all; are all improving it?" On the 25th it said: "The war is the business of the people in daily improving, and all except the contemptible Tories, who harbor the desire of their country's overthrow, are elated at the prospect of the coming victories."

All this is full of significance. It shows a profound consciousness of a fatal division of the unanimity and moral spirit. The Richmond *Sentinel* was fond of appealing to the illustrious examples of history. Let us remind its warning and cheering tone, then, that this tone of doubt, of expostulation, of contempt, of spite, of pathetic appeal, irresistibly suggests that the people to which it is addressed are not like the Romans after Cannæ, who, like Rome, were discovering their cities before JULIUS CÆSAR, nor like the French in the beginning of their struggle with allied Europe, nor like the Dutch fighting with Spain.

The cardinal fact of the situation is clearly read in its own late editorials, and that is, that the rebellion is as strong as the combined army and no stronger. It does not actively exist in the population of the rebel section. And when the Richmond DAVIS's organ declared that this campaign was the solution of the war it confessed that DAVIS's talk about fighting for twenty years was the utter folly which every sensible

man knew it to be when it was uttered. The rebellion will last as long as an organized army keeps the field, and no longer.

ANOTHER VIEW.

The country seems to be under a curious misapprehension as to what has taken place in and around the city of Richmond. It has been generally supposed that GRANT had defeated LEE in a fierce and sanguinary series of battles, and had finally compelled him to a hasty and rather uncomfortable retreat from Richmond. But the real facts of the case are set forth by the New York organ of the rebellion, as follows:

"The great armies that have so long defended Richmond and Petersburg have removed to another quarter, where, in the estimation of their General, their valor and endurance can be made more available."

And again: "During that night the army moved out of both Richmond and Petersburg, and marched to take up the line of defense which had been determined on since the adoption of the Confederate policy of interior lines."

And once more: "Lee's army withdrawn intact, and tied no longer to one position, the Confederate forces have a more terrible duty today from the fastnesses of her vast interior."

LEE'S army "withdrawn intact" is good.

THE SONG OF THE BUGLE.

Out of my brazen throat each morn
I call the boy to the break of day,
And my hollow notes on the wind are borne
High over the hills and far away;
But first they wind through the drowsy camp,
Then on through the valley and over the hills
To find out where and wake they go
Till the mellow music the wide air fills.

The trooper starts from his bed on the ground
Where all night long he sleep has lain;
The war-horse neighs when he hears the sound
Float on through the air again at the dawn of day;
And the trooper buckles against his side
The trusty blade he has worn so long;
And away rush they to the field and the road
Wind the mellow notes of my morning song.

The wild bird hears it within his nest
High up in the tops of the tall pine-trees,
As he pours from out of his swelling breast
His one sweet song at the wandering breeze—
Then I call aloud from my hollow lungs,
"To horse to horse!" and the echoes hang,
And the wide woods echo as if through their breadth
A thousand clustering arms rang.

Then *forward*, and over the rugged way
Sound the hoofs of the sabres, the horses' loud tramp;
The sun looks out from the halls of day,
But views no longer a waking camp;
And out of my bronze throat I fling
A call that is heard in loud and clear,
That it rings through the misty vales and wakes
The slumbering echoes afar and near.

But louder then all are the notes I sound
When the foe is at last given to charge the foe;
Then the war-horse spurns with his hoof the ground,
And many a gallant trooper lies low
In the fiery ocean's terrible shock,
Where the dumb earth seems to hold its breath,
And eyes that kindled with ruddier fire
Are fixed in the glassy stare of death.

But a louder blast shall be heard one day
Than any which sounds from my hollow throat,
High over the hills and far away
Through the still air upon the song shall float;
But before the angel shall sound that call
War and famine and hate shall cease,
And the earth with her fruits and smiling flowers
Shall bloom through a thousand years of peace.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

The result of the series of battles beginning March 29 and ending April 9 can hardly be estimated with any degree of accuracy. It can certainly best be summed up with him from the field of his defeat can half of his army. The estimate of rebel prisoners captured has been put at 25,000. Lee's loss in killed and wounded can scarcely be put down at less than 40,000. The stragglers and deserters can not be numbered.

General Sheridan telegraphs from Richmond that of railroad stock he found there 56 locomotives, 64 passenger and baggage cars, and 176 freight cars.

At 5.30 A.M. April 4 General Grant from Sutherland Station, the end of the railroad, telegraphs, and at 8.30 A.M. telegraphs as follows:

"Sheridan has just picked up one thousand two hundred prisoners to-day, and three hundred have come in since. We have captured a large train. The majority of the army that went in behind the Lee army are now well up to the rear between the Lee and Danville. The line of retreat is marked with artillery, ammunition, burned wagons, broken wagons, and exhausted horses, etc.

"The army is pressing on to-day."

The army has pressed on closely that the enemy have been forced to destroy probably the greater part of the transportation, artillery, and munitions of war. The number of prisoners captured yesterday will exceed 5000.

"From the best data to the present time our loss in killed, wounded, and captured will not probably reach 7000, of whom 1000 were captured, and a large part slightly wounded. I shall continue the pursuit as long as there appears to be any use in it."

NEWS ITEMS.

The funeral of General A. P. Hill, killed in the recent battles, was attended with military honors, just previous to the evacuation of Petersburg, General Lee and other distinguished officers being present. He was buried in the City Cemetery on the day of his death, the circumstances accompanying the reception of his remains being:

In the battle of Five Forks, on Saturday, April 1, Brevet Brigadier-General Washburn—cousin of Theodore Winthrop—was mortally wounded. The World correspondent that narrates the circumstances attending his death. He fell at once, and his men who loved him gathered around and took him tenderly to the rear, where he died before the stretcher on which he lay could be dispatched back for nothing more done. On the way from the field to the hospital he wandered in mind at times, crying out, "Captain Wardle you're in line! Take those men," recorded, etc.?" Whom he had been remustered for a guess he said: "Lincoln, I am done for." Then he wrote: "Straighten the line!" And he died peacefully. He was a cousin of Major Winthrop, who was killed at Big Bethel, and the brother-in-law of Mr. August Belmont.

He was twenty-seven years of age. I had talked with him before going into action, as he sat at the side of General Ayres, and was persuaded by the guard of honor to endure and look upon it. He was pale and beautiful, marble rather than corpse, and the uniform cut away from his broken sword how white and fresh was the body, so perfect, even now. General Griffin said to me: "This victory is not worth Winthrop's life."

Winthrop went into the service as a simple color-bearer. At his death he commanded a brigade in Ayres's Division of the Fifth Corps.

On the 31st of March the steam transport *General Lyon*, from Washington for Fortress Monroe, having on board between five and six hundred persons, including a number of soldiers and sailors and female followers, burned and sank five miles off Cape Hatteras, and was entirely consumed. The flames were lighted by a light colored woman, who was a lacrosse barrel, and in a very short time the whole vessel was ablaze. The *New York Herald* says that a schooner was both near the *General Lyon* while she was burning; but she immediately put on all sail and tried to give succor, very few of the unfortunate passengers could be rescued, owing to the high sea and strong gale. The scene is described as most heart-rending. Many, including Washington Forrest, a nephew of Edwin Forrest, swung the water to escape a fiery death, only to be swallowed up by the waves, while others remained on board and were scorched by the flames. Out of the entire number only thirty-five or forty are at the present time known to be saved, though hopes are entertained that some others may have been picked up.

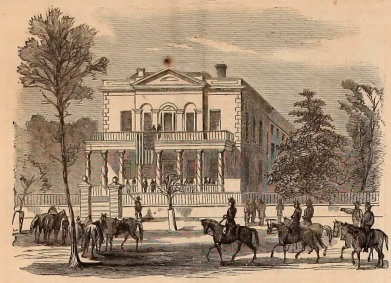
The advance of General Stoneman's cavalry force, which recently moved from Knoxville, Tennessee, and which the rebels have reported as designed to strike Lynchburg, Virginia, effected and captured the town of Boone, North Carolina, on the 27th ult., after routing the rebels stationed there, inflicting on them a loss of ten killed and over sixty wounded. The rebel papers report that Stoneman's movements indicate that he has visited every alley, and that he is accompanied by the Fourth Corps of national infantry, under General Schofield, marching in a fast fifteen thousand men.

Admiral Dahlgren will resign the command of the Brooklyn Navy-yard on the 1st of May, and will be succeeded by Commodore Charles H. Bell.

The vote of New York on the Court of Appeals amendment, excepting Soldiers' Voting Bill, is 356,526 in favor, and 80,636 against. Only one-fifth of the vote of last November was polled.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

SIGNOR MAZZINI and the Pope.—Signor Mazzini has published a manifesto in which he calls on Italy to remain quiet. Having shown the futility of the anathemas in that letter he says: "There is one Pope who blesses Italy, regards with reverence" when the Pope were the despotic and persecuting Pius the Ninth, and who blessed the dismission of justice and liberty for all, intrepid against all who sought to violate their purity and ready to sacrifice his faith, which then was the faith of the peoples, the Pope, from the hills to the Apennine centre, who raised and promoted the progress which Pio Nono now condemns." "But," he says, "the Pope of the Gospels and of the Word of princes at the present day. You reign through force, not through right. Your party is not national and Catholic, and the Sanctuary is surrounded by Neapolitan brigands upon whom you confer the name of soldiers, and by self-appointed champions of justice for the peoples who invoke God's liberty and equality. You have abandoned the principles of your own mission of justice and liberty for all, intrepid against all who sought to violate their purity and ready to sacrifice their faith, which then was the faith of the peoples, the Popes



THE REBEL GENERAL WADE HAMPTON'S MANSION IN COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL LOGAN.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



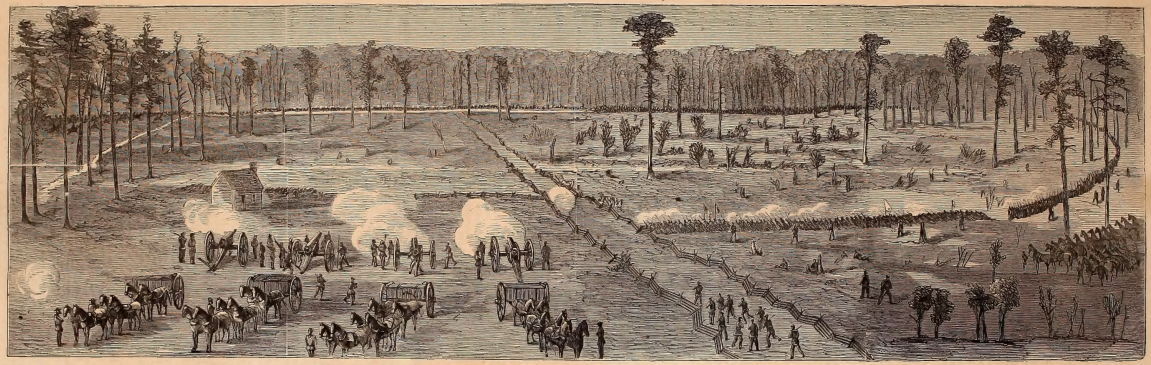
GENERAL WADE HAMPTON'S GARDEN, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA. [SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



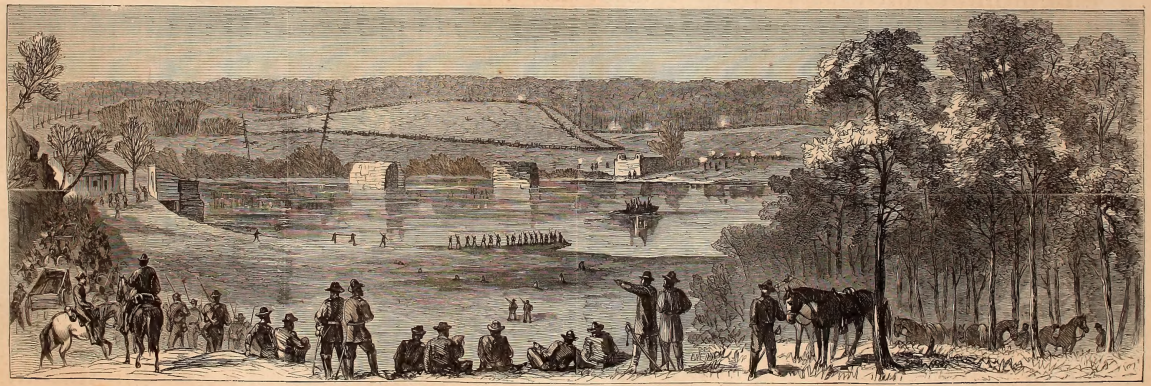
COLONEL WELLS, OF JONES'S BRIGADE, CROSSING THE NORTH EDISTO, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



GENERAL SHERMAN AND STAFF CROSSING BROAD RIVER, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



THE BATTLE AT BLACK RIVER, NEAR AVERYSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA, MARCH 16, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



LOGAN'S CORPS CROSSING THE SALUDA RIVER ABOVE COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]

GENERAL GRANT'S VICTORY.

GENERAL LEE'S attack on GRANT'S right, south of the Appomattox, on Saturday the 25th of March, was the beginning of a series of battles which have resulted in the capture of Richmond and the abandonment by the rebel army of an intrenched line of works, the strongest, with the single exception of the line of works opposed to them, that were ever held by any army in any war. Through LEE made the first attack, GRANT had made the first move. The alternative was clearly forced upon General LEE either to break GRANT'S lines or to abandon his own. And it would not be long that even this alternative would be left him. On the midnight of Friday, the 24th, he knew that he must make his choice immediately, or he would soon have no choice at all. His attempt to avoid these humiliations against him would be to insure the capture of his army. These combinations were now nearly perfected—but not quite. SHERIDAN had not made his final move, but he was on the point of making it. THOMAS and STEADMAN had not quite come up on his westward and southern line of retreat—but they were swiftly coming up. SHERIDAN had not yet, in conjunction with GRANT'S army, secured a position on the Southside Railroad—but he would directly gain that position. LEE knew that GRANT'S army was already massed on the left for that very move.

"*At this moment*," thought LEE, "there is a single chance that I may by one move save my king from checkmate—just one move, and that must decide every thing. GRANT is comparatively weak on his right, this side of City Point, on the Appomattox, at a point held by the Ninth Army Corps: close up to the river is Fort Haskell's key, three-quarters of a mile then Hankle. This position at Hare's Hill is strong by nature—so much the better for me if by surprise and with overwhelming numbers I can force it. Just beyond it runs GRANT'S military railroad from City Point, completely commanded by the position. Fortunately, on this HARE'S HILL is just under my nose—there are not more than two hundred yards between it and my own lines. If then, tonight I can mass a strong force at this point, there is no short a space to be traversed by the assailing columns that the surprise will be quite complete. GRANT'S different army corps are scattered along a long line from within half a dozen miles of Richmond to Hatcher's Run, and it will be a difficult matter for him to bring up reinforcements in time to be available. Success at the outset is quite certain—success followed up may be final victory for my army. And even a partial success, maintained, may disturb GRANT'S calculations on my right."

In pursuance with this plan the attack was made. At the first blush Fort Stedman was taken—but that was all. Even so much could not be maintained. The fort was commanded by the Ninth Corps, and not less than 1800 prisoners, including forty or fifty officers, and thirteen or fourteen battle-flags were captured at the same time. The attack of the rebels, and the recapture of the fort, and the coming in of the prisoners we have illustrated in these issues 232 and 233.

LEE'S movement had utterly failed; and instead of disturbing GRANT'S calculations on LEE'S right had given an opportunity for the Union army to advance in that very direction. Immediately General LEE saw that he must leave Richmond and its intrenched camp at Petersburg. That he would now attempt to do this General GRANT knew, and hurried up batteries, withdrew the greater portion of ORD'S army from the north side of the James, and prepared to move the main portion of his army against the Southside Road. This movement General LEE in full strength and before he had actually begun to remove his army from its intrenchments. Thus what LEE intended should be a brief evacuation was transformed into a disastrous retreat with GRANT and SHERIDAN on his flank and rear. It was should only necessary for him to follow.

There was no delay in GRANT'S movements. SHERIDAN had scarcely made his junction with FORD before he was off on the 25th with a large force of infantry in co-operation. Away past GRANT'S extreme left—by General SHERIDAN'S own admirable Court House, with the Fifth Corps, under General WARREN, on his right. On Friday, the 31st, the Fifth Corps, having gained on the previous day a position on the Boydton Road, advanced against the White Oak Road farther to the west, found the rebels in force on Gravelly Run, and was driven back to the plank road again. Later in the day the ground lost was recovered. The repulse, however, in the forenoon, had given them quite a little trouble, and it was only at great sacrifice that he held the field against the enemy. Saturday's fighting consisted of two corps under Generals DEVIN and CUSTER, CROOK's division of cavalry, and a cavalry brigade under General MACKENZIE. On Saturday these, with the Fifth Corps, were placed under SHERIDAN'S command. On that day was fought the successful battle of Big Five Forks. The greater part of the day was consumed in driving the divisions of PICKETT and BUSHROD JOHNSON into their breast-works; and as soon as this had been accomplished, the Fifth Corps came in upon the rebel left, and after a desperate conflict an thousand of the enemy surrendered. Eight thousand muskets were taken, and twenty-eight battle-flags, with several pieces of artillery.

This success exposed LEE'S flank on the Appomattox, and at the same time permitted the destruction of the Southside Road. And now as GRANT had intelligence of SHERIDAN'S victory he ordered an advance on his right along the whole line. This was at 9 P.M. on Saturday. ORD and WRIGHT and PARKE had, ere an hour, passed the picket-line, and cast themselves *en masse* upon the enemy's lines before Petersburg. The rebel line was carried by assault. On Sunday night the national troops rested in the rebel intrenchments, their line extending from the Appomattox above Petersburg to the same river below. That night Petersburg itself was abandoned. The next morning GRANT started in pursuit toward Burkesville. The distance of Burkesville from Richmond is 52 miles.

The news of the capture of Petersburg had scarcely reached the War Department before it was followed by the announcement, that, at 8.15 A.M. on Monday morning, General WEITZEL had entered Richmond with the troops left on the north side of the James. Thus, after three days of fighting, the Confederacy was left without a capital, and its great army was put to flight.

In connection with the events of the past week, the sketch which we give on our first page of General GRANT'S Head-Quarters at City Point has a peculiar interest.

SKETCHES FROM SHERMAN'S ARMY.

WE continue this week our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S march through the Carolinas. Not the least interesting of these are those engraved on pages 228 and 229, illustrating the actions at Averysborough and Bentonsville.

SHERMAN started from Fayetteville for Goldsborough on the 14th. The successes already gained by General SCHOFIELD had made the Neuse River immediately available as a base of operations. The country in his front was now stronger than he had been at any other stage of the march. BRAGG and HARDEE had joined GARDNER, to whom had been assigned the conduct of the campaign in North Carolina on the part of the Confederates. It was probable, therefore, that, in the march to the Neuse, SHERMAN would have to measure his strength against JOHNSTON, and he made his arrangements with a view to that event. The army was divided into two, while the wagon-trains, were dispatched on the road to Goldsborough. Another column, headed by KILPATRICK, and consisting of the division of the Twentieth and two of the Fourteenth corps, advanced on the road to Raleigh, by way of Fayetteville and Smithfield. A command being between this column and HOWARD. KILPATRICK met the enemy's cavalry about five miles from Fayetteville on the evening of the 15th. His infantry supports coming up, he attacked and drove the enemy from his advanced line, capturing three guns and 200 men. The Confederates fell back to Moore's Cross Roads, near Averysborough, where they held a strong position, between Cape Fear and Black Rivers, with a swamp in front. On the 16th there was fighting all day, which made such an impression upon the enemy that during the night following they left us in full the way was uncovered for the army to advance on Goldsborough. Their force, as ascertained by a prisoner, was estimated as less than 800; JOHNSTON states his as 450, and extravagantly surrenders SHERMAN'S whole army. The loss of the enemy's dead and wounded were left on the field. Among the prisoners captured was Colonel RHETT, son of the governor of South Carolina.

Another battle was fought near Bentonville, 12 miles from the Neuse. Here the enemy was found strongly intrenched on the 19th. In an attempt to flank this position a portion of the Twentieth Corps sustained a repulse, taking advantages of which the enemy assaulted the left centre of the whole line. A new line was formed, behind hasty intrenchments. The enemy made five charges upon this position, and was each time repulsed. At night he retired, just as at Averysborough. SHERMAN'S loss was less than 2000, while JOHNSTON'S was estimated at 3000. On the 20th SHERMAN attacked with his whole army, and the enemy that night fell back to Smithfield, and Saturday night by way of Clayborough, which SCHOFIELD had already occupied. DEVIN'S column had also come up from Wilmington. The three armies had formed a junction on the very day appointed by SHERMAN.

In connection with our illustrations from General SHERMAN'S army we have the opportunity to make amends to our excellent artist, MR. WILLIAM WAUD, for an error in our last week's issue, in attributing to another artist three of his sketches, viz.: "The Fifteenth Corps crossing the South Edisto;" "Raising the Stars and Stripes at Columbia," and "Burning bales;" and "The Charge of Weaver's Brigade across the Salkehatchie."

THE CAMP OF REBEL PRISONERS AT ELMIRA.

THE National Government has, since last July, founded a large camp for rebel prisoners at Elmira, an encampment formed at Elmira, in the State of New York, distant 277 miles from New York City, on the Erie Railroad. We give on page 236 a view of this encampment, taken from the "Observatory," which built upon the public cemetery hill, from which is daily visited by a multitude of curious persons, who pay the proprietor of the Observatory at the rate of ten cents each for the privilege to have a peep at the formidable captives. The inclosure within which these prisoners are confined is a space of some twenty acres, bounded with a broad river running in the rear, and high walls on every side. Here about 10,000 of the rebel soldiers who have fallen into our hands are kept in full for safe custody, lodging in the wooden huts or in the canvas tents shown in our engraving. Rations are posted all round on the walls, in such a position that they can have a clear view of every thing within the camp, while the movements of the sentries themselves can not be watched by the prisoners. At night the whole place is lighted up with kerosene oil lamps. A number of prisoners are allowed to mix with the prisoners and inform the Commandant of any plots which they may form to escape. Notwithstanding these precautions, an attempt was made, at the end of November, by about 300 of them, to dig a trench underground, from one of the hospitals to the wall, intending to pass under the wall, and get out beyond. This scheme was, however, detected, and their escape prevented, on the night which they had fixed. The prisoners at Elmira are well fed and clothed, and there is an efficient medical staff to attend upon the sick. They amuse themselves with reading and writing, or making toys and other small articles for sale.

GOD HELP THE POOR.

God help the poor who on this wintry morn
Come forth of alleys dim and courts obscure.
God help the poor pale girl who drops forlorn,
And sweakly her afflicted cash endure.
God help the outcast lamb! she trembling stands,
All wan her lips, and frozen red her hands;
Her mournful hands are modestly down cast;
Her right hand lifteth not a mouse on the first shall;
Her bosom, pansing fair, is half revealed,
And oh! so cold the snow lies there congealed;
Yet she is modest for these all vast and weak,
God help thee, outcast lamb, who standst forlorn!
God help the poor!

God help the poor! another have I found,
A bow'd and venerable man is he;
His shoulder has a heavy load to bound;
His coat is gray, and threadbare, too, I see;
"The rubs winds" seem "to mock his hoary hair,"
His shirtless bosom to the blast is bare.
Anon he hums and casts a wistful eye,
And with scant napkin wipes the blinding spray,
And looks again as if he fain would spy
Friends he hath feasted in his better day.
Ah, some are dead, and some have long forborne
To know the poor; and he is left forlorn,
God help the poor!

"IT WILL OUT."

THE 16th of October, 1712, a fête-day in the little town of St. Denis, near Marcilles, was celebrated over, a day of reconciliation in the family of the Sieur de Sala, a retired officer of distinction, inhabiting a handsome villa just beyond the town.

This gentleman's family consisted of seven children, viz.: two daughters (professed nuns) and five sons: Antoine (a lieutenant in the navy), Jean-Baptiste, François-Guillaume, Etienne-Gayetan (in the army), and Louis-Claud, a lad of thirteen.

M. de Sala, the father, had married a woman twenty-two years his junior—very beautiful, but of a violent, impetuous temper. Their married life had consequently been one series of bitter quarrels and hollow reconciliations. In all these Madame de Sala had never shown a trait of one opposite nature, that of weakening the bonds of duty and affection between the children and their father, and attaching the former exclusively to herself; an aim in which, as will be seen, she had been but too successful.

On the day above-mentioned, M. de Sala had been induced by his wife to accept an invitation to dine, a grave dereliction of duty, in having married, without consent, the pretty penniless daughter of M. Sendon, one of his tenants.

The reconciliation was, however, complete; and the old gentleman had insisted upon his son's remaining to dinner, though engaged to partake of that meal with his father-in-law.

The dinner passed off with unwonted good humor and cordiality, and Madame de Sala had withdrawn to her own apartment, when François-Guillaume, happening to pass by the door, applied to his father for some money for the purpose. Now it was one of the mother's plans for maintaining her ascendency with the children, to be herself their purse-bearer. Her husband, therefore, unprepared for his son's request, and having, indeed, but little in spare, unbuttoned the coat of such ancient value that the latter conceived himself insulted.

This may seem a trifling cause for anger. In point of fact, it was the breaking forth of that hidden fire which had never ceased to smoulder in the hearts of all the unnatural children of Madame de Sala.

The latter becoming irritated in his turn, words rose higher and higher; others (especially the newly-promoted Jean-Baptiste) joined in the quarrel, and finally, Madame de Sala, rushing in, and taking the part of her sons, increased their fury tenfold. As Jean-Baptiste Guillaume, she presented with vituperating his father, in his maniacal rage drew his sword.

At this last outrage M. de Sala started from his seat, and summoning a Turkish servant—one Hassan-all—bade him saddle a horse, loudly declaring his intention to proceed straight to Marseilles and lodge a formal complaint against his unnatural children.

Not reflecting that the parent who threatens most loudly is often the slowest to execute, and completely blinded by the flames de Sala's extreme fury her sons to oppose their father's exit, assuring them that, should he do as he had threatened, their ruin was inevitable.

The old gentleman persisting, a desperate struggle commenced, the maddened woman actually dragging him by the hair of his head, while one of the sons secured his arms and legs. Thus overpowered, he was flung to the ground, and, in falling, received a blow that caused a wound so deep as almost to render him unconscious. Rallying a little, the unhappy father appealed in touching terms to his cruel assailants:

"What have I done to you, boys, that you treat me as though I were your bitterest enemy? Have I ever ceased to obey and honor me as a father, at least remember that we are still united in a common humanity. Look at these grey hairs! Will my own children be my murderers?"

Finding his remonstrances produce no effect, M. de Sala now made a desperate attempt to rise, and was probably in attempting to strike this that Jean-Baptiste grasped him so tightly by the throat as to reduce him to complete insensibility. In fact, whether or not he died at this instant was never fully known. What is certain is, that the guilty fiend felt they had now gone too far to recede; and, with clutching, convulsive hands, and—it was said —the sword of François-Guillaume, made their horrible work complete.

During the frightful scene the younger son, Louis-Claud, had crouched weeping in a corner, longing, but not daring, to succor his father. For a similar reason the Turkish servant had remained inactive. The only other domestic, Susanne Borelli, was absent at the fête.

No sooner was the parricide consummated than dismay succeeded. The actors in this tragedy, disordered, breathless, flecked with blood, stood gaping in each other's white faces, as though they were not what next to do. The bright autumn sun streamed in full upon the remotest figure of their victim. They almost recoiled before the murdered despoiler; but as yet there was no voice of vengeance. "Patience, because eternal," says Tertullian.

The hideous deed was, however, soon aroused them to action; and she whose influence had brought about the deed was the first to regain collected self-command to take measures for averting its consequences. Aware that the chief danger lay in the chance of some one of the party, in the first access of what had passed, involuntarily betraying himself and the rest, she assumed a calmness she was far from feeling, and affected to treat the matter in the light of a mere misadventure.

She had the firmness to search her husband's pockets, and take his keys and money. Of the latter she gave a portion to François-Guillaume, desiring him to go, as he had proposed, to the fête; but to return early, and help in "putting things to rights."

She ordered Jean-Baptiste and Hassan-Ali to convey the body to a chamber on the top floor, and bring the key to her.

Her next step was cool. She sent Louis-César to the curate, M. Senelon, requesting his attendance; and, on his arrival, quietly informed him that her husband—her two eldest sons and François-Guillaume had killed their father.

If Madame de Sala had judged M. Senelon aright. Heroic-stoic as he was, he was not the man by himself to denounce the husband of his child. Committed, therefore, to utter concealment under the atrocious crime, he suggested that the body should be placed in bed, and that it should be given out that M. de Sala had died of apoplexy.

On learning, however, that the marks of violence were too apparent for this explanation, the curate proposed that the body should be left there as an upper window into the garden, dressed as it was, and with the finger still retaining the ring of a bridegroom which another day would be celebrating to reach which it might be surmised that M. de Sala had overheated himself and fallen. Having, as he was, free, front and after the fact, accomplice, the curate turned to withdraw; but passing on the threshold, spoke a parting word:

"Though I have consented—against my conscience and my duty—to aid in the present concealment of this unnatural and terrible deed, I am sure that no human craft or caution will secure your permanent safety. Prepare yourselves, by your Easter Duty, for the inevitable judgment of God."

Now was seen a curious feature of humanity. Jean-Baptiste, who had been foremost in the murderous assault, trembled from head to foot at the very thought of the fresh indignity he was called on to inflict upon the senseless corpse. He at first positively refused to lay a finger on the body: and it required all the influence of his mother to overcome his repugnance. As it was, he was seized with a deadly sickness at last; and the disfigurements that fell prone among the crushed flowers was hardly more livid and corpse-like than he who dropped it there. As for Madame de Sala, she only by this time regained all her natural self-possession, she neglected nothing that might further the deceit. She threw her husband's cloak over the body; and then going down to her hen-house, killed some fowls, and sprinkled the blood about the prostrate body.

In a few minutes more she had convened the neighbors that something had happened at the house of De Sala; and there, rushing in, found the family on the eve of lifting the dead body from the floor. It was placed upon the nearest couch, amidst tears and shrieks; and every means for restoring animation resorted to with well-acted assiduity. These exhausted, Madame de Sala gave herself up to the wildest grief, bewailing her hasty, and exhibiting very token of despair; the rest, each according to his several gift, imitating as best they might.

A magistrate now arrived, got sworn and by two surgeons, examined the body. Not the slightest suspicion of foul play visited their minds. The medical men reported that M. de Sala had died from injuries received in an accidental fall; and the bereaved family were quickly left to the free indulgence of their sorrow.

This satisfactory proceeding removed a great source of anxiety. The whole party, excepting the young Louis-César, now assembled in the rich renewed courage, the mother assuring them that, were they but true to themselves, their future life would be for happier and more peaceful than hitherto.

Matters did go on for some months with a tranquility labored and unnatural, but still unhappy home, when a little cloud made its appearance above their horizon. M. de Sala had possessed but slender means to begin with, and had received from government. The family soon began to feel the pressure of poverty and, finding their resources all but exhausted, resolved on the sale. Accordingly, of Antoine, already provided for—wrote a joint letter to their uncle, the Count de Sala, describing in touching terms their destitute position, and entreating his influence to ameliorate it. In answer to their application, the count conferred on the family a pension of six hundred livres a year.

In this interval, certain suspicions having arisen in the minds of the two elder sons, Antoine and the sailor and Etienne-Gayetan the soldier, these two arranged a joint visit to their home: and, taking their youngest brother apart, subjected the lad to so close and searching an examination, that he ended by divulging the horrible secret, and describing minutely the tragedy of which he had been a witness. There followed a family consultation, in which fresh pledges for the concealment of the secret were exchanged, and these would probably have been observed had not the allowance granted by the count proved a source of fatal division. Ma-

dame de Salis insisted that this money should be paid over to her, as most competent to use it for the general benefit. To this her sons, who had ceased to treat her with their wonted deference, demurred; and the party separated, Madame de Salis repairing to Aix, Guillaume-François and Etienne-Gayetan remaining at St. Barnabé, Jean-Baptiste and Louis-César taking up their residence at Marseilles.

It was not without opposition from Jean-Baptiste that Etienne-Gayetan took possession of the paternal mansion, etc. The latter's object, however, had not been a selfish one. He was a good economist, and believed himself capable of developing the resources of the little property for the advantage of all. An angry correspondence followed between the two brothers, and ended at such a point that Etienne-Gayetan was induced to remind his elder that not only the landed estate, but his life, were at the mercy of the man he vilified. Jean-Baptiste was of violent and headstrong disposition. The threat only strengthened his hate. Whether he was transported beyond himself, or whether he secretly believed that his brother would never take the step at which he subsequently hinted, at all events he replied with disdain and defiance. Thereupon Etienne-Gayetan seized his pen, and, with pulses still throbbing, wrote to an old comrade of his brother, the Marquis de Montolieu—a precise detail of the frightful transaction.

Scarcely had the marquis read and reflected on this startling communication when a visitor was announced—Louis-César. The latter's object passed at this interview never appeared. It ended, however, in the lad's dismissal, carrying with him the letter, and a verbal caution to silence. Whether the marquis probably believed would suffice to induce the accused either to stand forward and clear himself, or to rid the country of his presence.

Jean-Baptiste resolved to attempt the former. In great alarm he wrote hastily to Marseilles, and, with much ingenuity and no small eloquence, cast the whole guilt of the murder upon his mother and his brother Guillaume-François. These were already two traitors to the guilty compact. Another quickly succeeded.

Madame de Salis, made aware of the quarrel among her sons and the threats of Etienne-Gayetan, became extremely uneasy. She lost sleep and appetite. Fire mind perpetually recalled the scene of murder with sensations of horror and dread such as had not accompanied even the act itself. A consciousness of impending vengeance overwhelmed her with every idea that crossed her mind, with every habitual movement of the day, with every nightly vision. At length, in despair of other means of saving herself, she wrote to the Count de Salis, her brother-in-law, revealing the black secret in all its atrocity, but laying it to the charge of Jean-Baptiste alone.

The horror with which her correspondent received this information may be conceived. It was some time before he could collect himself sufficiently to make a reply. When he did so, it was conceived in the following terms:

"I forward to you, my dear sister, a letter which has been addressed to me under cover to you. It is probably from some enemy, who has copied your handwriting so skillfully that one might almost swear it was your own. Therefore it forthwith, and be careful to give no ground for attacks of such a character from any one whomsoever. I shall write to my brother's old friend, the Marquis de Montolieu, recommending my nephews to his care, in the hope that he may be able to reconcile their differences, and recall them to their filial duty."

Meanwhile the letter of Jean-Baptiste to M. de Montolieu had thrown the latter into the greatest consternation. Of the murder he entertained not the slightest doubt. The question which perpetually slily presented itself to his conscience was, whether, or for how long, he should suffer the actors in a crime of such atrocity to pollute society with their presence. After much consideration he resolved to confide the matter to an intimate friend, the Marquis de Caveyrac, and, accordingly, the latter transmitted the whole fatal history, intimating, at the same time, his determination to isolate the guilty family from society.

The Marquis de Cavoy immediately communicated with the Count de Salis, proposing to use their united influence to obtain a private banishment. But to this the count objected that his object—that of keeping the matter quiet—would be defeated, as the king would publicly inquire the grounds of the application for the *lettre de cachet*, and, on learning them, would, with equal certainty, deliver the criminals into the hands of justice. He promised, however, to write a soothing letter to M. de Montolieu, and also to restore peace in the divided family.

Up to this moment, it will be seen, the prudence and sagacity of the Count de Salis had not exceeded the danger that had been caused by the imprudence of Madame de Salis and her sons. But divine justice had decreed the revelation of these crimes, and brought about this result in an unexpected manner.

The Count de Salis, before permitting his friend the Marquis de Cavoy to depart, had received from him a promise to destroy the letter of M. de Montolieu, which he had left in his cabinet. On returning home the marquis, mindful of his promise, took out the letter and placed it in his pocket, intending to burn it in a brasier in the hall. As he entered that apartment, a servant announced a messenger from the minister of justice, M. de Pontchartrain, who desired to see him instantly on a political matter of importance, on which they had already several times conferred.

De Cavoy hastened to the minister's residence, and a discussion, which drove the business of the morning entirely from his mind, ended in M. de Pontchartrain requesting his friend to leave with him all the papers connected with the subject of their consultation, and to visit him again on the following day.

An hour later, as the statesman still sat in meditation, the documents before him, a strange expression in one of them chanced to catch his eye—"*atrocious murder.*" He took up the paper and read it from beginning to end. It was the letter of the Marquis de Montolieu!

It at once occurred to the astute minister that his friend had purposely done him the honour of bringing the affair to his knowledge, with the view of avoiding the painful duty of coming forward as actual informer. In any case, however, M. de Pontchartrain felt that there was but one course open to him; and this he at once adopted. Going straight to the palace, he placed the matter before the king. The latter, struck with horror, directed that the parties should be immediately arrested, and that M. Lebret, president of Provence, and M. Lagarde, procureur-general, should take measures for bringing them to condign punishment.

Early on the succeeding day M. de Cavoy, having discovered the loss of his letter, made his appearance in a state of disorder at the minister's house, and desired leave to examine the documents he had left. M. de Pontchartrain at once informed him of what had been done, manifesting at the same time the impression he had conceived that such a proceeding would be in accordance with his visitor's wishes, since it was not to be supposed that he (the latter) would knowingly cast a veil over so horrible a crime. M. de Cavoy retired without reply.

It so happened that M. Lagarde was stopping at the house of M. le Bret when the missive conveying the king's command was delivered to the latter. Both these gentlemen had been personally acquainted with M. de Salis and his family; both were alike in slumber-struck at the dreadful intelligence.

M. Lagarde avowed his entire disbelief. That Madame de Salis was possessed of a warm temper, had been generally remarked; but that that lady, and her orderly and seemingly dutiful children, should have been guilty of such a diabolical crime, appeared positively incredible.

His host agreed with him. It was now eight months since this supposed murder. The narcotraites had attended at the time; the surgeons had made their report. Such charges were not unprecedented, as the case of Madame Barnadine, who had a grudge against some unfortunate family.

But on M. Lagarde's arriving at his own house, he found a communication awaiting him from M. de Pontchartrain, in which the crime, with all its details, was fully set forth. He was enjoined to lose not a moment in repairing to Aix-en-Provence; and accordingly issued the necessary directions, in pursuance of which lieutenant of police Bernet, with an escort of archers, proceeded to St. Barnabé, and quietly surrounding the house, arrested the two sons, Guillaume-François and Etienne-Gayetan, in their beds.

Finding that Jean-Baptiste and Louis-César were still at Marseilles, the former sent instructions to write to their brothers, proposing a general family council, for the arrangement of their affairs; and that they should, for that purpose, come on the morrow to St. Barnabé.

Bonnet himself, attended by three archers in disguise, was the bearer of the letter. Then, after a minute's hesitation, returned a verbal answer, to the effect that if Jean-Baptiste was in Provence they their letter come to him at Marseilles. Thereupon Bonnet placed both brothers in the custody of his archers.

But a few hours elapsed before the indefatigable lieutenant made his appearance in the apartment of Madame de Salis in the house of her friend, M. Ailland, of Aix. On learning his errand the unhappy woman fell into a paroxysm of grief and terror. She came to a full confession of all that she would not quit the house without a promise that she should have an interview with the procureur-general. The latter was summoned, and received for his wish; but the interview, as that several persons were present, at which, as expected, the result beneficial to the prisoner; and she was then lodged in the prison at Marseilles, within whose gloomy walls she remained for the space of a year.

The king now reiterated his commands that the process should be commenced without a day's delay. But, in the then state of the public security cause, no care had been taken to separate the accused from each other. In consequence, they had concerted a line of defense which baffled the first investigation, if adhered to, to defeat the ends of justice.

The first important witness was the Turk, Hassan-Ali, who deposed to the death of his slave, and occasioned by a fall from the window while feeding a pet bull-finch.

This dreaded witness having thus delivered himself, a zealous friend of the accused hastened to smuggle him away into a place of concealment, whence, however, in the man's clemency he awakened suspicion in the mind of the experienced procureur-general. The latter, therefore, had the lieutenant for not having included this witness among his prisoners.

The lieutenant replied that, the minister of justice having limited his instructions to the arrest of the mother and sons—while aware of the presence of this death-struck Turk—he had not conceived he had naturally concluded that there was a certain object in thus leaving the man at liberty. The matter was quickly settled through the intervention of the Turk himself, who, venturing from his retreat, was rearrested, and lodged in jail.

In the mean time the second witness, Susanna Borelli, had undergone examination, but had revealed nothing of importance. It was manifestly on Hassan-Ali that the prosecution would be compelled to rely. To extort the truth from him all means were employed in vain. He was first passed through two protracted interrogatories without approaching a jot nearer to the truth. It was then resolved to place him in a dungeon, upon bread-and-water; and the effect of this system was soon apparent.

Hassan-Ali purchased an improved state of things by denouncing Guillaume-François as the parricide, and faintly implicating Jean-Baptiste. The two were consequently placed in separate cells. But here the matter seemed to rest. So long as both were silent the testimony of Hassan-Ali was innocuous.

Five months elapsed, when the Turk suddenly requested leave to amend his former statement; and now exonerated Madame de Salis and Guillaume-François, declaring that Jean-Baptiste alone was guilty.

In addition to this testimony, other parties came forward to declare that Madame de Salis had expressed her intention to practise upon her husband with some slow poison that should at least confine him to his bed, and thus leave her the sole direction of the household.

This was confirmed by Jean-Baptiste, who acknowledged that his mother had on occasional occasions sent him to purchase the drugs—which, however, the chemist had refused to furnish.

Finding the tide set so strongly against her—and inspired, above all, with resentment against Jean-Baptiste—Madame de Salis now resolved to take her turn at confession, and accordingly denounced the former as the sole assassin. She declared that her only reason for reserve had been a natural reluctance to betray her son to the scaffold; but that since Hassan-Ali had evidently been tampered with on his behalf, and been prevailed on to implicate herself and Guillaume-François, she now resolved to declare the truth.

Invited to confirm this statement with her letter to M. de Montolieu, she denied the inference attempted to be drawn from the latter—and (for M. de Montolieu had died in the interval) this point was abandoned.

The mother and son were then confronted. The latter still persisted; he listened in silence to her deposition; then addressed her in a low, quiet tone, as follows:

"Can you, in your conscience, mother, persist in a statement that casts upon me—the least guilty—the whole responsibility of a crime? Was it not Guillaume-François who drew his sword upon my father? Did not you yourself, at the first consultation, declare that, in the event of your assailment, seize our victim by the hair, and, when he was flung to the ground, assist in trying to strangle him? Was it not Guillaume-François who struck him on the temple with the sword, while I in vain strove to stanch the flowing blood?"

His mother replied not without reply; and now the other two brothers, Guillaume-François and Louis-César (the guilty and the innocent), added their confirmation to general effect. Jean-Baptiste, to exonerate their mother, and to lay the crime on Jean-Baptiste.

The process, which had lasted nearly twelve months, at length terminated with the following decrees:

"Jean-Baptiste—guilty of murder and parricide, condemned to have both hands cut off; his arms, legs, thighs, and body broken; and broken afterward to be fixed upon the wheel, there to linger so long as God shall please; after which his body to be burned and reduced to the winds. A fine of ten livres to the king.

"Guillaume - François, the same, quoting one hand.

"Louis-César—guilty of not interposing—condemned to be banished perpetually from all provinces; then to perpetual banishment.

"Madame de Salis—for aiding in the murder—sentenced to decapitation.

"Hassan-Ali—for failing to assist his master—to stand for two hours in the pillory.

"Etienne-Gayetan and Susanne Borelli, acquitted."

An appeal having been subsequently made against the sentence, the whole of the prisoners were conveyed to Aix, where the mother was lodged in a chamber of the Conciergerie, and the brothers, Jean-Baptiste and Guillaume-François, in separate cells.

The case had by this time created an extraordinary sensation; and when at length the judgment on appeal was delivered, the tribunal-court-yard was evinced by all ranks to obtain a place of hearing.

The impression in hall of the Palais de Justice was crowded with persons of the highest distinction, not a few of whom were connected by family ties with the accused. The latter, as before, appeared, with some slight modifications, the former sentence.

It was expected that Madame de Salis would have fallen into a swoon when called to the dock; on the contrary, she bowed her head submissively, only murmuring,

"*Oh, se rend pas justice!*" ("They do not do me justice").

Justice, that is, to her crime; for it appeared that her sentence was never fully awakened, and that she desired only to make what atonement was possible to God and man.

In the conciergerie was met in an adjoining apartment. They were to see each other but once again—on the scaffold. At six o'clock they were to die.

Jean-Baptiste, holding up his heavy chains with both hands, knelt to his mother first, and entreated pardon for the testimony he had been compelled to give.

Madame de Salis knelt likewise, embraced her son, and assured him of her complete forgiveness. Then, addressing her children generally:

"They are about," she said, "to separate them mortal frames; but our souls, let us humbly trust, shall be reunited in heaven. Thank we God, who has brought us to this just and merciful condemnation. Think no more of the life we quit, but of that to which we are hastening. Adieu, my children! *I* led you to this guilt; *I* will precede you to its punishment."

There followed a brief dialogue between Jean-Baptiste and François-Guillaume. The latter had preserved a somewhat sullen demeanor, and was disposed to deny his fatal participation in the murder.

"You will forgive me, brother," said the elder, "for having confessed the truth?"

"You have not always kept to the truth."

"But are right as to the first interrogatory, but not the latter," was the reply; "and you yourself, François, have done as much."

"Well, that is true; and I—I wish—"

And François, melting, threw himself into his brother's arms.

"For my part," continued the latter, "I never truly believed that Heaven would suffer such an act to go unpunished. I never passed the place of execution at Aix without repeating to myself, '*There* I must end my life; it is but a question of days.' There is but one thing that troubles me—the thought of my poor wife and children. They will but burn my corpse. They should rather give my body living to the flame."

A Capuchin informed the speaker that he would not be left to linger on the wheel. They would accord him the parricide-axe.

"Still further mitigation!" exclaimed the prisoner. "Do they think I can not bear all that my guilt deserves? I ought to linger, and for one, but many days—ay, many weeks. They should tear from me each day some fragment of this guilty frame. It is my desire to be made my last sigh in the midst of the worst pangs justice can inflict."

The wretched family engaged separately in devotional exercises for the intervening hours. At six o'clock the executioners entered the prison, and Madame de Salis was the first to appear. She shed tears, but was otherwise calm and self-possessed. She frequently pressed her lips to the crucifix she carried, murmuring:

"Mother of grace, Mother of mercy, defend us from the shoults of the enemy of souls!"

Francois followed. He stretched out his arms to the assistants.

"Bind these impious hands," he said, "stained with a parent's blood. They should not only be bound, but burned in a slow fire."

Madame de Salis then knelt before the altar, and uttered a prayer that touched the hearts of all:

"My God, I offer Thee my spirit, my heart, my soul, and my body in reparation of the evil I call upon Thee; my heart, because it loves but Thee; my soul, because it pants for Thy presence; my body, that it may be offered in fitting expiation of my crime. I offer Thee this head, about to fall; and would that I had ten thousand, that I might offer them all!"

The condemned exchanged a last embrace, and the procession was then formed; the two sons being placed between two priests, and Madame following, supported by the Turk, Hassan-Ali, in another. An immense multitude lined the way; and although a profound silence was observed on the occasion, it had frequently to halt while room was made to pass.

Arrived opposite the church of St. Sauveur, the carts drew up before the door, in order that the usual *amende honorable* might be made. But the criminals were not required to descend. The reverend director of the Capuchins performed this humble function in their name, extending pardon of God, the king, and the law.

The cart which bore the two brothers being the first to reach the scaffold, they were assisted to mount the steps; and the crowd, ever awake to the minutest circumstances that mark these solemn moments, did not fail to observe that, coincidence, perhaps intended by divine justice, that Guillaume-François, who had been the first to consummate the fatal quarrel, was the first to set foot on the platform.

Seeing her sons ascending before her, Madame de Salis became much agitated, declaring that the authorities had broken faith with her, having promised that she should be first to die.

Her confessor assured her it was merely a proceeding rendered necessary by the relative position of the vehicles, and pointed out to her the executioner, hastening to assist her to ascend. In another minute she was standing on the platform, with her dress contented look; and turning to the people, besought, in low, humble tones, their prayers for herself and her children.

Turning to the executioner, she said, "My friend, I do not fear death; but lest, in my agony, my woman's modesty should prove too weak, I pray you not to put me to any needless pain."

The executioner took off a black scarf she had hitherto worn on her head, and bound over her eyes. She then moved in the direction of the block, and feeling for it, knelt and laid her head quietly down. The executioner which then struck the blade close to the slender white neck—raised it aloft—struck. The head dropped forward; and though the victim was dead, it needed the application of a knife to complete the decapitation. Head and body were then placed together in a coffin, and Guillaume-François was the next summoned.

He had heard the fatal blow, although from intervening objects he had not seen it; its witness it, and was filled with fear at what was over. He desired to see the body. The confessor, fearing the sight would unman him, objected; but the young man persisting, he was conducted to the side of the coffin. With one deep sigh he turned away and strode to the block, laying his right hand upon it.

"This," he said, "is my first expiation—this impious hand. Take it quickly."

The executioner, struck so unskillfully, that the blow was not wholly effectual; and in the sudden anguish the young man uttered a loud cry. A second blow divided the remaining muscles; then Guillaume-François laid down his head. The same want of skill caused the headsman again to fail in doing his office at one blow; for though he struck with such force that the criminal was slain and the block itself shattered, it needed a second stroke to make the work complete.

Jean-Baptiste came forward with firm step and unchanged look. The hands had been removed, and a huge and heavy cross substituted. To this, his upper garments having been removed, the patient was now firmly bound; this done, his hands were struck off, one after the other; then the brawny headsman, seizing a ponderous iron bar, broke in succession his legs and thighs, and finally dealt him three several blows on the stomach, chest, and head. With his last was the "pardon-stroke," instantly mortal.

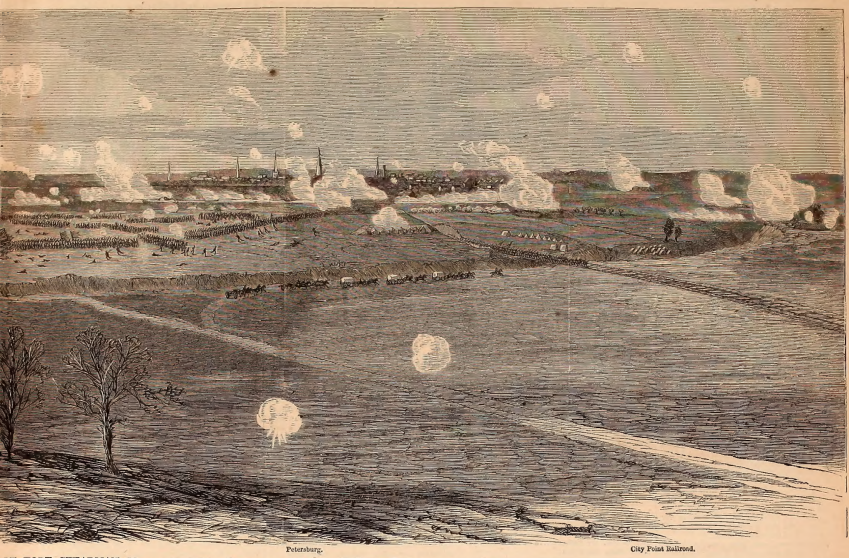
Thus came this murder "out."



THE FINAL CHARGE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS AND RECAPTURE



THE REBEL ATTACK ON FORT STEADMAN, MARCH 25, 1865.



OF FORT STEADMAN, MARCH 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]



REBEL PRISONERS COMING IN TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, NINTH CORPS, MARCH 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]

MAUREEN LACEY.

I.

MAUREEN'S long day's work in the open air was almost over, and she stood knee-deep in the heather, binding her bundle of broom with a rope of straw. Round and round about her swept the sad, barren Island, very sad and very barren at such a season, and such an hour.

The girl had a good walk before her. Swinging her burden on her shoulders, she set out at a brisk pace. There was not a sound in the air but the screaming of some sea-mews round a pool, or now and then a whirring sound of wings, as a sudden flight of moor-fowl rushed past overhead.

Presently a more homely sound stole over the air. Some one was shuffling on the path behind Maureen. Hearing this, she quickened her steps, with a toss of her head, her face, and tightness of breath. But the following foot came surely on. Its pace was swifter than hers.

"Save ye, Maureen!" said a genial voice beside her. "Give us the bunch. Yer fair broke in two halves with the weight of it."

This speaker was a stalwart young fisherman, with as much eagerness in his bronzed kindling face as there had been haste in his pursuing step, Maureen stopped short, and looked at him with a proud troubled directness in her eyes.

"What for should I give you my bun'le, Mike Tierney? It's quite steady, strong."

"You just carry yer own burdles, and I'll carry mine. That's the safest that I can see unless we both do."

She gave her burden a resolute jerk, and began plodding on more steadily than before. But Mike kept by her footsteps.

"It's always the hard word with you, Maureen," he said, bitterly. "It's often a throuble to me wonderin' if I was to write for a hondred years, or a thousan smile, would you give me that same in the end?"

"Just as likely not," said Maureen, shortly. "If ye have so little to do with yer time begin and work for girls that has the world light on their shoulthers. There's plinty, I doubt it, for you to make love to this 'without waitin' for the hoodhert years to be up. Maureen Lacey have no time for such fooling."

"Whisht, Maureen!" cried Mike. "You know well that I care as little for the smile that isn't on your face as for the sunshine that's there for the moor the read-side. Ye know that the sight o' you's mate an' drinkin to me the longest day that ever I tasted, an' the smallest bit o' the heart in me is the wather I sweeter to me than the larks' singin' in the spring. But if my corpse was waked to-night you'd thramp over my grave to-morrow to think now o' the daisies ye hurt with yer foot than of me lyin' below."

"Ye not dead!" said Maureen, sullenly, "nor ayin' neither, nor likely. But if ye were, ay or grave lay in the road o' my work, I suppose I'd thramp over it all the same for that."

"Well, Maureen," said Mike, drawing himself up, "I'm not the mane wretch to keep botherin' a girl wasn't at all in a mind to listen to me. But you, there's others I could like better. But that's what you inver said to me yet, Maureen, an' in spite o' yer hard words there's a glint I've seen in the eye, ay, faith! a weeshie glint, that keeps me warm the cruelest day that iver I put in on you waves. There's more in that glint to be to-night, an' the bit of a question I wanted to ax ye. But when ye come sich on me with yer crass talk, it just chokes the courage in my throat entirely."

"I'm glad it does," said Maureen. "I neither want to hear yer words nor to answer yer questions. An' now we're comin' to the village. Here's yer path, an' there's the road to the East Ind. Ye'd bether let me go home myself."

"Go your lone, then!" said Mike, fretly, "an' I'll go mine. I'll be bether off than you, anyways, that hasn't a heart to break nor heart for anyone. Sorra bit! but such a thing was left out clane the day ye were made. Maureen!" he added, eagerly, as she turned, his angry voice failing into a coaxing whisper, "there's to be a Hallow's Eve dance at Biddy Prendergast's to-night. Hurry the children to their beds, an' yer mother her heads to count at the fire, an' come. Will you?"

Maureen had stopped short. "No, I won't," she said, in a low voice.

"Fetch ye will now, avourneen!"

"Fetch I won't!" repeated the girl, doggedly, with her eyes on the ground.

"An' ye plase, then," cried Mike, with another burst of passion, "I'll be pleased to plase myself, too, at Biddy's—Peggy Moran for wan, the best dancer in the island. But soran to the bit of my cold brogues that I'll dance off my feet by the Lucky House under the Hill with her. No, but ye'll come, Maureen. I'll take no nay onth that I'll see you comin' walkin' in like a May morning afore I put on the floor a crack with Peggy."

Maureen turned her head, and looked at Mike one final glance, as she turned away.

"An' if you do," she said, "I'll give ye love in full to take an' to keep, an' the word I'm bound to say every could word that iver I said since you begun to spake to me this ways. A pleasant dance to you, then, and good-night. Good-evening!"

She turned off abruptly, and struck out on her homeward path. Mike gave one passionate look after her, and then muttered away in the other direction, whistling The Little House under the Hill with all his might.

At one of the furthest cabins facing the sea Maureen stopped, and stepped over the door-step into the fresh darkness. Her eyes, accustomed to the red smoky atmosphere, saw her step-mother sitting at the hearth-stone with a child upon her knee, and some four or five other little ones grouped about the embers at their play. These Maureen had expected to see, but her eyes went straight from them to two other figures, less familiar. Two visitors, a man and a woman, were seated properly on chairs, visit-or-like, at a respectful distance from the fire. On those, for the air of their presence, Maureen's glance passed severe judgment.

"Save ye, Lavelle!" she said, slowly, as she closed the door behind her. "Save ye, Nan?"

And then, without heeding their response, she went to the hearth-stool of her step-mother, and threw her bundle of heather from her back upon a heap of turf. Straightening her bent figure with a sigh of relief, she untied the blue kerchief from her head and knotted it loosely round her neck. She passed her hand over her hair, damp with the dew, and smoothed back a straggling lock or two. Then, with her arms full of turf, she came silently over to the hearth, and began to "make down" a good roaring fire to boil the potatoes in a little brass pot, her visitors drew back to give her more room, and the step-mother whispered, as she bent forward to the blaze.

"Who was walkin' on the bog with you, Maureen?"

A flash leaped out of the girl's eyes. She went on with her task in silence for about a minute, and then she said, in a steady voice, loud enough for the others to hear:

"If ye hard there was any wan, mother, ye hard who it was, and so I needn't tell ye. Have you knowed afore."

"What was he sayin' to you, asthore?"

"It's no matter to any body what he was sayin'. He's plotin' no murther, that his words should be kep' an' counted."

"An' what did you say to him, avourneen?"

"Nothin' that went again my promise to you, mother. An' if he come that way often, or offered me afore strangers, we'll talk about somethin' else, an' ye plase."

So saying, Maureen rose to her feet with a brusqueness of manner that cut the dialogue short. The visitors, uneasily silent while it had lasted, now shuffled in their seats, and Mr. Con cleared his throat, and Nan clattered her chair closer to the hearth. Maureen drew a stool from the corner and sat down, leaning her elbow on her knee, and her head upon her hand, with a sullen, set face.

Lavelle, a good-humored looking, rug-headed young woman, was a bran-new green Cobourg gown, was the first to speak.

"We come, Con an' me," said Nan, "to see if you'd go with us to Biddy Prendergast's. There's to be two pipers, no less, wan Tady Kelly, from Mayo side, forbye our own Paudeen; an' the two o' them is to play for the best for their best music. They say that this Tady has great waltzes an' gran' fashions, but Paudeen's the best partner for the jiggin-ones after. An' there's to be say up in Biddy's new room, an' duckin' for apples, an' jumpin' at candles. Sorra sich a turn-out ever was seen! You'll come, Maureen?"

At the beginning of this address Maureen had changed color quickly, and, seizing the tongs, had commenced a fresh attack on the fire. But she answered readily:

"I thank you, Nan," she said, "for comin' so far out o' yer way for me; an' I'm obliged to yer brother, too. But I think I'll not stir out again to-night."

"Och now, Maureen, an' you against the logs! goin' to spen' yer Hallow's Eve at the fireside yer lone. Sorra wan o' you—"

"I'm quite to be by, an' by-an'-by," said Maureen. "I'm thinkin' it's the fittest place for me that's been workin' hard since four this mornin'."

"Ay, Maureen, you're the hard word hard," said Con Lavelle, speaking for the first time, shaking his eyes with a brawny hand, while he stuck a glance of tenderness at her from under his massive rough-hewn brows.

Maureen flushed again as she felt the glance. "That's for my own judgment," she said, impatiently. "I'm young an' strong, an' it ever I'm to work it's now or never, an' I thank God for it."

"But you'll come to the dances?" said Nan, cockingly.

"No, Nan; I'll go to my bed."

"Well, if ever I seen or hard of such a girl!" said the sickly step-mother, fretfully. "Heavens above! when I was yer age there was not their daughter acre, and that I wouldn't be at. Come, none o' yer laziness, Maureen! Bed, indeed! I tell ye there's room on airth for restin' young bones after a hard day's work like a good dance. Up with you, girl, an' put on yer smartest, an' be the chak."

"Mother!" said Maureen, looking up in ashamement, "don't bid me for to go-night. You don't know what's ailin' me."

"But I do bid you for to go, an' if you guinsay me now, it'll be the first time in yer life. As for what knowed I what's ailin' it's a queer speech, Maureen, an' wan I didn't expect from you. Be off with ye now!"

"An' I to go, mother?" she cried.

"You're to go, an' be quick!"

"Then let it stan' so," said Maureen, rising up suddenly, and looking at her step-mother with such a queer expression on her face. "I'm doin' yer biddin', an' come good or come ill of it, ye must have the blame for it."

Down to the room went Maureen with a lighted candle in her hand, which she stuck in a sconce on the wall.

"I have shrived an' I have wrought," muttered she, as with trembling hands she began to pull out her gray worsted stockings, and the shoes that on Sundays and state occasions only covered her stockin-feet. "I have slighted the boy that was willin' to give me my will as much as to the sayin' of 'I'll go or I'll stay. Now I'm doin' her biddin', as I still have done it, an' if all comes out of it, let her look to it. I've hardened myself, an' I've hardened myself, but I'm not as hard as the rock yet. An' if I go at all, *feth* I'll go decent, an' not be danced under foot by the grandeur of Peggy Moran, with my genteel shoes on her heels, an' her fine airs an' flounces, stickin' out all round her, starched as stiff as the grass in a white frost. Oh!—"

Here Maureen gave a terrible gasp of impatience to the thought of Peggy Moran, and struck her heel on the ground to drive it home in the unaccustomed shoe. Who should keep her from going to Biddy Prendergast's dance now? Not all the men in Bofin, armed to the death with shillalahs.

She opened an old painted chest in the corner, and produced a gown. This gown had belonged to her own dead mother, and was the one piece of finery which Maureen possessed in the world. It was a grand chintz, with blue and gold-color flowers on a chocolate ground, and fitted her figure to a nicety. This was quickly assumed, and her long amber hair rolled round her head in as smooth a wreath as its natural waviness would permit of. When this was done, a little cracked looking-glass over the hearth declared her toilet complete. Then she came back to the kitchen, and while Con Lavelle's admiring eyes devoured her from a shadowy corner, she served out their supper of potatoes to the children, and placed the pot of fish in a little brass tea-pot, burned black, on the hearth within reach of her step-mother's feet. These things done, she put the key of the house in her pocket, and taking "her cloak," a family garment, she followed her friends out of the cabin into the moonlit night, which had replaced the gloomy twilight.

Biddy Prendergast's house was in the Middle Quarter village, about a mile from the Widow Lacey's. When Maureen and the Lavelles arrived at the festive scene operations had already commenced. Persons of slighter pretensions to their entrance from a crowd of boys and girls who were ducking for apples in a tub of water behind the door. The kitchen was lighted by a huge fire that roared up the cooking chimney. In the smoky rafters hens dozed, and nets dangled. Patches of bacon and bunches of dried fish swung in the draught when the door was opened. Biddy Prendergast was a well-to-do woman, one of the island aristocracy, and her kitchen took two or three *callioghs*, anglicè crones, were toasting their knees and nolding their chat, while that light heart and their wool petticoats and their withered faces and hands. In a retired corner was Paudeen, the island piper, wrinkled and white-haired, sitting with his face very ball-flushed, dozing and tuning at his pipes, holding commune with them, as it were, rallying and inspiring all their energies for the coming fray with the rival piper, and piper, who had come to dispute the palm for skilful harmonies with the Bofin instrument and the Bofin musician. Tady, the other performer, was "down in the room" at his tea. And "down to the room" was the name given to the North Beach.

In this room a notable assemblage was convened. A long board, contrived by means of several small stables, was spread with cakes, cakes, "crackes," and potato cakes, several pounds of butter in a large roll being placed in the centre on a dish. A bed, with blue checked curtains and patchwork counterpane, choked up one corner of the room, leaving no space for chairs. This difficulty was comfortably removed by the bed being on the bed, and squatting their cups and platters on their knees. Those opposite were less fortunate, as the heels of their hosiery were protruding on the earth. All the élite of Bofin were here.

Biddy Prendergast, a plain-faced woman in a crimped dress and a large cap, was making tea at the head of her board in high spirits. She was talking volubly, joking and laughing at Miss Tierney, who with a big black kettle in hand was replenishing her earthen tea-pot. Every now and again her voice rose above the din of the room, and by, with her back to the fire, in all the glory of the five muslin flounces a host of red ribbons blazing under her chin, and her black eyes dancing, responsive to Biddy's winks, or falling demurely on her tea-cup when handsome Mike looked her way. Near to Biddy's chair was the best-looking man in the house, tall, and manly, and bronzed; with his cooking voice, and his roguish smile, and his frank way of tossing the dark curls from his forehead by a fling of his head. Peggy, the belle, had long desired to count him on the list of her admirers. Peggy's father and two brothers, forbade to her lower; the finest fortune in Bofin. Biddy, therefore, had resolved will to Mike, her favorite, was trying to make a match between him and the heiress. This unknown to the elder Morans, who would consider the mere thought matrimonial on Con Lavelle's fine farm at Fawnmore. Biddy's hints and Peggy's handsome eyes had until to-night remained unheeded. But there was a sudden change. Mike was remarkably civil to both of these ladies. He tucked Peggy's flounces carefully away from the fire, and helped her to the crackers. Peggy dimpled and blushed, and Biddy laughed and winked, and Mike was in the act of pouring the tea into the tea-pot, when the door was pushed open, and Maureen and her friends came in.

A scream from Biddy greeted their entrance. "Bad manners to it for a little!" cried Mike, getting very red in the face. "It's the finger anabled off o' you entirely? Sure if it is I'll put a ring on it for a plasther, an' if that doesn't mend it, sorra more can I do."

The finger was suitably bound and bemoaned, and Biddy pardoned the offender, forgot her pains in a hearty welcome to her new guests.

"Come down, Con, come down, man, here's a sate by the fire. The night's could. Good luck to you, Nan, keep the cloak on the door there, an' come down an' ate a bit o' somethin'. Yer welcome, Maureen Lacey! Make room, girls, an' let her come down. It's sathers we get you to come out. An' how's the runatics with yer mother?"

Con Lavelle, the important man, the richest farmer in the island, was soon forced into a seat by the fire, and he and his sister had their wants quickly attended to. Maureen, who was looked on by the hostess as rather an interloper, was not so eagerly noticed. Maureen felt this with a swelling heart. The next moment Mike had shouldered his way to her, had cleared a place for her on the bed, and taken his seat beside her, just at the corner, where he could see her face as his head bowed in looping of the curtain, and look at her proud, downcast face as much as he pleased. Peggy, with a huge cup and saucer in her hands, trembled so that she spilled the tea all over her grand chintz gown. Sitting there opposite to Peggy Moran's jealous eyes, with Mike leal and true beside her, Maureen struggled in the toils of the temptation to turn round and smile in his face, and ask him to hand her a piece of cake. She knew that Mike was thinking of her last words to him on the bog, knew it by his jubilant air, and the fire from his eyes that shone on her from behind the looping of the curtain. The temptation fought within her to let him have it his own way. In the whirling vision of a second she saw herself Mike's wife, mistress of a snug little shelter at the East End, making ready the hearth for Mike coming home from his fishing. No more drenching in the high spring tides, battling with storm and sea, carrying home the sea-sick on misery midnights. No more long days of labor in the fields of strangers for the wretched earning of sixpence a day. No more lettering for the fretful step-mother, but always those strong hands beside her, and always these tender eyes. Oh, for Mike she could gladly work, with him rejoice, have all need be. These things strove within Maureen as she sat pulling her tea over her grand chintz gown. But the still, small voice of duty, c'pity that depending on her, of fidelity to her promise to her stepmother, still kept her from speaking in her care, though but dimly and from afar off. The temptation shook her; but when the gust allayed itself, she regained her vantage-ground, breathless, but sure of foot. The habit of restraint was strong within her. She did not turn and smile on Mike; neither did she ask him for a piece of cake.

Peggy Moran, sitting with her back to the fire, was beginning to get very red in the face. Biddy Prendergast had not had fallen deaf. There was no one to tuck Peggy's flounces away from the blaze, nor to hold the kettle gallantly for Biddy. But tea was over and the tea pots were now smoking forth rival squalls sad groans in the kitchen. Change her were now endless, and all the "room" was deserted, and the dancing began with spirit.

Maureen had made one gallant struggle, but it was hard to proof against all the enchantments of this most trying night. When Mike, whom many looking eyes were watched for a partner, presented her for the first dance, her customary short reply was not ready; and she found herself up on the floor by his side before she had time to think about it. As for Mike, he was wild with spirits. He saw Maureen's conduct in the light in which she knew he would see it. He thought she had relented at last, and made up her mind to smile on him for the day. And Maureen, who understood the spirit of the dance; panting and smiling, she tripped it with the nimblest among them. Every thing began to dip away, but the present delight of the moment. Blushing rosy red, her eyes sparkling, her hair shining and shaking out in little gleaming rings about her forehead, she developed a radiant beauty that hardly seemed to belong to the grave Maureen.

Peggy Moran and the young man from America with whom she consoled herself, tried to get up one genteel round of the Copenhagen Waltz. This being finished, Paudeen the piper struck Maureen a compliment to her dancing, to tell him her favorite air. Whereupon Maureen, with a shy laugh in her eyes, asked for The Little House under the Hill. This was Paudeen's greatest tune, and at it he went with the will of a piper. Mike, his hair shaking, his wrinkled cheeks bursting, and his one leg with its blue-ribbed stocking and brogue hopping up and down under his gigantic frame for sad enthusiasm. How he shrilled and shrieked it, how he groaned and wheezed it, and how all the company joined in the last and closed of it! How it was stamped and shuffled, how the deafening clatter of feet, and the "whoops!" and "hurroos!" rose up to Biddy Prendergast's smoky rafters—all these belong to the hens, and not them a clucking, and how Tady, the vanquished performer, was pressed over and mused on the primitive state of uncivilization in which these benighted Bofiners were plunged! There was only one person who took no part in the dance, and who stood with his long loose figure drawn up against the wall in a corner, his wistful eyes searching the crowd of laughing faces for the occasional glimpse of one face. That man was Con Lavelle.

After this jig was over, the house being literally "too hot to hold" the dancers, they turned out in couples, some to go home, others only to cool themselves in the moonlight, and return. It was late ere Mike Tierney and Maureen Lacey. Under the shelter of Biddy's gable wall Mike got here at last to "spake" all he had tried to say so often, and Maureen cut him short with no cross answers. He told his news, and he "axed" his question.

II.

THE next night a yellow moon hung high over Bofin, gilding the spars of the Liverpool trader, rocking still in the harbor. The headlands lay like speckled-stone lions couching in the moon. An ocean of silver glimmered out of the obscurity of space and vanished in the haze. The cabins on the North Beach a man was plodding with a parcel under his arm.

Con Lavelle had loved Maureen Lacey long. Last night had shown him that if his chance were not speedily improved it would very quickly become nothing. The Widow Lacey counted on him, he knew, for she reckoned on Con's soft nature and Con's good farm to help her out of many of her difficulties. This knowledge, however, Maureen was cold. Last night he had seen her melt and brighten; and though the change, he knew, had not been wrought by him, his heart had ached at her unwonted beauty that he could not, like a wise man, turn his face the other way and think of her no more. No, he would have his chance out. He would offer her his love; and if she would not have that he would tell her the story of her mother's house, his goodly land, and help and protection for her family. If Maureen could not give him her love he would grieve; but if Maureen could be bought he would buy her.

This was the state of Con's mind when he lifted the Lacey's latch. The children were in bed, the house was swept, the bits of tins and crockeries were all straight on the bumble dresser, the few rude chairs were ranged with precision along by the walls. Maureen's step-mother was dozing in her little straw chair in the apartment corner. She was not in her veins that the fever burned which

had caused his spell of prostration. Maureen stood on the hearth, in her work-a-day crimson petticoat and loose bodice of print, with the blaze playing over her petty bare feet, not yet spoiled by expensive, and keeping the heated spots on her cheeks sure, and gilding the willful ripples of hair that would creep outland keep straying about her forehead. Twice Maureen had slipped "down to the room," and spread her face to the one little mote of the window's purest forth at the night without, where the yellow moonlight fell rich and flat on the rugged causeway, and the silver Atlantic shift-ed and glimmered between the gray stone-walls of the neighboring cabins. And the last time she had withdrawn her face with a gesture of impatient dismay. This was not the shape she wanted to see, this lube, swinging figure coming along with its swayed shoulders.

Col lifted the latch and came in. The noise wakened the widow, who hailed him with glad surprise: "What can bring him to-night again?" flashed through the minds of both the women, followed also by the same surmise, only the latter, with no a hope, with the other a fear. Maureen's "Say ye, Con!" was only a feeble echo of her step-mother's greeting, wrung from her by the absolute requirements of hospitality. Curiosity was quickly allayed, and hope and fear confirmed. Advancing to the corner of the fireplace, the young man set down a bottle of whisky, pipes, and tobacco. This his errand was at once declared. Con Lavelle had come "upon breaking."

The step-mother rubbed her wasted hands with delight. "You're welcome, Con, agra, machree!" she said. "Maureen, set out the things, fetch the glasses, an' fill the pipes."

Maureen did as she was bidden, uncorked the bottle, and handed the glass and kindled pipe to her mother, all with a set defiance on her face, which did not escape the timorous sister.

"I'll let you alone on business, Con?" began the widow.

"Ay," said Con, blushing and fidgeting. "I come, Mrs. Lacey, to ask yer daughter for a wife. Gib sees I'll make her as good a husband as iver had all he had in a girl's lap an' only axed for her in return."

"It's three for you, Con, dear," said the step-mother. "Or we 've have her with all the goodfast wish. Come down, Maureen, and give yer hand to yer husband."

Maureen had been standing, pale, over in the shadows, at the dresser. Now she moved down to the hearth. "I 'll not be my husband," she said, never my husband. In my heart I'm thankful to ye, Con Lavelle, for thinkin' kindly of a poor girl like me, but I can not take yer offer."

"Good Lord, sich talk!" cried the widow, enraged. "Don't mind her, Con, asthore; it's only a way girls have to keep themselves from bein' a small blame to them! She'll be yours, wirer fear, an' willin' an' pleased on her weddin'-day."

"Mother," said Maureen, "what's the use of talkin' this ways? Yer not my God nor my Maker, that ye have a right to ban' over my soul an' body to this man or that man against my will. Con Lavelle, yer a decent man, an' ye wouldn't be for takin' a girl for her wife that hated the ground the man that wasn't you. I'm a pleaded wife, an' as good as a wife this minit in the eyes o' the Almighty where I am' throw air face I'll stan' to my word, so help me Christ, my Saviour!"

Slowly, and with a stern reverence in her tone, Maureen uttered these last words, her eyes on the ground and her hands squeezed together. Con flung his head and hoped no more, and the step-mother rocked herself to and fro in her chair, weak and raged with disappointment.

"Is you bould hizzy!" she cried. "Oh, you bould, shameless hizzy, that's been deavin' me all this time! Goin' pigrin'o yer dances an' makin' yer matches, an' throwin' dust in the eyes o' them sickly mother at home. Oh, you bad, ongnatural daughter!"

"Ayy, say, Mrs. Lacey," put in soft-hearted Con. "Throth I'll not listen to that from ye. If Maureen can not like me I'll tell the thruth o' her. She's the good, hard-workin' daughter to you, whatever!"

"Hould yer tongues!" shrieked the passionate woman. "What do you know about her? She'll be ye take yer answer kindly. It's always the likes o' a soft fool like you that gets tumbled in the most while the worfles goin' roun'. Oh, I'm sorry, sorry, that iver I should rear sich a daughther!"

Maureen turned up to Con and held out her hand. "I thank ye," she said, eagerly, "for puttin' in that kind word for me. I have thried to do her bidding, an' God sees it's her own happiness I've come to this so soon. I'm rale grateful to ye, Con, an' if I could make two women o' myself, wan o' me should be her wife. Bein' only wan, I must go aither my heart."

Big tears swelled up in Con's eyes as he shook her hand and let it drop. "It's sorry I am, Miss Maureen," was all he said.

"Oh!" cried the step-mother, fiercely—"oh! if I could just get my tongue about that limb o' the devil, Mike Tierney—"

"God send him here" said a hearty voice, as the latch was lifted, and Mike himself stood among them.

Maureen, blushing, fell back into the shadows and left the battle to him.

"Lend us yer arm, Con," cried the step-mother, trying to shake off "Begone!" she added, waving her puny fist at Mike, "begone from my house, you thief, you beggar!"

"Thruth, yer not well, Mrs. Lacey, dear," said Mike, "yer not well at all. An' it's Con's fault here for givin' you too sthrong a taste o' this fine whisky o' his, an' you so wake about the head. Sit down now, Mrs. Lacey, asthore, an' rest yersel a bit," he went on coaxingly, slipping her hand from Con's arm, setting her in her chair, and drawing a seat confidentially beside her. "An' feth ye may make yer mind aisy about thieves or beggars, for there isn't a sowl of sich a crew in the house at all: sorra wan; nor out bye neither, for the moon's as bright as daylight, an' I couldn't miss but see them if they were there."

All this was poured forth in Mike's own rolling, coaxing, devil-may-care tone, completely drowning any attempt of the widow's to finish her interrupted volley of abuse. She sat grasping the sides of her chair in silence, and mentally scratching his face.

"Oh, the impernence of ye!" she hissed between her teeth, at last, "to think to come round me with yer blarney. I know ever one!"

"You do, Mrs. Lacey?" said Mike, "you know that Maureen—" here his eyes deepened and flashed, and as a ruddy smile overspread his brave face as he glanced at a shadowy corner opposite, "that Maureen has promised me her own sel' for a wife gin this day year when I come home from my voyage? An' that's the day of the strange vessel that's been lyin' below all week. Well, the captain is a decent man, an' he's offered to take me with him in the ship, an' promised to put me in a way of arnin' in a year as much money as 'll do all I'll want it to do, On this day you'll remember, Con, I took a wife-husband, plase God, an' I'll buy the best holdin' in Bodin, save an' exceptin' Con Lavelle's here. Maureen has given me her promise for me, an' I know that's my errand, to tell ye all this that's arranged betuns us."

This information of Mike's threw a light on the widow's perplexity- and the storminess of her wrath became somewhat calmed.

"I'll tell you the truth, Mike," she said, with a sneer, "I want yer off out o' Bodin with yer blarneyin' ways, an' yer rovin' ways, sorra fut will ye iver set in it again."

"Don't say that, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, gravely. "You mustn't say that, an' me ready to swear the contrhairy."

"Ay," she sneered again; "the likes o' ye 'll swear to anything, an' break it the next day. But it would be better for Maureen to take up at wanst with a decent man like Con Lavelle there, sitting comfortable at home on his farm, than to be waitin' for years till a rover like you takes the notion to turn up again from the other ind o' the world. Which ye never will."

"Well, Mrs. Lacey," said Mike, drawing himself up, and speaking solemnly, "I'll give Maureen free laave, I'll said free, to marry Con Lavelle on this day year, if I be not here to claim her first myself."

"Ay," said Maureen, looking suddenly out of the shadows; "an' I'll give my word full an' free to marry Con Lavelle on the same this day year, if Mike be not here to claim me first."

"Yell swear that?" said the step-mother.

"Ay, we'll swear it both of us," said Mike, "said Mike, smiling proudly down on Maureen.

"He's ready enough to han' you over, Maureen," said the widow, with a sneer that was a trap for her to feared to do the same by him, I'm thinkin'."

Maureen made no reply, but, slipping her hand out of Mike's, went over to the dresser and busied up for something, to a little cracked cup on the shelf.

"Here's two rings," she said, coming back to the hearth, "I was I got on the last fair day, an' the other I've had aught it before I left Ireland. There's for you, Con, an' there's for you, Mike. Wan o' you wean 'll put wan o' them rings on my finger upon this day year. Con left hand, Con; Mike, if he's hume in time. This I swear, mother, in spite o' yer tants, an' by the Blassed Virgin I'll keep my oath."

A silence fell on the group. The blaze of the fire dropped down, and a shadow covered the hearth. A moaning cry chord passed over the house as it to the flush of its rash happy confidence: Was it a whispered reminder of the perils that beset the sailor abroad on the ocean, or of the fickle nature of the ships drifted out of their tracks? But Mike was not one to be put his mind about thought.

"Yell thrink to that all round?" said Con Lavelle, presently.

"Ay, we'll thrink to it," said Mike, gayly; and Maureen mending the fire, a jovial glow lit up the house once more.

Con Lavelle had become a different man within the last few minutes. His dejected face was kindled, and his brawny hand shook as he poured the whisky into the glasses.

"Here's to Maureen's happy weddin' on this day year!" he said, knocking the glass against his teeth as he raised the spirits to his lips. "Amen, amen." went round in reply, and matters being thus concluded, the two men presently took their leave, and closed the door together.

"Look ye here, Mike Tierney," said Con Lavelle, stopping short, as the two walked along in the moonlight, "I'll give you wan warnin' before I part, I have loved Maureen Lacey since iver she was able to toddle. Sein' she liked ye the best, I would not have made me medel'n' between ye. But with yer own an' her own free-will she took an oath to-night, before my face an' before God, to be my wife by bargain. Look to't well, an' come home for yer wife in time, for sorra day, nor hour, nor minit o' mine will I give you, if so it falls out that ye fail her!"

Mike Tierney drew up his towering figure, and looked contemptuously into the feverish face of his rival.

"When yer axed for day, or hour, or minit o' grace, Con Lavelle," he said, "it then come an' give me yer warnin'. Ye may wish me what evil ye like, but the Holy Mother himself will blow the blast that'll bring me o'er the wide wathers in the time I avid hopes. I'm lavin' my wife in His hands, an' I'll ask me, an' he shall answer for her."

Shame fell on Con for a moment, and his better nature was touched.

"I do not wish ye evil, Mike Tiernay," he said, sulkily, "but only to have my chance."

III.

MAUREEN'S year of trial began in peace. Her step-mother's anger passed away with the moon, and Con Lavelle had left her untroubled. Her trust in Mike was as whole as her trust in God.

Presently Con Lavelle began to change his demeanor; growing regular and systematic in his attentions, sending boys to cut her turf and carry her rack, and do odd rough jobs for her by stealth. Her stern rejection of these real services made very little difference to Con, who went steadily on laying siege to her gratitude in a number of subtle ways. The step-mother grew more sickly; and how could Maureen, who had little to give her, turn Con Lavelle from the door, when she came smiling in of an evening with a nice fat chicken under her cloak, or a bottle of whisky in her hand? Or how could she throw in the fire the gay new sappikeen, bought on the fair-day, that the widow wore tied on her head, and which Con had not dared to present to Maureen? Con was not bold, but sly. He did nothing that could offend Maureen, but he kept up a constant remembrance of her promise. Often, as he smoked his pipe at his farm-house door at sunset, he would dip out a little brass ring from his pocket, twirl it on the top of his own huge finger, and smile at the vacant Atlantic, lying shiftless and sparkling before him. Why should Mike Tierney return?

So the year went on, and October came round again. On the 31st of the month drew near public excitement ran high. Men made bets, and kind-hearted women said prayers for Maureen. Con Lavelle was cast down with feverish spells and a restless fret, while indoors Nan already made rare preparations. The widow, with her little step-mother chattered incessantly about the wedding, and her bride that a daughter of hers should be mistress of Bodin House, and Con Lavelle's harvest and in about her, Maureen struggled hard to go and come like one who was dest and blind. She made ready her female trousseau, and her new grey stockings, and stitching her new blue cloak, bending her sharpened face over her work, contradicting no one, and answering no questions. Neighbors who came to meet the flash of her eye went away crossing themselves. People began to feel afraid of Maureen Lacey.

At last Hallow Eve arrived. Biddy Prendergast came another of the girls, and Peggy Moran figured at it as the bride of the young man from America, on whom she had bestowed herself her three years, and her own affections. But Con Lavelle and his sister Nan were busy at home, making ready for that wedding of the morrow which was the subject of eager discussion in Biddy's teachable delight. The wedding-feast was to be spread at Ewnmore, and many guests had been invited.

It was a tempestuous night. If the Bofiners were less hardy a race, or if the storm had commenced in its violence an hour or two earlier, Biddy Prendergast might have had to remain at her dame's for Hallow Eve. About eight o'clock Nan Lavelle was bending over her pot-oven inspecting the browning of her cakes, when Con was pulling up a fine new curtain on the kitchen-window to make the place look more cheerful against the 1st. Suddenly down the chimney, and its thunders overhead drowned the noise of the hammer and the sound of some one knocking at the door, the latch of which, however, the door was pushed open, and Maureen Lacey came whirling breathless over the threshold, with the storm driving the drops of fresh fall of rain from her heels. Her face was white and streamed with rain; her dripping hair and the soaked hood of her cloak were dragged back from her head upon her shoulders. She tried to close the door behind her, but could not, and the yelling wind kept pouring in, shaking everything in the kitchen and upstairs. The place were invaded by an army of devils.

"God save us!" said Con, dropping her knife and rushing to shut the door.

"Maureen!" said Con, with a blaze of surprise on his face, and pushing eagerly to meet her attempting to draw the wet cloak from her shoulders.

"If ye had any word to say to me, asthore, ye might have sent word by the messenger that was to-day. I'd have walked twenty mile for yer biddin' forbye wan, an' the night was ten times worse than it is."

Maureen gave this touch with a shudder, and retreated a step or two.

"I haven't much to say," she said, hoarsely—"only this: What time o' day have ye sett'n for to-morra?"

"Ten o'clock," said Con, suddenly, his glow all extinguished, and his face dark.

"Ten!" echoed Maureen. "Oh, Con," she cried, clasping her hands and raising her wild eyes to his face in a pitiful appeal, "say it's not ten, make it twelve."

Con glanced at her and cast his eyes on the ground in dogged shame. "Let it be twelve, then," he said. "Twelve at stan' yer white face, though the same white face might harden a man, sein' what it's to-morrow. This much I'll do for you, an' ye, but ye needn't ax no more. I have stood my chance fair an' honest, an' I'll not let ye off with yer bargain."

Maureen's supplicating face, at this, was crossed by a change that made the bridegroom start.

"You don't mane to say," said Maureen, "that ye may man or mortal had it in their power to let me off, I wouldn't be comin' prayin' to ye here to-night. But I come to say it to my God, an' to Him I must answer for't. An' that was the rash sworn-in' when death wasn't put in the bargain. For mind ye, Con Lavelle, there's nothin' on land or sea, but death only, 'll bring me to yer side to-morra in yonder church. Think!" she said, as a long, thunderous gust roared over the roof; "there's death abroad to-night. Las' night I saw a ship comin' sailing, sailing, sailing, over the rovin' waves, an' a big wave rolled over the ship, an' thin there rose wan screech. I woke up, an' there was the storum howlin', screechin', like wan Lavelle, will ye give me a mouthful o' could wather?"

She drank the draught eagerly, and then she pushed her wet cloak around her.

"Thank ye!" she said. "I'll be goin' now. Good-night to ye!" Con wakened out of his bluck amazed here wet cloak around her.

"Thank ye!" she said. "I'll be goin' now. Good-night to ye!" Con wakened out of his bluck amazed here wet cloak around her.

cried, grasping her cloak to detain her. "Ye dar not go out yer lone in the rage o' yon wind. Stop a bit, an'—"

"Let me go!" said Maureen, fiercely, shaking him off. "You'd bether let me go, for I will not answer for all my doin's this night."

Her hands were wrenching at the bar, and the door flew open as she spoke. Again the blast poured in with its frightful gambols. Con Lavelle and his sister fell back, and Maureen's white face vanished in the darkness. Nan Lavelle made fast the door again, and returned to her pot-oven with a weight upon her heart. Presently matter-of-fact as was this young woman, it did not occur to her now for the first time that to-morrow's wedding was to be an all-screened event. There was an hour of silence between the brother and sister, and then Nan cried, aghast, as the crashing overhead arose in a fresh gust of fury:

"God keep us, Con! It's three what Maureen said. There'll be death abroad afore morn'n!"

"Ay!" muttered Con, as he stalked restlessly up and down with his hands in his pockets. "But it's three as well as what she said for—Any day out put death in the bargain. Dead or alive, if he beant here, 'fore Heaven I'll have my rights!"

The people of Bofin are accustomed to storms. The tempest is their lullaby, their alarm, their hurly-fried, or their treacherous enemy. It rocks the cradle, it makes the oven cry, rings the bell when they die, and keens over them in their graves. When there is no storm the world seems to come to a stand-still. Yet the oldest islander could not recollect so awful a night as the night of Maureen's wedding. Few will ever forget it by what means, for few could imagine the terrors of a Bofin hurricane; how the sad, barren island is scourges by its devastating rage; how the waves of the ever-living hundreds come ringing through its smothering clamor; how the tigerish Atlantic rushes hungrily over its cliffs, roaring "I will have it!" and goes hissing back again to do its deed of destruction.

A light like this brings spells to the island sheres, and many are abroad, looking right and left, by break of day. On this particular morning, at early dawn, two men were hurrying along the northeast headlands. The might of the storm had subsided, and the black sky was breaking into frightful grey. Streaks of purple and green rode over the seething ocean, tinting the foam of the tossing surges, whose howling voices were darkened by the thick mists that drifts. Now rosy bars began blushing out from the eastward, glowing and spreading till they looked like the flush of the Angel of Death, passing over the Angel of Death, passing in again at the gates of heaven. Coming along in this splendid dawn the two men saw a female figure hastening as if to meet them.

It was Maureen, in her wedding-gown and her wedding-cloak, with a new azure kerchief tied over her pretty gold hair. Her face was turned to the sea, and the wind had driven the color into a white cheek as she passed them by without seeming to see them.

"Preserve us!" said one; "she's ready for her weddin' airly. Where is she boun' for at this hour do ye think?"

"God knows!" said the other. "I niver seen a cowl got so wild-like. If I was Con Lavelle I would wash my han's o' her."

"Sorra doubt o' Con doin' any sich thing!" laughed the other. "But where ondher heaven is she gettin' out to now? Mother o' marcy! it's not go-in' to throwher head she is!"

The men were still on the headlands, but Maureen had descended to the beach. Plowing her way through the sand, slippery shingle, she reached a line of low rocks, on which the surf was dashing, and she was presently beyond the old battered smuggler's telescope, and, turn about, they peered long and steadily out to sea.

"Oh, I'm afeard for Mike she is, poor girl!" said one of the men; "an' feth she may save her-sel' the throuble. The safest ship that iver he sailed in wouldn't live in sich wither-ation as Bofin last night. Whisht! what's yon floatin' thing out far there agin the sky? Show us yer glass."

The other produced an old battered smuggler's telescope, and, turn about, they peered long and steadily out to sea.

"Oh, thrue! it's a wreck!" said the one.

"Ay, feth!" said the other.

"Is she dead?" said the first. "Could rest the poor sowls that are goes to their rock'nin'! but it's an ill win' that blows nobody good. There'll be many a the a mornful day's raisin' in Bofin afore night. Maureen!" he cried out, suddenly, raising his voice to a roar. "My God! I was feared she was mad. Maureen!"

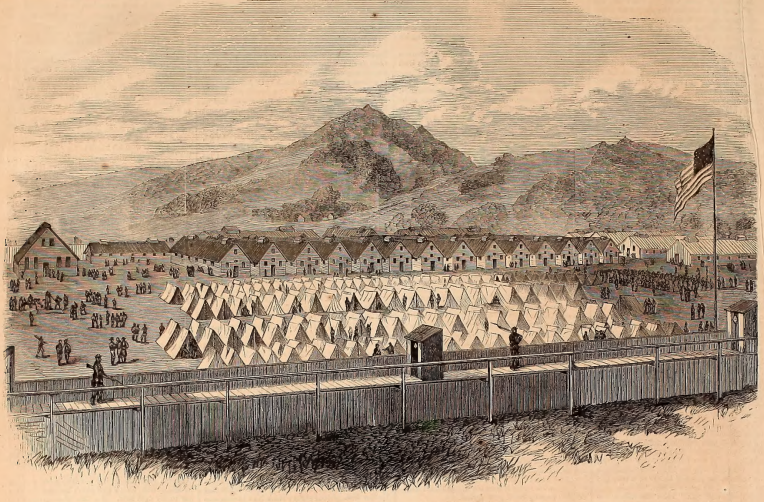
A long, unearthly cry was the answer, ringing through the dawn. Maureen had been crouching down in the sand, unobserved by them, and now, as if searching under the curve of each breaker as it crashed up and split its bulking froth upon the rock. She was standing with her cloak up, and the howling her arms wildly over her head, leaped into the sea and disappeared.

Almost swiftly down the headlands, the men gained the beach, and there they saw Maureen, not struggling out to sea against the waves, standing battling with them, up to her waist in the seething foam, clinging with one hand to the rock beside her, and with the other feeling and grasping at something dark and heavy that rose and sank with the swelling and rebounding of the tide. Dashing down the water, the men were quickly at her side.

"It is Mike!" gasped Maureen, pale and limbed, half choking with the surf. "Bring him in."

They loosened her finger from the dark heavy something, and found that indeed it was the body of a man. They laid him on the beach, and turned him his face, and recognized their old comrade, Mike Tierney. Maureen uttered no more wild cries. She took the cloak from her shoulders and spread it up to his chin. She put her hand into his bosom, found the ring she had given him attached round his neck by a string, and slipped it at once upon her finger. Then she sat down and laid his head upon her knee.

"Will you go," she said, calmly, to the men, "and tell Con Lavelle that Mike Tiernay has come home? Will ye tell him," she added, holding up



CAMP OF REBEL PRISONERS AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 230.]

her hand—"will ye tell him Maureen Lacey has a ring upon her finger?"

And this was all the wedding that Boñn saw that day.

But little further of Maureen Lacey is known to the writer of this history. The wreck of the ship in which Mike had been returning was one of those disasters whose details fill the daily newspapers in winter-time. Sewn in the poor fellow's jacket was found a note for a good little sum of money. The following year a fever visited the island, sweeping off, among others, Maureen's step-mother, and all her children but one. About a year after this Maureen sold all their worldly goods, and took her departure for America with her little brother in her arms.



PRISON IN CASEMATE NO. 2, FORT LAFAYETTE, NEW YORK HARBOR.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



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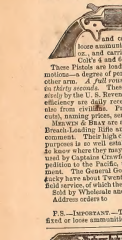
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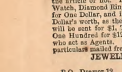
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Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, etcetera everywhere by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound*. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was affected with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one appeared to receive a great benefit. Physicians, however, want without a name till November following, when it was called *White Pine Compound*. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly a discovery, the fact was mentioned to a skilful physician, who replied in substance that the basis of White Pine was one of the best diuretics known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would affect this, a fortune was in the medicine! The *Yellow Kidney* pill was then reached: but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of physicians now employ it or recommend it for such use.

But while the *White Pine Compound* is so useful to kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. It is quickly relieved and always inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed as if by magic. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been experienced in less than one hour, and a cure effected in twenty-four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves of "hemlock," of White Pine, contain exhaustless medicinal properties. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in external inflammation and chronic sore eyes. In fact, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known every where, and the object of the proprietor in compounding the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received at the first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound*. It has been an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been purchased with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the Medicine that in every case in which it is prepared are high in its praise.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, showing the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I find the White Pine Compound to be very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonic affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and other kindred complaints."

Rev. J. K. Chase, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I know I am not regarded your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I regard it so from my own effects, and valuable they are to me. I am just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having long been reminding of the many valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing an advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years for cold and coughs, and in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also used it and received benefit from the Compound. We intend to keep it always on hand.

From James J. Hoyt.

Bradford, N. H., Sept. 1860.

Dr. Poland.—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which settled on my lungs. I very soon raised a bad cough, and rising blood. I was also very badly affected with the troublesome disease called Kidney Complaint. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my throat and lungs, coughing up and raising an immense sight, with a bad cough after raising blood: I felt that my time had come, and was about leaving day of it. Having a friend who had used your White Pine Compound, I had my faith in it was such as to be my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better; the kidney trouble also, and I was soon raising without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and can feel no further pain in me.

I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and two children having died of it.

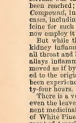
From Stephen Bartlett.

Bradford, N. H., July, 1859.

Dr. Poland.—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, which was fast to get blood raising and choking. No one of my acquaintance expected I would get my health again. But two bottles of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaint. I would say that a child is safe in using it. Mine was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only long enough to have her bed made, and we thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is the result of a long and successful trial by a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of many who know him—a confidence which he enjoyed while laboring usefully many years as a Baptist minister, in which capacity he was called to the make experiments which issued in his medical discovery.

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No. 2.—One-half (i) acre adjoining the above tract. Perpetual lease. Half all Oil.

No. 3.—Three-fourths (¾) of an acre on the Run next above the lots just described. Perpetual lease. Half all Oil. These lots are within the Creek bottom, level and smooth, with room enough for ten wells.

No. 4.—One-half (i) acre, fee simple, on Rocky River, Medina County, Ohio, being a part of the famous "Oil Spring Lot," and but four rods from the well now producing Lubricating Oil—a well bored for salt many years ago.

No. 5.—Twenty (20) acres, fee simple, on Rocky River, adjoining the farm on which is the above-described Oil Well, and on the outskirts of the village of Liverpool, Oil Gatherings, who recently prospected here, found the place where the Oil should be obtained, and only on this tract, at a point where a ravine makes into the river.

No. 6.—Fifty (50) acres, fee simple, on Rocky River, adjoining the farm on which Oil is now obtained. There is on this property a fine large house, good barn, and outhouses, which will be valuable in the operations of the Company. A derrick is up on this lot, and is being bored by hand power to the depth of two hundred feet, while an engine is being got on to the ground.

No. 7.—One hundred and fifty (150) acres in the Federal Creek, Athens County, Ohio, oil country, in the immediate neighborhood of the Joy Farm One Hundred Barrel Well, struck recently, and surrounded by many good producing wells. The territory around this well is owned by the Company. A great many wells are now producing largely in this section, and hundreds going down. No failures are reported any where in this region. It is just opposite the Oil Creek and Kanawha oil belt, and has been examined and pronounced by all the best geologists as in the very centre of the Oil Basin.

Nearly the entire 600 acres of land owned by this Company is bottom land, and every foot of it boring territory, giving ample room for more than 1500 wells.

The property is all heavily timbered, and none of them in mythical or unknown regions, where perhaps there is not a well being bored within fifty miles, and where, if oil should be found, the means of transportation would be situated so far away from the property that the product would be worth but little. This property, on the contrary, has the advantages of which will readily appear, in that all these lands are surrounded by active development, numbers of wells going down, and transportation already at hand to reach that, should oil be found, the property is enhanced in value the Company should not at once commence operations themselves on all the lots.

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This Company has been organized on a different plan from most Petroleum Companies now in operation, the advantages of which will be apparent to every one.

The property of this Company was purchased by an Association of forty-five gentlemen, and was selected after the most careful examination by two of their number, sent out for the especial purpose. With the money for the purchase of the lands was raised $15,000 working capital, and placed in the hands of the Trustees. This enabled the Association to lease on favorable terms, and to commence operations at once. The Trustees are all men of business habits, and proposed to at once commence operations, instead of waiting for the sale of the stock to produce working capital, as has been the case with many wells now in operation in the Oil Regions.

The Trustees are also men of means, and have been able to lay out their money in the most judicious manner. With good success, sixty days will suffice to complete these wells; and with a few rods of this favorable trial oil territory will be worth a million dollars. On Cherry Run, and within a few rods of this property are some very fine wells. The famous Coquette (800 bbls.), Mercer (400 bbls.), and Rock Well (300 bbls.), and Norman Wells (900 bbls.), are immediately across on the Run. The Two Hundred Barrel Well, which flows 200 barrels hourly, is less than one mile below on Cherry Run, and a large number of wells in the Rock Well and Stone Mill Run lots are to be recognized as soon as the Oil Burn yet discovered, and immediately between the Rock Well and Stone Mill Run lots are to be recognized as soon as the Oil Burn yet discovered, and immediately between the Rock Well and Stone Mill Run lots are to be recognized as soon as the Oil Burn yet discovered, and immediately between the Rock Well and the one side and the Coquette, Jersey, &c., on the other side, the largest oil wells in the world, and in the distance there are numerous wells in this same vein of oil. Further on in this same line is the famous Pole Hole Well of the United States Petroleum Company, and the "Oil Spring Lot; one on the Goodrich Farm, and these wells are now getting down to the Oil Sand. This property is but a short distance from Titusville (only 30 acres, Liverpool; and one on the Brown Farm, Gerdine



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 434.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE FINAL VICTORY.

THE people are full of rejoicing. The war for the Union has been *their* war, fought in their interest, sustained by their patriotism—a patriotism that has withheld neither property nor life.—Let the people rejoice, then, in the final triumph, with a consciousness of their own strength, but especially with a conviction of the righteousness of their victory and a sense of overwhelming gratitude to the God of Battles. Their *Hail Columbia* is fitly accompanied by their *Te Deums*.

This journal having in its pictorial illustrations followed the course of events during the war, it is now with peculiar gratification that we present to our readers in this week's issue illustrations of the closing scenes of the great conflict. We give on page 247 a Map of the last battle-field of the Armies of Virginia. For this map, drawn from the official maps furnished to the corps commanders, we are indebted to the *Army and Navy Journal*. The decisive battle of Five Forks, fought by General SHERIDAN, April 1, and in which LONGSTREET's corps was swept from the field and LEE's right flank uncovered, we have illustrated on this page. This battle will go down to history as the great master-piece of General PHIL SHERIDAN. For strategy it is unsurpassed by any thing in the war. During the first stage of the battle the infantry was not disclosed. But so soon as LONGSTREET had been driven into his breast-works, then, by a sudden movement, he was flanked, and his entire command captured and dispersed. Our illustrations of the battle relate only to the operations of the cavalry. SHERIDAN was more himself than ever before. Riding up and down along his front, his fiery enthusiasm inspired the men to almost superhuman efforts. With such a presence among them there could be no shrinking from the fight. And it was an obstinate fight, too. But SHERIDAN knew what depended upon that action; and when night came, and his work had been well done, he knew that LEE's army had been defeated.

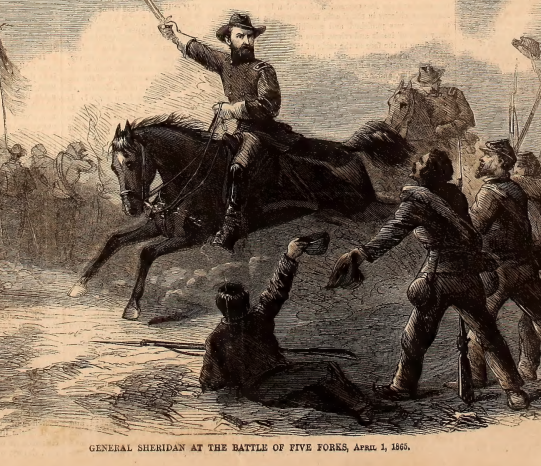


CAVALRY CHARGE AT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS.

The same spirit which had secured the victory on Saturday was infused into the army in front of Petersburg, in the assault on the enemy's entire front on Sunday. This also we have illustrated on page 244. We give on that page a sketch of the fort near Burgess Mill, where the Boydton Road crosses Hatcher's Run. It was out of this fort that the rebels were flanked by the Sixth Corps. On Sunday night this corps had advanced to the banks of the Appomattox, above Petersburg, having captured 2000 prisoners and about 20 guns. Another sketch on the same page illustrates the gallantry of Colonel SNIDER, of the One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York, who, after four color-sergeants had been shot down, and two line officers, who had taken the colors from the hands of the sergeant, himself seized them and rallied his wavering line. A third sketch represents the rebels retreating across the Appomattox, by the turnpike-bridge, they having set fire to the Railroad Bridge, just above. The building shown in this sketch was the rebel Commissary Depôt.

On page 245 we illustrate the entrance of Petersburg by the Ninth Corps. The first troops to enter the city were Michigan veterans, under General ELY. The rebels had been crossing the Appomattox all night, and had just brought up their rear as our troops entered. The flag was raised over the Custom-house by the Second Michigan Regiment.

On the same day General WEITZEL entered Richmond, which had been evacuated Sunday night. The rebel General GARY's cavalry had been the last to leave the city. His force passed up Main Street not five minutes ahead of the Union column. The scene of the entrance of the Union army has been graphically portrayed by our artist on pages 248 and 249. KAUTZ's cavalry were in the advance, and were met by Mayor MAYO and a deputation of the citizens, who formally surrendered the city. Most of WEITZEL's men were negroes, and advent excited the greatest enthusiasm among the swarthy denizens of the rebel capital. It is estimated that one half of the population left in Richmond were negroes. Nor was the enthusiasm manifested by the citizens confined to the negroes. All seemed glad, as if they had thrown off from their shoulders an intolerable burden. The city was on fire when our troops entered. By order of General HEINTZELMAN the torch had been applied to all the public buildings, from the Tredegar Works, on the canal above the



GENERAL SHERIDAN AT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS, APRIL 1, 1865.

city, to the Navy-yard at Rockettsand distance of two miles—including the laboratories, artillery-shops, arsenals, Franklin paper-mill, the Petersburg and Danville depots, all the Commissary and Quarter-master buildings on and near Fourteenth Street, Rahm's Foundry, and other buildings. By seven o'clock A.M nearly the whole city south of Main Street—between Eighth and Fifteenth streets, and Twentieth and Twenty-third streets—was one great sea of flame. The aspect of Main Street became now completely changed by the fire, that those best acquainted with the buildings can not possibly meet with certainty; the street is an amphitheatre of crumbling walls and falling chimneys. While the city was burning, about nine o'clock in the forenoon, terrific shell explosions, rapid and continuous, added to the terror of the scene, and led to the impression that the city was being shelled by the retreating Confederate army from the Southside; but the explosions were soon ascertained to proceed from the Government arsenal and laboratory, then in flames.

Other illustrations which we give of the city of Richmond appear in its present desolate aspect. We give a view of Castle Thunder and of Libby Prison on page 252. In regard to the former of these buildings we quote the following interesting description from the *World*:

Leaving Richmond proper, and descending into the low, squalid portion of the town known as Rocketts, one runs among the many large warehouses, and is struck with surprise for the strength of a fabric, a certain one more irregular than the rest. An archway leads you under ponderous walls and to the second story; and if you be of a thoughtful or fortawy, whereupon excited imagination. This is the jail of Castle Thunder, and it was the civil or State prison of the Confederate. In the second story, and there in the new commandant's room by the record left behind by the Confederates. In large letters one slender.

There are some of the entries:

"Corporal Stevens—giving the foot to Federal prisoners of war; forty lashes upon the bare back."

Same carried out by order of [illegible].

"Peter B. Irwin—passing forged government notes; thrice and his head twice months; forty lashes a day. Approved.

"Andrew Wright—attempting to desert to the enemy; sentenced to be shot. Approved. Executed March 30, 1864.

"John Montjoy—communicating with the enemy; to be hung. Approved. Carried into effect March 26."

In an inner room are some fifty pairs of iron shackles, with which the unfortunate upon them, which have bent the spirit and body of many a resisting heart. Within are two condemned cells, perfectly dark and dank that over the window pep-hole—the smell from which would knock a strong man down.

For in their entire lies the sink, ever open, and the floors are spread with unclean[illegible]. In the cell is a door leads to a washed yard not forty feet long, set fifteen feet high, secured by the barred windows of the old prison rooms, and by enemy-bores upon the wall-top. Here the wretched prisoner said and lung in the air, and breathing comrades. The brick wall at the foot of the yard is scarred and worn by balls and bullets which have passed through some human heart and wrote here their damning testimony. The gallows had been erected at the end in the ledge, and in mid-air the impotent captive swung, none dared or dared to say a good word for him. Not so for any offense against God's law, but for offending mis neighbor, or shedding blood, or seeking his kind unbreathe, but for standing in the way of an ignoble ambition which has now gone down in the dust before the justice of the South, and arguments are prompt to defend the liberty's prison-yard rises and the sun may that has not stained with the blood of the innocent. Many a one has ever been committed, as did many a one who there now, never to return; but the jail was now hidden from mortal sight, even who shot at every rag fluttering in the breeze, and with this little circle of earth in life was cracked close to the light, river, and under the cover of that high Capitol where held and held the sheen of war to wring from a reluctant Union a little path of arrogant independence to rule civilization as they pleased, and warp the destinies of our race. Now only a few remnants endure in the Castle Thunder. Every captive who survived the fame of the city made a perilous descent from the windows and scaled the dead wall.

The "Libey" is now occupied by rebel prisoners, and our artist has taken the moment of their occupation for the sketch which we have engraved.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1865.

PALM SUNDAY.

UNDER the shadow of waving palms the Prince of Peace rode into the holy city; and on the festival that commemorates that day, peace, plumed sheathed wreath, returns to our beloved country. So great an event our history has not known. For Peace, under her joyous banner, brings Justice and Union. The light that mildly beams from her starry brow is the light of liberty. The flag that was lowered in sorrow and shame four years ago, now floats again in silent triumph, and no man henceforward will doubt what that flag means.

It is not possible in the moment of jubilee to comprehend the scope of this event. It is a victory that has been won is not selfish or limited. It is not an American victory only. It is the vindication of the equal rights of men every where. "Man," says the historian MERIVALE, speaking of JULIUS CÆSAR, "can not defy mankind with impunity." No class, no privilege, no theory, which involves permanent injustice to men can withstand the course of civilization. That God works in history is only a way of saying that the progress of human development will inevitably assert itself against all resistance. Four years ago it was hard for us in this country to believe that we, too, must be forced through blood and sorrow to defend this truth. We thought we fully believed it. But the fierce glare of war we can now see that even this sharp and bitter struggle was necessary to establish our own principles not only before the world but in our own hearts.

Let us thank God that we have not failed. Let us rejoice that, through all the doubt and darkness, through the fires of opposing guns, and the secret and malicious objections of those who believed and wished those fires might prevail, the great heart of the American people has been strong and true. Let us thank God that we thank God that the young and noble who obeyed the call of their brave souls, and, leaving all that makes life dear and fair, died to defend their country might live, have not died in vain. Peace may return, but the precious darlings of a thousand hearts and homes shall return not more. Those whose names shone to-day, and those who fell unnamed in the heroic ranks, were not divided in their deaths, and shall forever share a common gratitude and glory. And by the love we bore them and they bore us, by the untold and unimaginable sacrifice, let us fervently pray that God may strengthen us to secure that which we have won, and perpetuate a peace which will not shame their memory, and that Palm Sunday may henceforth be the symbol of the reconciliation of national principles of the Government. And when he asked Thomas why, under the circumstances, he wished to risk every thing by leaving the army, Secretary Toomes replied, substantially, "Don't be uneasy. I will agree to drink every drop of blood that will be shed in the war; and I draw the sword only to the edge, and precipitate by terror, and the consequent submission of the country, the very supremacy of the South in the Union which we leave."

The public sentiment of the South was radically hostile to the Union because it was opposed to the principles upon which alone the Union was possible. If it could have its own way it was satisfied. If it could suppress free speech, if it could indefinitely extend slavery, and prohibit the National Government of any protection by giving it a Constitutional sanction, as STEPHENS believed it had effectively done, it was willing to continue to use the Union as its tool. And to the only way to the Union of the South. It was a Union subordinate to State sovereignty. It was a Union which had no power to act except against the enemies of the Southern policy. It was a Union whose Government had no right to enforce its authority against any citizen of the United States if the State to which he lived declared that those leaders were able to begin and maintain with remarkable unanimity of popular support this large and strenuous rebellion against the national authority.

The practical question now is how much this opinion is changed by the war. Cannon conquer, but they do not necessarily convert. The South has learned that it can not establish State sovereignty by force of arms; but does it any the less believe that every State is rightfully sovereign? If it still holds that view, can the Government of the United States wisely recognize the resumption of political power by the people of the States which he has overcome? What power will not be used against the Union? Must not the resumption of that power be preceded by an acknowledgment upon each, in every instance, of the supreme authority of the nation, and the relinquishment of the doctrine of State sovereignty in the Southern sense? In the present triumph of the national power to prove merely that this particular revolt of State sovereignty has failed, or that all rebellion upon that ground is destined to be impotent? Unless we utterly mistake the feeling of the American people, they are resolved that no man shall henceforth serve in their army or navy who recognizes any flag before the Stars and Stripes; nor any man sit in their Congress who does not solemnly swear that he holds the Government of the United States, and not of any individual State, to be the supreme political authority in the country. We have no less faith in the consent sense than in the magnanimity of the nation.

GRANT.

ELEVEN months ago—on the 3d of May, 1864—General GRANT broke up on the Rapidan, and advanced upon Richmond. The route he chose had been declared impracticable. The army that confronted him was the choicest force of the enemy, long and carefully trained, and led by their most trusted chief. The preparation up on both sides had been most elaborate and prolonged, and the issue of the campaign was the life or death of a nation. The battles that followed were tremendous and sanguinary. The loss upon both sides was enormous, and will never be known. Driven back step by step, slowly retreating toward Richmond, the rebel General pulled every mile. Flanked and worsted, he still held his army compact and effective. Recalling from the Shenandoah Valley in his front, he still guarded his rear, and, posting himself outside his capital, was suddenly forced into the works that immediately defended it by one of the most daring and successful of military movements.

When GRANT crossed the James he had demonstrated that his route to Richmond was not only the best, because it entirely covered Washington, but was the most effective, because it had so fearfully disabled LEE's army. He had not indeed driven it in a pout, nor compelled its surrender. He had not gained the advantage of an entire failure in his subsidiary movements in the Shenandoah and to the south of Richmond, and therefore were good military critics who thought that his campaign had failed. But they did not know the man. They did not remember Vicksburg or Chattanooga. GRANT said, quietly, "I shall fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." It did take all summer and all winter. But he fought it out, and obliterated the army and the cause of his antagonist together.

The whole career of Lieutenant-General GRANT shows the most profound comprehension of the rebellion, and the most absolute mastery of the means necessary to suppress it. An earnest, faithful, silent man, he understood both the spirit and the resources of the enemy. Consequently he struck heavily at both. The loss of life in the Wilderness was fearful. Timid folk said timidly, and bold folk said fiercely, he is a butcher. The devastation of the Shenandoah was terrible. The same objectors exclaimed that it was inhuman. General GRANT knew that to reduce the rebellion it was necessary to kill men and to destroy provision. He knew that the sacrifice of life on our side was the shortest and the most bloody road. He knew that he compelled a greater loss upon the enemy's. We could better lose a hundred lives than they could lose them. And in his position fighting was imperative.

But while thus he struck at their resources of life and food, and set before Richmond, holding his doomed army in the hollow of his hands, he ordered THOMAS to extinguish HOOD, and then SHERMAN to advance, that the spirit of the rebellion might be crushed at home and its prestige destroyed abroad, by showing that it was a crust, and that the people of the South had resigned their defense to a force. Then the great march of SHERMAN to SAVANNAH, and northward into the heart of North Carolina, revealed this truth. GRANT had demonstrated that LEE's army was the rebellion.

From that moment the cardinal necessity of his position was to prevent LEE's escape and transfer of the field of war. He could hold him to a battle for the defense of Richmond, and in case of success cut off his retreat, there would be no alternative but surrender, and in LEE's instructions to his officers he said, "To this end he moved out upon his extreme left to secure the interior line in the event of victory. The battle began, and turned, as GRANT intended, upon SHERIDAN at the extreme left, as the pivot. The indomitable energy and soldierly skill of SHERIDAN did the work upon which GRANT counted; and then the masterly ability of the Lieutenant-General, seconded by the glorious and tireless valor of his soldiery, struck the blow he had designed from the first through the enemy's lines, compelled a hasty evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond, and at the same moment hemmed in his own victorious columns to the left that he might complete the work. How he completed it is already history.

It was reserved for the modest soldier who practically finished the war in the West to end it at the East, and to end it not only with the most prompt and effective support of all his fellow-Lieutenants but with their profound admiration and sympathy, while the country pays now, and will forever pay, the homages of its unqualified gratitude to his genius and his spotless character. For it is not the least of "the crowning mercies" of these days, that our political and military chiefs are men upon whose simple, earnest, unselfish devotion to their country no taint of suspicion was ever breathed; and our children will be forever grateful that our national salvation was achieved by men people under two such leaders as ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ULYSSES S. GRANT.

ROBERT E. LEE.

THAT the general satisfaction with the surrender of Lee should begin by a kind feeling for the rebel General is not unnatural. But it is a great folly to invest him with any romance. ROBERT E. LEE may be an honest man, a gentleman many of the rebels were, but beyond that he has no claim of any kind whatever upon the regard of the American people.

His army was very bold. Educated an army officer, he acknowledged the doctrine of State sovereignty, and, honestly holding it, he followed his State when she seceded. Now followed his State when she seceded. Now even if a man believed that his State had a right to secede at her pleasure, if he thought the occasion insufficient, as LEE confessed he did, he would silently acquiesce, and no more. But if the occasion were infamous, if the object of the exercise of State sovereignty at such extremes peril to the lives and happiness of his fellow-citizens were nothing but the perpetuity of human slavery, a noble and generous man would

have protested with all his heart. ROBERT E. LEE offered his sword.

From that moment he has been an active soldier. His military skill has been much overrated. STONEWALL JACKSON, his Lieutenant, achieved his most famous successes, and LEE's two aggressive campaigns were ignominious failures. No man can be held guilty of a want of genius. But will those who are so eager in excluding CHARLES LEE inform us why this Christian hero had not a word to say in regard to the atrocious treatment of our prisoners in rebel hands, quartered at Belle Isle, under his eyes? Will the flatterers of this Virginian gentleman explain why his reports of operations in the field were so unfair and deceptive as to lead friends of this simple-hearted soldier say why he tried a trick of words in his final correspondence with General GRANT?

There is no use known to us during his long career as a rebel in arms which should favorably signalize ROBERT E. LEE among hundreds of his fellow-rebels. Why does not JOHNSTON, or EWELL, or LONGSTREET, or HILL deserve the same praise? What excellence of character or excess for conduct has he which they have not? To those who speak so softly of his crimes feel as gently about JEFFERSON DAVIS? YET DAVIS at least heartily believed in his cause, and it was LEE, at the head of the army, who first made DAVIS's crime so prolonged and bloody.

We have no emotion of vengeance against General LEE. We would not hang him, even because he has not deserved hanging, but from motives of state policy. Neither are we inaccessible to attention for a fee. But, as Americans, we can buy, but General ARNOLD we despise. ROBERT E. LEE was an American citizen educated by his country, who, from a mistaken sense of duty, deserted his flag. Had his step ended there it would have been sorrowful. But he drew his sword against that flag not because of any oppression or outrage, but because a peaceful and lawful means it bade fair to become the symbol of justice and equal rights; and he drew it, thank God! in vain. There his story ends, and it is infamous.

OUR FOREIGN FRIENDS.

In this hour of high patriotic exultation our thoughts naturally reach across the sea and with the profoundest gratitude to our friends abroad who have steadily maintained our cause and their faith in its final triumph, and maintained it against the doubts and hostility and ignorance of the ruling class. They will now feel that their faith is the strength of a people whose government is fully justified. The remark of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer that DAVIS had created a nation, and that the British Foreign Minister, that the United States Government was fighting for dominion, sprang from their conviction that their own Government could not refuse to consolidate a rebellion, and from their total ignorance of the capacity of a free popular system. We can forgive them: but the event proves that the highest political sagacity is with the liberal and not the aristocratic party in England.

In Europe the members of the Government have been more reticent, but their acts have spoken plainly; and the unfriendly feeling of the court circles has been apparent. The Emperor, a student of history, has wished to keep from committing himself, and his wisdom will now have its reward.

But to us now, and to all faithful Americans hereafter, the names of JOHN BRIGHT, and RICHARD COBDEN, and GOLDWIN SMITH, and JOHN ELIOT CAIRNES, and WILLIAM E. FORSTER, and NEWMAN HALL, with their friend R. D. WEBB, and of HENRI MARTIN, LABOULAYE, LAUGEL, and others in France, will be always honorable and precious. Shall the events of the last four years not teach us that all believers in a true popular government, enlightened and just, whether they advocate its claims by argument or vindicate its power by irresistible arms, and in whatever country they live, form the great liberal party of the world, to which the interests of civil order and peaceful progress are intrusted?

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE following striking portrait of the President we find in the *Northern Whig* of Belfast, in Ireland; and we can hardly be mistaken in attributing it to Professor JOHN ELIOT CAIRNES, of Queens College, Galway, the author of one of the most valuable books upon our history ever written, "The Slave Power," and one of our most effective foreign friends. In the earlier months of the war Professor CAIRNES, in a series of most trenchant and unanswerable articles under his own name in the London *Daily News*, most triumphantly refuted several of the foreign accession leaders who tried to argue with him the question of the war in its economical and political aspects:

"MR. LINCOLN is one of those historic characters whom CARLYLE, in the better days of his earlier and saner genius, would have loved to sketch. Among the men who have been summoned from the unambitious pursuits of everyday life to save and guide nations in their hour of trial, the unsisted and yet not undignified figure of Abraham will rank with the truest and most self-reliant of the race. But for the subjection of his father across the Ohio to ARCHIBALD LINCOLN, it is unlikely, again, that now he is risking the worthless life of a 'cracker' or 'sand-hiller' in the armies of JEFFERSON DAVIS. If it were not for MR. CARLYLE's oblivion to the principle of 'hiring servants for life' as one of the forms of the rule of the strongest, it is easy to see to which of the two leaders in the civil war his sympathies would turn. JEFFERSON DAVIS is a type of the professional politician—practiced in the convention of government—a master of those arts of national 'palaver' and diplomatic 'leaving the room' by which, with ease, even in an unreasonable degree, MR. CARLYLE's dislike is content to be appeased. Of a more statesmanly mien is Mr. POPPER VARNEY. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, on the other hand, with his genius for silence, and its correlative, occasional felicitous speech, struggling with the difficulties of a imperfect early education—the fine spirit in the rough garb —blending from purpose with humanity, even a deep religion, with a genuine, if homely, humor—seems made for CARLYLE's pen. The formal, documentary, speech of the founder of the Union will contrast strangely with the ungainly and unpolished figure of (we trust) its destined preserver. But history will recognize, as CARLYLE once did to GEORGE WASHINGTON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN—a pure honesty of purpose in both. When the basis of party passion and international jealousy have abated, when everything has spent itself but the simple and unselfish gossip of the day goes the way of all lies, the place of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in the grateful affection of his countrymen and in the respect of the world, will be second only, if it be second, to that of WASHINGTON himself."

THE LAST OFFICIAL ACT OF GOVERNOR YATES.

A FRIEND in Illinois sends a story of Senator, late Governor, YATES, of that State, which should become historical in his honor.

By the "black laws" of Illinois, lately repealed, free negroes, or, as the law expressed it, "the people of color" when found in the State were liable to arrest and sale. Under this law two persons were arrested about two years since, and convicted of the crime of "being people of color." They were sold, one for fifty-five and the other for ninety-nine years. A prominent lawyer in the town (the names are given us) believing the law to be unconstitutional appealed the case, becoming security for costs, to the Supreme Court, which declared the law constitutional, and that the contract of sale with no bail been temporarily released by the lawyer's action should be returned to the buyers. The offended ex, however, had meanwhile left the State, and the lawyer found himself liable for a large sum.

He reflected for some time, and finally repaired to Governor YATES, who was about vacating the office. The lawyer submitted the case to the Governor's sagacity and humanity, and at the close of the interview emerged with a radiant face. Meeting a fellow-lawyer who was familiar with the circumstances, he said to him, cheerfully,

"Well, it's finished."

"How finished?"

"The men are pardoned," said the lawyer.

"How pardoned?" asked his friend.

The lawyer looked at him for a moment while a grim smile passed over his face, and then answered,

"Pardoned for being black."

This was the last official act of Governor YATES, and Illinois has done wisely in bidding him go up higher.

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE tumultuous excitement of these closing days of the war has prevented attention to an act which, in the more tranquil times of the future, will be estimated with all the honor it deserves. EZRA CORNELL, Senator from the Twenty-fourth District, in this State, proposes to give five hundred thousand dollars immediately to found a university, with the name, at Ithaca. Mr. WHITE, Senator from the Onondaga District, one of our most excellent scholars and most efficient public men, has introduced a bill into the Senate incorporating the University, and appropriating to it the income of the sale of public lands granted to this State by Congress by the act of July, 1862.

The importance of Mr. CORNELL's gift to all the higher interests of the State is so apparent that the Board of Regents appointed a committee to visit the People's College at Havana, to which the proceeds of the grant had been previously appropriated, for the purpose of ascertaining whether that college did not conform, or was likely within the limited time of five years to conform, to the conditions of the grant. The committee visited the People's College, made a careful investigation of its condition through the testimony of its officers and neighboring friends, and reported that it did not now conform to the requirements of the law. They further submitted the testimony from which it could readily be inferred whether it was likely to conform in them within the time.

No candid man can read the testimony without seeing that there is no reason whatever to believe it can do so. The People's College is apparently a small and feeble school, with no prospects than such as may arise from the fund under the act of 1862. It consists of a college building and a hundred acres of land; furniture to the amount of a thousand dollars, and a library of two thousand volumes, made up of Congressional documents, Pacific Railroad reports, and documents of the State of New York. It has no philosophical or chemical apparatus, nor shops, tools, machinery, nor farm buildings, farming implements or stock, although the expressed intention of the United States grant was the fostering of practical mechanics and agriculture. Instruction in the collegiate department has not begun, and there are about a hundred and fifty students in the preparatory school.

Whoever has the interests of the most generous education at heart can not doubt that the union of the grant of the United States with the gift of Mr. CORNELL will secure a foundation for a university worthy of the State, and that the advantage of one comprehensive, amply equipped institution is greater than that of a dozen smaller and exaggerated ones, in which no adequate concentration is power. The character of a truly noble university attracts the most eminent men to its chairs, and in its turn sustains a multitude of students. Who can estimate the value of AGASSIZ, for instance, to the University at Cambridge? Not only an institution so liberally endowed could secure the services of a GIBBS so eminent against the imperial competition of Europe. In every way the increase of resources increases the opportunity and the usefulness of a college, and we can see no public reason whatever in the interest of education, why the grant under the act of Congress should not be transferred to the Cornell University.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To be praised by GIBBON, says THACKERAY, is like having your name written upon the dome of *St. Peter's*; and if any man, however unworthy, had the right to be vain of praise, it would be he who can mention it to his friends. We have been reminded of THACKERAY's remark by the approbation which the course of *Harper's Weekly* during the war has elicited from the *North American Review* for April, 1865, the able, brilliant, and scholarly organ of the truest American conservatism; and we feel no forbearance repeating it with pride and pleasure to our readers:

"It has been one of the most powerful of the organs of public opinion that have appeared in this country, ably and sustained by the excellence and variety of its illustrations of the scenes and events of the war, as well as by the spirit and tone of its comments, and by its fearless wide. It has been read in city parlors, in the log-hut of the backwoodsman, in the tents of our soldiers, in the wards of our hospitals, in the trenches before Petersburg, and in the ranks of the rebel army wherever it has gone is has kindled a warmer glow of patriotism. It has served to hearts and strengthen the arms of the loyal people, and he does done its full part in the furtherance of the great cause of Union, of Freedom, and of Law. Whoever believing his country to be the constant progress of a people of nature conviction, high principle, and strong feeling, has taken that journal as his guide in newspaper-reading of the time. They are a running commentary upon events, and the most unexceptionable expression of that public opinion which they help to mould and to direct.

"Our historical societies and public libraries throughout the country should make complete sets of the volumes of *Harper's Weekly*, for every year will add to their value as an illustration of the times; and as long as the paper is edited as it now is, and maintains the public cause with such fearless independence, it will be one of the most trust-worthy and important expressions of the better political opinions of the times."

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE TREE.

THERE is an old, old tree a-dozing by my door;
Not a leaf upon it green for four long years and more;
Nor cones there ever bird, or butterfly, or bee,
But it was in the forest, the old, old tree.

Among its topmost twigs, that so closely interlace,
Run the wire-cords that harness the steeds of time and space.

The telegraphic runners that ceaselessly convey,
From north and south and east and west, the tidings of the day.

This morn o'er the old tree I saw a change had come:
The bursting forth of green leaves; the insect's joyful hum;

And the warbling of the spring birds that gladness brought to me
To the boughs that long were moaning in the wind and storm and sea.

What can that have stirred the heart of the dry old tree?
The little birds that sing there now have whispered it to me:

"Twas the singing of the wires with such glorious news alive,
In the dawning of the glad days of April, Sixty-five.

☞ In HARPER'S WEEKLY will be commenced immediately a new and original story, entitled

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

"Barbara's History" is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clear-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. The dialogues especially are much regarded. It is a book which the world will like, and which those who commence it will care to finish. It is a worthy praise of a work of art, and so we intend it.—*From the London Times.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.

Upon the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg Lee's army moved westward toward Burkeville. The army was thoroughly demoralized, and the line of retreat was strewn with muskets, knapsacks, and artillery caissons. General Grant distinguished himself in the pursuit no less notably than in the defeat of the rebels. Moving his own army westward, he kept pushing Lee northward, keeping him to the north bank of the Appomattox. Lee finally succeeded in crossing the river, and concentrated his forces in the region of Amelia Court House. But in the mean while, by the night of Tuesday, April 4, Sheridan and the Fifth Corps had, by a march of thirty-six miles, gained Jetersville, on the road to Burkeville, to the west of Burkeville. This movement resulted the next day in the capture of a train of three hundred wagons, with five cannon and a thousand prisoners.

Grant, on Wednesday, with the Twenty-fourth Corps, had reached Nottoway Court House, and here learned by a dispatch from Sheridan that Lee had been intercepted. On Thursday Grant had brought his army up to Sheridan's support, and with the Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps lay in line of battle at Burke's Station, facing to the north-west, the road cutting Lee off from Danville. Lee then tried to move on toward Lynchburg, by taking a circuitous route by way of Danville, but Grant, ever dramatic, which he hoped to cross, and, with the river between him and Grant, destroy his army. These last movements were too rapid to permit of this. Lee was surrounded. On the 8th Ord, with the Army of the Potomac, had by a march of thirteen thousand prisoners, including Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Corse, De Barry, Anderson, Humphreys, and Barlow. Fourteen cannon were taken, and several hundred wagons.

The battle was fought on Thursday, April 6. The next day General Grant wrote to Lee asking him to surrender his army, and received from Confederate Secretary of War Lee's reply, in which he had no authority to grant such terms as Grant had proposed, but suggested that terms be had are will understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that end, and prevent, even, thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property and its destruction.

This note was received by Lee on the spot which he had selected for the interview of the two commanders, replied, stating that he had received the note on the picket line, and had ridden forward to the point agreed upon to definitely the terms on which the army could be surrendered. Grant, however, had forgotten this letter, and consequently in his letter requesting the interview that he could meet Longstreet at the house of Wilmer McLean, on the Northern Virginia. He now fell back upon Grant's original offer, and received an immediate letter repeating the terms of surrender. This letter reached Grant on the morning of Sunday, April 9. He was then preparing instructed to the front to meet Lee. At Appomattox Court House Lee's troops were stipulated that the side arms of officers and men should be made in duplicate; that both officers and men should give their parole not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; that each company or regimental commander should sign a like parole for the men of their command; and that the officers and men should be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they should observe their parole and the laws in force where they resided. Lee's army numbered 26,000 men at the surrender.

GENERAL,—I have received your letter of this date, and in reply would say that, notwithstanding the recent disasters which have befallen the army of Northern Virginia by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry into effect the terms of the surrender.

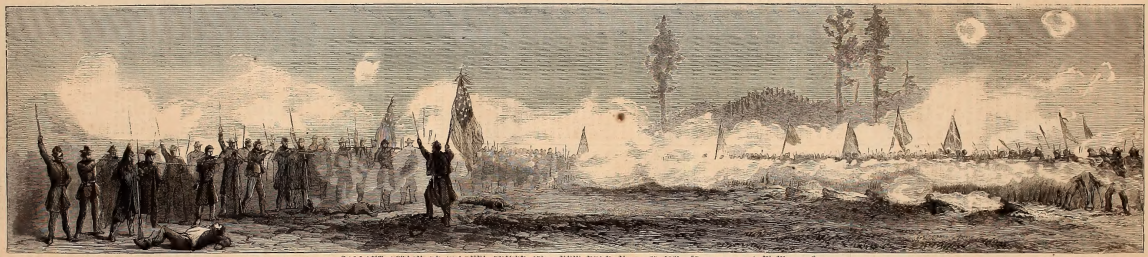
Very respectfully your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, General.

OPERATIONS AGAINST MOBILE.

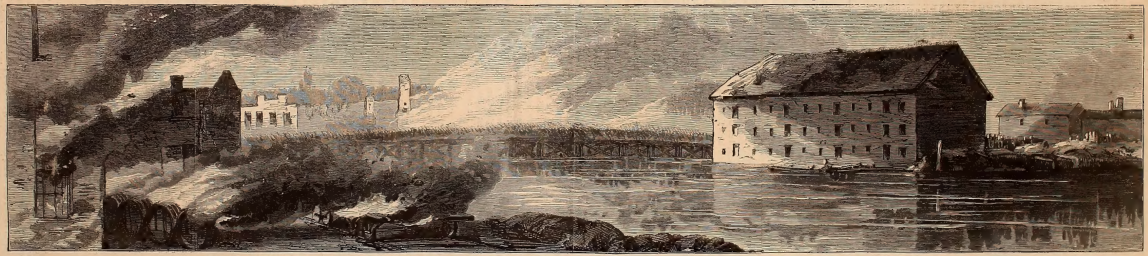
On the 17th of March the Thirteenth and Sixteenth Corps formed the advance of Canby's force, and the Nineteenth, on the city of Mobile, on the east side of the bay. On the 18th the batteries of the works opposite Spanish Fort opened fire upon the gunboats and transports which were passing up the bay. On the 19th the Sixteenth Corps was brought over to Fish River, and encamped for the night. On the 20th, by mid-afternoon, the Sixteenth Corps had reached Fish River, and had formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the bay, and its left on Fish River. The Nineteenth Corps was also brought over to Fish River, and encamped for the night. On the 21st the Nineteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on Fish River, and its left on the Spanish Fort road. The Sixteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the Spanish Fort road, and its left on the bay. The Thirteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the bay, and its left on the Spanish Fort road. The Nineteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the Spanish Fort road, and its left on the bay. The Sixteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the bay, and its left on the Spanish Fort road. The Thirteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the bay, and its left on the Spanish Fort road. The Nineteenth Corps moved forward, and formed a line of battle, with its right resting on the bay, and its left on the Spanish Fort road



BEFORE PETERSBURG—REBEL FORT AND LINE OF WORKS NEAR BURGESS MILLS, CAPTURED BY THE SIXTH CORPS, APRIL 2, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



GALLANT ACTION OF COLONEL SNIDER, 16TH NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



BEFORE PETERSBURG—THE RETREAT OF THE REBELS ACROSS THE APPOMATTOX, BY THE POCAHONTAS BRIDGE, APRIL 3, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



THE UNION ARMY ENTERING PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, APRIL 3, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY J. E. HAMILTON.]

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER.

SENT WITH A PAIR OF SLIPPERS TO THE ARMY.

I'm sitting alone by the window,
Outlooking the forest afar,
And dreamily working a slipper
For Father, who's gone to the war.

The green bud grows on the slipper,
And the green bud swells on the tree,
And the wind sighs in the pine-tops,
And, Father, I'm sighing for thee.

From the old oak down in the meadow
Comes the crow's monotonous caw;
And the blue-bird sings in the garden,
And I sing: "Come to the war."

As a nun counts her beads at her prayers
I'm counting the days till you come,
And praying the angels to bear you
Safe under their wings to your home.

Do you know that I've been with you, Father,
Through all of this weary campaign?
My feet have been bruised with your marchings;
Beneath the cold heavens I've lain.

By your side have I wrought in the trenches—
Stood guard in the heat and the dust;
I've hungered and thirsted and fainted—
I've borne with you the hard crust.

I know that the good God is with us—
I know the right triumphs at last;
I know that a glorious rainbow
Will smile when the tempest is past.

But I know not—He only knoweth,
Whose pleasure is infinite law—
Whether these slippers, dear Father,
Will ever come home from the war.

TRACKING.

SUSAN ALDUS sending one morning over a back way of hers calls lilies in the valley to her love. But one must first be old Hebrew significative of a lily, and erect and pliant, with shining head, soft, starry, hand eyes, and with a skin that dazzled you, she was one of those beautiful white women that seem like nothing so much as lilies themselves. So evidently thought the two young men in hunting gear who stood beside her, watching her fingers twinkle in and out among the great green lilies. Then with a heightened color one of them sauntered away, and seating himself near a table took up a newspaper and was apparently lost in its contents, which must have been of a particularly absorbing nature, as he found himself able to peruse them upside down.

"Well, Clement," said a lady entering the room, "you are off at last?"

"Off at last, Mrs. Aldus," answered the knight of the newspaper.

"We shall miss you sadly. You are quite one of us, you know. And Harvey, too."

"Thank you, Mrs. Aldus. You and Miss Susan have been very kind."

As she bent her name mentioned the faintest rose crept chilly over Susan's cheek, but without turning she continued listening to what Harvey murmured in her ear. But, directly, the latter suspected that though she lent him the little rosy shell of her ear, she kept all its inner hearing for Clement and her mother. There is nothing so suspicious as love; and abruptly silencing himself, he leaned against the side of the window and watched her without a word.

"Now you are angry with me," said Susan, looking up in her appealing way after the silence had continued for some time. "Are you waiting for the answer to some question that I lost?"

"I am waiting for an answer, indeed!" murmured he, looking at her intently. But with the faint, fleeting flush again, Susan busied herself over her flowers.

Meanwhile Clement was napping out their route to Mrs. Aldus, disdaining either to watch or to hearken, but feeling, as it were through the pores of his skin, that Harvey was saying tender things to Susan, and Susan was listening. Finally, he drew a writing-stand toward himself, and without pausing to reason penned a few vehement lines, inclosed them in an envelope at hand, sealed, directed, and left it on the table. Then he leaned back, impatient to be gone, yet hindered by the desire from hurrying his adversary, who was at the same time his friend.

Perhaps if he had been asked the question Clement would have found it hard to answer whether he most desired himself or his friend to find success in this suit. He had always seemed to think that now that he loved Harvey as a part of himself, but then Susan Aldus was himself. He and Susan had been children together; they had grown up almost husband and wife in earnest while yet in pinafores; they had been fast friends since through years of separation; but owing to that separation which had given him doubt and uncertainty as to her feelings, not till the note written that day in her presence and that of his rival had Clement ventured to tell her all that she was to him.

As for Harvey, he had been a college companion of Clement's; he had been introduced to Susan by Clement; and ravished out of himself, forgetful of friendship and every thing else in his sudden ardent passion, he had used his best endeavors to win her regard, and had bent before her more than could have been expected from so fiery, impetuous, and haughty a spirit as his. But so quietly had Susan maintained her sudden reserve that to this moment though he palpitated hourly between hope and despair, he could not fully assure himself whether he or Clement was the favored one. So tormenting had he found the suspense that he had resolved upon ending it and tearing himself away. But to go and leave Clement in the field was not to be thought of; so he proposed one day that they should start together on a hunting expedition into the woods of Maine, quartering themselves upon a lumber camp and its gang of sturdy lumbermen; and scorning to win favor merely by his own presence in the other's absence, Clement had not hesitated to take part in the wintry exposure and all the exhilaration of crisp air, sparkling snow, and the eager hunt.

"Now, young gentlemen," said Mrs. Aldus, mildly, "you never must consider me inhospitable: but as you told me the boat left the city at twelve, excuse me for admonishing you that you have but three minutes to reach it."

"Ah, Mrs. Aldus, you do not forget the promised haunch of venison!" said Harvey. "Well, we're off. But,

"Leaving the wild deer and chasing the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go!"

he declared, in undertone, to Susan. And then shaking hands with her and Mrs. Aldus went out.

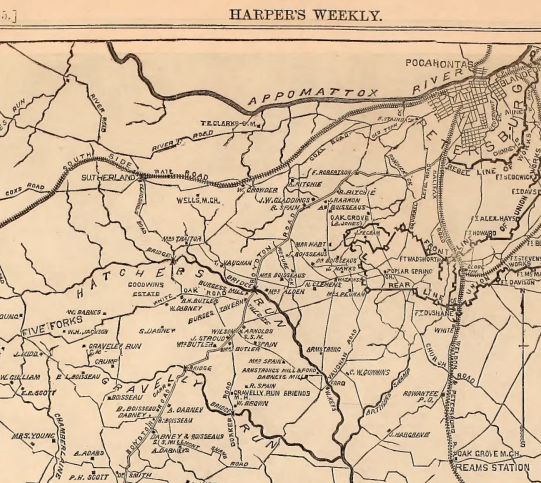
Clement lingered a moment to bid farewell, and as he stood by the table, scattered over the note that he left there all the burning words of a mass too that he had taken from its vase and played with half an hour gone. Then he, too, went; and before high noon they were steaming down the harbor, leaving cold white clouds behind them as they sped, and moaning after the fleet gulls and their fret-fed, tuition to reach their final one by means of train and stage and slow-dragging lumber-team.

They had been in the forest nearly about a week, meeting with but indifferent success from their rifles, and lost in all the cheer and novelty of the scene. By day, within a great cabin, and accompanied by some trusty guide, they scoured the woods; by night, clustered round the immense fire, while some slept and some shook dice, some lolled down the shining spruce-gum and some handled a clumsy needle, they listened to the strange stories of forest life, which, with the fine relish of its dangers, till the blood curdled in their veins.

It was on one such eve that a lively night that the teamster who had been down to the nearest town for supplies was heard having and greeting his scum, and getting them supplied with their rations. Then entering the long log-hut he was met with such warm welcome as only those receive whose appearance seems timely, and who are on their way before him. When he had removed the vast boots that could have floundered, one might have said, through the snow, and had received a hot cup, seeded, with a slow tantalization that he enjoyed much more himself than any one else, he began at his capacious pockets of their all and sundry commissions, with a package of tobacco for one, a pack of cards for another, a jew's-harp for a third, a fife for a fourth, and a jack-knife for a fifth, and at the very end of all, rumpled and crumpled, he tossed a letter, perfumed note that Clement knew by its delicate perfumed note—it was the scent that Susan was so fond of, and neither the neighborhood of tobacco, nor a peppermint lozenge that Harvey had in his mouth, could disguise. It was from Susan—he knew that before he read the superscription; Harvey, sitting on the other side of the fire, caught his hearth, knew it too, as he testified by his sudden start and bend, the flush upon his face, his quick, glistening eye with been the bride were not. The scrawl of the charcoal sketches on the great flat rock with a long, sharp, white twigs. It was from Susan; the answer to the note that Clement had left upon the table for her scattered over with its more than rose-leaves in the bold hand in his hands. She loves me—loves me not. Should he put it to the test and tear open the dainty seal before Harvey's eyes, these other hands that so kindly curious eyes—read her words in any presence but his own alone—learn whether he were a solitary, unwelcomed lover, or whether he were most supremely blessed for life and for death, with a hundred faces to watch the changes of his face, to cry or in despair? Or should he, on the other hand, to wait till daylight, perhaps to die in the night, with this prying heart-ache, this fear of one who might have whispered her words to another's. Waiting was impossible. He threw a pitch-pine knot into the fire, and watching it as it sheet held screeningly, so that the blaze might fall thereon, and whatever was written there be read by him. He was long about it, but when he had read of him, bend them elsewhere as much as he might, Harvey could not keep his eyes away; back again they came, as if upon the wings of a moth that in their worst to read in the face held low over the sheet, in the figure, in the hands, what Susan's love had to say to Clement. Oh, I hope there was for him himself. Were the veins so big upon his forehead from the excitement of the hunt, or did he hang there till he should have recovered self-control from any pang of disappointment? How could Harvey know? He had finished reading long before one could fairly see his face had gone out into the night. As he opened the door there came in the wild, shrill cry of a fox that was hunted by husband and wife in earnest while yet in pinafores; they had been fast friends since through years of separation; but owing to that separation which had given him doubt and uncertainty as to her feelings, not till the note written that day in her presence and that of his rival had Clement ventured to tell her all that she was to him.

As for Harvey, he had been a college companion of Clement's; he had been introduced to Susan by Clement; and ravished out of himself, forgetful of friendship and every thing else in his sudden ardent passion, he had used his best endeavors to win her regard, and had bent before her more than could have been expected from so fiery, impetuous, and haughty a spirit as his. But so quietly had Susan maintained her sudden reserve that to this moment though he palpitated hourly between hope and despair, he could not fully assure himself whether he or Clement was the favored one. So tormenting had he found the suspense that he had resolved upon ending it and tearing himself away. But to go and for gallivantin' off for to save a woman or a baby lost in the hollers." And shortly afterward the logger returned, bringing Clement beside him, and sitting down entertained him till midnight with recital of all the horrors a pioneer can have to tell.

It was the next morning that, according to previous agreement, the two friends started out after deer, tracks having been seen on the day before. They felt now sufficiently acquainted with the character of things to dispense with a guide—perhaps, besides, they mutually desired to be alone with one another. If this last were their object, however, it was soon frustrated, since, following the trail, the broken crust of the deep snow, the soft-tipped browsing of black-birch stems, they suddenly lost it altogether, and were obliged to separate in order the sooner to strike it again. Harvey went west to Clement to trace the course of a little frozen brooklet down to its outlet, on a meadow just where there was a break in the forest, that immediately beyond the brook began again and went on denser and darker and wilder into the north. As he did so, all at once he thought he noticed a trail again along the bank. He was quite right; there were tracks. He halloed to Harvey, but received no answer. It was very exciting to Harvey and after another halloo he plunged along, every moment surer, and making certain that he was on the path of some young buck, for the footprints in the snow were evidently those of long agile bounds till they left the bank and went down into the bed of the frozen brook. There was a light snow falling, just enough to sheathe the ice, a soft, slow, showery fall of large-flaked snow flakes. That the trail was recent was evident from the fact that one by one, as he went following, there were the footprints set before him by the light falling snow. Clement pursued this with no fire now with eagerness to bring down the game himself. At last the brook debouched upon the meadow, and there was a single, lonely, meagre mass in summer-time it fed. The meadow, too, was a sheet of ice, overflowed by the brook in spring rains and thaws, and half-way across it there rose the stem of a single tree, its few branches, only half sheathed with the great sphinxlatate of the pine forest, all bent one way with the wind, but each bough stalwart as a floor itself. It was directly to the foot of this tree that the trail of the deer led, one print falling before another, and there they stopped. Clement rubbed his eyes in perplexity—then he glanced up at the tree—then at the sky—then, in natural history, had deer or moose been known to take to the trees? Yet here the tracks ceased. And at a loss he reconsidered



THE SCENE OF CONFLICT IN VIRGINIA.

as willing to tell people what she thinks as she is to speak of them during their absence. She is the rather prefers it, as she is thus able to inflict more pain and vexation. "You made that dress yourself?" she says to a friend. "Ah! I thought so: one can see directly the difference between a thing made by a dress-maker and an amateur." Or, if the dress has passed through the hands of a dress-maker: "I must say, dear, that she has by no means done justice to your figure. What a pity! How many yards did you say you gave her?" Then, with a look of incredulity, followed by one of compassion, "My dear, she has certainly robbed you. She has not given you half your stuff. We all know how these people *croh*. Why did you have him? It is horribly unbecoming to you. Why did you let her put in that sleeve? that shape has quite gone out," etc., etc. To a musical friend she declares, with a wry face, that amateur playing or singing is unendurable, and a sheer waste of time; for the spiteful girl, though she affects much judgment, rarely hath any music in her soul. If one of her friends—acquaintances, it should be said, for she has no real friend—if some girl whom she knows happens to injure herself on the beauty of her mouth, she contionally tells her that it is absurd to fritter away precious time on doing things which may be purchased for a mere trifle now; and if she is obliged to admit that the work shown is well done, she regrets that so ugly, or ineffective, or old-fashioned, or easily soiled a pattern should have been selected, or objects to the combinations of color, or asserts that crochet is rapidly becoming "out of date," or, any thing which may suggest itself to her imagination. If she knows that any body fancies they have a reputation for being clever, she says, with an indescribable look, which points, or barbs, her remark, "How nice it must be to have any kind of talent, even a spark of the divine fire. What a pity it is one never meets any clever people in private life!" The sulky girl is only second to the spiteful one. Nothing pleases her. The day is too hot, too cold, too sunny, too dull; she will not admit that she cares about any thing. Ask her opinion, and she irritates you by the very tone in which she answers you. She is often a sloven, for she regards the world with disdain; she is frequently ugly, and revenges her misfortune—if it be such—on every body who may come within her reach. There is a wonderful difference in ugliness. A pleasant ugliness will often gain the preference over superlicious beauty; but sullen ugliness is without question most repulsive.

The girl who insists in reposing confidence in all her friends is eminently disagreeable. She is particularly flattering, but decidedly a bore, to be the depositary of her secrets; for, in the first place, they are not worth knowing—every-day secrets usually—and in the second, you are perfectly conscious that all her friends and acquaintances are in the receipt of them. They are generally love-secrets, relating either to her or somebody else's affairs. If she would simply tell you, and please herself by the sound of her own voice, it would be bad enough; but she asks so delicately and so seriously for your advice, that you are vexed with yourself for not being able to sympathize with her griefs or her joys.

The girl with one idea is undoubtedly disagreeable. So long as people are talking around her on any thing in which she takes no interest, she will sit or lean back in her chair with a countenance in which nothing but stolid stupidity or weariness is depicted; if some one chances to touch on her favorite topic—dress, flirtation, personal appearances, scandal, be it what it may—she starts up and begins to chatter as if she had been wound up like a clock. Unfortunately, it usually happens that her favorite subject is one of narrow limits, which does not admit of prolonged discussion. This girl is much addicted to whispering in a corner.

The irritable, capricious girl is detestable. The slightest word, spoken at random, will suffice to estrange her from her "dearest friend." She is not in the habit of making such bitter speeches as the spiteful girl, but she contradicts, and interrupts, and reproaches in the most provoking manner every instant. She is disrespectful to her parents, cross and unyielding with her brothers and sisters, captious with her friends, barely civil to her acquaintances. The latter, however, fare the best with her, as she is either ashamed or has no speck of sanity to display her ill temper before those of whom she knows little.

There is one disagreeable girl who combines all the unpopular qualities of her sisters. She is haughty, she is plain, but tries to compel every one to confess that she is the reverse; she is irritable, she is sulky, she patronizes those who do not either declare open war against her, or treat her opinion with thinly-disguised contempt; she says spiteful things with an air of condescension; like the famous miller of song, she "cares for nobody," and regards love and friendship as chimeras of the brain.

Some girls are disagreeable to those of their own sex, but very agreeable in the society of "the gentlemen;" others are voted extremely disagreeable by men, but liked by women; others, again, are disagreeable to every body. Some are disagreeable because they can not help being so; others are disagreeable because they will not take the trouble to rid themselves of the peculiarity which renders them unendurable. Some are pleasing at first, but after a little time, from some mysterious cause, they change, and become excessively disagreeable. These girls are perpetually acquiring and losing friends, and it is to be observed that, when they have lost a friend, they seize every occasion of "backbiting" and "telling tales" of them, and assure you that "really, I was the last to blame in the matter at all; now would you have put up with such treatment?"

The aggressively handsome and the aggravatingly ugly girls are equally disagreeable. The one is either utterly inane or intolerably flippant, seeing in every other girl a rival, and in every man a victim; the other is perhaps resentful and "strong-minded," or stolidly stupid. It would be impossible to pronounce a verdict of these types might be called the most disagreeable.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

EXCESSIVELY FOND OF YOUNG MEN.—Women as youthful and as fresh as spring wear dresses covered with artificial insects, butterflies, lizards, scarabees, shells, and birds, rake-drops, and showers of bugles. Duchesses and Marchionesses may be seen at the theatres in red satin and yellow velvet jackets, ornamented with steel, crystal drops, and Chinese embroideries. All that is eccentric and showy is accepted with enthusiasm. The jewelry follows in the same vein: observation are made with

A Apartments to let" written on them; gold brooches are fashioned with the figure in black enamel, and mounted as weather-cocks; the ear-rings are both heavy and long, and the necklaces are equally out of proportion. What is delicate and feminine gives way to exaggeration and eccentricity.

A FEMALE PIRATE.—Piney was, in early times, a favorite and fashionable portrait. One of the most celebrated pirates of the Northern seas was a Princess Alvilda, the daughter of a Gothic king, who, according to legend, embraced the occupation of a sea-rover to relieve herself from a marriage which was equally to be imposed upon her, contrary to her inclination, with Alf, a Danish prince. She habited herself in male costume, and selected her rovers and crew a band of Amazonian damsels, who assumed the same attire. Touching at a strange port in one of her first cruises, she met an association of male pirates, who were bewailing the death of their leader, and, captivated by the gallant bearing of the heroine, they chose her as their chief. Thus elevated, she became so formidable in her depredations that her former suitor was sent to encounter her, and a fierce contest ensued at sea, in which, after vigorously repulsing for a time his warlike assaults, Alf at length boarded her bark, and, having slain numbers of her crew, she became his prisoner. The Princess wore a canopy, which concealed her face; he raised it, and recognizing his former fair one, she fainted in his arms, and on his again offering her his hand she bowed his bride.

A NEW OPENING FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.—Nothing up there appeared in various publications the other day of the origin of a tombstone, below which the widow had caused the artist to engrave her husband's likeness, surrounded by a view of her husband's business; thus preserving a certain bond of union between the dead and the living, and making a profit out of the grave. Not long ago it occurred to a photographer that he might increase his business by introducing that he copied photographs of deceased individuals, and commenced in such a way then. He placed in collusion with the defunct, they would endure for any number of years, and the tombstone on which he said to have been the custom on the Continent. And it is very evident that a good deal may be said in the favor; one would not be void of a novel proceeding of a well-favored widow, who, lately, in one of the large cemeteries, desired to see a row of immortelles on the tomb of her deceased husband, which were out of season.

THE RULING PASSION.—Whoever has visited Niemes has seen the statue of the great sesquipedalian and will remember how dangerous it appeared to climb to the summit. An anecdote is related in a local paper of a youngster who would persist in mounting the walls, in spite of the tenders and entreaties of his parents, in search of bats, which abound among the ruins. One day his father caught sight of the youth, and, notwithstanding the peril to his child, rushed up, managed to reach his boy and seize him by the leg. "Father," exclaimed the boy, as he held him suspended by the leg in the air, "Now," said his father, "I will you never climb up there again!" The position was enough to frighten the boy, who could see nothing between him and the ground but a frightful fall, thinking of which he shrieked, he exclaimed eagerly, "Stop a little lower, father; I can see a whole swarm of bats in a hole out of your reach—just let me get them, and I will promise you not to climb up there any more."

A TRUE ...TRAGEDY.—A great... ngedy is reported from SICILY. An Arab slave in the h... se of Almost Effendi was, by unauthorized freedom, ... ve of the favorite wife of the Effendi's wife, the time for greatest ... k was postponed. The slave was discovered by the Effendi, who, in a paroxysm of the absence of his master and... the whole of the household, and a crowd of ... ed, and demanded to enter the harem, and deliberately strap... a his mistress, whom he encountered at the ... ance to the harem, whom he encountered at the mosque door, and told out to bring him a bed from the ... ber, and suspended it between trees. Accompanied by the police and many other persons, the Effendi arrived, and, on hearing the ... rem, truly enough found the corpse of his murdered wife. He then, with many expressions of thanks for the ... ce, he exercised his feelings. Upon this charge the lamented Effendi was taken prisoner to the police, and ... ed with the common guard till the authorities had fully investigated the tragic affair.

PRIMITIVE COSTUMES.—Several of the Paris journals speak against the extremely *decollete* style of dress which the ladies have adopted at the ball this season in the French capital; "What remains at the present day of women's dress," says M. E. Texier, in the *Siecle*, "is so small that it is hardly worth talking about. Ladies are almost attired like the natives in South America—with nothing but a necklace. Besides this, such a style of dress may be made very rich. It has the advantage of covering the limbs; and as to that, where the limbs are of ivory, one can not be too thinly clad!" M. Vesse, in the *Monde*, makes the following remark: "If one of the present queens of the Parisian *beau monde* were to walk out of doors in her costume, the moment she should turn back up, and the correctional tribunal would visit her with the wholesome effect of a conviction."

A LADIES' DUEL.—Madame de Nerle, irritated by the attentions of the Duc de Richelieu to Madame du Deffand sent her an insulting letter, concluding, "Si tu oses, madame, ces raisons au vous paraissent pas, je t'attendrai demain, dix heures du matin, au bois de St. cagne. Mon arme est le pistolet." They met, attended by their seconds, and it was arranged that they should fire on reaching a scarf placed half-way between them. Madame de Nerle fired first and missed. Madame du Deffand fired more deliberately, and wounded her rival in the shoulder; but Richelieu, for once in his life, acted like Cato, and preferred the conquered to the conqueror.

In some places in England it has been found necessary to get up an anti-Mormon league, as the gentlemen who wish to wed a few dozen have become very triumphant in their efforts, and it is feared there may be a scarcity of womankind if they go on exporting to America.

WORTH KNOWING.—A correspondent says: "A young lady, while in the country some years ago, stepped on a rusty nail, which ran through her shoe and foot. The inflammation and pain was of course very great, and looked for a speedy end. A friend of family, however, recommended the application of a beet, taken fresh from the ground and pounded fine, to the wound. It was done, and the effect was very beneficial. Soon the inflammation began to subside, and by keeping on the remedy hot, and changing it for a fresh one, as its virtue seemed to become impaired, a speedy cure was effected. Simple but effectual remedies like this should be known to every one."

A NEW WORD.—In the growth of Hebrew, the German poet, who was expelled from the Prussian dominions, has the following word appears: "Bismarckwirdsgangenschangenmagsichergeschlagen"—meaning a man who is exempt from conscription from the payment of taxes. The expulsion of such a poet as this would be justified by the laws of *primogeniture* by the code of Prussia.

SOME people have the toothache; to them it may be interesting to know without a five-dollar fee that between the tip of the left-hand thumb and the next there is a great connection; the nerves of the nose are connected with the teeth, and headache may therefore be cured by the application of a mustard poultice to the tip of the left-hand thumb.

PYRAMIDUM.—A veteran living statesman has taken occasion, from time to time, to illustrate the rarity of good penmanship in our age, as compared with former time. It is, in our opinion, a well-founded complaint. How gentlemen nowadays write a perspicuous hand, or how better than a scrawl. See even when a stranger addresses you, do you find one-half of his sentences unintelligible, and the signature so utterly enigmatical, that you are forced into the impoliteness of cutting out the name and sending it on the envelope of your answer? If you cast your eye over any extended manuscript or packet of letters of the early part of the last century, the writing is generally of a very different character. The letters of this period possess a meaning of well-formed writing at different times, between 1740 and 1773, by a single hand, and in the course of it he has never detected an *s* or an *t* without its loop, or an *i* without its dot; neither, in spelling, was he ever at a loss about the meaning of a single sentence. We can not say much for the handwriting of ladies of that or any earlier age, for a tolerable education for women is a matter of later date. But certainly there was a time, and that not long ago, when all our mothers—when feminine handwriting was both elegant and intelligible. Of late years it has become rather than young ones.

THE MAGDALENA, a very little, a very, very little!" said the Brook to the Bank.

"Just a little more," was silent, and the Brook were its side till the earth melted away and the soils floated down the Mississippi.

"Just a little more, a very little more!" said the Brook again; and the wheat-crop was lessened with frosts; it ever fell on by one the willows fell and were borne away in the torrent.

"Just a little more!" cried the Meadow, as the tide rushed in.

"If I had not neglected the attack on my bank, my fences would never have been destroyed; and my property protection is gone, and I am rightly served in being turned from a fruitful field into a watery waste."



THE UNION ARMY ENTER



NG RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865.

"WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA."

"O a golden comb for golden hair,
And milk-white pearls for a neck as fair,
And silver chains, and all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!

"O silken 'broideries, green and blue,
And wrought with crimson through and through,
With coral and amber, all for me,
The day my ship comes home from sea!"

"And where is the good ship sailing from
That brings these brave things safely home?
And by what name do you hail her free,
And who is her captain on the sea?"

"My ship comes sailing from the west,
And her name is called *The Sailor's Rest*,
And the happy souls of all her crew,
Her captain, is my lover true."

"O pever will that ship come home,
Wherever she be sailing from:
I warn'd my hands beneath the stars
To gather a mound of her broken spars.

"And three days dead the captain lay,
But how he died no man may say:
I laid him out by the pale moonrays,
And made a shroud of the 'broideries.

"With coral and gold I weighted him,
And still he was light enough to swim;
With silver chains I bound him down,
Then shut the cold corpse so hard to drown.

"It's back hair lines as eagle's nest
On a sea-girt cliff in the lonesome west:
Now jet for coral there must be,
And weed for amber, ebony."

TID'S OLD RED RAG OF A SHAWL.

THE Miss Hibberds were holding a court-martial, attended by all the officers in their service, in the dining-room of their school in Lavedder Lane.

The Miss Hibberds were of a certain age. Miss Hibberd was tall, had a small fine head, like a greyhound's, and had her velvet head-dress with bee lappets. She wore hoop-rings on china hands, cambric cuffs on spare wrists, a narrow neck-ribbon, like a dog's collar, showing a delicate bluish throat beneath the skinny bag under the pointed chin, and always looked as if she put herself fully dressed into a sale basket every night and took herself out as fresh as paint in the morning.

Miss Charlotte Hibberd was short and stout, with a solid neck, a full bust, and much strong grizzled hair, so as to render it difficult for her, in the very easy costume as Miss Hibberd's, to make the most distant approach to elegance.

Miss Blount, the senior English governess, had turned the old room at corner of thirty, clothed herself in a lavender woollen gown, with a ruche of the same material round the neck, and without any other adornment, in the heat of summer. Her complexion was too muddled to suffer from the wear and tear of life; but the leonine cast of her mouth was deeply dented by high spirit, strong sense, a few crotchets on the social science movement, and considerable experience of grim care.

Mdlle. Ia Rue was twenty-eight, and dressed elaborately. She had ringlets, a gilt comb, a knot of ribbon, a nosegay, a general rustle of silk and aroma of perfume. Her sallow face was keen in contour and expression, even when it languished, in accompaniment to words of much heroism and stage sentiment, quotations from French classics, from Les Heroes, Athalie, and the Roy Bias.

Fraulein Kister was about the same age as her French sister, put up the broad chin of a broad face in a white worked cravat, and wore a net drawn almost to her eyebrows over her very sandy hair, finished by a row of little tassels like little bells all round her head, and a pair of large tassels with loops of coral to her ball-pulls above her left ear. Fraulein Kester was a specimen of good living and phlegmatic philosophy.

Miss Farren, the junior English governess, at eighteen was put, with her own consent, into a lavender gown, in imitation of Miss Blount; but the Quaker color would not quench blushes, erase dimples, nor dim eyes—only mortification and vexation did that. She was possessed a warm complexion, soft-cheeked, cleft-chinned face; but at this moment it was tear-stained, out of the last remnant of pure sensibility with the accompanying rose-brown hair and the nice collar and sleeves, like the feathers of the most ruffled little bird in the world.

The consultation sat on a culprit, and if mercy were not found in the breasts of the members there was little in the room to call forth the softer human emotions. Miss Farren was crying bitterly, ruffling her brown hair, as crying ruffles hair when little hands press from the brow, and seeming to relieve tightly over the shrinking face. She was arraigned before the authorities, accused of misdemeanor in the matter of her fellow, summarily found guilty, and only awaiting her sentence. She was not attempting to prevaricate or defend herself, but colored with shame and distress, and willing to creep into a mouse's hole. No marvel that Miss Farren was overcome to know that the words buried at the girl's devoted head. "Evil example," "trust abused," "ingratitude," "giddiness," "unwilling yielding to an unworthy gentleman's advances." At the last expression Miss Farren looked up and spoke up a little.

"Yes, Miss Hibberd, don't say so; Mr. Bishop did not mean to do me harm—he only meant to be kind." And there Tid broke down worse than ever.

"You are a fine judge, Miss Farren," said Miss Hibberd, with irony. "Very dignified, delicate-minded, brotherly kindness in Mr. Bishop to write notes to Miss Farren, and hand them to her along with the poor dear deceived girls' examination-making appointments for half-holidays; and one of the notes was found and whispered about, so that the affair can not be hushed up even for Miss Charlotte and myself would consent to such a breach of truth. Miss Farren to receive the notes and keep the appointments, and wear particular dresses for the occasion"—bringing herself up short, summing up the main offenses, and looking hard and long at breath—"Oh, Miss Farren!"

"Oh, Miss Farren!" echoed Miss Charlotte, in so deep a voice that she looked as to have something sepulchral in its tones.

"Ah, ciel!" cried Mdlle. De la Rue, clasping her bony hands, thinking at the same time: "If that cold, shy mouvaise had had taste for the tournure, if he had made eyes to me, Mlle! he should have been mine—mine as chevalier all the seasons without these vieilles demoiselles, or any one else, being the wiser."

"So, so!" Fraulein Kester testified in condemnation, raising her not by an elevation of her lights eyebrows, and declining it again by the slowest shaking simultaneously like so many dumb-bells.

Miss Blount stated plainly: "I am surprised that you could be so foolish, Miss Farren, though you are a girl of eighteen."

"He only wrote to me thrice," pleaded the girl, set bay: "and there was about Miss Martin's bad spelling in her dictation."

"Enough, Miss Farren!" Miss Hibberd ended the sitting summarily. "Under the circumstances, what does it matter? I need not say you must both give up your situations; and I can not tell you whether I am glad or sorry that it is the eve of the Midsummer holidays, and you may be spared disgrace, or that society will lose a warning. But I should like to know how we could the upper classes trust Miss Charlotte and me with the rearing and training of young ladies, in a time when such a ridiculous conference, or duty occurred actually within the shelter of our walls? You'll keep your room, Miss Farren, as we are not in the habit of having you will not be guilty of any further folly in my house. Miss Blount, Mdlle., and Frauleln, I shall fet much obliged by your assistance in this matter of nursing. It is fortunate for the poor innocent young things that they are too much occupied with going home to discover and to imitate the folly of their fol ocurrence. Miss Charlotte, you will be so good as to accompany me to our sitting-room."

Miss Charlotte rose as the last words stumped out, Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders with that incomparable French shrug, Frauleln repeated her "so, so!" and Miss Farren began to cry afresh, crying. Miss Farren believed she was ruined, and, what was a great deal better, that Tid, likewise a sensitive girl, found courage to pick up a particular acquaintance and advance to what Miss Hibberd would have called plundering, was one of the puzzles which occur in society every day. Mr. Bishop, whose bashfulness amounted to a disease, was the constraint of a sense of wrong-doing, with its call for concealment—not in the affair with Tid. Mr. Bishop was a bachelor, and had no shilly-shally there; he felt in the seventh heaven, he glorified himself on his intercourse with Tid; but Mr. Bishop had a vicious dog-fox terrier, which, in spite of addicted; he smoked, he smoked pretty considerably. A reckless, dissipated young man he was, almost parallel with the age of Tid, with his cigars and Manillas than the texture of his kids; and he could not resist the desire or deny himself the gratification. His terrier was a fine, high-bred, pretty ite 'bauses, his irregular meals—he had neither mother nor sister to look after him—he was wearing, owing profession, his solitary life might be slight excuses. Notwithstanding, to enter No. 2 Lavender ner, no lodger visit could be paid, no note sent to the state tobacco, even in the refined guise of the best cherocts, impregnating and oozing from his person, was a privilege. Mr. Bishop had considered that in reason to recognize could only be accorded to Frauleln Kester's huge, tranquil countryman, Herr Schneider, who never dropped a word with Miss and Frauleln, approved of his merchaan and its enchantment—a privilege absolutely refused to a young English and educated gentleman. Mr. Bishop was constantly sniffing his own air guiltily, unfurling his fragrant pocket-handkerchief, and flicking atrocious odor of patchouli, drawing his fingers through his soft lank hair. In his agonizing apprehension of discovery by the superintending schoolteachers like the Miss Hibberds and the female heads of families, Mr. Bishop ran up a serious score at a hair-dresser's shop, and purchased quires of perfumes, and he bought and paid for as many bouquets, like a dandy on the steps of his club, as he spent on visits to the conservatory. Mr. Bishop, November; he had such slavish dependence on a bunch of violets, or a camellia, or a sprig of myrtle, as implacable as Nemesis, to refresh his seedy young person, that he could not venture abroad to play his part for the day without a bouquet. Mr. Bishop, in mid-winter he trusted a hard frost broke scent to human as to canine noses. Mr. Bishop was the youngest unmarried master at No. 2 Lavender Lane. He stood five feet eight in his boots; he had a tolerable nose, and almond-shaped gray eyes; he was weak in whiskers, but was not in consequence so fair left to himself as to set up a straggling beard; he was strong in forehead, even when he was young, and there was a charm in the reverential distance he kept from the girls—the kind of chivalry with which the invested the sex—which, if the girls were not capable of appreciating the treatment—they were more susceptible to the vagrant aroma of tobacco, which supplied the young man to them with the zest that the thorn gives the rose. Bishop was a great favorite with the girls; many of them doted on him, styled him in confidence "Dear Bishop," "sweet Bishop," "that dear Bishop"—surreptitiously boarded the pencils he dropped, the bits of paper he had occasion to write upon, particularly the ends of them, the pen-holder, pressed of his, dilated their hair at him, made dreadful allusions to him in their verses, which would have thrown Bishop into fits and caused him to bolt in shame and dismay, had he understood them, as he corrected the halting lines. On the other hand, they all bullied him, tormented him, and unaffectedly cheated him.

This day Bishop was merely in class to give them their places and return them their papers; but even to that Bishop was unequal in with her bonnet on her head, giggling and causing the rest to giggle at the liberty.

"Please, madam, do me the favor to remove that bonnet, I can not see the face. I shall make a mistake," implored Mr. Bishop. Being the man he was, it is needless to say Bishop was near-sighted.

"Oh, please, Mr. Bishop," responded Miss Bewcastle, joyously lifting up her head, and glancing out from beneath her turned-back curls, "it won't come off. I tried it on to see how it would do to travel with; it has been worn in from the millinery, and the string has run into a knot, and it won't come off—you can try it yourself if you like—unless you break the string, Mr. Bishop. I'm coming and I'll have to sit with it at dinner and tea, before Miss Hibberd and Miss Charlotte, and sleep with it, and that's all one consequence, as I leave it even in the morning."

"Mr. Bishop, will you have you put me fifth?" was put a game, in a frown.

"I would not mind it if I were not blow mist, Rhoda Turner. What do you say? Sit here only one day and the Miss Hibberds and me can be one? No, I won't. Sir, I tell you plainly. I would not mind it if I were not love with a youthful dwarf, Rhoda Turner, and I the head and shoulders taller; and Mr. Vallance says I am the best artist in the school now. I thought you were love for me, Mr. Bishop"—and the furious, overgrown child's breast began to heave, and the heart within to melt behind the cotton print—"but you were since"—sobs—"I gave you"—sob, sob—"a lozenge for your cough—"

"Miss Yates, you were very kind, but I am a man of honor, and you are a child," said Mr. Bishop. "I am all women of honor, young gentlewomen, for whom I have the most thorough respect and regard. You are a child, Miss Yates, and I have made no compliant. If any one of you is the best artist in the school, I protest I am proud to hear it; but that excellence does not entitle you to sit higher in the English and rudimentary Latin class. Indeed, I think I can not interfere with our distinction if I were you, Miss Yates."

"But, Mr. Bishop"—and big rebellious Miss Yates drew a gusty sigh—"Rhoda Turner has a distinction too."

"And it is my due when you are allowed to gain one; and you see, I have no marks from adjectives, and wrote in your essay that Roger Bacon was Lord Chancellor of England," little Rhoda defended her.

Mr. Bishop was sure it to control girls than he was to put babies in their cradles or embroider pin-cushions. He could be firm with boys; the last was, they called him a contradictory, obstinate pig; but, in his present development, he dealt with the girls in so gingerly a fashion, was so frightened for being hurt when he put them, so much more affronted than they were at the idea of taking liberties with them, that it was necessary Tid should sit, standing in a corner, with a womanly, protecting air, in the room with her class, positively to keep order in it, and prevent each other's servants under Mr. Bishop's well-formed nose, or repeating their lessons to be said by heart off neatly-written slips of paper, which guided their vivid memories or under their fancy aprons. And evil came of that precaution in its turn.

Mr. Bishop was in his last interview for the season with Miss Hibberd. He had only to call himself back and correct himself for wrong names and numbers, and then congratulate himself on Miss Hibberd, and assure her, in penitent perturbation, that he had added up the whole correctly in his bedgings' room, and could not find a flaw in all his mathematics, why the sums would come out wrong in her drawing-room next day.

Miss Hibberd nodded and looked to Mr. Bishop, and dropped down on a chair, with her whole drapery, crinoline and all, swathed round her in the most insignificant manner.

Miss Hibberd shook out her dress, smoothed her gloved hands with a significant move from the wrists, and said, stiffly: "I have a few words more to say to you, Mr. Bishop. I am exceedingly sorry, as a matter of duty, to part with you."

"It is the smoking at last," thought the young man. "I had out my match on Wednesday before the Miss Hibberds' delivery. I was thinking of Tid, and I might have been in the drawing-room, or in a first-class carriage, it would have been all the same." He felt a perverted hypocritical, hot perspiration starting at every pore: "I am very sorry, madam, I am at a loss—" and there stopped for the first time.

"Mr. Bishop, I believe you have become accustomed, under our roof, with our governess, Miss Farren?"

"Madam, I have the honor," gasped Mr. Bishop, thrown back, by the unexpected shock, pulling to a girl's—to Tid's paleness.

"The honor!" Miss Hibberd could not help repeating in a high key. "The honor which could prevail upon you to—such notes as a ladies' school."

"Madam, madam!"—stammered Mr. Bishop, more faintly, clasping his shabby hat to his heart.

"We have observed more considerable—more Having conducted ourselves with unblemished integrity all our lives, we were justified in imagining that a young man of your acquirements would grant our roof, and the confidence we placed in them, and not indulge in the most reprehensible associations and appointments. We have been mistaken; temptations have been presented, deceit has been practiced. Our young people—the numerous household of young ladies of the highest character—who have been living under our care and profiting by the instructions given under the direction of Miss Charlotte and myself, have been exposed to the most unsettling, the most demoralizing influences."

Miss Hibberd delivered her harangue with unsteadiness. Miss Charlotte listened, much impressed.

"Miss Hibberd, I beg your pardon," burst out Mr. Bishop. "I had no conception you would regard such a step in approach I made to Tid, to Miss Farren, in so dark a light. I know now I ought not to have written the notes, but I was so accustomed to write notes, to correspond with young, inquiring letters along with her—that I could not resist the inclination—though I should have controlled myself, to have one of her own composition all to myself."

"I am under the painful necessity of informing you that your services will not be required, under any circumstances, next session at Lavedder Lane," said Miss Hibberd.

"Very well, Miss Hibberd," assented young Bishop, quietly.

The golden emulsions touched Miss Hibberd more than any apology or display of ignorance of the world, rashness, single-heartedness—Mr. Bishop looking young all the time. "I have no fault to find with your teaching or conduct in other respects," conceded Miss Hibberd. "In spite of your imprudence, I will stretch a point and let you have a testimonial, if you wish it, Mr. Bishop."

"Thank you"—Mr. Bishop still expressed himself with correctness and self-control, with a little bitterness. "I am a young strong fellow; I have had a good education, thanks to the favor father. I believe there is nothing against my character; but I can not afford to dispense with the favor."

Miss Hibberd drew her desk toward her while Miss Blount looked over her nose. Miss Hibberd paused, and said again, in her rage for being just, "I feel for any member of my sex; I would shield her from attack, except in the most fairness and open warfare. I think it is but fair to tell you that I do not believe you would have been so foolish if Miss Farren had not been so much more foolish—for a woman's discretion should never be off its guard, and ought to balance a man's any day. Miss Farren has forfeited my good opinion for perfect judgment and propriety. I am very much disappointed in Miss Farren; she can not continue in Lavedder Lane, and be Miss Blount's successor, as I intended."

"Miss Hibberd!"—Miss Hibberd started, Miss Charlotte stumbled to her feet; the voice was so resolute, so eager, so full of a true man's longing to speak and plead, if it were any that, it was by no worth my while to offer to Miss Farren what I have not had the face to offer before. I may not be able to contribute myself, but I will like Tid to accept me. I am young, strong, with the most available weapon, the gift of good health, and I love her. I am favored beside Tid, clever and bright as she is: I'm a thousand times better qualified to keep the wolf from the door than a tender young girl. I have my last quarter's salary, and I don't owe more than a trifle. I'll restrict myself to a chercot a day, or I'll give them up altogether. If I don't get more teaching I can turn book-keeper, copying-clerk, reporter. I'm young and strong, and, thank God, He has kept me honest. What should hinder me from marrying Tid, and working for her and with her? She'll help, if I am forced to let her. She is a girl of resources, good and earnest, energetic, simple darling. I know she's simple, but I prefer the woman who has been tried by poverty and remorse, to the helpless, haughty, suspicious woman, though the first has the guilelessness to be cheated. We'll be cheated together, Mr. Bishop, like a prepared young madman, "and look grave for a moment, and then laugh and grow wiser. I durst not have taken Tid from her father's roof, a stranger of a father's house; but she has told me she is a penniless orphan, and you have told me you can have no living more to her. We'll marry, Mr. Bishop, for I am marrying Tid Farren, and finding room for her, and strength with her, and bliss in her, in a home of our own!"

"My dear Mr. Bishop," Miss Hibberd was repentantly, kindly, her handsome old head looking young again; Miss Charlotte was patting the modest, fervent young man on the back, as if he were her sex—"Tid, in the back room, and I have prepared to find the poorest marriage with this infinite before going off in a carriage-and-four with a millionaire——"

Tid was married in a country church, not very far off, in Kent, where the Hibberds' relations spending their holidays. You may be sure her wedding-gown was a very plain one, and as it threatened rain, she wore her old hat and her old shawl tucked round her as she ran from the porch to the cab. The Misses Hibberd were there in radiant costume, but in sedate shades under white bonnets—that on Miss Charlotte's broad head falling obstinately back to the nape of her neck, and exposing her wild natural fronts. Miss Blount walked up the aisle in exact time for the ceremony, in her ordinary lavender woolen gown and muslin cuffs and collar, as she had dressed and never was differ her life; a trifle of dust, but nothing to choke her, and the company of an intelligent married woman to the third daughters, who listened attentively to her reasons for opening all the windows, and were much struck when she described a carriage, a fish knife and fork, or a toilette bottle; but a thermometer for testing the heat of her sitting-room, and directed to regulate the mineral qualities of the water she drank there—warranting Tid that if she were carried as the bride of a rich man, she would have the need not mind much besides: she would thrive, and she might make Bishop thrive.

"But no narcotics—mind, Tid, not a narcotic any more than alcohol, on pain of a gradual stupefaction of the brain. Break your husband's pipe, Tid; fling away his cherished weed; never mind though he be as restless as a whirlwind and as cross as two straws. No narcotics, else you will have him dull, and gray, and sodden, and imbecile in no time."

Tid was the wife of Mr. Bishop, and by the express favor of Miss Hilda Hibberds, came and went with the train, and acted as day governess at No. 2 Lavender Lane. It was a dangerous precedent when the Miss Hibberds established, and they had a great many consultations before granting it; but grant it they did. Every body knew her and was glad to have her. She lunched with the Miss Hibberds at least twice a week—in confidence, she believed, every time she went—and all things had one by themselves to themselves. The evenings were sufficient, as yet, for Tid's shopping, her adventures in housekeeping, her enterprises on Bishop's shirts and handkerchiefs, gloves and stockings, new wristbanding and collaring, and darning, and cleaning, and ironing. Bishop was a fellow that knew how to run in and chatter to, to help through with his pupils' themes, to ask reading from, if he wanted to be asked, and avoid out with and "have a mouth with," as Bishop called it, putting a force on language, and build castles in the air with, and have glimpses of harvest-homes, and searches for bats and beetles on earth and constellations in the sky. In the process Tid was always taking care of Bishop, bringing him in to supper, getting him up to breakfast, inciting him to courage and constancy in his profession. Tid was not her childishness—not childishness, that was indestructible—and learned to distinguish between slue-leaves and the Chinese lotos, and call Athens or Athens three-footed cotton. Bishop, on his part, grew more composed and more indifferent to the smoking, as a representative now, representative Tid will be himself, and not used to Tid's indulgence. By the time Bishop wrestled curls of smoke over a cradle, shouldered it, and rocked it, and was able to take the command of a nursery-maid and a perambulator, he would be as steady as a rock under so much ballast, and the smoke, from its distinct under so much immunity, until he rallies girls like a brother, and rebukes them like a father.

It was a fine romance to three old fogies to consider there might be too much of a good thing. Miss Blount was constantly preaching that, when they had themselves had their sore throat and its influenza in the spring. But no one minded Miss Blount. Soon there rose a report, which the strength down with sore throat, under which the strength sank almost to death in a night, or held out to—, and was still the strange legend of the Georges, unbroken by all the doctors' efforts, until the death-rattle sounded and the patient was gone where there was no need of healing.

In one day both Miss Hibberd and Miss Charlotte were seized with the epidemic. Miss Hibberd acknowledged to Tid, and predicted the same ailment. Miss Charlotte wandered about trying to obey orders and looking for more, with feverish, distracted eyes, till Miss Hibberd stopped in the middle of a speech, stared at her sister, said, directly, "Miss Charlotte has a sore throat, and must go to bed. Doctor." And Miss Charlotte's throat was found the more fungus-grown of the two. Then the sisters faltered for a moment, till it occurred to Miss Hibberd it might be better there should be no survivor; the two had no long done their work in company, there was some comfort in dying together. The school was the first thing to be thought of in their growing helplessness—the children, and other people's affairs—committed to Miss Blount, unless they must be sent home immediately.

Miss Hibberd could not be too thankful that Tid was there, and Mr. Bishop coming presently, they would not mind seeing the girls to the railway station; and Miss Blount called too, and came in for a second, though it was an infected house.

"My dear Miss Hibberd, I have no fear of infection, I assure you, you know. I believe in the fumigation: at least, it is nothing but bad air, and that is pretty general over the country. Read Florence Nightingale's 'Notes on Nursing,' if you doubt me. Let me take the girls. Where is the use of sending them home, spreading infection, if there is infection? Or spreading their deaths of sudden panic, fatigue, and cold, a great deal more likely. I have been so particular about space and air at Park Terrace that I can accommodate double my numbers upon a pinch with open windows—open windows, Miss Hibberd."

"Miss Blount, you are a lady, you are a good woman, and a friend in need," said Miss Hibberd, huskily, through her poor throat. "But who is to teach all the girls?"

"I will teach them if Miss Blount will permit me," said Miss Bishop, stepping forward. "I will get up in the morning and take them before and after my filled-up hours: I can manage girls without help since I have been obliged to manage Tid."

Tid did not smile as he had expected, standing close to him, and stealing a cold shaking hand into his; but mumbled plaudits of her own style, her dewy lips dry.

"Good Heavens, Tid, you are not ill!" he cried, putting out his hand to pull her to the door, and detraying panic instantaneously.

"Not at all," said Tid, rowing herself; "and I will stay with the Miss Hibberds."

"Out of the question, child," Miss Hibberd was fit to preside; "you must go with your husband, and besides there can be no communication between my house and Miss Blount's."

"For myself, I should not mind as to communication," protested Miss Blount; "but I am afraid if we are to have any peace we must yield a little to the popular prejudice."

"I can not allow it, Tid," said Bishop in a loud voice, dying away as he ended and caught Tid's eye.

"Yes, you will allow me, Bishop," she said, resolutely. "Come and speak to me," and she took him aside.

"Are you tired of life, Tid—are you tired of me?" he cried, distractedly. "You are not in a fit state to undertake the sacrifice, and it is not required."

"No, it is voluntary," she said. "Would it keep me safe from death to refuse to enter the dark valley when my friends pass through? I tell you I must go with them, Bishop, and if I have a double life I will have double care. Oh! Bishop, were they idle words spoken eighteen centuries ago, about loving father or mother, husband or wife, or child, more than Him, and not being worthy of Him?"

"We have been so happy, Tid," groaned Bishop. Oh! the mortal misery, the tender human misery of that groan.

"Now, Bishop, hear me. I am not going to wander, I am not light in the head, but I have been thinking of one of the girls' Scotch songs which the papas like better than the operas; this is it—

"She's gien me a' she had to gie—
She's hern my comfort a' my days,
I dare na leave my mammy."

The Miss Hibberds gave me meat and clues when I could hardly earn them, they helped us, or we could not have come together, or having come together, you, poor fellow, would have been hastened to death with care. So, Bishop, I dare not leave the poor, good Miss Hibberds after all they have done for me."

"But how can I be separated from you, Tid? I can not bear it."

"Yes, dear Bishop, I'll tell you how I will help you. Come night and morning to the end of Lavender Lane, where I meet you, and receive and bless Miss Hibberd's window. I will hang out my red shawl, the shawl you used to know me by at a distance, your remembrance of me, and understand it as well. If you ever do not see the shawl, then you have my leave to come on and enter the house, and stay with me and take care of me, my dear, dear father! I know you would not mind giving up your classes, letting every thing take its chance, and running some risks yourself, neither Miss Blount nor the Miss Hibberds would want to separate man and wife in the circumstances. Bishop, I am not a wife in the circumstances. Bishop, I am not afraid of infection, and people like me are never smitten."

There was heroism in the tender and reverential speech (she was as calm as a judge the moment her husband left her). There was heroism in Bishop's going with his heart clutched by terror and leaving Tid to do her duty in the jaws of death. There were new songs more touching than Tid watching by her old friends' sick beds, giving them tea, medicines and cordials, carrying inquiries and messages from the one to the other, and going to them, trotting for them, relacing them in every way. She restored the courage of the frightened servants: the maid to the cooks, the cooks to the housemaids and laundry-maids, who had not a tithe of the moral endurance of small-sized Tid. The domestics had been greatly tasked when they could have wished to feel a lump in her throat as big as an egg and as black as a plum, if it had not been for "that tre dear, clever, little woman," Miss Bishop. Miss Bishop all and known "Miss Farren as was," and who staid with them, and went so softly up and down stairs, and spoke so cheerily, and came out of the sick rooms so religiously, and sensibly, and thankfully as an old nurse, bless her dear heart! and she a young wife in a delicate situation, separated from her husband as doted on the ground she walked on, and worshiped as the dispenser of blessings in the house. If there was a thing more than another that went to the heart like a clasp-knife, as the fat cook, who had charge of speeds, would say, it was to see young Mrs. Bishop hanging out that old red shawl of hers as a sign to her husband.

That old red shawl of Tid's, which had been familiar to Bishop as a lover, how little she had dreamed it would serve as a flag of hope to Bishop in his misery, and more quite as old married couple! She had imagined she might wrap her baby in it in default of something less venerable, and that she herself her baby would be none the worse for being carried about in a shawl that had belonged to its mother before her never had a child, and was a part of life and health, and a fair day on the morrow, like the red in the summer sunset, to the baby's future. She would unfold the shawl for the baby a few minutes at the half-open window, with the wind blowing her hair, straining her eyes, as if she could see Bishop coming yonder, beyond Mrs. Farren the lights began to twinkle, and then she would clasp her hands, and whether she prayed for the Miss Hibberds, or herself, or Bishop, or her unborn baby—for women have strange fancies and gleams of second-sight—it was a sweet soul that prayed, and that form heard.

Poor Bishop's heart would be thumping like a steam-engine, so that he could hardly muster a single puff after the day's hard routine, when he reached the end of Lavender Lane, and came in sight of the house, for Goodness knows it was a long distance out of Bethlehem. He would take off his hat when he caught the first glimpse of it; he might be praying in—the prayer of a hunted and long-tried man, or ever beat in a breast exposed to shot and steel. Poor Bishop did more than venture his own heart—he was responsible for Tid's heart, and Tid's peace for the future. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee." Once he was there full three minutes before the red shawl shook out, and he got so sick, blind, and dizzy that he had to lean against a lamp-post. Then he came to himself the shawl was blushing, like the warm blood of life and the roses of June against the old yellow brick house, and a policeman's hand was on his arm. "Young man," said the guardian of society, "this here behavior is more than I can put up with. I have seen you swatching of the mine house every night I have come upon my beat this week. If you are only a moonshiny lover, it is no business of mine; but you must have done with the trick, because if you happens to have burglarious intentions I'm blowed if I'm to be responsible for allowing all this spying, without reporting you to my inspector and having you up at the office."

The red shawl was now fluttering freely, and Bishop, who was wont to tremble before schoolgirls, smiled loudly in the stern face of his captor. "Policeman," he said, "I am looking out for a token from my wife, and there it is. She is yonder, and I can not get near her, for she is nursing two sick ladies ill with diphtheria—a disease as infectious as the typhus—and we dare not come together to compromise other lives besides our own."

The policeman's grasp relaxed, and his countenance changed from a state of stone to that of a man of flesh and blood, a family-man himself, with a pet little daughter. "I beg your pardon, Sir, that is a different affair. If you are coming down upon me with a story," he said the next moment, to make up for his weakness, "I'll come down again upon your wife and you, before we drop on the acquaintance. But I believe you are speaking the truth," relenting a second time, "and I wish you many years and health to enjoy your sickness. Good-evening, Sir."

The epidemic had exhausted itself. The Miss Hibberds lived. Tid was a true prophet, and never took the diphtheria, and probably, by her kind constancy, saved her neighbors from the infection. It is needless to say how blissful was the reunion between husband and wife; how cordial were Miss Blount, the Miss Hibberds, Bishop, and Tid, when they all met again; how Bishop and Tid were promoted to the most honorable posts; and how Bishop's name and fame and capital fellow and an excellent teacher rose, till Tid taught no more unless when she taught her little children, but staid at home, and was fully employed in taking care of her bright suburban house and garden, and her friends, young and old, rich and poor; and lastly, how Bishop and Tid had their own little boy at that old red rag of a shawl without the water coming into their eyes to their dying day.

THE OMENS

Oh, when I went a-wooing
To win my darling May,
'Twas in a sunny island,
An island far away,
Where skies are blue forever,
Where earth is always gay!

And as I went a-wooing,
I met with omens three:
An eagle skyward soaring,
A cockle on the sea,
That sat and coo'd a love-song,
A love-song unto me.

The third, an emerald serpent,
That wrought so oil to man,
Slid through the blossom'd jungle,
To where a brooklet ran,
Its little heart intensify
A song of joy begun!

And all these happy creatures
Had voices unto me:
The eagle soaring skyward,
The cockle on the tree,
The snake and laughing brooklet,
Gave counsel fair and free.

Be wise as I. the snake said,
To choose a fair darling May;
The eagle: Bold and ready
Be to bear the prize away;
Nor lose the golden moments
In profitless delay.

And when your May is chosen,
Thus did the cousins coo,
Like me, be constant ever,
Be tender as you're true;
For well I know your darling
Will still be true to you!

The brooklet prattled blithely,
As on it ran apace—
Learn from me bring your darling
That chosen spot to grace,
Let mirth and joy and leisure
Have their abiding place!

And thus I went a-wooing,
And thus it did betide,
The tender-hearted maiden
Became my winsome bride
And deep is she, for denver
Than all the world beside!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT HE DID THE FIRST YEAR.—In one of the courts in Connecticut recently, a woman was testifying on behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm for her. "And how long," asked the lawyer, "did you keep her said, "You assert that your son has worked on a farm for you the first year?" "I do." "What did he do the first year?" "He milked," she replied. The whole court laughed heartily, and the witness was questioned no further.

FASHIONABLE GOSSIP.—Crinoline is going out; so ladies' dresses will come in, in proportion.

THE LATEST DEATH.—Some of Quin's jests were perfect. When Wachurton said, "By what law can the execution of Quin be delayed?" Quin replied, "By the law of nature." "By all the laws he had left them." No wonder Walpole applauded him. Quin's repartee to Foote, who accused him of having come to close to violent ends, but Quin gave him a worse blow. "Yes, your mother died of a fall." Foote's mother, who was also the case with the twelve apostles." Quin could never resist Foote. They had at one time had a quarrel and were reconciled, but Foote was still a little sore. "Jemmy," said he, "you should not have said that I had but one shirt, and that I lay in bed while it was washed." "Sammy," replied the actor, "I never could have said so, for I never knew that you had a shirt to wash."

JUDICIABLE SUPERLATIVE.—"Tree named me?" exclaimed the disappointed young lover, calling for his woodcut leg after the first glorious battle.

AN EXTRACT FROM "PASSAGES OF A WORKING LIFE."—An old tooth.

URBUT AT LAST.—We have often wondered what earthly purpose could be answered by bagpipes, for they are certainly not musical instruments. We have discovered their use in the description of a fire which broke out at the Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh during the Celebration of the Waterloo Ball. In the account we read it stated that "the fire originated in some decorative scenery, a portion of which caught light from an adjoining gas jet," and it adds, "the pipers were ordered to play upon the spot, the fire was extinguished, and the alarm dissipated." We think the conflagration showed its good sense by going out when the pipers began to play. We should have done exactly the same.

THE SHIFT OF HAPPINESS.—A bachelor's.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—Baby Bantings.

CLEANSERS.—An old lady, not remarkable for the cleanness of her ideas, describing a fine summer evening, said: "It was a beautiful night; the moon made every thing as light as a feather."

AN IMPERIAL SELL.—*History of Julius Cæsar.*

THE MAN WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEND TO A SEANCE.—The Man who knew how to hit the right Medium.

WHAT A FINE WOMAN IS LOSS.—A fine woman is like a brownstone, because she draws a train after her, enters the parlor, and transports the males.

TARTAR TROUT—Household ladies.

A PUZZLED INDIAN.—An Irishman on board a ship undergoing the process of fumigation for the first time felt a jog of water just as the ship was about to sail. The man in charge of the hose, as he said, was "only laying down to coil, he was afraid he should be *left behind.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—" Champagne, Sir?"

A COMPLIMENT.—Quin, the actor, being asked by a lady to recommend a preceptor for her son, who would then, replied, "It is in conformity with the other arrangements of Nature: we always see more of heaven than earth."

PITY without relief is like mustard without beef.

HOW TO SWEAT A PATIENT.—A young gentleman was undergoing the examination of all the Colleges of Surgeons, when the questions put were of a very searching character. After answering a number of queries, he was asked what he would prescribe to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration. "Why," answered the young Gallen, "I would send him here to be examined; and if that did not give him a sweat, I would like to know what would."

"HOW TO TIE THE TOM-FOOL KNOT."—Marry.—*Old Bachelor Bruin.*

WILLIAM AND ANNA.

She.

Now, mother, dear, don't talk, I pray,
My heart remains true still;
Separation, we've heard the proverb Gales, "is"
I'm bound to have my Will.

He.

No longer, Father, shall I stand
This overbearing manner;
Though he'll leave me home and land,
For I'm bound to *Love* Anna.

At a large dinner-party in a certain city, lately, the finely weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation. A stout, fussy, happy-looking person, who made a remark about cold fact. "Barely," said a body reporter, "and you are not bounded within cold fact." Amidst an awful pause she naively answered, "Yes, indeed, I am a most unfortunate person, for I have no will of my own."

MUSICAL ACCENT.—At a visit in the Court of King's Bench between certain publishing Tweedledums and Tweedledees as to what was and what was not a musical work? "I'm Old English Gentleman," T. Cooke was subpœned as a witness. On his subscribing himself as a music-seller, that learned counsel rather disgustedly said:

"Now, Sir, you say the publication sent the same, but different. What do you mean, Sir?"

Tom promptly answered: "I mean that the notes in the two copies were alike, but with a different accent."

SIR JAMES.—"What is an accent, Mr. Cooke?"

COOKE.—"My terms are a guinea a lesson, Sir." (A loud laugh.)

SIR JAMES *(rather ruffled).* "Don't mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent? Can you not tell me?"

COOKE.—"No."

SIR JAMES.—"Can you feel it?"

COOKE.—"Sometimes." (Great laughter.)

SIR JAMES *(very snarkily).* "Now pray, Sir, don't beat about the bush; tell us what his lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about it, the meaning of what you call accent."

COOKE.—"Accent in music is a stress laid on a particular note—such as is made by a stress on any word—as for the purpose of being better understood. If I were to say you are a fool, I should put the accent on the word, but if I say you are an ass, it rests on you, Sir James."

Roars of laughter by the whole court, in which the bench joined, followed this repartee. Silence being obtained, the judge (Lord Ellenborough) made seeming gravity, accosted the chop-fallen counsel:

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James, deep red as he naturally was, had become fiendish in his countenance, and in a great huff, said, "The witness may go down."

A CROSSED TRAVELER.—A deformed gentleman, on his arrival at a certain town, was asked how he came by his crooked back. "Straight from Boston," was the reply. "Then," said the inquirer, "you must have got terribly twisted on the road."

A DINER OUT.—It was remarked of a slenderer, who was also a constant guest at the table of every one who invited him, that he never opened his mouth but at the expense of his friends.

Why can a person who has run away from his creditors be said to be a sum of integrity?—Because he is a sum not a mean.

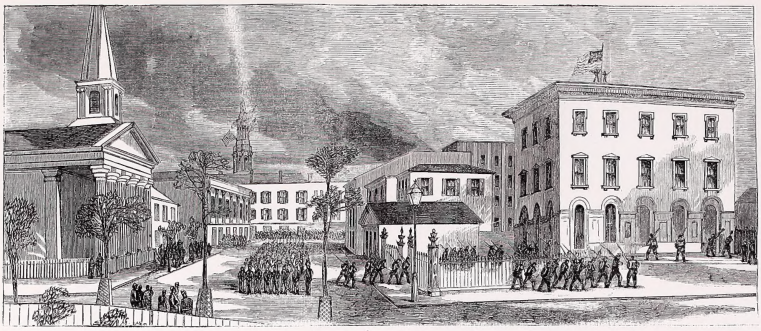
ENIGMA UPON THE VOWELS.

We are but little airy creatures,
All of different voices and features;
One of us in glory doth sing,
One of us you'll find in jail,
Another you may see in ring,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

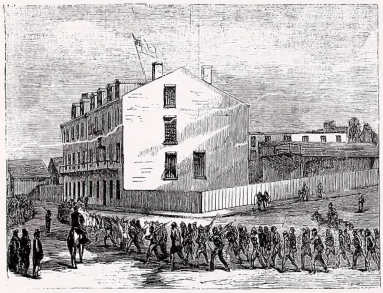
Dean Swift was once invited by a rich miser with a large family to dinner, and was requested by one of the younger children to remove the cloth the Dean uttered the following grace:

"Thanks for this miracle!—this is no lees,
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reign'd we've found relief,
And seen that wondrous thing, a piece of beef.
Here chimney sweeps that never smoked before,
And we've all ate where we shall eat no more!

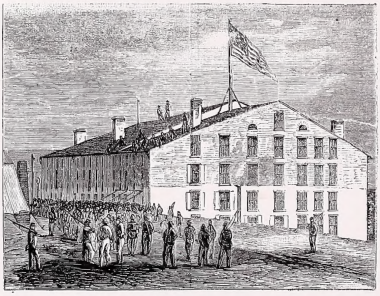
AN APPROPRIATE SON.—An Irishman, swearing the peace against his three sons, the first concluded: "The only son of my children who shows the way and filial affection is my youngest son, Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm down."



CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA—THE SECOND MICHIGAN RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, APRIL 3, 1865.
[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]



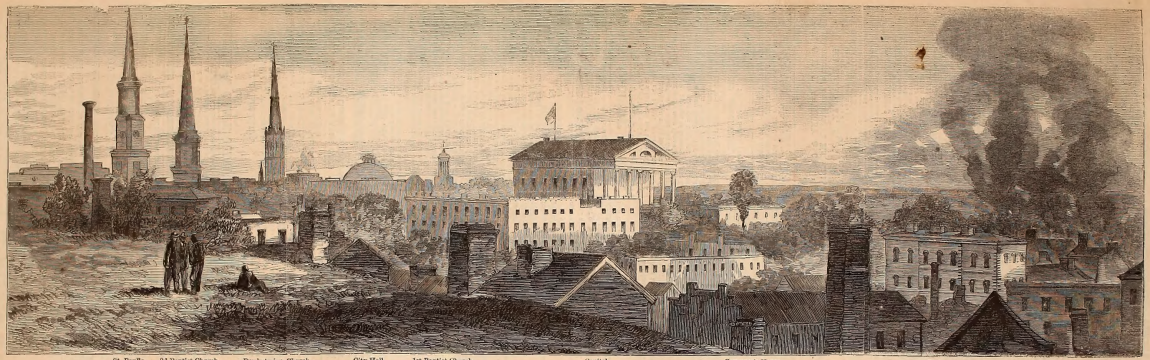
VIEW OF CASTLE THUNDER, IN RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



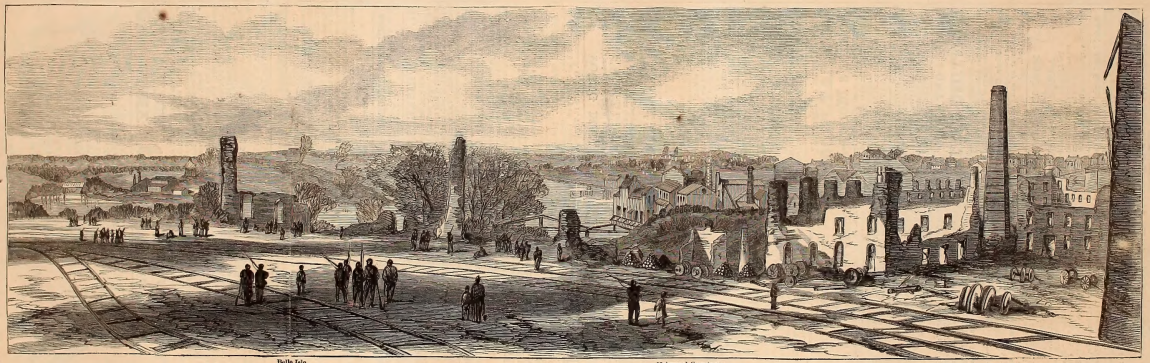
VIEW OF LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



RUINS ON MAIN STREET, RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—VIEW FROM GAMBLE'S HILL.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]



THE CITY OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, LOOKING WESTWARD.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

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I would add, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, brother, and two sisters having died of it.

From Stephen Bartlett,
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7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches..... 4 " 10
5,000 Gold Lockets, Crosses, &c..... 3 " 10
8,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops, per pair..... 4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops..... 4 " 6
5,000 California Gold and Diamond Ear Drops..... 6 " 10
8,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys..... 2 50 " 8
8,000 Fob and Vest Gold Slides..... 2 " 6
8,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c..... 3 " 8
8,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc..... 3 " 6
8,000 Miniature Lockets..... 4 " 10
4,000 " " Magic Spring..... 10 " 50
2,000 Gold Toothpick Cases, etc..... 3 " 6
5,000 Plain Gold Rings..... 4 " 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings..... 4 " 10
8,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings..... 2 50 " 10
8,000 Gold Lockets, Lover Knots, &c..... 3 " 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold..... 5 " 15
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Enamel, Opal, and other stones..... 4 " 25
5,000 Gold Crosses, Silver Extra Rich Ornaments, and Pearls..... 4 " 10
10,000 Gold Slides and Gold-Mounted Holders 2 " 6
8,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders 15 " 25
8,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Pins..... 50 " 1
8,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls 5 " 10

All the above Articles are now on exhibition at No. 207 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, caused by the enforcing out of the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE.

Under these circumstances ARRENDALE & CO., sole agents for Messrs. Hyde, Goldsmith, Birmingham, England, have received upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following conditions:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed, and well mixed; then certificates are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, then upon receipt of a remittance. On receipt of a certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the remittance named or not, as you like. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry for the sum of One Dollar.

Send 25 cents for Certificates.

Upon receipt of a certificate we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents only, which must be remitted when the certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; seven for $2; fifteen for $3; thirty for $5; fifty for $10, delivered for $20.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as agents will be allowed one certificate for every certificate delivered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will be allowed one for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postages stamps.

ARRENDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining valuable jewelry, watches, diamond ornaments, &c., by Messrs. Arrendale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of valuable goods for sale, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very liberal, as a certificate is sent for a remittance of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not known until the envelope is opened and you receive the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount of money. This is the best mode we have known of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrendale & Co. have long been personally known to us as men of the highest order of probity and of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, Nov. 11, 1864.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrendale & Co's Factory for Great Gift Distribution, Broadway, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest designs. The system of sale is a lucky one, and we believe, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We take the less in pleasure to be the very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to call at their premises.—*N. Y. Illinois Staats Zeitung, Sept. 5, 1864.*

Mr. Merrill, of Arrendale & Co., has arrangement the advantage of being on the side of the customer, he has every thing to gain and nothing to lose, whether he sells a watch or not. He will get for his labor beforehand, and he need not send it if he should not sell. Such is fair dealing.—*Sept. 6, 1864.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment now heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrendale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in giving a good deal to those to whom she sold the certificates, as will be seen from our advertising column. Information can also be obtained at No. 167 *Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns to-day readers will find an advertisement of Arrendale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In pursuance of this advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that in each and instance, they are quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*Great Divertisement, Lewistown, August 17, 1864.*

The *British Ship of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrendale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to the office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth twice the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Soup Ladles, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrendale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

U.S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or will be converted at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profits on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and Municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent.* more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold or have the value

The interest amounts to

One Cent per Day on a	$50 Note.
Two Cents "	$100 "
Ten "	$500 "
20 "	$1000 "
1 Dollar "	$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. Parties inclosed to 20th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $500,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress remain to be placed in market. This amount at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closingthe subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may have the official facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscriptions will be received over their counters, and those who have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, *Philadelphia.*

March 6, 1865.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's
New Union Playing Cards,
National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular likes. The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and LEGENDS, instead of KING, QUEENS or LLEBEYS for Queen, and MAJOR for JACK.

The new cards can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Ask your dealer to put up an assortment and then tie down before for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell the cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY, DERMATOLOGIST.

No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

Treats successfully all diseases of the scalp, loss of hair, and premature blanching. Also, removes no fly freckles, and other disfigurations of the skin. Medicines free. Consultation free. For particulars, address for circular.

Old Eyes Made New.

A pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of doctor or medicine is Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address

R. B. FOOTE, M.D.
1130 Broadway, New York.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Pens, 14K, 75 cts; 18 carat, silver cut, $1 to $3, sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. GEO. HAWKES, Manufacturer, 64 Nassau Street, New York. Also Foolscap Pens.

All the New Army Corps Badges Ready.



Solid Silver, $5. **Solid Silver, $3.**

On opposite side of this Medal is a true likeness of Lieut. Gen. Grant. I will send this medal, made from pure coin silver, with your name handsomely engraved thereon, on the receipt of $3. Also, for $1 50 I will send a badge for either Corps or Division in the army (pure coin silver), with your name, regiment, and corps neatly handsomely engraved thereon; and for $3 or $5 (one piece) I will send a genuine 16-carat gold Corps Ring for either Div. in the Army. Agents wanted in every regiment. Sample, by mail, to whom especial inducements are offered. Write each order I will promptly fill. Address, plainly,

B. T. HAYWARD, 369 Broad way, New York.

$8 OFFICER'S $10 WATCH.

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches of Wholesale manufacture.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated Double Cases Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Second Hands, Solid Hands, and Fine Enamel Dial, a serviceable article in running order, with Key, and Seal and Chain complete, sent by mail, free of charge, for $8. A beautiful Miniature Gold Locket, to match, with Portrait of Lincoln and Cipher for Glass Reverse, sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A Neat Silver Watch, superior quality, for army use, in Hunting Case, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, sent by mail for $5. Also, Gold and Silver Lockets, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $5.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Large and Wonderful *Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its mechanism a beautiful and correct Miniature Chronometer, an accurately adjusted *Harrison's Compass* in miniature, and a Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, date, in Cases, rendering this Watch a perfect Time Keeper, and Time Instrument. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished Diamond Hunting*, *Horse Jewel* or *Lion Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18-Carat Gold, inner cases of Gold of same quality), Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine Gold Jeweled Imperial Action*, M. J. Tobin *movements*, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Action, fine White Gilt Dial, Second Set Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL FAMILIES and Officers of the Russian Army, as their standard time-keeper. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade mark. Price per case, $10, all complete, by mail, to any part of the army or country, $10. CAPTAIN BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
102 Nassau St., N.Y. Established 1856.

BOUND VOLUMES
OF
Harper's Weekly,

From the commencement, will be furnished, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, by

Cloth Binding ..... $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco ..... 10 00 "

Each Volume contains One Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.



O'DOR! O'DOR!

DR. BRIGGS'S
GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or mustache on the smoothest face in from three weeks. It stains the skin of injury to the skin, or hair on bald head in eight weeks (and no scurvy). I receive recommendations most every day from persons who have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send Dr. Brigg's Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and post paid, $1 25 (Warranted). Send orders to

DR. BRIGGS,
Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill.

BARD & BROTHERS (Established 1849)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturers of BARD'S PATENT INDESTRUCTIBLE INDIA RUB GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Descriptive Circulars sent free.

"INDISPENSABLE." No Correspondent, Gentlemen, or Lady, Public Speaker, Teacher, nor Man of Business should be without the New Manual, entitled, HOW TO WRITE; HOW TO TALK; HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS. An handy volume of 300 pages, for ready reference. Sent by first post for $2 50. Agents wanted. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Weston's Metallic Artificial Legs—Lightest, durable, most natural-looking and best invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for a pamphlet.
C. WESTON, 1 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR APRIL, 1865.

Important to Subscribers.

Subscribers to the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY will find upon the wrappers of the May numbers the expiration of *Account. The figures on the direction-label following the Name show the month with which the Subscription EXPIRES, as noted on our books. Every Subscriber may thereby see exactly how he stands. Remit the proper credit for his remittance, and also when to renew his Subscription. Those Postmasters and Subscribers who are particularly requested to name the NUMBER with which the New Subscription is to commence. They will thus avoid receiving duplicates, or missing any Number. It is desirable that all Annual Subscriptions should be received a few weeks BEFORE the expiration of the former Subscription, in order that their name may be kept properly adjusted. Attention to this will obviate nine-tenths of the errors which annoy both Publishers and Subscribers.*

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the rate of Thirty cents a line for each insertion. Number, 375; one half, 2135; whole page, $250. The circulation of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is believed to be larger than that of any other publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year 4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $3 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. Payment invariably in advance.

The Bound Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY for the Year 1864, with over 1000 Illustrations. 852 pages, 4to, substantially bound in Cloth. Price $7 00.

Terms to Advertisers.—One Dollar per line for inside, and Fifty cents per line for last page for Periodical Advertisements each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.



A MAN KNOWS A MAN

"Give me your hand, Comrade! We have each lost a Leg for the good cause; but, thank God, we never lost HEART."

SEVEN-THIRTIES.

Robinson & Ogden,

BANKERS,

And

U.S. LOAN AGENTS,

4 Broad St. and 694 Broadway,

New York.

Subscriptions received for any amount, and a constant supply of the notes on hand for immediate delivery.

ROBINSON & OGDEN, BANKERS.

FISK & HATCH,

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.

No. 36 Wall Street, New York.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.—18,000 PERSONS WANTED TO CLAIM MONEY, ESTATES, &c., which have been advertised since 1794. Fee to search for name in Registry, $1. One single branch. All letters must be prepaid. GUN & CO., Unclaimed Money and Property Registry, No. 71 Charlotte Street, London (W.C.), England.

Calenberg & Vaupel's

PIANO-FORTES,

99 and 101 Bleecker Street, 24 Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years.

ARMY and NAVY AGENCY.

Pensions, Bounties, Pay, Prize Money, together with all claims against the army and navy promptly secured. Correspondence promptly answered. L. BROWN & CO., 2 Park Pl'ce, N.Y.

DALEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

This invaluable salve is a certain cure for PILES, CORNS, CUTS, BURNS, SORES, and RHEUMATISM. Sufferers from Pains in five minutes. No one should be without it. It saves Doctors' Bills. Sent to any address free by mail on receipt of 37 Cents. Depot 43 Liberty St., New York.

VERMILYE & CO.,

No. 44 WALL STREET,

BANKERS,

And Dealers in all Classes of

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,

479 Broadway, below Broome St.

Sing Song Chinese Porcelain;

ALSO PARIAN, FRENCH CHINA, GLASS, &c.

French Dinner Sets.

POLLAK & SON, Meerschaum Manufacturers, 607 Broadway, near 8th St., N.Y. Wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

GOLD PENS.

The JOHNSON PEN is acknowledged by all who have used them to be the best pen for the least money of any in use. They are made of 14 carats fine gold, and warranted for one year (unless guarantee is lost by negligence). Iridium tipped silver extension cases, $1.25; strong silver holders, $1.75; rubber reserve holders, $2.25; elegant extension cases, gold mounted, $3; gold pencil cases, $4.00 (pencil holders and tools to insert, 25 cents extra). Sent free by mail. Send for Circular. Extra pens by mail, postage paid. Send for Circular.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturer and Seller,
15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

LAWRENCE, BALDWIN & CO.,

Bankers and Brokers,

No. 70 Wall Street, New York.

GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, PETROLEUM,

And all kinds of Stocks, Bonds, &c., bought and sold on commission at the regular Stock, Petroleum, and Mining Boards.

Interest allowed on deposits.

TEETH like pearls and breath of sweetness secured by Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Formodonts Tooth-Paste.

Great Imperial Watch.

See Cately Brothers' Advertisement on page 260.

ASK ANY NEWSDEALER OR BOOKSELLER for a copy of DAWLEY'S NEW WAR NOVELS. If he has not got them he will get them for you.

No. 1. Mosby, the Guerrilla.
No. 2. Pauline, the Female Spy.
No. 3. Semmes, the Pirate.
No. 4. Kildare, the Black Scout.
No. 5. Osgood, the Demon Refugee.

Illust'd, Illuminated Cover. Price 25c.; trade $2 50 per 100.
T. B. DAWLEY, Pub., 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

Free to Every Body.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, FARMERS, MECHANICS, and EVERY BODY throughout the country will receive, *free*, by mail, a *First-Class, Interesting* NEWSPAPER, by sending their address to Editors of "ARMY AND HOME JOURNAL," 40 Ann Street, New York.

"I do not see how an officer or soldier can have a complete outfit without it."—GOV. PIERPOINT.



For sale by all Fancy-Goods Houses and Sutlers.
Price $7 50, sent free of postage.
D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, Salem, Mass.

THE BOWDOIN MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying small objects 500 times. MAILED FREE everywhere for 50 CENTS, OR THREE FOR $1 00.
Address C. GOWEN, Box 520, Boston, Mass.

CARPET WARP,

FIRST AND SECOND QUALITY;

Wrapping Twine made of Paper.

Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 34 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

Go to your Apothecary, and get a bottle of Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient. You need it as a gentle cooling purgative at this season of the year to cleanse the system and purify the blood. It creates a natural appetite, invigorates and gives tone to the stomach and nerves to the liver. It prevents bilious attacks, sick headache, sour stomach, and like complaints. Sold by all druggists.



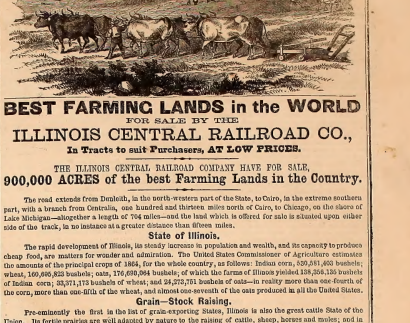
TRADE MARK

OF THE

MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.

To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company.

The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company, No. 95 Chambers Street, New York.



BEST FARMING LANDS in the WORLD

FOR SALE BY THE

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO.,

In Tracts to suit Purchasers, AT LOW PRICES.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY HAVE FOR SALE,

900,000 ACRES of the best Farming Lands in the Country.

The road extends from Dunleith, in the north-western part of the State, to Cairo, in the extreme southern part, with a branch from Centralia, one hundred and thirteen miles north of Cairo, to Chicago, on the shores of Lake Michigan—altogether a length of 704 miles—and the land which is offered for sale is situated upon either side of the track, in no instance at a greater distance than fifteen miles.

State of Illinois.

The rapid development of Illinois, its steady increase in population and wealth, and its capacity to produce cheap food, are matters for wonder and admiration. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the amounts of the principal crops of 1864, for the whole country, as follows: Indian corn, 620,481,493 bushels; wheat, 160,695,853 bushels; oats, 176,620,964 bushels; of which the farms of Illinois yielded 138,356,135 bushels of Indian corn; 33,971,173 bushels of wheat; and 24,272,761 bushels of oats—in reality more than one-fourth of the corn, more than one-fifth of the wheat, and almost one-seventh of the oats produced in all the United States.

Grain—Stock Raising.

Pre-eminently the first in the list of grain-exporting States, Illinois is also the great cattle State of the Union. Its fertile prairies are well adapted by nature to the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and mules; and in the important interest of pork packing, it is far in advance of every other State. The seeding of these prairie lands to tame grasses for pasturage or hay, offers to farmers with capital the most profitable results. The hay crop of Illinois in 1864 is estimated at 2,166,725 tons, which is more than half a million tons larger than the crop of any other State, excepting only New York.

Inducements to Settlers.

The attention of persons, whose limited means forbid the purchase of a homestead in the older States, is particularly invited to these lands. Within ten years the Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold 1,400,000 acres, to more than 20,000 actual settlers: and during the last year 264,422 acres—a larger aggregate of sales than in any one year since the opening of the road. The farms are sold in tracts of forty or eighty acres, suited to the settler with limited capital, or in larger tracts, as may be required by the capitalist and stock raiser. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility; the climate is healthy; taxes are low; churches and schools are becoming abundant throughout the length and breadth of the State; and communication with all the great markets is made easy through railroads, canals and rivers.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The price of lands varies from $5 to $15 and upwards per acre, and they are sold on short credit, or for cash. A *deduction of ten per cent.* from the short credit price is made to those who buy for cash.

EXAMPLES:

Forty acres at $10 per acre, on credit; the principal can be paid on any one of the seven years, at six per cent. interest, in advance, each year.

	INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.		INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.
Cash Payment.....	$10 00	$400 00	Payment in two years.....	$8 00	100 00
Payment in one year.....	11 80	100 00	Two years.....		100 00

The Same Land may be Purchased for $360 Cash.

Full information, with plans, tables of rates, showing the exact location of Lands, will be furnished on application, in person or by letter, to

LAND COMMISSIONER, Illinois Central R. R. Co., Chicago, Illinois.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, carefully recommend to the notice of the friends of the Christian Commission the offer of E. & H. T. Anthony & Co. to devote to this object 75 per cent. of their retail sales of Albums, Stereoscopic Views, and Photographs, for the fortnight commencing April 3d, as set forth in their advertisement.

GEO. H. STUART, Pres. U. S. Christian Commission.
J. T. DURYEA,
H. DYER, Secretary N. Y. Christian Com.
MORRIS K. JESUP,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
W. E. DODGE, Chairmen N. Y. Branch.

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

NOTICE TO EVERY BODY. TWO WEEKS FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS. During the fortnight commencing April 3d we will devote 75 per cent. of all the retail sales at our counter of Albums, Stereoscopic Views, and Card Photographs, and also remittances by mail for the same, where so specified, to the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, through the instrumentality of the Christian Commission.

Orders by mail for this object, bearing date any time previous to May 1, will be received, and the 75 per cent. paid over. The acknowledgment of the Treasurer of the Christian Commission will be sent when required. The goods will be sold at our usual printed catalogue prices.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 Broadway, New York.
Three Doors from St. Nicholas Hotel.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR,

OBTAINED AT GREAT EXPENSE, AND FORMING A COMPLETE PANORAMIC HISTORY

OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

Bull Run,	Dutch Gap,	Strawberry Plain,
Yorktown,	Pontoon Trains,	Deep Bottom,
Gettysburg,	Hanover Junction,	Belle Plain,
Fair Oaks,	Locknut Mountain,	Monitors,
Savage Station,	Chickahominy,	Chattanooga,
Fredericksburg,	City Points,	Fort Morgan,
Suffolk,	Nashville,	Atlanta,
&c., &c.	&c., &c.	&c., &c.

Every body is interested in these memorable scenes. Just published by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, New York.

Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS will cure any sore-shot or bayonet wounds. None should be without them.

Spring Clothing for Men and Boys.

LARGE STOCK.
PRICES REDUCED.
ABBOTT & HALL, 214 BROADWAY,
Under St. Nicholas Hotel.



"Electric" Self-adjusting enamelled white, $3, $5, $7, and $9 per doz.; specimens, 50c., 75c., $1. Snow-white, linen-finished, linen-stiffened, $1 25. Sold in Nobsville New York. $1. Ladies' "Illusion-embroidered" Steel Collars, $1 50; Cuffs, $1 50. *Gents' steel Cuffs*, $2. Mailed on receipt of price and "size." JENNERET, 78 Nassau St., N.Y. Box 5986.

PARR'S TOOL CHESTS.

Of all sizes. Fitted with complete sets of tools, sharpened and set, ready for use, and packed in cases ready for shipping. Containing from 9 to 128 different articles, and ranging in price from $6 to $120, according to size. Adapted to the use of mechanics, farmers, amateurs, youths and boys.

Parr's Garden Chests.

Fitted with the most approved Gardening Implements in ordinary use. The articles required by a large family, such as grafting-saw, tree-scraper, hoes, rake, &c., are all made to fit into an improved cover-jointed handle, placed in lengths to fit in the chest.

Parr's Horticultural Chests.

A larger size of the above, with drawers and partitions, to contain seeds, &c.

Parr's Children's Garden Sets.

Consisting of hoe, rake, spade, and garden fork, with long handle.

These articles are the very best, and are for sale by all respectable dealers in Hardware, Yankee Notions, Agricultural Implements, and Seeds, the attention of whom is called to the immense demand for these goods.

Send for illustrated circular to the manufacturers.

JAMES & PARKELLEN, Buffalo, N. Y.

BENJ. F. KENDALL,

BROKER IN

PETROLEUM STOCKS,

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT.

THE Fourteenth of April is a dark day in our country's calendar. On that day four years ago the national flag was for the first time lowered at the bidding of traitors. Upon that day, after a desperate conflict with treason for four long, weary years—a conflict in which the nation had so far triumphed that she breathed again in the joyous prospect of coming peace—her chosen leader was stricken down by the foul hand of the cowardly assassin. Exultation that had known no bounds was exchanged for boundless grief. The recoil upon which had been inscribed all sort of violence possible to the most malignant treason that ever sought to poison a nation's heart that been almost written full. But not quite full. Murder had run out its category of possible degrees against helpless loyalists in the South, against women and children whose homes had been burned down over their heads, and against our unfortunate prisoners, who had been tortured and literally starved to death. But there still remained one victim for its last rude stroke—one victim for whom, it was whispered in rebel journals South and North, there was still reserved the dagger of a Brutus. Beaten on every field of recognized warfare, treason outdid its very self, and killed our President.

The man who lent himself to traitors for this vile purpose was JOHN WILKES BOOTH, who told himself, it may be, partly for the pieces of silver, but chiefly for the infamous notoriety attaching to such an act. There was an ancient villain who deliberately purposed to perpetuate the memory of his name among men by an act of awful sacrilege—a sacrilege so striking as never to be forgotten—and he burned the temple of the Ephesian DIANA. EROSTRATUS gained his end, and has been remembered accordingly. A memory far more detestable is in store for JOHN WILKES BOOTH, who dared, by the commission of an infinitely greater sacrilege, to bring a whole people to tears.

He was the third son born in America of the eminent English tragedian JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH. There were three brothers, JUNIUS BRUTUS, JUN., EDWIN, and JOHN WILKES, all of whom inherited a predilection for the stage. EDWIN, however, is the only one of these who has attained a very eminent position as an actor, and he is probably surpassed by no living man. In justice to him it is proper here to state that he is true and loyal, and exacts our sincerest sympathy. The elder BOOTH, father of these three actors, died thirteen years ago. He passed the quieter portion of his life upon his farm, in Harford County, some thirty miles from Baltimore. JOHN WILKES BOOTH, the murderer, was born in 1839, and is now only twenty-six years of age. He went upon the stage at the early age of seventeen, simply as JOHN WILKES. As stock actor he gained a fair reputation, and afterward assuming his full name, he began a more ambitious career. But, partly on account of his dissolute habits, he never achieved a marked success. He performed chiefly in the South and West. He has appeared but few times before a New York audience. In person he bears considerable resemblance to his father. His eyes are dark and large; his hair of the same color, inclined to curl; his features finely moulded; his form tall, and his address pleasing. He abandoned his profession recently on account of a bronchial affection. It is said that he has frequently threatened to kill President LINCOLN. His companions have been violent Secessionists, and there are doubtless many others involved to a greater or less degree in his crime. The attempt to assassinate Secretary SEWARD was made probably by an accomplice. It is supposed that Secretary STANTON and ANDREW JOHNSON were to have been added to the list of victims. The latter, at least, received on Friday a card from BOOTH, but was not at home.



Those who were acquainted with BOOTH's movements on the fatal Friday say that his manner was restless. He knew that the President and his party intended to be present at FORD's Theatre in the evening. He asked an acquaintance if he should attend the performance, remarking that if he did he would see some unusually fine acting. It was the general expectation that General GRANT would form one of the President's party, and there are many who suppose that a blow was intended for him as well as the President. The latter had passed the day in the usual manner. In the morning his son, Capt. ROBERT LINCOLN, breakfasted with him.—The Captain had just returned from the capitulation of LEE, and the President listened with great interest to his narration of the detailed circumstances. After breakfast he conversed for an hour with Speaker COLFAX about his future policy as to the rebellion which he was about to submit to his Cabinet. At 11 o'clock the Cabinet met. Both the President and General GRANT were present. Having spent the afternoon with Governor OGLESBY, Senator YATES, and other leading citizens of his State, he went to the theatre in the evening with MRS. LINCOLN, in order to unite in the general expression of popular joy for our late victories. The party consisted of MRS. Senator HARRIS and daughter, and Major HENRY RATHBONE, of Albany. They arrived at ten minutes before nine o'clock, and occupied a private box overlooking the stage. The play for the evening was *The American Cousin*.

BOOTH came upon the ground at about 10 o'clock. He left his horse in charge at the rear of the theatre, and made his way to the President's box. This box is a double one, in the second tier at the left of the stage. When occupied by the Presidential party the separating partition is removed, and the two boxes are thus thrown into one. We give an accurate plan of the box on page 259.—According to Major RATHBONE'S statement, the assassin must have made his preparations in the most deliberate manner beforehand. Of this fact there are at least four proofs, as we shall see: Stealthily approaching the dark passage-way leading to the box, BOOTH, after having effected an entrance, closed the hall-door, and then, taking a piece of board which he had prepared for the occasion, placed one end of it in an indentation excavated in the wall, about four feet from the floor, and the other against the moulding of the door-panel a few inches higher. He thus made it impossible for any one to enter from without; and securing himself against intrusion in that direction, he turned to the doors of the box. There were two of these. Here also the villain had carefully provided beforehand the means by which he might, unnoticed himself, observe the position of the parties inside. With a gimlet, or small bit, he had bored a hole in the door-panel, which he afterward reamed out with his knife, so as to leave it a little larger than a buck-shot on the inside, while on the other side it was sufficiently large to give his eye a wide range. To secure against the doors being locked (they both had spring-locks), he had loosened the screws with

which the bolt-haps were fastened. In regard to the next stage of BOOTH'S movements there is some degree of uncertainty. He had been noticed as he passed through the dress-circle by a Mr. FERGUSON, who was sitting on the opposite side of the theatre. This man knew BOOTH, and recognized him. He had been talking with him a short time before. FERGUSON states that when BOOTH reached the door of the orchestra leading from the dress-circle to the boxes he halted, "took off his hat, and, holding it in his left hand, leaned against the door with his right hand." After remaining thus for the space of half a minute, "he stepped down one step, put his hand on the door of the little corridor leading to the box, bent his knee against it," when the door opened and BOOTH entered. After his entrance to the corridor he was of course invisible to FERGUSON, and, before the fatal shot, was probably seen by no one but the sentry at the door of the corridor. The latter is said to have passed on the plea that the President had sent for him. What passed before the shot is only conjectured. He made his observations, doubtless, through the aperture in the door provided for that purpose. And here we come upon another proof of a deliberately-prepared plan. The very seats in the box had been arranged to suit his purpose, either by himself or, as is more likely, by some statesman of the theatre in complicity with him. The President sat in the left-hand corner of the box, nearest the audience, in an easy arm-chair. Next him, on the right, sat Mrs. LINCOLN. Some distance to the right of both Miss HARRIS was seated, with Major RATHBONE at her left and a little in the rear of Mrs. LINCOLN. BOOTH rapidly surveyed the situation. The play had reached the second scene of the third act. Mrs. LINCOLN, intent on the play, was leaning forward, with one hand resting on her husband's knee. The President was leaning more to the hand, and with the other was adjusting a portion of the drapery, his face wearing a pleasant smile as it was partially turned to the audience. As to the act of assassination, there are two conflicting statements. According to one, BOOTH fired through the door at the left, which was closed. But this seems to have been unnecessary; and it is far more probable that he entered rapidly through the door at the right, and the next moment fired. The ball entered just behind the President's left ear, and though not producing instant death completely obliterated all consciousness.

Major RATHBONE hearing the report, saw the assassin about six feet distant from the President, and encountered him; but BOOTH shook off his grasp. The latter had dropped his weapon—an ordinary single-shotpistol—and had it not been for a tering knife, with which he inflicted a wound upon the Major; and then, resting his left hand upon the box, he vaulted over easily to the stage, eight or nine feet below. As he passed between the folds of the flag decorating the box, the spur, which he wore on the right heel, caught the drapery and brought it down. He crouched as he fell, falling upon one knee, but quickly gained an upright position, and staggered in a theatrical manner across the stage, brandishing his knife, and shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" He made his exit by the "tormentor" on the opposite side of the stage, passing Miss KEENE as he went out. The villain succeeded in making his escape without arrest. In this he was probably assisted by accomplices and by MOSBY's guerillas.

The scene was immediately removed to the house of Mr. PETERSON, opposite the theatre, where he died at twenty-two minutes past seven the next morning, never having recovered his consciousness since the fatal shot. In his last hours he was attended by his wife and his son Robert, and by prominent members of his Cabinet. His death has plunged the nation into deepest mourning, but his spirit still animates the people for whom he died.

A DIRGE.

Down the starry flag
Amid a sovereign people's lamentation
For him the honored ruler of the nation;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd
Slowly and mournfully in every steeple,
Let them tell the bereavement the sorrow of the people;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag,
And let the sombre, sorrowing anthem, pealing,
Sound from the careers choir to frotted ceiling;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd,
And let the mournful organ music, rolling,
Tune with the bells in every steeple tolling;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag;
The nation's favored chief in death is sleeping,
And for our loss our eyes are wet with weeping;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
His honest, manly heart has ceased its beating,
His lips no more shall speak the kindly greeting;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag;
No more shall sound his voice in scorn of error,
Filling the traitor's heart with fear and terror;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
He reverenced the gift which God has given,
Freedom to all, the priceless boon of Heaven,
Let the great bells be toll'd!

Lower the starry flag;
His dearest hopes were wedded with the nation,
He valued more than all the land's salvation;
Lower the starry flag!

Let the great bells be toll'd;
His name shall live on History's brightest pages,
His voice shall sound through time's remotest ages;
Let the great bells be toll'd!

A NATION'S GRIEF.

AH! Grief doth follow fast on Victory!
The victors' shout is lost in silence, deep—
No deep for our poor human utterance.
The jubilant flags that caly yesterday
Were the bright heralds of a nation's gain,
Now droop at half-mast for her woeful loss.
Our foremost Hero fallen, sore at heart we lie
Prostrate, in tears, at our dear Lincoln's grave!

The dust of our great Leader, kissed to rest,
And folded to our hearts, is there intrusted.
Beyond the breath of scandal, in sweet peace.
Wounded with his wound, our hearts receive
The mantle of his spirit as it falls.
His words remain to us our sacred Law:
Do we not hear them the Dead's Capital?—
"Malice toward none, with charity for all!"?

The blow at Sumter touched us not so much
With grief, or awe of treason, as this last—
This traitorous thrust of all at our dear head,
Which with spent rage the baffled serpent aimed.
It is the world's old story, told again,
That they who bruise the serpent's accursed head
Must bear, even as Christ did, its last foul sting.
Taking the Saviour's Passion with His Crown!

* * * * *

* "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—*Last Words of President Lincoln's Second Inaugural.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

Abraham Lincoln.

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. ABRAHAM LINCOLN has done that. He has sealed his service to his country by the last sacrifice. Others may have encountered the great sorrow which Christendom reveres, the man who had no thought, no wish, no hope but the salvation of his country, laid down his life. How many and many a heart that throbbed with inexpressible grief as the tragedy was told would gladly have been stilled forever if his might have been last on. Such was his good, so loved and trusted, his death is a personal blow to every faithful American household; nor will any life be more remembered, more loved, or name be longer and more tenderly beloved by this nation, than those of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

On the 22d of February, 1861, as he raised the American flag over Independence Hall, in Philadelphia, he spoke of the sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty to only the common race. "I have never," he said, "to the world for all future time." Then, with a solemnity which the menacing future justified, and with a simple directness which events revealed, he added, "But if this country can not be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated upon this platform sooner than it." The country has been saved by cleaving to that principle, and he has been assassinated for not surrendering it.

Called to the chief conduct of public affairs at a time of the greatest peril, he came almost unknown, but he brought to his great office a rarer combination of the qualities of the country than the most noted statesmen of all parties, and that sure instinct of the wiser popular will which made the people the best leaders for a people about to maintain their own government in a civil war. Himself a child of the people, he lived and died their friend. His heart beat responsive to theirs. He knew their wants, their character, their powers, and knowing their will often better than they knew it themselves, he executed it with the sincerity of their speedy approval. No American statesman ever believed more heartily than he the necessary truth of the democratic and republican principle of absolute equality before the laws, or trusted with ampler confidence the American system of government. But he loved liberty too sincerely for passion or declamation. It was the strong, sturdy, Anglo-Saxon affection, not the Celtic frenzy.

With an infinite patience, and a dauntless tenacity, he was a man of profound principles but of no theories. This, with his insight and intuitive appreciation of the practicable in every case, made him a consummate practical statesman. He saw further and deeper than others because he saw that in the fundamental upon which he was cast little could be wholly seen. Experience so vindicated his patriotic sagacity that he acquired a curious ascendency in the public confidence; so that if good men differed from his opinion they were inclined to doubt their own. Principle was fixed as a star, but policy must be swayed by the current. While many would have dared the fierce fury of the gale and have sunk the ship at once, he knew that there was a time to stretch every inch of canvas and a time to lay to. He was not afraid of "drifting." In statesmanship prudence counts for more than daring. Thus it happened that some who urged him at the beginning of the war to the boldest measures, and excused what they called his practical faithlessness by his probable weakness, lived to feel the marrow of their bones melt with fear, and to beg him to solicit terms that would have destroyed the nation. But wiser than passion, more faithful than fury, serene in his devotion to the equal rights of men without which he knew there could henceforth be no peace in this country, he tranquilly persisted, enduring the impatience of what seemed to some his painful delays and to others his lawless haste; and so, trusting God and his own true heart, he fulfilled his great task so well that he did not even tenderly lamented than any ruler in history.

His political career, from his entrance into the Illinois Legislature to his last speech upon the Louisiana plan of reconstruction, is calmly consistent bot in the lofty humanity of its aim and the good sense of its method, and our condition is the justification of his life. For the most malignant party opposition in our history crumbled before his spotless fidelity; and in his death it is not only that loses a head, but a country that deplores a father. The good sense, the good humor, the good heart of ABRAHAM LINCOLN naturally united the Democrats that despised the "sentimentality of abolitionism," and the abolitionism that abhorred the sneering indifference to "sentimentality," in a practical patriotism that has saved the country.

No one who personally knew him but will now feel that the deep, furrowed sadness of his face seemed to foretell his fate. The genial gentleness of his manner, his homely simplicity, the cheerful humor that never failed are now seen to have been the tender light that played around the rugged heights of his strong and noble nature. It is small consolation that he dies at the moment of the war when he could best be spared, for no nation is ever ready for the loss of such a friend. But it is something to remember that he lived to see the slave-chain breaking. Like Moses he had marched with it through the wilderness. From the height of patriotic vision he beheld the golden fields of Canaan, and entered the glory and glory out of sight. He beheld and blessed God, but was not to enter in. And we with bowed heads and aching hearts move forward to the promised land.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

No President has entered upon the duties of his office under circumstances so painful as those which surround President JOHNSON. The pause between the death of Mr. LINCOLN and the indication of the probable course of his successor is profoundly solemn. But there can be no question in every true American heart, and that is, the most inflexible determination to support President JOHNSON, who is now the lawful head of the nation emerging from terrible civil war, and entering upon the solemn duty of pacification.

Andrew Johnson, like his predecessor, is emphatically a man of the people. He has been for many years in public life, and when the war began he was universally hailed as one of the most and unflinching patriots. His political association with the leaders of the Southern policy, his position as a Senator from that State, implicated him, in the opinion of the conspirators as an invaluable ally, if he could be seduced to treason. If we are not misinformed, John C. Breckinridge counted much this result, and how he failed—how Andrew Johnson upon the floor of the Senate denounced treason and traitors—is already history. His fidelity was meant be was one of the firmest friends of the Government, and most ardent supporters of the late Administration. His views upon the causes were peculiarly his friendly; and when the news of Roscrans's victory at Mill Spring reached the President at midnight, he immediately sent his secretary to tell the good news to Mr. Johnson.

He was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee upon the national occupation of that State, and for three years he has stood at the exposed point at the front, a faithful sentry. Formerly a slaveholder, and familiar with the public opinion of the border, he early saw the necessity of the emancipation war policy; and although in his addresses at the beginning of the war he spoke of it as still uncertain and prospective, his views accorded with those of the country, and when the policy was declared he supported it with the sincerity of earnest conviction.

His provisional administration of government in Tennessee, which was for some time debatable ground, was firm and faithful. By the necessity of the case he was the object of the envenomed hostility of the rebels and the bitterest opposition of the enemies of the Administration. The most serious charge of his exercise of arbitrary power was the severe oath as a qualification for voting which Governor Johnson insisted upon as the test of loyal election. When the remonstrants appealed to President Lincoln, he replied that he was very sure Governor Johnson would do what was necessary and right. And while the opposition at the North was still loudly denouncing, Jefferson Davis, in one of his furious speeches in Georgia, gave the fall of Atlanta, declared that there were thirty thousand men in Tennessee eager to take up arms the moment the rebel army appeared in the State. It was to prevent those thirty thousand from doing by their votes what they were ready to do by their arms that the oath was imposed. Jefferson Davis furnished the amplest justification for the action of Governor Johnson.* President Lincoln was reproached for the too conciliatory character of his "Border State policy." Let it not be forgotten that at the time when he was thought to be too much influenced by it he appointed Mr. Johnson Governor of Tennessee. That Governor Johnson's course in the State was approved by the unconditional loyal men there is shown by the adoption of the new free constitution and the opening of the new state under the administration of Governor Brownlow.

Of a more ardent temperament than Mr. Lincoln, whose passionless patience was sublime, Mr. Johnson has had a much sharper personal experience of the atrocious spirit of this rebellion. He has seen and felt the horrors of which we have only heard. The grave charge of treason is vividly present to his mind and memory, and his feeling toward the leaders who are mostly responsible for this wasting war is one of stern hostility.

But the Governor of Tennessee in a most critical period of civil war is President of the United States at a time when the war in the field is ending and the peace of a whole country is to be secured. What is the great truth that confronts him at the opening of his new career? It is that the policy of his predecessor had been so approved by the mind and heart of the country, had so disarmed hostility and melted prejudice, that the spirit of that policy has almost the sanctity of prescription.

President Johnson will so interpret it we have the fullest confidence. That what every loyal man sees, so strong and devoted a patriot as he will fail to see, is not credible. That the successor of Abraham Lincoln will adopt a policy of vengeance is impossible. Of the leading traitors, as he said a fortnight since, he thinks that the punishment should be that which the Constitution imposes. "And on the other hand," he added, "to the people who have been deluded amidst I would extend leniency and humanity, and an invitation to return to the allegiance they owe to the country." These are not the words of passion, but of humanity and justice. They express what is doubtless the conviction of the great multitude of loyal citizens of the country. With a modest appeal for the support and assistance of the gentlemen who were the advisers of Mr. Lincoln, and with calm reliance upon God and the people, he addresses himself to his vast responsibilities amidst the tears and prayers and confidence of his country.

MR. SEWARD.

THE bloody assault upon Secretary SEWARD, a civilian, by blow struck at a man of sixty-five lying in his bed with a broken arm, has shown the country how precious to it is the life of a man who has been bitterly denounced by some of his former political friends since the war began. Before the shot was fired at Sumter, Mr. SEWARD tried by some form of negotiation to prevent the outbreak of civil war. He was then —does Mr. HORACE GREELEY remember?—assailed with insinuations of treachery. Will Mr. HORACE GREELEY inform us how it was treacherous to try to prevent the war by negotiation with intending rebels, if, while the war was raging, it was patriotic to urge negotiations for peace? Will he tell us what whether it was more disloyal to the Union to recognize American citizens not yet in rebellion, or utter any but plain thousands who had already thrown men in blood and torture to call them "eminent Confederates?" Will he tech us why SEWARD was to be held up to public suspicion because he communicated with Judge CAMPBELL and recommended Mr. HARVIE as Minister to Portugal, while Mr. GREELEY and all the loyal press and pulpit of the country were denouncing Mr. BLAIR and Mr. LINCOLN for a man who does his fighting by sending criminals from Canada to burn down theatres and hotels in New York full of women and children, —"a distinguished American" of the other party in our civil war?

For years Mr. SEWARD, as Secretary of State, has defended this country from one of the most constantly threatening perils, that of foreign war. His name in England is not behind. But seconded by his faithful statesman, Mr. ADAMS, he has maintained there the honor of the American name, and persistently asserted the unlimitated sovereignty of the Government of the United States. In France, with the cool, clear, upright man who so fitly represented the sagacity and honesty of popular Government, he has managed our relations with a skill that has protected us from most serious complications in Mexico. Engaged with the most unscrupulous and secret of modern diplomatists, Louis Napoleon, he has with admirable delicacy of skill prevented his interference in our domestic affairs. His dispatches have been free from bluster or timidity. They all show, what his life illustrates, a perfect serenity of faith in the final success of free institutions and the strength of a popular Government.

Like every man in the country, Mr. SEWARD

has been taught by the war. None of us are the same. The views of every man have been modified. The course of many organs of public opinion—of the New York *Tribune*, for instance —is wonderful and incredible to contemplate. There have been times when Mr. SEWARD was thought by some to be a positive hindrance to the war, a nightmare in the Cabinet. The Senate, with questionable friendship to the country, upon one occasion is understood to have asked his removal. But the President could ill spare so calm a counselor and so adroit a statesman. That was often differed is beyond dispute, but the President knew the sagacity and experience of the Secretary, and the Secretary said the President was the best man he ever knew.

Such was the confidence and mutual respect of the relation between them that the country will regard Mr. SEWARD's continuance in the Cabinet as a sign of the perpetuity of the spirit of President LINCOLN's policy. Meanwhile, that he and his son, the able and courteous Assistant Secretary, lie grievously smitten by the blow that wrings the heart of the nation, render solicitude will wait upon their recovery. WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD has too faithfully and conspicuously served human liberty not to have earned a blow from the assassin hand of slavery. The younger generation of American citizens who, in their first manhood, followed his bugle-call into the ranks of those who strove against the influence and power whose dying throes have struck life from the President and joy from a triumphing nation, will not forget how valiant and beneficent his service has been, nor suffer the name identified with the truest political instruction of this country to be long obscured by the clouds of calumny.

GREAT PAN IS DEAD.

THE NEW YORK *Tribune*, in a late issue, after reprinting the infamous rebel offer of a reward of a million of dollars for the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. JOHNSON, and Mr. SEWARD, says: "Such facts and the correspondence and editorials of the rebel journals countenance the popular presumption that the late murderous outrages in Washington were incidents of a comprehensive plot wherein the rebel leaders were privy. The burglarious raid on St. Albans, the attempts simultaneously to fire our great hotels, and other acts wholly out of the pale of civilized warfare, tend to strengthen this conviction."

In the next column the Editor speaks of the men who plotted the raid and the arson as "certain distinguished Americans" of the other "party to our civil war."

Does not the editor of the *Tribune* see that nothing can more profoundly demoralize the public mind than to call the men who plot arson and assassins "distinguished Americans"? ABRAHAM LINCOLN and GEORGE WASHINGTON were distinguished Americans. Has the editor no other epithet for GEORGE N. SANDERS or JACOB THOMPSON and CLEMENT C. CLAY? Is there no such thing as crime? Are there no criminals? Is the assassin of the President a man impelled by "the conflict of ideas" to a mistaken act? Is there no treason? Are there no traitors? Does the editor of the *Tribune* loyally suppose that because it is not his wish nor the duty of the American people to visit the penalty of treason upon every man as the South who has been in rebellion, it is therefore the duty of wise and honest men to invite JEFFERSON DAVIS and WIGFALL into the Senate of the United States, or ROBERT E. LEE, BEAUREGARD, and JOE JOHNSTON into the army?

The Editor of the *Tribune* may bow down to the ground and grovel before "eminent Confederates," but it is not from them that the pacification of the South is to proceed. The first step in peace is to emunciate the *people* of the South from their servile degradation beneath the class of "gentlemen" which has first deluded and then ruined them." How can it be done if we affect respect which no honest man can feel? If there is one suffering Union man in Alabama who has been outlawed and hunted and starved, who has lain all day concealed in swamps and woods, and at night has stolen out and crept for food to the faithful slaves upon the plantations—who has seen his house destroyed, his children murdered, his wife dishonored—who has endured every extremity of suffering, and still believed in God and the flag of his country—and who now, following the President's liberating march, has come safely to our lines at Mobile—if there be one such man, who knows that his cruel agony and the waste and desolation of his land have come from "the leaders" of his section, and see that when they are wanted in battle it is the Editor of the New York *Tribune* who hastens to fall prostrate before the meanest of them and salute them as "distinguished Americans" and "eminent Confederates," it is easy to believe that such a man should be overwhelmed with dismay as he contemplates the hopeless postponement of pacification which such a spectacle reveals.

Exactly that base subservience to the arrogance of a slaveholding class which has enabled that class to plunge and betray the nation and their States is reproduced in the tone of the editor of the *Tribune* when speaking of it. Is JEFFERSON DAVIS a "distinguished American?" Is he anymore so than AARON BURR and BENEDICT ARNOLD? No more despite such fawning more than those it is intended to propitiate. It is not by such men as JACOB THOMPSON and CLEMENT C. CLAY and HUNTER and BENJAMIN and SEMMES, it is by men unknown and poor, by men who have seen what comes of following the counsels of the "leaders," by men who have been tried by blood and fire in this sharp war that peace is to come out of the South. The men whom the editor of the *Tribune* calls by names that justly belong only to our best and dearest are the assassins of the nation and of human liberty. They would have wrought upon the nation the same evil that was done upon the President. They would have murdered the country in its own innocent blood. Not from them comes regeneration and peace. Let them go.

But from the long-abused, the blinded, the down-trodden, the forgotten, the despised—from the real people of the South, whom ruin and ease and luxury and cultivation and idleness and all worldly gifts and graces sitting in high places, dragged with sophistries and scorned with blandishments, and threatened with terrors, and besotted with prejudice, and degraded with ignorance, and ground into slavery—these, all of them, white and black as God made them, are the seed of the new South, long pressed into the ground, and now about to sprout and grow and blossom JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associate Old things have passed away. The Editor of the *Tribune* is still flattering the priests whose power has gone. Great Pan is dead. Why should one of the earliest Christians swing incense before him?

THE FLAG ON SUMTER.

THE old flag floats again on Sumter! Four years ago the hope was that it would float over all the American people. To-day the vow is fulfilled. The hand of him who defended it against the assault of treason, of him who saluted it when as he marched his little band away, now, with all the strength of an aroused and regenerated nation supporting him, raises it once more on its ancient staff. Men have been still alone on undimmed in our hearts now shine tranquilly in triumph, and salute the earth and sky with the thunder of cannon.

To be called to be the orator of a nation upon such a day was an honor which might have oppressed any man. To have spoken as he did was to make it a memory worthily, adequately, grandly, is the glory of one man. It will not be questioned that Mr. BEECHER did so. His voice is of the race of Burke and Webster in eloquence. It is in the highest degree picturesque and powerful. Certainly it was peculiarly fit in that a man, the only inspiration of the eternal truth that has achieved the victory, should hail, in the name of equal liberty, the opening of the era which is to come.

Even amidst the wail of our sorrow its voice will be heard and its tone will satisfy. Even in our heart's grief we can feel the solemn thrill of triumph that the flag which fell in weakness is raised in glory and power.

THE FOLLY OF CRIME.

EVERY stupendous crime is an enormous blunder. The blow that has shocked the nation into exasperation by killing ABRAHAM LINCOLN the rebels have murdered their best friend. His death can not change the event of the war. It has only injured the very cause of the country more closely than ever, and disposed them to a less lenient policy toward the rebellion. Whatever the intention or hope of the assassin, whether the result of a murdered plot or the act of a band of ruffians, whether it were dictated by the rebel chiefs or offered to their cause as a voluntary assistance by the hand that struck the blow, the effect is the same—a more intense and inflexible vow of the nation that the rebellion shall be suppressed and its cause exterminated.

There is no crime so abhorrent to the world as the assassination of a ruler. It is the crime when he is unworthy, the method of his death at once ameliorates the impression of his life. But when he is a good and wise man, when he is a soldier and beloved, the deed is too monstrous for words. There is but one assassin whom history mentions with toleration and even applause, and that is CHARLOTTE CORDAY. But her act was a mistake. It ended the life of a monster, but it did not help the people, and she who might have lived to succor and save was the victim of MARAT, became, after his death, MARAT'S victim. All other assassins, too, have more harmed their cause than helped it. Their place of justification are always confounded by the event. That plea, where it has any dignity whatever, is the riddance of the world of a bad or dangerous man whose life can not be legally taken. It is to punish a despot—to bring low a tyrant. But the heart recoils whatever the excuse, the instinct of mankind curses the assassin.

In our own grievous affliction there is one lesson which European and American public opinion would do well to consider. Party malignity in the Free States during the war has not scrupled to defame the character of MR. LINCOLN. He has been denounced as a despot, as a usurper, as a man who arbitrarily annulled the Constitution, as a magistrate under whose administration all the securities of liberty, property, and even life, were deliberately disregarded and imperiled. Political hostility has been inflamed into hate by the assertion that he was responsible for the war, and that he had opened all the yawning graves and tumbled the bloody victims in. This has been done directly and indirectly, openly and cunningly. In a time of necessarily profound and painful excitement to carry a party point, the political opponents of MR. LINCOLN have said or insinuated or implied that he disregarded the laws and had made himself an autocrat. If any dangerous plot has been exposed, these organs of public opinion had asserted it as an invention of the Administration. If theatres and hotels full of men, women, and children were to be wantonly fired, the friends of the Administration were accused of seeking up an excitement. If bloody riots and massacres occurred, they were extenuated and called "risings of the people," as if in probable consequence, and as if the oppression of the Government had brought them upon itself.

This appeal has been made in various ways and in different degrees. A gross conception intimated that there was danger that the elections would be overborne by Administration bayonets. Judge CONKLING, formerly of the Court of Appeals in this State, addressing a crowd in Union Square, declared that if a candidate for the Presidency should be defrauded of his election by military interference he would be borne into the White House by the hands of the people. Of the Administration thus accused of the basest conceivable crimes ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the head. If there were a military despotism in the country, as was declared, he was the despot. If there were a tyranny, he was the tyrant.

Is it surprising that somebody should have believed all this, that somebody should have said that the country is in ruin and the war criminal to slay the tyrant, and that working himself up to the due frenzy he should strike the blow? When it was struck, when those kind eyes that never looked sternly upon a human being closed forever, and the assassin sprang forward and cried, *Sic semper tyrannis*, was it strange that a gloomy gratification should be felt and not scrupled to teach that he *was* a tyrant who had annulled the law?

The lesson is terrible. Let us hope that even party-spirit may be tempered by this result of its natural consequence.

A SUGGESTION FOR A MONUMENT.

IT is very possible that the great affection of the people of the United States for their late President will lead to a general desire to erect some national monument to his memory. Should this be so, there is one suggestion which will doubtless occur to many besides ourselves. It is that no mere marble column or memorial pile shall be reared, but that the heart-offerings of the people shall be devoted to the erection of a military hospital, to be called the LINCOLN HOSPITAL, for soldiers and sailors—a retreat for the wounded and permanently invalid veterans of the war. And when the happier days that are coming, the wards shall be relieved of the lingering monuments of the contest, the foundation would remain for the public benefit. The soldiers and sailors had no more tender and faithful friend than ABRAHAM LINCOLN. He never forgot them, and he did his utmost to pay to them in his public addresses the homage which his heart constantly cherished. To a man of his broad and generous humanity no monument could be so appropriate as a Hospital.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR SUCCESSES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—GENERAL STONEMAN captured Salisbury, North Carolina, on the 12th inst., securing 1165 prisoners, 19 pieces of artillery, 1000 small-arms, and eight stands of colors. The plunder found there was enormous, embracing 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition, 7000 shells, 90,000 pounds of powder, 75,000 suits of clothing, 35,000 army blankets, with large quantities of linen, salt, sugar, rice, wheat, and 700 bales of cotton. All that was not immediately available was destroyed. Stoneman's raid in East Tennessee and North Carolina has been one of the most important and destructive of the war. He has burned half a hundred important bridges, destroyed about 100 miles of track, captured trains, immense stores, and played the mischief generally with exemplary energy.

The next day after the capture of Salisbury Sherman and Schofield, with their forces, met little resistance. Governor Vance was taken by our cavalry in the mountains. By the 15th Raleigh was occupied by Johnston to surrender the State, but the power was already withdrawn. It is reported that Jeff Davis has joined Johnston at Hillsborough, and was still with him.

CAPTURE OF MOBILE.

Mobile was captured by the national forces on the 12th of April.

On the 20th of March the Sixteenth Corps, under General A. J. Smith, left Danphin on twenty transports, accompanied by gun-boats, and proceeded up a run of Mobile Bay to the mouth of Fish River, where the troops were landed on Dauphin Island. The Thirteenth Corps, under General Granger, left Fort Morgan, and on the 21st effected a landing on the left of Spanish Fort, and on the left wing on Mobile Bay. Three days afterward this corps was followed by General Gibbon, with 6000 recruits. On the 25th the Federal line was pushed forward so as to extend from Mobile Bay on the bay to Bare Fork on the Fish River. The first point of attack was Spanish Fort, which is directly opposite Mobile, and which is the head and strongest of the defenses of that city. It guards the eastern channel of the bay. On the 27th the bombardment commenced. In the mean time the Monitors and gun-boats were advancing through the obstructions. They had succeeded so far that the Monitors *Milwaukee*, *Winnebago*, *Kickapoo*, and the Monitor ram *Osage* moved in line to attack at 2 P.M. An hour afterward a torpedo exploded under the *Milwaukee*, and she instantly filled and sank in eleven feet of water. There were no casualties. Then was exploded another, a light and the next day. At about 2 o'clock P.M. on the 29th a torpedo struck the port bow of the *Osage* and exploded, tearing away 20 feet of her timbers, killing two men and wounding several others.

We give on page 265 an engraving illustrating the nature of the torpedoes found in the Bay. Those given in the Article on page 258 are split in longitudinal sections. The slightest pressure causes explosion.

The fall of April was attended with events brought to bear upon Spanish Fort. Twenty-four forts guns were got into half a mile of the work, while the infantry artillery batteries were still nearer. Two gun-boats joined in the tremendous cannonade. The result was that the fort surrendered a little after midnight. Fort Alexandria followed, and the fall of these gave us the key to Spanish Forte Tracy and Huger, in his rear, at the mouth of Fish River, and the Blakeley works. The whole line of works had been abandoned. The Monitors then went boldly to work to remove the obstructions, and without opposition reached the city.

Shortly after the capture of Spanish Fort, intelligence of the capture and the fall of Richmond was sent to the rebel forces in command, with orders to attack the Federals.

Several batteries of artillery, and large quantities of ammunition were taken with the fort, and 1500 prisoners. One ton in the whole affair was much less than could have been expected, and was unlooked for.

Seven hundred prisoners were taken with Spanish Fort, and were escorted by the national troops on the 12th.

In the mean time General Wilson, with a formidable force of cavalry, had entered Selma on Sunday night with 10 miles northwest and northeast of Selma. On the afternoon of April 2 Selma was captured, with 20 guns, and all the immense Government works, arsenals, rolling-mills, and foundries, and this place was destroyed. It is probable that Montgomery was also captured, but later than the capture of Selma we have no details.

MORNING IN RICHMOND.

Roger A. Pryor stated in Petersburg that he believed that Richmond was doomed to the mortification of pass, and regretted his death more than any military mishap of the war. He said the large planters themselves at the head of a movement for a town meeting to deprive the less enlightened and public grounds. General Lee at first refused to hear the details of the murder. A Mr. Bolts and several gentlemen waited upon him on Sunday night with the particulars. He said that when he dispossess of himself of the command of the rebel forces he kept in mind President Lincoln's benignity, and surrendered as much to the latter's generosity as to Grant's military. The General said that he regretted Mr. Lincoln's death as much as any man in the South, and believed him to be the epitome of magnanimity and good faith.

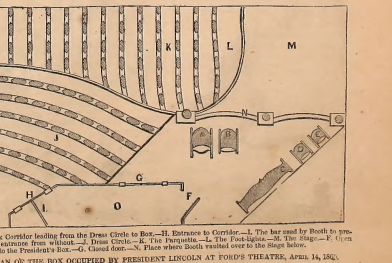
ARREST OF SEWARD'S ASSASSIN.

A man was arrested on the 19th in Baltimore who is supposed to have been the assassin of Secretary Seward. He was identified as such by the negro servant and Mrs Fanny Seward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

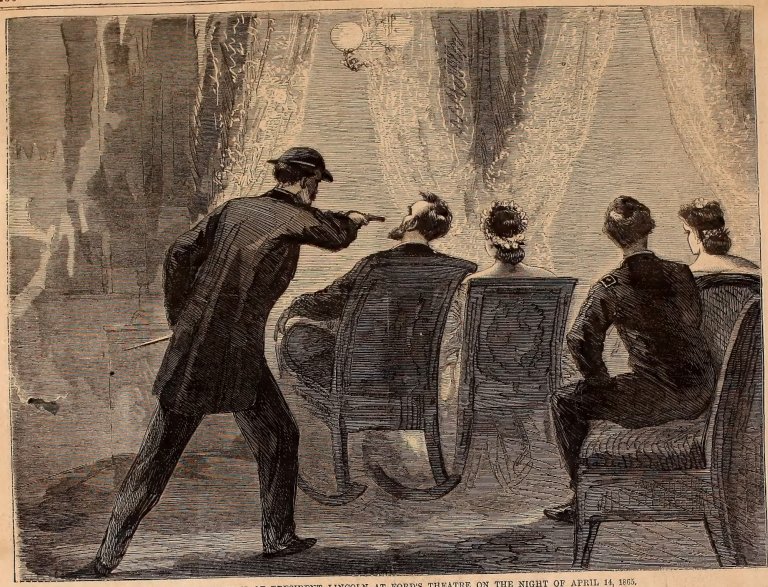
THE REBEL RAM "STONEWALL."

The rebel ram *Stonewall* left Lisbon, Portugal, on the 18th of March, having been ordered away by the Portuguese authorities. The extraordinary despatch and discourtesy were forbidden to leave until twenty-four hours should have elapsed. Three tow vessels, about four hours after the *Stonewall* left, wrapped another and moved toward the bar. The commander of the Belem Tower ran first under them, considerably injuring the *Stonewall*. The captains stated that they were only changing their anchorage-grounds, and our consul at Lisbon has demanded that the Governor of Belem Tower should be removed, which demand has been conceded.

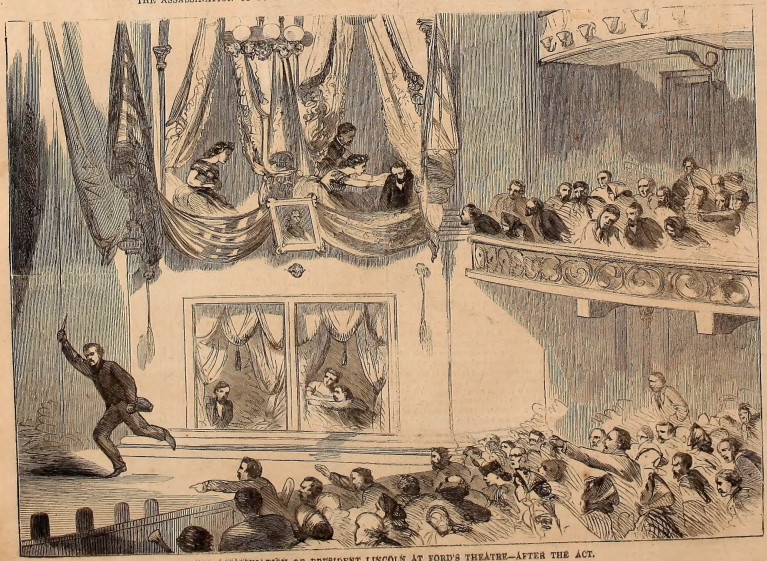


O. Dark Corridor leading from the Dress Circle to Box.—H. Entrance to Corridor.—I. The bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from without.—J. Dress Circle.—K. The Parquette.—L. The Foot-lights.—M. The Stage.—F. Open door to the President's Box.—G. Closed door.—N. Place where Booth vaulted over to the Stage below.

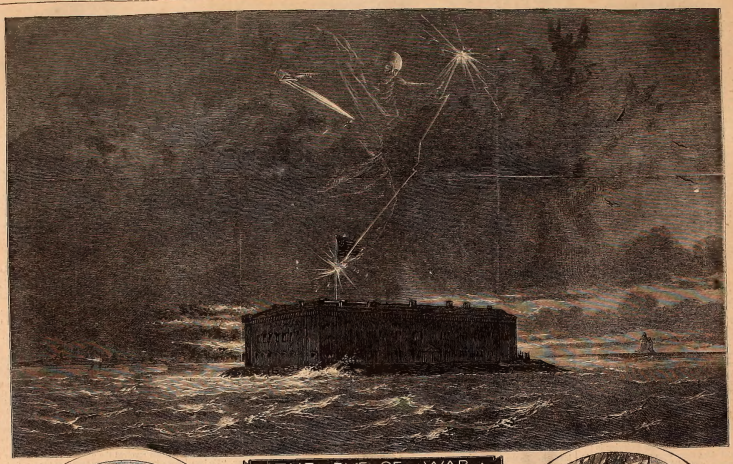
PLAN OF THE BOX OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE, APRIL 14, 1865.



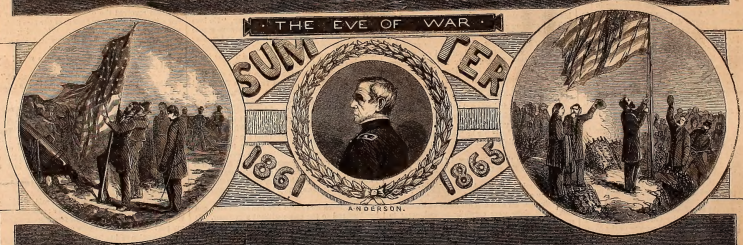
THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14, 1865.

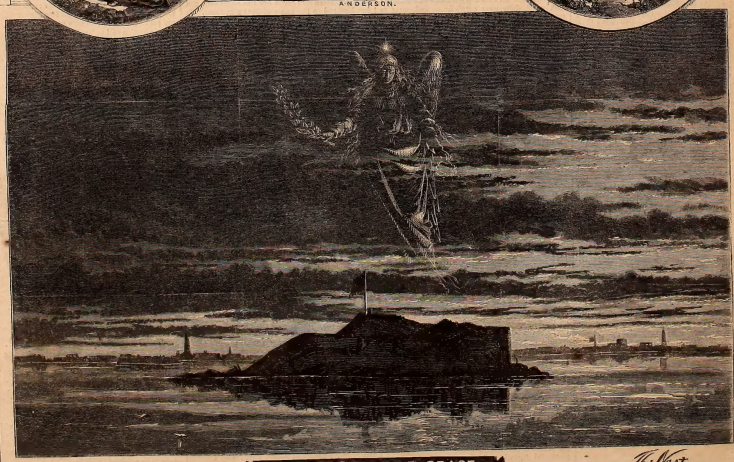


THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT FORD'S THEATRE—AFTER THE ACT.



THE EVE OF WAR.





THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Th. Nast.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh! there's a power to make each hour
As sweet as Heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what Nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
While ever as sweet bloom at our feet
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things afar still sweeter are
When pleasure's bright spell hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath naught
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
Do show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken.
Though all were night, if but the light
From friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
Our home and friends around us.

THE BLACK SHEEP.

"Bad bad black sheep,
Have you got any wool?"

SOME one of our old Colonial ancestors was silly enough to bring over from England a heraldic "bear with a pole in his hand, and called it "The Family Coat of Arms." It became obsolete with our independence, and we have never chosen another; were we to do so, I am certain it would be a *Black Sheep*.

I have no idea of sending you a "wool-gathering," but am going to tell you a simple story to stir your patriotism if it has gone to sleep.

I have told you of the women of the Revolution who took up the cause in a resting when their husbands, brothers, and sons had gone to fight the battles of freedom; and the story of Hitty "Down East," to which was laid on the altar of her country: but I have never told you of our greatgrandmother Dimock. The story is an heir-loom in the family, and we are proud of it.

When the clouds of war were gathering in the old Colonial days there were men living in the Georgia whose hearts did not beat in unison with the noble band of patriots who stood ready to achieve nationality. Many of these were with a tory spirit spoke their sentiments openly, and retired from the country before the bursting of the storm. Others, whose interests were adverse to their principles, waited to watch and betray. New England had its quota of both. Their names have never flowed sweetly in story or song, for which reason (it may be) a belief is springing up that the New England of Revolutionary days was a unit for freedom.

Among the *Tories* of that era—as the abettors of the Mother Government were called—was a thriving landholder in a well-known district of Connecticut. He was not a native of the country, but in early life had fancied England with a band of adventurers youth, to try his fortunes in the New World. Successful beyond his anticipations even, he purchased broad acres, stocked them liberally, and retired to rural life. His wife was a New Englander of the old Massachusetts stamp, but unfortunately died before the Colonists were called upon to take sides with the *Old* country or the *New*. She left a daughter namesake, an only child.

Mary Mather Russel promised to grow up as beautiful as her mother, as frank and intelligent too. Notwithstanding her father was over all altogether popular among the residents of the neighborhood, his child, like her mother, was a general favorite. In the daughter of their nearest neighbor she found a playmate and companion. Hitty Dimock was an only daughter like herself, petted and half-spoiled. The two girls were inseparable.

Farmer Dimock had four sons, and their sister Hitty quizzed it over them as only daughters are privileged. They were worshiped their sovereign, however, and submitted to most of her whims and caprices. They were affirmed that "Mary Russel helped her to *put on airs*, and that both were as proud as Lucifer."

It was for this same haughty pair that the farmer's boys gathered and stored away their wild forest nuts, and assorted the red-cheeked winter apples; for in the long evenings Mary and Hitty had their spinning and knitting matches. Sometimes the other girls of the district joined them, and the large, square room was then ablaze with light, and buzzing and whirling with industry. Mothers and grandmothers gazed with pride on the graceful spinners, while their own hands plied the busy reel which supplied them with rolls. Little boys and girls sat by, picking the tangled wool with their fingers, warming and preparing it for the manywiry cards. It was the older boys who cracked the nuts, and filled the home-made pewter flagons with cider, and brought the apples they had laid up so carefully in autumn. What pleasant games of *forfeit* succeeded when the work was done! Oh, the winter evenings of the olden time were not bad, although so many of their hours were devoted to useful toil!

From such peaceful avocations the rural dwellers of New England were aroused by the passage of the "Boston Port Bill," when the watch-word of Liberty rang like a clarion through the land. There was no longer time for dalliance; every man and boy must awaken to duty. It is by such ordeals the steel of manhood is most satisfactorily tested; and never was weather stuff disclosed than among the yeomanry of "His Majesty's Colonies in North America."

But, as we have just remarked, there were men

of diverse opinions all over the land. Farmer Russel was one of them, and from the first had ranged himself with the *royalists*. The men, especially the young men of the vicinity, were indignant, and stigmatized him as the "Old Tory," and indulged in other epithets such as enthusiastic young men are prone to give vent to. Farmer Dimock's boys were among the foremost of these, and even went so far as to say if he betrayed their cause, they would "ride him on a rail," or "duck him in the millpond;" and that was long before the days of *railroads*, and the popularity of *Lynch law*.

Such threats boded no good for the English landowner. But an important rumor soon caused a lull in the angry excitement—a rumor that Farmer Russel had sold his estate and was going to England. Nothing more was to be said or done until the report was verified or contradicted.

Before many days the notice for a public *vendue* was posted on every sign-board and shop-door around the town. All of the stock and household stuff of neighbor Russel was advertised for sale on the premises.

Hittie Dimock looked grave and sorry, and would not allow her brothers to hurl any more epithets at their departing neighbor. Her infancy almost the playmate of Mary, had been her most intimate friend, and the thought of parting from her was very painful. They had spent much time together that winter and spring, and Hittie believed her friend as a sister as well as herself.

One stormy winter day, when weather-bound at Mary's, Farmer Russel's hired man had brought into the house a splendid black lamb, which he said, its mother had stamped upon and nearly killed. He rubbed it and wrapped it in an old sheep-skin, with the gibe "keep it still." It was the last unfeeling remark in the world. No wonder the mother should disown it, and contribute to its death. The little black beast came to know no friend but Mary.

It was a hardy little thing, however, and grew active, and in her playful gambols would break more and more fondly cherished of its kind. The girls called it Dido, and made a great pet of the homely lamb.

All the men far and near attended the *vendue*; for it was well known the Russel stock and household stuff were the best in the country. Even neighbor Dimock petitioned for a stuffed rocking-chair which had belonged to the invalid wife of the Tory, and which had been the occasion of a number china fruit-dishes, and Hittie the *black sheep*. Her brothers hooted at the idea, and declared they would not have it on the harboring a Tory. Then she appealed to her father, who said he would not like to have a *black sheep* in the flock. So Hittie was disappointed.

That evening grandmother was delighted with her rocking-chair; Mrs. Dimock had her new china for arrange on the shelves, and the farmer armed with Mary's side-saddle—a beautiful embroidered affair sent from England only the year before. She was pleased with it, but evidently had not forgotten her warning request.

"Who bought the cosset?" she asked her father at length.

"I don't know as 'twas put up. Nobody would make such a fuss for a girl's pet lamb."

"I guess it is going back to England, *with the other black sheep*," said her brother Jimmy, *with* the idea of our Hittie's wanting such an outlandish pet!"

It is possible that Hittie cared for her own way more than for the pet; she did not like to be defeated.

The Russels were to take their departure from the colony early the next week. Mary had retained nothing but her own and her mother's wardrobe; that, indeed, was considerably reduced, as it was to spend the remaining days with Hittie Dimock, taking with her, as a parting gift, the *black lamb*.

Now the Tory maiden fancied the present would not have been one-half as acceptable to Hittie as that grotesque-looking lamb; and she promised to protect it at all hazards.

"I keep Dido to remember me," Mary said; "and don't allow those bad brothers of yours to tease her and call her names."

These last words were spoken expressly for the ears of one of those same brothers, supposed to be Mary's favorite.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, now, Miss Mary," said Hittie Dimock; "I'll be the *black sheep* myself around the critter's neck, and make a colonial messenger of her. A few of them *best suits* would be sure to make a handsome present."

The gigls pouted; but Willie was bound to have his say. The presence of Majesty would not have checked him.

Mary and Hittie had a tearful parting, and promised to be good friends always, just as though nothing had occurred to separate them. "I have never told you," Mary said, sobbing, "but my father is an American. *This is my native land*, and I would gladly remain and share her fate."

Willie heard the words and treasured them in his heart.

Farmer Russel was not the only royalist who forsook the country in her hour of trial. Every steamer departing for England carried its quota; and none regretted them; for the false who remained hung like an incubus on the patriot cause.

Dido was no favorite with any person or thing on the farm but Hittie. Willie tried to befriend her; but never was there a more mischievous creature in house or garden, and Hittie would keep her from going when and where she pleased. The grandmother's new wall of fence fell a victim to the agility of a dog; and many secret plans were made by the father and Jimmy to put her out of the way. But either the thought of Hittie's displeasure or the memory of Mary Russel was Dido's protection.

Meantime events of startling importance were transpiring all over the land. A Continental Congress was convened at Philadelphia, and agreed upon a public declaration of rights, recommending non-intercourse with the mother country until the grievances of the colonies should be redressed. The provincial Assembly of Massachusetts drew up a plan for the immediate defense of the province, and enlisted an army of twelve thousand men to act in any emergency.

Not until April of the succeeding year did that emergency arise. Then the tidings of the battle of Lexington flew through the land, and there was a general uprising for freedom. Troops from the neighboring colonies went pouring into Boston, and the war of the Revolution was fairly inaugurated.

Farmer Dimock's two eldest sons were among the first volunteers from Connecticut. They were sent away with words of encouragement and blessing, while the hearts that loved them were wellnigh breaking. Poor Willie never returned. He perished with many other brave New England youth in that stormy march to Quebec, and was laid on the banks of the Kennebec. His father went and took his fallen son's place in the ranks, leaving his two young boys with their mother and sister to perform the labor of the farm. Let those who now murmur at the fee exacted from them be called upon to forego in the maintenance of our Government through its present hour of darkness, and civil war, back to the out of its purchase, and blush for shame at the contrast!

The women of the Revolution were fitted to be the wives of heroic men. When necessity urged the morning found them in the field, the evening at the spinning-wheel and loom, at work for the aged and little ones at home, as well as for the suffering soldiers in the field. No women of any age deserve a brighter page in the history than those of the American Revolution.

Hittie Dimock proved one of the model maidens of the times. From the moment she sent away with cheerful words her two brothers and her young friend to the field of battle she rose to the full height and purpose of womanhood. Early and late she wrought patiently and joyfully in the midst of trial and discouragement, encouraging serenely to the end. In her zeal for the cause, and in her many labors for the absent ones, she never forgot her love for her childish playmate Mary Russel; and her deep indignation often wandered over the ocean to her distant home. Only once since she left the colony had she heard from her friend; and two years after her arrival in England. What had befallen her since she vainly strove to learn. Did she remember her and love them still? Would she drop a tear if ever she heard of Willie's death? And would she ever return to answer the questions which found no certain answer in her heart.

Mary's pet was still tenderly cared for, notwithstanding it was the most unsightly creature in the world. Not another sheep on the place would eat from the same rack with Dido, who butted and beat them with her head, as if to say, "Do not touch or was lost." Only to Hittie she was always gentle and docile, following her in the fields, and sleeping at her outer door. In the winter she remained in a solitary outshed, never contented in the barnyard or shelter with the rest of the flock.

It was nearly three years since Willie and Jimmy went away; more than two since Willie had fallen in the battle of Quebec. Farmer Dimock, who had joined the army the subsequent spring, was captured at the battle of Long Island, and, if living, was still a prisoner. Another trial had been added to their sum of suffering. When the last autumn's grain was harvested and the winter crops secured, David, the eldest son, was left at the boy of fifteen, told his mother one evening there was a fresh call for men. General Gates had gained Burgoyne, and a few more men would finish the work. Couldn't they get along the next year with little Eben, and let him go with the others?

Mrs. Dimock had given her two eldest sons and her husband to the cause without a murmur; but had never occurred to her that her two youngest might be demanded, and she was silent.

Eben, who had been standing by from the grandmother and sister to pare, overheard his brother's words.

"You'll have to persuade mother," he said, in a low tone, to Hittie. "She hates to let David go, but he's plenty old enough to keep step and handle a gun. It will be a year or two before I can do it, I suppose. But I'm no coward, Hittie! I'll go as soon as I am enough. I'd like to punish them fellows that got father."

Hittie knew it would be better to let her mother relate, as her participation was equal to any active requirement. The aged grandmother took off her spectacles and wiped her eyes as she surveyed the little group, thinking of the time when Mary and the home-circle was unbroken.

The boys went to bed that night with David's question unanswered. After they were gone their mother went to her press, took down a thick, heavy great-coat or pelisse of her own, examined it carefully, and then said,

"David's clothes are not quite warm enough for the army. I think I could make him a new suit out of this? A shawl will be thick enough for me."

Hittie answered affirmatively, and for a few days every one was at work for the boy-soldier, who went away as bravely as a man. That was four months before the poor fellow was having a tough winter at Valley Forge.

Hittie was thinking of all these things one snowy day toward the close of February, as she sat drearily drawing the thread from her distaff, while her foot appeared to be beating time to her thoughts. Grandmother was nodding over her knitting-work, and her mother at work in the loom which had been permanently placed in a chamber to the main kitchen below. Little Eben was threshing at the barn, and as his light strokes reached his mother's ears, the thought what vigorous arms had flung the flail in the happy years gone by. How the mother's heart yearned then for her absent ones, and for her poor lost Willie, who would come to his home no more!

The storm increased and began to blow wildly. It sounded in her ear-like requiems, and she left her loom and drew near the fire, which crackled and blazed defiance at the cold.

"Eben will want something to eat soon," she said, as she stirred the pot of bean-soup in the corner. "The days are not long enough yet for regular dinners, but boys growing are hungry. I'm afraid the others don't always get enough."

"Some one knocks," said Hittie. Or maybe it was only the wind rattling the door. I forgot it is hooked on the inside."

She went and unfastened it. A ragged soldier stood before her, and asked a night's shelter from the storm.

"I need'e, if you wish," she said. "Don't wait a minute longer in the cold. Come in."

"Oh, Hittie! don't you know me?"

"Jimmy! Jimmy! Jimmy! My poor brother! it you? Come in, quickly!"

The next moment the half-naked soldier was weeping in the fond embrace of mother and sister, and for sorrow too, *that he had returned alone*.

It was long before his grandmother's aged eyes could be made to believe the thin, famished-looking youth before her was their own sturdy boy. "Willie was more slender," she said. "She had not expected him to endure hardship well; but Jimmy was like his grandfather, and this could not be Jimmy."

While he was eating a dish of hot warm soup his mother unbound the rags from his travel-sore feet and washed them; then drew on new, warm socks, and a pair of his father's half-worn boots, better than he had seen for months. The clothing they had sent him from home in autumn had never reached him, and Government had been nothing for the soldiers that winter but furnish them with blankets, and enough of those.

"Never mind; we will make you another set of clothes before you go again," Hittie said, cheerfully. "Some good soldier, I hope, got the other suit. She We have just commenced making the summer cloth."

"I have to leave you in the morning, Hittie. My regiment broke camp yesterday, and is on its way to New Jersey to be ready for some early movement. I got leave to hasten home with orders to be in New London to-morrow night."

"What a shame for his words cast over their joy! And now, instead of sitting down to question him and enjoy those few brief hours, they had to contrive for how they could make him more comfortable before he went away. There was not a yard of cloth in the house except a few yards of white flannel, which was sent to Hittie last in autumn and hurried without dyeing or fulling, as the men had all gone to the war. Their neighbors were no better off than themselves, and there was none in the market. What was to be done? What *could* they do for Jimmy?

Hittie revolved the question in her mind for a few minutes, then every feature of her face flushed with new light and merriment. Whispering some matter to Eben, she went off in a moment, she said, "Do you remember Dido, Jimmy?"

"Remember the black imp?—to be sure I do. What became of the creature?"

"She's alive and well, and has turned patriot."

What mischief was in Hittie's mind no one could tell.

Eben's orders were to lead Dido into the backcellar, which he did not accomplish without difficulty. He also stamped at him, butted him with her hard head, and tried her best to bite his knees, while he gripped-sooner than the cord loosed her. But Eben's will was as strong as hers, and he conquered her at last, and found Hittie awaiting them in the cellar, with a huge pair of shears in her hand.

At sight of her mistress, Dido's more lamb-like nature suddenly returned.

"Fie, Dido! Bad sheep!" she said, rubbing her woolly nose. "You have never made any sacrifice for your country; but your time has come now, my pet! Lie down and give us your coat!"

At a motion of her hand the creature lay down, and Hittie commenced shearing the long, coarse wool from her back.

"There, take this, Eben," she said, when she had sheared a little bunch; "carry it to grandmother and ask her to card it before I come up. Then, my boy, you may go and tell your folks to send Cousin Sallie and her mother here this afternoon, to help get Jimmy ready to go away in the morning. They'll want to see him also before he goes. Come in, John."

It did not take Hittie long to cut the wool from Dido's body, which was all she wished. She then took a heavy blanket and sewed it carefully around her, to protect her from the cold of the night. She chattered merry, "You shall have some sweet turnips for your supper, and a straw bed to lie upon, pet!" She laid her black wool at her grandmother's feet, examined the rolls she had carded, and brought the great wheel near the fire.

It is hardly necessary finished drawing in your web this morning, mother; for now we can send Jimmy away in the morning with a new suit of *long-cloth*, as my father used to call it. I have a white flannel suit, at least."

"The child must be crazy," said her grandmother, resting her cards with astonishment.

"Crazy with joy, then, grandmother! These rolls run beautifully, you see. Guess the whim you know! Please have me some more ready soon!"

A hearty laugh burst from Jimmy, who now comprehended his sister's movements perfectly. The ring of it did Hittie's heart good.

"Jimmy," she said, "have you forgotten how to *quiz*? Don't you remember how grandmother used to make us quiz for her when we wanted to be off nutting? Wasn't it a shame? But you and I need to run wheel, though."

Hittie's tongue buzzed as fast as her wheel. When she had spun enough to fill a single roll, she called on her mother to wind it, fill her shuttle, and begin the fabric. It was a long time since they had all wrought with such cheerful hearts; there was no time to think or speak of the morrow.

Aunt Sallie and her daughter both came with Eben, and another pair of cards and another wheel gave fresh impetus to the work. Before dark the carding and spinning was done, and the web almost ready to be cut from the loom.

Cousin Sallie finished the work while her aunt

and Hittie prepared the evening meal; her mother meanwhile was measuring Jimmy for the round jacket and loose trousers, which she said could easily be made before morning.

A pleasant night they made of it, while the stormy wind whistled without. The boys cracked nuts and parched corn, and Jimmy told camp-stories until long after midnight. Then his mother urged him to bed, reminding every thing should be ready for him in time in the morning.

When she first light shone in the east, Mrs. Dimock stole softly into the bedroom where her sons were sleeping and awakened little Eben.

"You must get up now," she whispered, "and feed old Dick if you are going with Jimmy. It is clear as a bell, and good sleighing too; and Hittie has her porridge being ready for you both."

Eben needed not a second bidding. The soldier did not awake, but slept like one to whom a soft home bed was a luxury. He stooped down and kissed him, leaving a warm tear on his forehead.

An hour later, when the breakfast was steaming hot by the kitchen fire, Hittie carried the new warm garments to her brother and found him awake.

"Dido has given you her coat, Jimmy, and you are under obligations to speak well of her hereafter. Didn't I tell you she was a patriot?"

Jimmy promised the *black sheep* should have a pension at the close of the war, and never again be called a *Tory*.

The sleigh was loaded with oats for Dolly and sundry good things for the boys; for Eben insisted on going all the way to New London and seeing Jimmy with his regiment. He had never been so far from home, but was a brave lad, and they had no fear for him. Aunt Sallie had a bundle of warm socks for the boy, and Hittie had another little parcel marked for some person whose name has not appeared in this story, but which made sure as one of the older branches of our genealogical tree.

At the first sound of the sleigh-bells Dido broke loose from the cellar, and stood there like a proud mistress on the steps, watching the boys' departure. Never had she looked so comical as in her checkered blanket, and never was Hittie more pleased than when Jimmy patted her black head and called her "a sheep worth having."

A few years later and the father reached home after his long imprisonment. Hunger and frost had reduced the strong man to the helplessness of infancy. He was a cripple for life.

Neither Jimmy nor David quit the army for a single day until they saw the stars and Stripes waving in the hands of their beloved Commander-in-Chief. Then they obtained a furlough for a few days only, and at its expiration went back and remained until the Colonial army was disbanded.

Dido outlived the war, and became gentle and tractable in her old age. From the hour she relieved her wister coat to the returned soldier she became an object of consideration in the family, and was treated with especial favor. And when Hittie left her father's house for a new home, proudly in the little train that accompanied her walked the black ex-queen. One of her children, as well as herself, became the children's pet after her death: and so through two or three generations until the present time there has always been a family pride and a family fondness for a *black sheep*.

MY HOME IN CLOUDLAND.

I've a home in cloudland,
The risen run of golden sand;
And tall and straight the dark pines stand
Round my home in cloudland.

The roses are blowing;
The fountains are flowing;
'Tis always midsummer in cloudland.

No dews e'er weeping,
No shadows ever creeping
Near my home in cloudland.

I've a guest in cloudland,
One true knight at my command,
Who'd gird at Death for my white hand,
And dwells with me in cloudland.
Soft music is playing,
And we two go straying,
Deep in the sweet bow'rs of cloudland.

Where elf chimes are ringing,
Strange melody flinging,
Around my home in cloudland.

OUR NEW HOUSE.

"EUREKA! I have found it!" I cried, as I entered the house.

"Found what?" queried Mrs. Dobbs.

"The house, my dear. The very house we want."

"Oh! *have* you?" exclaimed my wife, with an intensity of emphasis that sufficiently explained her appreciation of the horror of house-hunting in April.

"I am so glad! It relieves my mind of more anxiety than you think. Where is it?"

"Here, in the paper." And I pulled the morning paper from my pocket, where I had carried it all day, and struck it open triumphantly with one hand through the paper.

"*Oh!*—Annie!"

I despair of conveying in print a clear idea of the expression my wife put into the utterance of those two words. It was the cry of a deceived and wounded spirit. Mrs. Dobbs's face looked almost ghastly. It seemed as if the light was all struck out of it as the result of sudden grief.

"Yes, in the paper," I went on, feigning not to perceive the havoc I had created in the sensitive breast of woman. "An advertisement, you know. What a blessed institution the advertising system is!"

"Well, read it."

I read it.

"TO RENT.—A snug, cozy house in the suburbs, handy to a line of horse-cars. Will be let to a careful tenant at fifteen dollars per month. Apply at No. —. That Street, Take a Black Street car."

"Now then!" I cried, exultant.

"Ridiculous!" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Ridiculous, Susan! Not a bit of it. I believe that house to be a prize. I'll go at once and see it. There'll be a hundred applicants for it."

Mrs. Dobb smiled incredulously.

"And so cheap too!" said I. "Fifteen dollars a month! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

But Mrs. Dobb was by her nature favorably impressed with my new enterprise. She grasped the point long and earnestly with me, reminding me that cheap things were invariably dearest in the end; and at last, in the fervor of discussion, I did a very rash thing.

I agreed with Mrs. Dobb that if, on visiting the house I had in view, it did not prove every way desirable, I would release her from all further trouble regarding a house. I would do the house hunting this year myself.

I may say briefly that I bitterly repented of my promise afterward. The house was a worthless affair. And then I had to go out on a house-hunt.

I need not recount my sorrowful experience. To those who know what house-hunting is I could tell nothing new; and to those who do not I have only to express the kindly hope that they never will. I had doors banged in my face by irascible landlords, and declared their carpets were being ruined; I was asked what my name was; what my business was; how many children I had; where I lived; in fact, I never left a house favorably situated in the same number of hours before since I was examined by a life-insurance physician. One aged man asked me if I was a total abstinence man, but he had no house to rent. At night I came home wearied and worn, and no nearer my object than when I began.

"This is unprofitable business, Susan," said I to Mrs. Dobbs, on the fifth day. "—"

"But what will you do, James? Stay here?"

"No; we can't stay here at the advanced rent."

"Then what will you do?"

"I'll go to a house-agent. I ought to have thought of that in the first place."

I called on a agent the next day, and had some conversation with him.

"If you will tell me about what sum you wish to pay for a house, Mr.—"

"Dobb is my name, sir."

"Mr. Dobb, I have no doubt I can suit you with a T."

I named a sum a little in advance of what I have paid the past owner for the house I now occupy; and the agent replied:

"There is a house in one of the most genteel and agreeable neighborhoods in the city, which is to be vacated on the first of May, which I can let you have at the price you name, and it is really a treasure at the price. It has all the modern, with a cozy and inclosed piazza in front, overrun with vines in summer, and is two stories high. I can recommend it to you as desirable in the extreme. I would not say as to admit of no criticism, and I promise you, and I give my reputation on the event, that you will find it quite to your liking. The rent is not low, to be sure, as things go; but the neighborhood is one of the most desirable in the city, and the owner for the past year by a very careful tenant, to whom no objection is entertained that I can learn except that he has children."

"So have I children," I said, very decisively four of them; and I intend that they shall occupy the same house with me during the next twelve months, at all hazards. So if that is the objection I believe we can dispose of it forever."

"Ah, yes," said the agent, blandly. "It is only an objection of principle, however. The owner is opposed to having children in the house, which children on principle. The house to which I refer forms the only exception to his rule. I have no doubt he could be induced to make the same exception in your favor, Sir."

"But if for me, why not for his present tenant?" I asked.

"Oh, he would for his present tenant, he told me; but the gentleman refuses to pay the increased rent, I am informed, and has left the premises hence.

Some further conversation followed. I was shown a plan of the offered house, and its various excellences were explained to me. In short, I was convinced it was an excellent residence; and after my weary experience in house-hunting I felt quite a glow of satisfaction at the prospect of return on such comparatively reasonable terms. I engaged the house at once.

"Have a lease prepared to-day," said I to the agent, "and to-morrow I will call and sign it."

Mrs. Dobb was overjoyed when I told her all about it that day at dinner. It was plain to see that we had secured a good home for the coming year.

"But, James," said my wife, "you haven't told me where the house is situated."

"Well, dear, I didn't," said I. "Upon my word I never thought to ask! I'll do so after dinner."

I did. The agent said it was in Sutcha Street.

"Is it?" said I. "Well, that's pleasant. We shouldn't have far to move then, shouldn't we? for I live in Sutcha Street now—and a delightful street it is! What did you say was the number?"

"The number is *nor-reuse*."

"Seventeen!" I cried, in astonishment.

"Yes, Sir."

"Between Bolivar Street and Gulliver Street?"

"Yes, Sir."

"West side?"

"Yes. You know the house, perhaps?"

"I should think I ought to!" was my response, in a hysterical tone; "I've lived in it for the past year."

Yes. I had rented my own house, at a comfortable advance on last year's figure. When I told Mrs. Dobb about it she laughed till she cried.

I went roaming over the house, examining its merits critically, and scrutinizing the rooms with quite a new and peculiar interest.

"It is a good house, Susan, at any rate. That we know."

"It is, James. I am very well satisfied. To be sure the kitchen is rather small, and there is more room up stairs than we really need; but I don't believe we could be better suited on the whole."

"And then, my dear wife," cried I, in a tone of exultation, "think what an escape from the horrors of the first of May! No exorbitant charges to draymen—no broken mirrors and scratched furniture—no shivering and shaking on some bleak day in the cold! Instead of *flitting* we are going to have a restaurant for dinner *en famille*. We can be as happy next first of May as the shepherds of Arcadia. We'll have a regular merry-making in the back-yard if it don't rain."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

"PARSLEY PIER.—The founder of the Peel family and the father of the first baronet kept a fine kitchen garden in his country-seat, Drayton Manor, for the purpose of carrying out his ideas in the improvement of horticulture. This man, Sir Robert Peel's grandfather, was long concealed in the private house of Mr. Haworth, at Brookhouse, near Blackburn, because he would not, as a Tory, be engaged in some mysterious wickedness. In the course of his residence at Drayton he introduced many improvements in the printing of the cottons; in connection with which he took a deep interest. In Peel-square, Peel, ingenious manufacturer was in his kitchen one day, making some experiments in printing on handkerchiefs, and rather small pieces, when his only daughter, then a girl, entered Mrs. Wilkes, the mother of the present member for Manchester, brought him in from their garden of herbs a sprig of parsley. 'Here, papa,' said she, 'is a piece of parsley (girl says Sir Laurence) that she could discern beauty in its leaves, and has carried it in her pocket-handkerchief as a present for a gentle art of a fly. She pointed out and praised the delicate beauty of the shading, by the hints of the remarkable family to which she belonged, naturally to the eye. The father looked at the sprig and the leaves with a very pretty pattern. Her father took it from her hand, looked at it in astonishment, gave it back to her taste, and said he would make a trial of it. She, delighted not to be fault-proof of her discernment, ran off to her play. Then he took her aside with all the alacrity of a girl of fourteen. A stroke damped on the cotton was then the result, and the next-piste of families of their degree—was taken down from the shelf, and the parsley was printed upon it. Success was the lead, and from this impression were taken. This was called by the family 'parsley pattern,' and from that girl who invented it. It became one of the most popular impressions ever printed, and was in one period so widely known and so universally used as the 'Willow pattern' of crockery ware. It may be said that it had no small share in laying the foundation of the fortunes of the Peel family. It was the first one every where spoken of as the Parsley-leaf pattern, and alteration lessening its size, it became the favorite pattern for handkerchiefs, because generally known by the nickname of 'Parsley Pier.'

MY MOTTOES!—Some gentlemen passing through the village of Dobbs Ferry, Saturday, 'put up' at the hotel themselves, about nine o'clock at night, some time ago, had their carriages brought to the door, and went to bed early. On going in to ascertain what is was they found a large placard hanging over the bar, on his face, and commanded unless over a recently-made grave. Thinking that he was very much in a hurry to get to bed, and that was how he came to be there. He said he was afraid to go home, and begged them to be quiet, for if they were not he would be sent to bed. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton—in the house on the top of Dumbarton—nearly four miles off! How came you to be separated?" "Why, you see," said the boy, "when the poor little fellow, "because my mother's gone and died, and I'm going to live with my sister. I've never been before, and his seeking a refuge at her grave in his sorrow, and having taken the grave to be that of his mother, hitherto been his natural protector, he had evidently cried himself asleep.

STRANGE FREAK OF MARRIAGE.—The lovers of "romantic adventures" and strange "coincidences" will be entertained by a perusal of the following narrative, which appears in a Vienna newspaper:

"Very recently, in the village of Flumbridge, in this country, two similar incidents occurred which will excite high lively interest. In one case, the party was composed of a Mr. Jones, a rich manufacturer, and his wife, a Miss Jones, etc. They proceeded on foot from the house of the bride's father, a man named Upjohn, living in Upton, toward the chapel of Flumbridge, where the priest was awaiting them to perform the ceremony of the marriage. The bride was, as is usual in such cases, conducted by the bride's father and his guests half-way to the church, when the bridegroom, thinking perhaps that the bride was getting too much attention, left the party, and became impatient. Consequently, the 'best man' was ordered away. A scuffle ensued, in the which the 'best man' was thrown by a cool into a ditch. The bride took the part of the 'best man,' and refused to go with the bridegroom. She said she would not marry him, but would have her 'best man' for her husband. The 'best man' rose back to the side of the bride, related what had happened, and, as had been suggested by the bridegroom, they proceeded to take the place of the 'jealous' bridegroom. The father of the girl agreed to the change, and the ceremony was performed. Returning to Upton, got a license, came back to Flumbridge, and were married. The bridegroom, disappointed, was married to her former pugilistic and jealous courtier. The next case is that of Count Gustavus Corbell, who, in 1859, was married to her 'best man' of the preceding day. The reported case, failing to secure the consent of his bride for one, determined to seek compensation for damages sustained, and proceeded to Flumbridge, to the bride's house and took an inventory of all his effects as a preparatory step to proceeding to the Court of Chancery, which he has directed an attorney to institute for £500 damages.

Now, for the second episode. On the same day, memorable in the local annals of Flumbridge, in the first church another bridegroom, name Kaus, was conveying a young bride, named Lydia, to the same chapel, and at the same place, when they were met by an old lover, named Conway, whose passion for the fair Lydia was not extinguished by her marriage. Conway, in a fit of jealousy, burned so fiercely that he leaped off the car, whispered a few words to the bride, which had the effect of fixing her eyes on her. Proving false to her husband elect, she went away with Conway, to whom she was married the next day."

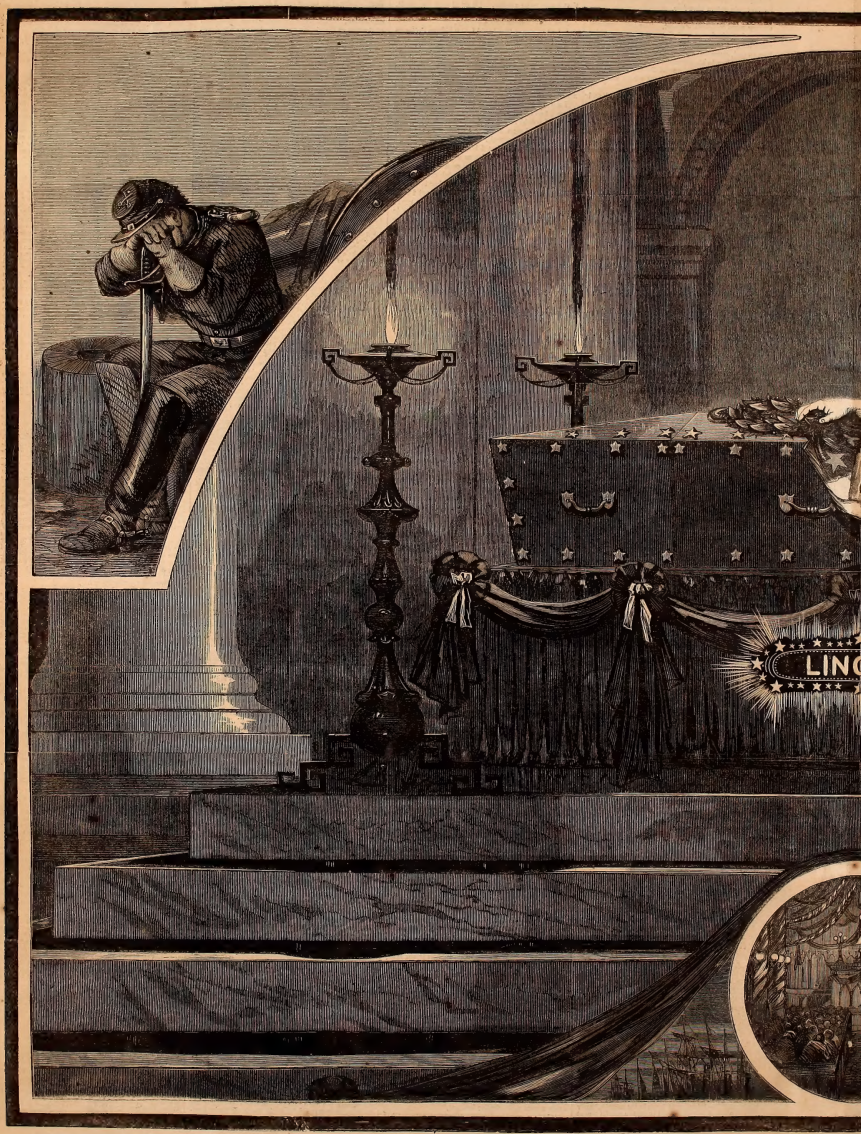
It is a singular fact that the bride who sells, or rather gives away herself for a title, or in exchange for money, or the bride on whose fair finger is placed the golden ring, which is the token of love, are the observers and the followers of the primitive customs connected with marriage. The bride has a right to the bride in a country, and is the ancient spirit of wooing and wedding, which made of the wife the property of the husband. In our day it assumes the second form of rupture is, perhaps, to be traced. A man appears in Flushing with his bride, and declares to marks that she is "taking a husband." The term "best man" is of the same origin, and is not only used in a wife us; but it there originally implied the friend of the bridegroom who was to assist him in the fight, and who could effectually wield the heaviest weapon against all assailants who might attempt to rescue the bride. In a word, it suggested that the throwing an old shoe after the wedded couple as they departed from the bride's old home is not, as it is now interpreted, *for luck*, but a remnant of a marriage ceremony of olden times, when the inhabitants of the district from which the bride was taken flung missiles at the betrothed, in order to cause him to desist from carrying off their sister or friend. The latter ceremony—for it is now only a mere, but still a lively, ceremony—is common among some of the hill-people of Hindostan, and among the Arabs of the desert, and is of real significance to a bride with the rigs which the bridegroom plainly poses over her head. The ceremony has probably been handed to us, but some mysterious nervous connection with the heart.

HOW NATURE WORKS.—"YES, yes," says a modern writer, "nature balances all things admirably, and has put the sense and every individual of earth on a par. Then that have more than their share of one thing commonly have less of another. Where there is great strength there ain't apt to be much gumption. A handsome man in a general way ain't much of a man. A beautiful bird seldom sings. Them that has genius have no common sense. A father with one child is rich, they say, while he with him a fool dies poor. The world is like a hand most all on 'em. Some on 'em is rich, dry, with no flesh, the most part is bony, doughy, and undelicious; the middle is not much to look at, but is good to eat, and is the best which flavor the whole."

FAST AND SLOW SPEAKING.—Movement is as important in elocution as in music. The effect of the finest piece of music will be lost, if one of object or other of terror than the composer intended. Indeed, if the alteration of time be considerable, the music is nearly spoiled. In like manner the grandest poem or the most eloquent speech, delivered with decidedly wrong time, will not be understood and appreciate the words which he does hear. While fast speaking depending on some fine qualities, is usually but partially understood through its indistinct utterance, the slow speaker is generally understood in advance. The reader's mind must suffer, because from his rapid utterance the words have not distinct ideas affected by them, are pronounced with fresh wind; and, consequently, they will often be almost meaningless. Distinctness of utterance, therefore, which is most important, and apt to cause rattling of blood and nervous excitement. On the other hand, the fault of the slow speaker is wearying to listen to, especially if his voice is not of good compass and power. He is a very good, though not a great, but he becomes a tedious bore in the long run. Between the two, the fast speaker is the most endurable, because he is the most natural. The slow speaker is tremendously slow delivery of the sermon. Some persons who have been accustomed to hear sermons delivered with their delivery very slow by too many and too long pauses between the words, have come to the conclusion that it is the speaker; indeed, it may be necessary for one who, like Mr. Beecher, has a voice of great power, to speak in every syllable, by which the delivery becomes extremely slow, and is very injurious to the health, and causes great exhaustion.

OUR FEAR.—We are afraid of too much crime in the community. We are afraid of the Fenian organization; we, I mean, for of course the chemists know their instinct and understanding. We are afraid of the secret power of influence, of one-stroke or of treachery, according to the nature of the fear; but we are afraid. We are afraid of one or the other. The Methodists are afraid that the Catholics are increasing in numbers, and the Catholics that the crying generations yet unborn will have to go supperless to bed because there will be no meat in the world. There are some who talk learned fear about a second deluge, and others who are afraid that we are to be the consequent swimming over of the waters in the Polar basin—and there are those who are afraid of the bear in the zoological garden who quake at a possible collision with a comet, when they are afraid of the dark, and afraid of the sound of bells, and will be collapsed and lifeless, like a log in space, when they hear the noise alarm of fire engines from fire, and the stopping up of volcanic vent-holes, when we shall be blown up through the roof of the house—the—Heaven knows where!—perhaps as far as Jupiter, or, it may be, Saturn. Some people are afraid that they have not prepared some for the Last Day, for which they have not prepared, and some are afraid that they have not, and that, therefore, have called out for a second chance, and that, therefore, that angel will come as cosmos as copper, and then what shall we do for our currency?

THE CHEWING HABIT.—Chewing above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in resting, or in some way and not occupied with food as if the thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her employed. Now, it is a fact that the time which is consumed in the act of chewing is not lost, but is gained. The food is not swallowed in the act proper of chewing, but is thoroughly masticated, and so is prepared for the Last Day, for which they have not prepared, and are only driven to bed by physical incapacity to work any longer. Now, it is a fact that the time which is lost by those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike are lost to the world. Chewing is incompatible with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely. Let us then not waste our time. Chewing is a habit which we can adopt in its own until he is fully rested, when, with renewed strength, he can work with his whole time. Soon after the battle of Waterloo, Napoleon said to Bertrand, "Bertrand, I have above many in


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THE SWALLOWS.

A captive soldier pined for home
Upon a foreign shore;
"O summer birds!" he said, "You've come
To greet my eyes once more;
And even to this burning strand
You carry hope to me.
O, bring you from my native land
No tidings o'er the sea?

"Three years some token have I sought,
As you came fluttering by,
Of that dear valley where I thought
In peace to live and die.
'Tis by the stream that runs so clear
Beneath the lilac trees
Our cottage stands! O you bring from there
No tidings o'er the seas?

"If my be one of you was born
Beneath my native thatch,
And there you saw my mother mourn
And keep my vacant watch;
She dying thinks, 'He comes at last!'
Then weeps fond tears for me,
Why bring you of yearnings past
No tidings o'er the sea?

"And is my sister married, say?
And did a joyful throng
Go forth upon her wedding-day,
With greetings and with song?
Have they returned who went from there
To join the fight with me?
Of all those friends why bring you here
No tidings o'er the sea?

"Perhaps their corpses strew the vale;
Some foreign foe has come,
And marches o'er them to assail
And devastate my home.
The new-made bride her hands must wring,
No mother prays for me,
And I in chains! Why do you bring
No tidings o'er the sea?

THE TORN GLOVE.

I, Reuben Apscomer, linen-draper, of Little Mattseys, a village on the west coast of England, sat in my shop one stormy evening in January, 1852. If in my very humble and very lucky position I ever aided my present circumstances, I should scarcely have been angry, I should even laughed outright at the absurdity, with my education and my prospects, becoming a tradesman! But never mind that now. The fact is that change happened is not my purpose at this moment.

When I arrived at Little Mattseys six months before, I thought, of course, that I should make a living, and in the far-off distance there might be a fortune. Little Mattseys was now on the eve of seeing the last of me, for I was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Surely this state of things was not my fault. I had done all I could. My plate-glass window was the marvel of the neighborhood. My two oil lamps at night excited general admiration. My warehouses of the most extensive character; wildly imaginative in pattern were my stuffs for dresses, gorgeous in their varied colors, astonishing in their cheapness. It was very hard—for what was the result? The result was, the villagers came in a crowd, and stared, and went away again. During the whole six months I took barely five pounds. The people of Little Mattseys were not particular about clothes. There was a little shop in the village which had supplied all their wants from time immemorial. It was a dingy, wretched concern, but the villagers preferred it. They were afraid of me and my grandeur (so I afterward thought), and therefore, on the evening on which I have alluded, I determined on departing to a more hopeful locality.

I had been inspecting my stock, and it lay about in some confusion. The evening being far advanced, I began to roll up the bales preparatory to shutting the shutters.

"No one has been in for the last three days," I said to myself. "If any one were to come now, such a sight it is, he would expect the house to tumble down."

As I thus muttered a customer appeared.

A lady! Mercy on me, a lady! I had not seen a lady since I had been at Little Mattseys; and here on this evening, this miserable evening, when the rain was falling in torrents and the wind had risen to a hurricane, a lady not only presented herself, but entered my shop! I know I looked scared, for, catching my eye as she entered, she drew back, and also seemed embarrassed, not to say alarmed.

"I beg pardon," I murmured, still looking fixedly at my visitor. "I—I really thought—"

What was my surprise when the lady, in evident perturbation, advanced hurriedly, saying in a trembling voice,

"Surely you don't remember—but of course not," in an assured tone, "it could not be. I want a pair of gloves, if you please. You see I have had a misfortune with this one on my left hand," and she exhibited her left glove, split quite across.

"I beg pardon," I began again—being a shy, nervous man, I evidently perplexed my customer's marks in this way; figuratively speaking. I was always on my knees, a position seldom inappropriate to a man with a wife and family, and nothing to keep them upon—"you said something about 'not remembering'—"

"Never mind," she said, pettishly. "Get me the gloves, please."

I had small hope of suiting her. Gloves of her size were not likely to be found in Little Mattseys. However, a pair not so large as to fall off the lady's hands were furnished. She put them on. They were of a most preposterous color to wear on such a night, being pale yellow.

"I am afraid they will be spoiled almost directly," I said, "if you wear them now. Permit me to send them."

She thanked me, but declined—rather snappishly, I fancied. My wonder concerning my customer increased. "Perhaps she is out of her mind, thought I, as I noticed her gazing round in a nervous, uncertain way.

What do you think? She was a shoplifter! There was no mistake about it. I had turned aside to put away the box of gloves, and I saw her deliberately take up a roll of ribbon and furtively move it toward her pocket.

"Did you require some of that ribbon?" I inquired, abruptly.

"No, thank you," she answered, putting it down, and her vacant look as she did so satisfied me that my suspicion was wrong. "I beg pardon, I did not know what I was doing. Do you—can you tell me whether a path over the cliff to Dares House, a path which there used to be years ago, exists now?"

"Yes," I replied; "but Danes House is more than a mile from here, and the walk you speak of is extraordinous, even at the best of times, that I should think it very foolish of any body to follow it on a night like this."

"I thank you," was the only response; and taking her shearning umbrella, and so spoiling her right-hand glove in a moment, the strange lady turned and departed.

"Something odd there," I muttered, proceeding to pack up and put away the numerous articles of stock which I have said were lying about.

I fancy I haven't heard the last of that pair of gloves."

No. I certainly had not, for I had effected a clearance, and extinguished one of the lamps, and was about fixing the same with the other, when my visitor reappeared. She was evidently hurried.

"I beg pardon," she said, "but I must be behind me the torn glove which I took off. ✦ Pray be good enough to seek for it. I want it particularly."

As she spoke I could not help glancing curiously at the new ones she had on. They had changed, through the wet, to an indescribable hue.

I looked about the counter. The fragment was not there. No doubt I had rolled it up in some of the bales. I could not examine them all to-night. I explained the matter to her, and offered to send the glove to her in the morning, any where she might direct.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I will return myself for it. To-day, I mean."

"Really you must excuse me," I said. "I was just closing my shop. I have already put out one of the lamps. Perhaps to-morrow—"

"Will not do," she interrupted. "It won't take long to look through your stock," she observed, seeing symptoms of rebellion in me.

"Longer than I choose to be occupied to-night, madam," I responded, in a pompous tone.

"Then you mean to say you are going to keep the glove," said my curious customer, half menacingly.

"For to-night, madam, of necessity. Its value is no great matter," I remarked, returning her sneer.

"You're poor, perhaps, lat—to me. Believe never mind."

She turned to go; then looking back, she said,

"All I will add of you is, that you find the glove, just to be good enough *to put it in the fire*."

"Certainly," I replied.

"Well, this is strange," I cogitated, as the door closed. "All this fume and fret about a thing which when I found it was not worth a fig. A decided case of mystery. I'll find that glove in the morning without fail."

Was I dreaming all night? My wife and I lay awake in mortal terror, expecting that we and our shop and its contents would be blown into the sea. In the semi-state of sleep which I did manage to get, awful dreams, in all of which there figured a lady in pale yellow gloves doing various dreadful things, and invariably ending up her antics by trying to strangle me with what appeared to be an extra glove, but of enormous dimensions, say half a yard long. Some ghastly hours passed, and I have been attended with tragic results; for I was thoroughly unstrung, and taught by a sharp sense that my wife, of whose throat, to my unspeakable horror, I found I had a firm grip, evidently with the intention of making myself a widower in a very short time.

Morning found me as usual in my shop, looking for the customer who never came. Early in early hour there dropped in a neighbor who dearly loved a gossip, and who generally favored me with a morning visit, gossiping, I fancy, that my time was not pressingly occupied.

"Always busy—always busy, Mr. Apscombe," laughed the neighbor, rubbing his hands as he came in. "Why, you must be making your fortune, sir."

"I can't be said to be losing one, for I never had one, Mr. Shurcocks; but I tell you what, little Mattseys won't be very much longer for people live here without any garments, I suppose, for they never seem to buy any."

"Now you are how plenty of customers, Mr. Apscombe. Why, even last evening, you know, when every other shop in the village was shut up, you were attending a customer. I was passing, and saw you."

Shurcocks was a regular Paul Pry, and as he spoke with evident curiosity (for no doubt the circumstance had seemed odd to him), I was not disposed to communicate particulars.

"Quite true," I replied. "Some one did by chance come in, though it was late. But any news, Mr. Shurcocks?—we all know you are the man for news. There is nothing in the village which can be hid from you."

Shurcocks bowed. He evidently took my sneer as a high compliment.

"True," he said, "they can't conceal much from *me*. They are seldom so foolish as to try. By-the-by, as I came along I saw Smith's little boy calling at the inn. I wonder what that can have been for? Very odd! However, I'll look in at Smith's as I go back. They'll readily tell me, or I shall quickly learn; put in which way you please. But I say, friend Apscombe, you ask me whether there's any news. Yes, there *is* news, very important news. What do you think of an awful murder and an appalling suicide, eh?"

"Mercy on me! you don't mean—"

"Well, it is not quite that, but something of that kind *might* have happened. You know Mr. Risdale, of Danes House, and all about his daughter, of course?"

"I am aware there is such a person as Mr. Risdale, of Danes House, but was not aware he had a daughter."

Shurcocks cast up his eyes, and looked as though he would faint.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, feebly. "And yet you are alive, Mr. Apscombe!"

"Well—yes—I believe so," I replied, smilingly. "Even the most brutish ignorance on vital points is not incompatible with existence, Mr. Shurcocks."

"Oh, forgive me, sir," he said. "Only it seems so strange to me, you know. But never mind. This is the story. Mr. Risdale, who is a widower, has only daughter. She is, or was years back, run away from him and married without his consent. Now you do know this, I suppose—Risdale has an awful temper."

"So I have heard."

"I say, friend Apscombe." This in a most confidential tone.

"Yes."

"Did you ever hear any thing about the late Mrs. Risdale? Eh, now—don't be afraid to speak out. There's nobody here, you know."

"Sees not the use of the lamps, and—" No, I never heard any thing about her, except I think I recollect something relative to her going away and dying in some unhealthy clime."

"Ah yes, that's what was *said*; but there were whispers—and even now, Apscombe' (ex always erased—Apscombe—or "Mr." after the interchange of a few sentences), "there are whispers—about the divorce—about—a—in—one frightful night it was—just such a night as last night—the very sort of night—eh—for such a discovery—eh—bones—human remains—lying in brown paper—eh—and put in a drawer—eh!"

As, instead of growing pale at this ghastly revelation, I was heard to respond to smile heartily, Mr. Shurcocks, with a stern frown, proceeded—

"But no matter. Not a word has ever been uttered, and it is best so, perhaps, until last night. Risdale was not a likely man to forgive, and his daughter, who was just like him in disposition, was not the woman to put up with insults. But last night—I am told on the highest authority" (I may as well say here, Shurcocks's authority I subsequently heard was Mr. Risdale's cook, who had gathered particulars from the cook, who was on very friendly terms with the footman), "the story is about to be cleared up. Quite late, a person dressed as a lady, who obtained access to Mr. Risdale on the plea that she came on business connected with—The lady was with Mr. Risdale half an hour, during which loud talking was distinctly audible. Then the lady rushed from the room and left the house, and shortly afterward Mr. Risdale's bell rung; and on the footman answering it, his master ordered him, in a most furious tone, to send a message to the police. In the most overpowering excitement, to bring instantly—some brandy-and-water."

"Most wonderful! And then I suppose another marvel followed?"

"Eh! What do you expect now?"

"Why, that when the brandy-and-water came, Mr. Risdale drank it."

"Nothing of the sort, Apscombe, if you're going to turn the thing into ridicule, I've done;" and he took up his hat, offended.

"Nay, Mr. Shurcocks, never mind me; I'm all attention. Well?"

"Oh, I hardly know that I have any thing more to say, sir."

"Curious," I murmured, pondering the probability of my customer and Mr. Risdale's daughter having the same person.

"What's curious?" inquired Shurcocks, eagerly. "Oh, nothing."

"Yes, but you must mean *something*. You thought of something. I don't want to learn what was in your mind, but I *will* know."

"What is the lady's name, Shurcocks?"

"Sanity."

"Thank you. That's all."

"All!"

"Nothing more."

"Good-morning, Mr. Apscombe;" and he took his hat; "this is not quite the way in which to treat a friend, Mr. Apscombe. It's not at all the way—leaving the thing in the middle—I *shall find out*." And away he went, in a fume.

Directly he was gone I began to search diligently for the torn glove.

"It was Mrs. Santley who came here, of course," I said to myself. "and I should like to know the mystery of the glove, the loss of which made her so uneasy. The article was soon found, and inside it, pushed up toward the fingers, after the fashion of ladies, I discovered a portion of an old envelope, on one side of which were pencil memoranda of the name of another lady, and on the other the following address: "Mrs. Julia Santley, Clarence Cottage, Carville." The mystery was now explained. Mrs. Santley, wishing her visit to remain a secret, was vexed at the loss of this piece of paper, which she had inadvertently left in the torn glove.

In the afternoon in came Shurcocks again. He had forgotten his displeasure. He was big with news. Mysteriously approaching me, he whispered hoarsely—

"He's raving mad, Sir."

"Mr. Risdale?"

"Yes, it's all out now. He has admitted that he behaved like a brute to his daughter last night. I guess she's in distress or something of the sort, and came to ask help, and he tantamount to turned her out of the room. But Risdale is an old man now, between seventy and eighty, and a reaction has set in this morning, and he's horrified at the recollection of his conduct, and would give any thing to see her again; but she has refused to address, and no one has any notion where she lives. Yes, he's raving, Sir. Our two doctors are with him, and our rector and his curate; for Risdale is worth thirty thousand pounds at the least, and must not be neglected."

The information was much desired by the unhappy old gentleman I no doubt possessed through the torn glove; and when Shurcocks was gone I determined to set Mr. Risdale myself, to set for Danes House. On my arrival there I found great excitement and confusion prevailing. I was flatly refused admission.

"You don't know what's happened, Mr. Apscomb," said the footman, a civil fellow, whom I knew slightly. "The body of Mr. Risdale's daughter has just been washed ashore and brought here. So you can guess master's not fit to see any one."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, in horror.

"There's just a chance of a mistake," continued the footman, "but not much. Lor, you would've, it's been so knocked about that no one in the world could say what it was; but from the clothes, and the dress too, agreeing with those of a lady who came last night, and now turns out to have been Mr. Sentley (but you were no name, and suffered no one to see her face), none of us have any doubt about it. My master is certain of it, but the poor squire is quite beside himself, and hardly understands any thing."

"What is the end, then?—that Mrs. Santley comes to justice?"

"No one knows. It seems that there was a set to-do between her and her father, and as no one of her set was present she left in a passion. She neither said where she came from nor where she was going. Mist like she came by railway, and was going back there by the walk across the cliffs, a mad thing to do such a night, fell over."

"Well, I must have been very near all along the coast," I remarked. "James, could you let me see the body? It is not curiosity. I have a good reason."

At first he refused, but ultimately consented, if he should find no one in the room. He left me for a minute, and then returning, beckoned.

I followed him into a darkened bedchamber, and there, lay—

Yes, they were right. Figure and dress were the same. The features were all but obliterated, but the hair, of a strong reddish color, remained. But you will readily guess where, after taking in these main particulars, my eyes traveled. *Above* and on the hand. The torn glove was not there. I was satisfied. They were not my Clare. The corpse was not that of Mrs. Santley.

I was wrong in what followed. Yet I acted to the best of my judgment. If I have since received my discovery a great trouble might have been averted. Even now, after the lapse of several years, I am not sure of determination I formed at that time. But we are poor, short-sighted mortals, all.

Scarcely away, I resolved to say nothing, but to immediately set out for Marvills, a place about seven miles distant. The railway for the poor place as Little Mattseys then was, yet, as it lay in the route between two large towns, it possessed a railway station, and I could take me there. I would find out Mrs. Santley, and bring her back myself.

My project was soon carried out, and I quickly I was at Marvills. You need not tell me, good friend reader, that among all the places on the west coast of which Little Mattseys was the last to be found. It will not injure the interest of my narrative, such as it is, if for a sufficient reason I christen the two places specially. I was found Clarence Cottage, and Mrs. Santley was at home.

A few glances convinced me of the state of things. Clarence Cottage was a poor cottage. The door-knocker was thickly muffled. Yes, as usual, there was the combination of poverty and sickness. Mrs. Santley had been confined. At Having told her my mission, she at once said it was she who, very ill, had travelled at a long and cold distance which had befallen her husband, had, after two years' silence, resolved to ask her father's forgiveness, and followed by a violent attack of the husband's disorder which had come on the preceding afternoon, had made her journey without further delay to Little Mattseys, careless of wind and weather. Of her failure in her object I had already heard.

"And now, Mrs. Santley, there is not a moment to lose. Will you kindly tell me if you could then accompany me to Little Mattseys?"

She rather looked back at first, but when I urged upon her the condition in which I left her father, and my assurance, not only of her being heartily welcomed, but probably finding a change in appearance alone would save his life, she consented, and, with her husband's sanction, departed with me.

It was quite evening, and the weather, though not so boisterous as it had been the previous evening, was very bad. My companion and I were rejoiced as we neared our destination. We reached the last station before Little Mattseys. Here we seemed to stop a long while, and something evidently was wrong. Presently it transpired that an accident had occurred to a train on the down line, coming from Little Mattseys, and we were informed that we could proceed no farther.

"Is it a bad accident?" I inquired, with some anxiety, of the station-master.

"I am afraid it is—very," was the reply; "but it has only just happened, and all is confusion. But here come some of the poor sufferers."

As he spoke a ghastly spectacle came in view. Lighted by torch-bearers, there approached along the line four or five parties carrying stretchers. The waiting-room of the station had been roughly made ready to receive them, and all the doctors in the place were in attendance. The passengers who had just alighted huddled together in the booking office.

"Two dead, I am told," was whispered.

"And several injured."

Suddenly I caught sight of one of my neighbors at Little Mateseys.

"What! you were in this unfortunate train, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, and I am thankful to say uninjured; but there's a sad sight in there, Mr. Apscombe. You heard, I dare say, of some fuss there was in Little Mateseys this morning?"

"Come aside for a moment," I said, and he complied.

"With reference to Mr. Risdale and the supposed death of his daughter, you mean?"

"Yes. Well, inquiry was made at the railway station, which led to the conclusion that the body discovered was not that of Mrs. Santley after all, for that Mrs. Santley had left by train the previous evening for Marvile. No sooner was this communicated to the sad squire than he jumped up and declared he would go to Marvile by the next train; and he started."Int—

"I can guess. It was the train which met with the accident, and—"

"Poor Mr. Risdale is in that room either dying or dead. I saw him dug out from under carriages."

Oh my miserable folly! But for my absurd reticence this, in all likelihood, would not have happened. I might have calmed the poor old gentleman with the full particulars which I could have given. His daughter might have been sent for, and—

But regrets were useless. I had to tell the dismal tale to my companion, and assuredly I stood with her beside her almost expiring parent.

Thankful, however, am I to say that Mr. Risdale, though fatally injured, rallied, and was enabled to be taken home, and lived some days. But they were days well employed, days in which returned affection, and, I trust again expressed, for which his daughter's mind all recollection of previous unkindness.

All Mr. Risdale's property, which before his reconciliation with his daughter he had left to a distant relative, was bequeathed to Mrs. Santley. She and her husband soon came to reside at Danes House, and very good friends have they been to me. I am still at Little Mateseys, which is now become a place of some importance. My business flourishes, and I am making money. But here comes somebody to interrupt me as I draw this brief record to a close. It is past usual business hours. Who can it be?

"Good-evening, Apscombe, good-evening. Eh, busy writing? And several pages too! Bless me, I'm surised author, I suppose. Yet it's no concern of mine; and my motto is, 'Let every body mind his own business,' and not interfere with other people's. However, you may as well tell me, Apscombe, what it is all about? What! you won't? Good-night, Mr. Apscombe; when next I—Ishaw! I never mind, it isn't worth a word, because of course I shall *find out*."

You, reader, have found out who *that* is.

THE ELIXIR OF SPRING.

Nor in the bloom and music
That haunt the south wind's breath,
For the bloom may fade at midnight,
And the music be stilled in death;
Not in the bursting fragrance
Of lily or of rose,
For their beauty may be nipped and chilled
By the frost of a single hour;

But in my darling's heart,
Nestled in sunlight there,
Spring's spirit dwells apart
From Heaven and earth and air!
Purer than vernal fragrance,
Brighter than vernal skies—
In my darling's truth and beauty
There's spring that never dies!

MY FIRST PATIENT.

A "SENSATION" STORY.

I AM sitting in my consulting-room in a dingy home in Gloomsbury. The neighborhood is fashionable, being in the immediate vicinity of a mews, and having a strange odor of stone and stabling about it. My consulting-room is so called, *locum tenendis*, because no one has yet thought fit to consult me in it—that is, no one to speak of, because an elderly female did once plunge into my apartment with her little boy, who had overeaten himself, alleging that the unhappy cub "had overbalanced his heart, poor dear," a diagnosis which did not seem to me, off for a time perplexed me.

I am a surgeon, and have been two years a qualified practitioner. But as yet, save the elderly lady referred to, I have had no patients. My door-lamp is the brightest, and burns the bluest of any in the neighborhood. My brass-plate is the largest and the handsomest. I have been called out of church on an average four times every Sunday; the policeman regularly hammers at my door, in a manner to disturb the whole street, in the midst hours of the night; paragraphs in the *Piccadilly Peeper*, the local organ of the district, have regularly set forth the imaginary accidents that I have attended with my usual "promptitude and kindliness of heart," but it has been all to no purpose. I am sure I pay rates for my country, but my country will not be liked. My practice in anatomy is still confined to the dissection of my daily nutrition chop; and in despair I had given pills to all my servants, including my boy in buttons, till they struck for board wages, with an increase contingent on the consumption of draughts and powders; and I had serious thoughts of taking one of my own medicine myself. My last card fa ul. A case of measles and a prize cozy, with an inj tion, "For Proficiency in Pathology," framed in the full view of the street of the fashionable, only tempted thieves and no patients; and a policeman called to suggest that I was not to be so lavish of my plate. Poor fellow! he little knew all were dummies. I had written paragraphs in the *Lancet* on "Hydrocephalus" and "Asphyxia," and had even serious thoughts of writing a book, and was considering sitting solitary in my room, musing on the bitterness of solitudinary things, especially of aloes and other drastics, when a rap came at the door. A dun, by Jove!—a tax-gatherer, the true Prospective which never ebbs, I thought. I listened; a lady's voice! The rascal Jack had opened the front-door to her, as if he knew it was a dun, and a moment after speared, grinning: "A patient, Sir." "A what?" I said, half beside myself. "A lady, Sir! a tenth dress!"

I thrust the novel I had been reading—"The Three Spaniels"—under the desk-cushion, put my hair, opened my lancet-case, and, after waiting the customary professional two which tradition has established—to convince a patient of the presence of one's engagements—my first patient was ushered in. She was closely veiled, *petite* rather than tall, young, graceful, stylish—I was prepared to take an affidavit on all these points before the President of the College of Surgeons, if need had been—and I saw at once, to my immense relief, in the exercise of my profession, a powder or a saline mixture, a pill night and morning, with a draught at bedtime, would be sufficient. I could hope.

When seated, a voice, sweet and melodious—I have subsequently ascertained it is extraordinarily so—said, "You will perhaps be surprised at my calling on you alone?

I was, indeed; but gracefully conveying that a multitude of beautiful patients in waiting was the normal routine of my daily experience, the fair patient continued:

"I have called on you on a matter of the most imminent importance."

I bowed again.

"I have the happiness and good fortune to be married to one of the best fellows in the world. He is seriously ill—I fear dangerously; the medical man we have engaged is unremitting in his attentions, but he seems very much alarmed at the dark as to the nature of the complaint, and, indeed, seems so far overwhelmed with the character and severity of the malady as to be unable to cope with it. I have consulted my own fears rather than his wishes, and have come to you, thinking additional advice could be advantageously had. I am a stranger in London—a stranger, without a few grievous ashes my husband's family; and I think the gravest indiscretion to be married without the consent of his relatives, who are bitterly arrayed against me; and I am sure from my own feelings, that if my love for me was said with an air of the most tender and pathetic simplicity; and, as if to convince me of the fact—he had been hitherto engaged to no one previously—with the most natural and graceful action in the world, lifted her veil.

I am a timid superstitious, nor imaginative; but I was startled. I had, as I have already said, been reading "The Three Spaniels," and here was the heroine of the book. Here was a lady, quite as beautiful, quite as *petite*, quite as young, with the same identical "feather" flaxen curls, the same dazzling blue eyes, the same tiny mouth, the same quiet and subdued manner and sweet voice. I involuntarily looked back, half expecting to see a pistol, a poisoner, a bigamist—all great criminals are pretty in modern novels. I felt agitated; and my fears were calmed when the water outside the door tone in the world, she suggested that I should accompany her in her carriage which was waiting for her house.

I ventured to ask the symptoms of my future patient. The lady explained—with downcast, tearful eyes red, partial paralysis of the extremities, excessive nervous irritability."

I saw at once the chronic arsenical poisoning of the worst. I suggested, "the irritability accompanied by prostration, with impaired respiration." And, as I expected, the answers were affirmative. I saw at once—poisoning by arsenic. I, said I to myself, am called on to lull suspicion when it is too late. Yet, it is too true, this is another beautiful demon—here is the same petrel form, the same grace, the same expression, nervous color, the same shower of radiant curls. She is very beautiful; and by all the experience set forth in that source of life, the novel-reading, but is about to become guilty of murder or arson at least.

The carriage stopped at a handsome house in a handsome square in the West End. I sprang the patient asleep. My worst suspicions were realized—fever, exfoliation of the cuticle of the tongue, the shrinking of the eyes into the head, excessive diuresis—I will expose the machinations of this vile creature, unmask this villainy, defeat the cunning of this horrid crime. But how? "Madam," I said, with promptitude, "this is a serious case—a very serious case. I must watch it—consult with—I will stay here to-night." Awed by my manner, and perhaps alarmed by the evidence of my sagacity, the unconscious lady led me to a bed—I would watch; and I saw in imagination a cruel *edifice*—a trial at the Old Bailey or in Westminster Hall—a verdict—a sentence—a dreadful fervor. The thought was perhaps selfish; but criminals must be punished and Justice must have its course.

I had read in a French book about a great criminal was detected in the act of murdering his wife by the unconscious husband, who had watched and seen the reflection of the assassin stilling the cries of his victim with a pillow. I determined to see to it that the same occurred.

I placed the mirror in such a way as to command the head of the bed; and having, with the consent of the patient, who seemed passive in the hands of his fiendish wife—strange fatuity—made the necessary dispositions for my watch, I placed myself in an arm-chair. I sat for some time musing on the terrible effects of the poisoning by small doses, administered by a cunning hand. I saw in imagination the cruel and ruthless assassin stealthily encroaching, as a serpent envelops its victim in its folds, on the life of her husband, and the effects of torture conscious to its designs. I thought of the terrible sufferings—the protracted agony—the gradual prostration of the victim—the gloating cruelty of the poisoner, an hour by hour she watched and measured the fading strength of her prey, and the trembling—I suppose I fell asleep.

I was awoke suddenly by the door opening stealthily, noiselessly. Ah! it is true—my worst suspicions were realized. I did not move. A figure—I did in a lower dress entered. The looking-glass before me covered the head of the bed; the figure fell within its angle of incidence. I saw at once it was the guilty wife. She still noiselessly moved toward the bed of the bed. She addressed some remark to her victim. He was awake; and I saw at once, from a table close by a number and a vase of antique form, from which, still noiselessly, she poured a draught. I saw it all in an instant—the looking-glass revealed every movement. She raised the goblet—the unhappy husband raised himself on his elbow. He was about to drink.

"Stay, demon!" I said, in a voice of thunder, addressing the lady: "would you poison your husband? Stay—drink not of the accursed draught—it is poison!" The lady gave a shriek, and the glass fell upon the floor.

I heard him say, sustaining the fluid. I examined and tasted. It was—toast and water!

I received my cause next morning from a brother practitioner. The patient was a M.P., engaged—from his popular manners, a taste for literature, and philanthropic and social charisma—in public dinners in the whitebait season, particularly those held at Greenwich. He was suffering from bilious remittent indigestion, caused by his immaterial duties in that respect. His young wife, with a perhaps pardonable anxiety, had overrated the severity of the complaint, and I had been misled by novels into believing that pretty women are generally demons. *I am wiser now*; but this was my first and last patient.

MORAL.—Do not accept spasmodic pictures in morbid fiction as the criterion of nature. Don't take what you see in a looking-glass to be a fact, or more than partial evidence of the truth and reality of what you hear. Above all, do not suppose that women are wicked because they are pretty.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BONNET without a face is like the grand-stand without a race.

NOVEL ECONOMY.—A new system of economy is reported to have been discovered by a resident of the Jockey Club. He noticed a poor man with a wooden leg one day without, and the next day with a pair of legs. The next day he saw the supposed legs, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left leg. Surprised at the deception, he went up to the man, and exclaimed, "You have only one leg, and you have two leg on the yesterday!" "Yes," replied the man, "economy, Monsieur," was the response, "with dignity," "I never said I was." I was a novel economy for wooden legs, as it saves not only trowsers, and I change the leg to prevent one leg of the trowsers wearing out before the other."

A purse without money is like the comb without the hair.

The Paris papers have an anecdote of two well-known French artists who traveled last autumn in Scotland. They got up at a wayside inn for the night, *finde la maison*, when the use of soap was clearly for the curious of the place, and regarded by a somewhat suspicious landlord with a thing of entanglement and astonishingly inclined. Supper was, however, brought in by the landlord's pretty and consisted of roast beef and plum-pudding. Fortunately for the artists, they were familiar with the dish on hand and breaking his hair with the other over the beef, the former handed the next Adonis the fork. F——, the worse-struck, but said nought, and left Dame to the fork and proceeded to the basin, believing what she ate beef was the custom of the place, and B—— made his dinner entirely off the pudding, the latter saying dried to-morrow's breakfast, and went to bed cheerfully. He found in the kitchen, late, considerable difficulty upon his, ever his hair, and the soap. The proof of the purpose to which it had been applied was the next morning when the landlord's pretty daughter had been detected in, having nothing handier, and that it belonged to the artists. Not without considerable merriment on the part of the one has not been able to keep the secret from his Parisian friends, who would may not see the joke of it, if he's round to-day."

The New York ladies are giving at a fearful rate. Red hair is the object.

Some people are there are, imitate men. Notice, that if one of the flock drinks, the rest follow.

What breed of sheep does the ram *Stonewall* belong to? —Why, the mutton-d, of course.

TO LET.—The Town of Nassau, in the Island of New Providence, Bahamas, belonged by the late Rev. Mr Dill & Davis as a blockade-running port. It would make a splendid Watering Place for the Gulf of the North. Will be let low, the late occupants retiring from business. Immediate Possession. Apply to Downing Street, London, agents for Mr. Victoria Guelph.

THE WORST LOCK OUT.—Wed-lock. Oh, you naughty boy!

WHO'S EASTING?—Nobody.

ASTRONOMICAL.—We are audited to state positively that all the jokes relating to crinoline are not used up. For instance, they do bullet wear such extraordinary things as crinoline!—Because all the heavenly bodies are in the milky way.

NO DOUBT OF IT.—As one of our deputy-sheriffs, a day or two since, was speaking of taking a man to prison, he said he was going to escort him to a lady. "What, take a lady to jail!" said one of the company. "Oh no, not that kind of a lady," was the reply. "But," a lady quickly rejoined, "you would have been glad to have taken one to-day."

FOR SMALL HOUSEKEEPERS.—Life without a great is like meat without a bone.

A Joke without a little is like beer without malt.

DAN. "Jos, what drink do the rebels dislike very much?"

JOS. "I don't know, Dan."

DAN. "Don't you know? Why, meat" (Gen. Meade).

JOS. "Well now what other drink do they dislike?"

DAN. "I can't guess."

JOS. "Why, Sherry, Dan" (Sheridan).

AN ARTFUL SITUATION.—A hoarder.

STERN CHASER.—The "Arms" of the Law.

MANY a young man would like to be Neptune, just to have such a number of snacks upon his face.

PROVERBS MADE LITERAL.

It's a long lane which takes you three hours and a half to get to the end of.

The early bird is generally wide awake.

A wise child knows its alphabet.

A virtuous woman is a useful commodity.

Look before you sweat you see something.

He who sees two aides to every human matter.

Early to bed and early to rise is all very well in theory, but it won't do in practice.

HEARING.—Sambo, giving an account of his sea-voyage, says: "All de passengers was now heavin', and as if that wasn't enough, de captain, gave orders for de ship to heave to, and she did heave, too.

A rather amusing *contretemps* occurred a few Sundays since in a Presbyterian church near one of the upper town Licensaries. The incumbent, anxious to raise funds for some pious object, had, during the morning, a wooden spoon of the ing-horn poem as a "pickpocket," and being also unable to find the number of his clerical assistant, thought he would write his appeal, get it printed, and placed in the pews on the following Sunday. The whole affair went to the printer's, and told the sexton to get the bills on Saturday night, and to place them in the pews. On Saturday night the sexton sent his son to the printer's office, where he met his fate. "Sir!" of the establishment was puzzled. The youth handed a bundle of bills to the sexton's son, for which money duly distributed in the pews. The astonishment of the congregation and the horror of the clergyman the next morning on finding every pew in the church contained copies of an announcement of the entertainments at the next Assembly Room of a clever female singer, and the fun during the morning week may be better imagined than described. The whole affair was finally the work of the "devil," who carelessly gave the bills to the boy in the hills of the black entertainer in place of those of the printer.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—It is said that the *majority* of the literary members of the French will, by imitating "play the Dickens" with that club.

BOOTS OF CONTENTION.—Knocks and Jaw.

A woman's grief is very short. If she loses her husband she gives only for a month.

A blind man, like a newspaper, needs a leading article.

NAUTICAL MORNING.—Sea-weeds.

A WITTY ARCHBISHOP.—A gentleman having bought a table at an auction did not, as he ought to have done, cause to have it taken away. The auctioneer sent to him to be the most *un-com-fort-table* man he ever sold any thing to.

A few days preceding Garnet's death he made a joke of the very illness with which he was suffering. His physician, coming one morning, observed that he clearly coughed very lusty. "That is very strange," said he, "for I have been practicing all night."

A SUGGESTION.—Never jo in with your friend when he abuses his home or his wife, unless the one is about to be sold, and the other is to be married.

Even a pig on the spit has the consolation of thinking that things may take a turn.

Why may carpenters reasonably believe there to be such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

The voyage from Ireland here is long one, but it never easy enough to be a lifeboat to Ireland.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—Matchmaking.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

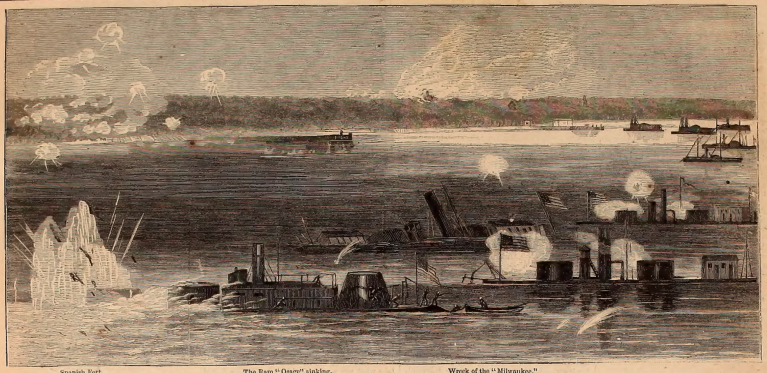
A hundred and one by fifty divide,
And sort let a cipher be duly applied,
Then the answer you would right divide,
You will find that the whole makes but one out of nine.
Chorus. Don't you think so? Don't you think so?

What moral sentence does a weather-cock suggest?
Let it ask your leave *Dicky* in answer at quest.

What is most like a cock-robin cock robbing?
A hen stealing.

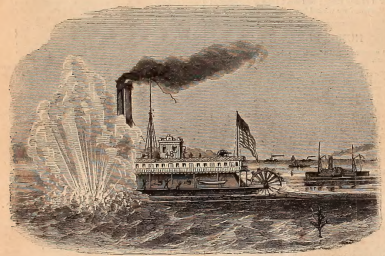
PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE latest novelty worthy of remark among the Modes is necessary to the introduction of a new style of dress, shown upon two of the figures in our illustration on page 209; but the dresses must be seen to be understood, and a description of them, as they may be said to be wardrobes in themselves—the same garment being capable of presenting two, or even three, different aspects. The dresses depicted in our engraving are readily transformed by folding lapels, buttoned or looped according to the formation of the bodice. The first figure is a dress design on the body and skirt, merely to explain the principle. The second figure is the complete transformation of an almost plain dress into one of ample style and effect. The variety of application of this principle is endless; a wide-sleeved coat in a few instants be converted into a dinner dress, and vice versa, and thus save considerable time and trouble by avoiding the inconvenience of re-dressing. It is not necessarily much more expensive than an ordinary dress; and, when the advantages of a double or triple wear be taken into consideration, it is reasonable to suppose that the innovation will be well patronized. Although we have only simulated distinctions of color in our illustration, the fact is that a dress may be made in any of



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SHERMAN'S ARMY—THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE FOURTEENTH CORPS CROSSING JUNIPER CREEK, MARCH 9, 1865.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

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5,000 Gold Pens	4	8
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4	8
5,000 Stone and Cameo Rings	2 50	8
10,000 California Diamond Rings	5	20
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GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining a variety of Watches, Jewelry, Silver Ware, &c., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway, New York. A certificate, which represents the article, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is to be made by mixing the certificates, and selecting a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and not selected as to the article you are solicited to buy, but as to the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and probably many times that amount, under this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

MESSRS. ARRANDALE & Co. have long been personally known as to their standing, and as to be very worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish Americus Journal, Feb. 18, 1865.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency the splendid assortment of Jewelry, the large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest designs, the large and very great quantity of silver ware, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be sold at one dollar each, thus affording a great advantage to buyers, and affording extensive employment to the trade. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend it to friends to trust advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept. 3, 1864.*

By MESSRS. ARRANDALE & CO.'s arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every chance of getting the certificate, indicating a prize. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he is not obliged to buy the article unless it suits him.—*N. Y. Herald, Sept. 8, 1864.*

JEWELRY FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of Jewelry. Messrs. Arrandale & Co. (Gift Distributors of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this line, and not only is filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the certificate, which she received from our advertising column. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Evening Mail, August 31, 1864.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co., dealers in watches, jewelry, silverware. In payment of that advertisement we have received a watch, which is a very good one, and is warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they have conducted their business liberally. They intend not to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lockport, N.Y.), August 31, 1864.*

The *British Whig of Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 28, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, out as prizes for her agency, to the office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and every one of the parties who took the articles out of the recipients, and none of them six times.

The Watches are Gentlemen's and Ladies' Gold and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Rings, Studs, Sets, &c., and are sent by Arrandale & Co. to the value of $1 each.—*Angelica Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

$10 A DAY MADE by any one. Send stamp for circulars. J. W. STEPHENS, 329 Broadway, N. Y.

LANGENHEIM'S IMPROVED MAGIC LANTERN AND PICTURES. Stereopticon and dissolving views actually colored. Superb Pictures and complete apparatus, &c., &c. For catalogues and information, apply to W. LANGENHEIM, P. O. Box 2370, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Drum-Beat, a collection of 53 patriotic songs and quartettes as sung by our army on their victorious march, including "Marching Along," "John Brown," "Tramp! Tramp! the Boys are Marching," "We will and Retreat say More," "Up with the Star and Bars," "Rally round the Flag," "Battle Hymn," "Welcome Sherman Home," &c., &c. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cts. S. T. Gordon, 102 Broadway, N. Y.

Watson's Metallic Artificial Legs—Light, cost, cheapest, most durable, and most natural ever invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for circular.

J. W. WESTON, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

$200,000 Worth of

Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you have got, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Certificates will be sent for a gold watch, diamond ring, or any set of jewelry on our list for $1, and all articles will be sent by mail or express, and there are no blanks. Five certificates will be sent for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; and 100 for $15. Descriptive circulars and those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars with the certificate. Address

FORWARDING AGENCY COMPANY,

No. 167 Broadway, Arrandale Hotel, New York City.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair on the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without staining or injury to the skin. Address in confidence, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed for 3cts. Address R. SANFORD, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail $1. Warranted. Address

C. P. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair on the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without staining or injury to the skin. Address in confidence, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed for 3cts. Address R. SANFORD, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

The Brazilian Hair Curlie.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cts. Address

S. S. CHASE, Lisbon, N. Y.

Shults' Ongent warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant, and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $30 per day at profit. Send stamp for Circular. Address P. O. Drawer 32, Troy, New York.

YOUNG MAN,

Would you like to get a fine beard or mustache? If so, use The Prussian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. La Ville of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address

P. O. Drawer 259, Osbego, N. Y.

PORTABLE

PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. Address ADAMS PRESS CO., 35 Ann St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., Six Cents.

SOMETHING NEW FOR AGENTS.

Soldiers and Sailors wanted in every county for Prospectus. Address LAP. E. MANCHES, 469 Broadway, N.Y.

"How 'tis Done." Whiskers in 6 weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Every boy his own amusement. Sent for 25 cts.

Weston's Metallic Artificial Legs—Light, cost, cheapest, most durable, and most natural ever invented. Price $75 to $100. Send for circular.

J. W. WESTON, 491 Broadway, N. Y.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

$200,000 Worth of

Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you have got, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Certificates will be sent for a gold watch, diamond ring, or any set of jewelry on our list for $1, and all articles will be sent by mail or express, and there are no blanks. Five certificates will be sent for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; and 100 for $15. Descriptive circulars and those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars with the certificate. Address

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The Drum-Beat, a collection of 53 patriotic songs and quartettes as sung by our army on their victorious march, including "Marching Along," "John Brown," "Tramp! Tramp! the Boys are Marching," "We will and Retreat say More," "Up with the Star and Bars," "Rally round the Flag," "Battle Hymn," "Welcome Sherman Home," &c., &c. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cts. S. T. Gordon, 102 Broadway, N. Y.

Dr. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

THE GREAT AND POPULAR REMEDY FOR

Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

Cures Gravel and all Kidney Diseases.

There has been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be proved to, and hundreds of cases of KIDNEY complaints, CURED ENTIRELY by taking the *White Pine Compound*, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicines offered for sale, no one has ever obtained a more just claim than the *White Pine Compound*. This medicine was first made as late as the spring of 1856, and was used by one of the most celebrated who was afflicted with an inflammation of the throat. A cure was effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a great benefit. The article, was then brought before the public, and from that time to when it was called *White Pine Compound*. During that month it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who purchased a bottle for a friend, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being truly a discovery, this man was mentioned in a skilful physician, who replied in substance that the bark of White Pine was one of the best diuretic known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the other articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine! The *fortune* has not yet been realized, but the hundreds of cures effected by the *Compound*, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney diseases, including *Diabetes*, proves it to be a wonderful Medicine for such ailments. A large number of proprietors have since started White Pine Medicines.

Dr. Poland's *White Pine Compound* is so good for kidney inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in Rheumatism and Lung diseases. It is strengthening, and always inflammation that hoarseness and soreness are removed and if a cough commences, a few doses will check it, so the originator where relied in very severe cases has not failed in a single case, and is now offered to the public by four hours.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves or "needles," of White Pine, contain exhilarating properties. The Indians who inhabit the bark of White Pine in treating diseases long before the settlement of America by Europeans.

A wash of the bark, steeped in water, is exceedingly useful in relieving inflammation and cleansing old sores. In fine, the virtues of White Pine Bark are known everywhere, and Dr. Poland, Boston, has succeeded in the *White Pine Compound* was so favorably received as the public.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, and it has an unusual time for Colds and Coughs, and very large quantities of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the happiest effects. It speaks well for the confidence that the people living where it is prepared as with its merits.

TESTIMONIALS

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and indeed from all classes in society, speaking in the most flattering terms of Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound.

Dr. Nichols, of Northfield, Vt., says:

"I have for years regarded your remedy as the very efficacious not only in coughs and other pulmonary affections, but also in affections of the kidneys, and in fact in diseases of the other kindred organs."

Rev. J. B. Romney, of Romney, N. H., writes:

"I have for years regarded your remedy as the very best. I can truly say that I regard it as the best medicine for coughs, colds, &c., that I have ever used, and have recommended for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Rev. P. H. Sweetser, of South Reading, writes:

"Having had occasion to test the value of your valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine, I was prepared, on seeing your advertisement of your White Pine Compound, to give the medicine a trial. It has been used by members of my family for several years, and has never failed to relieve, in some cases of serious kidney difficulties with excellent results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound. We intended to keep it always on hand.

From JAMES J. HOYT.

BRADFORD, N. H., Sept. 1860.

DR. POLAND.—In the fall of 1857 I took a very violent cold, which settled on my lungs, causing a severe pain in my side, and raising blood. I was also very badly afflicted with Kidney Complaint. I obtained the *Kidney Remedy*. For the three years past I have been very much troubled with my lungs and lungs, choking up of the throat on lonesome night, with a bad cough after raising blood; I felt that my constitution must be short unless I got relief. The Spring I was induced to try your White Pine Compound, though very little was said about it. To my astonishment, before I had taken two bottles, my cough was better for the first time trouble also, and I was nights without choking up and raising so much. I have taken nearly three bottles, and feel that I am well from it.

I would say, that my father's family is inclined to consumption, my father, mother, and sister having died of it.

From STEPHEN BARTLETT.

BRADFORD, N. H., July, 1860.

DR. POLAND.—I had been afflicted with Kidney Complaint for a long time, and had a bad cough of ten years' standing, when your agent called and left a sample bottle. No one of my acquaintance expected I would get any benefit from it, but the bottle of your White Pine Compound have cured me of both the cough and Kidney Complaint. I was told by many that I was in consumption, and was so badly afflicted with a cough that she sat up only about two hours in a night for a month, and thought she was going in a quick consumption. She took only one bottle of your Compound, and it cured her. She is just as well now as ever she was.

The White Pine Compound, advertised at length in our columns, is not only up to the standard, but it is a highly approved medicine. Dr. J. W. Poland, the inventor, has the confidence of those who have tried his medicine. It will be enjoyed while laboring soulfully many years as a Physician of great ability, and a thorough student. He has made experiments which issued in his medical discovery.—*Boston Saturday and Reflector.*

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D.,

Proprietor

Will be manufactured in future at the NEW ENGLAND BOTANICMEDFOT, 109 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Under the supervision of REV. J. W. POLAND, M.D.

DR. SWETT will attend to the preparation of the Compound, to whom all orders should be addressed.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.

Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

U.S.7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its computation *from State and Municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent.* more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency coupons, which are detached from each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One Cent per Day on a	$50 Note.
Two Cents "	$100 "
Ten "	$500 "
20 "	$1000 "
1 Dollar "	$2000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance.

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than 300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will not be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on other subscriptions to the Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and will not be able to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, *Philadelphia.*

March 25, 1865.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The cards are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and PEACE. Consists in place of KING, QUEEN or KNAVE, Goddess of Liberty and Major-Gen. Scott.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in a slip cover and case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that all dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

GOLD PENS retailing at wholesale prices. Pens, 50c.; 75c.; $1; in silver, $1 to $3, sent by mail. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, Manufacturer, 64 Nassau Street, New York. Also Pencils.

Brandreth's Pills.

Which are known to be the most reliable purgative while they are harmless for the tenderest age or weakest frame. In full dose, most active and searching in their operation, during the lamest recesses of the body; carrying all impurities to the bowels, from whence they are expelled, thus curing the most life-threatening disease, and are the greatest cures experience has proved their innocence as well as their strength to restore health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

PRICES REDUCED.

Gold,	New Styles,
Opaque,	1865.
Transparent,	Square Lace,
Green and	Nottingham
Blue	Lace,
Holland.	Leno Lace,
Bray's	Muslin,
Shades,	Bobinet,
Fixtures,	Rope,
and all	Terry Cloth,
other	Japanese Cloth,
goods in	Damask,
approved	Brocatelle,
styles.	and all other
	Trimmings.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Unguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1.—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 195 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Look here, Boys! My Golden Compound will force a beautiful set of whiskers to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days, or money refunded in every case. Price One Dollar, or 3 packages for Two Dollars, by mail. Address DR. FRANKLIN, Colliersa, Illinois.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S CONCENTRATED MEDICAL PINEAPPLE CIDER is a preventive of sickness.

The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last 26 years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's MEDICATED PINEAPPLE CIDER, designed for all classes.

Old and Young. It is not new to the Doctor, but it is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a person a year. This is rules of a new mode of doctoring: nevertheless it will

Save Millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay nine dollars a year to keep from being sick than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctors' bills, and as much more in loss of time and the suffering consequent on being sick? To prevent sickness, see as follows:

Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you get up in the morning, and you will never be sick. Keep it—it will increase the strength, and give

Vigor and Action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he has gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues to take as above directed, and finds it very beneficial. It says it is for proved an entire

Preventive to Sickness in his case. Also another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Pineapple Cider for a month, and says he has been sick one day during that time.

The Wonderful Preparation will increase the strength, give vigor and tone to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains or all kinds—Rheumatism, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Pains in the Chest, Heartburn, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Sores, Burns, Scalds, etc., etc., acts nothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

The Cider is an eminent tonic, and will exert great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Loss of the Heart's Chronic Diarrhœa, Colic, Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also highly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Suppressed Menses, Whites, Female Weakness, Sciatica, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. It never fails to relieve Nervous Tremor, Restlessness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American herbs have used this article with great success to heighten tone and speed health.

It imparts a cheerfulness to the disposition, and brilliancy to the complexion.

To travelers, especially, it is of incalculable value, and by persons exposed to a sudden change of climate in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency. It removes every trace of impurity from the water and renders it agreeable and healthful.

PRICES:

TEN DOLLARS PER DOZEN, CONTAINING ONE GALLON
THREE DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL QUART).
ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE (FULL PINT).
ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE (FULL HALF-PINT).

One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. For sale every where. One quart bottle mailed free on receipt of 50 cents postage.

I have deposited $10 worth of the above article to the "Northwestern Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home Fair," which opens May 30th, to be for the benefit of the Soldiers. R. T. BARDITT, Sole Agent.

No. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, and 74 Washington Street, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES
OF
Harper's Weekly,

From the commencement, will be furnished, free of carriage, on receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding ..... $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco ..... 10 00 "
Each Volume contains One Year.
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

O'DOR! O'DOR!

DR. BRIGGS'

GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a beautiful set of whiskers or mustache on the smoothest face in from five to eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin, or hair on bald head in eight weeks (AND NO HUMBUG). I receive recommendations most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of thousands. I will send Dr Briggs' Golden O'Dor, by mail, sealed and post paid in U.S. (Warranted). Send orders to DR. C. BRIGGS,
Druver 6308, Chicago, Ill.

BARD & BROTHER'S (Established 1849)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. The manufacturer of BARD & WILSON'S PATENT ANGULAR NIB GOLD PENS. 482 B. BARD AND 25 JOHN STREET, Leno, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

Beard! Beard! While attached to the British Legation at Constantinople, discovered by a native Greek a composition for producing a luxuriant beard in from 5 to 6 weeks. It was made known to the Queen and several English and French, and now introducing it in America. Will fill and guarantee. It is no humbug, and if not satisfactory, the price will be refunded. Address

F. COOK, Chemist, Box 5643, N. Y.

BASHFULNESS. How to overcome it. See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Jan. No. 29 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, Broadway, New York.

A Series of $100 Prize Puzzles

Are now being published in the popular MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY, the best, largest, and cheapest Comic Magazine in the world. Price, Fifteen Cents. Sold by all News Depots. Price 15 cents. Twenty extra cash prizes are given in addition to the great $100 prize each month. Three different numbers (including the last), as specimen, post-paid, for 50 cents. No prize puzzles in other work. AGENEY & CO., 109 Nassau Street, New York.

Make the figure with three strokes of the pencil, without erasing any lines or going over them. Full solution in MERRYMAN. Soldiers, send your address, and numbers, post-paid. The most popular periodical in the army.

Howard's "Improved"

SWEAT-PROOF Soldier's Money-Belt.

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by enclosing $1.50 or $3.00, according to the quality desired. Improved English knee Money Belt, for soldiers and sailors, $1.75 and $2. Large discount to dealers. HOWARD BELT CO., 438 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC HAIR AND FLESH BRUSHES and cures more ruptures than any other means. Send for circular. Also, electric shocking belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 39 years.

$8 OFFICER'S $10 WATCH.

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered to officers at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Curved Balance, Breguet, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Detent, Hunting Bands, and Fine Jeweled White Dial, *a serviceable article in running order*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's Handsome Vest Chain, and a beautiful MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET, to match, with Double Cases, Dial, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH, with Gold Plated Hunting Cases, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and *Handsome Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket, etc.* Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch.

Containing a *Rare and Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, containing within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Tuning-Instrument, and a richly adapted *Miniature Compass* in miniature, *rare in Dial, and a Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STEAM, HEAT, AND TIME INDICATOR. The Beautiful Movement of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished Double Hunting, Maple Sparing D. Lion Case*, the outer case being of *Solid 18-carat Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composition*, Richly Engraved Top and Bottom, Key, Case, Locket, and Fancy Vest Chain, *Genuine English Imported Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias' Patent Lever, Patent Regulator, Patent Spiral Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Hands, Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Handsome Vest Chain, for the Price of Ordinary Watches. Sent to any part of the country by mail, post-paid, for $20. Every Watch Guaranteed to be a Reliable Timekeeper. Price per single one, as a sample to be sent, to any part of the army or country, $30. CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits. Sole Importers,

167 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1853.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials
AND
IMPORTERS OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS.
501 BROADWAY,
Is addition to their extensive stock of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, have now on hand a full assortment of
STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,
Including the most interesting subjects, including War Scenes, American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary Busts, &c., &c. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp. Views sent by Express with privilege of examination on receipt of $1 each, or $10 per dozen.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we continue to manufacture everything of quality, keeping in price from 50 cents to $50 each. Gold and Silver Stamping done on the premises. Albums sent by Express with privilege of examination on receipt of $1 each, and $10 per dozen.

FINE ALBUMS MADE TO ORDER.

GOLD PHOTOGRAPHIC FRAMES.

Our Catalogue can be had on receipt of stamp. Sent by Express with privilege of examination on receipt of $1 each. Discount to the trade.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Also at their Manufactory, Nos. 591 Broadway, 122 Fifth Avenue, 263 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, and 308 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will name the article you will receive for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Among the many fine articles are a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list. Don't delay, as this Sale will be for a short time only. Watch's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1. Twelve for $2. Thirty for $5. Fifty for One Hundred for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as agents. Circulars and Certificates full Sale and particulars mailed free. Address

GREAT LAKES ASSOCIATION,
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Whiskers! Mustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA COMPOUND is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Mustaches in a few weeks. An English remedy, which does no injury to the skin. Sent post paid, for $1. Address DR. BERNARD & CO., Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

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Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



carries a ball 42-100 calibre (larger than Navy), and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The Pocket size carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's Army).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions, a degree of simplicity never yet attained in any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* The Cartridges have been adopted exclusively by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency as Belt Pistols from officers in the Army, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts) sent free. Agents for mail when required.

MERWIN & BRAY are also sole proprietors of the Bolted Breech-Loading Rifle and Musket. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established. Circulars sent free, giving all needful information.

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"The West Indian Hair Curler."

Warranted to curl the most straight and soft hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving moderate curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address

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Box 6051, New York Post-Office.

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An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of a rich silver metals, combined, richly engraved and plashined, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep it color. They are as beautiful, and durable as solid gold, and are affected in one-eighth the cost. The movements are finished, set in ruby jewel and shield for name, with patent protection, and engraved in the same manner as solid gold. Gold Hunting Levers, and are really handsome and destined to be, and are at present the admiration of every body. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Imier Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved patent, fancy curved bridges, adjusting screws, compensation gold balance, imported ruby jeweled action, with fine dial, and skeleton hands, and is altogether a perfect timekeeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all hunting cases. The price of the watch complete is ready for $15. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $25. We will send them by express for more than one. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and here are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

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One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $1500.

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Samples sent if requested.

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The above cut represents one side of a Memorial Badge of our lamented President. The opposite side is a true medallion likeness of him. I will send a sample for 75 cents, and with the name engraved, for $1.

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Badges of every description made to order.

I want an Agent in every regiment, hospital, and Department of the Army and Navy, to whom regular inducements are offered. Send for wholesale Illustrated Circular.

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Subscribers to the MAGAZINE are WEEKLY will please remember that their subscriptions are in advance of Account. The figures on the direction-label following the name show when the Account with the Subscription EXPIRES, as noted on our books. Every Subscriber should examine his label, and if the figures are not properly dated for the remittance sent, he can obtain the correction by addressing a letter to the Publishers stating in which the New Subscription should commence; they will then send a receipt and correct the error if one has occurred. It is desirable that a thousand should be received in from TEN BEFORE the 1st of April, in order to prevent delay, in order that our books may be kept properly adjusted. Attention to this will obviate the necessity of the few errors which annoy both Publishers and Subscribers.

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An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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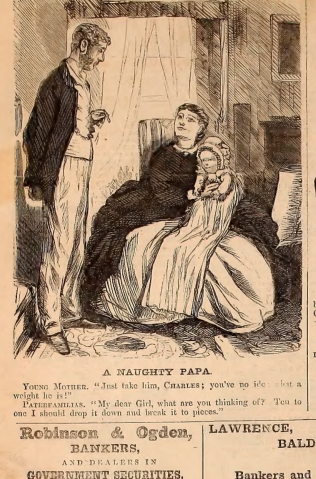
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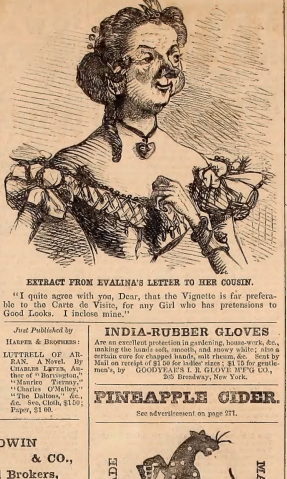
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YOUNG MOTHER. "Just take him, CHARLES; you've no idea what a weight he is!"

PATERFAMILIAS. "My dear Girl, what are you thinking of? Ten to one I should drop it down mid hewit it to pieces."



EXTRACT FROM EVALINA'S LETTER TO HER COUSIN.

"I quite agree with you, Dear, that the Vignette is far preferable to the Carte de Visite, for any Girl who has pretensions to Good Looks. I inclose mine."

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Are an excellent protection in gardening, house-work, &c., making the hands soft, smooth, and snowy white; also a certain cure for chapped hands, salt rheum, &c. Sent by Mail on receipt of $1 50 for ladies' sizes; $1 75 for gentlemen's, by GOODYEAR'S I. R. GLOVE MFG'G CO., 205 Broadway, New York.

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See advertisement on page 271.

Kittle's Patent Spring Mattresses.
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Under-beds, sickroom and Steffed. Good upholstered and best hair tops. Spring mattresses, perfect in comfort, durability, and economy. Wooden mattresses greatly improved at light expense, being easily turned over, &c. Every thing to complete and furnish a room. The place to buy is where a thing is made. S. P. KITTLE & CO., 150 Chatham Street, New York.

ASK ANY NEWSDEALER FOR DAWLEY'S TEN-PENNY NOVEL, No. 8.—PRICE TEN CENTS.
DEALL THE PIRATE SPY.
Also, the 75-cent Life of
LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT.
T. B. DAWLEY, Publisher, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.



"Electro" Self-Acljusting enameled white, $5, $6, $7, and $9 per doz.; specimens, 50c., 75c., $1. Snow-white, linen-finished, ribbon-stitched, $1 25. Soluble Nork Tie, $1. Ladies' "illusion-embroidered" Steel Collars, $1 50; Cuffs, $1 50. Gents' steel Cuffs, $2. Mailed on receipt of price and "size." JEANERET, 78 Nassau St., N. Y. Box 3804.

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Sing Song Chinese Porcelain;
ALSO PARIAN, FRENCH CHINA, GLASS, &c.
French Dinner Sets.

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BROKER IN
PETROLEUM STOCKS,
No. 52 Wall Street, N. Y.

TICKS, SCAB, VERMIN.
SheepWashTobacco
Should be used by all Farmers on their
SHEEP, ANIMALS, AND PLANTS.
For sale by JAS. P. LEVIN, Agent South Down Co., 23 Central Wharf, Boston.
" " H. ALLEN & CO., 170 & 172 Water St., New York.
" " DUDLEY & STAFFORD, 69 Dickman St.
" " HAINES & FIELD, 7 Courtland St.; and SHIFFLING, GEITNER & CO., 58 and 60 Courtland St.

CHILLS AND FEVER can only be effectually cured by Holloway's Pills. They act directly on the Liver, and contain no minerals.

GREAT ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY MIRROR AND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, published at Manchester, New Hampshire, has a larger circulation than any other paper in the State. One-quarter of the paper is devoted to Agriculture wholly, and is edited by Hon. CHARLES B. FOSTER and S. C. WELLS. Is devoted to News, Politics, and Education, and is edited by Hon. B. CLARKE, the proprietor. Also contains a great family and farming paper, being published in a city only second in cotton manufacturing interests in the United States, and has a wide circulation in all other manufacturing towns and villages in the United States. Subscription, $1 50 a year in advance.

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Address to New York Times, Tribune, Wilkes' Spirit, and to Agriculturist; to Gov. Fenton of New York, and General Rucs, State Canal Commissioner.

JOHN B. CLARKE,
Address Manchester, New Hampshire.

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
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Collections made, with quick returns.
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Bonds and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.

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Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.
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Magnifying small objects 500 times. MAILED FREE everywhere for **50 CENTS**, or THREE FOR **$1.00.**
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Great Imperial Watch.
See Cately Brothers' Advertisement on page 271.

Free to Every Body.
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, FATHERS, MECHANICS, and EVERY BODY throughout the country will receive, *free*, by mail, a *First-Class, Interesting* NEWSPAPER, by sending their address to Editor of "ARMY AND HOME JOURNAL," 40 AND Street, New York.



From Commander Cushing (Hero of the *Albemarle*):
"Having carried one with me to sea, I can say that it is the most complete and convenient article for the soldier or sailor that has ever come under my notice."
Price, $2 50, sent free of postage.
D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, Salem, MASS.

VERMILYE & CO.,
No. 44 WALL STREET,
BANKERS,
And Dealers in all Classes of
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.



POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 676 Broadway, near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Repairing done at low cost to order and repaired goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

GOLD PENS.
The JOHNSON PEN is acknowledged by all who have used them to be the best pen for the long journey of any in use. They are made of 14 carats fine gold, and warranted for one year (written guarantee when required). Price, in solid silver extension cases, $1 75; ebony stick holders, $1 75; rubber reverse holders, $2 50; telescopic extension cases, $2 50; duplex silver cases, $4 00; ebony holders and morocco boxes, $1 50. Pens repointed, 50 cents each. Pens sent by mail, postage paid. Send for Circulars.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturing and Office,
15 Maiden Lane, New York City.

LAWRENCE, BALDWIN & CO.,
Bankers and Brokers,
No. 70 Wall Street, New York.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES, PETROLEUM,
And all kinds of Stocks, Bonds, &c., bought and sold on commission at the regular Stock, Petroleum, and Mining Boards.
Interest allowed on deposits.

TUTT'S the gentle and breath of sweetness secured by Carmell, Mack & Co.'s Farmodenta Tooth-Paste.

Calenberg & Vaupel's PIANO-FORTES,
99 and 101 Bleecker Street, 54 Block West of Broadway.
Warranted for Six Years.

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Pensions, Bounties, Pay, Prize Money, together with all claims of the army and navy promptly procured. Correspondence promptly answered. L. BROWN & Co., 37 Park Pl., N.Y.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR
This invaluable salve is a certain cure for PILES, CORNS, UTERS, BRUISES, FORES, and RHEUMATISM. Relieves BURNS PAINS in five minutes. No one should be without it. It saves DOCTORS' BILLS. 25 Cents a Box. Sent free by mail, on receipt of 37 Cents. Depot 25 Liberty St., New York.

Officers, Soldiers, and Citizens!
GENUINE GOLD RINGS.
All the Army Corps Rings to 16-cent gold ostemped and warranted) at $3 and $5 each. Also 100 other styles of every size, plain, enameled, and fancy, at from $2 to $10 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular.
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$7 ARMY WATCH. $10
A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever, Cap, small size, white enameled dial, cut bands, "*English Movements*," and correct time-keeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the "*Day of the Week, Month, &c.*," in back case.
A single one sent free by mail to any address at $10, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN FOR ONLY $16.
A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with "*Miniature Calendar*," &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only $7.
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CARPET WARP,
FIRST AND SECOND QUALITY;
Wrapping Twine made of Paper.
Twine and Paper. H. A. HAIVEN, 94 Maiden Lane, N.Y.



Without Spectacles, Doctor, or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed, free, on receipt of ten cents. Address
E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

TRADE MARK
OF THE
MAGIC RUFFLE COMPANY.
To be found on each box and each piece of GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLE. All other goods, of whatever name, not having this mark, are worthless imitations and infringements on the patents of the Magic Ruffle Company. The GENUINE MAGIC RUFFLES are full six yards in each piece, are well made of the best material, and give perfect satisfaction to consumers. Office of the Company, No. 69 Chambers Street, New York.

"*Ye sweet to know there is an eye will mark*
Your coming, and grow brighter when you come."
These lines might have been written with poetic foresight of

Our Young Folks
which a Hundred Thousand children testify is expected with such enthusiasm as surely agitates the juvenile breast. It is published monthly, and contains the most delightful variety of TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, GAMES, PUZZLES, etc., and is embellished with a multitude of BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS by the BEST ARTISTS. TERMS, $2 00 a year; a large discount to clubs. A specimen number will be sent on receipt of 10 cents by the publishers.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, MASS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ALL NEW YORK STATE BOUNTIES PAYABLE.

Apply, by letter or in person, at the UNITED STATES ARMY AGENCY, 64 Bleecker Street, New York City, opposite the Pay Department.

For the settlement of all just claims of any nature against the Government, apply as above.

VINELAND LANDS.
To all Wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlement, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, producing large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty, and fifty acre tracts, at from $25 to $35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post-Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

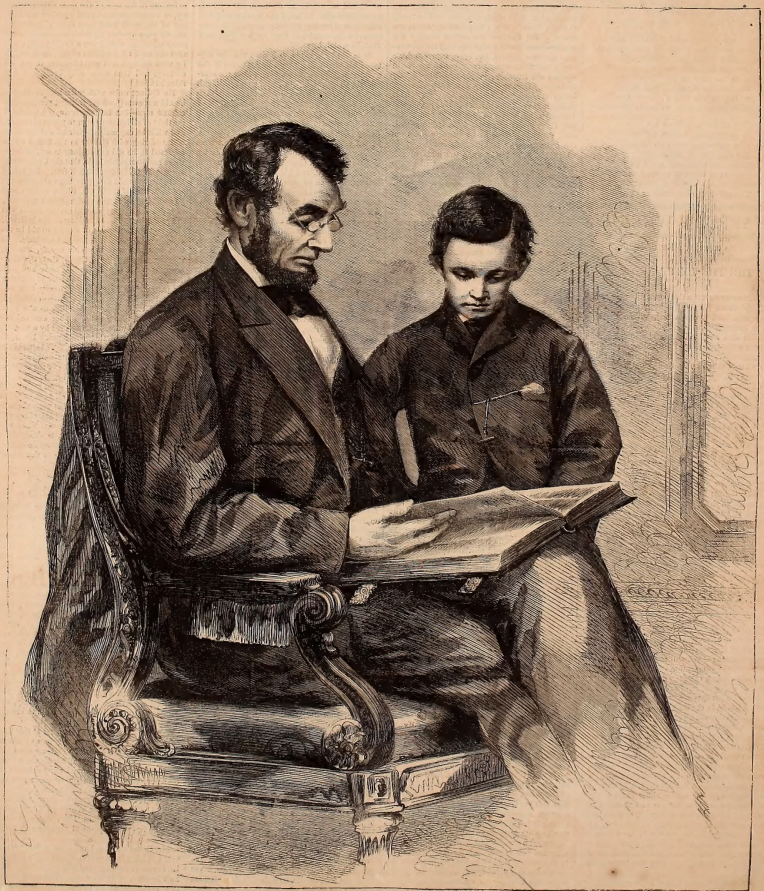
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 436.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HOME.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

FUNERAL ODE.

When raging earthquakes bury towns,
Or fierce volcanoes lash their manes
Of boundless, fiery ruin round
The groaning hills and shrieking plains,
The world may fitting emblems find
To speak the horror of its heart,
In cities crazed, in banners furled,
And all the solemn show of art.

But when a Human Hand is turned
Into a ruthless demon-power,
And smites a nation in its Chief,
Eyes at his triumph's careening hour,
What emblems shall Man fitting find,
What types sad, grand enough to show
The horror shaking continents,
And their infinity of woe?

Alas! alas! we wildly feel
There should be still some outward sign,
And so we furl the shining flag
And darkly cloud the glowing shrine.
How vain! At last the Nation lifts
Its naked hands to Heaven, and owns
The impotence of every type
Before the awful Throne of Thrones:

Then silent stands and thinks of him
The swerveless God, the calmly Great:
In wonder would the reason pierce
Of their Beloved's mystic fate.
Was he too dear an Idol here?
Too *merciful* for this dread time?
Did Heaven now will a sterner hand,
With *justice* mailed, to guard the chime?

O God of Nations, if we sin
In questioning, forgive, for we
Are by our woe driven on to seek
The meaning of Eternity!
Forgive, and bless, and make us feel
That Thou wilt still love, watch, save all,
Though even the best of rulers die,
Though earth should sink and planets fall!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE REBEL CHIEFS.

In his sermon upon the Sunday morning after his return from Charleston the Rev. Mr. Beecher said it was a fact, which rested upon authenticated, that before the war began by the shot at Sumter the chief conspirators took a military officer of the United States, now living, into their secret council, and said that they knew that the South had never been oppressed; that it had always governed the country; and that the denunciation of the agitation of the Slavery question, and of the injustice of Northern tariffs, etc., was merely the method by which they dragged the people of the South into their plans. For the two sections, they said, can no longer live together, and we mean that they shall be separated.

These are the men whom President Johnson describes as leaders. These are they whose tender mercies he and the faithful Union men of the Border and of the South have experienced. These are the chiefs whom he has in mind when he says that treason is a crime which is justly punishable by the laws. These are the leaders, of whom John C. Breckinridge is one, who doubtless dictated the terms of Sherman's extraordinary convention with Johnston. They are men whom Andrew Johnson has known all his life—their spirit, their purpose, their cruel despotism, their guilty ambition—and he says steadily, upon every occasion, holding them full in his eye, that he does not think the enormity of the crime should permit the penalty.

From this opinion, which he reiterates, we gather at least one conclusion. The men hitherto known as political leaders at the South, the chiefs of the rebellion that has wet the land with innocent blood, will not be allowed to tamper with the government of the country. The men who, upon the plea of the supreme sovereignty of States, have arrayed the people of the South against those of the North, now that they are defeated in the field, will not be suffered to continue their work in the Legislature. President Johnson is clearly of opinion that the American people are not disposed to surrender to arts what they have refused to arms. He does not believe that the rebel leaders are less rebellious because they are balked. He knows that the cause to which they are devoted is a perpetual rebellion against the Union and Government, and the spirit which inspires them a necessary treason to man and God. Every speech he has made is a warning to those leaders, and an encouragement to the men they have betrayed. For those who have been deceived are the men of the class from which the President himself sprang, and his hostility to the betrayers is based upon long and bitter knowledge.

President Johnson can do this country no better service than by persuading all of the ordinal truth that the regeneration of the South is not to come from men like David Hunter, Wigfall, Benjamin, Slidell, Mason, and their fellow-conspirators and "eminent contrabrates," but will proceed from the mass of the Southern people white and black. The slaveholding class is not large. The actual pecuniary and political interest of the mass of the population in slavery has been very slight. They have been influenced by it as a prejudice, not a palpable advantage. The great proprietors of the South, who owned the land and the slaves, and who monopolized political power, have always purposely kept the poorer class of whites ignorant. They were painfully degraded. The faithful reports of the best observers for many years have shown us how and their condition was. And this class will be kept down while slavery endured. So long as their color was itself a symbol of superiority, and being wretched and poor they could yet claim to belong, though but in name, to the ruling class, and despise a servile race, so long they were content to eat clay and submit to a condition against which every man having the name of American ought instinctively to protest.

But when slavery goes, when contact with Northern men in the army and with Southern people what their rights are, they will be ready to claim them. When they find by actual experience that Yankees are neither savages nor brutes—when they perceive that they are not cowards nor base tinkers, but brave men who have overpowered the utmost resources of the South —when the Southern people have been basely and cruelly they have been deceived by the men whom they trusted, and that they have been fighting David's battle, Absalom's, Aaron Toombs's, and Jacob Thompson's, and Clement Clay's, but have not been fighting their own, then the two will be associated friends in the long bondage of blindness and ignorance which slavery imposes upon the mass of any slaveholding community, and *they* will be the men who will be the first to be thoroughly loyal and always faithful to the country, by whom the South will be regenerated.

It is because the speeches of President Johnson we find the indications of this wholesome disbelief in the rebel chiefs and this cordial faith in the multitude that we regard them as peculiarly significant. He is clearly also of opinion that those who are good enough to fight for the Government are good enough to vote for it; and that a black man is more entitled to the fact in an American citizen than a black face. If the measures of the policy now foreshadowed shall be as temperate and wise as its spirit is true the work that Abraham Lincoln wisely began Andrew Johnson will wisely finish.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

The convention of General Sherman with the rebel General Johnston is not the least of the astonishing events of the last four years. The rebellion had failed. Its chief army was disbanded. Its military chief had surrendered. Its civil chief was a fugitive. Its capital had fallen. Its last sea-port was gone. The sudden dispersion of its offensive force had been marvelous, when the Governors of eight of the Carolinas, the soldier who had led his army through the rebel section from the Ohio to the coast, the Lieutenant who had just returned from an interview with his superior at City Point, and who knew as every body in the country knew that the idea of an armistice had been steadily rejected by the chief and the Government, who knew that when President Lincoln went to Hampton Roads to meet the rebel commissioners he went only to instruct Grant not to suspend military operations for a moment, who knew that General Grant himself while corresponding with Lee was still fighting him, and who knew all this and all the terms upon which Johnston's superior had just surrendered to his own superior officer, suddenly puts the military, civil, and shadowy in the political and diplomatic, fails as signally and sadly as before he had gloriously triumphed.

General Sherman not only treats with the rebel General Johnston, but with "high officials"—that is to say, with the conspirators who have formed what was called "the Confederate Government." He has not only done this when ratified, the terms will secure peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Ratified by whom? He has already done so. He has in connection with Johnston: "Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfill these terms," etc. They are to be referred to the principals—that is, by the Government of the United States and the "Confederate Government."

General Sherman could not have surprised his country more if he had surrendered his army to Johnston, and the first emotion of every loyal man was that he with so many explanations of conduct apparently inexplicable. In the absence of such assistance we must seek the solution in what we already know.

General Sherman had lived long in Louisiana when the war began. He has been constantly in the remote field of operations, far from the knowledge of current opinion, and he has shown a peculiar hostility to newspapers and correspondents. But his profound sympathy with the moral sentiment which animated the patriotism of the Northern States. He probably held the Southern view of slavery, although he did not hesitate to say, while opposed to the arming of colored men, that whoever was worthy to carry a musket in defense of the Government was not unworthy to cast a ballot. He has, however, always taken a purely military view of the rebellion. His demand has constantly been merely that the insurgents should lay down their arms; and he said last autumn that the war had but just begun. By this we understood him to mean that the spirit of rebellion was so desperate that it would prevent the possibility of peace so long as any considerable number of rebels remained in arms.

It was a necessary result of such opinions that he should hesitate or cease to disband the military forces was a result to be bought of the rebellion at almost any price. We must assume that his experience in Georgia and the Carolinas had confirmed this view. But it still remains inexplicable why he should suppose that the rebel leaders had favorable terms for his country with the miscellaneous army of Johnston as General Grant had, as he knew, already made with the veterans of Lee; or why he should suppose that he had any such responsibility what he knew the Government had refused to allow his superior to do under circumstances a thousand-fold more unpromising than those in which he stood.

It is hardly possible to believe that he supposed his convention would be approved by the Government. Such a supposition, even for the Leader of President Lincoln; and equally difficult to perceive how any man of ordinary common sense could anticipate that such terms as these in his arrangement. But the painful event vindicates the wisdom of President Lincoln in refusing from the beginning to allow the Generals in the field to decide the questions that were really political. He disapproved all such action in the instances of Generals Fremont, Hunter, and McClellan. In the last official act in the first term was an express instruction to General Grant to confine himself to military operations. General Sherman knew that this was the undeviating policy of the Government. He has yet to explain why he utterly disregarded it.

That he had no personal political advantage in view the country will hesitate to believe. That some vision of being the great final Pacificator for a moment bewildered an impetuous and impetuous mind is not improbable. But that he utterly misunderstands the scope of the war in which he has been so conspicuous and achieved a military success unparalleled, neither the spirit nor the purpose nor the character of the "high officials" who have been now for four years in arms, and for thirty years by the most unscrupulous and appalling debauchery of the national mind and heart, seeking to destroy the Government of his country—this humiliating proposal to the Government is the final and painful proof. That the best of soldiers may be the worst of statesmen is easily credible; but it is lamentable that the truth illustrated by a man of whom we were all so proud as we were of General Sherman.

THE TRUEST MOURNERS.

While the nation mourns, and cities are solemnly tapestried with the signs of sorrow, and the funeral bells toll across the land, and the tolling bells and minute-guns and slow pealing dirges; while orators and societies and communities speak their grief in impassioned eloquence or in sober narrative of a life devoted in every heart-beat to the common welfare—there is one class of mourners who have never or rarely repulsed, yet whose grief for Abraham Lincoln is profounder and more universal than all.

To the unhappy race upon whose equal unalienable rights themselves this nation had so long trampled—upon our dusky brothers for whom God has so long asked of us in vain while he has plainly intimated that we were not our brothers' keepers, the death that bereaves us all falls with an overwhelming and appalling force. The hand of Him who holds the nations in the hollow of his hand, their sympathizer, their friend, their deliverer, their emancipator, their friend, their friend, has struck them as he struck the representation of that liberty for which they had wept and watched, hoping against hope, praying in the very extremity of despair, and learning with patience so sublime that far prosperity beguiled us into the meanness of saying that their long endurance of oppression proved that God had created them to be oppressed.

The warm imagination of this people cherished Abraham Lincoln as more than mortal. Like Ossa and Pelion his kindly figure doubtless seems to them again possible. It is a sorrow beyond any words, beyond any comfort, except the slow conviction of time that the work he did for them was not his work; that he was but the minister of the nation; and that Abraham Lincoln emancipated them because the American people had declared they should be free. Yet none the less, as the terrible tale is whispered all over the region where for four years a black face has been the sure sign of a true friend, the nameless and inconceivable fear will paralyze that people. Of the operations of Government, of the tides and currents of public opinion, of the grateful sympathy of a nation, they can know little, but they know that Abraham Lincoln was the name of the power that was lifting them from darkness into light, from death into life, from a hopeless past into a jubilant future, and the shock of our sorrow can not reveal to us, even in kind, the depth and reality of theirs.

And when the story of his life is told, it will be seen that it was one long act of unswerved service to these last of the little ones. It was clearly from the beginning that the danger to his country lay out of sight—that it lay deep down in the condition of the master and slave in the classes. He saw that the national peril lay in the demoralization of the conscience of the country, wrought by a growing inhumanity and injustice. He once said and that all prosperity was delusive which was founded upon immorality; and in a part of the country where the prejudice against the colored race was fiercest, where political disgrace seemed to await the man who persistently pleaded their cause, he never failed to declare in the face of the most subtle sophistry, of the coarsest and most injurious ribaldry, and of the most passionate denunciation, that slavery was, beneath all other considerations, a political question; that it was a wretched error; and that not until all the lights of truth and morality were extinguished could it cease to vex the country, and then cease only because it had ruined it.

He did not unite with "the abolitionists" he did not even plead for political equality for colored men—but he unswervingly proclaimed the right of all innocent men to personal liberty; and while he expressly disclaimed any intention of interfering with slavery in the States which tolerated it, he did not hesitate to say, with incisive and irresistible logic, that the Union could not endure half free and half slave, and that he hoped that slavery would disappear from the country. He knew that if it did not, liberty would; and the unfolded scroll of the eternal moral mystery, of which the country showed that at last it was aware by electing him President. He believed, also, that the extinction of slavery would be accomplished by legal and peaceful methods. In that he was mistaken. This simple, homely, sagacious man, who declared that the Government could not endure half slave and half free, was called to be the minister of securing its permanence by making it wholly free, and the statesman whom slavery could never deceived, who had exposed its immorality, as the clear calm eye of the old philosopher exposed the serpent in the woman's form, died by a stealthy blow from the desperate, dying hand that death justifies every word of his life. The shot of the assassin completed the absolute extirpation of the barbarous system which the pride of the rebels at Sumter four years before had begun.

We are all grateful to the gold man whom we are burying, but if we had all been Carolina slaves what speechless woe, what eternal gratitude, would ours be! As time passes they will learn that their cause is also ours. They will see that slavery not liberty, is dead. For the work in which he was but the minister of the people, the people will fulfill to the utmost with a sacred devotion.

RICHARD COBDEN.

The English Liberals bewail in the death of Richard Cobden one of the great Englishmen; even the London *Times* confesses that his eminent moral and intellectual qualities put the Emperor Louis Napoleon orders his bust to be placed in the gallery at Versailles. Yet he held no office; he had retired to be made a baronet; but he was known to the world for the sincerity of his life and character, and for the devotion of noble powers to the welfare of his country.

Richard Cobden was born to be a self-made man, which means simply that he used his opportunities, and had the happy gift of knowing what to do and how to use them. So he was like Mr. Lincoln. There are plenty of poor boys, sons of small farmers in England, like Richard Cobden, or of poor Western settlers in America, like Abraham Lincoln, who are thrown upon the world, and after a desperate struggle succeed in living respectable lives. But it is a peculiar and characteristic energy, and purity of purpose which enables them to become what Lincoln and Cobden were.

It is the great fortune of England at this time that she never had an abler group of liberal leaders. They are a distinct body from the Whig chiefs. In the days of Sir Francis Burdett the folly of the radical party defeated its best purposes. But the liberal leaders of today, such men as Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, John Bright, with their numerous allies, belittle both the Whig and Tory giants. They represent what is noblest, best, and most humane in English political thought and progress.

Mr. Cobden's signal and most illustrious service was his advocacy of free trade. In 1839 he led the movement for establishing the Anti-Corn Law League, and after a tremendous and incessant agitation, which was sometimes unscrupulous, as the anti-slavery agitation had exasperated the commercial interest in England

SIR ROBERT PEEL, the Prime Minister, yielded to the inevitable logic of the reformers, and brought in the bill repealing the duties upon imported corn, which was approved on the 26th of June, 1846. It was one of the greatest political triumphs in history. It reversed the traditional and cherished policy of a nation, and the result was achieved by solid argument. The grateful nation enriched Mr. COBDEN as a recognition of his patriotic service. But his political independence was never disturbed. He never courted a majority. His constituents approved his war with Russia. He opposed it. England made war upon China. MR. COBDEN, with the majority in Parliament, voted to censure Lord PALMERSTON, and his constituents refused to re-elect him.

Like all the English liberals, MR. COBDEN has been one of our firmest and truest friends during the rebellion. He had been twice in this country and understood our politics. Still better, he understood the eternal law that prevents injustice in an enlightened people from being permanently profitable; and although not of a sanguine temperament, and knowing the confidence of the country and the spirit of the rebellion, he was conscious of the terrible task before us, yet he sincerely believed it would be accomplished.

Counsel did not live to hear of the fall of Richmond, nor of the surrender of LEE, nor of the final sealing of the coast by the occupation of Mobile. But he did live to see the resurrection of a system which, as a political economist, he knew to be disastrous to any nation, tottering and falling, and the great principles of equal justice before the laws, which, as a statesman, he knew to be the only sure foundation of states, ascending to its complete victory. Happily for him he died before he heard that the wise and patient and practical statesman, who was the characteristic product of institutions which Cobden struggled with all his heart, had suddenly rested from his labors amidst the tears of a nation. The two men lived for the same great purpose. The true interests of the people of England and of America have lost two of their noblest friends in ABRAHAM LINCOLN and RICHARD COBDEN.

THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL IN NEW YORK.

ALL the beautiful day on Tuesday, when the dearly beloved President was borne through the great city, it was impossible not to feel that, however profound and tender all the emotions might be, no oration could be so eloquent as the spectacle of the vast population, hushed and bareheaded, under the bright spring sky gazing upon his coffin. It was one of the most imposing and touching pageants ever seen. From windows and house-tops and balconies, from trees and public and door-steps, the multitude looked silently on, themselves a striking part of the scene they admired. The broad street was clear, and on both the walks the crowd was solid. The pressure at times was frightful, but the throng was mainly good-humored; and when the head of the cortège approached the reverent silence was profoundly impressive. Nothing was heard as it passed but the regular footfall of the troops, the dull roll of the muffled drums, and the occasional tolling of a bell far away. The sober aspect of the people all the day, the wailing peals of minor music from the hundred bands, the bands draped with mourning, the innumerable flags bound with black and hanging at half-mast, the profuse and accumulated signs of a great sorrow, have made the day forever memorable to all who looked on.

As the solemn and stately car went by, holding proudly up, under the canopy and among the flowers, the silver-fringed coffin of the martyr, his own words over the dead at Gettysburg were the most fitting: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." For his great work here was the noble use of qualities without which no public man can be sincerely lamented nor any state safe. ABRAHAM LINCOLN triumphed by his honesty, by his fidelity, by his magnanimity, by his patriotism, by his modernism. His greatness was his eminence in the characteristics which our public men have most wanted. He was called slow and doubtful, a man unequal to be pushed and pulled while his steadfastness was sublime. He moved toward his purpose as surely as the year unfolds from spring to summer. There were cold days, and clouds, and showers, and sometimes frosts, but the blossom is steadily opening into the flower, and the flower ripening into the fruit, and ever the air is softer and kinder. It was so with him, and so the popular trust in him grew. No man imagined what a hold he had upon the national heart until the election. The revolution was startling. It was an involuntary tribute to character without parallel. And how much closer even than then the bond that bound him to the people this truly grieving country shows.

The oration in Union Square by MR. BANCROFT was noble. Its lofty tone, its masterly comprehensiveness, its sincere eloquence, and the nervous purity of its style, distinguish it among all the fine addresses which the melancholy event has inspired. It seems to us that MR. BANCROFT has never surpassed this brief, heroic, and dignified discourse. Now that could have chosen no fitter orator to bid the great, good President hail and farewell.

Across the land then, home to the prairies, which will greet his coming with all their flowery splendor, passes our chief and best. Along the way he came four years ago, to do a work harder than WASHINGTON'S—to return, and the work is done. As he left his home he asked his neighbors, who knew and loved him, to pray for him in his arduous and unknown task. Home he comes again, and with prayers and tears and stricken hearts they receive him, whom we all know and love now. Home he comes again, dead, but dead forever. And from the height, the clouds of our present sorrow behold the serene triumph of his life, stronger by his strength, purer by his wisdom, more faithful by his fidelity, more magnanimous by his marvelous magnanimity, turn again to serve his honored memory by continuing his work in his own spirit.

NAPOLEON'S JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE first volume of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S "History of Julius Cæsar" is published in London some library form and also in a convenient popular edition by the HARPERS. This volume ends with CÆSAR'S election as Consul and the exile of CICERO.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is too conspicuous a man to be an unknown author. Even if his work were very poor it would be universally read. But written as it is with ample preparation, and to maintain a proposition which his life is endeavoring to secure, it has a valuable interest. When in the nineteenth century of Christianity an emperor elaborately defines and defends the imperialism of the last age of Paganism as a final and necessary law of human society, every thoughtful man will wish to know what he has to say. Besides, a man who passes from the ridiculous plebiscite of Rome and Strasbourg to the terrible realities of the *coup d'état* and leaps from lodgings in Leicester Square to the Tuileries, arrives at Julius CÆSAR as proof of some kind, and if he professes also to have principles, it is certainly worth while to know what they are.

The work is very carefully written. It opens with a rapid survey of Roman history before the birth of CÆSAR, that the stage may be properly set for the entrance of the leading figure. The reflections are sometimes excellent, sometimes utterly commonplace and amusing. The danger to any state of the Napoleonic principle which would hold the Past unchanged is very well and pointedly set forth. Indeed the author's implication, if not his argument, is, that CICERO, CATO, and POMPEY were right in their creeds, by refusing to bend, forced CÆSAR to break. If the conservatives had yielded to the necessity of reform by which CÆSAR lived, he would not have been compelled to overthrow it. This, also, is NIEBUHR'S view. But it is the old dispute.

OF course LOUIS NAPOLEON rejects the theory of personal motives in CÆSAR. He was simply the purest patriot, the noblest Roman of them all. Yet the author's impartiality is not always happily surpasses that of MERIVALE—a most conscientious and painstaking historian, who uses less color in his portraits than any recent writer of history. The Frenchman's view, however, contrasts strangely with that of the thorough Englishman, DR. ARNOLD, in which LEGIUS CASSIUS was only a robber and murderer upon a great scale. MERIVALE calls CÆSAR "the greatest name in history." ARNOLD says: "Never did any man succeed so long in imposing a great story with so little provocation." NIEBUHR says: "Had he lived in a republican age he would never have thought of setting himself above the law; but he belonged to a period when he had no choice between being either the savior or the hammer." LOUIS NAPOLEON says: "The historical evidence does not permit us to CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, and NAPOLEON, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labor of many centuries."

But when Providence raises up men like OLIVER CROMWELL what does it "trace out"? When MARTIN LUTHER comes what are "peoples" to do? If they are to follow the man who is strong enough to break through, what are they to do with one who should be able to upset a BONAPARTE? These are questions which are not answered in this handsome volume.

IN STATE.

BENEATH the vast and vaulted dome
That copes the Capitol, he lies;
In a dreary, starless night;
The stars in their eternal home
Seem like the sad ethereal eyes
Of seraphs, filled with tender light.

The Capitol is wrapped in mist;
Strangely the shadows come and go;
The dome seems floating into air,
Upborne by unseen hands, I wist—
In solemn state he lies below,
His pure hands folded as in prayer.

He lies in solemn state, alone—
Alone with only silence there—
Alone with lofty hopes that rise
Almost the very coping stone;
Yet not alone, for all the air
Is filled with tender thoughts of him.

And all night long the marble floors
Have echoed to the gentle tread
Of blessed and immortal feet;
And through the open corridors
The mighty and illustrious dead
Have thronged all night his face to greet.

And they have bent, full-browed with pain,
And gazed through their celestial tears
Upon the face so dear to them—
Upon the man whose heart was fain
Above all hearts these latter years
To be like his of Bethlehem.

And so our heads are bowed with grief
Because we loved him, and because
That yesterday, this great man stood
Of many states the perfect chief,
Dispensing justice and the laws,
And mindful of the public good.

Alas! it is a dreary night;
For he we loved so much now lies
Beneath the vast and vaulted dome;
And in his eyes there is no light—
No light in those eyes we love
Which kindliness had made her home.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

THE public ought to know that the *Catafalque* upon which the President's body lay in state at the City Hall was erected by MR. J. W. A. STRICKLAND, at the expense of MR. A. T. STEWART.

The *Funeral Car* was built by MR. CHARLES METTAM; MR. P. RELYEA was undertaker-in-chief.

We are ourselves indebted to Aldermen OTIWELL and RYERS for courtesies to our artist upon this melancholy occasion.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

OUR NEW FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, shown, has given a most explicit declaration of his policy in his speech to the Indiana delegation. It is the policy of the Union, and the policy which President LINCOLN revered. *Responsible* treason is the highest treason. The utmost leniency is to be exercised toward the masses of the Southern people. The character of Mayor FERNANDO WOOD will at the same time it is to be impossible for any State to hold slaves. MR. JOHNSON declares himself opposed to confiscation, or to any undue centralization of power. President JOHNSON'S theory as to what constitutes a State is precisely that of his predecessor. There has been no dissolution, but simply a usurpation of power—like a temporary paralysis. In the restoration of legitimate authority it must, of course, be the function of Congress, and no enemy, that shall control. The State is to be nursed in its weakness by Loyal States, and watched by traitors.

There is no longer an organized rebellion in the United States. The capture of JEFF. DAVIS and the Cabinet, reported to have given up the cause. The rebel President is said to have fled to Texas.

On the 15th of February an agreement for a suspension of hostilities and a general truce of which a basis of peace was entered into between General Sherman and Johnston. The terms of the negotiation was Chapel Hill, a few miles from Raleigh. According to the memorandum agreed upon the rebel armies are to be collected, are to be disbanded, and being conducted to their several States, and there to deposit their arms in the State arsenal, and to file an agreement to cease from acts of war, and abide the decision of the Federal Executive authorities. The Executive of the United States should recognize the Executive and State Governments of their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed in the Constitution, and where conflicting claims arise of all States were to be guaranteed their political rights and franchises, as well as their main feature of their domestic documents.

It has been General's proceeding in the matter was not approved by the Government, because it was an exercise of political power which General Sherman was a practical acknowledgment of the rebel Government, and superseded the Federal Government.

General Sherman was ordered to resume hostilities immediately, and to inform General Lee that negotiations given by the late President to the Federal Authority, which was not pruned by MR. LINCOLN, have been set at the Cabinet. That night the 81 of March, were agreed to by General Sherman and Johnston, and were returned to General Grant for approval by the commanders.

On the night of the 24 of March, President Lincoln and his Cabinet were in consultation, what answer General Grant was to give to General Lee's letter informing him that General Lee had "solicited an interview in order to make an arrangement for terms of peace.

The letter of General Lee was published in a letter of DAVIS to the rebel Congress.

General Grant's telegram was submitted to MR. LINCOLN, who, after considering the matter, took up his pen and wrote with his own hand the following telegram which he submitted to the Secretary of State and Secretary of War. It was then dated, addressed, and signed by the Secretary of War, and telegraphed to General Grant:

"WASHINGTON, March 3, 1865—11 P.M.

"*Lieutenant General Grant:*

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the mere action of General Lee's army, or on some other purely military matter. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conference or convention. Meantime you are to press to the utmost your military advantages.

"EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War."

General Grant arrived at Raleigh on the 24th of April.

THE CAPTURE OF MACON.

A dispatch from General Sherman states that "Wilson held Macon on the 20th, with Hewell Cobb, G. W. Smith, and others, as prisoners, but they claimed the benefit of the armistice, and he has telegraphed to me through the rebel lines for orders. I have answered him that he may draw out of Macon and hold his command for further orders, unless he has reason to believe the rebels are changing the *status* to our prejudice."

THE CAPTURE OF MOBILE.

The campaign which was laid out a few weeks ago for the complete suppression of the rebellion in the Western States and the Gulf of Mexico has been successfully accomplished. After Hood's defeat before Nashville General Thomas detached to the War Department that he would not, on account of the state of the roads and for other reasons, be able to start immediately upon another campaign. But he offered to co-operate with General Canby by sending to the latter not over half of his infantry force and almost all his cavalry—the former under the command of General A. J. Smith, the latter under General Wilson. Canby's topkick Eastport, Mississippi, and arrived at New Orleans on the 23d of February. Having arrived within sixty miles of New Orleans until March 13, the command was reorganized and Wilson's movements awaited. General Canby's army was then at Mobile Point, near Fort Morgan, and General Sheridan at Pensacola. All these bodies were in readiness to move by March 20.

General Canby sent more important information concerning Spanish Fort from MR. Madder, who built the fort, and who came into our lines about the 1st of March. Smith and Granger joined on the 21st at Barker's Mill, on Fish River—the former moving by water, the latter by land. Steele was coming up from Pensacola, and Wilson, with his cavalry, was marching from Eastport. On the 26th Granger appeared before Spanish Fort, and Smith moved up to within three miles of Fort Blakely. The next day's good portion of the latter's command was withdrawn to operate against Spanish Fort. Meanwhile Steele's division was left to threaten Blakely until Steele should arrive.

On the 27th of March Canby issued to his army the list of the nations provided. In this exigency General Beebe was sent with his brigade to the mouth of the Perdido to fleet on Red River—succeeded in forming wharves and landing supplies from the bay. The Pensacola correspondent says that if General Bailey had kept a diary a glance at its pages would show "that during one week he had to load four fights, a hundred wrangles, elapsed the faces of three drunkard's, and nearly killed that devil with four coats three hundred members of the Ninety-seventh colored."

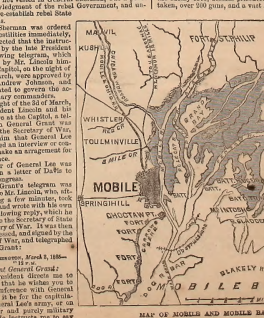
Blakely command arrived on the 2d of April, having cut the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, near Pollard, capturing a train of cars loaded to Mobile, and Spidon and killing the rebel General Clanton, inflicting a loss of 500 men besides capturing the Steele rebel flag. Gen. Garrard's division against Fort Blakely, which was now fully invested with the exception of a gap in the rear through which runs the Bayou Minnette. Up to this time our loss had been about 700.

On the 8th eight heavy Parrott guns were brought to bear on the rebel gunboats, and under cover of a cannonade from one hundred pieces of artillery an assault was made on Spanish Fort. Gibbon's brigade, Hawley's, consisting of the Eighth Iowa, the Eighty-first, One Hundred and Eighth, One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Illinois, bore the brunt of the assault, and succeeded just after dark in getting inside of a portion of the enemy's works on the left. Here a fight ensued, and 300 of the enemy were captured. The assault was not made all along the line as it should have been, and then it happened that Spanish Fort was not one of the points of the line which he had gained. That night the enemy evacuated Spanish Fort, and escaped in a steam across the bay to Mobile.

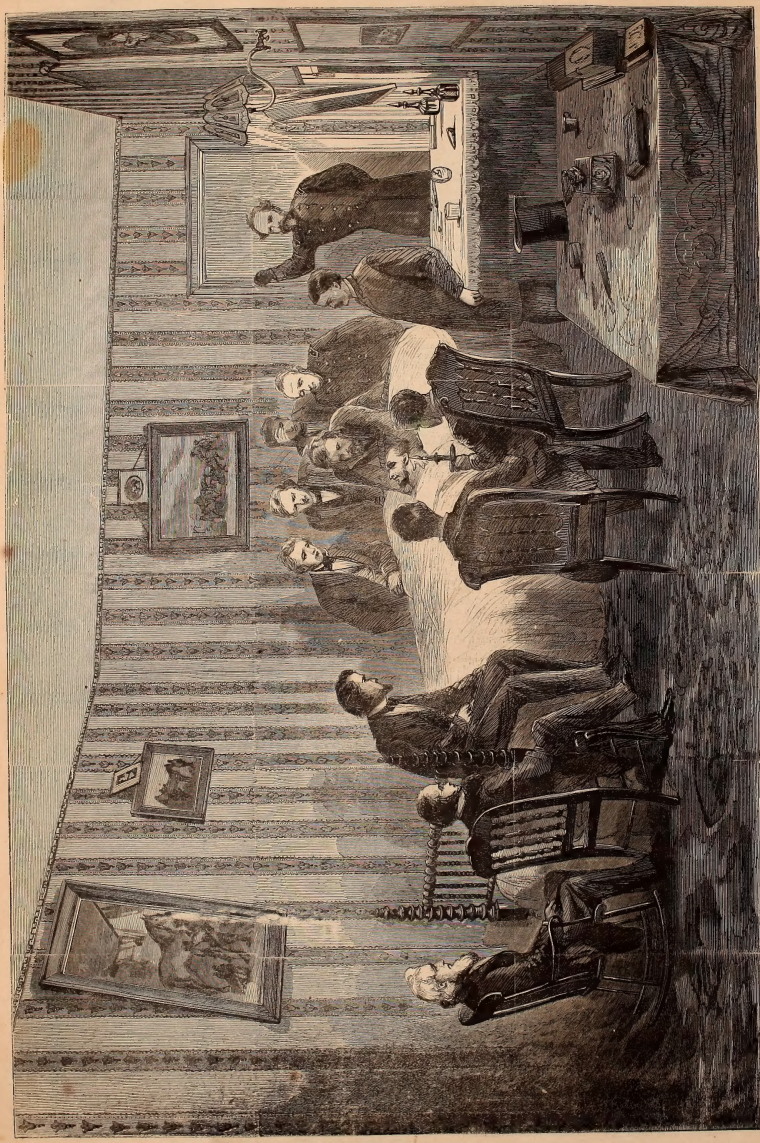
But Fort Blakely still remained. Blakely is a small town above the mouth of Blakely River, about four and one half miles north of Spanish Fort, and twelve miles from Mobile. The river at this point is narrow, and each south, and were under the command of the rebel General Liddell, but the main force was under General Maury by assault. It was a most gallant affair. Garrard's division, the Nineteenth corps, was in the lead, pressed and driven after terrible entanglements—entanglements fatal to how to 1,200 prisoners were taken in the fort, and captured over 100 men with their commander, the rebel General Thom. The fort was a very large work; Winslow's division got over torpedoes and through a storm of bullets, and by seven o'clock the fort was ours. Among the prisoners including Generals Liddell, Thomas, Cockerill—32 pieces of artillery, 4000 stand of small-arms, 16 battle-flags, and a vast amount of ammunition. Our loss here was about 1000.

Spanish Fort was then evacuated, and the transports escaped up the Alabama River. On the night of the 10th the rebels began to evacuate Mobile, which was occupied by our forces on the 12th. The guns captured amounted to 192—192 guns were taken in the fort. The total number of prisoners exceed 6000. Colonel INGRAHAM, of the Twenty-fifth Iowa, was killed.

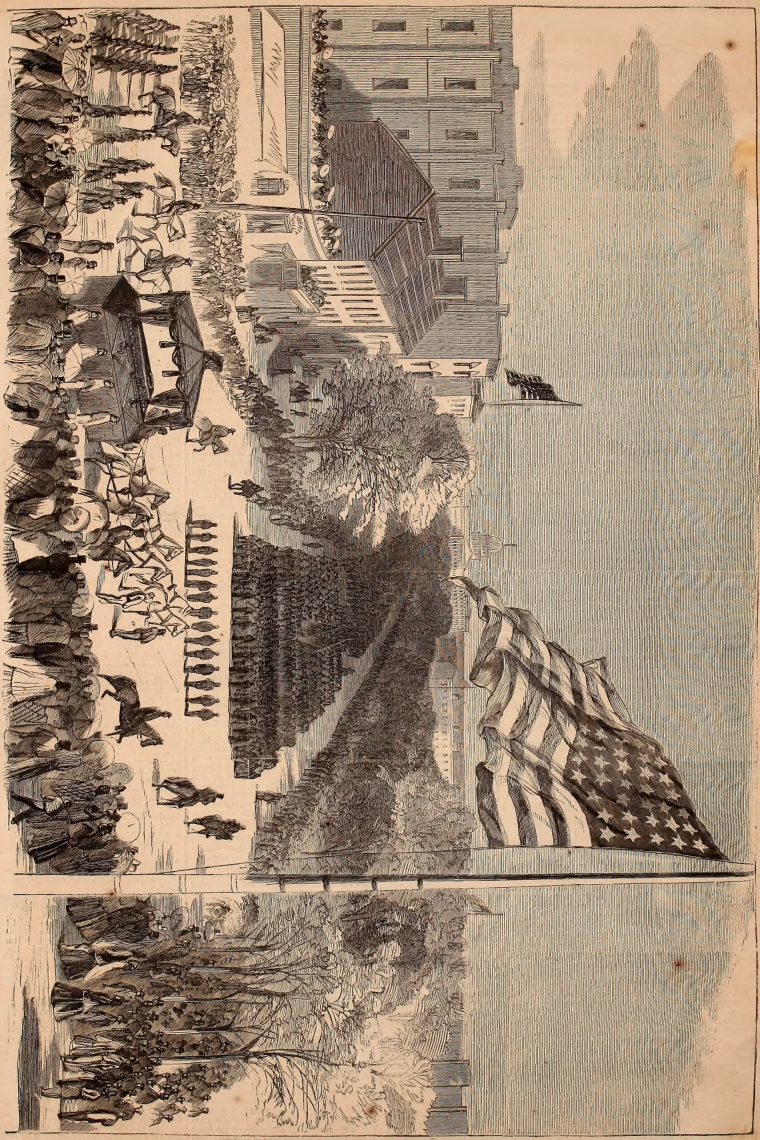
Another action in the campaign is about over; that of the enemy has been taken prisoners. Seventeen forts were taken, over 200 guns, and a vast amount of cotton.



MAP OF MOBILE AND MOBILE BAY.



SCENE AT THE DEATH-BED OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL PROCESSION IN WASHINGTON CITY.—[See Page 278.]

GATHERING HEART'S-EASE.

I WENT to gather heart's-ease
When the bright sun sank to rest,
Dewing all his sheaves of sunlight
To his garner in the west.
When the blossoms and the leaves,
Losing all their golden glow,
In the slowly gathering twilight,
Faintly flutter'd to and fro.

All the ground was starred with May-blooms,
Every where they met my eye;
But I went to gather heart's-ease,
So I pass'd all others by.
Oh! my heart was ne'er so joyous
As it was in those glad hours
When I gather'd light and careless
Near the wood-side gath'ring flowers.

Then I gave them all to you, dear,
And I looked up in your face,
And I wonder'd I could fancy
Aught more fair had any grace.
Then it was I gather'd heart's-ease,
Then it was, dear heart, I found
That the gloom of the May-blooms
Did not lie upon the ground.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

NEVER was King or Emperor honored with such obsequies as those with which our Republic has laid to rest its greatest hero. It was not the pomp of the procession, not the splendor of the funereal rites, that gave character to the touching ceremony, but the infinite tenderness and love of a great people. It was the sorrow in every heart that moved each outward expression of affection. It was the universal grief as keenly draped our streets. Not only the mansions of the rich, but the squalid hovels of the poor put on the habit of mourning. The reward which the Republic gives to its faithful servants is not alone that the people have raised them to the seat of honor, but that when they fall in their country's cause their principal monument is the people's love.

The funeral ceremony proper took place at Washington on the 19th of April, at the White House. The remains of the President lay in the Green Room, in a metallic coffin. On each side of the coffin were four silver handles, with stars between, a vein of gold pervading it around the whole case in a serpentine form. This rested upon a canopied catafalque, and was decorated with wreaths of moss and evergreen, with white flowers and lilies intermingled. Around the catafalque, at noon, were gathered the family of the President, the officiating clergy, the delegation from New York City, the heads of Bureaus, representatives of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, the Governors of several States, the Assistant Secretaries, a large number of Congressmen, officers of the Supreme Court, and the Diplomatic Corps.

Reverend Dr. Gurley opened the services by reading from the Episcopal service of the Dead. This was followed by an eloquent and affecting prayer by Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This portion of the service was most touching. At the close of his fervent appeal to the throne of Grace the Bishop repeated the Lord's Prayer, in which the whole audience joined as with one voice. The effect was sublime beyond any power of words to express, and the whole audience was melted to tears under its effect. Reverend Dr. Gurney, the pastor of the church which the President and his family were in the habit of attending, preached the funeral discourse. The service was closed with prayer by Reverend Dr. Hall, chaplain of the Senate.

The procession started from the White House at P.M., and headed up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol amidst the tolling of bells and the firing of minute-guns. The funeral car was carried up the steps of the Capitol, beneath the vast dome, where, six weeks before, the President had delivered his second Inaugural, and into the Rotunda, where the bier was removed from the car to the catafalque, where a second service was read. Here the procession dispersed, leaving the remains of the President in the Rotunda, where they were open to view the next day.

A little before seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st the remains were escorted to the depôt of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Lieutenant-General Grant's funeral escort immediately after the hearse. At ten o'clock the train arrived at Baltimore, and the coffin was laid in the Exchange for three or four hours, while the guards started for Harrisburg, where it arrived in the evening. The next morning (the 22d) the *cortège* proceeded to Philadelphia, where the body was laid in Independence Hall and exposed to the view of thousands.

On the 24th New York city received the remains of the President. The scene upon the route from the ferry-landing at the foot of Dashroose Street, and at the City Hall, where the body was laid in state, was inexpressibly solemn and impressive. Early in the morning crowds of people gathered in the City Hall Park, and waited there for hours in order to obtain a view of the features of their departed hero. But the scene was only exceeded in solemnity by the procession of the following day, the largest that ever thronged the streets of the great capital. It started at one o'clock P.M., proceeding up Broadway to Fourteenth Street, through Fourteenth Street to Fifth Avenue, and thence through Thirty-fourth Street to the Harlem River Railroad Depôt on the way to Springfield, Illinois, where the President is to be buried.

Among the many tributes to President LINCOLN one of the best was that paid by HENRY WARD BEECHER in a discourse delivered on the 23d. The following extract we quote as appropriate to the funeral cere ony:

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, r ighter than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the hours with solemn expression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. IS WASHINGTON dead? Is HAMDEN dead? Is DAVID dead? Is any man that was ever fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life has now grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful, so no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome! Your sorrows, all the sharp pains; your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ears. Wail and weep here; God makes it echo joy and triumph there. It was on! Four years ago, oh illicrus, we took from thy midst an untried man, and from among the people; we gave him him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nations'; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, oh ye prairies! In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Let the mighty that move over the mighty places of the West chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whom blood, as so many of the noblest worth, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"

DARK WHITE.

"I NOVE her up, beautiful as she looks; and oh! she a real lady, Mr. Dark—pity she her father's child." So whispered old Dark White to her neighbor, as, setting down her basket of clothes, piled high like the much new-ladies now in vogue, she drew forth, she stood, arms a-kimbo, on the stoop of the many-storied tenement-house where she dwelt, and gazed after a coloring object away through the vapory mist of a soft spring sunset.

The blue black hair had fallen back, showing a face of fifty-five or sixty, tanned by sun and wind, and with some gray hairs in the locks about the forehead, but comely and pleasant. It was the countenance of a woman she might have been ere toil and time had laid their hands upon her. And as long as the curtain of her eyes was up, and between the motherly, her arms a-kimbo, her black eyes glittering, drinking in the picture with an ecstasy not to be accounted for by the mere fact that the original was lovely as was the lady who reclined upon the scarlet cushions. When it was quite gone she picked up the basket, and muttered to herself that she dwelt with a step which as yet had nothing in it age or decrepitude. "Oh, I'm chaw crazy about Miss Hamilton," she said to herself as she ascended the stairs, "and I'm tired, too, but I must all wear me life out for any lady's white dresses. She'll have a stroke soon day sitting in the sun kapin' the very color off them, and I'll have a stroke, too, by the crayther! An' she ridin' past without a look or a nod. Done her up! Much she cares for that, Dark White!"

But whether the lady cared or no, poor Dark, up in her garret-room, was busy for her self as for Miss Hamilton, and that to the end. That grew strong when other people's clothes were in the tub or on the board; but when the mistress's own—as was the case the post writes his tenderest sonnet for his lady's ear—as the musician's song is sweetest when his lady-love is present, and affection "will not do up" Miss Hamilton's white robes and dainty frills and sleeves to a more perfect pitch of misery than when the object of her affections was not in her way of showing adoration. Now, with her charcoal at a ruddy glow, she set to work ironing, polishing the lace with a bit of bone, and folding and crimping and fluting with artistic care.

"There ain't a lady in the land, young or nicer," she muttered, indulging in her inveterate habit of talking to herself. "And there ain't a lady more a lady." I seen many a princess and many a queen, but ladies whisper. Oh, she's as pretty as a picture, jest as pretty!"

If Dark White loved beauty it seemed a pity she should not have more of it about her. Her garret home was high and bleak. The paint, such as it had been, was worn away from the window-sash casings. Without that window glimpses of chimney-pots, and an occasional cat or two, and the sky-light on second floor, and the stairs, which were rather three and a half, for the ceiling sloped low on one side, leading to narrow feet between its termination and the floor; two strips of rag-carpet, a black bureau, on which reposed an old Bible, on the boards of which was recorded the birth of Dark White—Dorcas being the original name of the washer-woman, though custom had converted it into "Dark"—and four chairs. Add to these a few two candlesticks, and something in a frame which casual observers always took at first sight to be a bronze jug, but which connoisseurs set down as a paper profile of the late Mr. White, cordwainer, and you have the entire contents of Dark's apartment which, in addition to being attained by the most break-neck flights of stairs ever manufactured, was unsavingly high in the matter of rent. Yet Dark had lived there ten long years, for two reasons: firstly, there was in the back-yard what the laundress called "a good drying-ground," and secondly, there a few blocks distant from the aristocratic region where the Hamiltons' mansion reared its marble walls. To hear that, to see the lamps lighted, the roll past in her carriage, to go softly out after night and hear the sound of music from the glowing rose-light from the windows, and now and then when it was warm to distinguish through those open casements the voice of Charlotte Hamilton, were pleasures the old woman would have relinquished much for. If ever humble heart shrined an idol the heart of old Dark White so enshrined the beautiful child. It had been so since the latter was a child. Twice a week for eighteen long years Dark had opened the servants' door of the great house with a familiar hand, and with her basket of linen poised on one hip toiled slowly up the velvet-covered stairs and tapped at a door. Then waiting and listening she would hear the cry, "Come in, Dark!" and a glow would pass over her face as though lamplight had fallen on it for an instant.

At first the voice that cried, "Come in, Dark!" was the voice of a young child just able to talk. Then it was a girl's voice. Now it was a woman's, musical and mellow. Always it was just as sweet to poor Dark's ear. To-night as the clock struck ten the white drift was polished and the basket brimful. And Dark looked out of her window.

"Not to-night," she said, "and I'll take 'em over now. I'd like to see her afore I sleep. It makes me feel good."

And tying on her hood she took up her burden and departed. Down the clean but shabby street, along a better one, and then suddenly into the magnificent avenue where the stone-walls and the porch columns were half draped by clinging festoons of green and blooming purple blossom. The Hamiltons' house was the handsomest of all. And as Dark crept in at the servants' door she wondered, as she had every day, at its splendor. She was a little afraid to set her foot on the rich coverings of hall and stairs, they were so different from the bare planks of the house she lived in. But she was used to. But they must be trodden to reach Miss Hamilton's room, so she went on and on, and tapped upon the panels of the boudoir with her soaked and sopsy knuckles. There was no answer. Dark listened and sighed. "She out here," she said. "She's just gone somewhere's, well, I'll leave the things and go, only 'twould ha' been good to see her." And opening the door she entered. As she did so a young lady turned with a start from the mantle against which she leaned with a letter clutched in her hand and scrutinized it very like tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Dark, I didn't hear you!" she said, hurriedly; "you've brought the things home?"

"Yes, Miss," said old Dark, "and I've done 'em up lovely, though I say it that shouldn't. See how straight and purty the frills and sleeves lie. I have such luck with your things always —more'n with most folks."

"You love to work with them, Dark—that's the reason," said the young lady. And then she looked ardently into the distance, and tears came into her heart eyes. Dark, thinking of something beside the linen in that basket. The old woman watched her intently; her fingers twitch themselves together; her eyes grew anxious. At last she spoke. "Miss Lotty—"

The young lady looked up and said, "Dark!—I, Dark."

"Oh, Miss Lotty, I'm a makin' bold; but you haven't any one to help you done yon yo for the hold of your life; and, poor washer-woman as I am, I'm fond o' you. And when you was a child me and you were friends. I have told me your troubles, I've mended dolls for you, and I've washed their things, and I've seen the time when you've put your arm round my neck and said, 'Dear Dark!'—I, have; and I can't help, Miss Lotty, when there's tears in your eyes, and you're so pale, askin' you to tell old Dark what's up, and begin to cry, and let to do something if I can."

A flush passed over the girl's face, and then tears burst forth unchecked, and she sobbed outright for a moment.

"I am in trouble grief, Dark," she said. "At least I fancy I am; but it's all nonsense, I dare say. No real trouble—nothing you could understand. But I wouldn't care to pass awake to-night. I think Dr. Jalap would call me hysterical; but thank you—you're a good soul, Dark." These words were said before she had choked down her sobs and dried her eyes, and now she stood tall and straight before old Dark and tried to smile. "It was a visit of Mr. Charles Fowler, Dark. You don't know him? I can do?" she said.

"No, Dark. As I told you, it is nothing you could understand."

Old Dark turned to go. She gave one step toward the door, and then turned back, quickly. A little snow-white hand with rose-tinted finger-tips, and pressed it to her lips. "Good-night, Miss Lotty," she said, "and stand between you and grief. Good-night!" Then with her empty basket she went home, and there, by the dim candlelight, stood before the old paper profile, which looked to strangers like a bronze jug, the profile of the late Silas White, shoemaker, and prayed with it intently. "Ah! that's all," said the old woman, might understand more than some thinks she can. It's a little love affair, the same thing as mine, I'll bear, how the time goes! I was young once, though I wasn't as lady-like!" And then she put her hands on her face and cried.

But Charlotte Hamilton never slept at all. Up and down the splendid boudoir she paced all night long with the letter in her hand. A hasty note unbound; her bosom heaving beneath the folds of lace and muslin which veiled it. Over and over again she read the words, scanned and clenched her jeweled fingers until the almond-shaped nails cut into the soft palm. Until once she sobbed aloud.

"Charley, I can not, can not give you up!"

When the gay dawn broke she sat down beside her rosewood desk to write. Thrice she began, thrice rent the paper into fragments and laid down her pen.

At last these words remained upon a snowy sheet which she folded and placed within an envelope directed to "Charles Gordon:"

"If you think my actions words without pain you are mistaken. If you think my heart is changed you err; but I am powerless to help it. You must know, Yes, read, Charles; I have no choice. Yet in that cruel, cruel letter which you have received I have no part. If he has said to you, as I know he has, that Miss Hamilton has no right to stop, that you are beneath me, believe that I would have felt honored by your love. If he has told you also that I will soon become the wife of another man, he has pronounced his sentence upon his own and upon my love and obedience. I will neither vex against his will the man I love, nor at his bidding can whom I detest. Farewell, Charles, it is hard to bid you forget me; but for both of us to remember will be too sharp a pain, and so I write the words—forget me and be happy.

"CHARLOTTE HAMILTON."

The letter was sent; and that night, when the long rows of lamps glittered like jewels along the stately avenue, Dark White crept up the broad staircase once again, and stood in Miss Hamilton's room.

She was dressing for a ball, and the white robes she wore by choice rather than silks or velvets, and the pearls in her black hair and about her rounded wrists and at her throat, made her look like a bride. Dark told her so; and at that she laughed a little bitterly. "And when you are married," said Dark (if it's in the grandest church in New York), "I'll come to see it; and I'll think, standing there, I done her up, and as long as I've got two hands I'll keep a doin' of her up, if she'll but-let me. But I didn't come for that Miss Lotty. I've a message."

"A message, Dark—from whom?"

Dark looked up from the glass, and stood with her hands full of the long ropes of pearls she was binding in her hair.

"From a gentleman in sailor's clothes, Miss Lotty —a tall gentleman with light hair—not like a sailor in his looks at all. No doubt I don't understand it. If you please, it's many things a poor old body like me needn't understand. But he asked me did I know Miss Hamilton. Says I, 'I do, Sir. I've done her up these ten years and more.' Says he, 'Then I have a letter for her that must go safe. Can you give it to her yourself, and no else knowing of it?' Says I, 'Ay, can, I, Sir.' So he gave me this,"—and from under her shawl she drew a tiny note—"and he said I was to remember it was a handsome one Miss, and young and brave and good, I'm sure, and very sad, Miss, like as if his heart was broke a-most."

Charlotte Hamilton caught the note from the wrinkled fingers of the washer-woman, and, as she did so, dropped the ropes of pearls upon the floor. Dark stooped and picked them up, and reached them a step forward to the light, but that Dark stooped and picked them up.

Her face, the lines again and again, and then crouched down lower and lower, and hid her face in the cushions of the footstool.

Old Dark, in her patched calico and black hood, bent over her. "Miss Lotty! oh, Miss Lotty, dear! I think thinks she understands. I know my heart, rich or poor, Miss Lotty; and he's one to have heart's love given him."

Then Charlotte Hamilton lifted her tear-stained face and looked at Dark.

"Did you ever wish to be rich, to find a house like this, Dark, and a high family?—did you ever envy great folks, Dark?" she said.

"The Lord forgive me! many and many's the time, Miss Lotty."

"Oh, Dark, never do it again! I wish I were the poorest girl in the world. I wish I had your daughter, helping you over the tubs day after day; for all this wealth, and style, and grand family-name have brought me only life and happiness. Because I am Miss Hamilton I must be wretched!"

And then, without any apparent reason, Dark White broke out to talking from head to foot to bring her hands and moan, and panted out, breathlessly, "Oh! Miss Lotty, dear, don't say that, or you won't break my heart. It's a wonderful thing to be poor. It is, indeed, Miss Lotty."

She was so troubled, so woeful, that Charlotte Hamilton ceased to weep. Love grief so strange. Two hours afterward the heiress was moving through the dance in her white robes and glistening pearls, and no one guessed that the poor washer-woman over the wealthy lover on whose shoulder her white hand rested. It was the snare of the fowler. But with no eye upon her save that of God and his holy angels, sobbed softly by her attic window, and besought her Lord to help sorrow.

So Charles Gordon was far upon the sea, with every prospect sacrificed, and no thought but to do as he was told. And Miss Hamilton moved through society as decorously as ever; and dressed as well, and smiled as much, and sang as often. And Dark's great wash was the worst it ever was.

And Dark White the washer-woman only knew that it was so—not Mr. Hamilton: not Percy Miles, of the everlasting smile and the eternal fashion-plate costume, who came a-wooing under the father's favor; not Arrowood society, which was the look-out for gossip. But at last there came a time when the calm was broken. Percy Miles withdrew offer of his hand and heart, and was refused. That day Mr. Hamilton called Charlotte to his study.

He was pale and stern. He laid the letter she had written on the table, and said,

"Charlotte, I have not sent this yet; I will not. Think again."

"I have thought," she said. "I will never marry him."

"Not if I command you to do so?"

"You will not, Sir, for I could not obey you. I your command—and here lies my heart and—"

"I refused the man I loved. I will live and die single at your bidding, but I can marry no one else."

Then Mr. Hamilton, rising, took her hand in his. All her life long she never forgot his look or his voice.

"Charlotte," he said, "I owe you a duty. I beg you to marry this gentleman—not for my sake—for your own. Percy Miles will be ruined by your husband's refusal. For a moment Charlotte stood stunned and bewildered; then she put her arms about her father's neck.

"Papa," she said, "I will stay with you, share your poverty, work for you if I can, but never marry Percy Miles, not though he were a king."

The old man only untwined her arms from his neck.

"I have warned you," he said. "Oh, girl, girl, you little know how low Percy Miles stoops when he offers you his hand!"

"Poverty can not lower John Hamilton's daughter," said Charlotte, proudly. "You have taught me that, papa."

"John Hamilton's daughter!" he repeated, with a sort of sneer. "Ah, well, I have done my duty. I have warned you. Do as you please."

And standing beside her, he watched her re-seal

the note, and saw her give it into the servant's hand; then turning from her, begged to be left alone. As Miss Hamilton crossed the threshold she looked back, and saw him for the last time writing already beside his desk. The next morning he was gone. He had taken passage in a vessel that sailed at dawn for Europe, and left the storm to break upon the heads of others.

In a few hours the world knew that John Hamilton was a ruined man; that the fair pain many others were involved; and that for years he had been playing a bold game, which, being lost, made him almost infamous.

And while the wonder engrossed the thoughts of others Charlotte sat alone with the letter he had written her upon her knee, believing she had gone mad; for there she read these words:

"Remembering our last meeting, you can not say that I have not done my duty." As you have seen so you must reap. I should be happier could I know that your life would be passed in comfort and affluence. Were the name of Hamilton one to be proud of I would leave you that. As it is, you may be glad to know it is not yours. Your own is humbler and more honest. You will learn the truth from the papers I shall leave. There was never any deep love between us. But you have been dutiful. God bless you! We may meet in the next world—never here.

And as yet Charlotte had not dared to open the sealed packet where the secret lay. Not Charlotte Hamilton? No; she was she had a horror fell upon her, and she felt her blood freezing in her veins.

And as she bowed her head beneath the blow which had fallen and the unseen stroke yet hanging over her it had not yet struck her heart. White stole in and came and knelt beside her. She looked at the letter on her knee, and at the sealed packet, and asked a question with her eyes. And the proud girl turned to her poor comforter.

"Oh, Dark," she sobbed, "I am bewildered; I dare not read those papers! I am afraid of what he who have known me so long—the real truth: was poor papa mad when he wrote this, or am I not his daughter?"

Old Dark began to rock herself to and fro.

"He had his senses, Miss Lotty," she said. "I know it's all true, my dearey—all true."

"Who am I, Dark, if not Miss Hamilton?"

"It's in those papers, Miss Lotty."

"Tell me; I can not read. Oh, my brain!"

"Oh! it's hard to tell, Miss Lotty, and to see you sorrow before, and many years before it, as you haven't the gift of talking like a lady could, and I don't know where to begin. There was a woman once—a young woman Dun, Miss Lotty—and she had and tried to be honest and to do her duty to her God and her husband. They were poor folk, Miss—he not a bit of a gentleman—considering of each other, clinging together like as if they had no other friends; and they lived in a little place all alone. So when he took sick of a fever that seemed to burn his life up by slow inches his wife felt the hell would win by there on the bed, and they set the Lord not to leave her behind if he was took. But it seemed the Lord refused to listen, and the very day he was buried her lord and love, she felt as the world—a little girl, that never rightly saw her father, though the mother made them take her and show her the dead face in its coffin—felt as if even the baby might remember.

"So you see, being but a poor shoemaker, after the funeral there was nothing left. And she was ill—the mother, you know, a long while; and it seemed like they would starve to death. And so there came to the neighborhood a lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and they heard of her, and they did kindly by her and by the child. And the lady took a fancy to the baby—she'd never had none of her own—and so one day both came to the woman and asked her to give the child to them. And she cried out, 'No, quite wild like, and begged for baby to be hurt. But that only made her cover. They told her she was poor and could hardly earn bread, and that with them the child would be brought up with help.

"And you do wrong to put your own feelings between her and her good,' says the lady. 'And the poor woman says—says she, 'I will be silent,' and prayed God to help her. But she wouldn't take money—oh no, that was like selling her child.

"So they wrote out papers and the child was given, promising sewer to claim the girl; and the child was taken to Mrs. Hamilton's, and a hired nurse took care of it, and it grew up beautiful and strong, and a lady—that poor shoemaker's child. And its poor mother saw it changing so, and thanked Heaven she had done what she had. But oh—but oh, she never thought of this, and I can't tell you her name!"

"Open them papers—her name is at the bottom, and oh, don't hate her—don't hate her! She's poor and in her punishment, but she's been kind to you all her life."

She put the package, with its red seal, on Charlotte's knee.

The girl took it slowly up, opened it, and waited, with her hand covering the name. Then she forced herself to read the line written in blotted characters—"Dorcas White."

The old woman watched her. She never stirred. Her head was bowed down, her cheek white. Poor Dark trembled. She shrank back trembling, and hid her face in her apron. Suddenly a word dropped into the silence—one word. Old Dark looked up; she dreamed it. She lifted up her eyes. Her daughter stood there with outstretched arms, and on them she said again, "mother!" And the two women wept upon each other's bosoms.

For a few moments only; for at last Dark lifted her face, radiant with joy, and said, gently, "The story isn't done yet, dearey. There's more to tell."

"More, mother!"

"Yes, dearey. It begins to-day. I don't have many visitors, but I had one this morning. He came up my stairs and rapped. I knowed him at once, though he's browner than he was six months ago, and more sailor-like. Says he, all breathless and pale, 'Let me come in and sit down. I want to talk to you.' I said, 'And welcome, Sir.' And we talked about you, dearey. Oh, my pet, there's many things Dark doesn't understand, but this ain't one of 'em. You're dearer to him than all the world. He's true and brave. He'd heard half the story, and I told him the rest—my part, you know. Oh, dearey, I saw you cry one night for him, and he cried for you to-day. The tears were in his blue eyes. Will you see him now?"

Passing for an answer she left the room. In another moment a step smote the stair with a glad ring, and Charles Gordon stood upon the threshold.

All the girl's proud blood rushed into her face. She put out her hand to stop him. "Stay!" she said. "Remember I am no longer Miss Hamilton. I am the daughter of a ruined man, a bankrupt maker; the daughter of humble, ignorant Dorcas White." She tried to go on, but beneath the love-light in his blue eyes her pride failed her. The proud color died away, and sobbing forth, "Oh, Charley, I am so happy!" she fell upon her in his arms.

And so it came to pass that one day there was a humble wedding in a church as humble; and that within a quiet cottage home, where Love reigned paramount, Old Dame ended her quiet life, honored and cherished; and, ere she closed her eyes, had, with her wrinkled hands, heaped many a basket high with snow-white lines for successive babies who called Lottie mother.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

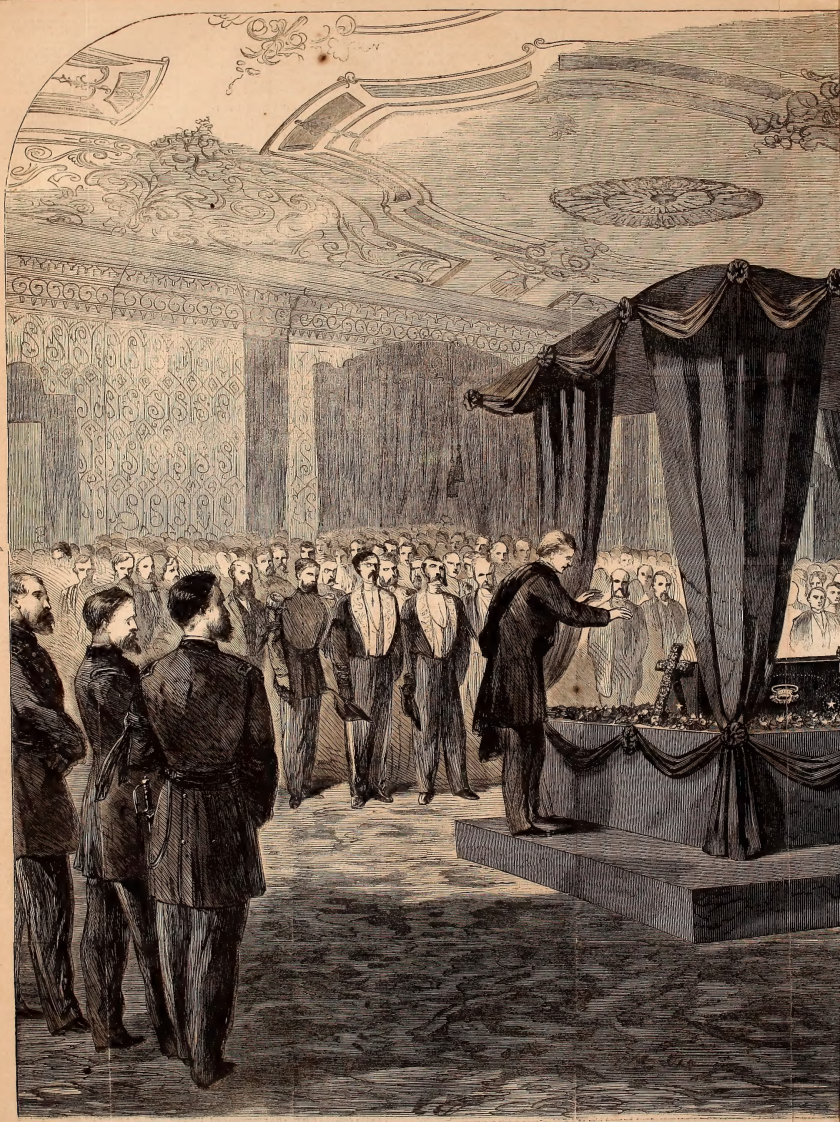
THE Captain's wife and daughter generally accompanied him on his voyages, and whether was one of those sweet creatures that one can not see without admiring, and can not admire without loving. Too many such women are lost to the world—wanting opportunities which circumstances gave me of meeting and conversing with her, that it was not long before I began to feel a more than ordinary pleasure and interest in her society. But I soon discovered the hopelessness of my feelings beyond esteem for her virtues, and regretted that I should, as I had not been above a week at sea, when I saw tokens of reciprocal attachment between her and Trucbold. Nothing particular occurred during our voyage. One afternoon, as I was walking on the deck, Truebold came up to me in a state of great excitation, and told me that the Captain had just ordered him out of the cabin.

I asked him what he meant.

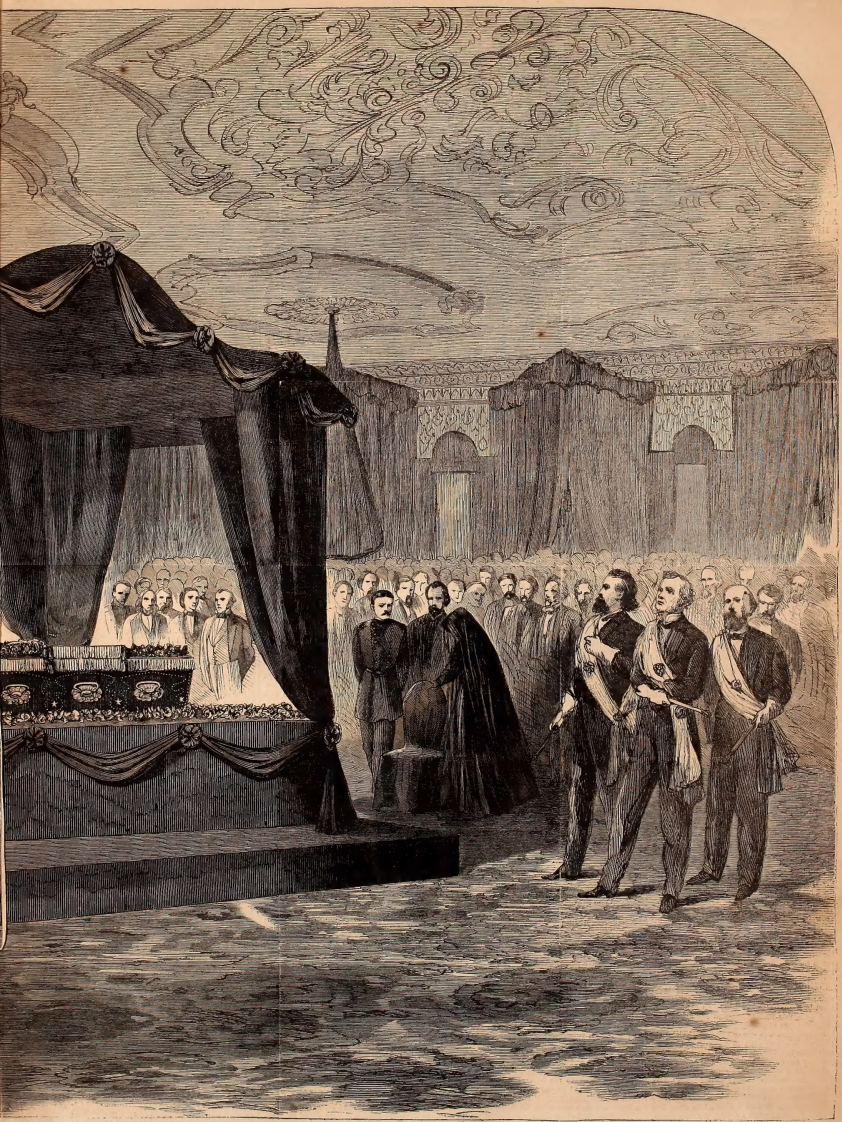
After a few minutes he told me that he and the Captain's daughter had long cherished an affection for each other; and that he had applied to the Captain's permission to marry her when we arrived again in port. On hearing which the Captain had flown into a violent passion, and ordered him off the deck, never to enter his cabin in future, and swore to dash to pieces any one who spoke to him again.

In the mean time the Captain had called his daughter into his cabin, and told her—with a threat of military confinement on bread and water—however, under any circumstances, to allow any communication to take place between her and Truebold, unless in his own presence. She replied that, not knowing the inflexible nature of her father to think lightly of his threats—for some time tried to obey.

For the first week or two I was a witness to the painful injunctions of the Captain were, to all appearance, strictly observed by his daughter and Truebold. But the effects of so terrible a struggle in her heart were soon evident; and, in spite of all that both the Captain and I could say to persuade either their daughter, her spirit sunk, the ruddy tinge disappeared from her cheeks, and she gradually drooped, till at last she was confined to her bed—an earthly existence seemed all but broken. In all his anxiety for her—for the Captain really loved his daughter—he was deeply



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—SERVICE AT



HE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 19, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 278.]

DESERTED.

THE river flow'd past with the light on its breast,
And the weeds went eddying by,
And the round red sun sank down in the west
When my love bring loving lips to my lips were press'd
Under the evening sky.

Now weeping alone by the river I stray,
For my love he has left me this many a day,
Left me to droop and die!

As the river flow'd then the river flows still,
In ripple and foam and spray,
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the sluice of the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day.

But I no more, no more, for delight grows cold
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away!

Oh, river, run far! Oh, river, run fast!
Oh, weeds, float out to the sea!
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And the hopes that like breed on the waters I cast
Have drifted away like thee!
So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,
And my lips still murmur the name of one
Who will never come back to me!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B EDWARDS.

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

PROLOGUE.—A.D. 1760.

JACOB TREFALDEN, merchant and alderman of London, lay dying in an upper chamber of his house in Basinghall Street, toward evening on the third day of April, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty.

It was growing rapidly dusk. The great house was full of gloom, and silence, and the shadow of death. Two physicians occupied two easy-chairs by the fire in the sick man's chamber. They were both notabilities in their day. The one was Sir John Pringle, Physician Extraordinary to the King, a brave and skilful man, who had smelt powder at Dettingen, and won the soldiers' hearts by his indomitable coolness under fire. The other was Doctor Archen Ward, commonly called "Spot Ward" from his abicund face; and immortalized by Hogarth in that somewhat bitter picture called The Consulting C Underlakers.

These gentlemen did little in the way of conversation. When they spoke at all, it was in a whisper. Now and then they compared their watches with the glass-piece on the mantelshelf. Now and then they glanced toward the bed where, propped almost upright with pillows, an old man was sinking peacefully out of life. His eyes was sunken. His breathing was slow and stertorous. He had been smitten down that day at noon by a stroke of apoplexy; was rescued then from 'Change in a dying state; and had not spoken since. His housekeeper crouched by his bedside, silent and awe-struck. His three sons and his lawyer waited in the drawing-room below. They all knew that he had not two more hours to live.

In the room time the dusk thickened, and the evening mildew grew more and more oppressive. A chariot rumbled past from time to time, or a news-vender trudged by, hawking the London *Gazette*, and proclaiming the sentence just passed on Lord George Sackville. Sometimes a neighbor's foot-boy came to the door with a civil inquiry,—a little knot of passengers loitered on the opposite pavement, and glanced up, whisperingly, at the curtained windows. By-and-by even these ceased to come and go. A few oil-lamps were lighted at intervals along the dingy thoroughfare, and the stars and the watchmen came out together.

"In the name of Heaven," said Captain Trefalden, "let us have lights!" and rang the drawing-room bell.

Candles were brought, and the heavy damask curtains were drawn. Captain Trefalden took up the *Gazette*; Frederick Trefalden looked at himself in a glass, arranged the folds of his cravat, yawned, took snuff, and contemplated the symmetry of his legs; William Trefalden drew a little table to the fire, and began diligently turning over the leaves of the last *Idler*. There were other papers and books on the table as well—among them a little volume entitled "Rasselas," from the learned pen of Mr. Samuel Johnson (he was not yet LL.D.), and the two first volumes of "Tristram Shandy," works by that ingenious gentleman, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Both works were already popular, though published only a few months before.

These three brothers were curiously alike, and curiously unlike. They all resembled their father; they were all fine men; and they were all good-looking. Old Jacob was a Cornish man, had been lithe and athwart in his youth, and stood five feet eleven without his shoes. Captain Trefalden was not so fair; Frederick Trefalden was not so tall; William Trefalden was neither so fair, nor so tall, nor so handsome; and yet they were all like him, and like each other.

Captain Jacob was the eldest. His father had intended him for his own business, but, somehow or another, the lad never took kindly to indigo. He preferred scarlet—especially scarlet turned up with buff—and he went into the army. Having led a roving, irregular youth, sown his wild oats in various congenial European soils, and fought gallantly at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Laffeldt, and Minden, he had now, at forty years of age, committed the unpeaksable folly of marrying for neither rank nor money, but only for love. His father had threatened to disinherit Captain Trefalden for this misdeed, and for five months past had forbidden him the house. His brothers were even more indignant than their father—or had seemed to be so. In short, this was the first occasion on which the worthy officer had set foot in Basinghall Street for many a long day; and all three gentlemen were naturally somewhat outstrained and silent.

Frederick, the second son, was thirty-six; William, thirty. Frederick hated indigo almost as cordially as his brother Jacob; William had scarcely a thought that was not dyed in it. Frederick was an airy, idle, chocolate-drinking, snuff-taking, card-playing, ridotto-haunting man of pleasure. William was a cool, methodical, ambitious man of business. Each of the three had ever cared much for the other two. It was not in the nature of things that much affection should exist between them. Their temperaments and pursuits were radically unlike. They had lost their mother while they were yet boys. They had no sister. She died in the sweet womanly home-links had all been wanting to bind their hearts together.

And now the brothers were met under their father's roof this memorable third evening in April; and in the dark chamber overhead lay ready beyond all help from human skill, that father lay dying. They were all thinking the same thing in the silence of their hearts, and in those thoughts there was neither prayer nor sadness. Poor old man! He was immensely rich—he was palpably destitute of the one loved him; and he was worth Half a Million.

Mr. Frederick Trefalden took out his watch, swore a fashionable oath, and declared that he was famishing.

"Have something to eat, brother Fred?" suggested the captain; and he rang the bell again, and ordered refreshmeps to be taken into the dining-room.

The two younger Trefaldens exchanged glances and a covert smile. Their elder brother was fairly predictable in the matter of a meal seem! Well, well, Lawyer Beavington is there, and the will has yet to be read.

At nine o'clock Mr. Fred and the captain go down together; for the latter has ridden up from Hounslow, and will not object to join his brother in a mutton chop and a modest bumper of claret." Mr. Will, like a sober citizen, had dined at two o'clock, and only desires that a dish of tea may be sent to him in the study.

If any thing could be more dismal than that gloomy drawing-room it was the still gloomier room underneath below. The walls were paneled with dark oak, richly carved. The chimney-piece was a ponderous structure of black and yellow marble. The hangings were of mulberry-colored damask. A portrait of the master of the house, painted when he was young by Sir James Thornhill, hung over the fire-place. Seen by the feeble glimmer of a couple of wax-lights, this picture had an air of mysterious interest about the place which was infinitely depressing. The very viands might have reminded these gentlemen of Belshazzar's feast. Above all, the great veal pasty which lay in state in the middle of the board. They were both hungry, however, and did full justice to the latter.

The captain took his place at the head of the table, and plunged his knife gallantly into the heart of the pasty.

"If thou hast as good a stomach, Fred, as myself," said he, "thou wilt not mind the loss of the fence of the good things before him, "I'll warrant thee we'll sack this fortress handsomely."

The fine gentleman shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously.

"I detest such coarse dishes," said he. "I dined with Sir Francis Dashwood over at the Hammums. We had a ragout of young chicks, not a week out of the shell, and some à-la-mode beef that melted in one's very breath away," brother Jacob."

"I'll eat out of this pasty as of an octagon in Christendom," said the captain.

Mr. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Clive were at dinner at the house of the latter, when that unnamed the bean; "and the drollest part of the story is that Sir Harry and I adjourned in the evening to Mrs. Cornelys' in Soho Square! There I somehow supping in the very next box to Mr. Horace and Mrs. Kitty again!"

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"Ay, indeed," replied the captain, thoughtfully.

"But he never knew how to enjoy his money."

"Never."

"To live in a place like this, for instance," said the latter, looking round the room, "in Basinghall Street—faugh! And to keep such a cook; and never to have set up his chariot! 'Sdeath, Sir, he and I know better what to do with his guineas!"

"I should think so, brother Fred, I should think so," replied the captain, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "Twas a dull life—poor old gentleman! Methinks you and I might have helped to make it gayer."

"Curse me if I know how!" ejaculated Mr. Fred.

"By sticking to the business—by living at home—by doing like young Will yonder," replied the elder brother. "That boy hath been a better son than you or me, brother Fred."

Mr. Fred looked very grave indeed. "Will hath an old head on young shoulders," said he. "Harkee, Jacob, hast any notion how the old man has left his money?"

"No more than this glass of claret," replied the captain.

They were both silent. A footstep went by in the hall. They listened; they looked at each other; they filled their glasses again. The same thought was uppermost in the mind of each.

"The fairest thing, Fred," said the honest captain, "would be, if twere left to us, share and share alike."

"Share and share alike!" echoed Mr. Fred, with a sounding oath. "Nay; the old man was too proud of his fortune to do that, brother Jacob. My own notion of this matter is— Hush! Any one listening?"

Captain Trefalden rose, glanced into the hall, closed the door, and resumed his seat.

"Not a soul. Well?"

"Well, my own notion is, that we younger sons shall have a matter of sixty or eighty thousand apiece—the rest, as the head of the family, will take the bulk."

"It may be, Fred," mused the captain, complacently.

"And that bulk," continued Mr. Fred, "will be some three hundred and forty thousand pounds."

"I shall have to ask thee, Fred, how to spend it," said the captain, smiling.

"That thou shalt spend it like a prince. Thou shalt buy an estate in Kent, and a townhouse in Soho; thou shalt have horses, chariots, lackeys, liveries, wines, a pack of hounds, a box at the Italian Opera—"

"Which I understand a word of," interrupted the captain.

"A French cook, a private chaplain, a black footboy, a villa handsome for thy wife, and for thyself the prettiest mistress—"

"Hold, Fred," interposed the captain again. "None of the last, I beseech thee. My days of gallantry are over."

"But, my dear brother, no man of quality—"

"I'm not a man of quality," said the other, "I'm a simple soldier, and the son of a plain city merchant."

"Well, then, no man of parts and fortune—"

"The fortune's not mine yet, Fred," said the captain, shaking his head at his parts, why I think the less said of them the better. I'm no scholar, and that thou knowest as well as myself. Hark! Lawyer Beavington. Come in."

The door opened, and a bronzed upright man, with something of a military bearing, came in. He held his hat and cane in his hand and saluted the brothers courteously. It was Sir John Pringle.

"Gentlemen," he said, gravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of sad tidings."

The brothers rose in silence. Captain Trefalden changed color.

"Is he—is he dead?" he faltered.

The physician bowed his head.

Captain Trefalden turned his face away. Frederick Trefalden took out his handkerchief and cautiously wiped away a tear—which was not there.

"Dr. Ward is gone," said Sir John, after a brief pause, "to break his respects and condolences. Gentlemen, I wish you a good-evening."

"You will take a glass of claret, Sir John?" said Mr. Fred, pressing forward to the table. But almost before he could say the words the physician had bowed a civil negative, and was gone. Mr. Fred shrugged his shoulders, filled the glass and drank, and emptied it.

"Zounds, brother," said he, "'tis of no use to be melancholy. Remember thou'rt now the head of the family. Let us go up stairs and read the will."

In the mean time William Trefalden, like a methodical young man of business, had been up to his father's room to find his father's keys, and had taken from his pocket-book to fetch his father's deed-box out from the iron safe. When Mr. Fred and the captain came into the room they found Lawyer Beavington with his spectacles on, and the box before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, with calm impressive, "be pleased to sit."

So the brothers drew their chairs to the table and sat down; and they all somewhat agitated.

The man of law unlocked the box.

It was full of papers, leases, transfers, debentures, mortgages, bills of exchange, and so forth. These had all to be taken out, opened, and laid aside before the will turned up. That important document was at the very bottom like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket.

"Tis not a long will," observed Mr. Beavington, with a preparatory cough.

As he unfolded it a slip of paper fell out.

"A memorandum, apparently, in your excellent father's hand," said he, glancing through it. "Hm—ha—refers to the amount of his personal estate, and generally. Need any ideas of the extent of the property?"

"Twas thought my father owned half a million," replied Mr. Fred, eagerly.

"More than that," said the youngest son, with a shake of the head.

"Then I'll read this. The memorandum runs thus: "*Upon a rough calculation, I believe I may estimate my present estate at about five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. (Dated) January the first, Anno Leonini seventeen hundred and sixty. Jacob Trefalden.*" A goodly fortune, gentlemen—a goodly fortune!"

The three brothers drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds!" repeated the captain. "Prythee, Mr. Beavington, proceed to the will."

The lawyer folded up the memorandum very slowly, drew the candles nearer, wiped his spectacles, and began:

"In the name of God, AMEN. I JACOB TREFALDEN, citizen in the town of Redruth in the County of Cornwall and now a Citizen of London, Merchant (a Widower) being at present in good health of Body, and of sound and disposing Mind and Memory, for which I bless God. Do this eleventh day of January one thousand seven hundred and sixty make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following (that is to say) IMPRIMIS I DESIRE to be interred in my Family Vault by the side of my lately deceased wife and with as little Pomp and ceremony as may be. ITEM I give to each of my Executors hereinafter named as shall act under this my Will Five Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to or retained by them within six Calendar Months after my decease. I GIVE to my three sons Jacob, Frederick and William Five Thousand pounds Sterling each. I GIVE—"

"Stay! Five thou— Please to read that again, Mr. Beavington," interrupted Captain Trefalden.

"Five Thousand pounds Sterling each," repeated the lawyer. "The amount is quite plain. But have patience, gentlemen. We are but at the preliminaries. This five thousand each hath, doubtless, some special purpose. The main business is to come."

"Very possibly—very possibly, Mr. Beavington," replied the Captain. "I am all attention."

"ITEM I GIVE to my Cashier Edward Prescott Five Hundred pounds Sterling. I GIVE to my other clerks One Hundred pounds Sterling each. AND I GIVE to my Household Servants Two Hundred pounds Sterling to be divided among them in equal shares. All which last-mentioned Legacies I direct shall be paid within three Calendar Months next after my decease. I GIVE to the Minister for the time being of the Parish in which I shall happen to reside immediately previous to my decease One Hundred pounds Sterling and to be paid to them within One Calendar Month after that event shall happen and be by them forthwith distributed in such manner and proportion as they shall think proper among the poor Widows and Orphans of the Parish respectively. ITEM, I do hereby direct and appoint that my Executors shall as soon as possible after my decease set apart so much of my Property which consists entirely of Personal Estate, and is chiefly invested in the Government Stocks and Funds of this Kingdom as will be sufficient to realize property as shall be equal in value to the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling—"

"Ha! now for it!" exclaimed Mr. Fred, breathlessly.

"—the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling," continued the lawyer, "which I give to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London for the time being and their successors forever IN TRUST for the purposes hereinafter expressed and I desire that as to this Gift they shall be called THE ALDERMEN'S TRUSTEES' and that the amount of my Funded Property so to be set apart shall immediately afterwards be transfered to them accordingly."

The lawyer paused to clear his glasses. The brothers looked blankly in each other's faces.

"Good God! Mr. Beavington," gasped Captain Trefalden, "what does this mean?"

"Do not alarm, Sir, I have no more notion than yourself," replied the lawyer. "The will is none of my making."

"Who drew it up?" asked Mr. Will, peremptorily.

"Not I, Sir. Your father hath gone to some stranger for this business. But perchance when we know more—"

"Know, Sir; go on," said Mr. Fred and Mr. Will together.

The lawyer continued:

"AND I hereby declare my Will to be that my said Trustees shall receive the annual Income of the said Trust Fund, and lay out and invest such Income in their names in the Purchase of Government Securities, and repeat such receipts and investments from time to time in the nature of Compound Interest during the space of One Hundred years from the date of my decease, and that such accumulations shall continue and be increased until the same, with the original Trust Fund, shall amount to, and become in the aggregate, one clear principal sum of NINE MILLION POUNDS Sterling and upwards, AND I DESIRE that the same entire Principal Sum shall then be distributed by, or be considered as, divided into two equal parts, AND I GIVE One equal half part thereof unto the direct Heir Male of the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, in total exclusion of the younger Branches of my Family and their descendants. AND as to the other equal half part of the said entire Principal Sum, I DIRECT my said Trustees to dispose of the same in such manner following (that is to say) IN the first place, in purchasing within the liberties of the City of London a piece of Freehold Ground of sufficient magnitude, and erecting thereon, under the superintendence of some eminent Architect, a Handsome and Substantial Building, with all suitable Offices, to be called "THE LONDON TREFALDEN RENEVOLENT INSTITUTION."

"AND in the next place, in affording pecuniary aid and permanent support to decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship Brokers, Stock Brokers, Poor Clergymen, and Members of the Medical and Medical Profession, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those Classes respectively, and, if thought fit, to advance Loans without Interest to honest but unfortunate Husbands. With full power to receive into the Institution a limited number of poor and deserving Persons being Widows and Orphans of Citizens of London, and to maintain, clothe, and educate them so long as the Trustees shall think proper.

"AND in order that such Institution may be properly established and may be managed and supported in a satisfactory manner, I request

my said Trustees to prepare a scheme for the permanent Establishment and support thereof, and to submit the same to the Master of the Rolls for his approval. PROVIDED ALWAYS that in case there shall be no such Male Heir in the direct line from the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son Thom I direct my said Trustees to apply the first mentioned half of the said entire principal sum in founding lesser Institutions of a similar kind to the above in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol and Birmingham for the Benefit of the several classes of persons above enumerated and all which Institutions it is my Will shall be governed by the same Laws and Regulations as the original Institution so as near thereto as circumstance will permit. ITEM I GIVE all the rest and residue of my Funded Property Ready Money and Securities for Money Merchandize and Personal Pictures Plate Furniture and all other my Property not otherwise disposed of by this my Will (but subject to the payment of my Debts Legacies Funerals and Testamentary expenses) UNTO my said three Sons in equal shares and in case any dispute shall arise between them as to the division thereof the matter shall be referred to my Executors whose decision shall be final. LASTLY I APPOINT my friends Richard Morton, Erasmus Brooke, Daniel Shuttleworth, and Arthur Mackenzie all of London Merchants Merchants, to be the Executors of this my Will. IN WITNESS whereof I the said Jacob Trefalden have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

"JACOB TREFALDEN.

"Signed sealed published and declared by the above-named Jacob Trefalden as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request in his presence have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereunto.

"NATHAN MURRAY.

"ALEXANDER LLOYD."

Mr. Beavington laid down the will, and took off his glasses. The brothers sat staring at him like men of stone. William Trefalden was the first to speak.

"I shall dispute this will," he said, looking very pale, but speaking in a firm, low tone. "It is illegal."

"It is a—d, unnatural, infamous swindle," stammered Mr. Fred, starting from his seat, and shaking his clenched fist at the open document. "If I had known what a cursed old fool——"

"Hush, Sir, hush, I entreat," interposed the lawyer. "Let us not speak of the dead."

"Zounds! Mr. Beavington, we'll respect the dead," said Captain Trefalden, bringing his hand down his heavy double ivory. "He'll be hanged if we'll respect the dead! If it costs me every penny of the paltry five thousand, I'll fight this matter out. I'll have justice."

"Patience, brother Jacob—patience, brother Fred," said the youngest Trefalden. "I tell you both the will is illegal."

"How so, Sir?" asked the lawyer, briskly. "How so?"

"By the Mortmain Act passed but a few years since—"

"In seventeen hundred and thirty-six, statute nine of his present Majesty King George the Second," interposed Mr. Beavington.

"—giving permission to money or land to be given in trust for the benefit of any charitable uses whatever."

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

"Very true, very true, very well remembered, Mr. Will," he said, rubbing his hands; "but you forget one thing."

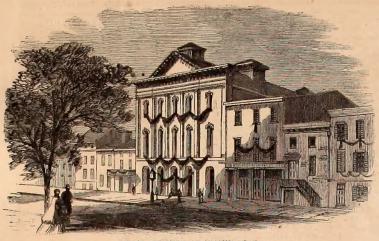
"What do I forget?"

"That a statute of London may, by the custom of London, devise Land situate in London in Mortmain; but he can not devise Land out of the city of London, and for that quotation I can give you chapter and verse, Mr. Will."

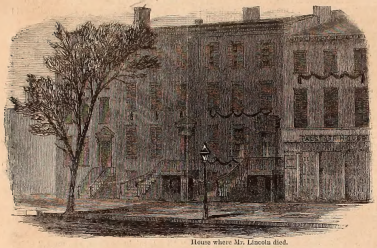
Mr. Will put his hand to his head with a smothered oath.

"Then, by Heavens!" said he, tremulously, "'tis all over."

It was all over, indeed. Mr. Fred had spoken truly of the pride which Jacob Trefalden took in his fortune. Great as it was, he could not build it up higher, and sank its foundations yet more broadly and deeply. To leave a colossal inheritance to a son whose heir, and to found a charity which should perpetuate his name through all time, were the two projects nearest and dearest to the old man's heart. He had brooded over them, matured them, exulted in them secretly for many a past year. The marriage of Edward Trefalden in November, 1764, only hastened matters, and legalized a forgone conclusion. Well was it for Jacob Trefalden's inheritance that he chose his heir, and founded



FORD'S THEATRE AT WASHINGTON.



House where Mr. Lincoln died.

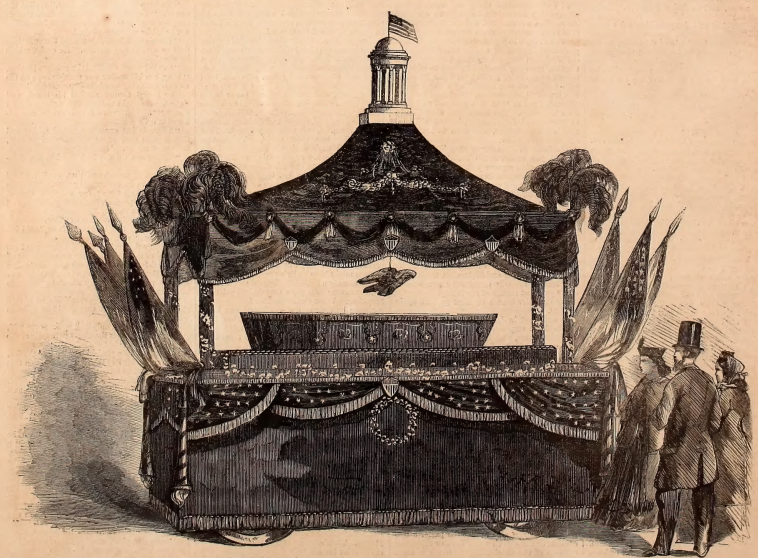
VIEW OF A PORTION OF 10TH STREET, OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE.



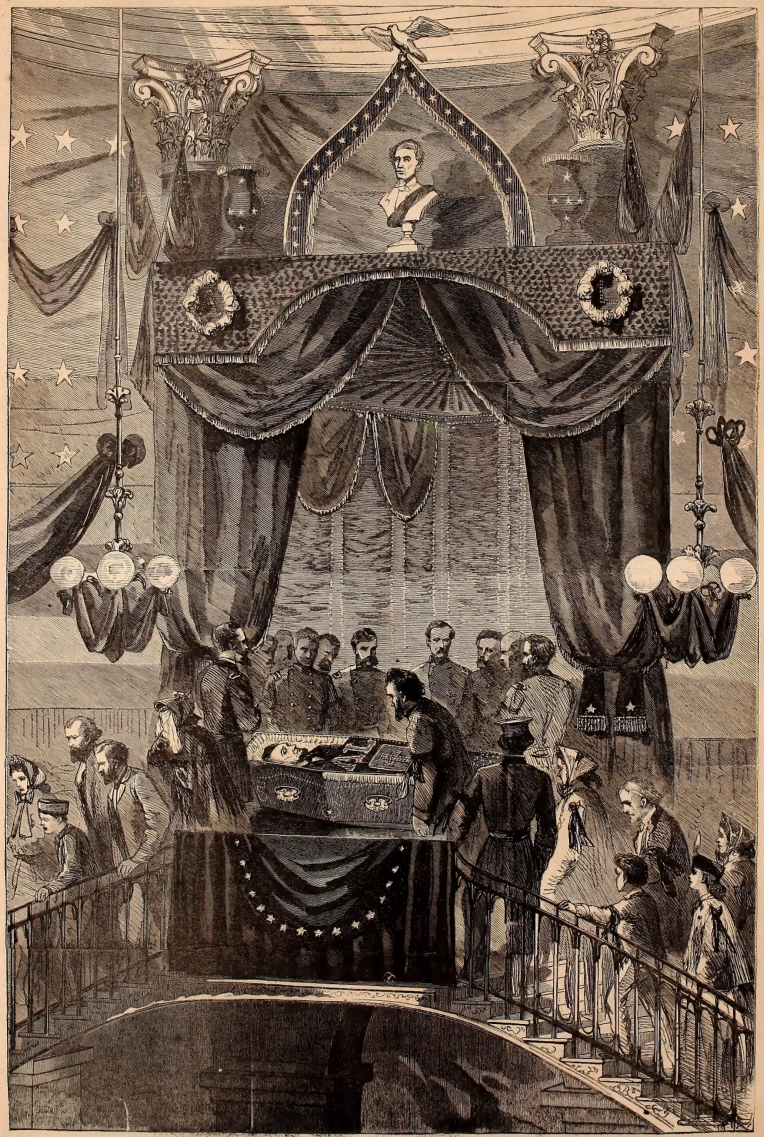
SECRETARY SEWARD'S ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION, APRIL 14, 1865.—THE ASSASSIN TURNING UPON MR. FREDERICK SEWARD AT THE DOOR OF THE SICK-ROOM.

...pipes, their peace, and their liberty for nothing. Poor Martin always looked very guilty if any allusion happened to be made to this subject.

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From JAMES J. HOYT.

BRANDON, N. H., Sept. 1860.

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GEORGE W. SWETT, M.D.,
Proprietor,
WILL be manufactured in future at the
NEW ENGLAND PATENT MEDICINE CO. 100 HANOVER STREET, BOSTON.
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DR. SWETT will attend to as business depart-
ment, to whom all orders should be addressed.
Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Medicine every where.
Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C.
One Million Dollars' Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Music Boxes, each	.....	$20 to $150
500 Lever " with Bells and Cashmere		20 " 200
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	.....	20 " 60
1000 Silver Cups	.....	20 " 100
1000 " Ice Pitchers	.....	20 " 50
5000 " Table Cups with Silvers	.....	5 " 20
5000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups	.....	5 " 50
5000 " Castors	.....	10 " 50
5000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets		20 " 50
5000 " Pairs Silver Spoons, per dozen		20 " 50
10,000 " " Table Spoons and Forks, per dozen	.....	20 " 60
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches		50 " 150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enamelled Case do.		50 " 150
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches		25 " 75
500 Diamond Rings	.....	20 " 100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	.....	10 " 50
5,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	.....	10 " 50
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	.....	10 " 50
5,000 Gold Engraved Band Chains		20 " 100
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	.....	10 " 50
5,000 Coral, Gold, Opera Glasses	.....	10 " 50
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops, per pair	.....	10 " 50
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops		5 " 6
5,000 Ladies' Gold and Pearl Pins	.....	2 50 " 8
5,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys		2 50 " 8
4,000 Gold and Silver Thimbles	.....	2 " 8
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c.	.....	2 " 8
5,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	.....	2 " 8
10,000 Miniature Lockets	.....	2 50 " 10
4,000 " " Magic Spring	.....	10 " 20
5,000 Gold Toothpick Cases, etc.	.....	2 " 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	.....	2 " 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	.....	2 " 10
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	.....	2 50 " 10
10,000 Gold Lockets, Plain Engraved	.....	2 " 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Set and Gold	.....	5 " 15
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Coral, Garnet, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	.....	5 " 15
10,000 Gold Pencils, Gold Mounted Holders	.....	2 " 10
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Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificate, paying postage, and doing the business. On receipt of the certificate you will know what certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; twenty-five for $3; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will find it to their interest to send for circulars. Considered by them, provided their remittance amounts to $20. Single letters, 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 25 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

CAUTION! CAUTION!—A new opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by means of ARRANDALE & CO., of No. 39 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles varying in value from one dollar to one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done.—you agree to take a certificate of a certain amount, which is enveloped, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article. You certainly would not be much out if that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Saturday Press, N. Y. City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*The Scottish American Journal, New York, June 11, 1864.*

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelry, a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, all of which will be sold by the whole of these newly-invented articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving every purchaser a chance of obtaining a valuable present on payment to agents. We know the firm in question to be entirely worthy of the responsibility worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*Boston Watchman and Reflector.*

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Price 75 Cents per Bottle.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual interest on the 7.30 loan, and its exemption *from State and Municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property.

The interest is payable in currency semi-annually on coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One Cent per Day on a	$50 Note.
Two Cents " "	$100 "
Ten " "	$500 "
20 " "	$1000 "
1 Dollar " "	$2000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded, at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than 300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case in closing the subscription of other loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Bankers generally throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT, *Philadelphia.*

March 25, 1865.

Brandreth's Pills.

The Brandreth Pills reduce, lessen, and expel the principle of disease in the exact proportion as they affect that great object they increase the principle of life. Dr. Lobb says: "Brandreth's Pills are a vegetable compound; they temperate, purify, and cleanse the blood; they correct and regulate all the secretions; and, by purgation, discharge the whole mass of morbid matter from the body *without creating any debility.* If the hundredth of the most enlightened physicians were to unite their individual skill, it could scarcely do so much to cure as a dose or repeated doses of Brandreth's Pills."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. Sent upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS relieves and cures more ruptures than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Sent free by mail, circulars, belts, Trusses, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

DR. B. C. PERRY, DERMATOLOGIST,

No. 49 Bond Street, New York.

Treats successfully all diseases of the scalp, loss of hair, and premature blanching. Also, removes moth freckles, tan, pimples, blotches, boils, barber's itch, ringworm, the tetter or eczema of the skin. Consultation hours free. For pamphlet, inclose stamp for circular.

BARD & BROTHERS'S (Established 1845)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of BARD AND BROTHERS' PATENT ANNULAR GOLD PENS. JAS. D. BARD, Ag't, No. 23 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, &c. neatly done. Send for a Circular.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S
Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.

Size weight and calibre of 32 cal. carries a ball 42-100 calibre charge 18 grains (Colt's and Allen's) and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The Pocket size weighs 12 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's and Allen's).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—degrees of perfection never attained in any other arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted and used by the U.S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency are daily received from the Army and Navy, also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrations), containing price, sent by mail upon application.

MERWIN & BRAY are sole proprietors of the Ballard Breech-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These arms need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is so well established that the Public only wish to know where they may be purchased. These Rifles were used by Captain Crawford on the Plains. They are in competition to the Rifle, under order of the U.S. Government, and the Commission and the State of Kentucky have about Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active field service, of which the highest testimonials are received.

Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.
Address orders to MERWIN & BRAY,
No. 353 Broadway, New York.

* P.S.—IMPORTANT.—These Rifles can be used with either Kent or loose ammunition.

There have been many severe cases in Boston and vicinity cured by the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which can be referred to, and hundreds of cases of Kidney complaints, Gravel, Dropsy by taking Dr. Poland's WHITE PINE COMPOUND, have been reported by Druggists.

Among all the popular medicine offered for sale, no one seems to have gained favor like the *White Pine Compound.* This medicine was first made and sold in the year of 1855, and then merely for one individual who was afflicted with an inflammation of the bowels. A few bottles effected by it. This induced others to apply for the same remedy, and every one using it received a perfect cure. The article, however, was without a name till November following, when it was named the WHITE PINE COMPOUND, which name it was advertised for the first time.

Some time in 1856 an individual, who had purchased a bottle for a hard cough, was not only cured of the cough, but also of a severe kidney complaint of ten years' endurance. This being *truly a discovery*, the fact was mentioned to a skilful physician, who replied in substance that the Pine of White Pine was one of the best diuretic known, provided its astringency could be counteracted. If the above articles entering into the Compound would effect this, a fortune was in the Medicine. The *fortune* has not yet been reached; but the hundreds of cures effected by the Compound, in the most aggravated cases of Kidney disease, including *Diabetes*, prove it to be a wonderful Medicine for such complaints. A trial of this invaluable Remedy now employ it or recommend it for such ills.

But while the WHITE PINE COMPOUND is so useful in Kidney Inflammation, it is also a wonderful curative in all throat and lung diseases. The Pine of which it is made always inflammation that heartsease and screams are relieved if it be taught. Numerous cases have been reported to the originator where relief in very severe cases has been given in one hour, and a cure effected in from one to five days.

There is a very natural reason for this. The bark, and even the leaves of "pectine," of which the cough mixtures are made, contain qualities. The Indians employed the bark of White Pine in treating diseases of the lungs long before the white man knew of its use by Europeans.

The virtues of the Pine, obtained in water, is exceedingly useful in relieving inflammation and cleansing old sores. So too, the virtues of the Pine are also known in every where, and this, doubtless, is one grand reason why the *White Pine Compound* was so successful in curing at first.

The past year has given a great opportunity to test the virtues of the *White Pine Compound.* It has been an unusual time for Colds, Coughs, and Throat Diseases. Bottles of the *White Pine Compound* have been sold and used with the most astonishing success. It is not for Medicine that the people living where it is prepared are high in its praises.

TESTIMONIALS.

A very large number of important testimonials have already been received from Physicians, Clergymen, Apothecaries, and others, all of whom speak in the highest terms of the most flattering terms of the White Pine Compound.

Dr. Poland, of Northfield, N. Hampshire, says:

"I first the White Pine Compound to be very effective in the cure of coughs, colds, and inflammation of the lungs, in affections of the kidneys, debility of the stomach, and all complaints of the

Rev. J. E. Cisse, of Rumney, N. H., writes:

"I have for some time used your White Pine Compound as an invaluable remedy. I can truly say that I never have seen more efficacious and speedy cure in every. I have just taken the Compound for a cold, and it works charmingly."

Hon. P. H. Sweetser, of Bangor, Maine, writes:

"I feel it a pleasure to bear testimony of the valuable medicinal properties of the White Pine Compound, which I have had an opportunity of proving. I have frequently given it to my family for several years for colds and coughs, and in most cases with entire success, having with astonishing results. Several of our friends have also received much benefit from the Compound, and I shall keep it always by my hand."

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$8 WATCH. $10

Our whole stock of imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases Richly Engraved*, Ornamental Centre, Curved Enamel Bridge, *English Fork Plain Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Quick Train, Spade Hands, and Fine Dial, *Stem Wind and Dial*, a *serviceable article* in running order, with *Key*, Case, etc., complete, and a Gentle Ornamental Watch Chain and a beautiful MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET, to match, with Double Cases, Dial, and Glass for Daguerreotype, sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

WATCH AND CHAIN WARRANTED, equal to any sold for any use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the Locket*, Hunting Case, Open Face, complete, and sent by mail, *Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch.

Containing a Rare and Valuable Combination of *Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to it by machinery a beautiful and correct-working THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in its stations, and in the Dial a *Reliable Secret Key*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Cases, rendering the Watch a perfect SENSE, HEAT, and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in Finely Finished Engraved Hunting Cases, *Stem Winding Dials Same the outer cases being of fine* 18-Carat *Gold, inner cases of Gold Composition*, Quick Train, Engraved and Bottom, with *Panel for Name*, and Fancy Push Spring. Ornamental Dial, *Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Glass Movements, Polished Cap, *Self-acting Click*, Equal Isochronal Regulation, Fine White Enamel Dial, Gilt Second Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and must be seen to be appreciated. Sent by mail to any part of the country for $10. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

Prize Stationery Packets.

Splendid Steel Engravings and Photograph Card Pictures.

We want agents in every where to sell our goods, which will pay 300 per cent. profit, and our stationery Packets contain good paper and envelopes and a fine assortment of Jewelry. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to every purchaser. Send stamp for a sample packet, together with circulars and full particulars to agents, sent by return mail.

HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1865.

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CHILDHOOD.

LYMAN BEECHER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Lyman Beecher, 1803, aged 28.—The Old Beecher House, New Haven.—Le Beotzia's House.—Yale College, 1824.—Yale College.—East Hampton Church.—Beecher's House at East Hampton.—Beecher's House at Litchfield.—Hanover



NULLUS AIT CÆSAR.

LOUIS (*an Ambitious Boy*). "Ah ha! mon ami! I sail make 'im so big as you!"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad Street,
(Two Doors from Wall.)
New York.

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks.
Bonds and Gold will receive our personal attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.
No. 36 Wall Street, New York.

Great Imperial Watch.
See Colady Bothers' Advertisement on page 287.

Free to Every Body.
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, FARMERS, MECHANICS, and EVERY ONE throughout the country will receive, *free*, by mail, a *First-Class, Interesting* NEWSPAPER, by sending their address to Editors of "ARMY AND HOME JOURNAL," 40 ANN Street, New York.

BROOKS'S PATENT WRITING AND TOILET CASE.
From Commander Cushing (Hero of the Albemarle): "Having worked one with me to sea, I can say that it is the most complete and convenient article for the soldier or sailor that has ever come under my notice."
Price, $1.50, sent free of postage.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 437.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON, the seventeenth President of the United States, was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. His father died while he was yet scarcely advanced beyond infancy, and the family was thus left in extreme poverty. At ten years of age ANDREW was apprenticed to a tailor. Here a casual circumstance gave direction to his whole after-life. Among his master's customers was an eccentric gentleman who habitually visited the shop and read aloud from books or newspapers to the journeymen. The boy soon learned to read from this gentleman, and after the long day's work was over he regularly devoted two or three hours to study. Upon the expiration of his term of apprenticeship he was seventeen. He then left Raleigh, and pursued his trade for two years at Laurens Court House, South Carolina. Thence he returned to Raleigh, and very soon after moved westward with his mother to Tennessee, and at Greenville again appears as a tailor. Here he married, and his choice of a partner proved exceedingly fortunate for his future prospects. He knew now how to read. But his wife taught him writing and arithmetic.

It was in 1829 that Mr. JOHNSON held his first office—that of Alderman. He was elected Mayor in 1830, and served in that capacity three years. In 1835 he was sent to the State Legislature. His politics were those of the party then known as Democratic. His first speech was against a measure for internal improvement. In 1841 he was elected to the State Senate, and two years afterward representative in Congress. In regard to the admission of Texas into the Union, the Mexican war, the Tariff of 1846, and the Homestead Bill, Mr. JOHNSON took very strong Democratic ground. In 1851 he was chosen Governor of Tennessee, to which office he was re-elected in 1855. In 1857 he was elected to the United States Senate for the full term, which ended in 1863.

Mr. JOHNSON'S record during the revolutionary period out of which we are now passing at first may be said to have fluctuated in certain respects, but it was never for a moment doubtful as to the necessity of the Union. In a speech of his delivered December 19, 1860, while he was defiant against the threat of Southern States to force the Border States into the Confederacy, he also gave some ambiguous utterances as to the inroads which would be offered to any State by the threat of coercion from the North. But in that speech his argument against secession was very strong as affecting Southern interests. He predicted that disunion must destroy slavery; that a hostile or even alien government upon the border of the slaveholding States would be the natural haven of rest to the hunted slave. He said that if one division was allowed others would follow; "and," said he, "rather than see this Union divided into thirty-three petty governments, with a little prince in one, a potentate in another, a little aristocracy in a third, a little democracy in a fourth, and a republic somewhere else—a citizen not being permitted to pass from one State to another without a passport or, a commission from his government—with quarreling and warring among the petty powers, which would result in anarchy—I would rather see this government to-day—I proclaim it here in my place—converted into a consolidated government."

In a speech made March 2, 1861, he said: "Show me those who make war on the Government and fire on its vessels, and I will show you a traitor. If I were President of the United States I would have all such arrested, and, if convicted, by the Eternal God I would have them hung!"

On the 4th of March, 1862, after the capture of Nashville by the National forces, Mr. JOHNSON was appointed by the President Military Governor of Tennessee, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The acceptance of this position necessitated, of course, the resignation of his situation in the Senate. As Military Governor Mr. JOHNSON was both just and firm. If he exacted a very rigorous test-oath from the disloyal, it was because he was convinced that, in justice, all government must be in the interest of loyal men. If he exacted from rich secessionists large sums of money for the support of the poor citizens who had been impoverished by the rebellion, it was because those men were responsible for the poverty which was thus alleviated.

As to Mr. JOHNSON'S future policy, his explicit statements leave us no room for doubt. Against responsible, conscious traitors the law must take its course as against other criminals. They must not only be punished, but impoverished. The problem of restoration is one for loyal men to solve. Except in the abolition of slavery, the States are to retain the character which belonged to them before the war. We are pledged, according to the requirements of the Constitution, to secure to these States a republican form of government. In reply to the question, What constitutes a State? Mr. JOHNSON answers, "Its loyal citizens." It is into the hands of these that the work of reconstruction will be committed.

Mr. JOHNSON comes into power through a most melancholy occurrence, but he has entered upon the duties of his office with a dignity and firmness that elicits at the same time the confidence of the American people. May God spare his life and guide his steps!

There are points in the policy of reconstruction that have hitherto been little discussed, but which must very soon assume important phases. The emancipation of four millions of slaves, it is thought, will but partially effect the work of political regeneration in the South. If the reports which reach us have any truth, it is certain that there is a large class in the South whose prejudice against the sentiments held at the South is as strong as ever before. There are men and women there who will teach their children to hate the name of Northern men. There are politicians of this class who will strive again for power, which they will wield as unscrupulously as they have ever done. A barrier against the possibility of such exercise of power must be set at the very first, or we shall have no tranquil peace for many years. The only remedy is to not simply free but also to enfranchise the negroes.



ANDREW JOHNSON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

Give the negroes a vote and they will immediately be courted by both parties of the South. It may be objected that they will thus become merely the tools of politicians. But it must be remembered that freedom will excite new activities in these black men. They will have leaders of their own; they will have sentiments of their own; and the policy which they will most naturally adopt will be that which will bring them into alliance with the poor loyal whites of the South. Besides, their memories of the past oppression of which they have been the victims, their memory of the part which colored soldiers have played in the war for the Union—all these will bind them to a rarely Democratic policy.

MARCHING HOME.

"The orders for the return of our troops have already gone forth and the columns are beginning to move."

We are marching home at last,
Now the cruel war is past,
And the time of peace draws near;
We are marching home at last,
Now the cruel war is past,
To the homes our hearts hold dear.

With our banners stained and torn,
That through many a fight were borne
Where death rained thick and fast,
Now our glorious work is done,
Now the Union cause is won,
We are marching home at last.

Marching home to those we love;
See the veteran columns move,
Hear the drums and shrill fifes play,
Hear our voices raised in song
As we journey march along
On our homeward way!

With our trusty arms we come,
To the sound of fife and drum,
Now our cruel war is past;
Light of heart and glad are we,
Having served the cause, to be
Marching home at last.

All day long we march till night,
Then beside the camp-fires light,
Underneath the starry dome,
It is sweet to close our eyes,
While the night-wind softly sighs,
On our march toward home;

And in sleep to dream we hear
Friendly voices sounding near,
Bidding welcome as we come,
Till at length the morning breaks,
And the happy dreamer wakes
To the beating of the drum.

Then once more upon the way,
March we on at dawn of day,
Now our cruel war is past;
Light at heart and glad are we,
Having proved the Right, to be
Marching home at last.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1865.

THE REBEL CHIEFS.

THE country is very much obliged to ROBERT E. LEE and BEVERLY TUCKER for an exhibition of the real spirit of the conquered rebel leaders. They are conquered, not converted. ROBERT E. LEE is to-day as utter a rebel as he was on the day when he deliberately resolved to betray the country which had educated him and to fire upon the flag which he had engaged in honor to defend.

Three days after LEE had surrendered the forces which he commanded, while he was still a paroled prisoner, he issued an order to the soldiers of his dispersing army, in which he reminds them that they will take with them "the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of a duty faithfully performed." The duty of which he speaks is armed resistance to the constitutional government of his country. Its faithful performance is the slaughter upon many fields of those resolutely true to their own government. LEE proceeds to say that he bids his troops farewell "with an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country." What country? The country of which DAVIS and BENJAMIN and SLIDELL and MASON have spoken for the last four years—a certain section of the United States of America called "the South," or "the Confederacy." That is "the country" to which they have been faithful; and for that fidelity, which, if successful, would have destroyed this nation, ROBERT E. LEE declares that he has an increasing admiration.

MR. BEVERLY TUCKER belongs to the third class of rebel chiefs. The first comprises those who fought and at least risked their lives in the field for what they professed to believe. The second consists of those who, like SLIDELL, slipped off to Europe when the fighting began, and finding that naught is every thing and every thing is naught, have been placidly enjoying the money they had made by the trade of politics, while they laughed in their sleeves at the more earnest conspirators whom they had outwitted. The third and infinitely the most contemptible class is composed of those who sneaked into Canada too far to be reached by the military conscriptions of the rebel despotism at Richmond, but close enough to the loyal part of the country to plot thefts, raids, railway slaughters, the burning alive of innocent women and children in theatres and hotels, and to instigate assassination. These three classes were made up of men who had lived by the government which they tried to overthrow, and which they had taken solemn oaths to respect and maintain; and to the third class, as we said, MR. BEVERLY TUCKER belongs.

This man has written a letter, since the surrender of LEE, professing horror that he, a supporter of the rebellion which hunted, hung, starved, and froze thousands of helpless Union men and prisoners, should be suspected of any complicity in the murder of one man. In the same letter TUCKER declares himself a public enemy of the United States, and adds, that before the assassination of MR. LINCOLN, he had asked permission to go to Richmond and assist in the reconstruction of a government to the supreme authority of which he has always been and always shall be opposed.

Such are the vanquished rebel leaders as they describe themselves. The country needs no other proof of their spirit, and no more startling warning of the peril of allowing them the least voice in the political settlement of the nation. There is not one of LEE'S former slaves, the man whom he and his fellow-conspirators, like BEVERLY TUCKER, have outraged and despised —the men who have been as unswervingly true to their country as LEE and TUCKER have been basely false—who is not at this moment a worthier citizen of the United States and fitter to be intrusted with a vote than ROBERT E. LEE, who, in his turn, might have almost heard the groans of the starving, rotting soldiers of the Union upon Belle Isle and in Libby prison, yet who spoke never a word nor lifted a finger for their relief; and who publishes his increasing admiration of the fidelity of traitors to their treason; or than BEVERLY TUCKER, who insolently proclaims his pride that he is a public enemy.

These men are representatives of that class of leaders at the South who inspired and consummated the bloody rebellion. They are silent guns, but loaded still; silent, not spiked or broken, and ready at any favorable moment to open fire again upon the national life and honor. They are the dragon's teeth, which are now in the strong hands of the United States Government and people. That hand may hold them harmless, or it may sow them again, and reap another bloody harvest of armed men. But if the nation is as true as it is strong, it will secure peace by the entire political disfranchisement of such avowed public enemies as ROBERT E. LEE and BEVERLY TUCKER, with all the other ringleaders of the rebellion.

MOBS.

THERE is no excuse for mobs in this country. Actions and words which the law does not condemn, and which the officers of the law are not obliged to regard, can well be disregarded by the public. If a crowd is to create crimes and punish them summarily at its pleasure, there is at the end of civil society. Had we been always faithful to the fundamental principle of our Government, which allows the supreme law to deal with all citizens and offenders, we should hardly have come to civil war.

But for many and many a year we have suffered the mob in this nation to overthrow the guarantees of the Constitution. Freedom of speech is the fundamental condition of popular government, and is expressly secured to every citizen of the United States; but the mob has destroyed it at the South and tried to destroy it at the North, and the fatal blow which the toleration of the mob struck at liberty in every way have failed to perceive. So permanent was mob rule in the slave States, that we had really come to believe not only that the mob condemned slavery there at the peril of his life, but we seemed to suppose that there was nothing to be done. Yet every one knew that if every mob or the Northern mob hunted and burned or hanged for expressing his opinion of slavery was a martyr to the country; and a thoughtful man might have seen that the only hope for free discussion of every question must be protected every where or war would inevitably follow.

Curses like chickens come home to roost. The men who have supported slavery and accused its discussion as an attack upon the rights of slaveholders—the men who, when they might stigmatize the discussion of free trade as an attack upon the rights of manufacturers—the men who have incited and excused the mobs which assail slavery discussion, at the North, are now occasionally reaping what they have sown. But the danger is the same. The mob of Boston which dragged WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, thirty years ago, for denouncing slavery, and the Philadelphia mob which assaulted a meeting called to express sympathizing with the most infamous traitors, are equally guilty. If MR. GARRISON had not effectually killed MOBS, the right to go uncondemned. If INGERSOLL, whose offense is known, was not arrested by the authorities, no man had a right to molest him.

The mob's position is the same as outrage to the public sentiment is not a crime to be punished until the law orders it; and when it does order it, the mob is not to execute it. The law must execute its will. That a man hopes for the ruin of his country, that he is a foul-mouthed traducer of good men and a base calumniator of the acts and motives of the Government, is reason enough in a time of war for his arrest and imprisonment by the Government, if, in its opinion, he is dangerous to public safety; and reason enough at all times for honest men to shun him. The common sense of the country fully justified the arrest of VALLANDIGHAM by the Government. But if the authorities had suffered him to be at large that should have been the end of any forcible action.

This INGERSOLL is doubtless utterly despicable. But it will not do to allow ten or ten hundred men to beat or assault any person whom they do not like. If he has committed an offense, let him be arrested before a magistrate. He was committed for carrying concealed weapons. That was an offense for which he may properly be punished. But the crowd had no right to beat him with a cane for carrying concealed weapons. The duty of the captain who accosted him was to complain to the magistrate, not to cane the culprit. If the report be correct that the captain struck the first blow, it was the duty of the police to arrest the captain for an assault as well as INGERSOLL for carrying weapons.

There is safety in no other course than in leaving the law to deal with offenders against its authority. But the offenses which are not legal crimes must be punished by public contempt, not by actual force. The country can not now be harmed as it might have been two or three years since by the rebel speeches of men like INGERSOLL. At that time he would properly have been arrested. Let him and his fellows sink into present contempt and future infamy.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S AMNESTY.

By his proclamation of the 8th of December, 1863, President LINCOLN granted a full pardon —with certain exceptions which we will presently state—to all who had been in rebellion, with a full restoration of all rights of property except in slaves and in cases where the rights of third parties had intervened, and upon condition of taking and keeping and keeping inviolate an oath to support and defend the Constitution and the Union under it, and to abide faithfully by all the acts of Congress, and by the proclamations of the President in regard to slaves, so far as they are not repealed or declared void by the Supreme Court.

The persons excepted from this amnesty were all who are or have been civil or diplomatic officers and agents of the rebel Government—all who have left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion—all who are or have been military and naval officers above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy —all who left seats in the United States Congress or resigned commissions in its army or navy, and afterward aided the rebellion—and all who have treated colored or white soldiers and sailors of the United States otherwise than as prisoners of war.

On the 26th of March, 1864, President LINCOLN by proclamation defined that the amnesty was limited to those who were not prisoners of war, but who, being free from any arrest, voluntarily took the oath.

On the 6th of December, 1864, in his last annual Message to Congress, the President said that when he proclaimed the amnesty he stated that the excepted classes might still be within special clemency. "During the year," he continued, "many additional cases of the general proclamation, and many more would, only that the signs of bad faith in some" led to precautions. Special pardons will be granted to persons of the excepted classes. "The door has been for a full year open to all." But he adds, "The time may come, probably will come, when public duty will demand that it be closed, and that in lieu, more vigorous measures than heretofore shall be adopted."

Such measures were not suggested by President LINCOLN, nor have they been adopted. The amnesty remains in full force until it is modified by the same authority. The letter of his chief of staff, General GRANT, in which he speak asserts that "a detachment of the United States Christian Commission consisting of seven" came into Richmond "under" General ROBERT E. LEE. It was unfortunate for these gentlemen that "President JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary BENJAMIN, and "General" WIGFALL had left Richmond. Had they remained, this detachment of seven might have completed their homage to abortive and bloody treason by "paying their respects" to the bloody chief traitors—or as the New York *Tribune* politely calls the rebel agents in Canada, these "distinguished Americans to the other party in our civil war."

The loyal fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, husbands, and sons in this country have generously contributed thousands and thousands of dollars to the United States Christian Commission for the purpose of binding the wounds, soothing the agony, and smoothing the dying pillows of brave and innocent men done to death by the command of ROBERT E. LEE. These contributors have hoped also that they might assuage some of the inconceivable suffering of the poor victims of Andersonville and Belle Isle. The faithful hand and heart of the country have been opened at the entreaty of the Christian Commission; yet, if this story be true, some of the agents of this great beneficence have been eager to lick the boots of the man who caused so much of the sorrow which the charity was intended to relieve.

If these agents were so anxious to pay their respects to somebody at the South there were men enough there whom it might have cured their weary hearts' homage, and whom it was a crime to forget. The Union men who have not fallen in their love of country to the flag which LEE betrayed and sought to dishonor; the slaves whose souls are white with fidelity to the country which had forgotten them; they hearts which have suffered and waited and prayed and believed, through all the malice of DAVIS and amidst the fiery lines of LEE—surely these were the men and women who should have received from the agents of the Christian Commission that respect which they so publicly offered to a man who at red with the innocent blood of his fellow-citizens.

Whether they receive it or not, let us remember that LEE is not magnanimous, or Christian, or great, or admirable, because he fought in a cause which he confesses was not justified in appealing to arms. He is not a hero because he staid behind intrenchments until GRANT forced him out. He is not a gentleman because he lived by the sweat of other men's brows. He is not less guilty of the highest crime against his country because he excuses himself as all traitors do. He is not by his own words as much a rebel to his Government and to humanity now as he was six weeks ago, and if the agents of the Christian Commission would not have "paid their respects" to him then, their homage is still more contemptible now.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH.

SURELY every generous heart will sympathize with the peculiarly crushing blow which has befallen MR. EDWIN BOOTH. A gentleman whose retiring courtesy has universally commanded respect—an actor whose genius and success have delighted his countrymen—a citizen whose private vote was cast for ABRAHAM LINCOLN—a man whose character has made hosts of friends—it is a cruel fate which identifies his name with the national sorrow. "I don't speak to me of glory" said he several months since to a friend who differed from him, "for we can not agree. ABRAHAM LINCOLN will be loved and honored hereafter not less than WASHINGTON."

MR. BOOTH at once, and naturally, withdrew from his present professional engagements. But he should understand that he is not to be ruined by the crimes of any one who bears his name. The powers which he has always so nobly used are not to be lost to us by any offenses but his own. When the bitterness of the hour has somewhat passed, and the event which now afflicts us can be more calmly contemplated, he will resume his work, we hope, sure of the approval of those whose kind thoughts he most values, and of the public which has so charms and instincts. Meanwhile it is our duty to take care that no taint of prejudice attaches to his name.

"THE NORTHERN WHIG."

IN quoting an admirable article from the Belfast *Northern Whig*, describing MR. LINCOLN'S singular felicity, we ascribed it to PROFESSOR CAIRNES. But a letter from an Irishman who knows informs us that it is from the pen of MR. HILL, the editor of the paper. We gladly make the correction, as our correspondent suggests, "for the sake of justice, and to prove, too, that we have Irish journals besides those already known on the other side."

Indeed, we have had no clearer eyed or more stalwart champion than MR. HILL'S *Northern Whig*. Upon the receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond he wrote an admirable article, from which we extract the following striking passages:

"The public writers and speakers who, during the last three years and a half, have occupied themselves in denouncing that the North could never conquer the South are now bound with a very different and much deeper confidence to congratulate it. They establish, in their own measure say satisfaction, that the South, of whose ultimate 'subjugation' they thought meanly and spoke scornfully, can never be held and administered as part of a free republic. It will be, they assure us, the Poland or Hungary on the continent; are we content as to say the Ireland—of America. If the authors of these doleful passages had ever been right in any single point arising out of the rebellion—if they had not blundered from first to last upon the military problem—we should entertain greater confidence than it is possible for us now to feel in their political valetudinarian. On every element of the great theme they have gone wildly astray. They understood neither the material strength nor the moral character of the Northern and Southern populations, nor the social organizations which are divided from each other by Mason and Dixon's line. This ignorance—including a total indifference to the facts

of American history and biography—within their political pronunciations so completely as it has reversed her military prophecies.

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"A Homestead act for the South would bring to Virginia the prosperity of New York, and enable Florida and Alabama to count wealth and men with Ohio and Illinois. To effect this end there will be no need of confiscation. Is the wasteland or abandoned soil of the State bases more suitable for the interest of freedom, than the wasteland to the landless whites, whoare, or were, the strength of the rebellion and the hope of those who count on future disaffection and troubles, that may probably be converted into peaceful and industrious citizens, thus helping to confirm the new order on the basis of the old one, in the overthrow of which they have been blind instruments.

"The highest of a tropical climate lands not worth much with us in fine forecasting the future. No part of the United States has more natural resources; and those States which most nearly approaches them, is the seat of German settlers, employed in that form of industry—the cultivation of cotton—in which we are asked to believe that no European can engage and live. In this instance, and in that of every other, the facts which are adduced disprove the possibility of the reconstruction of the Union on the basis of a homogeneous society, North and South, have no existence out of the imaginations of those whose wishes shape their thoughts."

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

IT is a happy moment in which the doors of the new Academy building are opened. It is a temple of art, and is dedicated in the last days of war to lasting peace. The simple exercises of the opening, the brilliant assembly throughout the beautiful halls, the building of a new company together making a fairer and nobler picture than any hung upon the walls—all combined to make the occasion peculiarly joyous to the hour. The building is entirely satisfactory. It is spacious, solid, convenient, simple in arrangement, admirable in light and ventilation, and very fine and effective. A more striking spectacle than it offered on Thursday evening, April 27, 1865, is seldom seen. To pay and thinking people, the descending and descending the stately staircase, leaning over the railings above it, passing in and out of the lofty halls, and such a scene as New York at this time has painted upon many a canvas; while we, more lucky than the delegates of a canvas, could see the respectful crowd, and hear the music, and catch the breath of flowers, which in the Venetian pictures are only suggested.

The voice of prayer consecrated the peaceful walls. The guild of artists, who were the hosts of the evening, the artists of the building, fitly spoke the welcome by the lips of their honored chief, President HENRYCUCK. The great multitude of lovers and friends of art responded from the tongue of the venerable master of song, the poet BRYANT, and then no more speeches were made—the practice which we hope may be as enduring as the marble walls of the Academy. The occasion will not be forgotten. The opening festival was worthy of the place and the purpose; and we heartily, congratulate the artists of America that, after long wandering, they now have a home. No chief city of the country a home for the exhibition of their works which is itself an illustration both of the progress of art and of the general public interest in its cultivation.

The exhibition—the fortieth annual display of the Academy—is very large, but it seems to us not very good. There are many, there are many lovely pictures, but there are few that are very memorable. The usual run of portraits is fortunately quite reasonable, and the landscapes are various and interesting. But we should gladly have seen more works inspired by the war, which is an epoch of romance, tragedy, and comedy. Mr. BEARD'S "The Night before the Battle" (263) is a solemn and striking picture. The soldiers lie sleeping around the guns; one of the men has just been writing a letter home; the sentry pass along the parapet; the cold moonlight gleams upon a gun which Death, the skeleton, is sighting. It is a picture which makes the spectator glad that peace is come. If, then, you step from this picture to the door, and look across the hall of the staircase, you will see, high over the door of the opposite room, a picture that would richly reward your attention—if you could see it. But you can not. The architect has made that impossible. The Committee have buried a picture in it. By-and-by, when the exhibition is over and the picture is taken down, you will see, I suppose, a charming treatment of a characteristic episode in the war, "General SHERMAN'S March through Georgia—Soldiers arriving at a Plantation" (86), by THOMAS NAST. The work is full of expression in the faces and groups, but we should not know it. There is a party of officers approaching the disdainful ladies of the house, who are standing upon the piazza, which is capitally contrasted with a group of the slaves paying homage to the soldiers; there is a characteristic middle distance of military tents and squads, with all the busy, bustling, surprised movement attendant upon such an arrival; there is the household scene, the mansion within the hall, the gold air, the sluglish river; but you will never know it so long as the picture hangs where it can not be seen. We have the authorities of the Academy to put some bust or baso relievo in that unfortunate niche, and never again to put a picture there.

Beneath it, on each side of the door into the main hall, hang the "Sleeping Storm" (93), by J. F. KENSETT, and "Ullswater" (91), by J. F. KENSETT. Mr. GIFFORD'S landscape is fine. The startled lush that goes before the letter of the boatman is finely indicated, and it is certainly one of his best works, even if it be a little melodramatic. Mr. KENSETT, upon the other side of the door, shows us the very ecstasy of summer beauty among the hills of the English lake region. This is one of the most delightful of KENSETT'S pictures, and he is a happy man who sees it always upon his wall. Mr. KENSETT contributes this year are only four, but they are in his best style. "An October morning" (230) is one of the exquisite scenes in the treatment of which he is unsurpassed.

The poet of humor is accepted by Mr. BIERSTADT'S "Looking down To Semite Valley, California" (486). The general aspect of this picture has been somewhat familiarized to the public eye by a small and exquisite study of the same subject in the exhibition of the Sanitary Fair a year ago. It is a bright picture with a certain freshness of form which is striking, and there is a fine masterly facility in the execution. But the subject seems for some reason inadequate to so large a canvas. Effect is often disproportioned to the size. We speak under correction, however, for we record an impression rather than a judgment. "The late Peletah Perit" (446), by THOMAS HICKS, is one of the best of the artist's full-length portraits. It was painted by a member of the good man whom it represents, for although we never saw him we recognize here the impression which he made upon those who were most familiar with him. In the room at the head of the staircase there are two pictures, "Listeners" (214) and "The Shepherd" (210), by WILLIAM M. HUNT, which, although painted in a manner that we can not like, are full of tenderness and grace. Mr. EASTMAN JOHNSON'S "Christmas Night" (376) is also a very charming little work. It is an interior with portraits, and painted apparently with extreme fidelity but it is sure to confirm the reputation of the artist. Mr. C. P. CRANCH, in Nos. 22, 379, and 393, contributes some excellent landscapes, painted from pure love of the mysterious and romantic city, and with the poetic suggestion that belongs to the subject.

We speak of the pictures briefly, just as we stroll through the rooms, and shall record our impressions of some other works at another time.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

AN officer writes to us from Tennessee: "In my present sedentary, unregular life, the weekly newspapers from the great world come but seldom, I want to tell you, if I can, how it seems to me the army—I am certain of the whole army—is behind the flank of the President. In the first place there has been, ever since there began to understand him, a love for the good man now gone to the good man's heaven, little short of idolatry. It was pure and genuine affection, and was the just appreciation of him in his sagacity and honesty such as I verily believe was never before entertained for any man by so large a number. He was the father of the army as him as the chosen leader under whose guidance, peace, and prosperity, the gift of the dear God would come to the people of the land.

"The shock his death has given it is impossible to express. On whom can we now look with confidence, we ask, to carry on this trying hour? they ask. It is not the cry of doubt, or disloyalty, or despair of the republic, but it is the cry of grief, and of the heart's best friend. Their love, their gratitude, their all-embracing confidence and trust can not be transferred to any one. There was a personal attachment to every one of them, and especially to our good colored fellows. I called out my regiment and read them the news. There was a look in the eye among them; and on that day and yesterday, the day of the funeral, there were the silence and sadness of the strongest grief I ever saw.

"_____I see Mr. BRECKER says he would treat JEFFERSON DAVIS as he would treat a criminal. I am with him. But you forget, Mr. BRECKER, that the wasp which you mercifully released had committed no other offense than flying in through the open window. Suppose you had seen it settle down on the breast of your sleeping, unconscious child and thrust its poisoned sting into its heart. I think you would not have killed it on the spot? And JEFF DAVIS is no wasp. More venomous than the cobra di capa, more treacherous than the wolf, more cunning than the serpent, more lying than the devil, he has robbed the land of its children. It may be his last divine purpose to let him live an outcast with the breand of Cain upon him, for in no Christian community can he find a home. But I say kill him as our hands he shall die; so believes the army.

"So believing, and hoping that the end of the rebellion is now near and justice is coming, they will support the administration of ANDREW JOHNSON or of any other man who, as they believe, has at heart the welfare of the republic."

THE LINCOLN HOSPITAL.

IN response to our suggestion that a monument to Mr. LINCOLN should take the form of a hospital for soldiers and sailors, a responsible gentleman writes to the editor that thousands of thirteen acres admirably situated on the harbor of New London, near the mouth of the Thames River. The property will be deeded for purposes named to a board of national trustees on condition that the sum of $100,000 be raised by voluntary contributions to erect a suitable building, and to equip and maintain a hospital. Our correspondent adds: "To insure you that it is not a wild scheme, I have got to get rid of, and that I have no mercenary motive in the matter, I may state that I am not sure that I shall ever see your since the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars in cash, and now hold it at three thousand dollars subscription. The citizens are all interested, neither do I expect to be interested, in any manner whatsoever with any of the adjoining lands or interests."

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

WE began in the last Number of the *Weekly* the publication of the new novel by ARTEMUS B. EDWARDS, author of "Bardeau's History," which was one of the most delightful stories of the last year, "Barbara's History" at once made the reputation of Miss EDWARDS as a skillful and fascinating novelist, and "Half a Million of Money" promises to maintain it. The first number was a prologue, the scene of which was London a hundred years ago. With the Number published to-day the tale properly opens in a clear, sweet, and simple strain which suggests many delightful things. The succeeding number there is a charming picture of a Swiss pastor. We can sincerely commend the opening story as very certain to reward richly the reader's attention. It is not technically a "sensation story," but it is vivid, graphic, and very interesting.

☞ The Portrait of "Mr. Lincoln at Home," published in our last issue, was copied from the admirable Photograph of Mr. A. BERGER, 285 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT reached Raleigh early on Monday morning, April 24. His immediately entered General SHERMAN that the Government at Washington had not ratified the memorandum of agreement between Generals SHERMAN and General JOHNSTON. Notice was sent to the latter that the truce would be removed within forty-eight hours, and a fresh demand was made for surrender. The rebel commissioners were properly committed the whole matter as fully into the hands of General Sherman as if nothing had occurred. The truce had acted in his previous arrangement upon a misunderstanding, having supposed from the terms in which General GRANT stated terms to Lee were approved at the North, and from the impression produced by General WELTZEL to the Virginia Legislature to reconsider at Richmond, that the Government was anxious to conciliate even those who had been prominent actors in the rebellion. General GRANT in a few words set him right in that matter. General JOHNSTON, without any very apparent reluctance, accepted the same terms which he granted to LEE, and on the same day surrendered all the rebel armies north and east of the Chattahoochee River. The rebel armies south and west on the 26th to General SCHOFIELD, who has been appointed commander of the district of South Carolina.

Thus the last organized army east of the Mississippi has been disbanded. The rebel chief civil officers, Governors THOMAS and CLARK have already, by the capture of Mobile and the surrender of General TAYLOR, lost their office important points, finished up the war in their departments. There is no doubt as to the speedy disorganization of the rebel army west of the Mississippi.

Upon the surrender of the rebellion, upon whom much trouble was expected, are giving up their arms. Kirby's men have already surrendered; and though their commander is still at large his whereabouts are known and his capture is only a question of time. Morgan's command at the west is taking the same course.

From the moment the military establishment essential to war the nation is now drifting toward one more suitable to an era of peace. The necessary steps are already taken for the reduction of the army and the curtailment of military expenses. All persons not actually requiring the further medical treatment are to be honorably discharged and paid; officers and soldiers who have been disabled in the war are now on furlough or in parole-camps, and all recruits at rendezvous, especially in the regular army, are to be discharged. The Adjutant-General has been ordered to make up returns of the number in the field and in garrison with a view to their reduction. It will not require a large army to garrison the forts and fortifications of peace at the South. Already a large portion of the present army is to be found in the Southern States. The number of clerks and employés in the Quarter-master's, Engineer's, and Ordnance Bureaus of the Department are to be reduced to the number absolutely necessary for closing business. The Ordnance Bureau will be discharged except those necessary to bring home soldiers, and all unfinished contracts will be cancelled.

The purchase of horses and mules, the purchase of forage, the purchase of quartermaster's and commissary's stores, and all purchases for railroad construction will be stopped. The Commissary General of Subsistence will discontinue the purchase of supplies; the Chief of Ordnance will stop all purchases of arms and ammunition; the Chief of Engineers will stop labor on field fortifications and other works; and the Chief of Topographical Engineers will discontinue some projects for surveys to be made out of the public property in the Southern States, retaining that property in such that may be sold upon advertisement, without prejudice to the country.

On the 29th President JOHNSON issued an order creating the military division of the Mississippi, to consist of all the States east of the Mississippi. This will have a beneficial effect in hastening the work of reorganizing by peaceful pursuits the devastations of a four-years war.

THE "VIRGINIA."

On the evening of Sunday, April 23, our gun-boats at the mouth of Red River captured the rebel ram Webb and sent her up to Mississippi. She made one escape previously, and passed Alexandria. From New Orleans she was chased by the Government steamer *Hollyhock*, and was soon discovered by the steamer *Richmond*. She was discovered coming up; so that all chance of her escape was cut off. She was boarded by Lieutenant WOOD, her officers and crew escaped. She was commanded by Captain WEBB, a rebel naval notoriety. The Red River Shreveport, Louisiana, on the Red River, on the 16th of April, with a crew of fifty-two, targeting, and guns, with which it was designed to run her down the Mississippi to the Gulf and to New Orleans.

THE WRECK OF THE "SULTANA."

A terrible calamity, scarcely paralleled in the history of steamboat disasters on the Mississippi, occurred on April 28 to the steamer *Sultana* eight miles above Memphis. The steamer Sultana, Mason, was on her way from New Orleans to Cairo with 2000 people on board, of whom all but about 500 were paroled prisoners on their way home from the rebel prison at Andersonville. At 2 A.M. the boilers burst with terrific force, and destroyed the officers and engineers of the boat. Nearly 1600 lives were lost, among whom are known to be commissioned officers, Hon. W. D. Snow, member of Congress from ATKINSON, and two Colonels of Illinois regiments.

The scene following the explosion was heart-rending and indescribable. Hundreds of people were blown into the air, and descending into the water, some dead, some with their limbs shattered, others were borne under by the resistless current of the great river, never to rise again. Others were consumed by the scorching flames of the wreck, were unable to reach the woods, and there they perished. Others, unable to swim, were left floating here to their assistance. There were about fifteen women and children on board, but as far as can be ascertained only two or three have been found. Some of the wretched people were thrown into the river as far down as the levee at this city, and this was the first intimation the officers of the town had received of the terrible disaster.

In twenty minutes after the explosion the whole boat was in a sheet of flame. Many men left the steamer at 8:30, took refuge on the bow of the boat while the flames were driving the fire, but the heat soon drove them down the stream, reversing the flames, when the steam came pouring from the boilers, and they were clinging to the boat.

There is suspicion on the part of some that a torpedo must have been placed in the coal and that the explosion was not accidental.

NEWS ITEMS.

Stephen R. Mallory, rebel Secretary of the Navy, surrendered himself at Fenwick to Captain Gibson, of the national navy, on the 20th of April.

The appointment of the Surgeon-General bring the gratifying assurance that Secretary Seward is quite past all danger and will doubtless soon be able to attend to all the duties of his important position. Mr. Frederick Seward is also doing well.

The *London Journal* has information that the rebel General Gideon J. Pillow has requested to be allowed to return to his home in Tennessee, where he smartly cash and giving bonds.

The hundred rebels at Cumberland Gap surrendered on the 26th, and were paroled.

It will require eleven millions of dollars to pay off General Sherman's army.

The dismantlement of the drafting system will relieve from duty a force of persons estimated at 70,000.

Secretary Welles has sent a congratulatory letter to Admiral Thatcher on the fall of Mobile.

The rebel ram *Albemarle*, recently sunk in the Roanoke River, by Lieutenant Cushing, has been raised at an expense of $20,000, and towed to Norfolk, where she will be repaired. Her machinery is in good condition, and her hull not much damaged.

The Department of Washington has been subdivided into four military districts, under command respectively of Major-General John G. Parke, Brevet Major-General T. M. Harris, Brevet Major-General Wells, and Colonel M. D. Sweitzer; the whole under command of Major-General Augur.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE excitement in Europe on receiving intelligence of the capture of Richmond was most intense. The opinion was almost unanimous that this victory would end the war. Though the rebel organ pretended to wait an hour from the other side. The scene in the French Legislative body on April 10 when the news was communicated was somewhat extraordinary. A debate was in progress on the amendment to the address to the throne, expressing sympathy with our cause. Mr. Pelletan spoke in favor of the amendment. It was contested by Rouher, but by a majority. The amendment was rejected by 195 votes against 54.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"IT BE EVENSAL!" asked—"Jack!" and "John" set, the question of the week. Jackson Square is the same as Johnson *Johnson's* son. Andrew Johnson, ex-Governor of Tennessee, the United States, is now the same as Andrew Jackson, seventh President. Both were born in North Carolina, both lived for a time in South Carolina, both emigrated to Tennessee. Andrew, under the new name, will accomplish what he promised under his old name: "The Union must and shall be preserved."

QUIDDITIES.

For the Old Ladies.—A tea-party without scandal is like a ball without a fiddle.

Words without deeds are like the barks without the seeds.

Features without grace are like a clock without a face.

A hand without a love is like a cat without a fur.

Life without cheer is like a cellar without beer.

A master without a slave is like a mule without the rein.

Marriage without means is like a horse without his mane.

A man without a wife is like a fork without a knife.

A convert without flushing is like thunder without lightning.

PROVERBS.—Proverbs by JOSEPH BULLOCK. Eighteen very wise sayings, and the wisest among you has effort to give them the big end of the trade. Merry young, and old, are invited to join in the chorus. Price, only 25 cents, clothes and cotton flannel. Also, a pleasant book for the sick bed—Bed-ridden. Cultivate modesty, put meat and keep a good conscience. Sold by all the trade. Orders by express-post stores were made on purpose. Code more than a thousand years old is done to boy. If a man's enemy can blackwhite he is a negro, or you are a fish. Keep fish in cage, but not in water. Never sell your cow if you left he fane, go into the grave-yard and scratch yourself with a tame-thorn. Young man, be careful about the pedigree your going to leave than you are about the wun somebody's gone, but don't be in a hurry. Remember sense and sure to cure. Two lovers, like two armies, generally git along quietly until they are engaged.

"Friendship with all, entangling silkscues with none," is as good a motto for women as for men.

A man with an enormously large mouth called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had presented his instruments and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his mouth till he got it to a fiddle shape. "Why, sir," said the dentist; "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand outside of it to draw your tooth."

"God-morning, Mr. Jenkins; where have you kept yourself this long time?" "Kept myself," said Jenkins; "I don't keep myself, I live on credit."

THE TOOTH OF TIME.—"When Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is but a shapeless mass of ruins and fallen, and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is to be wonder," sighed a French humorist, "that my old black tent should be getting seedy at the elbows."

Good prescription for a horse that will not eat a "bit"—Try him oats.

Somebody says the most difficult accent is getting up a subscription.

A PREACHER'S TOAST.—"Woman—the fairest work in creation. The last edition is large, and no mistake would be without a copy."

DEFINITION OF THE "HAPPY MEAN."—A joyful mixer.

A STARVED MAN, who was out at a white party, when he supposed great attention was paid to the supper, sighed, "Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well; my wife, probably, is already as much as she can be."

THE FIRE-PIMPLE.—A lawyer's.

CHRISTIAN NOMENCLATURE.—What would be the best Christian name for a female friend?—Ambrosia.

Why are suicides the most successful people in the world?—Because they always accomplish their own ends.

The young lady who lost the little pink fan from her bonnet has found it again in a big brown straw at heaver.

QUAKER APPELLATION.—"Of drab it!"

There may be a hundred geese with all their quills in one pen.

Price-fighters, clam-eaters, and Turks, are all musicians.

If a man is drowned, *water* is his fate.

BED-IVY.—AY, BED.—The late Indies in Paris are all trying to make their hair golden. It is the correct thing to call it "golden," but the right word is "yellow." The meaning plan by which the color is imparted to the locks is a secret which ought to be soaked as the "secrety'd art-cry," as being to closely connected with the vain.

An Irishman, who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

CHURCH.—The pronoun I and the interjection Oare always represented by a capital; when U is added, it is the representation of no capital at all.

EDUCATIONAL AVOCATIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURAL CLASSES.—Thrashing machines.

EFFECT ON AN OLD MAID.—A large—too late!

THE ASSASSIN'S END.

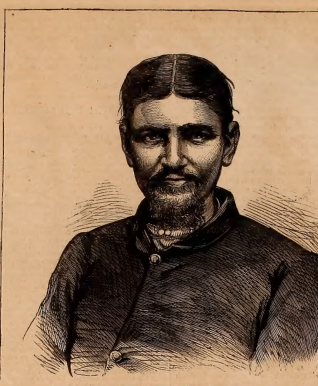
AFTER eleven days had transpired since the death of the President his murderer, JOHN WILKES BOOTH, was discovered in a barn on GARRETT'S farm, near Port Royal, on the Rappahannock. Immediately after the murder Colonel BAKER, of the detective service, set out to find BOOTH'S hiding-place. He soon succeeded in capturing ATZEROTH and Dr. MUDDS. It was the latter of these who attended to BOOTH'S crippled leg, and a boot with BOOTH'S name in it was found in his possession. A negro was then arrested, who said he had seen BOOTH and another man cross the Potomac in a fishing-boat. Colonel BAKER sent to HANCOCK for twenty-five mounted men to aid him in the pursuit. These were sent under Lieutenant DOUGHERTY, and BAKER placed them under the control of Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. CONGER, and of his cousin, Lieutenant L. B. BAKER, and dispatched them to Belle Plain, with orders to scour the country about Port Royal.

The detectives and cavalrymen left Washington at two P.M. on the 23d of April, and at ten o'clock disembarked at Belle Plain, near Fredericksburg. Here they commenced their inquest, but without any result. The next morning they came to Port Royal ferry and crossed. At Port Royal they found one ROLLINS, a fisherman, who referred them to a negro named LUCAS as having driven two men a short distance toward Bowling Green in a wagon. These men perfectly answered the description of BOOTH and his accomplice HAROLD. Some disbanded men, it was learned, belonging to MOSBY'S command, took BOOTH under their protection on the way to Bowling Green. On the 25th BAKER and his party proceeded to Bowling Green, a small court-house town in Caroline County. Here they found the captain of the rebel cavalry, and extorted from him a statement of BOOTH'S hiding-place. It was found that this was at the house of a Mr. GARRETT, which they had passed on their way to Bowling Green.

Returning with the captain for a guide, the worn-out command halted at GARRETT'S gate at two o'clock on the morning of the 26th. The *World* correspondent gives the following description of the house: "In the pale moonlight, three hundred yards from the main road, to the left, a plain old farm-house looked grayly through its environing locusts. It was worn and whitewashed, and two-storied, and its half-human windows glowered down upon the silent cavalrymen like watching owls which stood as sentries over some horrible secret asleep within. The front of this house looked up the road toward the Rappahannock, but did not face it, and on that side a long Virginia porch protruded, where, in the summer, among the honeysuckles, the humming-bird flew like a visible odor. Nearest the main road, against the pallid gable, a single-storied kitchen stood, and there were three other doors, one opening upon the porch, one in the kitchen gable, and one in the rear of the farm-house.

"Dimly seen behind, an old barn, high and weather-beaten, faced the roadside gate, for the house itself lay to the left of its own lane; and nestling beneath the barn, a few long corn-cribs lay with a cattle-shed at hand. There was not a swell of the landscape any where in sight. A plain dead level contained all the tenements and structures. A worm fence stretched along the road, broken by two battered gate-posts, and between the road and the house the lane was crossed by a second fence and gate. The farm-house lane, passing the house front, kept straight on to the barn, though a second carriage-track ran up to the porch."

Without noise the house was surrounded, and BAKER went up to the kitchen door on the side and wrapped. An old man in half undress undrew the bolts, and had scarcely opened the door before BAKER had him by the throat with a pistol at his ear, and asked, "Where are the men who stay with you?" Under the menace of instant death the old man seemed paralyzed, but at BAKER'S order lit a candle. The question was then repeated. "They are gone," replied the old man. Soon a young boy appeared on the stage and told BAKER the men he sought were in the barn. The barn



SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



Lieutenant Baker. Colonel Baker. Colonel Conger.

PLANNING THE CAPTURE OF BOOTH AND HAROLD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



BOOTH'S CAPTURE—THE ASSASSIN BROUGHT TO BAY.

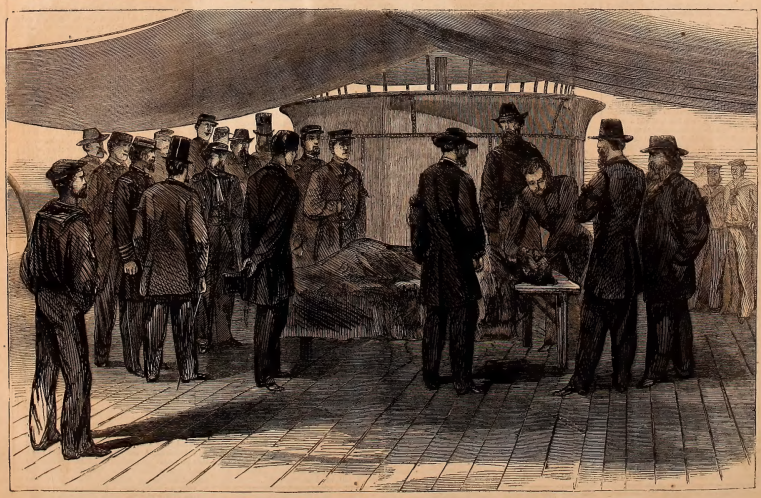
was then surrounded. BAKER and CONGER went to the door. The former called out signifying his intention to have a surrender on the part of the men inside, or else a bonfire and a shooting match. He sent the young boy in to receive their arms. To the boy's appeal BOOTH answered with a curse, accusing the boy of having betrayed him. The boy then came out, and BAKER repeated his demand, giving BOOTH five minutes to make up his mind. BOOTH replied,

"Who are you, and what do you want with us?"

BAKER answered, "We want you to deliver up your arms and become our prisoners."

"But who are you?"

"That makes no difference. We know who you



POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION OF BOOTH'S BODY ON BOARD THE MONITOR "MONTAUK."

are, and we want you. We have here fifty men with carbines and pistols. You can not escape."

After a pause BOOTH said: "Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. Perhaps I am being taken by my own friends." He then asked time to consider, which was granted. After a little interval BAKER threatened to fire the barn if they did not come out. BOOTH replied that he was a cripple and begged a chance for his life, declaring that he would never be taken alive. BAKER replied that he did not come there to fight but to capture him, and again threatened to fire the barn.

"Well, then, my brave boys," said BOOTH, "prepare a stretcher for me."

HAROLD wanted to surrender, and, in the midst of a shower of imprecations from BOOTH, did so. CONGER then set fire to the barn. Let such another brother who belongs to our regiment had a season of prayer with us, after reading it!" Weed and we three were just as happy as in a big Meeting. Brother CORBETT shouted, and nobody was hurt by it. Glory to God!"

Further on he says: "Give those dear little ones a kiss for me. God bless them! I wish to be remembered with the kindest affection and love," etc.

Sergeant CORBETT is well known in this city. He was a constant attendant of the Fulton Street Meeting, and was present at that very time when considered his fanaticism. He took part frequently, and in his prayers was in the habit of adding "or if not, my brother is in a better sphere." Of another brother who was present at the Fulton Street Meeting, and who was

them he was a grave, plodding, careful, clever man, somewhat parsimonious as to his expenditure, provokingly reticent as to his private habits, and evidently bent on the accumulation of riches. They were about as correct in their conclusions as the conclave of cardinals which elected Pope Sixtus the Fifth for no other merits than his supposed age and infirmities.

Lost in anxious thought, William Trefalden sat at his desk, in the same attitude, till dusk came on, and the lamps were lighted in the thoroughfare below. Once or twice he sighed, or stirred uneasily; but his eyes never wandered from their fixed stare, and his head was never lifted from his hands. At length he seemed to come to a definite resolution. He rose, rang the bell, crumpled up the memorandum which he had written according to Mr. Behrens's instructions, and flung it into the fire.

The door opened, and a red-headed clerk made his appearance.

"Let the office-lamp be brought," said Mr. Trefalden, "and ask Mr. Keckwitch to step this way."

The clerk vanished, and was succeeded by Mr. Keckwitch, who came in with the lighted lamp in his hand.

"Put the sheds over it, Keckwitch," exclaimed Mr. Trefalden, impatiently, as the glare fell full upon his face. "It's enough to blind one!"

The head clerk obeyed slowly, looking at his employer all the while from beneath his eyebashes.

"You sent for me, Sir?" he asked, huskily.

He was a short, fat, pallid man, with no more neck than a Schiedam bottle. His eyes were small and almost colorless. His ears had held so many generations of pens that they hung from his head like the handles of a classic vase, and his voice was always husky.

"Yes. Do you know where to lay your hand upon that old copy of my great-grandfather's will?"

"Jacob Trefalden of Basinghall Street, seventeen hundred and sixty?"

Mr. Trefalden nodded.

The head clerk took the subject into placid consideration, and drummed thoughtfully with his fat fingers upon the most prominent portion of his waistcoat.

"Well, Sir," he admitted, after a brief pause, "I won't say that I may not be able to find it."

"Do so, if you please. Who is in the office?"

"Only Mr. Gorkin."

"Desire Gorkin to run out and fetch me a Continental Bradshaw."

Mr. Keckwitch retired; dispatched the redheaded clerk, took down a dusty-dead-looking still dustier corner cupboard; brought forth the old yellow parchment for which his employer had just required, and slipped it quietly within the lid of his desk. Having done this, he took an armful of mouldy deeds from another shelf of the same cupboard, and littered them all about the desk and floor. Just as he had completed these arrangements, Gorkin entered, unprovided with the volume in his hand, and Mr. Keckwitch took it in.

"And the copy?" said Mr. Trefalden, without lifting his eyes from an old book of maps over which he was bending.

"I was looking for it, Sir," replied the head clerk.

"Very good."

"Gorkin may go, I suppose, Sir? It's more than half past five."

"Of course; and you too, when you have found the deed."

Mr. Keckwitch retired again, released the gratefully placed, placid himself from the chair, proceeded with much deliberation to read the will.

"What's at the bottom of it?" muttered he presently, as he paused with one fat finger on the opening sentence. "What's wrong? Something. I smell it in his voice. I saw it in his face. And he knew I should see it too, when he told me about the shade. What is it? What's he peering into those maps about? Why does he want this copy? He never asked for it before. There ain't a fresh investment in him. I know. I've read it before. But I'll read it again, for all that. A man can never know too much of his employer's private affairs. Not much chance of learning a great deal of his either. Confounded private he keeps 'em."

He read a little further, and then paused again.

"Why did he send for that Continental Bradshaw?" he questioned to himself. "Why can I go, too, when there's plenty to be done here, and he knows it? He wants me gone, that's it. Where's he goin' himself? What's he up to? Abel Keckwitch, Abel Keckwitch, my best of friends, keep your right eye open!"

And with this apostrophe he returned to the deed, and proceeded with it sedulously.

"Well, Keckwitch," cried Mr. Trefalden, from the inner room, "have you found the copy?"

"Not yet, Sir," replied that trusty fellow, who was then rather more than half-way through it. "But I've turned out a boxful of old parchments, and I think I shall be sure—"

"Enough. Look closely for it, and bring it as soon as it turns up."

"I will, Sir," murmured Mr. Keckwitch, "as soon as I have finished it."

And so it did, about five minutes after, when Mr. Keckwitch made his appearance with it at his master's door.

"Found? That's right!" exclaimed the lawyer, putting out his hand eagerly.

"I won't be sure, Sir, till you've looked at it," replied the head clerk, with becoming modesty.

Mr. Trefalden's fingers closed on the parchment, but his eyes flashed keenly into the lustreless orbs of Abel Keckwitch, and rested for a moment before they reverted to the indorsement.

"Humph!" said he at length, in a slightly altered tone. "Yes—it's quite right, thank you. Good night."

"Good-night, Sir."

Mr. Trefalden looked after him suspiciously, and continued to do so, even when the door had been closed between them.

"The man's false," said he. "None but spies have so little curiosity. I shouldn't wonder if he's read every line."

Then he rose, locked the door, trimmed the lamp, dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and began to read the will. As he read his brow darkened and his lip grew stern. Presently he pushed the deed aside, and jotted down a few notes of it upon a piece of blotting-paper. Then he went back to the deed, and began again to the eighth, where he remained the frown settled deeper and deeper on his brow. Such a complex train of hopes and doubts, speculations and calculations, as were traversing the mazes of that busy brain! Sometimes he pondered in silence. Sometimes he muttered through his teeth; but no possibility that had been overseen a listener at the door (as perhaps there was) that listener would not have been a syllable the wiser.

He took up a little almanac printed on a card, and cast up the weeks between the fourth of March and the twenty-fifth. There were not quite five. Not quite five weeks to the expiration of a long, long century, during which Jacob Trefalden's half million had been accumulating, interest upon interest—during which whole generations had been born and lived, and had passed away! Good Heavens! to what a sum it had grown. It amounted now to nine million, three hundred and seventy thousand, four hundred and odd pounds! Words—mere words! Its brain refused to realize them. He might as well have talked of the distance from between the sun and the earth. And this gigantic bequest was to be divided between a boy and a girl. Half! Why, even the half baffled him. Even the half seemed too vast to convey any tangible idea to his mind. The half amounted to four million, seven hundred and seventy-six thousand, two hundred and odd pounds. Pshaw! Idiot that he was, not to remember that the one produced no more effect upon his imagination than the other.

He took up his pen and made a rapid calculation. Supposing it were taken as an income at five per cent.? Ha! one could grasp that, at all events. It would produce about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds a year. Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand a year! A splendid income, indeed! More than the income enjoyed by many an English nobleman. And not one penny of which could be spent honestly and pleasantly spent by even a poor devil of an attorney like himself!

It might be spent in his own, that princely heritage—nay, would have been but for the accursed accident of birth! It might have been his to wed now to some high-born girl. But to a stranger—an alien—probably to an uncultivated boor, ignorant of the very language of his forefathers! Oh, the bitterness of it! Had it not been for at least as fair a right to this wealth? Did not he stand in precisely the same degree of relationship to the lover of it? By what law of natural justice was the descendant of the eldest son to revel in superfluities, while the descendant of the youngest, stood on the brink of ruin? Had it even been left for division between the two sexes, both might have claimed their own now—

He rose, pale and agitated, and paced restlessly about the room.

It was clear to him evident that this heir was his born foe and despoiler, and had he not the right to hate him? Was not the hand of the desperate man against all the world from the very beginning? but was it not first raised against those who had wronged him? The decoy—the—

If William Trefalden was a desperate man. Had he not appropriated that twenty-five thousand pounds? Had he not for the last fifteen years thrown two years ago for the liquidation of the mortgage, and did not ruin and discovery stare him in the face? Had he not thrown away every safety on one terrible die known only to himself, should he now hesitate to declare war upon the enemy who had wronged him beyond hope?

He smiled a strange smile of power and defiance, and ran his finger along the black lines of the pedigree. "Jacob Trefalden, Esquire," said he, by train, to Basle—Basle to Zurich—Zurich to Chur. Ah, Chur! Chur was the frontier. It could not be far beyond Chur where these emigrant Trefaldens dwelt. It would take him three days to reach it, and then—

"Keckwitch is a fool!" he exclaimed, aloud. All trace of excitement vanished from his face, as a breath clears from the surface of a looking-glass. He sat down at his desk, hastily scribbled a hasty note to his head clerk, carefully burned the clipped blotting-paper in the flame of the candle, and watched it expire among the dead ashes in the fire-place; locked his desk; tried the fastenings of the safe; glanced at the clock, and prepared to be gone.

"A quarter to seven already!" exclaimed he, as he locked the door. "I shall be late to—Pshaw!"

He had spoken aloud, believing himself alone, but now stood at the sight of Mr. Keckwitch, busily writing.

"You here, Keckwitch!" he said, frowning. "I told you you might go."

"You did, Sir," replied the scribe, placidly; "but there was Heywood and Bennett's deed of partnership to be drawn up, so I would not take advantage of your kindness."

Trefalden bit his lip.

"I had just written a line to you," he said, "to let you know that I am going out of town for a fortnight. Forward all letters marked private."

"Where to, Sir?"

"You will find the address here."

And Mr. Trefalden tossed the note down upon the clerk's desk and turned toward the door.

"Glad you're going to allow yourself a little pleasure for once, Sir," observed Mr. Keckwitch, without the faintest gleam of surprise or curiosity on his impassive countenance. "Begging pardon for the liberty."

His employer hesitated for an instant before replying.

"Thank you," he said, "but pleasure is not my object. I go to visit a relation whom I have neglected—ungratefully—for years."

With this he passed from the room and went slowly down the stairs. In the passage he paused to listen; and when in the street stopped just into the middle of the thoroughfare to look up at the windows.

"Strange!" muttered he; "but I never suspected that fellow so strongly as I do to-night!"

He then glanced right and left, buttoned his coat across his chest—for the March wind blew keenly—and walked briskly up the lane in the direction of Holborn. As he neared the top of the street, close to its junction with the great thoroughfare, a thought struck him, and he paused. Then he took a rapid movement into the recess of an old-fashioned doorway. There was no lamp within several yards. The doorway was in deep shade. It was a sentry-box. There, with eager ear and bated breath, he waited.

Presently, from the dim deep hum of traffic close by, he heard a footstep coming up—a footstep so light and swift that at first he thought he must be mistaken. Then his practised ear detected a laboring wheeze in the breath of the runner.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated he, poised his right arm, set his teeth, and stood ready for a spring.

The signals of distress grew more distinct, the step slackened, ceased, drew near again, and Mr. Abel Keckwitch, panting and bewildered, made his appearance just beyond the doorway, evidently baffled by the disappearance of his companion.

He was not long left in doubt. Swift as a panther William Trefalden swooped down upon his man, and, with a short, powerful effort, flung that sent him reeling, pale and giddy, against the wall. It was surprising what muscles of steel and sinews of whipcord lay perdu beneath the white superfluities of that supple hand.

"Dog!" said he, fiercely, "do you dare to spy at my heels? Is not the Old Bailey for you suspected you; but I advise you to let it be the last time I convict you. Ay, you may scowl, but, by the Heavens! if I find you playing on this game again you'll repent it to your dying days. There! be thankful that I let you off so cheaply."

And having said this William Trefalden walked coolly away, without vouchsafing so much as a glance to a couple of delighted boys who stood watching the performance from the opposite side of the street.

As for Abel Keckwitch, he recovered his breath and his equilibrium as well as he could, though in the former instance, at a time, and ceased him to sit down ignominiously on the nearest doorstep. Not until at length he was in a condition to retrace his steps he rose, shook his fist in a fit of passion of impotent rage, and indulged in a volley of curses, and loud but deep.

"I'll be even with you," gasped he, more huskily than ever. "I'll be even with you, Mr. Trefalden, if it's for it! You're suspecting me, is you, but you shan't find it me. I'll know where you live and what you do with your money. I'll be even with you, if it's for twelve! I've done with you, and then let us see which will be master!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

"DRINKERS BEWARE," says a French traveler, "it is a miserable thing to be a drunkard—a mark for public necessity. Beggars swarm in the Pyrenees. I never met a child that I did not ask, 'Who's your father?' He filled ten; this is their trade, and nobody is ashamed of it. The same system is in force among landowners. Every family is *charging* an age." A friend of his desired the landlord to serve a bottle of wine to his friends. In the evening she entered the room, pantaloons in hand, and said, with an undecided countenance, as if she had never learned what would be disputed. "C'est un sot." The master, without speaking, took the pantaloons, looked again and laid it on the table. Jeannette went on up-tize to the door. Monsieur, speaking to her, took the bottle, examined it, showed the button. "Ah! it is a beautiful button! (a pause.) I have a button like that." (Another pause.) "I bought that one at the grocer's—*c'est un sou.*" She answered, with a courtesy, "Monsieur did me the honor to say, without speaking, laid on the table a second sou. It was a pause.) I have a button like that." (Another pause.) "I bought that one at the grocer's—*c'est un sou.*" She answered, with a courtesy, "Monsieur did me the honor to say, without speaking, laid on the table a second sou. It was wonderful volubility, she cried, "Il l'a lie thread. I was very good thread. The button will not come off again. I will sew it myself." Then she left the room, and turned toward her a third sou. Two hours after Jeannette, who had reflected on the matter, brought the greasy breakfast with ministerial care, wiped up the slightest slops, rubbed the bottle, took the pantaloons, and (unfortunately admired) then she says, in the most eloquent and winning manner possible, "Monsieur has not drunk the red side me to look; the stuff was hard, I broke the pots of my mother." "Ah!" said he, "you have left me a sou." "C'est ça. Ce sou."

TO PRESERVE BUTTER OF MARBLE.—A Persian poet gives us the following instruction upon this important subject: "When the butter is made, take to please your wife, but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Bless, then, the plain that strokes it woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger rise, nor coercion use, as all vain to straighten on what is curved."

A FRENCH actress, whose youth and beauty appeared inexhaustible, was asked how she managed to keep her age. Of course the more she wouldn't tell it the more curious people were to know it. A woman can't keep a secret! She kept *that*.

By good luck, as the multitude thought, she was summoned as a witness on a trial. The people rubbed their hands and chuckled. "Aha! we shall know it now. She must tell, or go to prison for contempt of court. She sees! go to prison; she will, therefore, tell."

The court was crowded with open-eared listeners. In French courts of justice the witness does not stand in a box to give evidence, but sits on a stool in the middle of the floor of the court, in front of the president's desk, and with his barrier or separation between it and himself.

The lady was ushered in, raised her right hand to bearing, took the oath to speak the truth, and then seated herself on the witness-stool.

"Your name?" said the president.

"Angélique Trefourchette."

"Age?"

"Attiez dramatique."

"Your age?"

You might have heard a pin drop, or the half grow on the by-standers' beards. Every ear was at her mouth in the twinkling of an eyelash.

Foolish Female!—Age is thick as Angélique simply was. Angélique simply looked, asked straight up to the president's desk, and whispered in a private tone. He, too, nodded, made his answer in a private tone, and smiling, continued the rest of his interrogatories as soon as she had removed her mouth to the ceiling.

The public rolled with feelings of mingled disgust and astonishment. The trial had lost all further interest; and the president was known to be a man of honor and of history, who would never let a pretty woman's cat escape from his presidential bag.

ITALIAN DRAMA.—There are two dishes so greatly relished by the Romans that we hardly believe they would eat of them until absolutely surfeited. The one is a soup called *minestra maritata*, or small bean—in which first, as the name implies, diminutive bone made of paste moulded into the form of a bone and filled with marrow, and the other, the orthodox and indigenous macaroni, which, boiled to rags, is served with a fervent Italian grimace beside seeming Italians. The justice done by a Roman family to macaroni is enormous; for the dish, if overdressed, and so called, is a sight which does not tend to increase our admiration of it. All the world, young, handsome ladies, "Unless you eat largely you can't be well," is a common remark in Italy. Organic and functional injury heard the death of a lady attributed to insufficient eating. Eating enormously is one of the great social virtues in Rome, among the Romans: nor did it appear to us that any thing else was.

FREIGHT MONEY.—A great portion of the immense quantity of bullion removed in England from the interior to the island of Corsica and from Brittany. Corsica produced in much such an income that the Island of Sardinia produced on an annual tribute of 100,000 pounds' weight. Salsette, which the inhabitants revolted, and which was purchased by the tribute being raised to 200,000 pounds' weight annually. The Sardinians were able to supply, as they do here in Corsica as one to fifteen, so that the inhabitants must have gathered 3,000,000 pounds' weight of silver. When Cordes became a dependency of the Papal Court it paid the taxes in kind, and the quantity of wheat raised by the rich the consumption not only of the churches in the city of Constantinople, but of those in Papal Rome. Germany likewise supplies a great quantity of honey, but of inferior quality to that from Corsica. The quantity raised in the forest and wax produced in that province is estimated at 1,000,000 pounds.

"HE'LL NEVER SEE THE TREE ON FIRE."—Many years ago, before steamboats, there was introduced a novelty for the purpose of stilling the noise; it was the custom of the day to send it home, and it was done. The same thing was done thus, but principally in Yorkshire: "The young, the slave, which was intended to be roasted, was divided from the bottom of it, was worked over the mouth," of the young pig, which was then put down to roast. An active fellow, who worked hard, not subsequently set the rim of the "wheel" on fire by force of friction against the rim of the fleur-barrel; so that, in fact, the department of domestic economy was formed a kind of system of land labor by machinery in this particular species of work, may possibly have contributed to the satisfaction of the feast in such phrases as "He will never see the *Thames* on fire," or "He never got a bit of work by it."

A MARRIAGE took place recently in Paris, and the bridegroom, being unable to write, affixed his mark: the bride, who could write well, signed her name in full round. The bridesmaid, a former school-fellow of the bride, having examined the signatures, exclaimed, "Ah, Caroline! You would have me humiliate my husband? To-morrow I will commence myself cashing, but you shall not learn."

NEVER try to correspond with youthful dress. Learn to dress in such a way as to be always "ready." Never, as a rule learn it not merely as a civilized, sensible lesson, but as a thing which it is easier to wear than to discard, when we might at first suppose. The fitness of things rests ultimately in the mind of God. Whatever He chooses we eat, drink—and why not add dress?—let us do all so as to please Him alone. We have never known a lady design his handiwork, and the changes which he has created in this matter, that it is not in which she has done it, and things he done decently and in order: rose for the June of life, snow for the January of life; yellow for the autumn, red for autumn; one beauty and one dress for the blossom, and another for fruit.

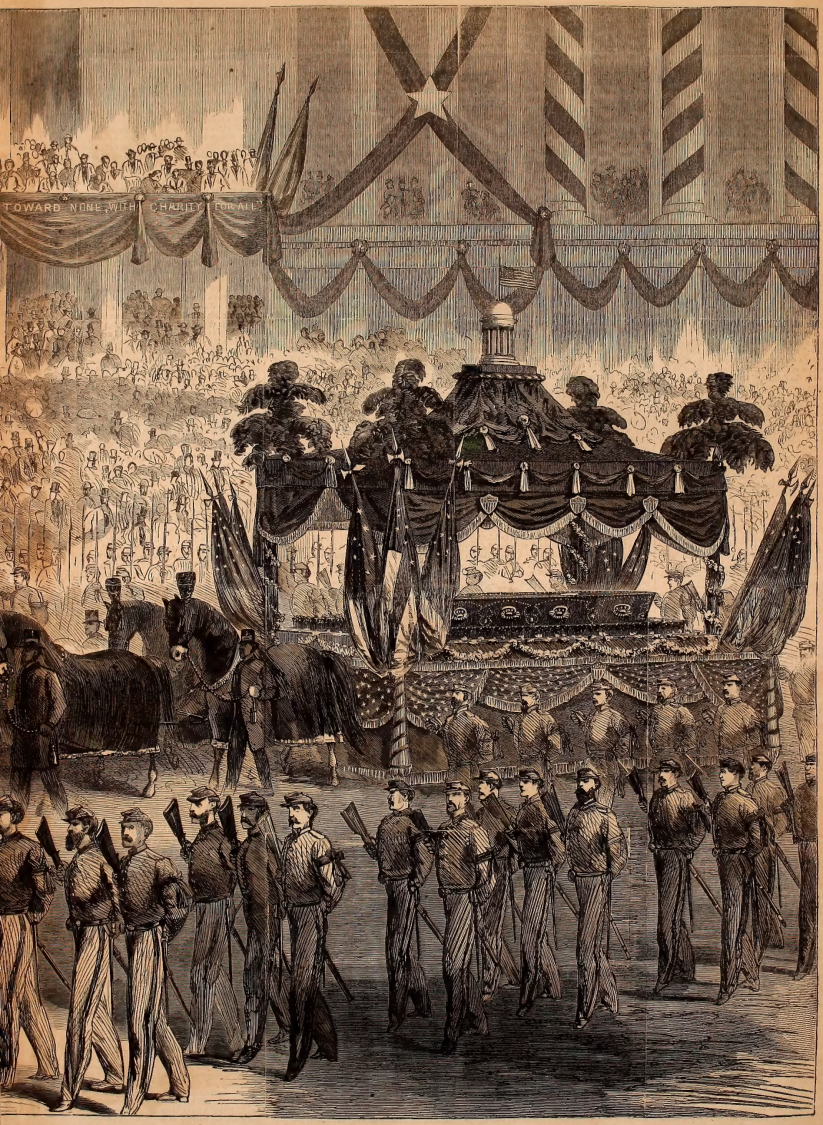
THE great caricaturists of the latter days of the George III. and same regent, Gillray and Cruikshank, were wont to make all the rest of the world laugh were themselves the most melancholy and humble. Hazlitt describes Gillray as sorry, Hogarth died of a broken heart, caused by attacks of paralysis, and Cruikshank, the last of the trio, the most genial of humorists, committed suicide in a fit of delirium tremens.

To talk well, and to write well, are quite distinct accomplishments, although they are sometimes found united in such a degree in the same individual as to astonish. It is quite otherwise. Poor Goldsmith occurs as a familiar example. Johnson remarked that he was not equal with his literary colleagues were so notoriously flat and pointless in conversation. The latter is not a common fault on record, and talked like poor Poll." Other great talkers, for instance, Sheridan and Coleridge, left no substantive records on non-and anecdotes recorded by others. But Burke, who was equally great in speech and pen, is generous more to Boswell than it did to himself. He sometimes wrote his speeches, but rarely after he had spoken from the same bit of paper on which he had jotted down the heads of his speech. Burke's speeches were to borrow them so, but the proof of which is forever before us.

THE camel and the dromedary may be studied to the greatest advantage in the Arabian, and parts of Asia Minor. In those countries there is no animal so useful as the camel, and there is more than one kind which object than the dromedary, when saddled and covered with the rich trappings of the East. There is not a country with two humps, such as the Bactrian camel is supposed to be, but is an animal of the most elegant shape, and of the greatest proportions, and exclusively used for riding. The camel, on the contrary, is a large and powerful animal, used for carrying heavy burdens. The dromedary may be approximately distinguished by the race-horse, the camel to the draught-horse. The most beautiful dromedaries belong generally to the pasture and men of wealth, and their value is frequently from 500 to 1,000 pounds sterling. The camel is the property of the Arabs and merchants in the sand and other burdens. The time of hunting this season they remain for days and days, living upon their own flesh and blood, and drinking their own urine when one is at hand to beat them.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—PROCESSION



NEW YORK CITY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BABY IS KING.

A BOY-STRAINED cradle, where, nestled within
Soft comforts and flannel, his pounds overthrow,
Is the throne of a tyrant—that pink little thing
In an autocrat sagque, for Baby is King.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak.
Grandma is a martyr, in habits and cap,
While the mammies of babies as well as her nap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from the House,
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse,
To dare at his peeping; then outward he goes
Like an elephant trying to walk on its toes.

The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him her crown that was in her crimps,
And sings little love-songs of how she loves best
The fair baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he wears not the ringlets, twists collar and bow;
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's suit,
And cries when she stops like a merciless cuff.

He flings right and left his saucy fat feet,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed.
He demands sparkling watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then, failing to conquer, with passionate cry
He scizes his lips, keeps a tear in his eye—
And so wins the battle, the wise little thing,
He knows the world over that Baby is King.

A DINNER BY MISTAKE.

"ONLY ten dollars a week, Sir, and no extras—and I may say you won't find such cheap, airy lodgings any where else in the place, not to speak of the sea-view" said the bustling landlady throwing open the door of a cosy, sunny little apartment, with just such a view of the sea, and of nothing else whatsoever, as is the privilege of an inland lodger. I was revolving in my mind how to make terms on one most important point, when she again took the matter off my hands. I could have let these same rooms again and again in the last two days if I had not given them to Mr. Johnson Smith, that she should have them next Friday fortnight, and I would never go from my word, Sir—never! though this month is over and it's hard for me to shave the rooms standing empty. As I told my niece only yesterday, I won't let forward again, not to please any one, if it don't answer, and it don't rise me out of my life. And I'm sure, Sir, if you like to come for the fortnight, I'll do my utmost to make you comfortable, and I always have given satisfaction; and you could not get nicer rooms nowhere."

"No," said I, taking advantage of her pause for breath; "these are very nice. I—I suppose you don't cook your own meals?"

The good woman's face assumed a severe expression, though I detected a comical twinkle in her eye. "Why, Sir, I am always to say—as if it's only a cigar, and not one of them nasty pipes—"

I smiled. "To tell the truth, it generally is a pipe."

"Is it now? Well, Sir, if you please, we won't say any thing about it now. We have a lady lodger up stairs, and if she should complain I can but say that it is against my rules, and that I'll mention it to you. And so, Sir, if you please, I'll go now and see to your portmanteau being taken up," and thereupon she vanished, leaving me in sole possession.

I had been out for the whole of one windy afternoon, the waves, watching the lobster-fishing, and "nused delerably" and finished with spray and with appetite. As I opened the door of my little sitting-room I beheld a most welcome sight—a white tablecloth, and lying upon it a card—a large, highly-gilded, most unmistakable visiting-card. With eager curiosity I snatched it up, but curiosity changed to amazement when I read the name, "Philip Hetherton, Grantham." Hetherton? Why, in the name of all that's incomprehensible, should he call on me? I had never even heard his name; I knew no more of him than the man in the moon. My impertinence could not be restrained till Mrs. Plumb's natural arrival with the chops; and an energetic pull at the bell brought her at once scurrying and smiling.

"I suppose," began I, holding the card with assumed carelessness between my finger and thumb—"I suppose this gentleman, Mr. Philip Hetherton, called here to-day?"

"Oh yes, Sir, this afternoon; not an hour ago." "He inquired for me?"

"Yes, Sir; he asked particularly for young Mr. Olifant, and said he was very sorry to miss you. He's a very pleasant-spoken gentleman."

"Ah, I dare say. Dined in Linbeach? Does he know many people living in the place?"

"Well, I believe he has many friends here, Sir; at least I never understood so; but he owns some of the houses in the town, and he is very kind to the poor, and I'm sure is ever turned away empty handed from his door."

"Does he see any thing of the visitors?"

"Nig, to my knowledge, Sir. He sometimes rides in of an afternoon, for Grantham is only four miles from Linbeach; but I don't think he ever stays long."

So it was not apparently an eccentric instance of universal friendliness, but a special mark of respect paid to me. It grew more and more mysterious. However, there was nothing to be gained by pumping Mrs. Plumb further, and as I was decidedly minded to keep my own counsel, I dismissed her. But meditating long and deeply over my solitary dinner, I came at length to the unwelcome conclusion that Mr. Philip Hetherton must have been laboring under some strange delusion, and that I should see and hear no more of him. I was rather in the habit of priding myself on my judgment and discriminations; but in this instance they were certainly at fault, for within three days I met him face to face. I was strolling slowly along one of the shady country lanes which led inland between cornfields and hedgerows, when I encountered a portly, gray-haired gentleman, mounted on an iron-gray horse, and trotting soberly toward Linbeach. He surveyed me inquisitively out of his merry blue eyes. Returning, I had scarcely stepped into Mrs. Plumb's passage, when that personage herself met me, open-mouthed, with a question. "Oh, Sir, Mr. Olifant, I wish you had come in rather sooner! Mr. Hetherton has been here again, and as he could not see you he wrote this note, for he had not time to wait. I was quite vexed that it should happen so."

Evidently the good woman was fully impressed with the dignity of the event, and not a little flattered at the honor paid to her lodger. I opened the note, and it contained a request that I would—a) invitation to dinner for the following day, coupled with many expressions of regret for my being out, lily, and regrets at having been hitherto unable to see me.

"I told him that I thought you had only gone down to the beach, Sir; but he laughed, and said he should not know you if he met you. I suppose you don't know, Sir, do you, Sir?" Mrs. Plumb added, insinuatingly.

"No," said I, thinking within myself that he need not be in a hurry to be communicative. However, this confession of his threw some light upon the subject, and suggested a solution. He might have been in my father or mother. Of course, indeed, he must have known them, or somebody belonging to me. His own appearance could please to infect me, and I wrote off an elaborate "I race, fully-worded acceptance; and then sa my large and a decent contribution to the ne- cents that night across to me through most praiseworthy cordiality. "After all," I mused, "it is no matter where one dines so long as one is sure to turn up every where;" and thereon arose visions of partridge-shooting in the autumn mornings, to be followed by pleasant little dinners with my host and a bevy of lovely daughters. But on the morrow certain misgivings arose within me, and I came to the conclusion that it would only be the civil thing to ride over to Grantham in the afternoon, and get my own friend Hetherton to make the introduction before appearing there as a guest. Accordingly I hired a long-legged, broken-winded hack, the only one to be got for love or money in the place, and set out upon my way. It was a fruitless journey; the fatal "Not at home" greeted my ears, and I could only drop a card, turn my horse's head, and, in gallant steed toward home, and resign myself to my fate.

Seven o'clock was the hour named in the note, and I had intended to be particularly punctual, but misfortunes crowded thick upon me. The first waits the hack, which was a miserable failure. My favorite curl would not be adjusted becomingly upon my brow; and the wretched donkeyboy who had solemnly promised to bring the carriages punctually to the door, did not appear till ten minutes after time. Last of all, when I had descended, I got up to Mr. Hetherton's door as the point of starting. I discovered that I was minus gloves, and little nothings from the room. I present fleeing off to the corner shop, where haberdashery and grocery were picturesquely combined. So it fell out that I arrived at Linbeach a few several minutes past the hour when we drew up under the portico at Grantham. I had no time to compose my features and person, or even to consider. Before I fully realized my position, I stood in a brilliantly-lighted drawing-room, full of people, and heard my name pronounced in stentorian tones. The next moment the florid gentleman whom I had encountered on the previous day came forward with outstretched hand and a beaming face, and a perfect torrent of welcomes burst upon me.

"Glad to see at last, Mr. Olifant, very glad to see you; I began to think there was a fate against our meeting. Let me introduce you. Mrs. Hetherton—my daughter—my son Fred. Come this way, this way."

And I was hurried along helpless as an infant in the lawful grasp of the host. Indeed, I had no appeal to any reasonable being—how could I stand stock-still and under the eyes of all that company make-manner my host? How could I in any wise force of his hospitality? It will be owned, I think, that in what afterward occurred I was not wholly to blame. Mrs. Hetherton was a very kind-hearted woman, with a mild face and soft voice; she greeted me with certain deep sympathy, and for a few placid commonplaces resumed her conversation with the elderly lady by her side, and left me to take care of the son, who was already made friends. Really it was very pleasant to drop in this way into the centre of a genial circle, and I found my spirits rising fast in the new excitement. A fresh arrival, however, soon disturbed the party, and directly afterward dinner was announced. Mr. Hetherton, who had been busily engaged in welcoming the last-comers, led off a stately dame upon his arm, and motioned to me to follow with the young daughter of the house being assigned to me. We were slowly making our way round the dining-room, when, just as we came to a door on the left, Mr. Hetherton turned and laid his hand upon my shoulder.

"I have scarcely had time for a word yet," he said; "but how are they all in Berkshire?"

I don't know what answer I gave; some one must have hooked legged here to pass, and I was borne on, utterly bewildered. Berkshire! what had I to do with Berkshire? And then, all at once, the appalling truth burst on me like a thunderclap—I was the wrong man! Yes; now I recalled a certain Captain Olifant, whom I had known at a mess-dinner, and who, as I had then heard, belonged to Berkshire. We could count no sort of kinship with them; but here I was, for some inexplicable reason, assumed as one of them, perhaps as the heir, and regaled accordingly. My situation was sufficiently unpleasant, and in the first impulse of dismay I made a dash at a central seat where I might be as far as possible from both host and hostess. But my manœuvre failed. Mrs. Hetherton's soft tones were all too audible as she said: "Mr. Olifant, perhaps you will come up here;" the post of honor ?" and of danger too, in my case; but there was no help for it, and I went. As I unfolded my napkin, striving hard for a cool and easy demeanor, I mentally surveyed my position, and decided on my tactics. I could not and would not there and then declare myself an embodied mistake; I must wait for a chance and my own wits to carry me through the evening, and leave my explanations for another season. Alas! my trials fell soon began. We had hardly been seated three minutes when Mrs. Hetherton turned to me.

"We were so very glad you were able to come to-night, Mr. Olifant," Mr. Hetherton had quite set his heart upon seeing you here. It is such a great pleasure to him to revive an old friendship; and he has spoken of you in the most kind spirit of your family."

I murmured something not very coherent about distance and active life.

"Ah yes, country gentlemen have so much to do that they can scarcely find time at home. I think, though, that I once had the pleasure of meeting a sister of yours in town—Margaret her name was, and she was suffering from some affection of the spine. I hope she is better now?"

"Much better, thank you." And then, in the faint hope of getting the conversation, I asked if they were often in town.

"Not as much as I should wish. Mr. Hetherton has a great dislike to the city; but I always enjoy it, for one meets every body there. By-the-by, Mr. Olifant, the Fordes must be near neighbors of yours."

I did not dare to say they were not, lest inquiries should follow which might betray my extreme ignorance of Berkshire geography; so I chose the lesser peril, and answered cheerfully: "Oh yes, quite near neighbors. Within a walk of us."

"What charming people they are!" said Mrs. Hetherton, growing quite enthusiastic. "The two eldest girls were staying here last spring, and we all lost our hearts to them; they were so bright and pleasant, and Miss Fordes is growing so very pretty. She is not out yet, is she?"

"No; I fancy she is to be presented next year," I responded, feeling more than while I was about it I might as well do it thoroughly. "She ought to make a sensation."

"Ah, that's all Mrs. Hetherton, eagerly, "you agree with me about her beauty."

"Oh, entirely. I expect she will be quite the belle of our county balls." And then, in the same breath, I turned to the shy Miss Hetherton beside me, and acted her many attentions whether she liked balls. She must have thought, at any rate, that I liked talking, for her timid, orthodox reply was received with a fervor I pled her with fresh questions, and deluged her with a flood of varied eloquence. For why? Was I not aware that Mrs. Hetherton was watching with the solemn old deacon opposite flagged from time to time, and that, at every lull, she looked toward me as though concerting fresh topics for me? But I gained the day; and at length, with secret exultation, watched Mrs. Hetherton rise, and, advancing to the end of table, glass in hand, seated herself in his wife's place at my elbow. I tried to believe that he might intend to drink wine with the deacon, but that good gentleman was more than half inclined to nod, and my left-hand neighbor was deep in a geological discussion; so I felt myself appalled, like the sparrow beneath the awful shadow of the hawk. Certainly, there was a strong resemblance between that bird of prey and Mr. Hetherton's comely, smiling visage, as he leaned forward, and said, cheerily: "Well, now, I want to hear all about them."

It was not an encouraging beginning for me, but I had certainly myself left to my fortunes. Not far for a retreat. Like Cortés, I had burned my ships. Before I had framed my answer Mr. Hetherton proceeded: "I know any of your more intimate ones, but your father and I were fast friends once upon a time. Mary's the lark we've had together at college; for he was a wild-spirited fellow then, was Harry Olifant, though, I dare say, he has settled down into a most respectable squire long ago."

It was plain that Mr. Hetherton liked to hear himself talk, and my courage revived.

"Why, not quite," I said; "years and cares do work great changes in most men; I dare say you would hardly know him now."

"I dare say not. But he is well, and as good a shot as in the old days?"

"Just as good. He is never happier than among his turnips." I was a little shadowed at my own audacity, as I pictured my veritable parent, a hardworking lawyer, long since dead, and with about as much notion of hitting a gun as one of his own briefs.

"Quite right, quite right," exclaimed Mr. Hetherton, energetically; "and we can find you some fair sport here, my boy, though the birds are wild this year. Come, you must give me a run like what you are at Linbeach; or, better still, come and stay here."

I thanked him, and explained that I was staying at Linbeach for the sea-air, and that I must be in town in a few days.

"I'm sorry to hear that. We ought to have found you out sooner; but I only chanced to see your name at the library last Friday. And so you are, then, in town?"

"Yes, I'm at Yale," said I, feeling it quite refreshing to speak the truth.

"Ah, I'm glad your father's stuck to the old college; you could not be at a better one. That boy of mine is wild for sculpting, or I should have sent him there."

The mystery stood revealed. I had recorded my name on the visitor's board as H. Olifant, Yale College; and, by a strange coincidence, Mr. Hetherton's former friend had belonged to the same college, and owned the same initial. The coincidence was indeed so complete that it had evidently never dawned upon Mr. Hetherton that I could be other than the son of his old chum. He sat now sipping his wine with almost a self-expression on his honest face.

"Ah, my lad," he said, presently, "when you come to my age you'll look back to your old college and your old friends as I do now. But what was I going to ask you? Oh, I remember. Have you seen any of the Fordes lately?"

I glanced round despairingly at the geologists, but they were lost to every thing except blue lias and old red sandstone, and there was no hope of effecting a diversion in that quarter.

"Well, no, not very lately," I responded, slowly, as though trying to recall the exact date when I last had that felicity. "To tell the truth, I don't go down into those parts so often as I ought to do."

"There's a family for you!" he went on, triumphantly; "how well they are doing! That young George Ford will distinguish himself one of these days, or I'm much mistaken; and Willie too. I never knew such clever lads; and as for beauty—but little Katie—" But here the slumberous doses came to my aid by waking up with a terrific start and a loud "Eh—what! time to join the ladies."

There was a general stir, and I contrived to make my escape to the drawing-room. If I could only have escaped altogether; but it was not yet half past nine. I felt convinced that if I pleaded illness Mr. Hetherton would lay violent hands on me, and insist on my spending the night there. After all, the worst was over, and in the crowded drawing-room I might with slight dexterity avoid all shoals and quicksands. So I encamped myself in a low chair, guarded by a big table on one side, and on the other by a comfortable-looking elderly woman in crimson satin, to whom I made myself agreeable. We got on very well together, and I breathed and felt startled freely in the blissful persuasion that she at least knew no more of the Fordes than I did. But my malignant star was in the ascendant. I was in the midst of a graphic description of the charms of a reading-party at the Lakes, when Mr. Hetherton again assailed me.

"Well, Mrs. Sullivan," he said, addressing my companion, "have you been asking after your little favorite?"

"My little favorite?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan.

She did not know who he meant, but *I* did; I knew quite well.

"Katie Ford, I mean; the little black-eyed girl who used to go into such ecstasies over your roses and fernery—don't you remember now? You have you?"

No, unluckily for me, Mrs. Sullivan had not forgotten her. I was charged with a string of the fond unmeaning messages which ladies love to exchange; and it was only by emphatically declaring that I should not be in Berkshire for many months that I escaped being made the bearer of sundry curious seeds and bulbs to the fair Katherine.

But Mr. Hetherton soon interrupted us. "There's a cousin of yours in the next room, Mr. Olifant," he said, evidently thinking that he was paying a most agreeable announcement; "she would like to see you, if you will. Shall I take you to her?"

I heard and trembled. Oh, the Fordes were nothing to this! Why did people leave cousins in the next room? Was there any imaginable evil behind me on this disastrous evening? Such were my agonized reflections while, with unwilling feet, I followed my host to execution. He led me to a young lady who was screening examining some prints. "I have brought him to you, Miss Hunter; your cousin Mr. Olifant."

She looked at me, but there was no recognition in her eyes. How could there be, indeed, when we had never met before? What would she do next? What she did do was to hold out her hand with a good-humored smile, and ask how I did, while Mr. Hetherton observed complacently: "You don't know one another, you know? Not know one another? of course we don't; but I took the liberty of introducing him to her; and in the joy of my reprieve I devoted myself readily to my supposed cousin, a bright, pleasant girl, happily not at all disposed during her real relatives as I was about my imaginary ones. Ten minutes elapsed fast away, the hands of the clock pointed to half past ten, the guests beginning to depart, and I was congratulating myself that the drive would be over, when Mr. Hetherton came to turn my head. I saw Mr. Hetherton once more advancing upon me, holding in his hand a photograph book. The villain was about to display the relentless persecutor was resolved to expose me, and with diabolical craft had planned the certain means. Terrible visions of public disgrace, durable disgrace, say, even of the pump itself, flouted before my dizzy brain, as he came nearer and ever nearer. "There!" he exclaimed, stopped short in front of me, and holding out the ill-omened book—"there! you can tell us who that is, can't you?"

It was a baby—a baby of a year old, sitting on a cushion, with a rattle in its hand, and it was, of course, utterly unlike any child ever looked. "Hm, haw," murmured I, contemplating it in utter desperation; "children are so much alike that really—for I was a brilliant and confidently flashed on me—"surely it must be a Forde!"

"Of course it is," and Mr. Hetherton clapped me on the back in a transport of delight. "I thought you would recognize it. Capital! isn't it? The little thing must be exactly like its mother; and I fancy I see a look of Willie in it."

I could endure no more. Another such victory would be absolute ruin and defeat; and while my cousin was rhapsodizing over the infantine charms so touchingly portrayed, I started up, took an abrupt farewell of my host, and, despite his vehement remonstrances, went off in search of Mrs. Hetherton, and beat a successful retreat. As I stepped out into the portico the porpyrius which I had ordered drove up to the door, and jumping in, I rattled away toward Linbeach, exhausted in body and mind, yet relieved to feel that each succeeding moment found me further and further from the precincts of Grantham.

I might have stolen off from Linbeach undiscovered, but I dismissed the notion instantly. I had gone far enough already—too far. Mr. Hetherton

might not unnaturally think. No; I must write to him, and it had best be done at once. I wound up my epistle with the following eloquent and dignified words: "I can have no claim whatever to continue an acquaintance so formed, and I can only tender my grateful thanks for the warm hospitality of which I have accidentally been the recipient." The letter was sealed and sent, and I was left to speculate how it might be received. Would Mr. Hetherton condescend to a reply, or would he see with silent contempt? I could fancy him capable of a very tolerable degree of anger, in spite of his fondness, a little shored up to my brows when I pictured quiet Mrs. Hetherton recalling my remarks about Miss Lucia Hetherton. The second day's post came in and brought me nothing; and now I began to be seized with a nervous dread of encountering any of the Hetherton party by chance, and this dread grew so unpleasant that I determined to cut short my visit and return to town at once. My resolution was no sooner made than acted on. I packed my portmanteau, settled accounts with Mrs. Plumb, and went off to take my place in the early morning's coach. Coming hastily out of the hostelling-office in the dusk, I almost ran against somebody outside the door. It was Mr. Hetherton, and I stepped hastily back; but he recognized me at once, and held out his hand with a hearty laugh.

"Ah, Mr. Guthrie, is it you? I was on my way to your lodgings, so we'll walk together;" and not noticing my confusion, he linked his arm in mine, and continued: "I got your letter last night, and very much amazed I was, that I must own. I did not answer it at once, for I was half-dead with travelling, and, besides, I always like talking better than writing. So now I have come to tell you that I think you've acted like an honest man and a gentleman in writing that letter; and I'm very glad to have made your acquaintance, though you are not Harry Gilfillan after all. As for the mistake, it's not my own fault for taking it for granted you must be the man I fancied you. My lady is just the least bit vexed that we should have made such geese of ourselves; but come over to-morrow, and we'll give you a quiet dinner and a bed in your own proper room, and she will be glad to see you. Mind, I expect you."

After all my resolutions I did go to Grantham on the following day, and my dinner by mistake was the precursor of a most pleasant acquaintance, which became in time a warm and lasting friendship.

THE RED HAT.

On the evening of a dark and rainy day in the month of February, 16—, a solitary horseman, wrapped in a large cloak, might have been seen spurring his jaded steed along the highroad which lies from Paris toward the gloomy and antiquated chateau then the residence of the formidable prime minister of Louis the Thirteenth, Armand Jean du Cardinal and Duke of Richelieu. Remember, there was but one cavalier. Add another, and you might think I was borrowing from the lamented G. P. R. James.

The horseman drew bridle and dismounted at the door of an humble little village inn, bearing on its sign-board the effigy of St. Nicholas, and which stood at the entrance to a gloomy avenue of poplars, at the opposite extremity of which rose the chateau, and to which it served as a kind of lodge.

The horseman was a full-built stalwart plume, hand, or buckle; and his doublet of brown drugget, destitute of either ribbons, lace, or embroidery, was sufficient to indicate, in an age when costume so closely denoted the gradations of rank, that he did not belong to the patrician class; still, from his open and almost defiant countenance and upright and turned-up mustache, it was not difficult to pronounce him one of those sturdy and independent burgesses whose fathers had fought in the wars of the League, and who, temporarily kept in subjection by the iron hand of Richelieu, were already during the troubles of the Fronde, but were destined to be completely absorbed by the glory of the Grand Monarque.

His horse appeared completely worn out, and the muddy state of his cloak testified to his having come a long distance by bad roads, in an age when bad roads were execrable.

"May the devil singe light on the rogues who are bound to keep the king's highway in repair!" grumbled the traveler, as, tethering his steed to a post, he entered the house, and proceeded to examine with the butt-end of his whip upon a long table of coarse deal, which stood in the midst of a low-ceiled smoky common-room.

A fat man, of rotund abdomen and purpled face, clad in the traditional white apron and night-cap, and with a long mark in his girdle, that served as cook as well as host, entered the room.

"What can your humble host be pleased to want?" he asked, pulling off his cap, and making a lowly reverence.

"I am no lord, master of mine," replied the traveler, twisting his mustache not without complacency; "but a plain burgess, who owns nothing, and asks for nothing without he can pay for it. But I am hungered and athirst. Give me some supper; make up a blazing fire; see to my horse; and I promise you that you shall have no reason to complain of me."

And as he spoke the traveler struck his pocket, which gave forth a metallic chink pleasant to hear.

The purple face of the inn-keeper became one grin.

"We have not one room unoccupied," he said; "but my own private bedroom is at your grandeur's service. My wife shall make up a bed directly. As for the rest, you have but to wait a few minutes, and all your wishes shall be attended to."

Mine host was as good as his word. Ere long the traveler was comfortably stretched in a huge arm-chair, toasting his feet at a blazing fire, to which a couple of logs had been added. He could see through the casement that snow was beginning to fall thickly; he could hear the wind moan over its fully howling; a soft warm odor from the kitchen began to titillate his nostrils, and he felt at cozy and complacent as men in all countries and ages have felt under similar circumstances.

"Come, this is better," he murmured, with a sigh of relief. "A dog's life is that of a traveler in December. May the black fever choke the Cardinal—"

He bounded in his chair with terror; he was about falling into a swoon, as he turned round, he saw the inn-keeper, night-cap in hand, standing before him.

"Sacre, man, what do you want?" he exclaimed, with ill-disguised trepidation.

"I am desirous," returned the other, with apparent unhumanness, "to ask a favor of your excellency."

The imprudent burgess breathed a little more freely after this, for he had expected nothing less than to be at once arrested by an exempt of his terrible eminence the Cardinal.

"Ask what you will, my friend," he responded in a courteous tone.

"Only imagine, your highness," pursued the diplomatic inn-keeper, twisting one of the corners of his apron, "that no sooner had my wife made your room comfortable and tidy for you than another customer arrived. He is an old customer, and a very good customer too, for he only asks how much my cellar has, and allows me to tot up the reckoning. Well, you see, your superiority, that I cannot exactly turn out of doors such a valiant and honest man as my customer, and consequently I am obliged to ask you, your excellency, if you will allow him to share your fire and your supper till daybreak, when I must find him a shake-down somewhere."

"Is he an honest man, this customer of yours?" asked the traveler, with a frown.

If it were possible for the deep-tinted face of the inn-keeper to assume an intenser hue, he may be said to have done so.

"Yes, yes, your excellency," he replied; "he is as honest a very honest man, as honest men go, and in his way of business."

"Tell him, then, that I shall be very pleased with his company, and that he may come to half my supper—the best half; and, hark ye, Mr. Landlord, see that it be good, and that the wine is of the right sort."

The inn-keeper was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and in promises of a speedy appearance of excellent fare; and then left the room, somewhat precipitately, as the traveler thought, to inform his customer of the pleasant news in store.

In a minute or so the customer made his appearance. He was a strange customer—a curious customer, to tell truth, and not at all of my fair customer. He was very tall, very thin, had very harshly-marked features, very small gray eyes, behind which glowed like an infernal fire, and a full in the face, and a pointed beard and mustache coarse and grizzled. His hands were knotted and bony, and his fingers long and lean. He was dressed in a doublet, vest, and trunks of gray serge, bordered with red ribbons, and a mantle lined with scarlet of a tattered leather; but the most noticeable point in his apparel was his hat, which, of the same material as that of the traveler, and with the addition of a feather or buckle, was of a dull crimson color.

"I don't like the look of that Robin Redhead," the traveler thought himself. "His eminence wears a scarlet hat; but it has tassels and a broad brim. Who ever saw a peaceable citizen in such a headdress? Can he be a spy—an what?"

However, he was an open-hearted burgess; and, rising, held out his hand to the stranger, saying, "Welcome, sir and friend!"

To his surprise the man with the Red Hat drew back, as though half-doubting the cordiality implied at this simple act of courtesy, and, instead of reciprocating it, contented himself with making a low bow.

"A very ceremonious personage, upon my word," mused the guest. "Perhaps he is a Huguenot; or, what is worse, a Catholic in disguise. I am fanatic. The spotted fever take all religious differences, say I!" Then, raising his voice, he said, "Sir, I am extremely happy to be able to offer you a share of my supper and—"

"Thanks! thanks!" hastily interposed he of the Red Hat. Then diving into the recesses of a pouch at his belt, he produced a handful of silver and continued, "Take, I entreat you, what I have to pay as my share of the reckoning."

"Sir, Sir," protested the traveler, drawing himself up, "do you think that I am a beggarly scarecrow who expects a stranger to pay for the meal to which he invites him?"

"Not at all. Do you mean to say that you invite me?" faltered the Red Hat.

"Of course I do. I told the landlord so," replied the other.

"Then," responded the Red Hat, with a very perceptible sigh of relief, "I accept your kind invitation as heartily as it was given. This is the first time in my life that such a thing has happened to me. Methinks the fates have conspired to expect to catch roast larks." And he drew a stool up to the fire and began to bask and hug himself in the genial warmth.

Roast larks failed to come down; but a splendid roast goose just then came up, flanked by a hotchpotch of Burgundian capons, and two magnificent pitchers of wine. The strangely-acquainted friends sat down to table and did the agreeable to the dishes and potables; and so delighted did mine host seem with the appetites of his guests, that he insisted upon standing treat in more than one flask of his choicest vintage.

"No doubt, Sir," the Red Hat remarked, when the landlord had removed the paraphernalia of the repast and they were left alone, "that you are as well known as I am in this hostelry. Goodman Aubry waited on you as though you were a prince."

"Not in the least," replied the burgess, smiling. "But I just sounded my pocket, and he was content with the ring of the little livres Tournois."

His interlocutor smiled grimly in his turn. "Yes," he said, "money is the surest answer in every country; still it is far from prudent to show the contents of one's pocket to every body, especially in such a place as this."

The burgess looked at him uneasily.

"Do you mean that there are any pickpockets hereabouts, brother?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say that you are not acquainted with the neighborhood?" returned the other, answering one question by asking another.

"Faith, not I. This is my first visit, and I come from a long distance too. I am from La Rochelle."

"From La Rochelle!" and the Red Hat in his turn regarded his new-found friend with perturbed looks; "what on earth brings you from thence?"

"The fates, or circumstances, my unlucky star, and his eminence the Cardinal. 'Tis a very long story. I have been specially sent for to wait upon his eminence."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Red Hat; "what have you to do with him? Have you offended his eminence?"

"Never, to my knowledge," responded the burgess. "As fate would have it, however, I have been accused of doing so; but my complete justification can be neither long nor difficult. You must know that the Rochellois are very troublesome folks; and that evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are far too common there. Some scurvy wag among our citizens has written an anonymous satire against the administration in general, and Monsieur de Cerlind in particular. Then there has been a search made for the author, absurd tragedies and verses written by his eminence, about a certain sarabaud said to have been danced by him before the queen; and, in short, I am the unlucky scapegoat of mine has been good enough to denounce me as the author of these roguish pasquinades—I who never trip even a single foot together in my life. It is a most perverse and treacherous time. To exculpate myself to his eminence a certain worthy monk, Father Joseph, who is said to be honored with the friendship and confidence of his eminence. He was kind enough to intercede for me; and subsequently informed me that Monseigneur would deign to grant me an interview; and here I am, deeply flattered by the honor, and considerably alarmed, though I will very much prefer being snug at home in my own house at La Rochelle."

"Humph!" quoth the Red Hat; "for my part I think you would have done much better to have remained at home. Much as his Red's errand is to take care of itself. Cardinals are dangerous personages to have interviews with. But I must be going," he resumed, rising from his seat. "Farewell, master of mine! Thanks for your hospitality, and pray Heaven and St. Nicholas that we may never meet again."

As saying so he left the room abruptly left the room.

A fool's errand! what can he mean by that?" mused the burgess. "Poor man, he must be crazed. Well, the landlord would think of worshiping a red hat? However, my little affair will be soon settled—nine o'clock was the hour fixed at which I was to wait upon his eminence. I'll be at five minutes' walk to the chateau, and then I shall soon come back to my bed and board."

Paying his reckoning at the polite request of the host, who hinted that cavaliers who went up to the chateau sometimes made but brief arrangements for returning at a fixed hour interfered with—a hint which the traveler wholly failed to comprehend—he left the house in high spirits, whipping his cloak around him to shelter himself from the still falling snow.

He had not proceeded many paces along the sombre avenue of poplars before he thought that he heard the clinking of sword-blades and some smothered oaths. He paused instinctively; but a sudden gust of wind came howling about him and drowned the sounds of the conflict.

"It must have been fancy," he reasoned. "That confounded fellow with the red hat has made me nervous. If I were a coward I should dream of him to-night."

"Help! murder!" suddenly cried a lamentable voice close to his ear.

"Courage, we are here!" cried the brave burgess, drawing his sword and summoning up all his extempore energy. "Hold on, we are four of us, well armed! Ah, rascals, would you!" And he rushed forward in the direction whence the cries had come.

His rush had seemingly succeeded, for in the obscurity he could clearly descry at least three men making off in all haste, and anon he stumbled over a body lying on the ground. The moon came out from behind a cloud, and he recognized, alas! too late, bleeding, and groaning, the Red Hat. He seemed to be severely wounded. The burgess helped him to his feet, finding him too weak to walk, valorously hoisted him on his shoulders, and not without difficulty, for the Red Hat was tall and heavy, bore him safely to the inn of St. Nicholas.

"This pestilent fellow with his red hat," he murmured to himself, as, with the assistance of the landlord, he bore him up stairs and laid him in the bed which had been prepared for quite another purpose, "seems destined to be the means of saving my life. And I shall have to sleep in the arm-chair, forsooth, because he chooses to get waylaid and stabbed."

These reflections, however, whispered the wounded man, when his wounds had been bound up, and he had recovered consciousness.

"Among friends, brother," replied the honest burgess concisely, as he battled the temples of the patient with vinegar.

"Friends!" repeated the Red Hat bitterly; "I have no friends! Who was at the trouble of saving the life of a man whose wounds are such as I are?"

"Well, for the matter of that, twas I who picked you out of the mud, and set the rascals to flight who were beasting you. Three to one, the cowardly knaves! How they scampered! And then, you see, I brought you here, pickaback; for walk a step you could not."

"And you—you then are my preserver!" the Red Hat exclaimed in a voice of agony, and pressing the burgess's hand.

"Yes, if you like to call it so. Wouldn't you have done the same for me?"

The inn-keeper was down stairs. The wounded man made signs to the burgess to close the door securely, and to come close to the bedside. Then he put his lips to the burgess's ear, and in a hoarse whisper said,

"Had you not an appointment at nine o'clock this evening with his eminence?"

"Of course I had, and shall get a pretty scolding for being late. But perhaps the existence of a poor devil like me has escaped his mighty memory?"

"Then," quoth the Red Hat solemnly, "I can give life for life. You have saved mine. I too was bound by an oath upon his eminence's soul this night; and I have little doubt that it would have been a dreadful duty to strike your head from your body."

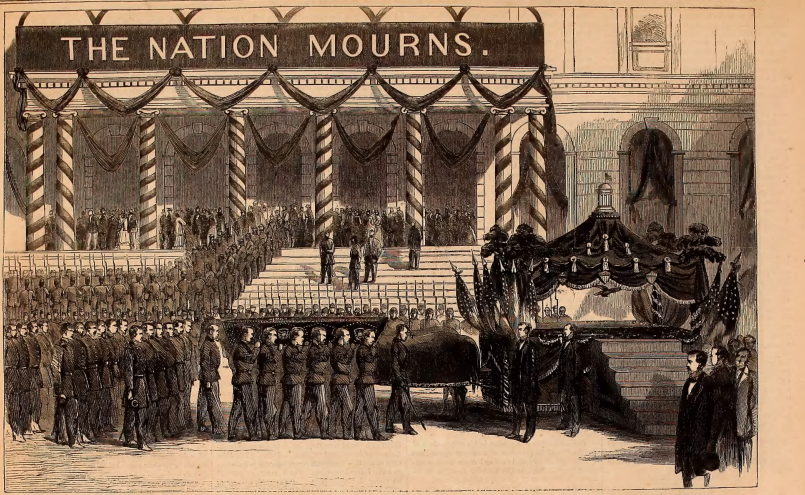
At this appalling intimation the Rochellois, with horror in his every utterance, made for the door, thinking the Red Hat to be in a state of delirium; but the other called him back.

"'Tis only, unfortunately, that thou must fly," he said. "Escape rather from this horrible neighborhood. Listen to what I say. The merciless Cardinal had conceived a resentment against you without a hearing; and it would have been my task to execute the sentence; for I—yes, I whose hand you have saved from crime—am known to have never yet shed blood save in battle, and to have never yet failed in my word. Fly, then, while you have safety in your hands, and thank Heaven and St. Nicholas that you have escaped the fate which I was commissioned to inflict upon you."

"You may well shun me," continued the Red Hat, gloomily, "since the fates have decreed that we must not have some further communion before we part forever. Every time that his eminence has a deed of extra atrocity to execute I seem to have eaten and drunk with you—I am the most miserable, the most abandoned, the most accursed of mankind. I am the executioner of Chartres."

He paused for a moment, keenly eying his companion, who, brave and honest as he was, could not banish from his countenance the expression of repugnance he felt at being on familiar terms with such a personage.

"You may well shun me," continued the Red Hat, gloomily; "but



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—REMOVAL OF THE BODY FROM THE CITY HALL TO THE FUNERAL CAR, NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1865.

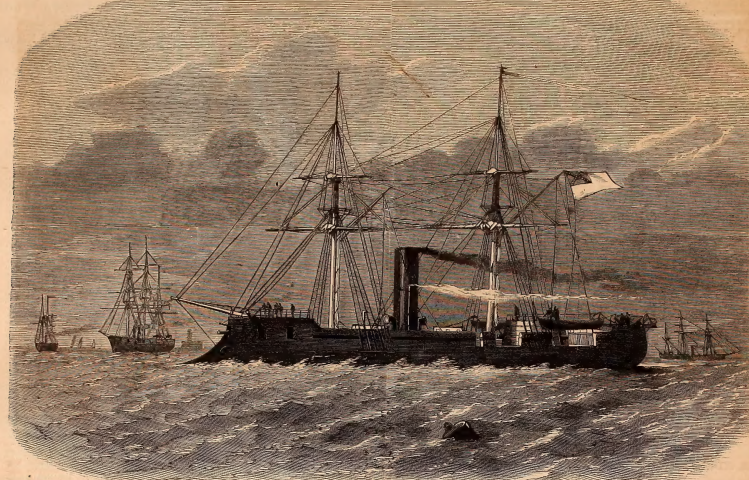
RICHARD COBDEN.

THE late RICHARD COBDEN was the son of a Sussex farmer, where he was born June 3, 1804. Having learned the business of a salesman in the service of a City warehouse in the Manchester trade, he early removing to Lancashire, set up there for himself as a printer of calicos, and, by his skill in suiting the markets and by his fine taste in patterns, became, in a very few years, one of the most thriving manufacturers of that district. He was still a young man. He had made up for the want of a University education by his studies of political economy which he recommended in after-life as providing a better intellectual exercise and discipline than the exact sciences. His accomplishments were, an excellent faculty of logical exposition, with a rare talent of finding the readiest and happiest illustrations of his argument, and a perfect mastery of clear and forcible language in writing or speaking. He was familiar with the condition of the industrious middle and lower classes of England, both north and south. Foreign trade and foreign travel soon made him acquainted with the different countries of Europe and the United States. His political opinions were early formed. His task was to become one of the leading political executors of that legacy of economic science which the Scottish philosophers of the last century had bequeathed. The laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth appeared to his mind as the laws of bodily health—laws of Nature, ordinances of Divine authority—which it was no less impious than foolish to withstand. He took up, therefore, the vindication of those principles, almost with the zeal of an apostle, and for the sake of truth, while he demanded their practical observance for the relief of manufacturing interests. Such were the antecedents of this eminent public man, who came forward a quarter of a century ago as the ablest orator of the Anti-Corn Law League, himself a capitalist, a large employer of labor, and a successful mercantile adventurer, who could speak with sure knowledge of the operations of industry and trade.

In the House of Commons COBDEN was an earnest advocate for Free Trade, because of its necessity to the working men of England. The question became, in some of its aspects, so ominous that further resistance to the popular demands might have resulted in a national calamity. Not only had Lancashire made up its mind—not only had the merchants and traders of London, after long hesitation, become thoroughly convinced upon the subject—not only were the ranks of the ANTI-CORN LAW League swelled daily by fresh recruits, but in the agricultural counties themselves there were torch-light meetings of laborers, who declared that, come what might of Free Trade, Protection was not even giving them bread. SIR ROBERT PEEL saw that the time for concession had arrived; he had long been inclining in theory toward the change, and his essentially practical mind now perceived that, whatever might happen to his party or himself, Free Trade must become the law of the land. On the 26th June, 1846, the CORN LAW Repeal Bill received the Royal assent; and the great Minister, as he finally retired from office amidst the blessings of a people and the curses of a faction, owned that to RICHARD COBDEN was the chief meed of merit due. A great mark of public favor was conferred upon him by his countrymen. His fortune had suffered by his devotion to politics, and a splendid subscription of £60,000 was raised by his admirers, with which he purchased an estate near his native town. Shortly afterward he retired altogether from public life. His health was shattered, and it was hoped that repose might restore him—a hope that was entertained until almost the last day. In April, 1859, without any solicitation of his own, the electors of Rochdale recalled him to public life, and his return to the House of Commons was welcomed by men of all parties. Nor was it long before he again had it in his power to confer a superb service upon the country. In the autumn of the same year he concluded the Commercial Treaty with France; and, however opinions may have differed as to some details of that great agreement, there was no doubt that the illustrious free-trader had added another to his many claims upon public gratitude. The negotiation of the Treaty, indeed, may be regarded as the crowning act of his political life. The very earnestness with which he had maintained certain rather unpopular items of his creed had always excluded him from office. He had many sorrows and afflictions, of which the public were scarcely cognizant; and he found, like many another English worthy, his chief reward in the sense of duty performed. He began to speak less frequently in Parliament. His last great speech was delivered in the memorable Danish debate of 1864; and it sufficiently proved that he had lost very little of his trenchant vigor or of his uncompromising love



THE LATE RICHARD COBDEN.



THE CONFEDERATE STEAM RAM "STONEWALL" LEAVING LISBON HARBOR.

for truth. What PEEL said of PALMERSTON, even PALMERSTON'S more recent antagonists might have said of COBDEN, "We are all proud of him." He was still sanguine of recovery, it is said; he made sure that a few days of warm weather would restore him to health; but the days of warm weather did not come; he gradually grew worse, and at a quarter past eleven on Sunday morning, April 2, at the age of sixty-one, he expired. The immediate cause of his death is said to have been bronchitis.

In this country the death of RICHARD COBDEN becomes as much an occasion of grief as in his own. His views in politics were cosmopolitan. He was on the side or struggling humanity every where. Hardly had he been buried before there were found Englishmen enough to ask, "Are we not making too much of this COBDEN? Was he not the advocate of manhood suffrage—that most pernicious doctrine to British aristocrats? Is not this the political Apostle who has preached until he has by his preaching destroyed the prestige of the privileged classes? Has he not put Generals, Admirals, civil servants, upon their trial? He never spoke or acted like an Englishman. 'He hath mocked at our gains, laughed at our losses, cooled our friends, heated our enemies.' He has uniformly given the least charitable construction to his country's acts, and gleaned ever the wrong-doing of other nations. He has admitted every charge made by foreign nations against us, and indorsed it with libels of his own." These things high-blooded Englishmen can not forget. Least of all can they forget that he stigmatized those Englishmen who sympathized with the American rebellion as the enemies of human liberty at home. But the people every where remember simply that he was their friend.

THE "STONEWALL."

IT has been mentioned that the Portuguese fort of Belem, at the entrance of Lisbon Harbor, fired upon the American ships of war *Niagara* and *Sacramento* when the Governor of the fort believed that they were about to break the neutrality of the harbor by going out in pursuit of the Confederate vessel *Stonewall*. The Portuguese Government has since apologized, and dismissed the Governor from his post. The Confederate steam-ram *Stonewall* came into Lisbon on the 26th of March. The *Stonewall* is a steam-ram of about 1200 tons measurement, brig-rigged, and of 500 horse power, capable of working up as high as 1700. She carries three guns mounted—two 70-pounder Armstrong guns in the turret aloft the mainmast, and one 300-pounder Armstrong gun in the forecastle, just over the ram; this gun can also be trained as a broadside gun, and is a most formidable piece of artillery. The turret is not a movable one, but the guns can be trained to bear either fore or aft, or as broadside guns likewise. She is plated with 5½-inch iron plates, and 6-inch forward. The ram projects about 18 feet under the water-line, and is very sharp; it gradually rounds off to the deck, and is surmounted by the 300-pounder. She steams very fast—the officers say thirteen knots at sea. The *Stonewall* was built at Bordeaux for the Danish navy, but not being finished in time was rejected by the Danes, and then was bought by the Confederates. She had just come down from Ferrol, where she had been repairing; and the *Niagara* and *Sacramento*, who had been on the look out for her, arrived March 27. The *Stonewall* is commanded by Captain T. J. PAGE, of the Confederate navy, and has a strong company of officers and men. She was ordered by the Portuguese Government to leave in twenty-four hours. We show in the sketch on page 304, besides the *Stonewall*, the Portuguese corvette *Sagres* and the United States steamers *Niagara* and *Sacramento*, and in the distance Fort St. Julian and the Bugio Light-house.

On reference to our illustration it should be observed that the *Sacramento* and *Niagara* are seen to the left hand, the *Niagara* being the nearer of the two; while the Bugio Light-house is seen in the distance, between the *Niagara* and the *Stonewall*; the Portuguese corvette and Fort St. Julian are shown to the right hand of the view.



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Parties wishing the Prescription will please address
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 438.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER Y. AR IN ADVANCE.

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THE ASSASSINATION.

In addition to the interesting sketches which we gave last week relating to BOOTH's capture we are able this week to give illustrations of GARRETT's house, on the porch of which BOOTH died, the ruin of GARRETT's barn in which the assassin was shot, and the house in which HAROLD resided near the Navy-yard at Washington.

The case against the assassins develops new features. President JOHNSON has issued a proclamation declaring that there is evidence in the Military Bureau which implicates in the assassination JEFFERSON DAVIS, JACOB THOMPSON, C. C. CLAY, GEORGE SANDERS, BEVERLY TUCKER, and other rebels, and offering $100,000 for the capture within the United States of DAVIS, and $25,000 each for the capture of the others. What this evidence is we can only vaguely conjecture, and therefore leave to further development. The fact that GEORGE SANDERS and BEVERLY TUCKER have, after most sturdily protesting their innocence, deemed it after all wiser to flee from justice, will not tend to produce a conviction of their innocence.

We give an illustration on page 317 of a meeting held in Johnson Square, Savannah, April 22, to take action in regard to the death of President LINCOLN.

DR. VALENTINE MOTT.

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D., LL.D., whose portrait we give on page 317, died on the 26th of April at his residence, No. 1 Gramercy Park. He was one of the most eminent among our citizens, and will be remembered not only as a very skilful surgeon but also as a kind and philanthropic man. He was born at Glenecove, Long Island, August 22, 1785. His father, Dr. HENRY MOTT, was for many years a practicing physician in this city. The son graduated at Columbia College in 1806, and immediately went to Europe, where he pursued his studies with great ardor and success.

At the age of twenty-four Dr. MOTT was called to fill the chair of Surgery at Columbia College, remaining there until 1813. In 1820, he, with Drs. HOSACK, MITCHELL, FRANCIS, and others, established the Rutgers Medical College. About 1830 he began to devote his time to lectures and instruction, and his great abilities have ever since been the pride of the profession. His position as a surgeon was second to no living professor, and challenged from the renowned Sir ASTLEY COOPER the remarkable eulogy: "He has performed more of the great operations than any man living, or that ever did live." Dr. MOTT has left several works of great value to science and literature, among them a translation of "Velpeau's Surgery," the "Mott Cliniques," "Travels in Europe and the East," "Transactions of the New York Academy of Medicine," etc. Like the departure of HOSACK, MITCHELL, and FRANCIS, his co-laborers, the death of Dr. MOTT will mark an era in the history of the profession.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

AFTER its departure from New York city the funeral cortège moved on its way to Springfield, where Mr. LINCOLN was buried May 4, 1865.

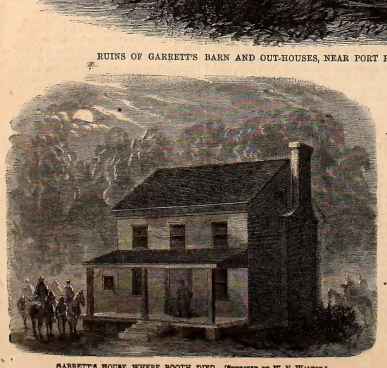
We give on pages 308, 309, and 317 illustrations of the ceremonies along the line of the procession. At Sing Sing a magnificent memorial arch was erected by the citizens over the Hudson River Railroad, of which we give a sketch on page 317. The arch was 41 feet span outside, and 38 feet high, and rested upon two pedestals. The whole was surmounted by an urn, 7½ feet high, from which drooped the American flag. Over the urn was thrown a wreath of ivy.

At Cleveland the train arrived on the 29th. A building had been erected for the especial purpose of receiving the remains. The building was twenty-four by thirty-six feet in dimensions, and was fourteen feet high from ground to plate. The roof was of pagoda style, and the rafters were covered with white cloth. Over the centre of the main roof, and directly over the catafalque, a second roof was raised about four feet, and covered in like manner. The catafalque consisted of a raised dais, four by twelve feet on the ground. The coffin rested on this dais about two feet above the floor. On the four corners stood columns supporting a canopy. The columns were draped and wreathed with evergreen and white flowers in the most beautiful manner. The ceiling of the building was hung with beautiful festoons of evergreen and flowers, while the four posts which sustained on either side the pagoda roof were hung with large rosettes of mingled evergreen and magnolia of two varieties. Appropriate drapery hung from the cornice of the building, and swung from pillar to pillar of the fairy structure. Gas lamps were attached to the pillars of the catafalque and to other points of the building, so that the remains could be easily seen at night, and to good advantage.

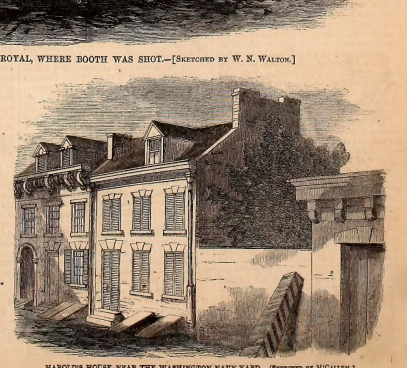
At Chicago the demonstration was, if possible, more impressive than at any other stage of the route. Among these was an escort of torches to the funeral train, showing the cortège as it passed to thousands who were themselves wrapped in darkness. On page 309 we illustrate the scene at the reception of the remains at Chicago. When the



RUINS OF GARRETT'S BARN AND OUT-HOUSES, NEAR PORT ROYAL, WHERE BOOTH WAS SHOT.—[SKETCHED BY W. N. WALTON.]



GARRETT'S HOUSE, WHERE BOOTH DIED.—[SKETCHED BY W. N. WALTON.]



HAROLD'S HOUSE, NEAR THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.—[SKETCHED BY M'CALLUM.]

funeral car passed under a magnificent arch thirty-six young ladies in white placed wreaths upon the coffin or car. On page 308 there is an illustration of the catafalque upon which the coffin was laid at the City Hall.

From Chicago the train proceeded on its way to Springfield.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

"Or! weep not, weep not, mother,
And dry your tears, fond wife,
Your sorrow is not anguish,
You have not lost a life;
You, with a proud, sweet sadness,
In all the after-days,
Shall bear his name but uttered
In tones of loving praise;

"And all shall joy in telling
How in his happy youth,
With steadfastness unshaken,
He died to serve the truth;
While I, in bitter wailing,
Can only bow my head,
My heart alone preserving
The memory of my dead.

"For few among the many
Of all we daily meet
Will ever care to cherish
The ones who met defeat—
And yet he fought as bravely
As cheerfully he died,
No service to his country
Had ever been denied."

Thus spoke she, standing sadly,
In the dreary of the room;
Before her lay the sunshine,
Behind her lay the gloom:
She could not take the token
The light around her shed—
Her heart was ever sighing,
"My day of joy has fled!"

At last, with sudden courage,
She raised her timid eyes—
What sight had changed her pallor
To such a glad surprise?
What form is that approaching?
Whose arms enfold her now?
Whose lips are pressing kisses
On lip, and cheek, and brow?

His own! his own! no other!
Oh, welcome back again!
The swelling tide of rapture
Atones for all the pain;
And, listening to the story,
So mingled heard below,
Of light instead of darkness,
And joy instead of woe—
Her heart is singing praises
That he indeed was spared,
And in the hour of triumph
With double joy had shared.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

THE BLACKS AND THE BALLOT.

In his excellent proclamation to the people of North Carolina General SCHOFIELD announces that the United States troops will protect them "until a civil government shall be established in harmony with the Constitution and Laws of the United States." This is a clear statement of the exact situation of the Provisionary States. It is desirable, upon every account, that there shall be as little delay as possible in inaugurating local governments in the States to their own loyal inhabitants. But it is plain that the immediate authority of the national government can not safely be relaxed until that proportion of the adult male population of a State which guarantees internal security is empowered to vote. The question of the hour then is, When the Government is ready to allow an election for any purpose whatever to be held in any such State, who shall be permitted to vote?

By the Constitution of Virginia R. M. T. HUNTER is a legal voter in that State. Would the Government of the United States allow him to vote there now? ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, the Constitution of South Carolina did, and probably does, allow only those to vote who own ten slaves or ten thousand dollars. Would not the Government of the United States now permit other persons to vote there? Undoubtedly. There is no authority at present in Virginia and South Carolina except that of the United States; and they, and no other power, will decide who is to vote in reconstructing those States. The conditions of voting will be prescribed by the United States, and not by the State Constitutions. And if the conditions should be those named in the Constitutions they will be valid, not for that reason, but because the United States so determine.

In the States of which we speak there are three classes: the hopeless rebels, the poorer whites, and the blacks. The first of these classes is the smallest, and it will be always disloyal and dangerous, the Bourbons and Jacobites of American politics. The second and third are very large. Together they form the great majority of the population. By the census of 1860 it appears that, in the eleven late rebel States, the exact numbers were 5,447,222 whites, and 3,666,110 colored and Indian population. The present proportion is undoubtedly more favorable to the blacks. In two of the States they are a majority of the whole population. In five others they are more than one-third, and in every one of the old Slave States they are enough, when united with the loyal whites, to control the State. Upon what good grounds, therefore, can the ballot be refused to the loyal black citizens of the Southern States? They are the sturdy working-class. They have always been unfailingly true to the Government. Had they been otherwise—had they made common cause with the rebels chiefs, as the poorer whites were obliged to do—the triumph of the Government would have been indefinitely delayed. They are free men, and the plainest good policy requires that their self-respect be aroused, and their willing industry encouraged, without which no class of citizens is contented or valuable. There is but one way of securing this result. It is to give them the ballot.

That the mass of the population at the South, both white and black, is ignorant, is very true. But so are great masses of the Northern voters. Education is a good thing; but it appears that some of the staunchest patriots in the land can not read, and that some of the basest traitors are highly educated. Although we have, at the expense of their country, did not prevent LEE and his associates from trying to destroy their country. ROBERT SHAALS, whether he can read or not, is to our loyal hearts a more sacred and safer voter than ROBERT TOOMBS. Any black man who has succored a Union soldier escaping from the torture of rebel prisons is known to be as able to vote wisely as the extremely accomplished JUDAH BENJAMIN, or PIERRE SOULE, or ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, or JOHN SLIDELL, or WADE HAMPTON, or CHARLES J. FAULKNER.

The question is not whether, abstractly, political privilege should depend upon education. It is, whether in the States, which we have in store to their peculiar action in our national system at the earliest moment, we shall require conditions of voting which contrary to universal fidelity has saved the nation which are not required of the whites in the same States, nor in other States of ignorant foreigners who can not speak our language, and who have no special interest in our institutions. Instruct them, say some, and their political rights will follow. But why is that equally true of the whites? The ignorance is the difficulty, why instruct the States to ignorant white men? By such a plan a discrimination is made at the outset against black color. The Government says, in effect, that ignorant loyal men who are black are not fit to vote, but ignorant loyal men who are white are fit. The Government thus flings its whole weight against the ignorant men who have been true to it, and favors those who have been false. "The mischief is inside the blacks." So it is. But it recognizes what is called the inferiority of the blacks, which has been always urged as the reason for enslaving them. And upon such a precedent, is the class of ignorant white loyalists who have believed, and do still believe, that blacks are made to be slaves, likely ever to receive justice then? The whites may not be able to enslave the blacks, but they will in every way despise and degrade them. No disfranchised class has a fair chance. And the fact that all the blacks have been made personally free will make them discontented so long as they are disfranchised. They will not consent to be ruled or governed by a minority. If they can not have legal redress they will still try to redress themselves. Is that the way to peace?

The colored race was brought into this country against its will and by an inhumanity and cupidity. It has wonderfully increased until there are now about four millions of them among us. Their blood in every degree is mingled with the blood of the whites. They are born and always remain here. Many of their ancestors came from Africa, as ours from England, Holland, Germany, or Ireland. They are an essential, integral, inevitable, most valuable and important part of our population. They have been enslaved, their color has been a sign of servility, and they have been made the victims of an inhuman prejudice and the objects of the most cruel partisan contempt. They have not resisted, for resistance was hopeless. They have protested silently by patient endurance. The man, of which we could not deprive them. Their long patience which merely hardened our hearts did not alienate God. When the hour came, He remembered. Our history darkened. The State right to enslave, which we held ourselves bound to respect, struggled with the human right to be free, which we could not see. The Union could not raise a hand, but the crisis came. The political and commercial effort to outrage nature and to treat men as brutes and chattels culminated in a civil war which has spent costly lives not to be counted, and wasted the long accumulated profits of our sin. It has steeped us in blood to our lips, and utterly failed; and kneeling among the dead and mangled bodies of our first-born and best beloved, amidst the fire and storm of battle, we have acknowledged that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth.

We have now the power and the opportunity of settling this question of the colored rage in this country which has rent us from the beginning, and will heave and burn us until it is put honorably to rest. We have already declared them to be men and citizens. Our Government rests upon the broad principle that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed. For that principle the colored men fought with our fathers in the Revolution; and side by side in the fiercest fields of this war they have defended it side by side with our brothers. Within the enemy's lines they have been the guides, the messengers, the friends upon whom we have unfailingly relied. To see a black face was to find a true heart. Do we mean to be as faithful and honorable and friendly as they have been? Do we mean to trust them as they have trusted us? Do we mean to give them the chance of securing their own welfare as we have the chance of securing ours? Do we mean to be just? If we do, we shall give them a vote in the reconstruction of the insurrectionary States. If we are unwilling to do it, our victory has come in vain, and we shall pay the penalty of premature success.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

FOR some time after the late terrible events it was feared that Mr. SEWARD might have been so seriously injured by his accident and the subsequent murderous assault as to be compelled to retire from the public service. As that apprehension has been happily dispelled, and as the characteristic assertion of some of the Northern friends of the rebellion that Mr. SEWARD ought to retire because of his services in the Cabinet would be so distasteful to Messrs. LEE, DAVIS, WIGFALL, & COMPANY as to disincline them to submission, has also disappeared in derisive laughter, it is now interesting to know who suggest what they desire that President JOHNSON's policy will not have the cordial support of the Secretary of State. Therefore Mr. SEWARD must resign. Those who say this are not aware, perhaps, that Mr. SEWARD's friends in the Baltimore Convention which last June secured the nomination of Mr. JOHNSON as Vice-President, and that it is therefore a great waste of ingenuity to assume any grave difference between the President and Secretary in their general policy.

Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. SEWARD had served together in the Senate, where they were firm personal friends. Mr. SEWARD knew, as well as that his fellow-Senator, a hard-reformer, a stern Union man, a trusted representative of the people of the South as distinguished from the ruling aristocracy, was the very kind of leader by whom the political power of the aristocracy was ultimately to be overthrown in its own section. Mr. SEWARD watched Mr. JOHNSON's strong voice position in the dark winter of 1860-'61. He had heard his terrible denunciation of the conspirators in the Senate. As Secretary of State Mr. SEWARD had supported Mr. LINCOLN's "Border-State policy," as it was impatiently called; and it was only during that policy that Mr. LINCOLN had appointed his friend Mr. JOHNSON Military Governor of Tennessee. With his administrative ability SEWARD had been, of course, officially familiar.

As the time for the meeting of the Union nominating Convention approached, the perilous chances of the war made it essential that a candidate for the Vice-Presidency should be named whose character and career certified that, in case of the death of the Presidency, the established policy of the Government would not be changed or menaced. And we venture to say that the men whose nomination Mr. JOHNSON most earnestly desired was Andrew JOHNSON.

When the Convention assembled the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN was a foregone conclusion. But the nomination for the Vice-Presidency was not so easily determined. One point, however, was universally admitted by the wiser part of the Convention—that the services and honorable career of Mr. HAMLIN's career had been, and personally unexceptionable as he was, his nomination was not advisable. As the Convention was composed of men who had generally acted with different political parties, political comity required that the Union Convention of 1864 should not repeat the party mistake and the objects of the Convention of 1860, but, by naming a candidate formerly identified with the Democratic party, should prove that it was acting from patriotism rather than but to the hearty sympathy of all Union men in the country. Who should this candidate be? It was upon this question that the caucusing of the Convention turned. For whom would the sixty-six votes of New York be cast? As they went, so would the Convention probably go. It was soon evident that the choice practically lay between Mr. JOHNSON and Mr. DICKINSON of New York, and it seems to us indisputable that the final decision was made in the caucus of the New York delegation, and made by the friends of Mr. SEWARD in favor of ANDREW JOHNSON.

Mr. LUTHER TRIMBLE, the old political friend of Mr. DICKINSON, very properly and very powerfully led the DICKINSON movement. Mr. DICKINSON's long identification with the Democratic party; his instant and entire devotion of all his powers to the cause of the Union and the Government; his incessant and effective services from the outbreak of the war; his vast majority of one hundred and eight thousand votes in his own State as the Union candidate for Attorney General showing his great popularity in the State which it was necessary to carry at the Presidential election; his national fame; his spotless character; his heroic repudiation of old party ties; all these arguments were pungently and impressively urged by Mr. TRIMBLE, without an unkind word against any other candidate, and with an applause both in the caucus and Convention which showed how hearty was the appreciation of Mr. DICKINSON's claims and character among that great representative body of faithful American citizens. In the caucus of the New York delegation Mr. TRIMBLE was supported by some who had no sympathy whatever with the party to which he and Mr. DICKINSON had belonged, but who regarded the latter gentleman as a conspicuous national representative of what was called the War Democracy, and who thought that his nomination would greatly strengthen the ticket in the State of New York.

The discussion in the caucus was animated and exciting. It betrayed the differences and animosities which prevail in New York politics. But the one thing steadily obvious in all the discussions, in the spirit of opinion was that the friends of Mr. SEWARD were favorable to ANDREW JOHNSON. Mr. PRESTON KING and Mr. RAYMOND tearfully urged the irresistible advantages of a candidate who was a Southerner, a Border-State man, an old Democrat, yet a Union man who had been tried in the fire of the hate of the rebel chiefs whom he had denounced. They pleaded his solitary fidelity in the midst of the defection of his old associates in the Senate; his severe sufferings in the cause; the great confidence reposed in him by Mr. LINCOLN, who had intrusted to him one of the most difficult and delicate of responsibilities at a most critical time. They depicted the cordial sympathy between the President and Mr. JOHNSON, and the respect and confidence among the people of a man who had been born and bred in the humblest circumstances, yet who had risen to merited distinction. They recounted his services and his long practical experience of public life. They pointed to his administration of Tennessee, which only the bitter enemies of the Government and friends of the rebellion condemned, and contended that by selecting a candidate who did not live in the State of New York the dangers of political division in that State would be avoided. They did not forget to recall also that, in all the long course of a public life during which he had been an ardent and conspicuous actor, his personal character had been unsullied by suspicion. No man could deny that ANDREW JOHNSON was a name so identified with unswerving devotion and willing sacrifice to the country that it would be hailed with vast popular enthusiasm.

Meanwhile Mr. DICKINSON's friends were not idle, and his claims were impressive. Mr. SIMON CAMERON came to offer the fifty-two votes of Pennsylvania for Mr. DICKINSON if New York would unite upon him. Many of the New England delegations were ready to adopt him upon the same condition. But the friends of Mr. SEWARD, without denying the claims of Mr. DICKINSON, still held firmly that it was wiser to nominate Mr. JOHNSON. Had they yielded, Mr. JOHNSON would not now be President of the United States. It is pleasant to remember that when afterward in the Convention it appeared that Mr. JOHNSON had a larger vote than any other candidate, the friends of Mr. DICKINSON at once acquiesced. The vote of New York was thrown as a unit, and it was Mr. TRIMBLE who promptly and honorably moved that the nomination of Mr. JOHNSON should be made unanimous by the Convention. Nor is it less agreeable to record that one of the last acts of President LINCOLN, at the earnest request of the Secretary of State, was the appointment of Mr. DICKINSON, to his own great surprise, to his present responsible post.

If, therefore, Mr. SEWARD retires from the Cabinet, it will not be because the President is not of his choice. And why should he retire? He is in the plenitude of his powers, and his work is not yet done. Who would do it so well as he?

THE ASSASSINATION PLOT.

It is seems too incredible to be true that the conspicuous rebel chiefs were accessory to the assassination of President LINCOLN, it should be remembered that the crime is no more atrocious than many of which they are notoriously guilty.

It is surely not so black a crime to shoot one man as to murder hundreds of them by starvation. Yet that was done, and done with the knowledge of these chiefs who by a word could have prevented it. The poor crazed, emaciated, dying soldiers who were sent to Annapolis from within the rebel lines were tortured and slain with the complicity of DAVIS, LEE, BENJAMIN, and the rest. The fact of the starvation can not be denied. The proof is conclusive. And the men who would starve a sergeant or a private are not too honorable to connive at the shooting of the Commander-in-Chief.

The villains who tried to throw railroad trains from the track—who descended upon remote inland villages to pillage, burn, and kill—who would have burned down museums and hotels full of innocent women and children—who bought plague-tainted rags to disseminate promiscuous death—are surely not too virtuous to poison wells or to murder with the pistol or knife. And the men who did these things bore the commissions and pleaded the authority of JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Confederates. DID DAVIS or HUNTER or any of the rebel chiefs repudiate these acts? On the contrary, the Richmond rebel Congress adopted the crimes of BELL and made them their own.

Those who begin and prosecute a bloody war for the destruction of a mild and equal Government, and for the sole purpose of perpetuating the most odious outrage upon human nature—who deliberately spurn and deny the most sacred rights of man, embark in an enterprise of which arson, theft, assassination, and every form of inhumanity are the natural means and allies. Slavery imbrutes the masters, at least, whatever it does to the slaves. The spirit of a war which honored and applauded BROOKS for trying to murder SENATOR SUMNER is not too humane to inspire BOOTH to murder President LINCOLN.

Individuals, of course, will be held innocent until they are proved to be guilty. But the guilt in one class of those who are guilty in others quite as revolting, is not improbable. You may be as innocent as you assert, said the housekeeper to the man whom he found in the closet; you may not have stolen my purse, but what are my spoons doing in your pocket?

LABOR AT THE SOUTH.

We are glad to see that General SCHOFIELD, who commands in North Carolina, has issued the proclamation calling attention to the fact that the persons formerly held as slaves in that State are now free, and exhorting them to go to work, and to make their own bargains with such employers as they choose. General HALLECK, in Virginia, has issued a similar proclamation, but announces that the minors not cared for by parents the apprenticeship system will be introduced as soon as possible. Of course this distinction between classes of all races is odious. But General HALLECK will soon learn that no forcible general apprenticeship system will work.

Both of the proclamations recommend the masters to acquiesce in the new order. This is wise, for the practical difficulty in emancipation always proceeds from the masters, not from the slaves. It has been curiously illustrated even in some parts of the British West Indies, where the planters refused to submit heartily to the conditions of the case. They would pay but fair average wages. The laborers withdrew to the bush, and lived quietly and humbly there. The great estates languished. The crops failed, and the sullen proprietors, who were too angry and foolish to hire laborers upon fair terms, swore at the sentimental fanaticism which had ruined the fortunes of West India property.

But it does not seem to a candid mind a very terrible misfortune that gentlemen who have been living luxuriously without paying any wages for labor should be a little straitened because they can no longer force men to work for them for nothing. "Good for nothing, shiftless set!" sneered the planting gentlemen; "we knew they would not work without the whip." But if not working argues that a man is good for nothing, what were the planting gentlemen good for?

If the former masters of slaves in this country are wise they will not follow the West Indian examples.

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

As we suggested last week, the President of the Christian Commission has hastened to disavow the act of Rev. DR. PARKER and several others in calling "to pay their respects" to ROBERT E. LEE. He states that DR. PARKER is not connected with the Christian Commission, but is a member of the American Union Commission, and asserts that no authorized representative of the Christian Commission has ever called upon General LEE; and if any person connected with that body has so far forgotten his duty and self-respect, his conduct is severely condemned by the Commission.

The universal indignation with which the news of this call has been received shows how general and profound is the moral sentiment which that the chief soldier of rebellion is not considered a person to be "respected" by loyal men. The manner in which it was received by the rebel General LEE "magnanimous" has been most impressively rebuked.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

It is an agreeable duty to record that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH, whose delightful paper upon the "University of Oxford," the first part of which was published in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and which will be concluded in the June number, requested that the sum he was to receive from it should be given to the National Freedmen's Association. He thus adds another to his many practical tokens of sympathy for our cause which are already known. The friends of Professor SMITH will hear with regret that his physician forbids another visit to America, which he was contemplating. There is no man in England more justly honored by this country than GOLDWIN SMITH, and those who will more sincerely rejoice in his great success or more fully comprehend its scope.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

In the large hall Mr. W. H. FURNESS has a portrait, No. 165, which pleases us less than any in the exhibition. The fine, firm modeling of the head, the force of the painting, and the skill with which the accessories are treated and perplexed, are all remarkable. The work is hard in some parts. The hands are awkwardly placed, and the drapery is rather stiff. But there is so much conscience and delicacy and power in the picture that a place in the first rank of our portrait painters can not be denied to the artist. His evident respect for his art, his subject, and himself, are inspiring, and give the work a sincerity which we find in few portraits. The fascination of a face in which archness is overflowed by serious sweetness, the virility dignity of the figure, a lark-like purity of impression—

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home,"

are rendered simply, and with a careful detail which does not destroy the technical unity of the work. It is a picture as carefully studied as a poem. The artist has evidently not learned, or doubted it is. He has worked at it with unfailing and patience and sympathy, and the result is worth all the pains and doubts and thoughts it has cost him. It is not pleasant to make comparisons by name. But let the spectator stand before No. 425 and compare it with some portraits near it, large and small. This is not muddy, nor mottled, nor superficial. It is not dramatic, nor vulgar, nor cold, nor conventional. It is solid, thought, intelligent, sagacious, unpretentious, and the artist has evidently much to do. Every truly good picture shows the painter and the spectator how much there is to do. But the fidelity and skill which this portrait reveals are the best possible auguries of the future success of Mr. FURNESS, by which we shall look with entire faith in their increasing excellence.

Near by, No. 423, by R. M. STAIGG, is another admirable portrait. It has a certain refined and elegant character, and although wrought with great delicacy is not weak or feminine. The head is well ascended from miniature to portraiture with remarkable success. His pictures are always notable for a modest, manly, and truthful spirit in art and in life, as charming upon the shore upon the floor of the exhibition.

"Passing into the Shade" (318), by GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, is a delightful picture. To see it upon a cold February day is to command a sudden and cheerful autumn landscape. For it is autumn in the picture, but not sadness altogether, nor decay. The old Pennsylvania farmer sits in the sunshine, his withered leaves into the shade of the wood. They are very poor. Their dress is very coarse, and they stump along with a hoe. But there is a kind quality, her eyes cast down. She leans upon a stick on one side, and upon the other on the arm of her husband. She is older, doubtful, sad. As she goes deeper into the shade can she possibly recall, has she ever known—from some pleasant memory of her door, perhaps, in other years and singing the summer away—the yearning regret for youth and love and beauty? Is BEHAVE for EVERMORE? Does she too remember, and wistfully, with her old heart aching, recall

"The hops that dawned at twenty when I dwelt
In auld Tullibelt?"

If she does, her companion does not. With cheery face uplifted, pale, ignorant, he briskly encourages her, supports her bending sister and moves eretly forward into a shadow that can not dismay, and with a faith which fills the spectator's mind with all the bird voices and flowers and buds of spring. It is long since we have seen a more imaginative or poetic picture. It is entirely unobtrusive. It is poetic not sensational.

"A Lost Mind" (601), by ELIHU VEDDER, is an interesting and painful picture. The subject which leaves a painful impression still lacks an essential quality. Mr. VEDDER'S "Sea Serpent" of last year we can hardly recall now without a shudder. There is a tribute certainly to the talent of the painter, but not to the subject. "Suggestions of a Lost Mind" might be HAGAR, if there were an ISHMAEL. That is to say, that it is not at once seen to be an unmeaning human. Yet it is a work which commands attention. There is nothing commonplace in it. Indeed, the heaving, startling, restless hurry of the movement is almost terrible. The bare cliff, the blank sands behind, and on, on, no matter what lies before, on, on; and as you gaze steadfastly it seems as if the figure stride forth into the foreground. Just above to the left is another sketch by VEDDER, which hardly recall now without a shudder. It is a head merely, but there is a quaint vigor in the sketch which well befits the strange, dusky, tragic, half-fun, half-grim conception. HAWTHORNE would thought we had no material for romances in this country!

Among the landscapes, Mr. JERVIS MCENTEE'S "Last of October" (293) is admirable for its fidelity to the spirit and aspect of the autumn season. No actor seems to feel every part of his pictures more conscientiously than MCENTEE. Every twig and tendril and leaf and spire of grass is an affectionately rendered as the whole scene, and this without the technical Pre-Raphaelite treatment, but with a fidelity that reveals the enamored eye, and the sensitive heart. In MCENTEE'S landscapes there is not a careful study of the form only, there is also that translation of the soul and character of the scene which makes his works seem like reminiscences. This "Last of October" is one of those that strikes the spectator like a remembered melody. He may hold the May anemones in his hand, but his heart is sobered by the actual presence of the sad, though splendid, autumn fields and woods. These pictures also are truly American, yet none the less romantic. Our landscape, even if unsettled, inspires with exquisite melody as KEATS'S *"La belle Dame sans Merci"* as much as any landscape KEATS ever saw. This is the only picture by Mr. MCENTEE exhibited, and we are glad of the happy triumph of making the spectator wish for more.

PALM SUNDAY.

THE joy of Palm Sunday was sadly overshadowed before the week was ended. But the great event of the week, which the nation and world hailed as time passed. It was the day on which GRANT, our peace-maker in chief, received the surrender of the last of the rebel armies, and by his magnanimity added new lustre to his laurels. Mr. NAST has simply and strikingly commemorated upon page 313 and 314 of this paper the festival and the event which will be always associated with it in our history. The Lieutenant-General regrets that the true peace-makers, the fidelity, the love of liberty and union, and the unwavering resolution of the American people. These are the qualities upon which have conquered peace in the field, and they will confirm it in the council. LEE surrendered to GRANT the barbarous feudalism yielding to Christian civilization.

MR. PETER F. ROSENQUEST.

ALL who know him will hear with the sincerest sorrow of the death of PETER F. ROSENQUEST, for many years foreman for Rockhoffer & Ehrlich & BROTHERS. So faithful was this honorable and efficient man to his duty, so cheerful and serene in his demeanor, that the news of his death is a painful surprise even to some who had been in the constant habit of meeting him at his work. Mr. ROSENQUEST was one of the intelligent, sagacious, industrious, and patriotic men who are the glory of this country. Throughout the war his loyalty has been active and unfailing. His heart was sensitive to every shadow of misfortune unit darkened our cause, and to every ray of joy in our triumph. It is to the fidelity of such hearts that we owe the victory. Mr. ROSENQUEST had a true love of the work in which he was engaged. He was always busy, and by preserving his self-respect never failed to secure that of his subordinates. He had been with the HARPERS for twenty-five years, and their relations were never ruffled. His home was happy. His wife and children loved and honored him, and those who knew him best will mourn most truly the brave, kind, earnest, and honorable man.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE day of war bulletins is about over. There is no more thrilling interest in the nation's surveys, which has been made in terms similar to those granted to Lee. We wait to hear from Johnston, but his movements can be known to have been fully consummated. It is reported that PRESIDENT JOHNSON has issued a proclamation to Cabinet a proclamation declaring peace throughout the country. The specific steps of the war, about which there has been so much apprehension, will never probably be inaugurated upon any large scale. We hear of a few raids, on railroad trains in some quarters; but the fact that there was no attempt to kill all the prisoners, and in a time of peace, would attach to wantonness and violence, will deter even the most desperate from such barbarism. It is certain that all the prominent rebel generals have opposed any movement which the Southern people have for more to fear than the North. It is perhaps, after all, better for the Government to have prisoners than to show their real temper by overt acts of insurrection, as this will secure the most effectual punishment.

It is now supposed that when JOHNSTON first proposed a surrender he was merely playing for time. Of course these about 70,000 started off in irregular bands the moment their General's back was turned. Deserters, about 110 pieces of artillery were surrendered, and about 18,000 men and others. The following is General JOHNSTON'S farewell order to his troops:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE,
NEAR GREENSBORO, *May 1, 1865.*

"COMRADES,—I have received from official evidence I expect you to observe the terms of the participation agreed upon for the discharge and dispersion of your paroled rebel citizens to the powers as well as you have performed the duties of soldiers. In bidding you adieu, I assure you I will decree comfort and restore tranquillity to your country. You will return to your homes with the admiration of our people, won by the courage and noble devotion you have displayed in battle. And the consciousness of a member with pride the loyal support you have given me, in part from your noble hearts and kill you forever the feelings of cordial friendship and with earnest wishes that you may be happy and prosperous.

"JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, General."

As soon as Major-General Schofield took command of the Department of North Carolina, he issued the following important order in relation to the social status of the negro in that district:

"To remove a doubt which seems to exist in the minds of some of the people of North Carolina, it is hereby declared that, by virtue of the proclamation of the President of the United States, dated January 1, 1863, all persons in this State heretofore held as slaves are now free, and that it is the duty of the military to maintain the freedom of such persons.

"It is recommended to the former masters of the fleet men to employ them as hired servants at reasonable wages. And it is recommended to the freed people that they will be loyal to do so, they remain with their former masters and have faithfully served them, and that hereafter kindly and paid reasonable wages; or that they immediately seek employment elsewhere. The habit of work to which they have accustomed. It is not well for them to congregate about towns or military posts. It will not be regarded as a kindness."

General Wilson's cavalry command arrived at Savannah April 28, after having completed a most sweeping and unprecedented campaign. They have destroyed all fifty miles through the heart of Alabama and Georgia, in a region of country almost unmolested by the war. They captured Wilson left Chickasaw, Alabama, on the 22d of March, and moved southward through that State as far as Selma in the same time defeating and routing in several engagements the force of FORREST, ROBERTS, ARMY, and other notorious rebels, capturing forts and seizing and destroying immense amounts of rebel property. Thence he marched eastward and crossed into Georgia, carrying every thing before him. Four important towns, six thousand prisoners, over two hundred cannon, and large supplies of small arms were captured, and five hundred million dollars' worth of property belonging to the rebel Government was destroyed. Wilson's force of fifteen thousand men suffered very little hundred.

Jefferson Davis, who commanded the rear Webb on horseback, crossed the Red and Mississippi rivers in a skiff, and of his officers and escort, seven are prisoners on board the gun-boat *Florida*, and are now under guard at the Brooklyn Navy-yard. It was REED'S design to take the Webb to Havana, destroying on the way all the sentinel vessels he encountered, there sell his cargo of cotton, and then return and run the blockade of Galveston. Once in that harbor, he intended to convert his vessel into a torpedo-boat, and then destroy or drive away the blockading fleet. Ninety-two out of the one hundred and twenty-five men belonging to the Webb were captured and taken to New Orleans.

It appears now that Davis will find hard work to escape. He has been very nearly run down upon his native heath, and as he has turned westward in his flight there is good reason to believe that he will be captured in the vicinity of his own cavalry. Telegraphic communication is open from Washington to Galveston. It is said that the rebellion in possession of the Government in regard to Davis's complicity in Booth's assassination. Another is now on foreign government will be a moment hesitate to give him up. Davis is interested in nothing but escape. In addition to the assassination the Meridian Clarion, a rebel journal, says that Davis, Benjamin, Reagan, and other rebel men and address, or address by note Colonel A. J. M., 380 B Street, Washington, D. C. Office will also be opened in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities. Office opens at 326 Pennsylvania Avenue, between nine and four."

NEWS ITEMS.

General Halleck has established in Richmond a court which will try all cases relating to the rights and title to the possession of real and personal property in that city and vicinity.

The Raleigh (North Carolina) *Progress* of the 24 inst. announces that the Governor of that State has left the capital before the approach of Sherman's cavalry. He crossed the Yadkin river and the rebel Legislature of that State.

The Tennessee Legislature has adopted a resolution in favor of offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the arrest of the fugitive rebel self-styled Governor of that State, Isham G. Harris.

FOREIGN NEWS

Our foreign files this week are of unusual interest. The commercial news of the English papers indicates a prosperous or characteristic. Those more in sympathy with the rebellion were in a state of despondency when Lee's conspiracy was subdued.

The London *Times* speaks enlogistically of our great Generals: "The war has brought out commanders of whom the world may be proud." Grant and Sherman. These drilled and disciplined their mixed forces until they were fit for every contingency of war, and when this was done the end of the Confederacy was plainly near. The superiority of the Federal armies over those of the rebels in actual conflict; their progress in discipline enabled them to make certain and speedy victory. Two years ago Lee would probably have escaped to Lynchburg, even after such a defeat as that which he suffered on the 9th day. But now the Federal Generals move with the rapidity and accuracy with the precision of the modern marshals. Their cavalry, which at the beginning of the war was the most inefficient arm, is now perfect. It is excellent, and they know how to use with effect the plentiful supply of horses with which their country abounds can furnish them. If the North has not gained in this struggle a high reputation for military genius, it has at least produced by the Confederates, they have shown a patience, a fertility, and an energy which entitle them to be ranked in the very first of military nations. They have now sufficiently proved their mettle to the world that the Monroe doctrine scarcy must be abandoned."

The news of President Lincoln's assassination created the most intense excitement in London. The Liverpool journals were filled with the deepest sympathy. The London *Times* editorially says that it would be received throughout Europe with a sorrow as sincere and profound as it awoke even in the United States. Mr. Lincoln's policy had steadily become approved, and Englishmen learned to respect him. A new epoch in the history of the war when the Confederate cause will not escape the dishonor cast upon it by these atrocious murders."

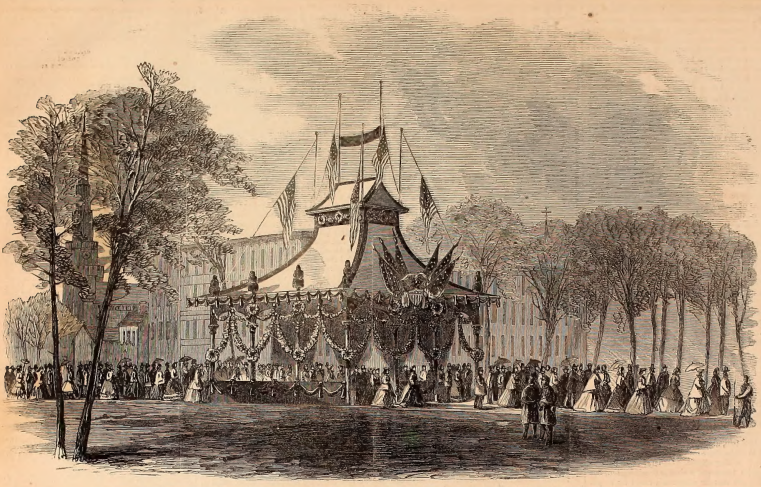
The London *Telegraph* says: "From vulgar corruption, from factious violence, from the tyranny of ignorance and baldness, this great ruler was wholly free. At last came the success which is the fruition of the labor, the reward of his patience and courage. He entered Richmond as a conqueror, but he bestowed no decree of proscription against the South, for the fight appeared to him to be at an end. He came in his hour of triumph to render again a beaten foe. He spoke very kindly of General Lee, one foreseen that in that case would be the end of the plunder for mercy and for peace a within killed him. Now for Lincoln's sake and for his country's sake it is unhappy."

On Wednesday there was only a day session of Parliament. The attendance was very slim, only about sixty members being present. They all signed the following address, which was presented the same evening to Mr. ADAMS:

"We, the undersigned members of the House of Commons, have learned, with feelings of profound horror, that the President of the United States has been deprived of life by an act of violence. We desire to express our sympathy at the end event to the American Minister now in London, as well as to the people of the United Kingdom in the future of that great country, which we trust will continue to be the home of freedom, prosperity, and peaceful relations with this and every other country."

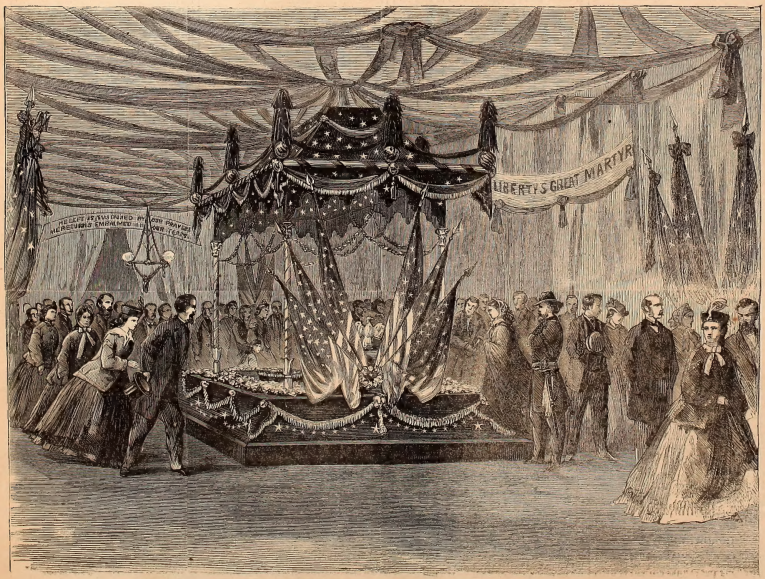
END OF THE REBEL RAM WEBB.

On Sunday, April 24, the rebel ram *Webb* passed New Orleans having escaped from Red River. The excitement in New Orleans was very great, and astonished crowds rushed to the levee to witness the extraordinary spectacle. She passed under a full head of steam and hoisted the rebel flag. The *Hollyhock* was towed in pursuit, under command of Lieutenant-Commander GRIFFAN. After running some 24 miles below New Orleans Captain REED, of the *Webb*, discovered that not only was the *Hollyhock* in pursuit but that the *Richmond* was coming up in her front. The *Webb* turned, but when the *Hollyhock* dashed straight at her, she was in shore, and the officers and crew, springing on the levee, fled into the swamps, first firing the vessel in several places. The United States vessel sent out boats, and the *Webb* was boarded and every effort made to subdue the flames, but in vain. Upon entering the engineroom a man was found lying asleep, who had been greatly abandoned by his comrades to a fiery death. He was saved by our gallant seamen. His name is CHARLES PRESTON. The place where the vessel was burned was McCALL'S Point. After burning two hours the vessel blew up. Two hundred and seventeen bales of cotton were destroyed.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE RECEPTION OF HIS REMAINS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—THE CATAFALQUE AT THE CITY HALL, CHICAGO.—SKETCHED BY W. WAGE.

[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS—SKETCHED BY W. WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL WINDOW.

AN OLD LEGEND.

THE great west window was framed and done;
How proud was its painter, Father John!
The watchings by night at the furnace-door,
The long days' ponderings, all were o'er;
The fires were quenched, and the fluxes and paints,
The tracings of missals, and prophets, and saints,
Were rolled and labeled, and hid away,
And life for Friar John was all holiday;
His brushes were thrown in the nettly croft,
And so was the pallet he'd used so oft.

But when he saw that shining rood
Glow like sunset seen through a wood,
There rose in his soul a wicked pride,
And his heart beat quick with a fuller tide,
Nor thought of Christ, as his work he eyed,
If God in that work was glorified.

The window was a wondrous thing,
Blooming with an eternal spring
Of jewel-cups and precious dyes,
Deep and rich as the western skies;
At summer sunsets, and hues of dawns
That start up together after the showers—
The rose's crimson and iris bloom;
Sunny banter and happy glances,
Such as the depths of the forest hide;
Lapis, sapphire for martyr's robe;
Scarlet for Herod's fiery pride,
Ruby for Michael's flaming sword;
Golden splendor for crown and globe
Of David, the chosen of the Lord;
Amethyst, emerald, peacock's dyes,
Encircling a pale seed-lone,
A glory lighting it shed from skies
That shone like God's own dwelling-place;
And all these were blent and melted in,
That there was within a kingly glow,
A pales of light, a life-blood flowing,
Its varied colors ever showing.

What wonder, then, that as he gazed,
As in a mirror, he saw upraised
The veil that hides the spirit-world,
And the dim cave where Christ our Savior forled,
Showing behind that crystal vail
Fiends that shriek and howl and wail at his fall,
And members beaked, and fanged, and horned,
Goblins that him and his glass saints scorned,
And sneering faces above them all.

But Friar John prayed loud and long,
And chanted many a holy song,
And read his vesper service through,
And then put out his low,
Till heaven opened, and angel and saint
Came to comfort that sinner faint
With prayer and vigil and new again,
With purer eye and calmer brain,
He looked, and through the colored screen
That parted earth from heaven's serene,
He saw, through flushes of rainbow dyes,
The jeweled gates of Paradise.

ONE OF MANY.

I AM sitting by the open window and looking out upon the orchard, where the trees stand laden with apple-blooms, whose delicate perfume mingles in this twilight air just as it did four years ago to-night.

There is nothing changed about this old place as I look upon its picture now. There stands the stone-curbed well, over which the long sweep hangs, with its dangling bucket, moss-covered, and dripping with the moonlight—just as ever. There is Carlo's kennel, and Carlo himself is lying there, with his nose upon his outstretched paws, as if not to sleep, are squeaking and chattering in the eaves overhead. There dodge the swing under the oak.

Yonder comes Philip whistling up the road. He has changed no more in these four years than if he were an inanimate object of being, as he is, a middle-aged serving-man. Every thing my eye rests on is just the same—just the same. I wish it were not. But what would go on so unchanged?

It seems as if I had been dreamidge, here by the window in the sun of the warm May afternoon, and had just awakened to the fallen twilight. Has it by any wedding-night this night four years ago?

Yes. There, on the bed within this room, my boy is sleeping. Here on my finger is my "wedding-ring, and I kiss it, and it is as cold to my lips as his forehead. Here are my widow's cap and mourning garments. I am twenty-two. I was eighteen when Frank drew me to his heart, here in this very room, and called me his darling, his brave-eyed bride. Oh, how I loved him! You ladies who live in cities, and whose lives are crowded with events, who have heard and suffered one another another—whose hearts were older at eighteen than mine is to-day, even after all its deep joy and sorrow—you can not know how I loved my husband.

He was the only man I ever loved, remember—the *only* one. My father was so stern with me that him I never dared to love. My mother died when I was little, and my father kept me always under his eye, permitting me no such pleasures as those that country girls generally have, and books were my best companions. There were balls at the tavern at the cross-roads in winter, but I never went to them. There were picnic parties in the woods in summer, and husking-bees in autumn, and other merry-makings of which I sometimes heard, but which I never saw. Almost my only knowledge of life outside my own home was gathered from the glimpses I got of the neighbor-people on Sundays at the little church where all the farmers on Mormon Heights met to worship, and that was by peeping at the boys.

I went for little Frank, and held him up while his father wrapped him in his arms. The little fellow looked into the white and bearded face with a straight, earnest gaze, and then his eyes filled with tears and his lip began to quiver; but it was with pity, not with childish fear, for he put up his little hand to his father's mouth carressingly, and said, "Papa sick!"

Next day the doctor came. He sat an hour with Frank; prescribed cheerfulness, quiet, and generous diet. He instructed Jane in the duties of a nurse's office as nurse, for I would have no other; pressed Frank's hand cordially, and left the room. I followed him to the door.

"How long can he live?" I asked.

The doctor looked down and said,

"All will depend on the care you take of him, Mrs. Moreton. With such care as I know you will give him, he may survive a month, or even more. But I could not promise him a week of life. He has had a hard time. Damn the villains! They'll be torn to pieces like carrion if I had my way with 'em!"

When I went back to Frank he asked me what the doctor said.

"Don't conceal any thing from me, dear wife," said he. "There is no need. I have been on furlough many times with death for many months. I am ready to go."

Then I told him, and he smiled. There was a peculiar light in his eyes as he turned them on me, and said,

"Mary, I shall live till spring."

It was October then. So many months of life yet? It seemed like a priceless boon. Nearly half a year to spend in the sweet world of love that he crowded into that time! And I believed him, too. I don't know why, but I did.

The winter came on heavily, and he did not die. Sometimes I would feel a wild hope that he might recover, and he would see it shining in my eyes, and smile mournfully. But he had in answer to me spoken thought.

"In the spring," he said, very often—"in the spring I shall die."

The spring came too soon. The robins began to sing in the orchard, the bluebirds came to his old nest in the apple-tree by the well. Sometimes Frank would lie me open the window, so that he could hear the song of the bluebirds and the twitter of the sparrows under the eaves. Wrapped in heavy shawls, and sitting in his great arm-chair, he would look out at the window with his dreamy blue eyes till he seemed to forget that I was there.

"They are getting ready," he would murmur. "I shall hear from them soon."

I thought he was light-headed of the angels.

"What do you see out there, Captain Frank?" asked Doctor Thomas, one such day, as he entered the room.

"I am looking southward!" whispered Frank. "There will be ground news from the front very soon. That is what I am waiting for."

Then we understood him. The window looks toward the south, and commands a view of the road leading to the Heights six miles away. And it was there he sat when he died.

You must know that here on the Heights we get the news but once a week. We are on no highroad where travelers pass. The half-dozen farmers who live on the Heights with us, like us, go to the village on Saturdays, the common market-day. Then we get the weekly newspaper which is issued in the village every Monday morning, and contains all the events of the week that is past.

Frank slept none on Thursday night, and Friday morning he said that Philip must go to the village for the *Republican*.

It was afternoon when Philip returned. Frank sat by the open window, gazing earnestly down the road. It was a beautiful day. The air was as balmy as June, and the birds were flying about and twittering contentedly in the trees. Presently Philip came in sight around the bend in the road. He was waving the newspaper in the air, and seemed to be shouting something, but we could not hear. The orchard shut him from view a minute after, and I ran down stairs to meet him at the gate and get the *Republican*.

"Hooray!" cried Philip. "Victory!"

I devoured the news with quick eyes, and then ran up stairs to Frank, and knelt by his chair.

"Dear husband," said I, "the news is great. Do you want me to read it that you may hear it?"

"Mary," said he, "I shall never be stronger than I am this hour. Read it to me. Tell me the good news. I have waited long for it."

Amidst my tears I read the news. Richmond evacuated—was occupied by Federal troops! Jeff Davis was flying for his life, and Lee's whole army had surrendered to Grant. And there was also the account of interesting and startling. Peace had already dawned.

He listened with closed eyes, an expression of unutterable happiness on his white face.

"Glory!" he murmured, when I had done. "The night is past. Mary, I am happy now. I knew I should live to see the dawn."

An hour later he passed away. I sat at his feet, clasping his hand in both mine.

"Mary," he whispered, "you know the legacy I leave my boy. He is too young to understand now, but as he grows up teach him its priceless value. The day will come when he will be prouder to know that his father died for one of the martyrs in freedom's cause than he would be if I had made him heir to princedoms. I was a soldier, too! *I* were the army blue!"

His breath came fainter and fainter. His hand grew lifeless in my clasp. Then he rose up in his chair, gazed with brilliant eyes out at the window toward the south, waved his bony hand in the air, and fell back upon the cushions. I touched his cold forehead with my trembling lips, and heard his last faint whisper.

"Mary—don't forget!—I wore the blue!"

And he was one of many.

LOVE.

TELL me, maiden, maiden dear!
Tell me what is love!
In thy brown eyes shining clear,
On thy lips, O maiden dear,
Can I see it move?

It is two hearts, two hearts true,
Two hearts with one beat;
Two souls shining, singing through
Clapped hands of morning dew,
With one wish between the two,
And that wish to meet.

BROTHER'S LOVE.

"TIT, old fellow, the Title is mine; we can't both have that; but as to every thing else we go halves!"

He was my junior in this merry world by a quarter of an hour, and in spite of the representations and remonstrances of parents, nurses, governesses, tutors, poor relations, and friends, I never could understand why my brother, the handsomest, cleverest, pluckiest fellow that ever breathed, should be as thoroughly "distanced" in the race of life as though it had not been a neck-and-neck affair between us. I felt deeply that it had been by mere good luck that I had been landed the winner; and I rejoiced that he was so enabling me to give up all to my darling, my boy Arthur, dear old Tip.

"Was there any thing?" I thought, as I sat by the big bright fire in the room we called ours from at Chauntry, "was there any thing I would not give up to him?"

He was coming, my bright boy brother—the joy of my life—the best—the dearest—ah! there I stopped. A week earlier I should have finished the sentence; but now? Lovely, sweet Helen May, I close mine eyes, and see that mocking, winning glance, and I yield me. Hold May! "Golden! grâce! je me rends!" No longer dearest, oh Arthur! for there is one now, to whom I am devoted body and soul; here—here! Shall I forget Helen May? Shall I tell the lovely orphan governess that I am hers? I said so to her last night, shall I again? and kneeling to her shall I implore to be my own, my very, very own, my bride, my wife? Forever, forever, forever!

Hark! Yes, wheels! Coming crunching up the avenue to the great hall-door! So like Arthur! they never had to wait to the door, when every one else walks in without more trouble than the "lift up the latch and come in" of the nursery story!

But here he is—surely more glorious than ever. So like our mother! Yes, now that he has been away, absorbed in reading books for the fire, retailing off an account of his adventurous railway journey (Tip never made a railway journey that was not adventurous), he will want no answer from me, so that I can gaze at him slsefully and happily. Yet—like our mother? Yes, yet unlike, very unlike! Her hair, fair and soft, and silky, wavy hair; her eyes, blue and fond, but not now: cold and gray, they flash and seem as if hers could not; but then, Arthur, Arthur! never eyes before could brim with mirth, or—God help me! or so beam and glow with softness, without passion!

He was very tall, very graceful—and beautiful in youthful beauty! He had known no care, no disappointment, and his fair face was unbrowned as hers—my own sweet Helen!

"Home again! And the eve of good St. Valentine! My own Lord Harry! If half the valentines I ordered on my way through town are sent (and they better be) by the 14th, I shall be lucky. As proper initials put to each, there will be Cupid to remunerate, and no mistake, to-morrow! By-the-by, can't we get some to send to the little Trajectorys?"

"Well, we can't get any here, or—"

"Nonsense, Nell! I'll write them, I'll compose, print, illustrate—any thing you like—to pass the time till dinner."

"The 14th, eh? Why, we are going to dine with them to-day, so—"

"That's all right; and did the new governess turn out as pretty as reported?" and Tip laughed; I did not like his laugh, nor that peculiar expression of his eye, yet I could not but smile, and I answered,

"You shall see, Tip! And now here's John with sherry and biscuits, and then we'll dress and drive over."

Arthur had been away from home three months, and all that time I could detect about him a certain traction of the restless, clear-cut upper lip, and—but that might have been fancy—a sterner set of the narrow lower jaw.

He went to his room to dress, and I remained alone. It had never been the custom for Arthur to greet me left me I yearned to see the tender, womanly eyes that recalled my mother—to hear the deep, rich voice that resembled my mother's. From the moment he returned I shuddered back into myself from the pitiless, hard smile on those faultless lips; from the careless, cruel sneer in those low, soft tones; oh, Arthur, my only one, my twin brother, my other self!

When we reached the Chase, we found a large party assembled. My first inquiry was for Miss May. Our hostess smiled, and her answer puzzled me.

"Really you have behaved so well that I think I ought to prepare you for a surprise; I don't think it has been quite fair, I—"

A rustling silence superseding the hum of conversation, I turned and saw Helen gorgeously attired. I have said there was a large dinner-party; but this did not account to me for the sight of that young face surmounted by diamonds, the slender throat clasped by a broad band of the same stones—armlets, earrings, all to match, and the dress corresponding in magnificence. I was bewildered; she came up to me—floated up to me—*leaning on*

Arthur's arm, and laying one soft unglo ved hand on mine, she took it and murmured,

"So you won't speak to me! Did you only like me, then, while I could be patronized as the poor governess?"

I held her hand, I gazed down into her eyes—sunny, mirthful eyes; was I cruel to quench their light in the shadow of my own sorrow? I only answered, "I shall be happy to make your acquaintance again, madam, in my character you may please to assume." So Arthur introduced us.

Gone, Helen May—my love, my love!

By right of precedence I handed Helen down to dinner. I knew her well now by reputation, and I knew also that Arthur was personally acquainted with her.

She was brilliant; she was fascinating; and last, to me, she was humble. "Would I have been so, if it had not been intentional the deception, with regard to me—could I pardon it? She was so used to find things *comme de rose* that she wanted to see how they looked through the eyes of a dependent; they looked, I suppose, very like governess, and she had caused them to let her personate the girl—for fun!"

What right had I to feel injured? Ought I not rather to rejoice that, now when she had resumed her rightful station, she still made so flattering a difference in her manner to me? A cooling, offhand, tormenting to others—with me, retiring, gentle, humble. True, but the charm was powerless, the spell was broken; I was free, for I felt that I had been deceived. Granted the deception was a harmless one; still, she had suffered my attentions —attentions such as might have seemed natural in themselves to an unpractised village maid, but which must have spoken volumes to a woman of polished wiles. Besides, we had stood together—only last night, her fair hand in mine; she had listened to my tale of love, she had accepted—what was it honest, was it fair (it was not kind), to deceive me "for fun?"

And yet I liked her.

She devoted herself to me throughout the evening with a childlike importunce mixed with a womanly humility which was irresistible. But—I had been deceived.

No. I did not love her.

We were in a room once more, Arthur and I, alone together. Raymond, is she not perfect?" looked up inquiringly. "Helen, I mean. She had no idea you were a brother of mine when she first met you. What an idea *her* passing herself off for a governess! And fancy me your wife, indeed! But there, she is such an actress—such a consummate little hypocrite! Little fiend, how she tortures me, to be sure!—but how I love her!

"Tip, Tip! O God!" I said no more, but this was enough; his voice, in its simple depth of truth in his last words, was like an echo of the cry of my heart, and had stirred my whole being. He saw this.

We stood up and grasped hands, looking into each other's eyes. He spoke first.

"Raymond! We neither of us know that she loves him!"

I answered, "I have told my love, Tip."

"And?" he interrupted eagerly, looking away.

"She neither accepted nor declined; you are not together to-night."

"Oh, Raymond! I too have told my love." He paused, and now I looked away. He continued: "She listened, Raymond, and she listens; and I spoke first three months ago, and you saw us together to-night."

"Is she heartless, Tip, or coquette, or worse?" Arthur's eyes flashed.

"Heartless, perhaps; coquette, surely; worse? Not even you shall suggest that!"

I bowed and sat down. I remembered what I had thought while waiting my brother's arrival in the pink drawing-room. "Was there any thing that I would not give up to him?" I asked myself. I knew there was one chance that I *could* not yield. No. I doubted her, I hated her; but oh, how I loved her!

We separated for the night. I was haunted by the legend of the fated house. As the clock in the turnip-and-table-cloth ghost by daylight, now; but at midnight a gloomy prophetic legend of what had been horribly real in the olden days. I seemed to see it all.

On the morrow I went the first thing to the Chase. I saw her in the morning-dress again, and I knew how I had first seen her, as now, three weeks since. I thought how he had first seen her, as last night, three months since. We sat together alone, for Arthur all my evening doubt and hatred passed away, and I only loved her more than ever. And at parting I raised her fingers impressively to my lips.

On my return home I found Arthur at breakfast with the hard look, which with him replaced sadness. He had seen more of the world than I had.

"Tip, listen to me! you are the younger: you try first—you know what I mean! I will not be first; but you won't fail. Go down at once to the Chase."

He looked at me. "You have been there already, Raymond."

It was not the words, it was the tone that made my blood boil. What he was he, that I should be the first chance to him? My younger brother! My—yes! my younger twin-brother; and I shuddered and turned away to hide the agony I could not suppress. I would not quarrel with my brother! When I looked up he was peering at me sternly; but the stern look over was but a purpose to me, threw his arms round my neck in the old schoolboy fashion.

"Dear old Raymond! noble, generous! But I suppose, you know, you don't care much for her—you can't love me if you wouldn't—By God! I wouldn't give her up to any man! No, not even you, dear, generous, old Raymond; but then I love her so!" And he gazed at me with his rare, frank, loving gaze, that had ever been dearer to me than woman's looks, until, until—Oh, Helen May!

* * * * * * *

So far my brother's narration, of which I found the rough MS. in his desk when I was looking over his papers the other day.

Poor Raymond! What an enthusiast he was! He nobly fulfilled his own wonderful standard. The sentence with which he began this story he more than carried out, nay, I will say, carries out; for I believe he still exists, a self-exiled wanderer in strange lands. Helen and I live at Chaumtry, and our eldest boy is named after him.

P.S.—My husband has just brought in a report of Raymond's death somewhere in Africa. Poor Raymond! Quite one of the old school—unselfish, generous, and so courteous; and ah! how well I remember his dark, handsome, grave face—I sometimes think it— * * * H.V.

Extract from the note which accompanied the above MS.:

"We were rummaging in an old trunk to find materials for dressing up, and I found this story. I read it to you, knowing you have a fancy for such quaint scraps."

Reader! have you such memories?

THE LOVES OF BEETHOVEN.

THERE is a prevalent idea that no man can be a great musician or a great poet without having been in love. As most men have a preference some time in the course of their lives, there does not appear to be any reason why we should form an exception to the rule. The question whether Beethoven was ever in love has, it seems, been answered in despair by his biographers. Baron Ernoay seems to have set the question at rest in a recent article published in the "Revue Contemporaine," but it is a bold assertion goes, and if he has not been misled by Dr. Wegeler.

His first love, it seems, was Jeannette d'Honrath, of Cologne. This young lady is described as fair, of an affectionate character, and enchanting manners. She took compassion on Beethoven, and to visit a family there to whom Beethoven was known, and this led to his forming an acquaintance with them.

Unfortunately for his peace of mind, the young lady no sooner received the addresses of a captain in the Austrian service, than she abandoned her musical admirer; and yet he was not a man altogether unworthy of being regarded with favor by a lady from a merely physical point of view in the young days. He had not then the stern, unattractive expression of countenance which characterizes the portraits taken of him in middle age. Yet, fried, who knew him well in his youth, says he was then of the middle height, broad-shouldered, and active—very active, indeed, strength. Add to this that he had a keen, penetrating eye, and a lively and characteristic physiognomy, and we have a fair picture of a man who might reasonably expect that the course of true love would run smoothly in his case. But those who remember the pathos of the well-known pathetic sonata, "Absence and Return," would be surprised rather than otherwise to hear that he had escaped the ordeal which falls to the lot of most lovers—that of loving well, but not wisely. In point of fact it appears that this sonata is connected with a love passage in his life, and that it refers, as to the following letter, written by him to Dr. Wegeler:

"In this letter he refers, in the most passionate tone, to the state of his hearing, which, in spite of all the remedies he had tried, was getting worse; and he was then about to quit Vienna, having been describing how hard he was working, even grudging the time he was obliged to devote to sleep, to complete a work that should secure him wealth. He

"For the last two years I have lived a solitary life," durs my I am considered a misanthropes, and yet I am the very thing of the kind. My amusement is always worked in me by a dear and most ravishing girl, whom I love and who loves me. I am once more in a few happy moments during these two years, and for the first time I feel that I am not soaring more than is right. I perfectly happy. Unfortunately our social position is not the same... and in my situation I really could not marry. I shall have much to struggle against in my art.

Some passages are evidently suppressed in this letter; but we can gather from it that his life was embittered by the opposition of the lady's friends to the aristocratic prejudices of the Austrians placed in the way of his marriage; for the lady on whom he had placed his affections was a countess. In this circumstance, perhaps, quite as much as to any democratic convictions, may be attributed the struggles he afterward so frequently against social distinctions.

This passion, which seems to have been the first experienced by Beethoven after he had reached manhood, ended badly for him. The lady abruptly broke off the connection, and left him to mourn over a ruined cause—and, to complete the measure of his humiliation, a count who was by profession a musical composer, a circumstance which was not subsequently got a ballet of his placed on the stage at Paris, where it was overwhelmed by the condemnation of the press. It is not known if the ballets was had in America one of the critics reached that country, but not only of the New World but of the other world.

The effect of this deception on Beethoven was most disastrous: it nearly drove him mad. The wounding his pride as a man and as an artist. He uttered no complaints; but his melancholy was such that it was easy to see that it was mental rather than like. One of his greatest admirers, who felt for him as a man and a musician, thought to relieve his mind by inducing him to take up his residence at a country-house belonging to her and her husband. Here he began to dream about the park, but instead of finding peace he became more and more despondent. The rustling of the leaves, the notes of the birds, delighted him. His fortune continually, until, as he said at a later period of his life, he began to feel that he was abandoned by God as well as by the woman he had loved so profoundly. This disappointment was near ending fatally. One evening he did not return to the house as usual, and it was supposed that he had suddenly set out for Vienna; consequently no alarm was excited by his non-appearance. Three days afterward he was discovered by a friend lying at the foot of a tree, in the most distant part of the park, nearly dead from want of food. The earnest solicitations of his friends induced him to abstain from any similar attempts to end his pain in this way; and it was not until many years afterward that it became known he had ever done so. Not very long afterward he had the opportunity of nobly avenging the deceit that had been practiced upon him. The distress of the lady he had loved became so great that she actually wrote to Beethoven to tell him of their condition, and to solicit for assistance. He did not comply with her request openly; but he played the part of the good Samaritan in secret, for he got a loan of five hundred florins on the security of his future compositions, and remitted it to her by a sure hand, without suffering her to know the name of her benefactor. It was not until twenty years afterward that Beethoven related the affair to a most intimate friend named Schindler, to whom the intelligence of his death was broken at him in very unceremonious terms. His magnificent compositions will render him immortal; but we can now see that honorable man will not keep the skeleton out of a man's closet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A MAN MILLINER IN PARIS.—It is curious that it should be an Englishman who regulates the dress of the Parisian "woman of the period." It is said by those who profess to know that Mr. Worth has raised himself into his present position—independent of his own kind as Brest Sebastopol. It is nine years since Mr. Worth established himself next door to the Imperial Palace, and now he has his villa. A lady goes to his "magasin," or whatever it may be called, and after explaining her proportion; she criticises and the judgment on the "possibilities" are given in the gravest and most decided manner. But a refusal to obey his mandate may be sometimes unpleasing; for there are certain dresses which he declares are so unspeakably unbecoming that Mr. Worth declines to have any thing to do with them. The customer is then left to her own devices, they must pay for his taste as well as for the materials which he furnishes. Of course, this lets, the dress which he generally names eleven or twelve hundred francs as the price of his services, is not to be taken as a standard, but, of course, it hallies with it, he is there to direct, to display experience, and to be paid for it. Besides, he has given the proper amount of consideration to the subject, he opens upon the fashions for the season, and their meaning, best suited to the individual lady. The next process is entirely a private one, and customers are not admitted; but in due time they present the lady for the first rehearsal. He receives her in a very quiet suit of dark roman (Mrs. Worth being genarally present), looks, criticises, directs; and the lady comes round in a few minutes little fulness there, at his command.

SPIRAL CLOCKS.—The principle of the *Scientific American* says that common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing them in a boiling water. Some years ago this treatment may appear," he says, "it works well; and I have for many years found it the best way to proceed: they stopped from accumulation of dust or a thickening of old gum the pivots will frequently be boiled as pure or rain water, and dried on a warm stove, or near the fire."

ROMAN FRIGHTENER.—The Roman princesses, blazing with diamonds, are, it is said, worth seeing; but we should also have a weakness for these things, you may gratify it by attending one of the balls given by the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse. You may also see them at the Opera, in the Corso, and in the Villa Borghese, but it is there in proper costume. At one of these, given by the Princess Hohenlohe, in the Palazzo Torlonia, earlier part of the evening, six ladies, side by side, literally enlivened in the Grammont-Caderousse. The ladies were Princesses Torlonia, ranged radiant with a nimbus-like glory; there was a fascination in the very sight of them, and they seemed from the splendor. The possessor of these gems were Roman principles, and the Princesses Torlonia have been the possessors for many centuries.

It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake, not exempt from this weakness of its fellow-reptiles, which left just the following night as expedient to gratify its taste: It visited a room in which a child was asleep and every night when it was supposed to be soundly sleeping would creep into the bed, *cunningly insert the tip of its forked tongue into the child's mouth and suck away the first its crying*, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant, which in the morning, by its natural food, the nurse sleeping on unconscious of having such a monster nursing.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus deprived of half its nourishment, began to waste—in this the suspicion was excited, and an old negress was set to watch the nurse as she slept. The monster was caught in the act, and expiated its offense with its life, while the poor baby, "by the application of the old woman," recovered its strength, and grew fat as before.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.—Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot hangs a delicate bloom, which none but a cousin then the fruit itself—a soft, delicate flesh spreads the bathing clothes, and a fine stripe very often marks that it is gone. The flower that hangs in the morning dew-spotted with the purity of the maiden's character was arrayed with jewels—one shake it so that the bees may drift, and a pure white flower over it is no more, and it can never be again what it was when the dew and the sunlight kissed it. Purity of character is a priceless jewel—it is a flower covered with budding hopes. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the touch the fair flower will be defaced. So there is in each heart a delicate treasury of character, which, when touched and defiled, can never be restored.

THE STONE.—The portion of the solar disk which is free from spots is far from shining with equal brightness. The ground is pitted with innumerable minute dots, or luminous specks, in a state of continual change. When a spot is observed with a powerful telescope, it is generally found to have a dark nucleus, almost black, surrounded by a greyish penumbra, which sometimes, but not always, has the penumbra, by bands more brilliant than the rest of the surface, and which are usually attributed to be the tops of immense waves which are symptoms of the violent agitation which the fluid photosphere is subject to in those parts. The dimensions of the spots are sometimes enormous, their magnitude in this form appearing to rival or to exceed the earth whole, without filling it. The earth's diameter is only eight thousand miles, and Herschel mentions a spot whose orifice was forty-two thousand miles broad in his sarcoss.

THE SALE OF ORIENTAL WOMEN.—The smugglers, who usually carry on their operations by night, generally contrive, etc., from Sinope or Trebizond, bring back generally a few Circassian girls, destined for the harems of the Constantinople market. These poor creatures suffer the most dreadful privations on the journey, obliged to be sold by night, and to select the worst weather, for the purpose of avoiding the observation of the police. Some, far from lamenting their fate in thus leaving their native at any rate, consider they are greatly favored in the good of by their fathers and brothers at trayine and fourteen pounds sterling. Others, on the contrary, bid an affectionate adieu to their parents and relations, and to their native home. For among the Circassians, as among every other uncivilized people, the hardest work falls to the lot of the women, who, in consequence, become soon wrinkled and aged, assuming the appearance of veritable hags at a very early period. The prettiest girls of a family are invariably selected for the Turkish market, and, indeed, so far as the means of the family will permit, in silence, and to extend from the fashionable drudgery. Many are taken away from their beauty. On arriving at a suitable age the damsel takes a formal leave of the members of her mother and sisters, while her father and brothers, using all precautions to secure her escape from the clutches of the Muscovite and the dangers of the sea, launch her upon the market with anxious speculations as to the amount which a commodity so valuable, though in their useless, may bring. For, although in some instances a slave, merchant may himself purchase direct from the parent, yet in most cases one of the male members of the family accompanies the precious merchandise to the place of sale, and receives the money himself from his future brother or son in law, generally leaving on his return a part of the proceeds of the sale in the purchase of some contentment for the wife, mother, daughter or sister whose loss he bewails at the moment to be most in request among his companions.

LOVE.—People are loved, not in the proportion to their intellect, but in proportion to their lovability. Intellect is power, but love is life. Love is the only thing for the purpose of guiding them into the promised land of peace and tranquillity. Instead of showing them encouragement of it by the way. They are no more the things in love with each other than they would be with you, and in love and temper, then the means are without the end; or than a child is in a hurry to get in the play ground, with pen, knife, and quoit.

SEWING BY HAND AND BY MACHINE.—The advantage to this and other countries of the sewing-machine will be shown by the following figures: Hem a shirt, made by machine, take 3 hours and 10 minutes each; by hand 13 hours 30 minutes—a saving of 10 hours 20 minutes. Hem a chine, taken 13 hours 6 minutes—by hand, 36 hours 45 minutes; a saving of 23 hours, by machine. Hem a sheet, by machine, 2 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 16 hours 27 minutes; a calico dress, by machine, 2 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 11 hours 45 minutes. Other articles are in same what similar proportions, and in no case does any one require more than a fifth space is made, by machine, in 2 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 6 hours 30 minutes—a saving of 4 hours, by machine. 2 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 10 hours 10 minutes. A like saving of time will be noticed by the machine in all the operative: for instance, a common frock-coat, by the machine, is made in 5 hours 30 minutes—by the hand, 27 hours 30 minutes; a linen vest, by machine, 3 hours 44 minutes—by hand, 15 hours 15 minutes; a fine coat, by machine, 28 hours 13 minutes—by hand, 131 hours 30 minutes; a pair of pants, by machine, 5 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 25 hours 16 minutes; a fine business coat, by machine, 10 hours 30 minutes—by hand, 50 hours; a great coat, by machine, 8 hours 14 minutes—by hand, 12 hours 30 minutes.

DEVILS.—The people of Morzine, in Savoy, a remote valley to the south of the Lake of Geneva, have for the last two years been the victims of a set of devils, to all the tokens which beset the Jansenist *convulsionnaires*. The devils are the spirits of two priests, who, it is said, prepared for her first communion, and who exhibited circumstances which point to supernatural agency. Their choice agency. From her the infection seems to have spread to the rest of the household, and to other men of possession in a village of two thousand inhabitants. The symptoms are described as of the most extraordinary nature, ing to the last degree. The efficient persons went through contortions which would make contortionists. They groaned and swer in one bound. They leaped like a steel spring and remained suspended in the air, or on the point of the feet toothed the ground together. A boy of twelve ran up a pine-tree with his feet high. Two men lifted a heavy stone as is said and stood on it head downward, with the feet in the air. Others, in the midst of a fit of cursing and blasphemy, would suddenly fall down in a swoon, and exhibit all the symptoms of the most profound trance. Others, again, would sing in this child, that sang in the church. The devils, it is said, have also their good-nature, are the boy immediately ran down because he had left his prayer-book behind him. Among the strangest sights are positions, invariably spoke of themselves in the third person, and commanded evil spirits to leave the persons whom they possessed, during a religious service by a bishop, who, however, refused to believe in the reality of the devils. How dreadful to have to return to hell!...I must leave Jean Marie, I must leave this earth. The devils say that I have five more, and among them an old devil. It is not Jean Marie's turn to go. Jean Marie is a saint, and is promised to be spirits of human beings, who were sufferers in purgatory, and who had left this earth. The devils declare one woman asserted that it had been damned for eating meat on a Friday. The devils declare that they are sent Friday to the Maire and ask for bacon, which the grossly superstitious people have always ready enough at the stop to the plague. Physicians were sent and could do nothing. Exorcisms were tried, and, as might naturally be expected, the excitement only made matters worse. Processions were made to the spot where the devils had fell upon him and his gave d'armes. They lifted strong men from the ground, and carried them through the air. Then, with a sudden bound, they sprang through the window of the house, and alighted on the roof. The gendarme and tried the effects of a high mass. It produced a fresh scene of excitement. The devils declared that they were vicious, and the bishop was glad to escape without actual violence. Processions of the Host were next tried to the Morzine with despotic power, and backed by the importunities of the Archbishop of Paris, have been tried in vain. Each cure. The cure was to preach against the possibility of supernatural intervention, and to oppose 20 francs dollars to put down any overt acts. By dint of exiling all affected persons from the neighborhood possible, he seems to have finally succeeded in beating the devils.

THE ORIGIN OF FLOWERS, AND THE EVOLUTION PROCESS.—Flowers are always open to, and, as a general rule, to them use a store or in a gland, but they are developed in the bud state. While the flower is forming the color, fragrance, but will the flower, and fragrance ceases. It is the same with vegetables, as in the case of the onion, of celebrating, as it were, the breath of a flower—going to the bud state. Now in the bud of a flower the fragrance is near to butter grease, and the color is the color of the grease. The grease is secreted by the blossom, and in turn themselves become fruit. The grease is the material of the flower, and the color of two desert-plates, and then fill one of water, and the other of melted butter. Then, with a pencil, carefully trace over with the second grease, as much as you can, and then wash the plate with water. The grease will not dissolve, and the color will be left. The blossoms, though separated from the plant, will continue to live for some days, and will not fade and delight. In the laboratory the harvest of flowers his weighed, and the butter is then extracted from the grease. The same antiquated process is employed to-day as in the most remote ages. Glass, and butter have been collected of this process depends on the absolute purity of the grease employed, and on great attention to this end. In the laboratory there are several thousand *chassis* (sashes), or frames of glass, on which the grease is laid, and which is spread, and upon this grease the blossoms are sprinkled or laid. The chassis are then put by in a dark room, and every day it is at near as possible like a window-sash, only that the frame is four inches thicker, or deeper. Glasses are placed on another, there is a space of four inches between every two glasses, thus allowing room for blossoms. Every sash, or sash, it about two feet long by eighteen inches broad. The flower blossoms are changed every week or every other day, as is convenient to the general work of the laboratory or flowering of the plants. The sense the grease, however, remains in the chassis so long as the flowers are renewed. Each time particular plant being used yields a somewhat different, and, indeed, is poured into tin canisters.


PALM
"THE SAVIOR'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM."
WE HOLD OUT THE OLIVE BRANCH TO OUR
ERRING AND MISGUIDED BRETHREN OF THE SOUTHERN STATES,
AND PLEDGE TO ALL OF THEM WHO ARE LOYAL A HEARTY WEL
COME TO ALL THE BENEFITS OF OUR FREE REPUBLIC.
LIBERTY

SUNDAY



THE SURRENDER OF GEN LEE AND HIS ARMY TO LIEUT GEN GRANT.

Th. Nast.

HONOR THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD,
AND HEARTILY SYMPATHIZE WITH THE SUFFERINGS
OF OUR GALLANT
HEROES AND THEIR FAMILIES.

UNION

HUMAN LIFE.

Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
A time for sin and for sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death:
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHATEAU ROTZBERG.

Amidst the many hundred miles which it traverses from its source in the glacier-land to its dispersion among the border flats of the Zuyder Zee, the great Rhine River flows through no district so full of strange interest, so wild, so primitive, so untrodden as that deep and lonely valley that lies between Chur and Thusis in the Canton Grisons. The passing traveler hastening on to the Splugen, the wandering artist eager for fields alike hungry with scarce a glance or a thought for the gray peaks above, or the stony river-bed below the beaten highway. They little guess what green delicious valleys, what winding ravines, what legend-haunted ruins, and fragrant uplands jeweled with Alp-roses and purple gentian-blossoms, lie all unsought among the slopes and passes of the mountains round about. Still less do they dream that to some of those crumbling towers, from which the very ivy has long since withered away, there cling traditions many centuries older than Christ; or that in yonder scattered chalets, some of which cluster like swallows' nests on shelves of granite six or eight hundred feet above the level of the valley, there is yet spoken a language unknown to the rest of Europe. Even the historian and archæologist care to remember how there lie imbedded in that tongue the last fragments of a forgotten language; and that by the veigs of the mountaineers who speak it, there yet linger some drops of the blood of a lost, a mighty, and a mysterious people.

Thus it happened that William Trefalden, who was a keen archæologist as well as a clergyman, but only a brilliant, unscrupulous man of the world, every fibre of whose active brain was busy plotting with a thousand perfidies, which he knew, nor cared to know, any of these things; but took his way up the valley of Domleschg without heeding a thought upon its people or traditions.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day from that on which he left London. He had been on the road two nights out of the three; and yet his eye looked none the less bright, and his cheek none the paler. As he strode along in the deep shade, glancing up from time to time at the sunny heights above him, and his step grew freer, and his bearing more assured than usual. There was not a soul of travel on his garments. The shabby office coat no longer rabbi associated with its wearer in the minds of his clerks, was discarded for a suit of fashionable cut and indefinite hue, such as the British tourist delighteth to honor. His gloves and linen were faultless. Even his boots, although he was on foot, were almost free from dust. He looked, in short, so well dressed, and so unlike his daily self, that it may be doubted whether even Mr. Abel Keckwich would have recognized his employer at the first glance, if that astute head clerk could by any possibility have met him on the way.

Absorbed in thought as he was, however, Mr. Trefalden passed every now and then to reconnoitre the principal features of the valley, and make certain of his landmarks. The village from which he had started was already left two miles behind; and, save a ruined watch-tower on a pedestal of rock some eighty feet above the level of the road, there was no ancestral building in sight. The Hinter Rhine, with its gray waters still dull from the glacier, ran brawling past him all the way. There were pines formed climbing up the spurs of the mountains; and flocks of brown goats, with little tinkling bells about their necks, browsing on the green slopes of lower down. Far above the sound of these little bells, uplifted, as it were, upon gigantic precipices of bare granite, rose, incongruously enough, a whole upper world of rich pasture lands, cultivated fields, blossom-laden cherry-trees, and tiny hamlets, which, from the valley, looked like carved toys scattered over the velvet sward. Higher still, came barren mountain ranges of stunted firs, and rugged crags among which the unmelted snow lay in broad, irregular patches, while far away to the right, where another valley seemed to open westward, rose a mountain loftier than all the rest, from the summit of which a vast glacier hung over its own fold like an illitered to the sun, like sculptured drapery depending from the shoulder of some colossal statue.

But William Trefalden had no eyes for this grand scene. To him, at this moment, the mountains were but sign-posts, and the sun a lamp to light him on his way. He was seeking for a certain road-side chapel which, he had been told, he should find a path leading to the Château Rotzberg. He knew that he had not yet passed the shrine, and that by it he must be near it. Presently a chapel-bell chimed from the heights, clear and sweet, and very distant. He paused to listen to its voice, and then pressed forward more rapidly. It was already a quarter to five, and he was anxious to reach his destination before the afternoon should grow much later. There was an abrupt curve in the road a few yards further on. He hastened to it, looking forward to this point for some minutes, and felt so sure that it must bring him in sight of the chapel, that when it actually did burst struck up at once through the scattered pines that fringed the waste-ground to the left of the road, and told the hours with a silvery cadence, as if he were familiar with every foot of the way.

As he went on the sound of the hurrying river died away, and the scattered pines gave place to thick plantation, fragrant and dusky. Then the ground grew hilly, and was broken up here and there by moss-covered boulders; and then came open daylight again, and a space of smooth sward, and a steep pathway leading up to another line of pines. This pavement-like path was so precipitous that the path had in some places been laid down in flights of rough steps, and also in lengths of pine trunks, so as to form a kind of primitive staircase up the mountain-side. The sward, however, was short, and soon ended; and Mr. Trefalden had not been climbing it for many minutes before he saw a bright shaft of sunlight piercing the firs above him, and knew it to be advance. Then the moss became suddenly golden beneath his feet, and he found himself on the verge of an open plateau of rock, with a little pool, as deep shade some four hundred feet below, and the warm sun shining on the rock. Here was the steel-gray river, eddying but inaudible: there opened the broad Rheinthal, leading away into softer distances, with blue mountains and glimpses of white Alps on the horizon; while close by, within fifty yards of the spot on which he was standing, rose the ivied walls of the Château Rotzberg.

This, then, was the home to which his great-grandfather's latest and most successful plot had, two-and-twenty years before—this the stately home-stead of the Rotzbergs! William Trefalden smiled somewhat bitterly as he looked and looked upon it.

It was a thoroughly Swiss medieval dwelling, entirely irregular in its outline, consisting of a cluster of some five or six square turrets, no two of which were of the same size or height. They were surmounted by high, steep roofs of slate and grotesque weather-cocks; and the largest, which had been suffered to fall to ruin, was green with ivy from top to bottom. A low, square tower gave signs of only partial habitation. Many of the narrow windows were boarded up, while others showed signs of recent repair. There was a flower-pot on the sill. A low wall inclosing a small court-yard in front the south of the building, and was approached by a quaint old gateway supporting a sculptured escutcheon, close upon which was a bell-pull of iron.

None of these details escaped the practiced eye of William Trefalden. He saw all in a moment —poverty, incongruous neglect, and decay. He crossed the open sward, and came in sight of a steep road winding up from the valley on the other side, which he remembered to have seen a mile of wheels upon it. Passing under the gateway he observed that the iron hinges were effaced upon the shield, and how these fractures were such as could only have been dealt by the hand of time. Not even a weed grew in the flagging up amidst the paving in the court-yard, nor the mossy pent-house over the well, nor the empty kennel in the corner, remained untouched as he went up to the door of the château.

It was standing partly open—a massy oaken portal, studded with iron stanchions, and protected only by a heavy latch. William Trefalden looked round for a bell, but there was none. Then he knocked with his clenched hand, but no one came. He called aloud, but no one answered. At last he went in.

The door opened into a stone hall of irregular shape, with a cavernous fire-place at one end and a large modern window at the other. The ceiling was low, and the rafters were black with smoke. An old carved press, a screen, some chairs and settles of antique form, a great oak table on which lay a newspaper and a pair of clumsy silver spectacles, a curious Swiss clock with a toy skeleton sounding a little sentry-box just over the dial, a spinning-wheel, and a linen-press, were all the furniture that it contained. A couple of heavy Tyrolean rifles, with curved stocks to fit to the shoulder, were standing behind the door, and an old sabre, a pair of antlers, and a yellow parchment in a black frame hung over the mantle-piece. A second door, also partly open, stood nearly opposite the first. But all was silent.

Having surveyed this modest interior from the threshold, and found himself alone there, Mr. Trefalden crossed over to the fire-place and examined the parchment at his leisure. It was Captain Brandt's commission, signed and sealed by His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Second, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-eight. Turning from this to the newspaper on the table he saw that it was printed in some language with which he was not acquainted—a language which was neither French, nor Italian, nor Spanish, but which seemed to bear a vague resemblance to all three. It was entitled *Amity del Pievel*. Having lingered over this journal with some curiosity he laid it down again, and passed out through the second door into the garden.

Here, at least, he had expected to find some one belonging to the place; but it was a mere kitchen-garden, and contained nothing higher in the scale of creation than cabbages and potatoes, with a border of beds of early salads. Mr. Trefalden began to ask himself whether his Swiss kindred had deserted the Château Rotzberg altogether.

Strolling slowly along a side-path sheltered by a high privet hedge, and glancing back every now and then at the quaint little turret-roof building with all its weather-cocks glittering, in the sun, he suddenly became aware of voices not far distant. He stopped, listened, went on a few steps farther, and found that they proceeded from some spot that lay beyond that on which he stood. Having once ascertained the direction of the sounds he followed them rapidly through the garden, and detected a gap in the hedge at the upper end of the garden. From this gap a flight of rough steps led down to a little orchard-terrace, and a wicket-gate by yellow—a mere shelf of verdure on the face of the precipice, commanding a glorious view all over the valley, and the setting full to the sunset. It was planted thickly with fruit-trees, and protected at the verge of the brink by a fragile rail. At the farther end, built up in an angle of the rock, stood a rustic summer-house newly thatched with Indian corn-straw. Through this point William Trefalden made his way through the deep grass and the wild flowers.

As he drew nearer he heard the sounds again. There was but one voice now—a man's—and he was reading. What was he reading? Not Gerner, surely. Not that strange dialect printed in the *Amity del Pievel*. Certainly not Latin. He advanced a little farther. Was it—could it be—Swedish?

Mr. Trefalden's Greek had grown somewhat rusty during the eighteen years or so; but there could be no mistake about those sonorous periods. He recognized the very lines as they fell from the lips of the speaker—lines sweet and strong as that godlike wine stored of old in the chamber of Ulysses. It was many and many a year since he had heard them, though at school they had been "familiar in his mouth as household words:"

About our heads elms and tall poplars whispered;
The brine in the sea-caves murmured like a lullaby.
The sacred waters of a limpid fountain
Fell cooling through the grots, and the sweet throstle
Sang loudly from the copse.

Who should this be but Theocritus of Sicily? William Trefalden could scarcely believe his ears. Theocritus in the valley of Domleschg! Theocritus in the hands of some rustic herdsman as the dwellers in the Château Rotzberg?

Having ended the famous description of the garden of Alcinous, the reader paused, and William Trefalden hastened up to the front of the summer-house. An old man smoking a German pipe sat there, bending over a book that were its only occupants. Both looked up; and both, by a simultaneous impulse of courtesy, rose to receive him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "This is, I fear, an unceremonious intrusion; but I am sent on a stranger, and—"

He checked himself. French was the language in which he could generally understand the Grisons, and he had inadvertently used his native English.

But the old man bowed, laid his pipe aside, and replied in English as pure as his own.

"Whoever you may be, Sir, you are welcome."

"I think I have the pleasure of addressing a relative," observed the lawyer. "My name is William Trefalden."

The old man stepped forward, took him by both hands, and, somewhat to his surprise, kissed him on each cheek.

"Cousin," he said, "thou art thrice welcome. Saxon, my son, embrace thy kinsman."

CHAPTER V.

MR. TREFALDEN AND HIS COUSINS BECOME BETTER ACQUAINTED.

Mr. Trefalden took the rustic chair handed to him by his younger kinsman, and placed it just against the entrance to the summer-house. It was his habit, he said, to avoid a strong light, and the sunset dazzled him. The old man resumed his seat. The youth remained standing. Both looked at the new-comer with a cordial, undissembled curiosity; and for a few seconds there was silence.

Mr. Trefalden's elder kinsman was fragile, pale, white-haired, with brilliant dark eyes and keen, sensitive lips, that trembled when he spoke earnestly. The other was a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-browed, powerful young fellow, with a boyish down upon his upper lip, and a forest of thick, golden-brown hair, crisp and curly as the locks of Chaucer's Squire. His eyebrows and eyelashes were some shades darker than his hair; and his eyes looked out from beneath them with an expression half shy, half fearless, such as sometimes we see in the eyes of children. In short, he was as goodly a specimen of the race of Adam as one might hope to meet with between Lucerne and the valley of Domleschg, or even farther; and this Mr. Trefalden could not but admit at the first glance.

The old man was the first to speak.

"You did not find your way without a guide, cousin?" said he.

"It was no very difficult achievement," replied the lawyer. "I enjoyed the walk."

"From Chur?"

"No—from Richmond. I have taken up my quarters at the 'Adler.' My landlord described the road to me. It was easy enough to find; not, perhaps, quite so easy to follow."

"Ah, you came by the foot-path. It is sadly out of repair, and would seem steep to a stranger. Saxon, go bid Kettli prepare supper; and open a bottle of d'Asti wine. Our cousin is weary."

Mr. Trefalden hastened to excuse himself; but it was all in vain. The old gentleman insisted that he should "at least break bread and drink wine" with them; and Mr. Trefalden, seeing that he had touched some tender point to this ceremony, yielded the point.

"You have a son, Sir, of whom you may be proud," he said, looking after the youth as he strode away through the trees.

"I have a son and a daughter," replied the old man, with a smile which was full of tenderness and gratitude.

"He is my great hope and joy," he replied; "the stay of my old age. He is the only child of my dear brother, who died twelve years ago."

Mr. Trefalden had already heard this down at Richmond; but he said, "Indeed?" and looked interested.

"My brother was a farmer," continued the other; "a simple, God-fearing churchl. He married late in life; I have been a bachelor all my days."

"And your brother's wife," said Mr. Trefalden, "is she still living?"

"No; she died two years after she became a mother. For twelve years Saxon has had no parent but myself. He calls me father—I call him son. I could not have loved him more were really my own offspring. I have been his only tutor also. I have taught him all that I know. The thought of his hearty love is rare to me. He is what God and my teaching have made him."

"He is a magnificent fellow, at all events," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"My brother was almost as tall and handsome," said the old man, replied the pastor, with a sigh.

"What is his age?" asked the lawyer.

"He was twenty-two on the thirtieth of last December."

"I should not have taken him to be more than twenty."

"Twenty-two—twenty-two years and four months and a few days. He is strong in strength, in learning; but a boy at heart, cousin—a boy at heart!"

"All the better for him," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet voice and pleasant smile. "Many of the greatest men that ever lived were boys to the last."

"I have no desire to see my Saxon become a great man," said Martin Trefalden, hastily. "God forbid it! I have tried to make him a good man. That is enough."

"And I have no doubt that you have succeeded."

The old man looked troubled.

"I trust that it may," said he; "but I know not whether I have tried in the right way. I have trained him according to my own belief and ideas, as I said. I have done the best I have done for the best. I may have acted wrongly. I may not have made my duty to him and to myself clear. I prayed for light—I prayed for God's blessing on my work. I believed my prayers were heard. But I have had heavy misgivings of late —heavy, heavy misgivings!"

"I feel sure they must be groundless," said Mr. Trefalden.

The pastor shook his head. He was evidently anxious and ill at ease.

"That I cannot say—nor you do not know," replied he. "I can not tell you now—another time—when we can be longer alone. In the mean while, thank Heaven for the chance that has brought you hither. Cousin, you are our only surviving kinsman—you are acquainted with the world—you will advise me—you will be good to him! I am sure you will. I see it in your face."

He spoke with the very glad to receive your confidence and to give you what counsel I can," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"God bless you!" said the pastor, and shook hands with him across the table.

At this moment there rose a sound of voices from the farther end of the terrace.

"One word more," cried Martin, eagerly. "You know our family history, and the date that is drawing near."

"I do."

"Not a syllable before *him* till we have again spoken together. Hush! he is here."

A giant shadow fell upon the grass, and young Saxon stood on the floor of entrance stood between them and the sun. He held a dish in his hands

and a bottle under his arm, and was followed by a stalwart peasant woman, laden with plates and glasses.

"The evening is so warm," said he, "that I thought our cousin would prefer to stay here; so Ketti and I have brought the supper with us."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Mr. Trefalden. "By-the-way, Saxon, I must compliment you on your Greek. Theocritus is an old friend of mine, and we read him remarkably well."

The young man, who had just removed the hook from the table, and was assisting to spread the cloth, blushed like a girl.

"He and I were my favorite poets," added the lawyer; "but that was a long time ago. I fear I now remember very little of either."

"I have not read Anacreon," said Saxon; "but of all those I know, I love Homer best."

"Ay, for the fighting," suggested his uncle, with a smile.

"Why not, when it's such grand fighting?"

"Then you prefer the Iliad to the Odyssey," said Mr. Trefalden. "Now, for my part, I always took more pleasure in the adventures of Ulysses. The scenery is so various and romantic; the fiction so delightful."

"I don't like Ulysses," said Saxon, bluntly. "He's so crafty."

"He is before all the truer to nature," replied Mr. Trefalden. "All Greeks are crafty, and Ulysses is the very type of his race."

"I am sorry for it, on that plea. A hero must be better than his race, or he is no hero at all."

"That is true, my son," said the pastor.

"I allow that the Homeric heroes are not Bayards; but they are great men," said Mr. Trefalden, defending his position less for the sake of argument than for the opportunity of studying his cousin's opinions.

"Ulysses is not a great man," replied Saxon, warmly; "much less a hero."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"You have all the world against you," said he.

"The world lets itself be blinded by tradition," answered Saxon. "Can a man be a hero, and steal? a hero, and tell lies? a hero, and afraid to give his name? Tell of Achilles was not one of that stamp. When Gessler questioned him about the second arrow he told the truth, and at once took the side for it."

"You are an enthusiast on the subject of heroes," said Mr. Trefalden, jestingly.

The young man blushed again, more deeply than before.

"I hate Ulysses," he said. "He was a contemptible fellow: and I don't believe that Homer wrote the Odyssey at all."

With this he resumed some observation to Ketti, who answered him, and took her departure.

"What a strange dialect!" said Mr. Trefalden, his attention diverted into another channel. "Did I not see a newspaper printed in it, as I passed just now under the house?"

"You did; but it is no dialect," replied the pastor, as he took their useless crockery away. "It is a language—a genuine language; copious, majestic, elegant, and more ancient by many centuries than the Latin."

"You surprise me."

"Its modern name," continued the old man, "is the Italo-Romaic. If you desire to know its ancient name, I must refer you back to a period earlier, perhaps, than even the foundation of Alba, and to a community long anterior to Rome. But, cousin, you do not eat."

"I have only an appetite," pleaded Mr. Trefalden, who found neither the goat's-milk cheese nor the salad particularly to his taste. "Besides, I am much interested in what you tell me."

The pastor's face lighted up.

"I am glad of it," he said, eagerly. "I am very glad of it. It is a subject to which I have devoted the leisure of a long life."

"But you have not yet told me the ancient name of this Romanoch tongue?"

Saxon, who had been looking somewhat uneasy during the last few minutes, was about to speak; but his uncle interposed.

"No, my son," he said, eagerly, "these are matters with which I am more conversant than thou. Leave the explanation to me."

The young man bent his head, and whispered, "Briefly, then, dearest father."

Mr. Trefalden's quick ear caught the almost inaudible warning. It was his destiny to gain more than one insight into character that evening.

The pastor nodded, somewhat impatiently, and launched into what was evidently a favorite topic.

"Look round," he said, "at these mountains. They have their local names, as the Galanda, the Ringel, the Aela, and so forth; but they have also a general and classified name. They are the Rhetian Alps. Among them lie numerous valleys, as this, the Hunter's Home, is. That is the chief. Yonder lie the passes of the Splugen and the Stelvio, and beyond them the plains of Lombardy. You probably know this already; but it is important to my explanation that you should have a correct idea of our geography here in the Grisons."

Mr. Trefalden bowed, and begged him to proceed. Saxon ate his supper in silence.

"Well," continued the pastor, "about two thousand eight hundred years ago, these Alps were peopled by a hardy aboriginal race, speaking the same language, or the germs of the same language, which is spoken here to this day by their descendants. These aborigines followed the instincts which God would seem to have implanted in the hearts of all mountain races. They wearied of their barren fastnesses. They poured down into the southern plains. They expelled the native Umbrians, and settled as conquerors in that part of Italy which lies north of Ancona and the Tiber. There they built cities, cultivated literature and the arts, and reached a high degree of civilization. When I tell you that they had attained to this eminence before the era of Romulus; that they gave religion, language, and arms to Rome itself; that, according to the decreed fate of nations, they fell through their own luxury, and were enslaved in their turn; that, pursued by the Gaul or the Celt, they fled back at last to these same mountains from which they had originated long centuries before; and that they erected some of those strong-holds, the imperishable ruins of which yet stand above your passes; and that in this Rhetio-Romansch tongue of the Grisons survive the last utterances of their lost poets and historians—then, cousin, I tell you that Homer belongs, you will, I think, have guessed already what the name of that ancient people must have been."

"Now I begin to understand, unluckily, that Mr. Trefalden had lately read, somewhere or another, a review of somebody's book on this very subject; so, when the old man paused, quite warm and flushed with his own eloquence, he found himself obliged to say with a sigh—

"If," said he, "I had not taken an impression—if, in short, I had not understood that the Etruscans were Rhetians, I should be—"

"You took that impression from Herodotus!" interrupted the pastor.

"No; for many reasons. I never was Grecian enough to do battle with Herodotus."

"From Tacitus, then?"

"Possibly from Tacitus."

"Yes, Tacitus supports that theory, but he is wrong; so does Herodotus, but he is wrong; so do Strabo, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, Velleius Paterculus, Servius, and a host of others, and they are all wrong—utterly wrong—every one of them!"

"But where—"

"Livy suspects that the emigration was from the plains to the mountains—folly, mere folly! Does not every example in history point to the contrary? Do the dwellers in the city to the mountains for refuge; but emigration flows as naturally from the heights to the flats as streams flow down from the glaciers. Even the valley-Hellenics of Lesbos would have us believe they were Pelasgians. Dionysius of Halicarnassus asserts that they were the aborigines of the soil. Gorius makes them Rhœnician—Bonarota, Egyptian—Kiffer, Cassubian—Dalin, jestingly.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden; "but when I said I had understood that the Etruscans were of Lydian origin—"

"They were nothing of the kind!" cried the pastor, trembling with excitement. "If they had been Lydians, we would not find Xanthus in Lydia have chronicled the event? He never even names them. Can you conceive an English historian omitting the colonization of America, or a Spanish historian passing over the conquest of Mexico? No, cousin, you have no excuse for saying that he who embraces the empty theories of Herodotus and Tacitus commits a grievous error. I can show you such archæological evidence—"

"I assure you," said Mr. Trefalden, laughingly, "that I have not the slightest intention to do any thing of the kind. It is a subject upon which I know absolutely nothing."

"And, indeed," began Saxon, laying his hand gently on the old man's arm, "I think you forget—"

"No, no, I forget nothing," interrupted his uncle, too much possessed by his own argument to listen to any other. "I have proved that both Dibbon pronounced th' Lydian theory a theme for only poets and r' ancists. I do not forget that Niebuhr, Micali, and many of the other opinions, at least admitted the unity of the Etruscan and Rhetian tongues. Then there are Niebuhr's own words, in a fine historical sense of supposing the Etruscan to be a mixed race, he believed the Rhetians of these Alps to have been the true stock; and maintained that they induced the Pelasgi to a state of vassalage. Niebuhr was a great man, a fine historian, a enlightened scholar. I corresponded with him, cousin, for years, on this very subject; but I could never get him to acknowledge that the purely Rhetian nationality of the Etruscan people. He always would have it that they were amalgamations. Well, well, perhaps. It was a great pity! I wish I could have set him right before he died."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I wish you could," he said; "but it grows late, and I shall never find my way back before dark if I do not at once bid you good-evening."

The pastor put his hand to his brow in a bewildered way.

"I—I fear I have talked too much," he said, shyly. "I have wearied you. Pray forgive me. When I begin upon this subject, I do not know where to stop."

"That is because you know so much about it," replied the lawyer. "But I have listened with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Have you, then, indeed?"

"And have learned a great deal that I did not know before."

"I will refer you all Niebuhr's letters, another time, and copies of my replies," said the old man, "if you care to read them."

He was now quite radiant again, and wanted only a word of encouragement to resume the conversation; but Mr. Trefalden had had more than enough of the Etruscans already.

"Thank you," said he; "thank you—another time. And now good-by."

"No, no—stay a moment longer. I have so much to say to you—so many questions to ask. How long do you stay in Richmond?"

"Some days, perhaps a week."

"Are you on your way to Italy?"

"Not at all. I wanted change of air, and I have come abroad for a fortnight's holiday or so. My object in choosing Richmond for a resting-place is solely to be near you."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"How good of you!" he said, simply. "I should never have seen you if you had not come here. Saxon, my dear boy, after all, we three are the last of our name. Cousin, will you come here?"

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I shall come again, of course, whenever—"

"I mean, will you come here for the time of your stay? I hardly like to ask you, for I know that Adler's inn is more comfortable than our little desolate eyrie. But still, if you can put up with farmer's fare and mountain habits, you shall have a loving welcome."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"I thank you," said he, "as much as if I accepted your hospitality; but it is impossible. We Londoners lead busy, feverish lives, and become confirmed slaves to all kinds of unhealthy customs. Your habits and mine differ as widely as the habits of an Esquimaux and a Friendly Islander. And I could not—I really could not have just supped—I am now going back to Richmond to dinner."

"To dinner?"

"Yes, eight is my hour. I can not depart from it even when traveling; so you see I dare not become your guest. However, I shall see you often, I hope, during the season here must do the honors of the neighborhood to me."

"That I will," said Saxon, heartily.

Mr. Trefalden looked at Tacitus."

"Yes, Tacitus supports that theory, but he is wrong; so does Herodotus, but he is wrong; so do Strabo, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, Velleius Paterculus, Servius, and a host of others, and they are all wrong—utterly wrong—every one of them!"

"But where—"

"Livy suspects that the emigration was from the plains to the mountains—folly, mere folly! Does not every example in history point to the contrary? Do the dwellers in the city to the mountains for refuge; but emigration flows as naturally from the heights to the flats as streams flow down from the glaciers. Even the valley-Hellenics of Lesbos would have us believe they were Pelasgians. Dionysius of Halicarnassus asserts that they were the aborigines of the soil. Gorius makes them Rhœnician—Bonarota, Egyptian—Kiffer, Cassubian—Dalin, jestingly.

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden; "but when I said I had understood that the Etruscans were of Lydian origin—"

"They were nothing of the kind!" cried the pastor, trembling with excitement. "If they had been Lydians, we would not find Xanthus in Lydia have chronicled the event? He never even names them. Can you conceive an English historian omitting the colonization of America, or a Spanish historian passing over the conquest of Mexico? No, cousin, you have no excuse for saying that he who embraces the empty theories of Herodotus and Tacitus commits a grievous error. I can show you such archæological evidence—"

"I assure you," said Mr. Trefalden, laughingly, "that I have not the slightest intention to do any thing of the kind. It is a subject upon which I know absolutely nothing."

"And, indeed," began Saxon, laying his hand gently on the old man's arm, "I think you forget—"

"No, no, I forget nothing," interrupted his uncle, too much possessed by his own argument to listen to any other. "I have proved that both Dibbon pronounced th' Lydian theory a theme for only poets and r' ancists. I do not forget that Niebuhr, Micali, and many of the other opinions, at least admitted the unity of the Etruscan and Rhetian tongues. Then there are Niebuhr's own words, in a fine historical sense of supposing the Etruscan to be a mixed race, he believed the Rhetians of these Alps to have been the true stock; and maintained that they induced the Pelasgi to a state of vassalage. Niebuhr was a great man, a fine historian, a enlightened scholar. I corresponded with him, cousin, for years, on this very subject; but I could never get him to acknowledge that the purely Rhetian nationality of the Etruscan people. He always would have it that they were amalgamations. Well, well, perhaps. It was a great pity! I wish I could have set him right before he died."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I wish you could," he said; "but it grows late, and I shall never find my way back before dark if I do not at once bid you good-evening."

The pastor put his hand to his brow in a bewildered way.

"I—I fear I have talked too much," he said, shyly. "I have wearied you. Pray forgive me. When I begin upon this subject, I do not know where to stop."

"That is because you know so much about it," replied the lawyer. "But I have listened with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Have you, then, indeed?"

"And have learned a great deal that I did not know before."

"I will refer you all Niebuhr's letters, another time, and copies of my replies," said the old man, "if you care to read them."

He was now quite radiant again, and wanted only a word of encouragement to resume the conversation; but Mr. Trefalden had had more than enough of the Etruscans already.

"Thank you," said he; "thank you—another time. And now good-by."

"No, no—stay a moment longer. I have so much to say to you—so many questions to ask. How long do you stay in Richmond?"

"Some days, perhaps a week."

"Are you on your way to Italy?"

"Not at all. I wanted change of air, and I have come abroad for a fortnight's holiday or so. My object in choosing Richmond for a resting-place is solely to be near you."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"How good of you!" he said, simply. "I should never have seen you if you had not come here. Saxon, my dear boy, after all, we three are the last of our name. Cousin, will you come here?"

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I shall come again, of course, whenever—"

"I mean, will you come here for the time of your stay? I hardly like to ask you, for I know that Adler's inn is more comfortable than our little desolate eyrie. But still, if you can put up with farmer's fare and mountain habits, you shall have a loving welcome."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"I thank you," said he, "as much as if I accepted your hospitality; but it is impossible. We Londoners lead busy, feverish lives, and become confirmed slaves to all kinds of unhealthy customs. Your habits and mine differ as widely as the habits of an Esquimaux and a Friendly Islander. And I could not—I really could not have just supped—I am now going back to Richmond to dinner."

"To dinner?"

"Yes, eight is my hour. I can not depart from it even when traveling; so you see I dare not become your guest. However, I shall see you often, I hope, during the season here must do the honors of the neighborhood to me."

"That I will," said Saxon, heartily.

Mr. Trefalden looked at Tacitus."

WAITING.

Under the silent trees,
Here in the noontide glow,
Watching the winding line
Threading the valley below;

Waiting for one who is coming
Hitherward, early to-day—
Fair as a lily in moonlight,
Sweeter than milk-white may.

Near me the river flows
Silently on to the sea;
Yonder the kingfisher dips,
Dragon-flies glisten above.

Leaves are green, and the blue
Is soft as a wing overhead;
Shoots, like a sunbeam, the Kestrel
O'er the gold of the river's bed.

How have I longed for to-day,
With an aching void at my heart—
Can I believe she is coming;
Never again to depart?

Grant it, O thou bright Heaven!
For life would be dreary at best
Is a weary, aimless dream,
Dreamed in a night of unrest.

Yonder the quick white stream—
Oh! should she not be there!
Peace, wild heart, for I hear
The gleam of her golden hair!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CYNICAL SENTIMENTS.

A good-natured friend has favored us with some for a fool. To gain the name, do your friends' dirty work without hope of thanks or reward.

Why doctors give advice gratis is because it is generally worth nothing.

A modern bolus and a pauper are much alike. Each has to gain a settlement previous to admittance, the one by a parish.

When two women are seen talking earnestly together, an offhand may be taken that the subject of their conversation is them, or, if married, their husbands.

No man's character is so black but what it may be cleared up. Only let him get rid of the meal he sold.

Love in men is like the dictionary in dogs. Neither understand one word of it, but they think still they have had it.

A woman is always ready to praise a friend's dress when she wants to get a new one out of her husband.

A proverbial philosopher is a man who has to deal with the horse-leech had only one daughter, says the proverb, and she cried incessantly, "Give, give!" but the family must have been larger, since each husband fancies he has married her.

EPITAPH ON AN ÆRONAUT.—I shall rise again.

DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.—Wives who are always *blowing* up their husbands.

MISTAKEN EMPHASIS.—An elderly gentleman being ill one day at the Mansion House, was visited with the usual inquiries, which, however, he had not pronounced with due emphasis. "I thank you to take my compliments, and ask how old Mr. W. is." The messenger departed on his errand, and speedily returned, saying—"He's just sixty-eight, Sir!"

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Suspended Payment.

MORTIFICATION.—At a medical examination a young acquaintance of a gentleman was asked, "When does mortification ensue?" Think of the amazement his questioner must have felt, when he gave the following answer, "When you propose and are refused."

"Well, doctor," said a chap suffering with the toothache, "how much do you ax for the job? By Jove! but you did it quick, though!" "My terms," replied the dentist, "are fifty cents." "Fifty cents for one minute's work! Fifty cents, by Jove! Why, a doctor down at our place drawed a tooth for me two years ago, and it took him two hours. He dragged me all around the room, and had his grip half a dozen times. I never used such hard work—and he charged me only a quarter. Fifty cents for a minute's work! Oh, git out! you must be joke'in'"

Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a public dinner—"The ladies, sweet-briers in the garden of life."

SHARP CHILD.—Recently the wife of one of the city fathers of New Bedford presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father had his little daughter, four years of age, to see her new relations. She looked at the simultaneous babies in a few moments, and then, turning to the father, inquired, "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"

AUDIENCE TO LOW HABITS.—To tell lies and stick to them.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Rent and Taxes.

"You make my blood boil," as the live lobster cried out in the sauce-pan.

A youth of nine or ten summers who attends to Sabbath-school, and is one of those "infants terrible," was asked the other day what was meant by long clothes, when the phylacteries of the Pharisees were. "Broad bands, such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that the ladies do, did they?" "Oh, yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and chemises as possessing the unfortunate appellation of "male and female envelopes."

"Did you ever go to evening-parties?"

"Yes," said my friend Tom. "I used to, but I'm cured."

"How so?" said I, anxious to learn his experience.

"Why, you see," said Tom, "the thing is, I went to one some few years back, and fell in love with a beautiful girl there. She was—well, Sir, I courted her for many years, and I thought I had her sure, when she eloped with a fellow, who, I'm sorry to mention, was a cousin of mine!"

"She showed bad taste," said I, compassionately.

"More than that," remarked Tom, nervously, "Downright inhumanity is the word. I could stand being jilted by the girl I've broken my heart with twenty times, but my cousin, that I could; but to be cut out, like a suit of clothes, by the identical part of a man, is more than decimal fraction of humanity—that was brutality. But I owe my composure to a friend."

"Composure?" I nervously inquired.

"Yes, Sir, I'm happy with somebody else," and I took it. I pestonized the robber of my happiness, and ordered a full suit of clothes, regardless of expense. The tailor laid himself out on the job. I tell you they were stunning, you may believe me."

"But your composure?" said I, prompting him.

"I entered the tailor in his own bill, and paid—that I did. I never paid that bill—no, Sir, I didn't. But those interfal critters made the cause of all my future misfortunes—that they were."

"How so?" said I, with a smile of compassion.

"Wearing them I experienced my present wife. She told me so a few days ago, and I'm sorry to say it. I am bound to be square with that wretched tailor in the long-run. But with him a legacy on condition that he marries my widow."

THE BED.—A bed sees us born and sees us die; it is a theatre of changes, in which mankind has its most interesting dramas, laughable farces, and frightful tragedies. It is sometimes garnished with flowers, the altar of love, it is the couch of death, a resting-place on the way to the republic.

A gentleman passing through one of our public offices was attended by some clerks, and was advised to complain to the principal of what he did, that he was not attended here by some of the rascals of this place, and I came to acquaint you of it, as I understand you are the principal."

"Pap," said Mr. Brown's youngest son, the other day, can I go to the circus?" "No," was the affectionate reply. "Mr. R. C. "if you are a good boy I will take you to see your grandmother given this afternoon."

"A STRANGE STORY."—The present fashion of selecting odd phrases and mottoes as the titles for novels is open to much ridicule. A correspondent has sent us the following as the result of the cursory perusal of a publisher's circular:—"Bubbles of Enchantment," "Alone in the world," "Schoolgirl himself at taking a stroll. He passed "The House by the Church-yard," and, after lounging about the "Wheat and Tares," emerged "By the Sea." There, as it were, "Between Two Loves," "Against Wind and Tide," sped, "Beneath the Surface," "Breakers Ahead." This was "A Bad Beginning," and that of "Another Man's Guilt," returned into "Holiness," and encountered "Some Famous Girls" (with a "Wife Wanted"), while "Lights and Shades of Famous Women." He was introduced to "A Woman of Spirit by "Hook and Eye Without." He beheld "Honest Victory" and "Christine's Mistake," and heard "Carry's Confession" was "Told." He "Shattered Idols" and "Stupid Moths," quoth he; "Group your Nettles," but "Look before you Leap." "Be Wise Leonie, Days." Eleanor was "Put to the Test," Christian was "Paid in Full," and "Lucy" was "Reconciled to Mercy." It was just the "Darkest before Dawn," but Belini perceived "The Worst of Friends," "Bridged over" Pauline's "Beginning with "The Man in Chains," and "How to Manage it," he did not "Know Himself," but "Found Out" the "Secret of Power," "Lost and Saved," and "Under the Greatest Power of All," and fled, crying out "Quick! Quick! I am Pursued by Fate," "Lost in the Fog," "Lost in the Mist," "It was to be," and "Such Things Are;" for, though "Without Stronger," they are "Too Strange not to be True."

CHAMPION OF THE LIGHT WEIGHTS.—Panting.

EPITAPH ON A DRUNKARD.—"Screwed" up.

FOUR POINTS OF A CASE.—An Eastern editor says that a man is to be pitied who has himself for trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his contemporary that a man is to be pitied who has himself done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor replies to the foregoing editors of his acquaintance that he has enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first does affliction denote,
Which my second was born to endure;
And my whole is the best antidote
That affliction can soften and cure!
We think.

If an ungrateful man's wife felt overboard, what letter would he exclaim?
Letter B (at her bed).

Why is a bee-hive like a bad patient?
A bee-hive is a beholder, and a beholder is a spectator, and a spectator is a bad patient.

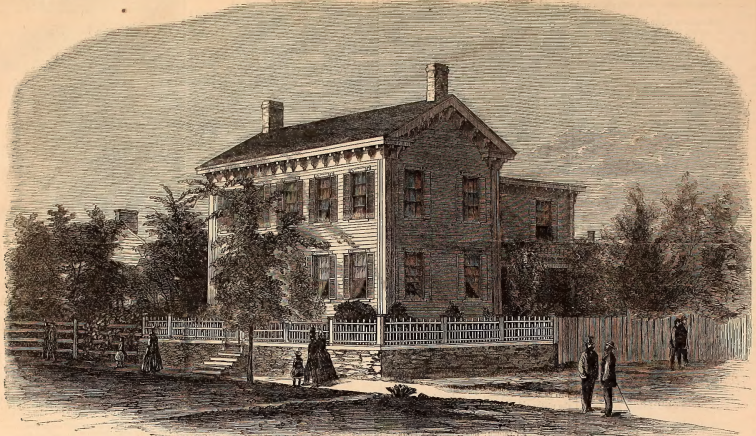
What is that no one wishes to have, but no one wishes to lose?
A bald head.

Why is a hen sitting across a gate like a half-penny?
Because there is a head on one side and a tail on the other.

My first is myself in a short little word;
My second's a puppet, and you are my third.
Lord.

Why was the elephant the last animal that entered the ark?
Because he stopped behind to pack up his trunk.

Why do fashionable ladies make the most economical housekeepers?
Because they make a great battle about a little waste of time.



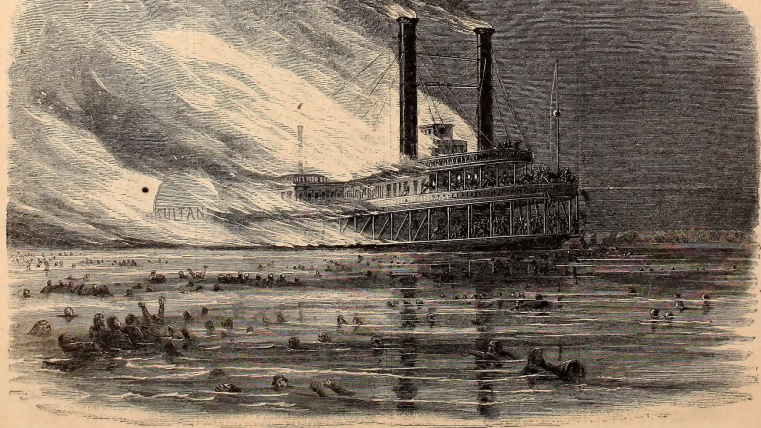
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FORMER HOME AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S OLD HOME.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S remains have been tenderly laid to rest at Springfield, his former home. The route, which little more than four years ago the then newly-elected President took from Springfield to Washington, has been retraced, under circumstances how different! Different as regards the terrible *national* drama of the last four years by what decrees of *joy*! Different as regards the *personal* drama in which our great leader has played, by what degrees of sacred sadness!

It was on the 11th of February, 1861, that President LINCOLN took leave of his fellow-citizens of Springfield, among whom he had resided for a quarter of a century. As he stepped upon the platform which was to bear him away he said: "I must now leave you—for how long I know not.... I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon WASHINGTON.... I ask your prayers." How the people hung upon every word which that man uttered on that memorable march to the front! Only the historian, who shall record the loose and ill-weighed utterances of other prominent men at that critical period of our history, can properly estimate to what degree Mr. LINCOLN moulded and almost *created* the national sentiment which from that moment prevailed. His statements were made not with JACKSONian ardor, but with all the firmness of a JACKSON, though couched in that argumentative style so peculiar to MR. LINCOLN. His insight into the great problem of the time did for him, though after a quieter fashion, what the attack on Sumter only could do for the masses. He did not, like JACKSON in 1833, say to the South: "Submit peaceably or I'll make you feel what virtue there is in harsher methods of procuring submission!" He carefully guarded against menace, but he said quietly and firmly: "I hold that the Union of these States is perpetual.... I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States.... The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property of the Government.... In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it. We are not enemies, but friends. We *must* not be enemies!" Nothing JACKSONian in all that; but something of more than JACKSONian stability!

Four years have passed. LINCOLN has fulfilled his solemn pledge "to preserve, protect, and defend." Aggressive treason has been punished and crushed; and as the martyred President's remains moved homeward from the scene of his anxious but glorious career to the haven of his final rest, the people that erected arches of triumph at every stage of his last march did not forget, even in their sadness, that they had triumphed through him, their slain leader; and the very manner of his death disclosed to them the bitter malice of the treason over which they had gained the victory. They did not forget the anxiety with which they followed his



EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER "SULTANA," APRIL 28, 1865.



THE LATE VALENTINE MOTT, M.D., LL.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, BROADWAY, NEW YORK. [SEE FIRST PAGE.]

from the trees, even palings from the fence for canes."

A gentleman who recently visited the house thus writes us:

"I found the ante-Presidential mansion to be, exteriorly, not unworthy of the occupancy of a leading lawyer in the capital of his State; while the interior, as shown by the kindly-welcoming tenants of the President of the United States, revealed an exceedingly comfortable and roomy house; and as a portion of its movables was purchased from the landlord, I shall take the liberty of looking on the whole from a public point of view, and characterizing its furniture as at once abundant, good, and handsome, with enough of literary and æsthetic appliances, in the way of books, pictures, statuettes, and 'fine litter' generally, to make it fully as elegant as is consistent with its character. The parlors, dining-room, and library on the ground-floor, and the bedrooms up stairs (in ascending the staircase to which its tall inmate of four years ago must have been obliged to bend himself nearly double, I should suppose, to save his own head from the bulkhead above), contain many relics of its former occupants, perhaps the most interesting being a large book-case in the back-parlor, reaching quite up to the ceiling—which, however, somewhat corresponds altitudinally to the bulk head of the staircase. It is a substantial, handsome affair, of solid black walnut (if the somewhat dim light in which I saw it did not deceive me), without carving or ornament, the glazed upper leaves displaying a goodly array of standard books; and the lower portion having a folding-leaf desk, at which our worthy President used to sit, and with a row of pigeon-holes above, which doubtless used to hold his briefs when he was country lawyer.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—MEMORIAL ARCH ERECTED AT SING SING, APRIL 25, 1865.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

"When the ante-Presidential dwelling was first taken possession of by its late occupants it was but a one-and-a-half-story house, guiltless of balcony, cornices, brackets, or 'fancy mouldings' of any kind, in all of which it now rejoices; but as the family and legal reputation it jointly sheltered simultaneously increased, the mistress thereof—as is the wont in such cases—asked for more room and a more fitting exterior. Perhaps the master did not hesitate having the legal arguments revolved in his brain in front of the folding-leaf desk and its superjacent pigeon-holes knocked out of it by the din of hammering and sawing, or perhaps he thought it was best to leave well enough alone; but, for whatever reason, the desires of the mistress were not responded to as promptly as she desired; once when he was absent—attending some circuit, perhaps—she got the carpenters, and painters, and what not, at work, to add a story to it's height, and 'put on some gingerbread,' as he afterward expressed it. In due time the proprietor returned, and beholding the transformation, went about the town asking his neighbors if they knew where one ABRAHAM LINCOLN lived, and whose grand house it was that had gone up since he left?"

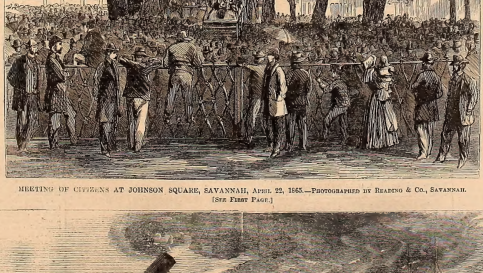
A letter to the Chicago *Tribune* speaks thus of the present appearance of the house:

"Plain, unpretending, and substantial, it is the type of Mr. LINCOLN'S character. The shrubbery in front of the house, principally rose-bushes, many of them planted by Mr. LINCOLN'S own hand, are in full leaf, and a beautiful rose vine clambers up one of the door-posts, and trails over the cornice. Lilies are sprinkled here and there, and closely-drawn trim grass-plats run down to the neat picket fence surmounting the wall. The columns of the piazza at the rear of the house are also twined with vines and creepers; and the apple-trees between the house and the barns showered the ground with the pink and white of the blossoms, and filled the air with fragrance."

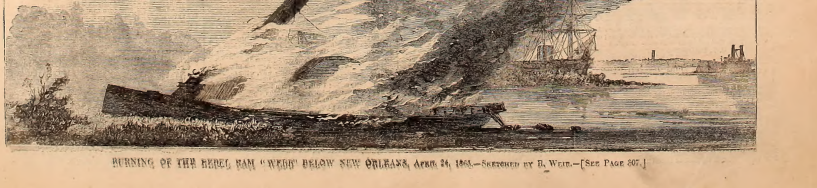
course from Springfield to the Capital in 1861. Then all was uncertainty. But now, as they bore LINCOLN back to his rest, all was triumphant. Somehow they felt that this man had been linked in his life and his death inseparably with the national salvation that had been accomplished. It was fitting then, that, while they draped their streets with black, they should at the same time rear above his fallen head the arch of triumph.

Henceforth Oak Ridge, at Springfield, becomes, like Mount Vernon, the Mecca of our pilgrimage. Not only LINCOLN'S burial-place but his former homestead will become the centre of unusual interest. We give on page 316 an illustration of the house which President LINCOLN for fifteen years made his home. It was here that he received the deputation which came to officially inform him of his nomination to the Presidency. It is situated a few squares from the State House. The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes it:

"You remember that it is an unpretending two-story frame house with a one-story L, which, the house being on a street corner, fronts another street than the main building. It is, or rather was, some years ago, painted a yellow straw color, is plainly furnished, and contains but eight rooms altogether. In the small yard are several quite large apple-trees, now in full blossom, and there is some shrubbery. The favorite chair in which he sat and the desk at which he wrote are still there, as are many other of his old personal surroundings. To-day the hundreds of visitors are begging every thing available as souvenirs—sprigs from the shrubbery, blossoms



MEETING OF CITIZENS AT JOHNSON SQUARE, SAVANNAH, APRIL 22, 1865.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY READING & CO., SAVANNAH. [SEE FIRST PAGE.]



BURNING OF THE REBEL RAM "WEBB" BELOW NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 24, 1865.—SKETCHED BY B. WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 307.]

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To be able to color a photograph handsomely is certainly a superior accomplishment, and the art at present confined to the few (the object of Madame Le Pierre's work is to place within the power of Every Body the means to color photographs both pleasing and artistically.
Agents wanted every where throughout the country. Very liberal inducements offered. Send for a set of the handsomely bound in cloth, a full set of imported paints (in original case), and a set of Brushes, will be sent to any address, mailed free, for $1. Circulars sent free upon application. Address as above, SARAVIANNE & WILLIAMS, No. 167 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED.

Any body can make $150 to $195 per day selling our valuable articles (samples and catalogues sent for 25 cts., or catalogues free), that sell for $1 to $5 each. Address
C. F. BRIDGE & CO.,
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHIOS? Then Cosgrove's Compound will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S EXQUISITE TOILET PREPARATIONS—Lily Bloom and Rosalie Bloom for the Complexion, Curling Cream for the Hair, and Everlasting Perfume Pockets. Price 50 cents each. Sold by all Perfumers. Can be sent post free on receipt of price. MME. DEMOREST'S EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS, No. 473 Broadway, New York. Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

J. H. Winslow & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1850).
100,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c., &c.,
Worth $500,000!
TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES,
All to be sold for One Dollar Each.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
2000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
2000 Chatelaine Chains and Necklaces	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Gold and Jet Revolving Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Gold, Gem, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3500 Fronting Mosaic and Coral Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Ear-Drops' variety of styles, gold	4 00 to 6 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Gold and Jet	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry of various styles	5 00 to 10 00
2000 Ladies' Ball Buckles & Gold Thimbles	5 00 to 8 00
2000 Gold and Coral Pencils	2 00 to 4 00
5000 Solitaire Sleeve Buttons (various styles)	3 00 to 7 00
3000 Rosso Studs (variety of styles)	2 00 to 5 00
6000 Watch Keys, Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00
5000 Gents' Massive Gold Rings	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Gents' Solitaire and Cluster Pins	4 00 to 10 00
5000 Gold Tooth and Ear Picks	2 00 to 6 00
4000 Plain, Chased, and Stone Set Rings	3 00 to 8 00
5000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted, and Cases	4 00 to 8 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00

All of the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various kinds of articles, one of each on one bank, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when ordered, one envelope will be delivered, postpaid to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the envelope you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, for paying and mailing and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate sold, for which amount we remit remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for forwarding Certificate, and remit the same to us in cash or postage-stamps. Great caution should be used by our subscribers in giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

J. WILKES BOOTH Photograph, Price 25 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Closing Uicers Dangerous.

Many good persons are troubled with Ulcers and Skin Eruptions. Such persons should remember that they never be closed with external remedies. Brandreth's Pills will cure Ulcers and Eruptions by purging away those corrupt humors which cause them. So long as there no ulcers or eruptions will remain, all the impurities which occasional them having been expelled.

BRANDRETH PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, envelopes in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH, M.D. and the name of the
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

MESSRS. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, have all works on PHONOGRAPHY, HYPNOTISM, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, HYDROPATHY, MESMERISM, and the Natural Sciences generally. Also, Photographs, Engravings, Albums, Portfolios, Microscopes &c. Agents, Teachers, Physicians, and the Trade supplied.

Great Sale
OF
WATCHES AND JEWELRY,
BY
A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
(Agents for the Manufacturers.)
No. 36 Beekman St., New York.
$1,000,000 Worth
To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and to be paid for only when you know what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches ..... each $125 00
100 Gold Watches, various styles ..... " 75 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches ..... " 50 00
200 Silver Watches ..... each $20 00 to 30 00
6,000 Latest style Vest & Neck Chns " 5 00 to 20 00
6,000 Gold Pens and Gold Pencils " 5 00 to 10 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases.. " 5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of jewelry of every description for ladies' and gents' wear, varying in value from $3 to $100 each. The method of obtaining these goods at one dollar each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any person of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2.

Agents wanted, to whom liberal special terms and premiums. Address A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
P. O. Box 5,643, New York.

PRICES REDUCED.

Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines.
No. 3, Medium Size, Price $60.
No. 4, Large Size, Price $70.
Manufactured by the
WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Nos. 343 & 345 Broadway, New York.

GREAT
Prize Distribution
BY THE
NEW YORK GIFT ASSOCIATION,
599 Broadway, New York.

EACH.	
13 Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth from	$250 00 to $300 00
15 Melodeons, Rosewood Cases	125 00 to 225 00
150 Silver Watches	15 00 to 45 00
100 Silver Reversing Patent Castors	15 00 to 40 00
100 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15 00 to 30 00
500 Sets of Silver Tea and Table Spoons	15 00 to 30 00
100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches	75 00 to 150 00
150 Diamond Rings	50 00 to 200 00
500 Gold Watches	50 00 to 100 00
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 to 75 00
800 Silver Watches	25 00 to 50 00

Diamond pins, brooches, and ear-drops, breast and ear-drops, gold coral, jet and gold, Florentine Mosaic, jet, and lava, ladies' sets, sleeve-buttons, sets of studs and shirt studs, solitaire and cluster gold pins, gold thimbles, lockets, new style bolt buckles, gold pencil cases, fancy work boxes, gold pens with gold and silver extension holders, and a large assortment of fine jewelry, of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at $500,000. To be sold for $1 each without regard to value, and to be paid for *only* when you know what you will receive. Distribution is made in the following manner: Certificates, naming articles and their value, are placed in sealed envelopes, which are well mixed. One of these envelopes, containing one certificate of some one article worth at least $1 at retail, will be delivered at our office, or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cts. On receiving the certificate the purchaser will see what article it draws, and the article which may be from $1 to $500, and can then send $1, and receive the article drawn, or not, as he chooses. No blanks. Every purchaser will receive an article. Great care will be taken in forwarding prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to the purchaser. Dealers supplied. Every satisfactie satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six certificates for $1, 13 for $2, 30 for $5, and 65 for $10, sent by mail, postpaid. All letters should be addressed

T. DELAFIELD & CO.,
599 Broadway, 2nd Floor, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT, Pleasant and Profitable. Agents wanted to sell "Goon Boons." For particulars, address, with stamp, FOWLER & CO., Fulton, N. Y.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other. Also, perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, bnts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ASN STREET. Established 20 years.

The Great New England Remedy.

Dr. J. W. Howard's Vital Fine Compound has been for the last twenty years used throughout the New England States as the best medicine for Throat and Pulmonary affections, and all Kidney complaints and Constitutional Sores. Such as Throat, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pain in the Side, Affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Dirtiness of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Stone in the Kidney, Bladder, Gravel, Hydrocele, &c., &c., &c. For Piles and Fevers it will be found a most valuable remedy.

In most cases one bottle is sufficient to effect a cure. Give it a trial.

Prepared and sold by SCHAAR, Chicago, Illinois, Agents for Northwestern States.

JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Agent for Southwestern States.

Sold by all druggists.

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NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.—The Nation in Tears, in memoriam of President Lincoln, with monument, 35 cents; Weep, Weep, Weep, or, gone to the Better Land, impressive. Also, Love on the Brain, a very amusing song. Kiss me while I'm sleeping, songs like Harts with real Champaigne. Also Fatrolesme, What's the Matter? Every Body's Crazy, and a real gem: all with beautiful title pages. Just published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 473 Broadway (Nos. 3, 5, and 7, Astor Place), and by all the local dealers, or mailed free on receipt of price, 30 cts. each —four for One Dollar.

Agents wanted every where, local and traveling. Steady employment the year round and big wages. For circulars, address, with stamp, FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Jan. No. 20 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Army, Navy, and Memorial Badges.
B. T. HAYWARD, 209 Broadway.



The above cut represents one side of the new Memorial Badge of our lamented President. The opposite side will be a true medallion likeness of Mr. Lincoln. We send a sample on the receipt of 50 cents. Every person in the Union wants one of these as a memento of the times. The Memorial Medal, suspended in the same way, with the date of its capture on an inside plate, is a true Representation of Grant on the other: I will send it on the receipt of 50 cts. I have now on hand the Registration Badge for every Corps and Div. in the Army. I will send a sample guaranteed silver, with your Name, Reg't, and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, on the receipt of $1 50. GOLD CORPS BADGES.—I will send a genuine 18-carat Gold Pin for either Div. or Corps, on receipt of $2 (3 sizes). Gold Badges of every description made to order. Agents, men and women. I will send each agent an illustrated circular, with the same terms as wholesale dealers.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 209 Broadway, N. Y.

PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, Physiognomy, and Psychology, with characters of nations and individuals, given in the ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, 20 cents a Number or 30 cents a year. New Volume commences in July. To secure the Prize Portrait Double Numbers, with all the portraits, send at once to FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of
WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &c.
One Million Dollars' Worth!
TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Music Boxes, from	$10 to $150
150 " with Bells and Castinets	500 " 800
1,500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	5 " 10
1,500 " Chafing Dishes	10 " 100
1,500 " Cake Baskets	5 " 10
1,500 " Syrup Cups with Salvers	5 " 10
2,000 " Card and Dram Cups	5 " 10
2,000 " Castors	15 " 50
2,000 " Fruit, Cake and Cake Baskets	10 " 50
3,000 Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 " 25
2,000 " Table " "	20 " 50
2,000 " Dessert " "	10 " 40
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	40 " 100
250 Ladies' Gold and Enamled-Case do.	35 " 75
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	20 " 40
500 Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	8 " 10
5,000 Gold Coral Band Bracelets	4 " 10
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	4 " 10
5,000 Gold Medallion Chains and Guard Chains	4 " 10
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, and Pens	4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
5,000 Gold Coral and Emerald Finger Rings	4 " 6
4,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
5,000 Gold Pens and Pencil Cases	5 " 10
25,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, and Pins	3 " 8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 6
5,000 Gold Lockets, Magic Spring	4 " 10
5,000 " " Magic Spring	10 " 30
5,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, Pins	4 " 6
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4 " 10
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000 Plain Diamond Rings	5 " 25
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 " 15
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Florentine, Opal, and other Stones	4 " 15
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	5 " 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 " 25
5,000 Ladies' Gold Jet Bracelets	5 " 10
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Heart Bracelets	5 " 10

ALL ARTICLES ARE WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.

Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts, which has been caused by the shutting out of the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable goods, suitable for presents, have fallen into our hands, which has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE, REGARDLESS OF COST.

Under these circumstances, AURINDALE & CO., actuated by a desire to do a large business, and thereby secure, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following liberal conditions:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed, and well mixed. Each envelope, with one taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all an equal chance. On receipt of the envelope you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any list of Jewelry or an our list for DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

AURINDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of us.

AURINDALE & CO. are responsible. A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamonds, and jewelry at a low price.—*Evening Express*, Broadway, New York. They have an immense stock of articles, which they offer for sale at one dollar each. The success which attends their business is very fairly deserved—you agree to take a certificate for one dollar, and in an envelope you receive one. You are required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article you receive, and certainly by receiving more than the amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Dispatch*, New York, April 19, 1865.

AURINDALE & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Journal*, June 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arnindale & Co.'s Agency for European Municipality Jewelry, a large assortment of jewelry, watches and valuables of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and understand they have also a large quantity of these articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording great facility of payment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Nov. 5, 1864.

By Messrs. Arnindale & Co.'s arrangement the advantage must be on the side of those who purchase. It is very successful in the way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sends the Certificate, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Arnindale & Co. are the blue ribbon of the Broadway.—*Leader*, August 13, 1864.

In our columns will be found to-day's find an advertisement of Arnindale & Co., dealers in gold watches, jewelry and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several days ago a letter, which we find, and are warranted in saying that, both in fairness and liberality, all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which are offered by Arnindale & Co., at one dollar each.—*Anglo-American Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb.* 17, 1865.

$8 OFFICER'S $10
WATCH.

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale Rates.

An Elegant Watch in Rich Gold Plated Zenith Cases, Richly Engraved, Turned Centres, Carved Balance Bridges, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, silvered dial, hour, spring Bell, Second Hand, Fine Enamelled White Dial, a serviceable article for running order, with Key, Dial, a serviceable article for running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gem's Hanover Vest Chain and a beautiful Fancy Case, *Sent to any part of the Country by Express. Sent free for Two Dollars extra.* Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

Nice Steven Watch, especially adapted for army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, entire new, silver, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gem's Vest *Chain, Engraved Hunting Lever Jewelled, etc.* Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

Containing a Rare and *Beautiful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its movements, in addition to many important and novel MOVEMENTS, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass*, to indicate, with a Dial, and a *Reliable Gentleman's*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Cases, rendering the Watch a perfect Chronometer for Time and Direction. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is seen through *Fine Finely Polished Glass Horizontal Dial*, 14,000 Gold, inner Cases (the outer cases being of Richly Engraved Top and cases of 20,000 Gold Composition), and Fancy Dials, at Bottom, with *Fancy for Sense, and Fancy Dials*, at Top, *Centre Second, Hunting Lever Action, Movements*, *Jewelled Movements, Polished Cases, Sporting Cases, Hunting Cases*, Stem Winding Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Inner Linings, and is an *Exact Imitation* of $100 watch, and has the Royal Economies and Officers of the Bureau [illegible] and is indeed their keeper. Note Caution, we will not be carried on private trade-mark. Price per single case, with Compass, to any part of the army or country only $20. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers.

No. 208 Canal Street, N. Y. Established 1858.

L INCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

JEWELRY! JEWELRY!

$200,000 Worth of

Watches, Chains, and fine Jewelry, all to be sold for $1 each, without reserve, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Sand 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers can have a choice of a gold, diamond ring, or any set of jewelry on our list for $1, and in no case can they obtain less than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Five certificates will be sent for $1; 12 for $2; 26 for $4; 100 for $15. Circulars containing full list of those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars, sent with the certificates. Address

FORWARDING AGENCY COMPANY,
No. 208 Canal Street, New York City.

WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES in 40 days. Also Hair on Bald Heads in 3 weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Chicago, Illinois.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S
Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolver.



size weight 22 oz., carries a ball 45-100 calibre (larger than 44/100 Navy), and can be used with either knob or [illegible] cartridges. *The Pocket* size weighs 16 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Colt's 5 and 6 inch).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—do not get out of order never yet missed fire in either arm. *A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* Every arm has been subjected to severe proof by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency in the hands of men from the Army and Navy also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), showing prices, sent by Mail when requested.

Merwin & Bray are also sole proprietors of the Solid Breech-Loading Rifle and Carbine. These speak for no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is well established. Parties in the country desiring to know where they may be put to a practical test of the Rifle or Revolver, can apply to Gen. Fitz-John Porter, Superintendent of Public Gardens and Piers of the City of New York, or to the Superintendent and the State of Kentucky. The General Government has had 20,000 new rifles, many have about Twenty Thousand Dollars' worth of Revolvers in actual service, of which highest testimonials are received. Sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.

MERWIN & BRAY,
Address orders to No. 363 Broadway, New York.

F. B.—Important.—Those Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

BAIRD & BROTHER'S (Established 1840)

GOLD PENS,

PEN AND PENCIL CASES. Also Manufacturer of Baird & Wilson's Patent Anguilar Nib Gold Pens. 24 MAIDEN LANE, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Repointing, 50 cents. Send for a Circular.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags. Concerts in place of Kings, Governor or Leaders for Queens, and Major for Jacks.

All the packs are played as readily as with cards having foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in a neat box with name and then in dozen boxes for the trade. Any order for these cards may have an assortment of packs, each a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of Five Dollars.

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

L INCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

Wonderfully Strange!

Prof. Henri Lavergne, who has astonished the scientific men of Europe and America, has now permanently established at Troy, N. Y. The Professor, by the aid of his wonderful discoveries, is known as the Electropathic Physician and as to produce a life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the inquirer, together with the date of birth, occupation, &c. By stating age, height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, and inclosing 50 cents and stamp to envelope addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail. Address Prof. HENRI LAVERGNE, Box 177, Troy, N. Y.

"The West Indian Hair Curler."

Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or wavy masses. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 10. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
Box 6281, New York Post-Office.

TO THE LADIES.

Use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is at once potent, infallible, and harmless. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. For sale by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle. Send for circular.

FRICE REDUCED TO SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The Convex Reflector Lantern.

For burning Kerosene or Coal Oil without Chimney.

Patented in America and Europe.

Without exception, the Cheapest, Most Convenient, Safest, and very best HAND LANTERN in use.

Price 75 cts. SOLD BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

It gives a pure white light—WITHOUT CHIMEY.

It stands QUICK MOTIONS in any direction.

The flame is regulated from OUTSIDE the lantern.

ARCHER & PANCOAST,
Manufacturers of
GAS FIXTURES, LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, &c., &c.,
9, 11, 13, 15, and 17 Mercer st., New York.

ARCANA WATCH.

An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and engine-turned. The movements are of the finest quality, gilded Arcana, which will always keep in color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully decorated, with gold and chief for name, and has the appearance, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and are also made in open face style, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well known St. Jimar Watch Company of Europe, and are expertly finished, having engine-turned plates, Arcana dial, Breguet hairing regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jewel setting, with fine side stem winder, and are warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest for ladies, and the next for hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $12.5. A single one for $2.5. Sent to any part of the country, free for $25. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for the sale of this watch in the trade, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

Address DEVLIN & CO., Importers,
35 Maiden Lane, New York.

L INCOLN Mourning Pin in silver plate, Price 50 cents. Address Union News Company, Chicago, Illinois.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, Moth Patches, Blotches, and Discolorations on the complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Sold by Druggists generally. Depot, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Upham, 58 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache with a beautiful and natural appearance. *Unlike other preparations.* Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 49 Bond St., N. Y. C. UPHAM, 58 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A powerful stimulant. Each pocket warranted to make a Sick Man Well, a Well Man Strong, and a Weak Man Robust. Will restore the smoothest face without scar or injury to the skin. Any person using it, if they find anything it does not as represented, by informing one of the local agents, will receive a refund of the money, and a month's worth of purchase. Price $1, neat, sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money.

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SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail $1. Warranted.
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The Brazilian Hair Curler.

The only application warranted to curl the most straight and stiffest hair into short ringlets or wavy masses. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address
E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

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Shults' Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in 40 days. Price $1. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.
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RETURNING SOLDIER. "I did. I fetched her a good part of the way myself; but she says she don't require my services any more now; and here she comes over the hill."

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Great Imperial Watch.
See Cauley Brothers' Advertisement on page 319.

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SOLDIERS, SAILORS, FARMERS, MECHANICS, and EVERY BODY throughout the country will receive, *free*, by mail, a *Five-Cent Interesting Newspaper*, by sending their address to Editor of "ARMY AND HOME JOURNAL," 49 Ann Street, New York.


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This invaluable salve is a certain cure for FILES, CORNS, CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, and BRUISES. Relieves PAIN in five minutes. No one should be without it. It sells itself. 25 cents a box. Sent by mail, free, on receipt of 27 cents. Depot 49 Liberty St., New York.

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Firm of PROWNE & WEIGHMAN,
Manufacturing Chemists,
Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.
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PRINCIPAL DEPOTS.—Helmbold's Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, New York, and 104 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Bankers and Brokers,
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Special Agents for the New 7-30 Loan.

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A BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH GOLD PATENT LEVER WATCH, Double Case, Large Size, small size, white enameled dial, cut bands, "*English Movements*," and correct time-keeper, with an accurate "*Minuteman Calendar*," indicating the "*Day of the Week, Month, &c.*" in back case.
A single one sent free by mail to any address in a neat case, with a beautiful VEST CHAIN, for only $10.
A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with "*Minuteman Calendar*," &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only $7.
English and American Levers from $15 up. Good Watches of all descriptions low.
Address CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 38 & 40 Ann Street, New York.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.
See advertisement on page 319.

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Cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address H. G. BATES, 177 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA
Cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

THE "SPENCER" SEVEN-SHOT
Repeating Rifle.
As now used in the service. Calibre 56-100. Can be fired 7 times in 12 seconds. Range 1000 yards. Whole sale and retail, by WILLIAM READ & SON, 13 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston.

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To all Wanting Farms.
Large and thriving settlement, milk and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, producing large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty, and fifty acre tracts, at from $10 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools, and good society already here. Now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The best way with which the press is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post-Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.
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No. 44 WALL STREET,
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And Dealers in all Classes of
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Concentrated Extract Buchu
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC
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Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla
IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Both are prepared according to rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

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Illust'd, Illuminated Cover. Price 25c.; trade $2.50 per 100.
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TO
COLLARS
Made to Order.
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PATENTED
APRIL 19TH 1864
Electric, self-adjusting, enameled snow-white, $7 and $9 per dozen. Spencerian Model, No. 7c., $1. Button-holed, $1 25. Cuffs, $2. Bosoms, $3. Suitable No. 51. Ladies' linen embroidered and plain cuffs, $1 50. Send size when prices. Trade supplied. BILLON & FOGGAN, 73 Nassau Street, Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers.

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IS A
Joy Forever.
These who desire brilliancy of complexion must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Recollect, it is no patent medicine. Ask for HELMBOLD'S. Take no substitute.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.
IN INDIA AND CHINA British soldiers were amply provided with Holloway's Ointment and Pills, for Wounds, Sabre-Cuts, &c.

$100 A MONTH! Genteel, neat, and profitable employment can be had immediately by a living man, member of either sex, and any position of life. Can be performed at home. Address, for particulars, W. W. SWARTS & CO., 16 Greenwich Street, New York.

ONE PACKAGE NOW stops as much mischief as a dozen packages will next June.

CEDAR CAMPHOR
for Moths is cheap, fragrant, durable, and reliable. For descriptive circular, address H. HARRIS & CHAPLIN, Boston, make it.

To Purify, Enrich the Blood,
AND
Beautify the Complexion,
The HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. One bottle equals in strength one gallon of the Syrup or Decoction.

THE NATION IN TEARS.
A Dirge to the memory of A. Lincoln. With an exquisite portrait.
Send for noble leader in his glory lies;
A martyr true to liberty he dies.
Music very suitable and impressive. May be sung as a solo, duet, or full chorus; also arranged for the piano and organ as a grand march. Published by WM. HALL & SONS, 239 DEMOREST, No. 20 Beekman Street, New York. Sold by music dealers, mail, price 4 cents per single copy, $3 per hundred.


OLD EYES MADE NEW
Without Spectacles, Doctor, or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed, free, on receipt of ten cents. Address
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Why Injure
THE COMPLEXION
BY
Powders and Washes
Which choke or fill up the pores of the skin, and in a short time leave it harsh and dry? It is in the blood, and if you want smooth and soft skin use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It gives a brilliancy to the complexion.

A LANGUISHING CIRCULATION, Sour Stomach, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, and Sallow Complexion are sure signs of a coming bilious attack. Take TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT, and check the coming disease with all its terrible consequences. Sold by druggists all over the world.

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Safest Pocket-Pistol made.


"1. It is the only pistol that can be placed in position to receive the cartridge with one hand. 2. It can be loaded in two-thirds quicker than any other pistol, and with no danger. 3. It carries a heavier cartridge than any pistol of the same size. 4. It is the safest pistol to load, shoot, or carry, as a premature discharge is impossible. 5. It has less parts than any other pistol, and is less liable to get out of order. 6. It obtains the ordinary metal cartridge that can be purchased any where.
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Baltimore, Md.

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Eagle Gas Cooking Stoves and Ranges
WILL BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, TOAST, BAKE, STEW, FRY, HEAT IRONS, &c., &c.
EAGLE GAS MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
474 Broadway, New York.

Not a Few of the Worst Disorders
That afflict mankind arise from corruptions of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is a remedy of the utmost value.

MUSIC OMNIBUS.
Musician's Omnibus No. 1.—700 pieces music; 40 sets quadrilles; 40 contra and fancy dances, with calls; polkas, &c., $1. *Musician's Omnibus* No. 2.—500 pieces; 200 songs, with Irish, 200 reels, 100 jigs, 100 dances, waltzes, &c., $1. *Musician's Omnibus Complete*—contains all in Nos. 1 and 2, and much other music for violin, flute, cornet, fife, flageolet, clarionet, &c., $2. How's new violin, flute, guitar, banjo, accordeon, concertina, fife, drum, flageolet, and clarionet without a master, 50c. each. How's 100 duets for two violins, flutes, or cornets, 50c. Sent by mail, prepaid. ELIAS HOWE, 103 Court Street, Boston.

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FIRST AND SECOND QUALITY;
Wrapping Paper and Cords of Paper.
Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 94 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN,
AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION,
Follows the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.

WARD'S PATENT FRENCH PRINTED PAPER COLLARS
387 B'WAY, NY. & ALL GENTS. FURNISHING STORES.
Caution to the Public.
Certain parties are infringing on my rights by selling a common, worthless printed paper collar.
Don't be cheated by them in this way. All collars made by me have my name on the collars and box also.
The only genuine and perfect collars is made from linen rags, which makes them very strong in the button-holes.
Trade Supplied
BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS!
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CHICAGO, ILL., TYLER BLOCK, LA SALLE ST., CHAS. N. HALL.
BALTIMORE, MD., ISAAC COALE, JR., & BROTHER.
BOSTON, MASS., D. LYONS & CO.
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DAYTON, N. Y., KLOCK & OULD.
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WASHINGTON, D. C., MCCLELLAND & CO.
Manufactory, 387 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 439.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CAPTURE OF DAVIS.

A PICKED company of WILSON'S command captured JEFFERSON DAVIS on the morning of May 10, at Irwinsville, Georgia. The company was commanded by Colonel PRITCHARD, of the Fourth Michigan. The following is General WILSON'S dispatch announcing the capture:

MACON, GA., 9.30 A.M., May 15, 1865.

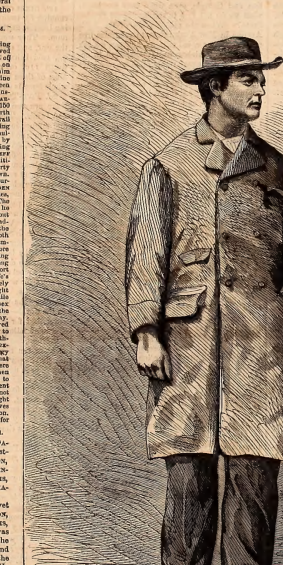
Hon. E. M. Stanton, Sec. of War.

Lieut.-Colonel HARNEY, commanding the First Wisconsin, has just arrived from Irwinsville. He struck the trail of DAVIS at Dublin, Laurens County, on the evening of the 7th, and followed him closely, night and day, through the pine wilderness of Alligator Creek and Green Swamps, via Cumberlandsville to Irwinsville. At Cumberlandsville Colonel HARNEY met Colonel PRITCHARD, with 150 picked men and horses of the Fourth Michigan. HARNEY followed the trail directly south, while PRITCHARD, having fresher horses, pushed down the Ocmulgee toward Hopewell, and thence by Horse Creek to Irwinsville, arriving there at midnight of the 9th. JEFF DAVIS had not arrived. From a citizen PRITCHARD learned that his party were encamped two miles out of the town. He made disposition of his men, and surrounded the camp before day. HARNEY had camped at 9 P.M., within two miles, on hearing of learned, from DAVIS. The trail being too indistinct to follow he pushed on at 3 A.M., and had gone six miles more when one of the pickets of the Fourth Michigan fired upon by men of the Fourth Michigan. A fight ensued, both parties exhibiting the greatest determination. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the mistake was discovered. The firing in this skirmish was the first warning that DAVIS received. The rapture report that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and started for the woods, closely followed by our men, whom first thought him a woman, but seeing his boots while he was running, they suspected his sex at once. The race was a short one, and the rebel President was soon brought to bay. He brandished a bowie-knife and showed signs of battle, but yielded promptly to the persuasions of CAPTAIN'S revolvers, without compelling the men to fire. He expressed great indignation at the energy with which he was pursued, saying that he had believed our Government were too magnanimous to hunt down women and children. Mr. DAVIS remarked to Colonel HARNEY, after the excitement was over, that the men had better not provoke the President, or "he might hurt some of 'em." BRADLEY behaves himself with dignity and resignation. The party, evidently, were making for the coast.

J. H. WILSON,
Brevet Major-General.

The captured party included DAVIS'S family, with REAGAN, Postmaster-General; Colonel HARRISON, Private Secretary; Colonel JOHNSON, Aide-de-Camp; Col. MORRIS, Colonel LUBBICK, Lieut. HATHAWAY, and others.

Less than five years ago Brevet Major-General JAMES H. WILSON, the captor of JEFFERSON DAVIS, was a cadet at West Point. He was born in Southern Illinois, about the year 1840. He was made Second Lieutenant at the beginning of the war, to date from June 10, 1861. He occupied the position of Chief of Engineers on the Staff of General T. W. SHERMAN in the expedition to Hilton Head, South Carolina. In the operations against Pulaski he rendered valuable service in finding a passage for gun-boats drawing ten feet of water and clear of the guns of the fort. This enabled our troops to establish a battery at Venus Point. Lieut. WILSON remained in the Department of the South, conspicuously engaged on engineer duty until the summer of 1862, when he served for a short time as aid to General MCCLELLAN. On November 8, 1862, he was appointed Assistant Inspector-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers, and assigned to General GRANT, by whom he was for several months assigned to duty on the staff of Major-General JAMES B. MCPHERSON. During the operations in Mississippi and against Vicksburg Colonel WILSON was again conspicuous for his engineering skill; and in the brilliant victories of General GRANT, in the vicinity of Chattanooga, won the official commendation of General W. F. SMITH, with whom he was then acting. On December 31, 1863, he was nominated Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to date from October 80, 1863, and was confirmed May 12, 1864, upon the recommendation of Lieutenant-General GRANT. In January, 1864, General WILSON was appointed chief of the Cavalry Bureau in Washington. In April following he was assigned to the command of the Third Division Cavalry Corps, Major-General SHERIDAN, Army of the Potomac. During General GRANT'S Virginia campaign he acted independently, to the right and rear of the army, to destroy railroads. He also covered the rear from Coal Harbor to the south side of the James River. In June and the beginning of July he conducted a raid south of Richmond, destroying the railroads and throwing the enemy in a great state of alarm. After the necessity of cavalry operations in the vicinity of Richmond and Petersburg had passed, General WILSON was transferred to the Shenandoah Valley, where he added to his reputation as an efficient officer. For distinguished service he was brevetted Major-General of Volunteers, to date from October 5, 1864. During the winter he was transferred to the Department of the Cumberland, and by Gen. THOMAS was placed in command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Cumberland. On March 23, 1865, General WILSON started from Chickasaw, Alabama, with his troops well mounted and equipped. After routing RODDY at Monticello, he moved on and annihilated the combined forces of FORREST, LYON, and CHALMERS, under FORREST, and occupied Selma, Alabama, on April 2. Thence he moved on to Montgomery, thence swept across Georgia, reaching Savannah on April 28, having marched at least six hundred and fifty miles.



LEWIS PAYNE THE ASSASSIN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

PAYNE THE ASSASSIN.

IN regard to LEWIS PAYNE, the assassin who entered Secretary SEWARD'S sick room and inflicted upon him and his son wounds intended to prove fatal, little is yet publicly known. We publish his portrait on this page. Apparently he was a hired assassin dispatched from Canada. He is said to be an outlaw from Kentucky, and to have been concerned in the St. Albans raid and other schemes of murder and arson concerted in Canada. He was captured at MRS. SURRATT'S house in the disguise of a laboring man.

The course of the trial now going on at Washington will develop the biography of PAYNE—if blood that be his real name. This trial has for its principal object not merely the conviction of PAYNE and ATZEROT, and the other tools of this base plot, but the disclosure of its extensive conspiracy. The agents in Richmond, and those in Canada, commissioned from Richmond—for they are, *what* they have attempted, and by what means—are the central objects about which the great trial revolves. It was for this reason that some parts of the testimony was given in secret, in order that no warning might be given to those thus implicated. It was for this reason that so much care was necessarily taken to prevent any but loyal men from pleading as counsel. But the history of this trial is yet to be written. The infernal schemes for murdering and plundering peaceful citizens, and even for burning down crowded places of amusement over the heads of defenseless women and children, and the plots for torturing and starving our prisoners, will no doubt be found but parts and parcels of the gigantic crime of treason which culminated in the murder of our President and the attempt to assassinate his Cabinet.

FORT MAHONE.

WE give on page 334 an illustration of the capture of Fort Mahone, commonly known as Fort "Damnation," by the Ninth Army Corps, early in the morning of April 2.—The charge was as impetuous as its conduct was skilful. The *chevaux de frise*, which was broken through by the furious onset of the national troops, was, after the capture of the fort, carried over to the other side, so as to form a protection against an attempt on the part of the rebels to recapture the work. The troops were thus enabled to hold the fort until the arrival of reinforcements.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S BURIAL.

IT was on a beautiful May day that President LINCOLN was buried at Oak Ridge, Springfield. At noon the remains were brought from the State House to the same hearse which had carried Lieut.-Gen. THOMAS H. BENTON to their graves. The hearse was surmounted by a graceful canopy of flowers. From the portico, as the procession advanced, a chorus of hundreds of voices sang the hymn—

"Children of the heavenly King,
Let us journey as we sing."

The Funeral Procession was under the immediate direction of General HOOKER. The President's tomb is two miles from Springfield. A dirge was sung; and after the reading of Scripture, a prayer, and a hymn, the President's second Inaugural was read. A dirge succeeded, when Bishop SIMPSON delivered the Funeral oration. It was in the highest degree eloquent and patriotic.

"We have," says a correspondent of the *Times*,

"followed the remains of President LINCOLN from Washington, the scene of his assassination, to Springfield, his former home, and now he to his final resting-place. He had been absent from this city ever since he left it in February, 1861, for the national capital, to be inaugurated as President of the United States. We have seen him lying in state in the Executive mansion, where the obsequies were attended by numerous mourners, some of them clothed with the highest public honors and responsibilities which our republican institutions can bestow, and by the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments. We have followed the remains from Washington through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago to Springfield—a distance in circuit of 1,700 or 1,800 miles. On the route millions of people have appeared to manifest, by every means of which they are capable, their deep sense of the public loss, and their appreciation of the many virtues which adorned the life of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. All classes, without distinction of politics or creeds, spontaneously united in the posthumous honors. All hearts seemed to beat as one at the bereavement; and, now that the obsequies are ended, our mournful duty of escorting the mortal remains of ABRAHAM LINCOLN hither is performed. We have seen them deposited in the tomb. The bereaved friends, with subdued and grief-stricken hearts, have taken their coffin and turn their faces homeward, and we remember the affecting and impressive scenes which they have witnessed. The injunction, so often repeated on the way, 'Bear him gently,' for he has been obeyed, and the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of the tomb."

THE HOME CALL.

Enter home the battle-flags, all stained and torn
With heroes' gallant blood and grimy battle smoke,
The flags that through the fierce fight ye have borne
Amid the loving land, the others' hearts to cheer!
And place them on each waiting armory wall,
That they may speak of the great deed in all.

Bring home your muskets, stand them one by one
In the vast arsenals, and then leave them there,
The glorious arms which called them forth in done,
The din of war is no more in the air;
The battle-voices fade and fade away,
And Peace is coming on a broader day.

Bring back the cannon, let the spider spin
Her thin-laced web within them where they stand,
No more their iron throats shall wake with dreadful din
The drowsy hamlets of our widowed land,
Or rent them with bolts that ne'er shall cease
To fill the air with sweet-toned notes of peace.

Bring home the leathern knapsacks ye have borne
With bending backs along the dusty ways,
'Tis meanest toil to those belie ye've so proudly worn;
A new light shines from brighter, happier days,
The cloud of battle is swiftly passing by,
And once again the sun shines in the sky.

Bring back your swords, and lay them by at home;
Ah, it is sad, proud, a noble thought
To know your children in the years to come
Shall point to these and say, "Our father fought!"
Bring back your swords, and hang them on your walls,
To grasp again whene'er your country calls.

Come home, ye veterans; welcome, welcome home!
"Come," say the lips of mother and of wives;
Your children's joyous voices echo "Come!"
We thank the God of Battles for your lives,
And now the morning dawning on the night
Breaks in the future beautiful and bright.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

THE MAIN QUESTION.

THE late Chief Justice of the United States, ROGER B. TANEY, will be forever infamous for endeavoring, under the solemn sanction of the highest court in the land, to work that utter demoralization of public opinion which would have made JEFFERSON DAVIS's crimes unnecessary. He was his own purpose. The present Chief Justice, SALMON P. CHASE, will be forever honored as the first eminent public man who has proposed a policy which will render all future crimes like DAVIS's abortive. In a letter read at the twelfth American Congregational Reunion in Brooklyn Chief Justice CHASE says that "I would like to say to the Christians who shall assemble at your reunion an earnest word on the present great national duty of planting on the freedmen of the South the right of self-protection by the ballot."

President JOHNSON also, in a speech delivered in Baltimore before the death of Mr. LINCOLN, after saying that to save the Union he would be willing to sink the whole African race, was interrupted by a voice in the crowd which said, "Don't do that, Governor, give them the ballot;" to which Mr. JOHNSON instantly replied, "Yes, and I would do that, too!" Last week, when a deputation of colored men waited upon him, the President said, in his reply, that he had always maintained that the slaves had as much right to be free as those who claimed them as property, and that freedom means liberty to work and enjoy the fruit of your own toil, "in its most extensive sense." That is to say, freedom is the right to be protected in the fulfillment of all the relations of citizens exactly as other men are. For no man has the liberty to work and enjoy the fruits of work, in its most extensive sense, who is the victim of disabilities which are not imposed upon other free men.

In this country, where the Government rightfully exists by the consent of the governed, every man has an equal right to a share in political power. Suffrage for colored Americans is, therefore, not a privilege for which we plead—it is a right which, as American citizens, we consistently demand. Nor is the claim of this right vitiated by any traditional and uniform exclusion of colored citizens from the ballot-box. Mr. JUSTICE CURTIS, in his masterly opinion dissenting from that of Chief Justice TANEY in the Dred Scott case, distinctly asserts that, in his opinion, it is untrue that the Continental Congress intended to say that the white race exclusively possessed the rights and liberties rights asserted in the Declaration of Independence. It is from these rights that our political rights spring. And that there were free colored men in the fathers did not mean to make color a political disqualification, it is enough to cite the action of Congress on the 26th of June, 1778, when, in discussing the articles of Confederation, South Carolina, always Tory and aristocratic, proposed the insertion of the word "white" as a condition of general citizenship. Eight states voted against it, two for it, and one was divided. The Constitution of the United States was subsequently adopted by the voters in the several States, and South Carolina was the only one in which color was a disability.

The conditions of suffrage in the States at the beginning were either free or by personal freedom, property, or residence, except in South Carolina, North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Maryland, Delaware, in which colored voters if they were old enough, had lived long enough in the State and county, owned sufficient property, or had paid the requisite taxes. The disability of color has crept into the State constitutions in exact correspondence with the increasing demoralization of the public mind produced by slavery. While the framers of the Nation reflected the political rights of their colored fellow-citizens to propitiate the Southern slave interest. The most abject submission to the will of the Southern political alliance. Thus in the State of New York, by the first Constitution, "every male inhabitant of full age," who had resided six months in the county, who had a small freehold, or who had paid a certain rent or taxes was a voter. It was only in 1820 that New York consolidated the basis of the same by making a man's complexion vitiate his natural rights; and the provision in her present Constitution of 1846, which decrees that "no man of color" shall vote unless he has lived in the State three times longer than is required of any other citizen and has paid a tax which freeholders are exempt from pay, is as absolute and arbitrary a violation of the principle of our Government as if it declared that no man between the ages of forty and forty-five should have the right of voting. Complexion is no more an actual disability than red hair. Habitual drunkenness is a disability; yet it does not disqualify.

We may add that slavery was not satisfied with restricting or destroying the political equality of colored citizens in the States. But the Missouri Compact in some of these States to protect the personal liberty of colored men, to prevent the native free inhabitants of Wisconsin and Massachusetts from being kidnapped by such men as M. MASON and his confederates and sold in Virginia and elsewhere as slaves, was among the pretenses for rebellion. And when South Carolina put forth, at the South, and which were alleged in extenuation of treason by MASON's political allies at the North, the political fiction of cities of colored citizens is no new thing. It is older than the Constitution of the United States. If we are startled by the suggestion now, our surprise is only an evidence of the utter thoughtlessness in which we have been held by the slave power.

But aside from the undoubted original right, it is enough to urge the voting of the blacks at the South upon President JOHNSON's own ground. Political enfranchisement is indispensable in order to be secure in the enjoyment the liberty to work and live, "in its most extensive sense." The white population at the South have been educated in a peculiar system of ideas of every degree as an inferior race. Mr. JOHNSON undoubtedly expressed exactly the general Border State feeling about them in his Baltimore speech, to which we have alluded. He was willing either to exterminate them or to enfranchise them, as the means of conquering the rebellion. We do not mean, however, in these days, when we grow ten years in ten hours, to hold public men too precisely to words or even to opinions; and President JOHNSON has doubtless a right in saying that it was only Mr. JOHNSON's way of expressing a preference for his own color. We merely mention the fact to illustrate the universal feeling of men who have been educated amidst the influences of slavery.

If this be so, and the political power in the late insurrectionary States be intrusted exclusively to the whites, the colored population will be left entirely at the mercy of those who have always regarded them with contempt, and who doubtless feel bitterly toward them as the real cause of the war which has desolated the South. If colored men are not to be enfranchised, it may be made a penal offense in the reorganized States to teach them to read. They may be deprived of the right to testify in courts of law, and any villain may enter the house of a colored man, may commit what atrocity he will, if only in presence of the family, and go unsearched. The colored men may be forbidden to bear arms; to attend church; to sit upon juries. Their wages may be restricted. There is no enormity whatever of which they may not be made the victims, if they are not to be enfranchised. If the sole, final law in the State is to be the will of those who are unfriendly to them, it is manifest whether more emancipation is an advantage. And as born of practical wisdom, knowing history and human nature, we have no right to refuse, while we have the power, to secure to the freedmen, since the right to work and enjoy, "in its most extensive sense."

Is it said that it is foolish to suppose the white citizens would pay the black voters' liabilities? Why so? Are those who were perfectly willing to sell other men's children likely to shrink from forbidding those men to learn to read or to bear arms? Are those who were willing that others should be made to work for nothing too humane to say that they shall not work only a shilling a day? Or, again, will it be urged that palpable self-interest will prevent such legislation? But the same reason should have abolished Slavery at the South long ago; and the people who were too ignorant to see that can not be supposed to have learned suddenly that justice is the truest policy. Why should we ignore of the whites of North Carolina and Georgia, even when they are loyal, what we do not find in the intelligent Empire State? When the Union clubs of the Fifth Avenue in New York refuse to recognize free colored men as equal citizens, how can we ask the hoods of Alabama and Mississippi to acknowledge the equal rights of those who have been always despised slaves? Five years ago the white citizens of the State of New York contemptuously declined that color should be a political disability, and that ignorance and drunkenness should not. Would it be very wonderful that the white people of Louisiana should declare that color shall be a bar to knowledge or to high wages?

If we are asked whether it is probable that the people of New York would wish to do in South Carolina what they refused to do at home, we reply that five years have undoubtedly opened their eyes and hearts, and that they will do it at home whenever the opportunity is offered. And even if we thought otherwise we should have no choice but they ought to do it. For the same principle that makes it right in one State justifies it in all. The opportunity is not now given to us to call the attention to that fact, but it is in the late rebel States, through our Senators and Representatives. The colored citizens at the South are more than likely the governed. In South Carolina a large majority of the population is colored. We have no more right to abandon them to the will of the whites because they have been a badge of servitude, than we have arbitrarily to disfranchise the whites because their color has been a sign of treason. And if the representatives of a State organization in South Carolina, which disfranchised any citizen of the State because of his color, should claim seats in Congress, it would be the plainest duty of Congress to refuse to receive them until a republican form of government should be established in South Carolina.

If any President of this view should retreat upon the assertion that the United States have nothing to do with suffrage in a State—that the national Government was not even prescribe the qualifications of voters at the national elections —we remind him of the simple fact that none of the insurrectionary States will ever again be organized except on the terms laid down by United States ordain. Not a man will vote in Virginia or Carolina by any other authority than that of the United States. According to a doctrine which was proclaimed rather truculently at one time, whenever what was called active rebellion ceased in a State, the State was at once restored with all its privileges to the Union. Active rebellion has ceased in Virginia, in Georgia, in South Carolina. Does any sane man propose that a single one of the United States shall be immediately withdrawn, and the voters under the Constitutions of those States be invited to send Representatives to Congress? No. The United States will withdraw their hand when they are satisfied that peace is secure. They can not be asked to be secure until the State Constitution shall forbid the State imperatively and forever to allow any legal disability upon the grounds of color or race. And that result should be secured by an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, making every native and properly naturalized citizen, if unconvicted of crime, a voter. After that the "Negro question" will take care of itself.

When more than half the adult male population of the late States are disfranchised they will instantly appear to be as good as any body. The "natural antipathy" will vanish. They will be courted as much as they are now contemned. Their most sweet voices will be wooed by demagogues as obsequiously as those of ignorant foreigners are now. We shall hear FERNANDO WOOD assert that his life-long aim has been the restoration of his fellow-citizens of African descent to the rights so long and wickedly withheld; and the Honorable AUGUST BELMONT declare that, as a free-born American, he has cherished no hope so dear as the enfranchisement of his fellow-countrymen of every color.

President JOHNSON says that freedom is the right to work and enjoy the fruits of toil in the most extensive sense. That means political as well as personal liberty.

OUR DEBT AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE second series of the Seven-Thirty loan has been exhausted—in other words, the people of the United States have subscribed, in forty-five days, including Sundays and holidays, three hundred millions of dollars in support of their Government. History may be ransacked in vain for a parallel.

England stood aghast with amazement when the French nation, stirred by all the appliances of imperial menace and bureaucratic intrigue, offered the Emperor 750,000,000 francs, or $150,000,000, for the war in Italy. A bagatelle of $150,000,000 has been lent our Government half a score of times since our war began; and now we are tendering $30,000,000 a day.

Four descriptions of United States Bonds—besides old five and six per cent. Bonds, interest-bearing legal-tender Treasury Notes, and certificates of indebtedness—are now in the market.

1st. SIXES OF 1881. These are long bonds, running for twenty years from 1861, and bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum. They were issued at the beginning of the war, and many of them were sold at 91 @ 94, gold being then at par. They are now worth 110 @ 112, excluding interest, say 108. Most of these bonds are held in Europe. The whole issue is $282,561,000.

2d. FIVE-TWENTY BONDS. Of these bonds there are two descriptions, known as old and new bonds. The old bonds are dated in 1865, and mature in 1885-'87. The new bonds are dated in 1863, and mature in 1868-'83. Of the former, $510,545,000 are in existence; of the latter, $86,000,000. Both are redeemable at the pleasure of the United States at maturity, but payment can not be demanded until twenty years have elapsed from the date of the bond. Both bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in gold. Of the old five-twenties, a large proportion are held in Europe. When gold rose from par to 200 above, the five-twenty bonds, which were offered to purchasers at par in legal-tender currency, could be laid down in Europe at 80 @ 90 cents on the dollar. Our English friends, who took the rebel cotton loan (now offered at 13 per cent.) at or near par in gold, would not touch five-twenties. The shrewd merchants of Amsterdam—the wisest financiers and the richest in the world—eschewed cotton rebel loans, and subscribed for $30,000,000 of our securities. Germany followed the example, and took from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 more. Amsterdam can now sell its bonds at a profit of nearly 100 per cent. on the original investment; London can not realize on its cotton bonds even at a loss of 85 per cent. People here who subscribed for five-twenties at par when gold was 200 per cent. have, at present prices, made 50 per cent. in gold on their investment—no mean profit—to say nothing of the interest in gold, which has at times amounted to 15 per cent. in currency.

3d. SEVEN-FORTY BONDS. These bonds, of which $178,770,000 are in existence, are so called because they are redeemable at the expiration of ten years, and payable forty years from date. They bear interest at the rate of five per cent., payable semi-annually in gold. These bonds were issued at the solicitation of friends of the Government, who urged that the 6 per cent. was enough to pay for money. Agents of European bankers likewise suggested that foreigners would be more likely to place confidence in a five per cent. bond than in one bearing a higher rate of interest. Neither in this country nor in Europe, however, have the five per cent. bonds become favorites. They are, in fact, almost disposed of with difficulty, and very few of the bonds have been placed in Europe.

4th. SEVEN-THIRTY NOTES. These securities are so called because they bear interest at the rate of 7.30 per cent. per annum, payable in currency. At the expiration of three years from their date they are either payable, or funded into new five-twenty bonds, at the wish of the holder. Of these notes $830,000,000 have been issued, and in a few months six hundred millions of them have been disposed of at par to the people of the United States. The second series, as we stated, has been taken up in just forty-five days. It is now announced that the third and last series authorized, consisting of $400,000,000, is offered to the public on the same terms as the two previous ones.

Our national debt it is now pretty safe to estimate at three thousand millions of dollars. There are those who believe that claims for damages, and the military and other expenses of Government, which must remain large for many years to come, will so far exceed the revenue from customs and taxes, as to render further loans indispensable. But it seems unlikely that this will be the case, at all events to any extent. All hope of successful resistance to the National authority having vanished, the

South will be as anxious for the complete restoration of peace and trade as the North, and will not be prone to put the Government to much further expense for military operations. It is safe to estimate the revenue from customs and taxes at $350,000,000. For interest on the public debt about $150,000,000 will be required. This would leave $200,000,000 for the ordinary expenses of Government—say nearly three times as much as they used to be before the war.

Three thousand millions is, of course, a very large sum of money to owe. It may be said to amount to $100 a head for every man, woman, and child in the country; the annual interest $6 a head. But Great Britain owes nearly $40,000,000,000, and has not a tithe of our resources. France, the debt of France, which may be set down in rough figures at $1,500,000,000, and that of Austria, $1,100,000,000, are heavier burdens, if we are to trust to the resource and progressive wealth of these countries, than $3,000,000,000 will prove in the United States. Dr. Evans has shown, in an elaborate paper on the subject, that this large debt may be paid off, if deemed desirable, within the century, and that the annual interest charge will not be felt as oppressively as the taxes which European nations pay.

A question closely connected with the settlement of the national debt, and scarcely less important, is—How soon can specie payments be resumed? It took England six years to resume after the peace, though the Bank of England issues, at short notice, figures, were less than one-fourth those of our Government. Precedents, however, are unsafe guides in such cases. The United States in 1865 are a very different country from Great Britain in 1865. Austria and Russia have never been able to resume, but those countries are not progressive.

It is clear that no attempt to resume can be made until the necessity for borrowing currency to pay expenses has passed away. It is also clear that this will command a premium—no matter how strong the confidence in the General Government—so long as we have $200,000,000 of irredeemable paper afloat. When the necessary revenue from taxes and customs equals or exceeds the Government expenditure, a step toward resumption can be made by buying gold to fund the legal tenders. But this can not be effected suddenly, or all at once. When Government has ceased to contract the currency, the money market will become stringent, a stagnation in business will ensue, and the revenue from customs and taxes will decline. From this cause the attempt to resume has failed in every country from Great Britain in 1865. Austria and Russia have never been able to resume, but those countries are not progressive.

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Something will depend on the confidence placed in American securities by Europeans. Europe holds over $350,000,000 of our bonds. If the holders send them here for sale now, they can not realize a large profit on their investment. Should they do so gold would rise, United States stocks would fall, and the difficulty of funding the currency would be increased. But instead of selling the bonds they hold, Europeans should buy more, or, if as has been suggested, a special loan should be negotiated in Europe with the effect of placing $100,000,000 of gold at the disposal of our Government, gold would momentarily fall, bonds would rise, and the path would be smoothed for an early resumption. It is difficult to determine what course the European capitalists will pursue, but among the foreign bankers it seems to be believed that more bonds are likely to go out than will come home.

With the restoration of peace, the construction of the Pacific Railroad, and the establishment of steam lines across the Pacific, nothing is wanting to make New York the financial centre of the world but the resumption of specie payments.

IN A PETTICOAT.

The London *Spectator*, commenting upon the sudden attack of our jubilee of victory by the murder of Mr. Lincoln, calls it the "irony of fate." So it may have seemed at the moment; but surely it is clear that Fate was never so generous as in dealing with this rebellion. Within less than two months the great conspiracy, which had lasted long enough to gain the semblance of a power sudden and fearful, crashes, and crumbles utterly away. In the last struggle its expiring force is concentrated into one crime so black that we shudderingly recoil every where recognizes the utterly devilish spirit of the rebellion; and that the whole gamut of emotion was run, from the extreme of joy, through the most harrowing tragedy, to utter farce and contempt, while America and Europe are still aghast, a peal of inextinguishable laughter goes ringing round the globe as the chief conspirator, "the statesman who has created a nation," skulks trembingly away in petticoats, and wishes that it is too bad to pursue women and children!

So this rebellion, the most formidable in history, which, it is not too much to say, would have prevailed against any other government in the world, is not only absolutely annihilated by the rebellious energy of a truly popular Government, but ends without a sign of the dignity that lesser crimes sometimes assume, despicably and ridiculously. Even Judas Iscariot went out and hung himself. Booth, the murderer of one beloved man, at least died like a savage beast at bay. Nobody will ever smile at the mention of his name. But Davis, with the blood of untold thousands of brave and noble victims upon his soul, will go down to posterity, covering under a petticoat, the object of mingled horror and derision.

EARL RUSSELL AND EARL DERBY.

If any eminent American statesman should be guilty of the public ignorance of current affairs which Earl Russell displays in his speech, moving an address of sympathy to the Government of the United States, he would be universally ridiculed. Earl Russell coolly says: "Upon another question the United States and the Confederates will have a most difficult task to perform."

The fall of Richmond, the surrender of Lee, the flight of Davis, the general crash of the rebellion had not yet cleared his Lordship's mind of Mr. Gladstone's statement that Jefferson Davis had "created a nation." He speaks of vanquished and scattered rebels as of a power with which the United States were to conclude a treaty for the settlement of affairs. Even as if there were a portion of the citizens of this country who were to be known as "Confederates." It is as if he should say, "After the Restoration of William III., his Majesty and James II. had a most difficult task to perform. The Confederates have performed their task as James did his. In England then, as now in this country, there were the Government and its enemies, and no other parties or powers.

His Lordship proceeds to speak of the proclamation of President Lincoln in these words: "At a later period he made a communication to the Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces in which he proposed that in certain States the slaves should be entirely free; but as a later period he proposed to pass by a constitutional qualification to propose, that there should be an alteration in the Constitution of the United States by which compulsory labor should hereafter be forbidden. It is impossible that the man in all England whose peculiar business it is to know better should make such a statement. The President's letter was not to Commander-in-Chief, and by his order directly emancipated the slaves; and the "later period" to which Earl Russell refers is the election with the resolution of the Convention which approved a constitutional amendment of emancipation.

No honorable Englishman can expect us to forget what Earl Russell would of our late war while it was in progress. If we were likely to forget, Earl Derby, the Tory leader of the Lords, has reminded us. He has given us instructive hostility of aristocracy to triumphant democracy, and with venomous glee at the chance of contrasting Lincoln's funeral with the pomp with those of yesterday, Lord Derby says: "There may be differences of opinion as to the merits of the two parties who are contending, *de one de quare nobis*, *alter de quare nobis*, in the United States. I follow the words of the noble Lord opposite."

It was a splendid sneer; nor was it understood by Lord Russell, who, while that famous phrase of his was still perfectly fresh in public memory, has so completely lost his way that the commencement of the contest he had declared that he did not believe "the great republic of the United States would perish in this war."

It is not of the moment to dwell on the mysteriosy of the British Government that the loyal citizens of this country have complained. If Lord Russell supposed that the British Government would be destroyed, he virtually said that he thought it ought to be. And the very House of Commons in which he proposed the address of condolence cheered Lord Derby's remark that the assassination was wholly alien to the "sympathies of humanity," and "forbearing" spirit in which the rebels had made war upon loyal citizens.

We beg our real English friends not to suppose that we are deceived. We certainly do not. We set value Lord Russell's delight in our success and Lord Derby's sympathy for our sorrow.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Treason is the highest crime known to the Constitution. The name of Jefferson Davis and his confederates has been prolonged and bloody beyond precedent. The Government of the United States owed it to itself to spare no effort to arrest the acknowledged chief of the conspiracy. It has secured him, and no sound reason can be urged why the law should not take its course. Jefferson Davis must be tried for treason. If convicted he must be sentenced. If sentenced he must be executed, unless for high reasons of state the President should commute his punishment.

The sole question will be, how Davis's fate can be made the most emphatic warning. Would it be wiser to disable him forever as an American citizen; to banish him from the country under penalty of death upon his return, and so deprive him of the opportunity of making that final appeal from the scaffold as a political victim, which always awakens sooner or later the sympathy of mankind; or to show the country and the world that a Senator of the United States, who deliberately resigns his office at the capital and withdraws to wage cruel and ceaseless war against the Government, however imposing his rebellion may be, however its scope and duration involve his country to the heart and command the attention of the world and the sympathy of an aristocracy every where, is still a criminal, when arrested by the law will be brought to trial, and upon that conviction will be made to suffer the penalty, exactly like the obscurest thief, and will not be shielded from punishment on the ground that his crime has involved the desolation of the country, the slaughter of thousands of innocent citizens, and the national embarrassment of a colossal debt? Can any lesson be so permanently impressive as the final proof by the solemn sanction of the supreme authority that treason against the United States is not a political difference of opinion, but a crime whose enormity will not permit the legal penalty?

It is clear that if Davis shall be lawfully convicted, the question must be finally settled whether treason shall ever be punished in this country as a crime. If in his person the penalty is remitted it can never be enforced upon any other offender. Treason to towering, the sanguinary, and the obscure agents is committed. If magnanimity or good policy require that Davis shall not suffer, they require that treason shall cease to be accounted a capital crime.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

The kind letter of sympathy which the Queen of England has written to Mrs. Lincoln is doubtless dictated by the very acute sense of the affliction which has befallen the late President's widow, but also by her pious remembrance of the friendship for his country of the late Prince Consort. The letter is also, whether intentionally or not, a masterly stroke of state policy. It is a further and extraordinary earnest of the feeling which the head of the British Government cherishes for this country, and will naturally tend to soothe the disagreeable remembrance of the unfriendly conduct of her ministers.

We are very sure that the great mass of the people of England must understand that while we have manfully every word spoken in Parliament and elsewhere in the progress of the war, and do not change our opinions of their spirit and significance, we yet cherish no national hostility. We do not forget that we have had no more constant friends than certain illustrious Englishmen, whose names we honor, and whose principles we shall endeavor to imitate.

LITERARY.

"Kate Kennedy" (Harpers) is the title of a thousand novel, "the old story of honor, true, and devoted love," which has something of the delightful plot of the ballad of "The Lord of Burleigh," and will be a welcome summer companion for the mountains or sea-side.

"Lovers and Thinkers" (Carleton) is an American tale of to-day. Its earnest, noble spirit, its generous sympathy with every humane aspiration and movement, and its healthy and scholarly tone will win hosts of friends among those scholars for which it is happily named.

We are courteously reminded by a gentleman in the know, that we were in error in supposing that Louis Napoleon was ever a denizen of Leicester Square, in London. During his English residence he was regarded as the head of his house.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

Wealth is something more than gold,
More than luxury and ease;
Treasures never to be sold
May be found in these.
Men who great possessions own
May be needy none the less:
They are rich, and poor alone,
Who have store of nobleness.

Palaces are dreary domes;
Fair demesnes, but deserts will;
If there be not happy homes,
Gentle thoughts, and manners mild.
Trust me, though his lot be small,
And he make but slight pretense,
He who lives with all
Dwells in true magnificence.

If you'd prove of noble birth,
O beware of judgments rash:
Scorn to measure human worth
By the sordid rule of cash.
Gold and silver may depart,
Proudest dynasties may fall;
He who has the truest heart
Is the richest of us all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the many blessings which come to the loyal people of this country through the return of peace it is not to be reckoned as the least that we are henceforth secure not only against overt warfare against our Government, but also against the infernal schemes which have been concerted for the murder and robbery of peaceful citizens.

The assassination of Mr. Blackburn at Bermuda has fully established that foul piece of bloodguiltiness, with a resident of that place named Sanders, as its instrument. Montreal, Philadelphia, and other Northern cities, trunks containing infected clothing, with the object of thus introducing yellow fever, have been built from Canada, and the funds used in carrying out his nefarious plots were drawn from the Confederate exchequer.

Several important rebels are now under arrest. Davis has been captured. Governor Brown, of Georgia, and R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, are under arrest.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Government has decided to reduce the army to from 125,000 to 150,000 men. The reduction will not be made so rapidly as was at first intended, but some time will be required to arrange regulars, restore, and muster out.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer states that the rebel archives have taken their departure for Washington. Many thirty-two large boxes, packed with the papers of the late rebel Government, and directed to Hon. C. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, were on Friday witnesses that the rebellion is over.

The steamship Sydney, of Panama, that left San Francisco sailed from Melbourne on the 15th of February. She destined to the same ports, but it was generally supposed that she would undertake a cruise on the Pacific coast in the track of vessels bound for California.

Major-General Rosecrans visited the Representatives' Hall at the Hotel Bonta, Boston, on the 15th, and at the close of the session made a speech, in which he emphatically denied the truth of the report that he was organizing a force of 30,000 men for the invasion of Mexico and the establishment of a French empire.

Major-General N. J. T. Dana, United States Volunteers, has relieved from command of the Department of the Mississippi, and Major-General G. K. Warren, United States Volunteers, assigned to that command.

The Times Washington correspondent makes the following statement: "Lajazd to the effect that Jefferson Davis and Sherman's Pulaski stories of discourteous conduct on the part of Mrs. Sherman to Mrs. Davis at the house in Richmond are in circulation here, and are founded on fact. When General Sherman arrived at Washington from Raleigh, via City Point, General Halleck sent word to him that he would receive no evidence in Richmond in the Government's use, as long as his head-quarters should be in the field. General Sherman thus took the hostilities of rebellion to his position. General Sherman replied curtly, declining the proffered courtesy, and added that he would not recognize General Halleck. The latter replied in a friendly note, which, however, said that hope that General Sherman would not consider a friendship of twenty years' standing interrupted because of Halleck's official position. Sherman cordially forfeits an unpleasant duty, and expressing a hope that he might have the pleasure of visiting General Sherman's troops on their passage through Richmond. To this General Sherman replied that he regretted that he could not recognize General Halleck, and that his corps commanders were instructed that if they found him in their march through Richmond in a position to review the troops they would not consider it a personal courtesy to ask him to do so. The Committee on the Conduct of the War, it may be added, in addition to General Sherman, has also, in the course of the weekly adjournment, that he proceed from Richmond to Washington by land, and that he receive the honorities at an early day. He declined peremptorily, and proceeded to march onward with his troops."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE AFFAIR AT LISBON.

The United States Minister to Portugal makes the following statement respecting the difficulty in Lisbon Harbor, which we have before to the London *Times*:

"The two *Stonewall* came into the Tagus on Sunday the 7th inst., and anchored in the usual berth assigned to ships of war. A notice was soon afterward given by the Portuguese Government, requiring them to quit the port within twenty-four hours, which timeliberation was granted. The *Sumter* left Lisbon on the 8th, and the *Stonewall* on the 9th, by which time 10.30 A.M. On the 10th of March, the *Stonewall* left Lisbon, and proceeded to Gibraltar. Fort St. Julian guards the entrance to the bar, five miles beyond Belem Castle.

"The Portuguese gun-ship *Sagres* was moored above Belem Castle when the *Sagres* and *Sarmento* entered, and the Portuguese officer of that ship came off and conveyed, by mistake of a person called an interpreter, a verbal message to the effect that, as the pressure of the commander had excited much anxiety, it was desired that the *Sagres* should not be fired upon, and that the *Sagres* would go out for twenty-four hours after the *Stonewall*.

"The *Stonewall* started out on Thursday morning, the 29th of March, at 10.30 o'clock. When all alarm was supposed to be over, the *Sagres*, under way at 5.30 P.M., and barely five hours afterward, and when the idea of pursuit had been given up, the ship in the main morning, for convenience to the city. Owing to the state of the tide she was obliged to anchor, the shipping in port were under Belem Castle. The *Sagres* and *Sarmento* were under the auspices of the batteries of Portuguese guns, waving the uniform and other insignia of his Majesty's Government. The *Sarmento* had never advanced as far as the *Sagres* position, but backed and turned. Owing to the great length of the *Stonewall*, the Portuguese could not fire at to attempt a similar movement, but, with a sweep in the river, described the arc of a circle, during her turn, by her own anchorage-ground. In executing that movement the Portuguese dropped on to the *Sagres* by only *Sagres*, lying between the *Sagres* and Belem Castle, from which all the vessels and messengers had left the ship's company. The *Sagres* and *Sarmento* were under the command of the Portuguese officer



CHARGE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS ON FORT MAHONE, April 2, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



THE FIGHT BEFORE MOBILE—STORMING OF FORT BLAKELY, APRIL 9, 1865.

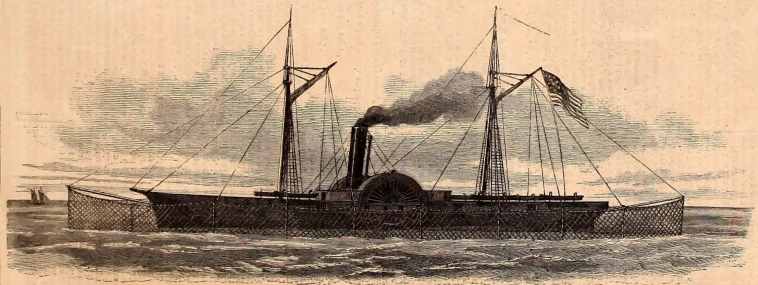
THE FIGHT BEFORE MOBILE.

We have already, in a previous number, described the assault on Fort Blakely, which we illustrate this week on this page. Probably the last charge of this war, it was as gallant as any on record. Fort Blakely formed the left of the rebel line of works defending Mobile. The approach to the work was impeded by obstructions of every sort, which the national troops were fully one hour in making their way through. The loss here was great; but no obstacle hindered, no degree of carnage daunted the men. They carried the work, and this brave and successful assault finished the fight before Mobile.

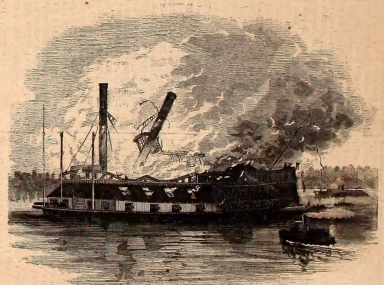
Several batteries of artillery and large quantities of ammunition were taken with the fort, besides 2400 prisoners. Our loss in the whole affair was about 2000 killed and wounded.

THE "BLACK HAWK."

We engrave on this page an illustration of the burning of the *Black Hawk*, the flag-ship of the Mississippi squadron, off Mount City, April 22. The fire broke out below where paints and oils were stored. It was found impossible to subdue the flames, and the boat was entirely consumed. Only four lives were lost. The magazine, containing 500 pounds of powder, exploded about an hour after the fire broke out. The officers and crew of the *Black Hawk* numbered somewhat over three hundred. The boat was commanded by Captain CHARLES A. BABCOCK. The fire is supposed to have been originated by the negligence of a painter, who went below for oil or turpentine, and carelessly set a lighted lamp where it quickly ignited the combustible material around it.



THE GUN-BOAT "GENESEE" PROVIDED WITH A NET-WORK AGAINST TORPEDOES.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.]



BURNING OF THE "BLACK HAWK," APRIL 22, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROÜE.]

MAY LILLIES.

Ye gentle, modest flowers,
With bending bells of snow,
Ye felt the tramp of thousands
That May so long ago;
Ye saw the Nation's bravest
Go forth to meet the foe—
Ye caught the first faint sobbing
Of that long wail of woe.

The bursting buds of lilies
Grew white on every hill,
When the whole land awakened
Felt yet the Sumter thrill.
The cry for peace was silent,
Each doubting voice was still—
Then came from out the darkness
A Nation's stern "I will!"

The flowers bloomed and faded,
Four weary Mays went by;
There came no gleam of morning
To light our stormy sky:
But sweet as lily fragrance,
Unspotted, pure and high,
Shone forth the grand devotion
That gladly went to die.

O fearful drops of crimson
That stained the lilies fair!
O robe and wails of anguish
That rent the summer air!
Our longing eyes turned Southward,
Defeat and death were there;
Our country's hope seemed changing
To blackness of despair.

It came at last—a flushing
Of light across the sky;
Then swelling o'er the Northland
There rose a midnight cry—
"Rejoice, O happy nation!
Lift up thy voice on high,
Break forth in songs of triumph,
The hour of Peace is nigh!"

"Peace to the Northern hill-side,
Peace to the Southern shore;"
The wild, free winds rejoicing
The heavenly message bore—
"From Lake to Gulf our banner
Floats proudly as before,
The one dark stain upon it
Is gone for evermore!"

Swing your fair bells, O lilies,
Rejoicing in the light!
This year no stain of crimson
Is on your spotless white.
And thou, O Mother-Country!
Victorious in the fight,
Kneel down in glad thanksgiving,
For God has sped the flight!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALUE OF A WIDOWER.

As the two cousins passed across the grass-grown court-yard, and under the gateway with the stork's nest overhead, Mr. Trefalden pointed up to the broken escutcheon.

"Is that a record of some medieval fray?" asked he.

"Oh, dear no!" replied the young man, laughingly. My great-grandfather smashed that heraldry when he bought the place.

"Then he was a zealous Republican?"

"Not he. Quite the contrary, I believe. No—he defaced the shield because the château was his, and the arms were not."

"I see. He did not choose to live in a house with another man's name upon his door. That was sensible; but he might have substituted his own."

Saxon's lip curled sneeringly.

"Bah!" said he, "what do we want of arms? We are rich enough. We have no right to them."

"Neither has any one else, I should fancy, in a republic like this," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"Oh yes—some have. The Rothbergs, who lired here before us, the Plantas, the Berensteins, are all noble. They were counts and knights hundreds of years ago, when the feudal system prevailed."

"Nobles who subscribe to a democratic rule forego their nobility, my young cousin," said Mr. Trefalden.

"I have heard that before," replied Saxon; "but I don't agree with it."

This young man had a sturdy way of expressing his opinions that somewhat amused and somewhat dismayed Mr. Trefalden. He had also a frightful facility of foot that rendered him a difficult companion among such paths as led down from the Château Rezberg to the valley below.

"My good fellow," said the lawyer, coming to a sudden stop, "do you want me to break my neck? I'm not a chamois!"

Saxon, who had been springing from ledge to ledge of the slippery descent with the light and fearless step of a mountaineer to the manner born, turned back at once, and put out his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I had forgotten. I suppose you have never been among mountains before?"

"Oh yes, I have—and I can keep my feet here quite well, thank you, if you will not ask me to come down in a comatose. I have been up Snowdon, and Cader Idris, and plenty of smaller heights—to say nothing of Holborn Hill."

Saxon laughed merrily.

"Why, what do you know of Holborn Hill?" said Mr. Trefalden, surprised to find that small jest appreciated.

"It is a hill rising westward, on the right bank of the Fleet River."

"But you have never visited London?"

"I have never been farther than Zurich in my life; but I have read Stowe carefully, with a nap."

Mr. Trefalden could not forbear a smile.

"You must not suppose that you therefore know any thing about modern London," said he. "Stowe would not recognise his own descriptions now. The world has gone round once or twice since his time."

"So I suppose."

"I should like to take you back with me, Saxon. You'd find me a better guide than the medieval surveyor."

"To London?"

"Ay, to London."

Saxon shook his head.

"You do not mean to tell me that you have no curiosity to visit the most wonderful city in the world?"

"Not at all; but there are others which I had rather see first."

"And which are they?"

"Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem."

"Then I have no hesitation in prophesying that you would be greatly disappointed in all three. One is always disappointed in places that depend for their interest on remote associations."

Saxon made no reply, and for a few moments they were both silent. When they presently left the last belt of pines behind them and emerged upon the level road, Mr. Trefalden paused and said:

"I ought not to let you go any farther. My way lies straight before me now, and I can not miss it."

"I will go with you as far as the bridge," replied Saxon.

"But it is growing quite dusk, and you have those mountain paths to climb."

"I could climb them blindfolded. Besides, we have arranged nothing for to-morrow. Would you like to walk over the Galunda to Pfeffers?"

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a glance of wonder toward the mountain in question, which looked loftier than ever in the gloaming.

"About twenty-three or four miles."

"Each way?"

"Of course."

"I am much obliged to you," said the lawyer, "but, as I said before, I am not a chamois. No, young man, you must come over to the Adler to-morrow morning to breakfast with me, and after breakfast, if you like, we will walk to Chur. I hear it is a fine old town, and I should like to see it."

"As you please, cousin. At what hour?"

"I fear if I say half past eight you will think it terribly late."

"Not at all, since you do not dine till eight at night."

"Then I may expect you?"

"Without fail."

They were now within sight of the covered bridge and the twinkling lights in the village beyond. Mr. Trefalden paused for the second time.

"I must insist upon saying good-by now," said he. "And, by-the-way, before we part, will you be kind enough to explain to me the real value of this Swiss franc?"

He took out a handful of loose money, and Saxon examined the pieces by the waning light. My charmeter to-day would rate the French francs," continued Mr. Trefalden, "but asked for Münts money. When I offered him these Swiss francs he was satisfied. What is the difference in value between a French and a Swiss franc? What is Münts money? How many of these pieces should I get for a Napoleon or an English sovereign?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't know," said he. "I have not the least idea."

Mr. Trefalden thought he had been misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This Münts money—"

"Münts money is Swiss money," interrupted Saxon. "That is to say, the new uniform coinage voted by the Diet of 1850."

"Well, what is this Swiss franc worth?"

"A hundred rappen."

"Then a rapp is equivalent to a French centime?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"The rappen are issued instead of the old batzen," said he.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"We don't quite understand each other yet," he said, taking a Napoleon from the number. "What I want to know is simply how many Swiss francs I ought to receive for this?"

Saxon took the Napoleon between his finger and thumb, and examined it on both sides with some curiosity.

"I don't think it is worth any thing at all here," he replied, as he gave it back. "What is it?"

"What is it? Why, a Napoleon! Do you mean to say that you never saw one before?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"But I know they are current here, for I changed one at Chur."

Saxon looked as if he could not comprehend his cousin's evident surprise.

"You may be right," said he. "I can not tell. I will ask my father when I go home. I dare say he can explain it to you."

Mr. Trefalden's amazement was so great that he took no pains to conceal it.

"But, my dear fellow," he said, "you can not be unacquainted with the standard value of money—with the relative value of gold and silver?"

"I assure you I know nothing at all about it."

"But—but it is incomprehensible."

"Why so? It is a subject which has never come under my observation, and in which I take no interest."

"Yet in the ordinary transactions of life—of farming life, for instance, such as your own—in the common buying and selling of everyday—"

"I have nothing to do with that. My father manages all matters connected with the land."

"Well, then, if it were only as a guide to the expenditure of your own money, some such knowledge is necessary and valuable."

"But I have no money," replied Saxon, with the simplicity of a savage.

"No money? None whatever?"

"None."

"Do you never have any?"

"Never."

"Have you never had any?"

"Never in my life."

Mr. Trefalden drew a long breath, and said no more.

"That seems to surprise you very much," said Saxon, laughingly.

"Well—it does."

"But it need not. What do I want with money? Of what use would it be to me? What should I do with it? What is money? Nothing. Nothing but a sign, the interpretation of which is food, clothing, land, and other commodities and necessaries of life. I have all these, and, having them, need no money. It is sufficiently plain."

"Ah yes, it is plain—quite plain," rejoined the lawyer, abstractedly. "I see it all now. You are right, my dear Saxon. You would not know what to do with it if you had it. Good-night."

"Good-night."

"Don't forget: half past eight to-morrow."

"No, no. Good-night."

And so they took leaves and parted.

Mr. Trefalden was somewhat like the retired farmer of his dinner; but the one at the Adler was an older man, and one to be disconcerted by no commonplace an emergency. It was a very recherché little dinner, Mr. Trefalden was unusually well disposed to enjoy it. Never, surely, was trout more fresh; never was Mayonnaise better dressed, never had Lafitte a more delicate aroma. Mr. Trefalden dined deliberately, praised the cook with the grace of a connoisseur, and lingered luxuriously over his dessert. His meditations were pleasant, and the claret was excellent.

A simple old pastor with a mania for archæology," muttered he, as he sipped his curaçoa and watched the smoke of his cigar, "a simple old pastor with a mania for archæology, and a young barbarian who reads Theocritus and never saw a Napoleon! What a delicious combination of circumstances! What a glorious field for enterprise! Verily, the days of El Dorado have not passed away!"

CHAPTER VII.

PASTOR HARTH'S THEORY.

The pastor had spoken from his heart of hearts when he told Mr. Trefalden with what pleasure he welcomed his nephew and niece; but he did not tell him all, or even half, of the zeal, humility, and devotion with which he had studied that sacred duty. Knowing the full extent of his responsibility, he had accepted it from the very hour of the boy's birth. He had him at once right into his study, and had begun to get in his cradle, pondering, and praying, and asking himself how he should bring him up, what would appear the best preparations of the world. He had written out full a dozen elaborate schemes of education and put before the child could handle an articulate word. He spent his leisure in studying the lives of great and virtuous men that he might thereby gather some wisdom for the tutelage; and to this end toiled patiently once again through all Plutarch's crabbed Greek and Cicero's stiff and pompous Latin. He even spilled formidable lists of all kinds of instructive books for his pupil's future reading long before the young one had ever heard of the penances ending in "ology." He filled reams of sermon paper with extracts and extracts from the classic poets, and made easy abstracts of Euclid and Aristotle for his sole use and benefit. In short, he laid the foundation before the child was out of this baby Juggernaut in a spirit of the uttermost self-devotion and love, giving up to him every moment which his pastoral duties held no claim, and sacrificing even the Etruscans for his dear sake.

The boy's education may almost be said to have dated from the day on which he first began to laugh and put out his little arms at the sight of those he loved. Uncle Martin, in spite of some maternal opposition, took care of that. He asserted his position at once, and quietly but firmly maintained it. He it was who taught the child his first utterances—who guided his first feeble steps upon the soft sward out of doors—who trained his tongue to stammer its first prayer. He taught him that God had made the sun, and the stars, and the green trees. He led him to see use and beauty in all created things—even in the most unlovely. He brought him up to fear the darkness no more than the light; to admire all that was beautiful; to reverence all that was noble; to love every thing that had life. He would not even let him hate a toy that was ugly, and in some ways suggestive of gracefulness or service.

When little Saxon was but two years old his mother died; and the good pastor pursued his labor henceforth without even a semblance of opposition. Saxon the elder looked on his brother as of old, and deferred to him in every thing. Martin did not, perhaps, believe quite implicitly in himself; for, as he said to his cousin, he prayed for light, and only strove to know his duty, that he might perform it.

As time went on that duty became daily of more extensive operation. The boy grew portentously, both in ideas and inches. He developed an alarming appetite for books, as well as bread and butter. His curiosity became insatiable, and his industry indefatigable. In short, he perplexed his tutor sorely, and unconsciously raised up a host of difficulties which had been quite unprovided for in the good pastor's theories.

For Martin Trefalden had theories—very strange, unwieldy, eccentric theories indeed, which looked wonderfully well upon paper, and had been proved by him to his brother over and over again as they sat smoking together in their fireside o'nights; but which had various disagreeable ways of tripping him up, and leaving him in the lurch, now that they came to be put into practice.

Chief and foremost among these was his grand theory about the Trefalden legacy.

Having persuaded his brother to merry, and having, as it were, compelled him by the tongue to enter on this stage of mortal life, it obviously behooved him above all other things to arm that child Christian against the perils, temptations and temptations to which his singular destiny exposed him. He must be trained in habits of independence, frugality, charity, and self-denial. He must be taught to prize only the simplest pleasures. He must be dowered and trebly fortified against pride, avarice, prodigality, self-indulgence, and every other sin of which wealth is fruitful. In a word, he must be prepared for—he must love money. Nay more, he must be wholly indifferent to it. He must regard it as a mere sign—as a symbol—as a medium of exchange—a thing valueless in itself, and desirable only because it is convenient. His childish hand must never be sullied by it. His innocent thoughts must never entertain it. He shall be as pure from the taint of gold as the first dwellers in Paradise.

"But when he grows up, brother Martin," suggested the father one evening, as they sat talking it over, as usual, in the chimney corner, "when he grows up, you know, and the money really falls due—what then?"

"What do you mean, Sax?"

"He won't know what to do with it."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied the pastor, sharply; "and, after all, 'tis you are the heir—not he. You never seem to remember that, brother Sax."

The latter made no reply.

"And by that time, too," continued Martin, "he will be old enough to understand the right uses of wealth."

"You'll teach him those, brother Martin," said the farmer.

"You and I together."

Saxon the elder smoked on in silence for a moment or two; then, laying his hand gently on the pastor's sleeve, "Brother Martin," he said, "thou'rt younger than I, as I have reminded thee once or twice before. I don't believe I have a very long life before me. I don't feel as if I should ever inherit that fortune, or see my boy with a beard upon his chin."

He was right. He died, as we know, twelve years before the present century opened, and Martin Trefalden continued to bring up his nephew in his own way. He could ride his hobby now at his ease, undisturbed, without the slightest interruption of a meek question by the way; so he rambled on year after year with his eyes shut, and his mind completely absorbed in the task he no longer a boy. He made himself wilfully blind both to his mistake and his inches. He would never look at the boy's face to discover the time for discussing the forbidden subject. He could not endure to tell his young Spartan that he must one day be rich; and so, as it were, be the first to raise his hand against that fabric of unworldliness which it had been the labor of his life to erect.

Of late, however, he had had misgivings. He had begun to speculate whether perfect ignorance of life was really the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and whether the college at Geneva might not have proved a better school for his nephew than the solitude of Domleschg.

These matters stood when William Trefalden, Esquire, of Chancery Lane, London, made his appearance at the Château Rotzberg; and thus it happened that the cousins found each other at four millions and a half of funded property, had no notion of the value of a Napoleon.

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. TREFALDEN MEETS ACQUAINTANCES BY THE WAY.

Punctual as the minute-hand of the quaint little Swiss time-piece on the mantle-shelf was Saxon to his appointment. The first metallic chime of the half hour was just striking as he reached the inn door, and the rapid smiting of his iron heel on the paved corridor leading to

the salon drowned the vibrations of the second. He found the breakfast-table laid beside an open window looking upon the garden and the mountains, and his cousin turning over the leaves of a large book at the farther end of the room.

"It is pleasant to find one's self so good a judge of character," said Mr. Trefalden, advancing with outstretched hand. "I felt sure you would be true to time, Saxon—so sure, that I had sent the eggs away to be poached—and here they are! Come, sit down. I hope you're hungry."

"Indeed I am," replied Saxon, making a vigorous onslaught upon the loaf.

"You seem to have brought the mountain air in with you," said Mr. Trefalden, with a half-envious glance at his fresh young cheek and breezy curls. "It is a glorious morning for walking."

"That it is; and I have been up to some of the high pastures in search of one of our goats. It was so clear at six o'clock that I saw the Järnish quite plainly."

"What is the Gärnisch—a mountain?"

"Yes—a splendid mountain; the highest in the Canton Glarus."

"What wine do you prefer, Saxon?"

"Oh, either, thank you. I like the one as well as the other."

Mr. Trefalden raised his eyes from the carafes vins.

"What 'one' and what 'other' do you mean?" asked he.

"The red and the white."

"You mean vin ordinaire?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't drink vinegar myself," said he, "and I should not choose to place it before you. We will try a bottle of our host's Château Margaux. I suppose you like that?"

"I don't know," replied Saxon. "I never tasted it."

"Have you ever tasted Champagne?"

"Never."

"Would you like to do so?"

"Indeed I don't care. I like one thing just as well as another. These cutlets are capital."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his cousin with an expression of mingled wonder and compassion.

"My dear boy," said he, "what have you done that you should *only* like one thing as well as another?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"It is a shocking defect either of constitution or education," continued Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "You must try to get over it. Don't laugh. I am perfectly serious. Here, taste this paté, and tell me if you like it *only* as well as the cutlets."

Saxon tasted it and made a wry face.

"What is it made of?" said he. "What are those small black things in it?"

"It is a paté de foegras," replied Mr. Trefalden, with a shudder, "and the small black things are truffles—the greatest delicacies imaginable."

Saxon laughed heartily, poured some claret into a tumbler, and put out his hand for the water-bottle.

"You are not going to mix that Château Margaux?" cried Mr. Trefalden.

"Why not?"

"Because it is sacrilege to spoil the flavor."

"But I am thirsty."

"So much the better. Your palate is all the more susceptible. Try the first glass pure, at all events."

Saxon submitted, and emptied his glass at a draught.

"That is delicious," said he. "Are you really think so?"

"Unquestionably."

"You prefer it to the vin ordinaire?"

"I do, indeed."

Mr. Trefalden drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Allons!" said he. "Then there is some little hope for you, Saxon, after all."

"But—"

"But what?"

Saxon blushed and hesitated.

"But I am not sure," said he, "that I prefer it to the vin d'Asti."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and groaned aloud.

"In fact, I'm very sorry," laughed Saxon, with a comic look, half shy, half penitent. "But —but it isn't my fault, is it?"

Before Mr. Trefalden could reply to this appeal there was a rustling of silk, and a sound of voices in the corridor, and a lady and gentleman entered the salon, conversing earnestly. Seeing others in the room they checked themselves. At the same instant Mr. Trefalden, who sat partly turned toward the door, rose and exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle Colonna!"

The lady put out her hand.

"You here, Mr. Trefalden?" said she. "Paradise nulle, remember Mr. Trefalden?"

The gentleman, who held his hat in one hand and a bundle of letters and papers in the other, bowed somewhat distantly, and said he believed he had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trefalden before.

"Yes, at Castletown," replied the lawyer. The gentleman's dark face lighted up instantly, and, laying his hat aside, he also advanced to shake hands.

"Forgive me," he said; "I did not remember that you were a friend of Lord Castletown. Have you seen him lately? I hope you are well. This is a charming spot. Have you been here long? We have only this moment arrived."

He asked questions without waiting for replies, and spoke hurriedly and abstractedly, as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere all the time. Both his accent and his daughter's were slightly foreign, but his was more foreign than hers.

"I only came yesterday," replied Mr. Trefalden, "and I propose to stay here for a week or two. May one venture to hope that you are about to do the same?"

The young lady shook her head. Her father had already moved away to the opposite side of the room, and was examining his letters.

"We are only waiting to breakfast while our vetturino feeds his horses," said she; "and we hope to reach Chur in time for the mid-day train."

"A short sojourn," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes; I am sorry for it. We have travelled by this road very often, and always in haste. The place, I am aware, would repay investigation. It is very beautiful."

"You come from Italy, I suppose?"

"Yes, from Milan."

"And are, of course, devoted as ever to the good cause?"

Her eyes seemed to flash and dilate as she lifted them suddenly upon her interrogator.

"You know, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "that we live for no other. But why do you call it the 'good' cause? You have never joined us; you have never helped us. I had no idea that you deemed it a good cause."

"Then you did me injustice," replied the lawyer, with an enharmonic change of tone. "The liberty and unity of a great people must be a good cause. I should blush for my opinions if I did not think so."

"Then why not give us the support of your name?"

"Because, my dear madam, it would bring no support with it. I am an obscure man. I have neither power nor influence."

"Even if that were so it would be of little importance," said Mademoiselle Colonna, eagerly. "Every man is a unit, and every unit is humble and weak. But you are neither, Mr. Trefalden. You are far from being an obscure man. You are a well-known man—very, I mean no compliment. I only repeat what I have often heard. I know that you have talent, and I am sure you are not without influence. You would be a most welcome accession to our staff."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle Colonna, you overestimate me in every way."

"I do not think so. I ought also to tell you that I am a very busy man. My whole life is absorbed by my professional duties."

"It is always possible to find time for good deeds," replied the lady.

"I fear not always."

"Ah, yes, we are exacting. To those friends who can give us but their names and their sympathies we are grateful. You will be one of those, I am sure."

"It is better to give nothing than to give that which is worthless," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mademoiselle Colonna met this reply with a slight curl of the lip and another flash of her magnificent eyes.

"Those who are not for Italy are against her, Mr. Trefalden," she said, coldly, and turned away.

The lawyer received his position with perfect tact.

"I am not allow Mademoiselle Colonna to mistake me a second time," he said. "If she does me the honor to value my poor name as more than a blank, I am glad to place it at her disposal."

"Are you sincere?" she said, quickly.

"Undoubtedly."

"You permit us the use of your name?"

Mr. Trefalden smiled and bent his head.

"Thanks, in the name of the cause."

"But, Signora—"

"But what?"

"You will forgive me if I desire to know in what manner you propose to make my name serviceable?"

"I shall enter it on our general committee list."

"Is that all?"

"All—neither more nor less."

Mr. Trefalden's face showed neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction. It was perfectly placid and indifferent, like his smile. Mademoiselle Colonna turned away as if she would read him through; but she could do nothing of the kind.

"If you repent of the permission you have granted," she began, "or object to the publicity of—"

"No, no," interposed the lawyer, with a little deprecatory raising of the hand; "not at all. It gives me much pleasure."

"Then, on the contrary, you choose at one time to favor us with more active aid," continued she, "you need only write to my father, or Lord Castletown, or, indeed, any of the honorary secretaries, and your co-operation will meet with grateful and immediate acceptance. Till then no demand will be made upon your time or patience."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"I hope you may such chances in your life, Signora?" asked he.

"Many indeed."

"But they can only be encumbrances."

"Quite the contrary; they are of considerable value. Their names give weight to our cause in the eyes of the world; and the printed lists which contain them find their way into every corner and recess in Europe. For instance, I have here a paper—"

She paused, glanced toward Saxon, and, dropping her voice almost to a whisper, said,

"Your guide, I suppose? Does he understand English?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Trefalden, answering the second question and taking no notice of the first. "As well as you or myself."

"Dio! Have I said too much? Is he safe?"

"I would answer for him with my head, if even he were a confirmed reporter of our conversation—which he has not done."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because he is a wild mountaineer, and knows no more of politics than you, Signor Colonna, know of the common law of England."

The young lady took a folded paper from her pocket and placed it in Mr. Trefalden's hand.

"Read that," she said. "It is from Rome. You are aware, of course, that Sardinia—"

Her voice fell again to a whisper. She drew the lawyer away to her father's table, spread the document before him, and proceeded to comment upon its contents. This she did with great earnestness and animation, but in a tone of voice inaudible even to Saxon, who, Mr. Trefalden was all attention. Signor Colonna, his thin hands twisted fin his hair, and his elbows resting on the table, remained absorbed in his papers; and Saxon, who had not presumed to lift his eyes from his plate while the lady stood near him, ventured to glance now and then toward this group at the farther end of the room. Having looked once he looked again, and could not forbear from looking. It was not at all strange that he should do so. On the contrary, it would have been strange if he had done otherwise; for Saxon Trefalden was gifted with a profound, almost a religious sense of beauty, and he had never in his life seen any thing so beautiful as Olimpia Colonna.

HEAD AND FACES.

CAN you judge by a smile who is gay,
Nor one by a frown who is low?
I know that I laughed aloud one day
From a heart that was almost broken.

But my laughter rang false, do you say?
Or tears followed as very soon after,
You are wrong; for I wept not that day,
And my laugh was the merriest laughter.

That my grief was not deep, you maintain,
Since I found a few lines of verse to convey
But I tell you I writhed with the pain,
And one writhes not when anguish is over.

For my own part, I scarcely believe
Their philosophy who, judging from cadence;
And I wholly misdoubt, you perceive,
That laughter must always prove gladness.

Are you sure it is grief when a tear starts?
Can you put miles of ocean in all places?
If aught can be falser than human hearts,
It must surely be human faces!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

ORNAMENTAL HOME.—The house we live in for a number of years can be made a thing of a great deal more ever to. The same pleas inspires the same traits of thought, till at last we give to the dwelling a character. In the passing room, the dining-room and the study are the matters and certain favorite objects, as well as pictures and engravings, are selected and are ever before the eye. There is a charm of home all this is revolutionized. You have to discuss aspects and views, the points of the compass, and the prevailing winds, the balance with regard to advantages of the rising against the setting sun—to think where you can sleep coolest in summer and lose most sunlight; and, above all, if a man of my own temperament, thinking to be undisturbed myself, to be quiet myself, and religiously believed sacred to meditation and labor, but, in short reality, a little more than the asylum of refuge, deduced to that noble pastime that is said to have a disreputable neighbor—gardening. For all the vegetables I consume, I would not exchange for many a practical tangible piece. Less. With the change of time there develops upon you. You can not begin the daily work of life till they be determined, and you can determine them without a constant reference to the past. Your drawing-room may be larger and loftier, your library may be more spacious or accommodation, but, depend upon it, there will always be something, be it insignificant in itself, to represent a memory which the by-gone will contrast favorably with the present. Now, I am not going to write a treatise, but I am inclined to believe; at least, all my friends who have been married a second time have unanimously imparted to me something that would go far to confirm it.

AN EASY INDIAN PARADISE.—The entire circumference of the island is one continuous, where the magnificent tropical forest with its undergrowth of jungle run down at one place to the very water's edge, where its large leaves into the glassy sea, and at another is abruptly broken by a white sandy beach, on which the waves break in foam that has not yet had time to extend itself. Here and there, too, are coverts of cocoa-nut trees, whose tall palms in the bosom of the loudest waters, between which the excursionist, the tired, may find a shade if she would avail herself of. Eternal summer glide these shores;" no sooner has the blossom of one fruit appeared than that of another bursts its place, and shade fresh perfume all around; so for the things, that have been, and for those that are to come, the many people's minds merely fulfilled dreams, but they are easy of realization. Here, indeed, are the days of the Ireland, except those few places where the original forest and jungle have been cleared away to make room for the vine, on the first breathings of the dawn the dewdrops of this time are sparkling like diamonds at the distance of more than a mile from the shore. The sea-breeze, which has been blowing all night, is soon to cease, and the sea to blow, but only to breathe more softly, and then only to catch its influence, and to be ruffled by the slightest breath of ourrise. They are welcome to all this—the visitors and the residents of the other course, and by the wearied resident because of the fresh coolness.—*Cumming's Tropical Sporting in the Malayan Indies.*

HAPPINESS.—The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one thing, and that all precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it is vain and all hope hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each taken by itself and viewed singly may be of little use, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set they form a most beautiful whole —a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in our daily path, and which, in eager search after some great happiness, we are apt to overlook. Many persons in always long our eyes fixed on the bright and distant horizon, while there are at their very feet many little flowers in which we are permitted to walk! The very order of our chare other flowers in which we are permitted to walk! often hinder our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

THE GRAVE OF OUR BELOVED.—The grave of those we have lived—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful, tenderness of the parting scene. The tone of dear, which we shall hear no more—the look of tenderness—its mute, watchful solicitude! The last testimonies of expiring love! The fervent, heart-felt blessing! —oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning from us even on the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ah, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every part endearment unregarded—of which departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition! If thou art a child, and hast ever caused a sorrow to thy parent, or a frown to the severest brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused a sorrow to the heart entrusted by all worldly happiness into thy care, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever neglected, through pride, or scorn, or dust, the spirit that generously confided in thine—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath the grass and flowers of the churchyard—kneel down in the penitence word, every ungenerous thought, and pray to Him who can forgive, and who knows the frailty of our nature to pardon! There will be days when you will be down sorrowing and repenting over the grave, and when the violets and daisies are growing there in the moon deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing. Then every the slightest of offenses, and every the bounties of nature about the grave; consider them with regret, if thou canst, when thou pardon, and fruitful, change of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy humble reflection over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duty to the living.

WHITE LIES.—"How do you do, Mr. Jones? Tan glad to see you." Now here is a white lie at the very beginning. Jones knows, and you also can tell what harm have I done? and yet again, lie as it is I contend that it is absolutely necessary and even a point of virtue into the bargain. I certainly am not glad to see Mr. Jones. I have no dislike to him, and perhaps like him rather than not, and it may be that I distinctly respect her and think highly her many excellent qualities; but to see her! when she has come just at the most awkward time she could have chosen—only cold mutton for dinner, not enough of that, Emma gone a visiting, and only that dirty slattern Jane left to cook and do all the work, baby fractious with his teeth and will not go to the new nurse, and I with a headache and worried to death myself. Jones does has a shrill metallic voice, not unlike the rasping of a saw or the sharpening of a knife. But what can I tell him but she is a nuisance, and that I can say thing but that I am glad to see her? Why, I should be a fool—he is a white one, when I welcome her and bid her be seated and take off her bonnet. What is the sense to make the life both hard to do and not see an outlet any where else. If she says—believing me to be in earnest—"Oh, I am sorry to hear it, I hope you are not ill," "No, my dear," I shall reply, "I would bid me answer, "Oh! I am very glad to hear it," and, trembling and distressed, I shall say, "I am ill, I am, indeed." This candor is the best breeding we have—crisp, sparkling, true proper white, and the child from off the knee, beside upon a string the conventional words, "Not at all, dear Mrs. Jones. I am very glad to see you," and I am not up with things a little uncomfortable and out of order." If I say to my wife, "I am glad to see Mrs. Jones," she is obliged to you if you will go," I think I should be doing a great wrong. Mrs. Jones has come very much out to me: she lives at Watford and Lives at Bayswater; she has had nothing to see but her eight children and Watford and is new one; but if I were to tell her, though never so mildly, that she was a nuisance, and must go home, and decidedly on my back as the French say, she would take her self as nearly as ever another Mrs. Jones, and would and be off again at a moment's notice, wounded, unsatisfied, and I sorry for life. I took upon this rule as the simple self-sacrifice and discipline, and I should regard the truth as a bit of rather coarse and unchariable selfishness.

"IF you please," said the Weather-cock to the Wind, "I am not to be blamed for the way I turn. I am regulated the cold that I am afraid they'll pull me down if I step much longer in the north quarter."

So the Wind flew from the south, and the sun was master of the day, and the Weather-cock was happy.

"Oh, please to turn me from the south," said the Weather-cock to the Wind, "I am getting so rusty that I will be spoiled, and the corn wants dry weather, and while I am in this rain of it"; and the Wind blew from the west, and the farmers are just and against me."

So the Wind pulled into the west, and the corn and set drying breeze day after day.

"Now," said the Wind to the Weather-cock, "here's a pretty to do! such evil looks as I get from eyes all round me the first of the morning! my corn is getting getting parched up, and there is no water for the stock; and what is to be done? As to murderers, and you don't you won't be a pea to be sore, and the vegetables will wither away, and I shall be blamed for it."

Upon which the Wind grew very angry, and with a blow puff and blew the Weather-cock off its perch.

"What do they say to you now?" he asked.

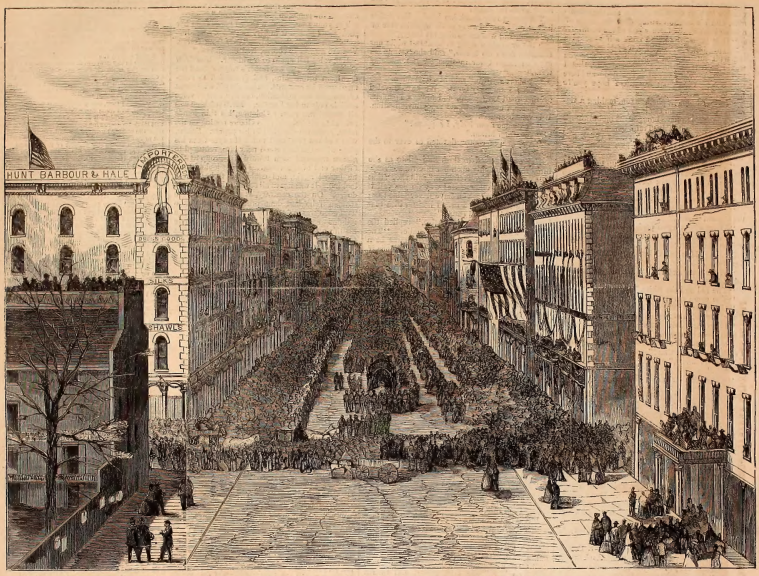
And "Oh!" cried the Weather-cock, "they say my body has caught cold, and every thing is blighted—that's what they say to me, and I am to be taken down from my lofty post, somehow or other, they by it to the east wind."

"Well!" cried the Wind, "it is not my fault! I can't help it! impossible for you and me to please every body: so as I have I shall blow where I like, and you shall go where I like, without asking any questions. I don't know but that I shall suffer more than you we can do now, with all our consideration."

PHOTOGRAPHS may flatter us, but the looking-glass does not. When you look at yourself in the glass, the suggestive little monitor in your own mind hints that such and such features are not quite right. Perhaps he is a busy to console yourself with your nose, or teeth, or eyebrows, or some other feature, but he will always throw your facial beauty or capabilities to the best; but sources, take for granted that you are not a monster, and that you are likely to be possessed of, that your acquaintances, if they have any regard for you, will not be always on the look out which you pay by in order to contemplate what pleases them in your face. Now, this is a very important point to have lots of defects. No drawing or imaginative artist ever to better or worse than that of his own face. Its familiarity, easy feature, that is about it. Now, if you are handsome or plain, accept it as a matter of course, and don't be always looking at your small features, and with the conviction that they are pretty, or that your nose is Grecian, or absorbed as much of your time and thoughts, need detain you no longer. There there you can't help it, and it is no duty to do so, if you paint or dye, you make yourself ridiculous, if you are handsome, others will discover it; they notice it, and say nothing, because they don't like to hurt your feelings by telling you so. If they respect you, and you respect yourself, so much the less.

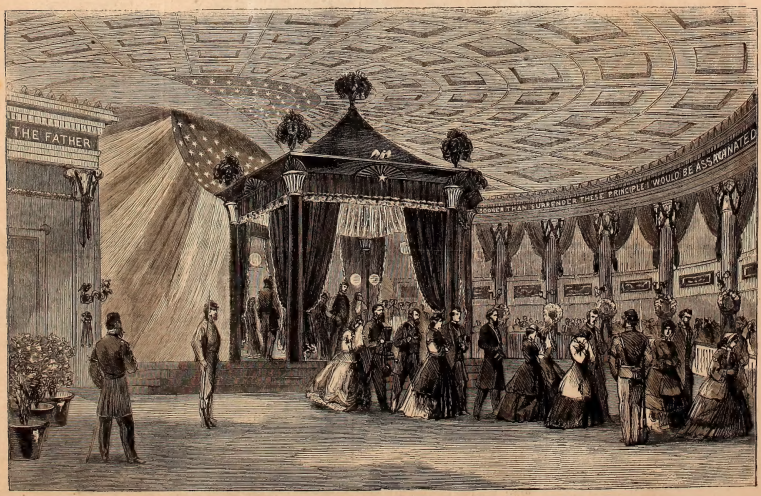
CANADA, rather a nation than a province in any common acceptation of the word, has a territory of 350,000 square miles of territory, independently of its north-eastern possessions not yet fully given for settlement. It continues as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and more than three times as large as France. It lies between the towns the Great Northwest and the Hudson's Bay territory, and the United States, although it touches also the territory of the United States, although it touches also the Lawrence and the Atlantic coast south of the St. Lawrence, where fisheries of cod, herring, and mackerel abound. The fisheries of Canada are described as valuable, and are to be also in the lakes. It is rich in minerals, and in its forests are some of its forests. In the growth of wheat, barley, and potatoes it ranks with the north. During the life of the other cereals, or the last quarter of a century, its present generation, the population has increased more than fourfold, or from $50,000 to 2,500,000.

A TRIP OF MERCHANT.—A gentleman had to bed a memory, and so circumscribed, that he never knew what his wife, friends, acquaintances, or the shop-keepers took to send seven times over; and being asked after a time how he liked it, replied, that it was a very pleasant occupation, but the author sometimes repeats the same things.



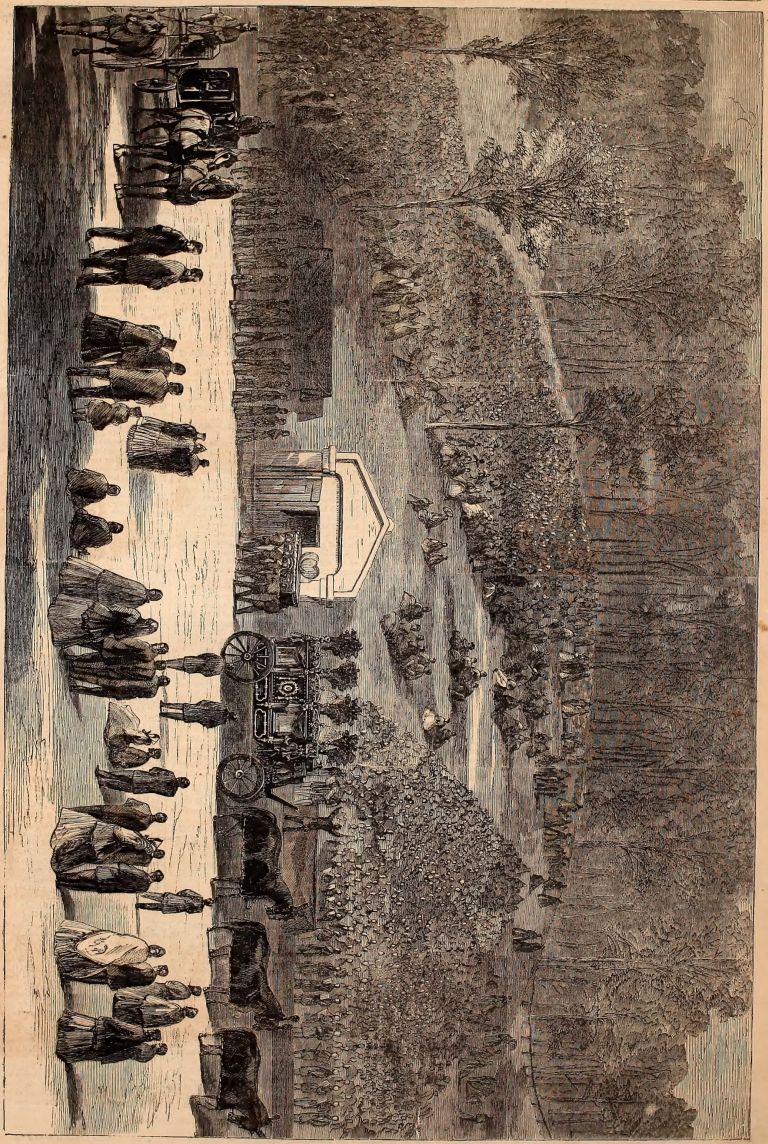
PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—PROCESSION IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ATZSCHULET, CHICAGO.]



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—CATAFALQUE IN THE CITY HALL, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

[SKETCHED BY W. WAUD.]



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL—BURIAL SERVICE AT OAK RIDGE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—[Sketched by W. Ward.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LIFE'S DOOR-SCENE.—The gallows.

THE DROP-SCENE OF THE DISSIPATED.—The public house.

A CONTENT'S DEFENDER.—A country gentleman was strolling out with a cockney friend—a genuine cockney—when they finally approached a pig-sty. The cockney gazed at it standing a picture cap of fun—it wasn't what's-a-name's comfortably. It wasn't grass—but even you call this stuff" turnip-tops, spoused the cockney. "Then, why, boy, to be sure!" said he to his companion. "Then, why, boy, to be sure!" was the reply. "Why! he! come, that's cutting it a little too thick! If that's boy, just show me the hay-corn-ers, now!"

A BACHELOR'S CHOICE.—"Oh, Mr. Grubbles!" exclaimed a young lady to her partner, "I shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knee?" "No, ma'am," said the disagreeable old bachelor, "I'd rather have a lot of pulpy bags in my pocket!"

ANATOMICAL DISCOVERY.—For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the force with which the sneeze beat against the shore, and it is now certainly come to light that it arises from the fact of there being "motive" in the sea.

"Well, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Not berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast like the last?" "Why, you see, massa blind three eggs for herself and grib me de brof."

A NEW INVENTION.—The Emperor of the French is about to produce *Julius Cæsar* in a new light. He says the piece is about to be published—we should say banished—and he will be named after the great Roman. This may be considered as a new edition "with plates."

NOTES TO BE REMEMBERED.—Constant occupation prevents trifling.—Virtue and happiness are likely to run in a daughter.—God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.—As the sole aim of man in spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—A man is never so apt to be cheated as when he is in a strait.—A teamster may do a brisk business, but he will not always be driving. Many will believe him, but few will *say few*. The stomach tires of every thing but bread and water.—Every man's good will be the measure of his love, but his every married man think that he hath her.—The man who was ashamed of his name is a fast man indeed.—A woman's tears soften a man's heart; her fastness hardens it.

A contraband explains how blood-hounds tear in pursuit of fugitives may be thrown off the track:—"I dem hounds gets close upon him, why, I just gib him a kick and drop about twenty feet if you kin. You do dis four or five times, and when you gets right well into your range you must be do holes what your heels make, and when de hounds come dere dey run about, and den you can get away." The next barnacle they saddles up dat ar pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll smell and cheer: cheer! and don't be de last when dogs can do dat day."

Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army who used a period in a sentence to kill a comma.—Why? Why Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

IMPOSING NATURE.—A lecturer addressing a Hampshire audience contended with tiresome prolixity that air could not displace water, until one of his hearers, a simple old patriarch, sat from him in a rage by exclaiming, "How would you have the water get wig?"

BE ALWAYS at leisure to do a good action, never make business an excuse for avoiding offices of humanity.

EPITAPH FOR A WIRY PLAYER.—"No Cards."

EPITAPH ON A CROSSING-SWEEPER.—Being *swept* away, he returned to dust.

There is no monarch's signet-ring that is typical of as much duty as the wedding-ring.

Why is St. Paul's Cathedral like a bird-bath?—Because it was built by a Wren.

A laughable story is told of a farmer who thought he saw a man sleeping in his barn, and sent for an officer who, after providing him off with lantern, handcuffs, and staff, went to the barn, stirred up the fellow, bettered him and threatened it, and ended by discovering that it was the old figure-head of a ship, partly covered with hay.

LEFT WELL OFF.

THIS is a story of deep and seemingly successful guilt; but that, in making it public, we are chargeable with murdering crime less ingeniously and hope assert until they have read it to the ending.

Among the wild but significant legends of Scandinavia there is a tradition of a noble Count who lived around her in ruin and desolation, only by sitting in a certain fixed place in the hall. Until this legend knew her I thought of old Mrs. Ainsworth. Mrs. Ainsworth, like that witch of the north, blighted the whole neighborhood, of which she was the chief proprietor, by the posture in which she chose to sit —I mean, with her hand tightly clutched over her pocket.

The best part of her estates were in a manufacturing town, and their tenants willing to charge themselves with all necessary repairs, so that she was blighted as her frugality may be deemed, her ugliness was of living made her extremely rich.

A word or two on the circumstances under which Darwen Hall, where she resided, together with the other property, had first come into her possession.

Her husband, William Ainsworth, had been the younger of two brothers. Christopher, the elder, had inherited a small estate in Lancashire. William had been left entirely penniless; but Christopher had insisted on giving him the half of what had fallen to himself. Both the brothers were bred to the cotton trade. Christopher was unlucky and lost his all; but William, thanks to the discovery of coal on the property his brother had resigned to him, grew, in no long time, to be a wealthy, very wealthy, manufacturer and proprietor. He was not over-mindful of his ruined brother. But when that brother lay dying, while still a young man, with an only child to leave behind him, he likewise was really sorry that he should have received so much and returned so little, and he told his brother (whose wife had preceded him to the grave) to have no fear for the future of the boy. "*If course*," he said, "Richard's welfare would be his chief concern as long as he lived, and at his death he should leave him heir to the whole of his fortune."

All which he fully intended to do; but William Ainsworth was one whose intentions of to-day were but sorry guides to his performances of the morrow. Richard, who thus left by his father, was just then seven years of age, and his uncle was a bachelor little over forty. At the age of fifty, Mr. William Ainsworth rewarded his housekeeper for her long years of service by giving her his hand.

I do not think the marriage very much increased his happiness. She kept him in a bondage which grew in rigor as he grew feebler and feebler in health. But the crowning folly and wrong of William Ainsworth was the very last act of his life. By his will he bequeathed his large property to Mrs. Ainsworth herself. It is, however, due to him to say, that he first endeavored, by a solemn promise to that effect, to wealth he now left her should, by herself, be left to Richard at her own decease. "If she only leave it to me for life," he also said, "it will spend it before he has got it, you know."

But it is due also to her to say, that within a week after her husband's funeral, she had made and executed a will in strict accordance with his instructions. So poor William Ainsworth had gone to his last home to fancy that he had gratified the wife he so greatly feared, at the cost of no injustice to the nephew, whose claims upon him were so strong. He nephew, you may be sure, took no such view of the affair. Richard was about completing the really excellent education which had been given him; and, just when he needed money to start him in the world, he found himself virtually disinherited almost. He could not avoid at any time touch a sixpence of the wealth he had been trained to expect depended on the good faith of the mean and sordid woman to whom he had been unrighteously favored before him. Granting that she might be trusted to observe her solemn engagement, he could but little realize she might fail, should her faculties diminish as years increased upon her. At the age of twenty-one, Richard was twenty years old, and twenty, or even thirty years might elapse ere her death made room for her heir.

But he could expect no help from her as long as she remained alive, Mrs. Ainsworth took an early opportunity of hinting, in the most decisive manner possible, that Richard must look to his profession. He ventured to tell her that his uncle would surely have aided him, now that he was beginning to read for the bar, to get a reply from her that only widow warning him, that though she had kept, and doubted not to keep, her word, she was getting old and at b' death, still, if not satisfied with his excellent prospects, he persisted in making demands to the present, she, for the future, must take into consider whether his uncle would really have wished his money to go to a person so very likely to squander it away. Richard Ainsworth was a hazarded last a future in so hopeless an enterprise as an appeal to the pity or justice of his aunt.

Only just before his marriage—for in spite of his poverty he married at six-and-twenty—he wrote, informing her of the step contemplated by him, but in the most satisfactory terms.

Had he set himself resolutely to battle against misfortune, and, since it would not be conquered but eluded his grasp, to show that he could do without it, he might ever have come to exult in the cruel disappointment of his youth as that which never have fallen to my lot to write the dark story of his actual life. But he was hardly of a stomach to face and defy the obstacles to a prosperous advancement. And ever present was the knowledge that any day might put to his lips the golden draught which for the present denied him, but would scorch the thirsty Tantalus. Any morning might bring him the news that Mrs. Ainsworth's illness had ended in self translated, as from a waste wilderness, into a land overflowing with milk and honey.

But no such joyful tidings reached Ainsworth dragged on a weary life, kept from absolute ruin by the small income which came with his wife, and to owe or to feel himself indebted to her for his relations on the side of his mother. His uncle Tuckaway, an ex-captain in the merchant service, left him a few hundred pounds, and a few more collected by him from different regions he had visited, in his elder's career. Richard was about to commence the parlor of Richard's house in the New Kent Road—for to that transpontine locality did his straitened circumstances compel him. But Captain Tuckaway's cabinet had held one curiosity which, as he also told Richard while alive, he would not have bequeathed were it to remain in his own. It was a colorless gum, prepared from the juice of some South American shrub, and well known in the West Indies as a means of causing, by the touch on the tips of their darts and arrows, or dissolved in drink, it was alike undiscoverable in its traces, and fatal in its effects. The few Europeans who were acquainted with it were very backward, considering the wicked uses which it was capable of it, in extending that knowledge to any one besides.

Richard locked the perilous treasure carefully away, and, with his darkness enough, for I know not how long a period.

I dare say many whom nothing would tempt to commit a crime might feel a vague sense of triumph in having so fearful a power in their hands. And such, I believe, was the nearest approach to evil its possession excited in Richard Ainsworth.

He had now, for some years, had no remembrance, not so much as a formal note—of his detestable aunt's existence: and when he received one from his door, now threatened to take permanent possession of his house, or otherwise dispose of his old Cambridge friends undertook, once upon a time the temporary canary of the village near which Mrs. Ainsworth resided.

This enabled Richard to gather a few confidential particulars as to Mrs. Ainsworth's manner of life, and other such information as his uncle had—indicated any softening of disposition as she grew older; whether any symptoms portended that her life would soon reach its termination; and other matters of a similar kind. The curate, who knew why these questions were interesting to his friend, though he knew not how present poverty interested their interest, wrote back a lively and minute account of such matters as he had been able to collect.

Mrs. Ainsworth grew meaner as she grew older. Some cold her health was precarious; but nothing apparently forbade her living for several years to come. (She was only sixty-seven now.) In spite of her desperate love of money she took some care of her life. "Every Saturday afternoon," wrote Richard's correspondent, taking him at his word, and giving minutely all he could tell —"every Saturday afternoon Druggerby makes up for her a small bottle of quinine draught, with which, I suppose, she braces herself up for the devotions of Sunday. Any time between two and five on Saturday you may see the little round vial, wrapped in its blue paper, lying on the counter of the shop." A few other particulars were likewise not material to the story.

It is a subtle and, and never agreeable, to profess to trace the rise and progress of an evil purpose. That Richard should meditate bitterly on the wealth, which, as the only one enjoyed by its present owner as by himself, will be matter of surprise to no one.

He brooded with increasing frequency of the fearful weapon which lay within his power. At one time, pressed by new difficulties, he would resolve to rest in Providence no more, but with his own hand to accomplish the event which would change his circumstances for him. Then again he would repel the temptation, and resolve that, lose what else he might, he would never part with his integrity. Himself put the crime beyond his reach by destroying the deadly thing. But this intention he never carried into practice. And so, for months on end, he went on, looked to and fro between evil and good, his wife believing that his frequent fits of melancholy were only due to their cruel embarrassments, and he himself not knowing his own mind, greater hardship than ever.

One summer day in the month of May was nearly half over, he told her that, ill as they could afford it, he must take a short excursion into the country, as he should very soon be as bankrupt in health as in wealth.

Mrs. Richard, the most loving and unselfish of wives, cheerfully assented to the proposal. He demeanor for some time past had been afflicting her with horrible fears, lest, under the continued pressure of their troubles, he might be giving way, and such a loss no future gifts of fortune could possibly repair. So she urged on the plan with every argument she could think of.

He was to go alone, and proposed to return within a very few days.

On the evening before his departure he rambled through different regions of London, making several unnecessary calls never buying more than one thing at any single shop.

He was to go to Matlock, and thence take a walking excursion through some of the choicest scenes of Derbyshire. He gave an assumed name at the Matlock hotel. There was little likelihood that at that part of the year he would meet any one who knew him. If he did, they would very plausibly set down his change of name to a well-grounded dread of pursuing creditors. One Saturday morning, having arrived the previous evening, he started, with a knapsack on his shoulders, and carrying a small carpet bag in his hand. He walked a good distance out of Matlock in a northerly direction, then crossed the country by a footpath which a pathway, he prepared for his next proceeding. Announcing himself in the shelter of the trees, he unstrapped his carpet bag, took out of it the things he had brought from London. Among them were a coat and "wide-awake," greatly differing from those with which he had walked out of Matlock. These he hastily assumed. Then he took out a black wig and false beard and mustache, and a pair of black eyebrows, placing each according to its proper destination. Then, with a mixture out of a little bottle, he stained his hands, previously than the dark yellowish tint of a Spaniard or Italian. Then, closing the bag, he wrapped it in a large red pocket-handkerchief, and carried it on a bundle. The stick with which he had left the hotel he threw away, likewise the bottle he had been using. Then, emerging from the wood by the gate at which he had entered, he walked until he reached, by a circuitous route, a village about four miles and a half from his way into Lancashire; and—to make short a story there is no need for prolonging—on o'clock on that day was entering the quiet-looking market village of Darwen. A mile or two off, but very little inconvenient by the smoke of the tall chimneys of the mills and factories, had been justice done him, would long ago have been his home.

He took some refreshment at the "Black Bull;" and, after that, left the public, walked quietly up the village, looking out for the apothecary, Mr. Druggerby. He approached the window just as the man of medicine had set on his counter (visible from the street) a small vial wrapped up in blue paper.

Richard entered the shop at once.'

"I have got a pain in my chest," he said; "it will you send a little ginger and soda, or something of that sort?"

Mr. Druggerby suggested some additional ingredients, and then handed the bottle which graced the wall behind him. While he did so, Richard hastily exchanged the vial on the counter for his own, put it into his left hand out of his pocket; for he had brought with him *prepared* bottles of two or three different sizes, each containing a quinine mixture.

Then he complained of feeling faint and requiring air. He would, he said, return in a few minutes and take the draught, which could be mixed for him in the interval.

Turning in his pocket the vial he had removed from the counter, and which was addressed, "Mrs. Ainsworth, Darwen Hall—to be taken as before," he walked slowly toward a field which lay near, for one lengthy street constituted the entire village. When there, he stooped down, as if in pain, and (as carefully that one standing within a foot of him might not have detected the act) he poured on the ground the contents of the bottle he had taken, and refilled it from one of those he carried in his pocket. Then he returned to the shop, drank off the mixture which lay ready for him, and, watching his opportunity, restored to the counter the vial he had removed a few minutes before. The blue paper had not been sealed up, although even for that emergency he was not unprepared. So neatly and so carefully had he done the deadly work, that any suspicion of the thing was improbable in the last degree. Once more settling the shop, he walked up the village in the direction of the Hall. So many years had elapsed since last Mrs. Ainsworth had seen Richard, that, disguised as he was, she would never detect him should he any where encounter her. His friend, the curate, had quitted Darwen some time before. He waited to the lodge gates of the house which might so soon be his, not—how the grass-grown walks bore witness to the niggardly spirit in which the woman who lived out of his rights. He thought, on the next afternoon (a Saturday, would it be the will of Providence that she should any longer cumber the world—and him?

To remain all night in the neighborhood was too hazardous a thing to be thought of. A stranger, unable to give any clear account of himself, stopping in a place with which he had no ascertainable connection, just when the neighborhood is startled by the sudden death of its wealthiest inhabitant—this were a coincidence far too striking to escape comment and inquiry. So, leaving that to the accident would mar his plot—successful thus far—he quitted the village, reversed, when at a safe distance the disguise process through which he had gone in the morning, and, without revisiting Matlock, returned to his home in time for church on Sunday morning.

We must now record one or two things which occurred at Darwen after his departure.

Early that evening Mrs. Ainsworth received, in obedience to her summons, a visit from her lawyer. He had ridden over from Clitheroe, which is about five miles away, and was now sitting at tea with her in the parlor, which looked out on a small but very pretty park.

But the poor woman had on the receipts of the day of fortune. Alone inside the box, and with a scanty allowance out of the caddy, but a liberal supply from a bottle containing carbonate of soda, the only relief she had ever known under indigestion, Christie M'Parnie, her Scotch servant, was buttering the bread beside her.

"Oh dear! not so much butter as *that*, Christie! I'm sharply exclaimed; for Christie had erroneously believed that Mr. Dreply's presence would authorize a departure from the rigid economy of ordinary days—" not so much butter as *that!* How you are wasting my property! I'll tell you what, I know I never have it in that way; and I know Mr. Dreply likes his bread as I do—rather dry."

The lawyer, who had a decided preference in favor of hot buttered cakes and kindred delicacies, gave a ghastly acquiescence, and Christie relievingly believed that Mrs. Ainsworth was past observing. The meal over, she carried the tea-tray out of the room; and Mrs. Ainsworth addressed herself to the business of the evening.

"I have felt a little unwell lately, Mr. Dreply, and I wanted to see you respecting my will. You know I did as my husband wished, and made a will leaving to his nephew all he left me. But since then I have considered, being very careful, to part by a few savings, and I have no idea of Mr. Richard having them. He'll be rich enough without, in all conscience; and I want you to draw up a will with some legacies to relations of my own."

"Ah, my dear madam, don't be too hard upon him! I hear he is miserably poor, and it's hard, you know, to make an empty sack stand upright."

"What are we left off—"

"Speak for *yourself*, Mr. Dreply, if you please."

"Well, then, we that are *comparatively* well off should make allowances for him."

"I know you persist, like other people, in thinking me rich, Mr. Dreply," resumed Mrs. Ainsworth, forgetting she had just said how rich her heir would be if he inherited but a part of her present possessions. "I wish I had pretty much what my husband, and I've been careful since then; that's all."

Mr. Dreply knew that the savings of which his client spoke so modestly could not be over the sheet of sixty thousand pounds; but assured that she needlessly alarmed herself, endeavored to her.

"Let me see! I might leave two thousand to my cousin, Alice Howcroft, and one thousand to William Longworth—but I don't know; should I wish to alter it, if they don't behave well to me, it would be fearfully expensive to draw up a new will. They all look upon me as a person to be preyed upon. I think—"

Then she rang the bell, which the servant presently answered.

"Christie," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "has Druggerby sent me my draught as usual?"

"Oh yes, ma'am. Will you take it now?"

"Why, upon my word, Christie, I've been thinking it's a terrible expense to me having those draughts once a week. I thought of trying if I could do without them; but then, you know, if I became *really ill*, I should have such expenses as would nearly ruin me! I think I *will* take it; but not now—by-and-by. You can bring it when I go to bed. Christie, I've been talking with Mr. Dreply

ly about arranging the disposal of my little property. Now, if you continue to satisfy me, why, besides all my own, you'll one day find yourself handsomely remembered. Only recollect I can't afford any waste in my house!"

And Christie retired from the room. Her mistress resumed her occupation, and continued writing down figures and names for an hour or two—more than she rung the bell; and long before eleven the house was dark and quiet.

About eight o'clock the next morning the people of Darrow were startled from their late Sunday slumbers by the tillings that Mrs. Ainsworth had been found in her bed. The poison of which Richard had availed himself was said, by the few who were acquainted with its qualities, to leave no traces in the body. And the coroner's jury, who sat in Darwen Hall, reported the cause of death as natural, though startling. Mr. Dreggett acted the conspicuous part of the draught which, as Christie deposed, her mistress had taken before retiring. And the physician from Manchester pronounced the fatal compound by some long name, which I will spare myself the trouble of writing and you the trouble of reading. The anger of her relatives was, we found, from the paper left in her desk, what handsome legacies they had narrowly missed receiving! I say *also* in your imagination.

But Richard acted very generously, and gave large sums to all of them who could be thought to stand in any pressing need of money. This was in all things to be a liberal steward of the wealth which had come to him in every greater amount than he had expected. He felt, "To gain all this I have taken a bold departure from the right; only by doing the utmost good with my wealth can I hope to be clear in God's sight or my own."

Their sudden prosperity came to Mr. and Mrs. Richard in time for them to enjoy the latter part of that year's London season.

Quitting the New Kent Road forever, they took for the month of May apartments somewhere near the Regent's Park. In August they proposed to give themselves what they had long vainly desired —a Continental tour. In autumn they would return home, to find Darwen Hall refitted and refurnished, and to commence that long course of splendshes and hospitality of which Darwen was henceforth to be the favored scene.

They set out for their new morning in July, talking of their past privations and future prospects. Christie M'Tarrie, at her own desire, had been permitted to remain at home. She might be more at full freedom now. The beggar-maid whom King Cophetua made his queen on lordly leave had a larger measure of freedom than a mere change of dress had brought to poor Christie; but, as Mrs. Richard was remarked by her husband, the Scotchwoman looked as if something were on her mind which she wished, but could not resolve, to make known. Especially in the evening was she seen to sit in a dead mistress, Christie betrayed confusion, and seemed to hesitate whether she should speak or be silent.

Richard told his wife that he had no pleasant thoughts connected with Mrs. Ainsworth, and would rather dismiss from his remembrance.

"You look dreadfully dull, my dear," he presently inquired of her.

"I was only *thinking*," she replied.

"But I don't like to see you thinking, my love." You can very well afford to do without thinking now; so pray don't think!"

No, he was in earnest! he did not like her to be thinking. He felt as King Henry may have felt (Fair Rosamond's King Henry) when he heard that Queen Eleanor had taken a fancy to ramble about Woodstock Forest. Thinking people are often led by their thoughts into strange conclusions. With such a secret hidden in its depths, the less the Christie part the better the safer and the better for him.

"You are not so absurd," he asked, a minute or two after, "as to suspect the poor woman of having caused the old lady's death, sudden as it was?"

"My dearest Richard, how can you suggest any thing so frightful? Poor woman! I believe her as incapable of harming any body, even in thought, as you are, dearest. But I was thinking how mercifully—though it seems too much like rejoicing at another's death—we have been rescued from our poverty just when it seemed at the worst. I feel, you God would not forsake us, would not but wish His proper time; and you see you have not trusted Him in vain."

Within two months of Christmas they had taken possession of Darwen. And great indeed was the joy, both of Richard and Christie, at the new world which had begun to reign there. Not that Richard threw himself into extravagance; he had been far too intimate with Dame Poverty not to take heed that his parting with that severe, but sometimes serviceable acquaintance, should be a lasting one. However; both with estates yielding six thousand a year, and forty or fifty thousand in ready money, he was entitled to indulge a little in the luxury of scattering. So vast were the largesses bestowed upon the poor that even the vicar of the parish, than whom none could be more desirous of the welfare of dependants, ventured to hint that a virtue in excess may become a vice.

"But really, Mr. Creed," said the new squire of Darwen, "you must know how bad a thing it is when the rich withhold their money."

"Assuredly, Mr. Ainsworth. I have groaned many a time over the state of things which—well, *de martuis nil nisi bonum*—which once prevailed here. And I'm sure you have my heartiest thanks, as the clergyman, for the very different spirit in which you are acting. But don't you think—trust I shan't give offence—don't you think you may be in some danger of mistaking reverse of wrong for right? I fear, and I tell it you, because I feel it were not honest in me to keep it back, that the help you so generously extend is not always well received—that is, not always rightly used."

Richard was not offended. He saw that Mr. Creed's motives were excellent, and he promised that henceforth his charities should be not less profuse, but more discriminate.

But when it was in his mind to proclaim that none but the "deserving" should receive, something from within him asked how he, of all men, dared to think of any body as unworthy of his alms. "Hypocrite!" said the inner voice, "because you could not endure poverty, and thirsted for wealth, you took the life of a fellow-creature who stood in your way! What now can your wretch privileges compared to those which daily compass about the people whom you call undeserving? What if there were full cause could whisper the fault of your life to *them*? Why, the most destitute and disreputable of them all would start away from you, even if you held out a pound of gold to them. You forsooth, to talk of giving only to the 'deserving' poor!"

Richard was startled by these and other unexpected crime is likely to be a source of weakness to the secret criminal, and cripples the energies he would exert for good.

When the new reign had lasted for six months I grieve to say that the moral condition of Darwen was a little more relaxed than it had been under the rule of the days gone by. And Richard could not obtain what must be coveted—such evidence of good done by him as might be thought to atone for the fearful guilt that had enriched him.

Persuaded that it is not so easy to be a good steward of wealth, he was glad, when spring came round, to remove for a season to London. Once there, he would have the desire which he anticipated by throwing himself into the benevolent work no largely provided by that enormous metropolis. He found, indeed, that he was not mistaken in that some distraction in work from the thought which gnawed him, save when the present shut out the past. And he felt that he was not unworthy of it, he should succeed in pushing to a further and further distance the troubles thoughts which haunted him.

Christie had now gone with Mrs. Richard under domestics—that is, she had married, and devoted part of the wife's handsome dowry to purchase for her the purchase of a public house in Paddington. She had grown much attached to her new mistress; and as the "Darwen Stores" was quite close to Kew Gardens, Christie paid frequent visits to Mrs. Ainsworth in her London home.

One morning, when a little past midsummer, and at about twelve o'clock, Richard walked home from a dinner in Grosvenor Square, for he had begun to love great company, and to like the polite gentleman just as he turned into the inclosure, pacing his monotonous way. If that policeman could have known under what circumstances the passing thing upon a second time, he would be summoned to behold the gentleman were walking at midday, he would have said now by the light in his bedroom that his wife had already retired. As he neared the front door it was opened by a servant, who told him that Christie was Christie. He thought she looked a little afraid of him. He said some word in answer to her request, hurried by without looking at her, was already in the house, and went up stairs to his wife at once. There was a peculiar paleness about her face; but, in answer to his eager inquiries, she declared herself to be quite well, only a little fatigued.

"So you've had Christie again," he remarked. "I met her going away."

"And so you know, I've found out now why it was that the poor woman seemed so strangely confused whenever we spoke about her old mistress! Poor Christie! if any body had been wicked enough to accuse her of having given Mrs. Ainsworth medicine that night, she could have given them a very complete answer. I now know it."

"Why, what old woman's secrets have you and she been talking? I do wish, Emma, you'd drop that matter, once for all."

"My own love, I *shall* drop it; only let me explain myself. Christie has *proved* that the *draught* never did her mistress any harm whatever."

"Of course! of course! Who ever was fool enough to say it did?"

"They could be very soon convinced of their error, at all events, for the last draught the old lady never took."

"Never took it! Then how came it—"

"Christie has just told me that on that last night her mistress was alive she spoke something about having her a legacy, which she was intending to put out of her hand; and it seems her mistress forgot it when Mr. Dreggett took the bottle, after she had left the coroner (having no idea of telling a falsehood) that her mistress had taken it as usual. That is what has made her poor thing so very superstitious. She fancies that, had she remembered it, her mistress might not have died. And you can't wonder that, when no good would come of it, she did not like to tell people. Besides, she was afraid that something might happen to her for giving wrong evidence to the coroner; but she has told me (in confidence, of course); and she brought the draught here."

So his crime had been superfluous, after all. And it was to be a clear, bright sunshine, but with strict veracity, that the physician had declared his oath to have been given unwillingly?

Such innocence as may consist in crime carried no further than intent was now absolutely restored to him!

"And what has she—what have you done with that *accursed* stuff?" he presently inquired, with frantic emphasis.

"My love, how nervous dining out appears to have made you! Why, I felt that a tonic would do us good, and, as Christie very much wished it, the old lady would never have loved poor thing for that small humbug. I've taken it—good, so I drank it myself, just before you came in."

"Great God! then I have murdered you!"

"Oh, my dearest, you are not mad? And I feel as if it were chilling me all over. Oh!" And she sank back, fainting—dying—in the chair.

"*Oh, forgiveness, Emma!* It was more for your sake than my own. I could not bear to be kept out of my rights. And this poison was for that *devil—yes, devil!* for she has destroyed me, body and soul. And all would have been well had I but waited a single day longer! Oh, say you believe that I would've have died again and again sooner than harm you, Emma!"

He knelt beseechingly before her; but whatever was in her thoughts, her lips were restrained from uttering the words. His next entreaty was poured into the ears of the dead.

The policeman, repassing the house not many minutes later, saw him dash himself out of the topmost window. He was taken up not yet entirely dead.

He gasped out, "I have murdered my wife; she lies up stairs!" and in a few moments he had ceased to live.

They found the unhappy lady even as he had said. A few traces of violence could be detected, and as the poison defied all chemical analysis, it was believed that her death, however unaccountable, was not otherwise than natural, and that his distraction at the sudden shock of losing her had driven him to his terrible self-destruction.

So they were buried in the cemetery side by side. Their three children all died young, and the property went away to be divided among their distant relations.

This is the end of my story.

CONFESSIONS OF A BACHELOR.

In my young days I had a friend named Chinny Hub. Or rather, his name was Hubbell, and he had a long chin as was nicknamed Chinny Hub. Our best amusements then were fishing and swimming. One morning, with my seasoned rod—for even then we were but a boy—I hooked a cork stolen from my pious aunt's molasses jug, and a round tin box that once had held Fresh Miller's Cocking, I was pretty sure, a respectable Chinny. I found him pulling weeds out of a garden-bed, and this credition parents, no doubt, believed that I was pulling them out. Every time the pulling of his weeds brought up a worm he sighed. At length he found one more than the rest. He looked it up carefully, gazed on it with a grim kind of affection, swung it aloft and said with energy, "I'll that's for a bully-day. Mag, fetch the box—be quicker'n blazes!" Chinny's language had its peculiarities.

But "Mag" brought the shovel. She was much afraid of the squirming worms, and the consequence was that Chinny accidentally threw a great many of them around her feet, and he actually dropped a handful of them on her head. Of course I had to see that the worms there was no fun; and the result of it all was that when the bait-box was full, and after I had protected her against half a hundred Spider's worms walking up my trousers-legs to me, and we were well acquainted. I caught few fish that day. Chinny called out half a dozen times, "Say, Jim, I'll—I'll—don't you know how to bait a hook better'n that?" My line got fastened to a snag. I moved the end of my rod around in the water, this way and that, and in circles, as if I were stirring porridge. "What y' 'cirin' to do'a said Chinny, "wishy-washy to get fish?" "Oh, I thought y' was 'cirin' to wind the river up around yer pole," grinned he, as he shoved up his cork and threw in deep for Uncle Gilbert's Cod. I didn't tell him I was thinking all the time about his sister.

My friendship for Chinny was a passport to the Hubbell parlor on certain occasions. For several years I saw Maggie often, and liked her each time better than the last. How many times I turned my mouth about for it with the bitter dandelion stems cut for her! How many green May-apples I have put in bran and in the hay-mow, waiting patiently for them to ripen! Ah! and how willingly would I have changed myself to a May-apple, and lain a month in the hay-mow to have been a fair like theirs between her delicious lips! She went fishing with us sometimes. Chinny always told her not to, and then he would go on to our going if she went along. Chinny held that all girls knew was just enough to get the hooks fast, and tip over the boat, and raise the devil with the lines. And a girl never knew when to pull; she was always too late, and then the next time she'd jerk at a bullhead.

Mr. Hubbell became moderately wealthy, or, as his neighbors said, "comf'table," though not through the son's exertions. He left the farm, and moved to town. I took an affectionate farewell of Chinny, and bore myself like a man. But Maggie, the day before they went we had a long walk in the meadow. We pulled in pieces a great many buttercups and daisies together, and talked a little about the town to which she was going, which had a wharf and a steamboat running to New York. But it was the old story, and we never had. If either made the attempt to say a humorous thing, it was a dead failure. Our hearts were in our mouths every time we opened them to speak. I believe the pleasantest thing she told me was a tradition about one of her father's ancestors who had been a Tory, and that the memory of our parting is too sacred to be written—I kissed her at the gate, and on the morrow she was gone.

Could I remain in that dull neighborhood when its only charm had flown? What-ills could I do? I had read of soldiers who, when bad power failed, and thither across the world to seek their fortunes. And they always found them; I had never read of one who failed. What thought of Maggie she thought fairly drove me mad. She would grow up as a lady should, a fairer grow up an awkward boobie. She would be familiar with the very highest and finest social life; I would know little outside of our dull hamlet. I would study them, but I had learned even then that books would be of what use were they to one who did not know the men in the main? Besides, the world from whence they came? I did not doubt the truth of Maggie, but I knew that I would soon become unfit for her. It was not enough that I should be virtuous; that might do for a woman, but a man must be something more. "Poor but honest," looked well in the book; that I had read, but I knew it would not be in real life. Why does not the world say, "Rich but honest?" Maggie had gone forever, and there was no more beauty in the places we had known. Or, rather, there was a new beauty, a new meaning,

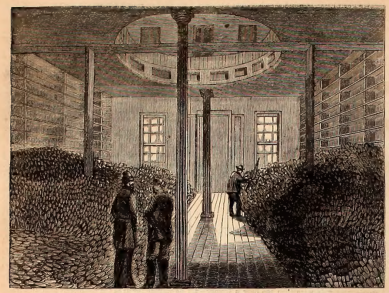
For the first time I felt myself a man. Old things must go.

Hope, fear, determination, regret, how they struggled in my breast as for the first time I turned my back on the old place where Ivy all I had known of the world and life! I gained the top of the hill, looked back once, and passed on down. I hesitated at the bottom—I looked down on the bank. When I looked back from the hill's top I clenched my teeth and swelled my breast with what I thought to be the first wretched will of manhood; when I buried my hands and face in the dear grass like a child. It was but a moment. My breast swelled again; but this time it was with anguish, and again I clenched my mouth again, but it was to keep back moan. God, how much it sometimes costs to be a man!

I reached the town where the Hubbells had gone, and was warmly welcomed by Chinny. Maggie was a trifle more reserved, but none the less sincere than of old. And Chinny's lip clothes were cut differently from mine; he had grown tall, thin, and pale a little; and his vocabulary was even stranger than it used to be. He talked much about bunches, puntins, tea-strikes, Tarrens, and other things of which I was obliged to confess some ignorance. But he had the same good soul as ever. After tea he said to Maggie, "Say, show me round." So we made an interesting circuit of billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, liver-stables, and groceries, to all of which I assured him I was highly delighted. I reminded him several times that Maggie would be waiting for us in the parlor, but he said it was altogether too early for that sort of thing—go to one place more—hadn't seen half—must be put through before we went home this time old Hub's round. Mag'll wait—all be jolly then. My fears were realized. Chinny didn't wait until he got home before being "jolly," for he was very even beat it when I have made a very good holiday; but Chinny assured me that his danger was all over for the rest of the night, and I assured Chinny that he was all right, excepting that he talked too much. At last we were at home. Maggie was waiting in the open-meshed doorway like an angel at the gate of heaven. She needed no apology for being left so long alone; she knew her brother's failings, and expected such scenes in a moment. And Chinny could find no words sufficient to express the amount of blame he took upon himself. I assured Maggie that Chinny's fault was all right, and that I was all right, and that every thing was all right. A rough visit of Chinny's, whom I had never seen before, came in as she retired to say good-night, whereupon Chinny commenced with the great perplexity of a fit of "funny thing 'at 'appened jes he come out 'e 'otel. His thought he would jes leam up agins' 'e hitchin'-pos' 'e hitchin'-pos' 'e hitchin'-pos' 'e hitchin'-pos' agins' 'e hitchin'-pos' 'e hitchin'-pos' s-s-staggered an' walked off!" "Oh, what would your mother say if she should see you?" Something about the maiden aunt. At which Chinny proceeded to inform her that if his mother should see him at that moment she would undoubtedly say he was drunk. Of Miss Hubbell the elder I had heard her nephew often enough to understand that there was to see that she would get rapid in case she ventured to indulge in her small methodical smile. In no case was her laugh to be called in a state of reversal between the molars and incisors of her upper jaw. Over her organ of firmness the hair was parted in the form of an inverted V, which was the reason for this peculiarity of combing Chinny took particular delight in quoting to me. But in her opinion of Chinny, she affirmed that she should be disappointed if he did not come to some dishonorable end. Comforting Maggie proposed to leave him for a moment, she paused at the threshold to inquire what it was his sister had been pouring into his ear, by which Chinny understood her to say that he had "never poured any thing into his ear except some turp'ntine once, when there was a bug in there."

Next morning, after a good-by to Mr. Hubbell and to Maggie in the hall, Chinny and his mother and affectionate aunt went with me to the steamboat wharf. The bell rang, the engines groaned, the great wheels moved. I was cut loose from all I knew and loved on earth, and I was alone. After some distance a public park extended to the water's edge, terminating in a rocky bank and a beautiful beach. Why was I not there? Something of it—for there I was leaning eagerly over the netting to take a last look at the receding people on the wharf, and of the Hubbell family in particular—the nearer point below the park, as graceful as the lightfooted plovers round her, I saw Maggie. I swung my hat. She saw me then, and raised her white hand. I have parted from a thousand friends since then, but my eyes were dry as stone.

Among the sayings of great Dr. Johnson is the one that we perform no act, however trivial in itself, or the last importance, without a motive. The desire and beauty of these words so much impressed De Quincey that he quotes them in his marvelous Confessions as the basis which their author erected, in that they evince deep human feeling. There is no man in the world who has not felt their truth. Years ago, perhaps, you knew the name of a lily, and of a hand, whiter and softer than your own, which one sad day you clasped for the true hand, and the white village grave-yard. You had felt the same a hundred times before; but how that last kiss, that farewell pressure of the hand, will live when all the hundred others are forgotten! And so there is no language of words, there is nothing in the whole universe of art, that can reproduce the picture of that girl standing on the shore, in a gentle tumult of excitement—waving her handkerchief as the steamer trembled rapidly from land. It hangs as far above the witcheries and reaches of expression as an evening star above a clattering child. Close below her feet the waters climbed and fell and climbed again, as if possessed with endless hope. Above her head the rank and dusty spread in clouds. In her taste she wore no art; her heavy hair had become somewhat disordered in



REBEL SMALL-ARMS TURNED OVER BY JOHNSTON'S ARMY TO LIEUTENANT LYSTER, CHIEF OF ORDNANCE, DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA, GREENSBOROUGH, MAY 3, 1865.

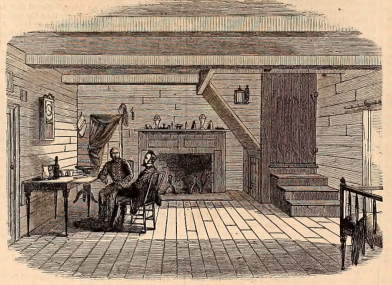


ACCOUTREMENTS OF JOHNSTON'S ARMY TURNED OVER TO J. S. CLINGMAN, ORDNANCE OFFICE, DEPARTMENT NORTH CAROLINA, MAY 3, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

the wind. For a moment on the green bank, and then the polished beech, and then a jutting rock. I saw the fluttering of drapery, the outline of an impassioned form, the last dim waving of the hand. A mist was in my eyes. I had taken the last look of her forever.

I have lived fifteen feverish years since then. The advantages lost to impoverished boyhood were to be made good in manhood. I know not what others might have done; but it took me seven years to gain an education, and then the work was but half done. The battle-field, the prison, the bivouac, the march—I know them all, but never did they require the fortitude of that fierce struggle, that forlorn hope against poverty and misfortune. Cherished objects eluded me. Disappointment followed disappointment until I lost faith in myself. I thought that fate was against me. Perhaps I ought to blush to say so, but I did despair. Then I saw again with misty eyes a white hand in the distance. And last, still not last, it is waving to me yet, as I drift each moment farther out on the years widening between. At length I dared wait no longer. Ten years of faithful work had left their marks upon my face; but I thought I saw my way clear in the world. I would no longer fear the future. I could support such a wife as Maggie would be. I would go back to the old town and marry her.

When I returned she was traveling in the South. Although she had not written any intention of leaving home, and I had expected to meet her there, yet a longer time than usual had elapsed since my last writing. She had not expected my coming, and at first there appeared nothing remarkable in her absence. She would be home in a few weeks.



INTERIOR OF JAMES BENNETT'S HOUSE—SCENE OF JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER, APRIL 26, 1865. SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

I visited the country place which I had left ten years before. I walked again in the woods, and by the river, and in the paths where our feet had walked together so many, many days ago. I passed through the gate where I had kissed her the first time we ever knew what sad things partings are. The moss was deeper on the rocks; some trees had grown, and others had decayed; many of the country people whom I expected would meet me with outstretched hands had passed into the grave-yard, or had forgotten me, or eyed me as if I was no longer their friend. Next to parting from a place we love the saddest thing is to return again.

Chinny, who was now called Mr. Charles Hubbell, had completed sawing his wild oats, and succeeded to his father's business. He still lived with his father, and my head-quarters, when in town, were at his rooms. Ah, what pleasant hours we spent together, talking over old times! He kept unsoured the same generous heart that had made me his devoted friend in boyhood, and the old spice of devilry within him was not quite subdued. But Chinny was a man.

I was soon impressed that there was something strange connected with Maggie's departure, something unexpected even to her parents, something which they desired me to know, and yet forbore to tell. A letter was received from Miss Hubbell the elder, who had accompanied Maggie, but none from Maggie herself. A deeper shade passed over the faces of the Hubbells. But a few words were read aloud, yet I saw the letter brought unwelcome news. She could not be married, and on a bridal tour? No. The last lines I had received from her were the fondest she had ever written. She could not be



JAMES BENNETT'S HOUSE, WHERE JOHNSTON SURRENDERED TO SHERMAN—EXTERIOR VIEW.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

dangerously ill? No. Her aunt had spoken of a long ramble they had had about a relative's plantation on the left bank of the Alabama; Maggie had seemed delighted with the evergreen Cherokee roses; and the next week they would be in Montgomery.

That evening in his room, with a sad face, between the nervous puffs of our cigars, Chinny told me all the truth. It had come upon her suddenly with a slight illness; his sister was—insane. He told me, too, that among the characteristics of her malady was an intense aversion to me, whom she had loved her whole life long; it amounted to positive hatred; the mention of my name excited her; she would not consent to see me; I was seeking to perpetrate some hideous wrong; I was endeavoring, by some infernal process, to extract the heart from out her bosom, and to put my own heart in its place. Chinny went through with these details bravely, though almost choked with emotion. They had not informed me sooner, in the vague hope that change of scene and climate, and the soothing influence of Southern travel, would alleviate or cure her. But by this letter she was becoming daily more indifferent to all things except those in which her former affections had been concerned; still she passed with many strangers for a person of sound mind.

What Maggie's life has been God only knows. I have never seen her since that morning, years ago, when she waved me a passionate good-by from the receding shore.

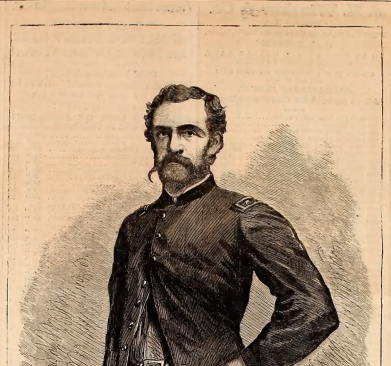
GEN. JOHNSTON'S SURRENDER.

GENERAL JOHNSTON surrendered his army to General SHERMAN at Greensborough, North Carolina, on the 26th of April. The previous arrangement entered into between those two commanders on the 18th having been discarded by the Government, the terms of surrender granted to General LEE were made the basis of capitulation.

We give on page 332 four illustrations relating to this important event. The house in which the details of the capitulation were arranged belonged to Mr. JAMES BENNETT, and was a plain, unpretending structure, innocent of paint without and within.

The small-arms of JOHNSTON'S army were all turned over to the Ordnance Officers of the Department of North Carolina, with the exception of five per cent., which was retained for the use of the men doing guard duty. There are certainly not over ten thousand muskets, all told, in the ordnance building, and as this comprises all the guns turned over there is a very large per cent. to be accounted for under the heads "destroyed" or "carried off." Of the equipments turned over there are remarkably few cavalry sets; for with the exception of the brigade of ROBERT ANDERSON—an officer whose soldierly conduct and bearing impressed even his enemies with a sentiment of respect—the cavalry followed the example of their fugitive President.

Lieutenants LYSTER and CLINGMAN, Ordnance Officers of the Department of North Carolina, have these guns and accoutrements in charge, and in their onerous duties have been materially assisted by Lieutenant-Colonel KENNARD, late Ordnance Officer for General JOHNSTON.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES H. WILSON.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE first two reunions of the Paris Spring Race Meeting at Longchamps, favored by the most delightful weather on the 17th and 22d ult., brought together a vast number of the real Parisian *élégantes*, who congregated in front of the principal tribunes with their habitual grace. ISABELLE the Bonapartiere was there on both occasions, still wearing M. DELAMARRE'S colors, red and black, and distributed exquisite bouquets of white lilac, roses, and camellias to the ladies, and moss-buds to the gentlemen of the Jockey Club or others who elected to be thus florally decorated, for a five-franc piece. The groups of ladies were charming to look upon, wearing, for the most part, unicolored costumes of light blue, white, or stone-colored silk, with long trains, the toilet being completed by one of those pretty little contrivances still termed by courtesy a bonnet, although, in fact, only a function when compared to those recently worn.

Pearl beads and drops, jet and steel ornaments, and large gold and silver stars, are the usual decorations for chapeaux, to which they are now restricted, the fine weather having almost entirely suspended their application to robes. The steel ornaments enjoy, indeed, a tremendous vogue just now, but persons well informed say that this mode can not last, and that Parisian caprice will very shortly set it aside.

Our limited space obliges us to conclude with a *mélium in parvo*, to the effect that the materials indicated for the month of May are, in consideration of the advanced state of the season, light plain silks, spotted muslins, and patterned foulards; and, as to the style of the dresses, they should be provided with an ornamental basquine, a high-necked corsage, and a long independent train, capable of being drawn up by the useful tirettes, the use of which has now become so general.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Light green moire antique robe, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with three rows of darker green velvet edged with narrow blond. The ornaments on the skirt, as well as those on the corsage, are also of green velvet, similarly edged. The head-dress is composed of plaits and curls, and is decorated by a small bouquet placed just above the chignon.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of mauve foulard trimmed throughout with graduating stripe of black velvet dotted with steel beads. A white guipure is placed round the bottom of the basquine as well as on the edge of the sleeves. White crape chapeau fanchon, with fronted flowers and blue velvet bow, in the tour-de-tête.

Fig. 3. *Sortie de Bal.*—This graceful opera-cloak may be either in crimson velvet or satin embroidered with gold. It is trimmed with deep white and yellow lama fringe, the capuchon being ornamented with a very light passementerie and gold-colored silk bells.

The Bonnets.—These bonnets are drawn from the originals. The body of the first, on the left hand of the engraving, is in black tulle, with an ornamentation of wild autumn-tinted vine-leaves; the sides are in rich black lace, and the wide black silk ribbons are golden-edged. The second chapeau is in white tulle, studded with gilt beads and ornamented with a golden stripe. The double bavolet is of white lace, and the large drooping ornament on the side consists of the light material coiled under; the wide white ribbons completing the bonnet are provided with a deep gilt edging. The body of the third bonnet is in blue silk, with a deep edging of imitation pearl beads and drops; the shell-shaped ornament on the top is of white lace, and precedes the white moire bavolet, from which depend two white lace streamers; the long ribbons in front are of blue silk.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1865.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

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ting of Blood, and Pulmonary affections generally. It is a Powerful Cure for Kidney Complaints, Inflammation, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Dysphonia, &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an invaluable remedy.



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AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO HAVE.

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All to be sold for One Dollar Each.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting-Cased Watches	$125 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	60 00
200 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	30 00
2000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
2000 Chaslaine Chains and Necklets	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	4 00 to 10 00
1000 Gold and Enameled Studding Brooches	4 00 to 8 00
3000 Gold, Onyx, and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Florentine Mosaic and Coral Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Ear-Drops (variety of styles)	4 00 to 8 00
5000 Set Ladies' Jewelry (variety of style)	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry (variety of styles)	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Buckles	3 00 to 6 00
5000 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Pencils	3 00 to 6 00
5000 Initial or Stone Button-Studs	2 00 to 4 00
5000 Sets Studs (variety of styles)	2 50 to 6 00
5000 Watch Keys, Fob and Button Studs	2 50 to 5 00
2000 Gents' Masonic Pins and Rings	4 00 to 8 00
2000 Gents' Solitaire and Cluster Pins	4 00 to 8 00
2000 Gold Teeth and Ear Picks	3 00 to 6 00
2000 Plain, Chased, and Stone Set Rings	3 00 to 6 00
6500 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	3 00 to 8 00
1800 Magic Spring and Snap Bracelets	4 00 to 8 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 8 00
5000 Gold Pens and Pencils, Ivory Holder for Ladies	4 00 to 8 00
5000 Pencils	2 00 to 4 00

All of the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one is, and when paid for, will be carefully mixed, and sealed; and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, or express, as may be desired. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what it is you can have, and then, if you do not wish to pay a dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail there shall be no discrimination between persons. Every one who sends a dollar and receives a certificate, will receive, in an envelope, and are not required to pay a dollar until you have seen and received the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be worth $100. An excellent mode for the purpose of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 26, 1865.*

Messrs. Arnandale & Co. have long been personally known to us as gentlemen fully to be relied on for the security of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, March 11, 1865.*

We have inspected at the office of Arnandale & Co.'s Agency for Exposing and Introducing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry at the lowest possible rates. We also noticed a large quantity of silverware, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be sold at one dollar on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents.—*The Times* (in addition to its usual correspondents and thoroughly worthy of public confidence), must recommend to our readers to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept. 3, 1864.*

Mr. Arnandale, in addition to the arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every article in his list to choose from unquestionably to have. We know what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he can send what he likes.—*N. Y. Saturday Press, Aug. 6, 1864.*

TO OUR COUNTRY LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable business ever offered to them to whom the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arnandale & Co. is a lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in giving pleasure to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns.—*Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns to-day our readers will find an advertisement of Arnandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. A number of this establishment have received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are interested in saying that, as to finish and quality, they exceed our expectations. They turned out to be just what many of the gifts represented.—*True American* (*Lancaster, Ohio*), *August 11, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arnandale & Co., and in a few days sold a number of certificates, sent as prizes for her agency, to the office for inspection, and without exception, every one stated that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the purchasers, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Fine Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arnandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Appleton Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to ten Dollars. Send 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

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150 "	with Bells and Cuticura	200 to 500
500 Silver Repeaters and Coffee Urns	20 to	50
500 " Chafing Dishes	20 to	100
1000 " Tea Brooches	10 to	20
1500 " Syrup Cups with Silvers	10 to	50
1000 " Ladies' and Drinking Cups	5 to	10
2000 " Castors	15 to	50
2000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	10 to	50
5000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen		10
10,000 " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen		20
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-Cass Watches		90
250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled Hunting-Cass Watches		90
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches		35 to 70
250 Diamond Rings		50 to 200
6,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains		5 to 10
6,000 Gold Guard Chains		5 to 10
6,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets		5 to 10
2,000 Gentlemen's Gold Guard Chains		10 to 20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches		5 to 10
6,000 Florentine Mosaic and Coral Brooches		5 to 10
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava, and Florentine Ear Drops		4 to 8
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops		4 to 8
5,000 Gold Ear and Finger Picks and Tweezers		2 50 to 5
5,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys		2 50 to 5
5,000 Fob and Vest Chains		2 50 to 5
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, and Shirt Pins		3 to 8
5,000 Gold Pencils		3 to 6
10,000 Miniature Lockets		2 50 to 10
5,000 Gold Rings, Magic Spring		2 50 to 5
3,500 Gold Toothpicks, Combs, etc.		4 to 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings		2 50 to 5
5,000 Chased Gold Rings		4 to 11
5,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings		4 to 11
10,000 California Diamond Rings		3 to 8
10,000 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Pens and Pencils		4 to 8
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Coral, Jet, Florentine, and Lava		10 to 20
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Gold Pencils		4 to 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders		4 to 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Extension Holders		5 to 10
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles		5 to 15
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Pearl Buttons and Belt Pins		5 to 15

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It is a comprehensive, yet great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

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Send 25 cents for a Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent. For example, if you send $1, it will be sent for $1; if you send $2, it will be sent for $2; sixty-five for $15; one hundred for $25.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arnandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of valuable goods for sale, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you are to have a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay a dollar until you have seen and received the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be worth $100. An excellent mode for the purpose of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 26, 1865.*

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We have inspected at the office of Arnandale & Co.'s Agency for Exposing and Introducing Jewelry, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry at the lowest possible rates. We also noticed a large quantity of silverware, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be sold at one dollar on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents.—*The Times* (in addition to its usual correspondents and thoroughly worthy of public confidence), must recommend to our readers to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Albion, Sept. 3, 1864.*

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TO OUR COUNTRY LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable business ever offered to them to whom the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arnandale & Co. is a lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in giving pleasure to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns.—*Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns to-day our readers will find an advertisement of Arnandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. A number of this establishment have received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are interested in saying that, as to finish and quality, they exceed our expectations. They turned out to be just what many of the gifts represented.—*True American* (*Lancaster, Ohio*), *August 11, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arnandale & Co., and in a few days sold a number of certificates, sent as prizes for her agency, to the office for inspection, and without exception, every one stated that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the purchasers, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Fine Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arnandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Appleton Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

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The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of heavy gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully decorated with a jeweled and chased shield for name, initial, monogram, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Lever, and are nearly handsome and durable, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known Swiss Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having jewel holes, compensation bent bridges, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby pivot action, making a perfect time dial, and thereby, and to the eye, a perfect timekeeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the same for ladies, and are all stem winders and pinions. A case of a will be sent by mail or express for $125. A single case will be sent by express, C.O.D., for $50. Agents liberally solicited from all parts. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

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100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches	" 90 00
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200 Silver Watches, Gents' and Ladies'	" 30 00
4,000 Latest style Vest & Neck Chains	" 5 00 to 10 00
1,000 Gold Pens and Gold Holders	" 10 00 to 25 00
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Certificates, describing each articles and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any Address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2.

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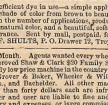
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them in from 20 to 40 days, even on the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of money.

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Our Catalogue contains over 1,000 different and different subjects to which additions are continually being made) of Portraits, Groups, Scenery, Statuary, Paintings,

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Warranted to curl the most straight and refractory hair in the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent, post-paid, to address on receipt of $1 00. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO., Providence, Rhode Island. Box 1,000, Post-Office.

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BANKERS,
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GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad Street,
(Two Doors from Wall,)
New York.
Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks.
Bonds and Gold will receive our personal attention.
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FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
(Continental Bank Building, near Wall Street.)

Great Imperial Watch.
See Cooley Brothers' Advertisement on page 335.

Free to Every Body.
SOLDIERS, SAILORS, FARMERS, MECHANICS, and Every Body throughout the country will receive, *free*, by mail, a BOOK, throughout the country will receive, *free*, by mail, a *Boy's Own, Interesting* NEWSPAPER, by sending their address to Editor of "ARTS AND HOME JOURNAL," 40 Ann Street, New York.



BROOKS'S PATENT WRITING AND TOILET CASE.
From Commander Cushing (Hero of the *Albemarle*):
"Having carried one with me to sea, I can say that it is the most complete and convenient article for the soldier or sailor that has ever come under my notice."
Price, $2 50, sent free of postage.
D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, Salem, Mass.



FOLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 369 Broadway, cor. 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail, a reduced trade. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $2 to $30 each.

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"The JOHNSON PEN is acknowledged by all who have used it to be the best pen for the least money of any in use. They are made of 14 carats fine gold, and warranted for one year against the ordinary defects which may occur in such silver extension cases, $1 25; *strong slide holders,* $1 75; *rubber reversible holders,* $1 88; *triangular extension cases,* $1 50; *triple silver cases,* $4 00; *ebony holders and gold mounted barrels,* $1 50. *Pens repointed, 50 cents each. Pens sent by mail, postage paid. Send for Circular.*
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturer and Dealer,
15 *Maiden Lane, New York City.*

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR
This invaluable salve is a certain cure for Piles, Colds, Corns, Burns, Scalds, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Bruises, Pains in fact almost any pain about the body. Sold by all druggists. 25 Cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 37 cents. Depot 43 Liberty St., New York.
From the Servant Manufacturing Company, New York.
I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. HELMBOLD, Manufacturer of HELMBOLD'S Genuine Preparations. He occupied the drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in cases long the business where others had not been equally so before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise.
WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN,
Firm of POWERS & WEIGHTMAN,
Manufacturing Chemists,
Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.
HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.
PRINCIPAL DEPOTS.—Helmbold's Drug and Chemical Warehouse, 594 Broadway, New York, and 104 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Interest allowed on deposits.
Special Agents for the New 7-30 Loan.

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BANKERS,
And Dealers in all Classes of
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS
AND
Unprincipled Dealers
Endeavoring to dispose of their own and other preparations on the reputation attained by HELMBOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS.



Electric, self-adjusting, enameled snow-white, 87 and 89 per doz. Specimens mailed, 70c., $1. Illusion-stitched, 95c., Cuffs, $2. Bosoms, $3. Suitable Tie, $1. Ladies' illusion-embroidered steel cuffs and collars, $1 50 each. Send size with price. Trade supplied. Pillon & Pegram, 78 Nassau St., Inventors, Patentees, and Manufacturers.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.
See advertisement on page 335.

UNCLAIMED MONEY.—30,000 PERSONS WANTED to CLAIM MONEY, ESTATES, &c., which have been advertised since 1794. Fee to search for same in Registry, $1. Correspondence invited. All letters must be prepaid. GUS & CO., Unclaimed Money and Property Registry, No. 6 Cheshire Street, London (W.C.), England.

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BROKER IN
PETROLEUM STOCKS,
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EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA
Cleanses and renovates the blood, instils the vigor of health into the system, and purges out the humors that make disease.

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Concentrated Extract Buchu
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.

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Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla
IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Both are prepared according to rules of Pharmacy and Chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

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Pensions, Bounties, Pay, Prize Money, together with all claims of the army and navy promptly procured. Correspondence promptly answered. L. Bowen & Co., Clark Place, N. Y.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.

WARD & CO.,
Bankers, No. 54 Wall St., New York,
Government Agents
For the Sale of the
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Bought and Sold on Commission.

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A THING OF BEAUTY
IS A
Joy Forever.
Those who desire brilliancy of complexion must purify and enrich the blood, which HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA invariably does. Incident, is a no patent medicine. Ask for Helmbold's. Take no other.

THE BROWN MICROSCOPE.
Magnifying small objects 500 *times*. HANDS rare everywhere for **50** CENTS, or THREE for **$1 00**.
Address F. C. BROWN, Box 324, Boston, Mass.

JUNE No. of DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY and MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR of FASHIONS will contain many Brilliant Novelties, New Music, Diagrams of Fashion Designs, with Portrait and *View of the Festival Procession* under way in Washington, elegant Steel Engravings, Illustrated Poem by Theodore Tilton, and other interesting Reading. Only 30 cts., $3 00, with a valuable premium. Sample Copies, 15 cents. Mailed free on receipt of price. 20 BEEKMAN STREET, New York.

Starr's Repeating Four-Shooter.
Safest Pocket-Pistol made.

It is the only pistol that can be placed in position to receive the cartridge with one hand. It has the ball in the barrels quicker than any other pistol, and with no danger. It is a much more lowther cartridge than any pistol of the same size. 4 It is the safest pistol to load, shoot, or carry, as a premature discharge is impossible. 5. It has less parts than any other pistol, and is less liable to get out of order. 6. It shoots the ordinary metal cartridge that can be purchased any where.
To be found at the principal gun and hardware dealers'.
MERRILL, PATENT FIREARMS COMPANY,
Baltimore, Md.

To Purify, Enrich the Blood,
AND
Beautify the Complexion,
Use HELMBOLD'S HIGHLY CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. One bottle equals in strength any gallon of Syrup or Decoction.

LOVE ON THE BRAIN.—A mirth-provoking flong full blast pioneer comicality. Only 25 cts. old. Also, Every Body's Love Song—a real gem. Price, 30 cents each. Published by W. HASTINGS DEMOREST, No. 20 Beekman Street, and sold by all Music Dealers. Mailed free on receipt of price.

To Consumptives.
THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure Cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he considers to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the Prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

CARPET WAR,
RED AND GOOD QUALITY,
Wrapping Twine made of Paper.
Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 54 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

TICKS, SCAB, VERMIN.
SheepWashTobacco
Should be used by all Farmers on their
SHEEP, ANIMALS, and PLANTS.
For sale by JAS. F. LEVIN, Agent South Down Co., 31 Gentral Wharf, Boston.
For sale in New York by P. H. ALLEN & CO., 74 Beekman St.
For sale in Philadelphia by STAFFORD, 69 Dockman St.; HAINES & FELT, 97 Courtlandt St.; and GRIFFING BROTHER & CO., 50 and 52 North Second St.

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To all Wanting Farms.
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From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune: "It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and valuable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

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THE
AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK
OF NEW YORK,
No. 59 Broadway, 4 doors from Wall Street,
DEALERS IN EVERY DESCRIPTION OF GOVERNMENT SECURITY. ALL ISSUES OF
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CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.
This Bank allows to Bankers and Bankers throughout the country FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST on current daily balances, and collects on the most favorable terms.

A CLEAR, SMOOTH SKIN,
AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION,
Follows the use of HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA. It removes black spots, pimples, and all eruptions of the skin.



Without spectacles, Doctor, or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed, free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address
E. B. FOOTE, M.D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

Why Disguise
THE COMPLEXION
BY
Powders and Washes
Which choke or fill up the pores of the skin, and in a short time leave it harsh and dry? It is to the blood, and if you want smooth skin and soft, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA. It gives a brilliancy to the complexion.

WARD'S PATENT FRENCH PRINTED PAPER COLLARS
387 B'WAY, NY. & ALL
GENTS FURNISHING STORES.
Caution to the Public.
Certain parties are infringing on my rights by selling a common, colorless printed paper collar. All collars made by me have my name on the collars and box also.
The paper used for my superior collars is made from linen rags, which makes them very strong in the button-hole.
The Trade Supplied
BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:
NEW YORK, E. S. LAFFRAY & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL., TYLER BLOOK, La SALLE ST., CHAS. N. WARD.
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BOSTON, MASS., D. LYONS & CO.
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CINCINNATI, OHIO, LELAND & DEVIS, and OTTINGER, BLATT & CO.
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OSWEGO, N. Y., KLOCK & OGLIO.
UTICA, N. Y., M. FITZSIMONS.
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Manufactory, 387 Broadway, NY.

A CHEAP MAGAZINE.
The Monthly Part of the AMERICAN MISCELLANY contains 96 splendid stories, and 400 miscellaneous articles, neatly bound in an attractive cover. Price 25 cents. Sold by all periodical agents.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. The greatest purifiers of the blood and correctives of the liver and stomach ever known.

THE AFFLICTED HEALTH of THOUSANDS who have been afflicted with Bilious Complaints, Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, &c., finds indisputable evidence of the great efficacy of TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. It has the sanction of Physicians generally. Sold by all Druggists.



Heating and cooking by Gas cheaper than coal or wood.
Eagle Gas Cooking Stoves and Ranges
WILL BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, TOAST, BAKE, STEW, HEAT SMOOTH IRONS, &c., &c.
EAGLE GAS STOVE MANUFACTURING CO.,
474 Broadway, New York.

Not a Few of the Worst Disorders
That afflict mankind arise from corruptions of the blood. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA is a remedy of the most virtue.

$12 MADE FROM $3 00.—Agents wanted to sell the LIKENESS of the late PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT HIS FUNERAL. Sold and printed in tint on paper 19x24 inches. SELLS READILY FOR ONE DOLLAR. Send 30 cents for sample by mail.
F. W. SUMNER & CO., No. 61 FAIR ROW, New York.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
AMERICAN ITCH OINTMENT
WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.
Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, SKIN DISEASES, and all ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN. Price 50 cents. For sale by druggists.
By sending 60 cents to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington St., Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 440.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHECK-MATE.

[SLIGHTLY ALTERED FROM REYNOLDS'S GAME OF LIFE.]

"IT is DAVIS, the Spirit of TREASON, playing with UNCLE SAM for his Life. The scene is chosen with a sort of mysterious reference to the whole idea that is to be expressed. The very architecture intimates the presence of that dark Being to whose sphere belongs all that is horrible, traitorous, and repulsive. It is a wide vault whose arch is formed by two lizard-shaped monsters, whose heads—half bird, half locust—as well as their short, misshapen claws, adhere closely to its two pillars, down which they seem to creep. The upper surface of a sarcophagus is transformed into a chess-board; and UNCLE SAM, the type of calm, self-possessed manhood, sits at this table, his countenance expressive of triumph tempered by amiability. Opposite to him, on the spectator's left hand, is DAVIS, the Prince of Rebellion, seated in a large chair, one of whose arms shows the British Lion in an orgasm of disappointed 'neutrality;' while, lower down, the claw of this lion grasping a human skull, intimates his protective government of Ireland. A broad cloak, from which only his bony, claw-like hands appear, is thrown around DAVIS, and his hair and his beard bristle with impotent rage. The expression of his features, as becomes his fallen state, is devilish and hateful. He who was a liar from the beginning, he who has played falsely, is undeniably before us, with all the rapacity of a Tiger and all the cruelty of a Hyena. Contumely, scorn, hatred, malice, rejoicing in mischief, find here their appropriate features; and the hand whose nails are being gnawed in baffled fury may either conceal a demoniacal grimace at the evident defeat of his schemes, or repress a horrid imprecation before which the gates of Hell would tremble, that deliverance is no longer possible. Between the two players, somewhat in the back-ground, stands a gentle, lovely angel-form, with white and outspread wings—the GODDESS OF LIBERTY, the protecting spirit of UNCLE SAM, but not seen by him. She looks in rapture down upon the victorious termination of the struggle. But now let us look again at the game itself. On DAVIS'S side but one piece remains: LEE, driven to a corner, held in check by the Knights, SHERMAN and SHERIDAN, and mated by the opposition of the Church, has no alternative but to yield to GRANT, who, as King, may not press too closely on a fallen foe. The captured and broken pawns indicate, in their emaciated forms, the merciless spirit of their captor. On the side of UNCLE SAM the Queen is COLUMBIA, a lofty, majestic figure, unfurling her vindicated flag. Her position, strengthened by the Castles, supports the more active officers; and the pawns are well disposed for either attack or defense. The adversary's Castles have been taken, as well as the motley crew of pieces which throng the hither side of the board. The nefarious designs of DAVIS are foiled, and he is *beaten at his own game.*"

THE HIGH-TONED LADIES OF RICHMOND.

AMONG other fallacies dissipated by this war is the one which assumed that to Southern ladies belonged a species of letters patent for dignity and the proprieties of behavior. But the facts prove them to be, after all, weak-minded sisters, no better than their sex elsewhere, but, on the contrary, somewhat more inclined to insolence, peevishness, and an insulting manner and bearing toward those they please to call Yankees—which is, in fact, the highest tribute they could pay to the chivalry and good temper of the Northern man, who can exercise forbearance and make allowance even to those who


C.S.A.
Lee
Grant
Sherman
Sheridan
Columbia
Liberty
Uncle Sam
Davis

have done all in their power to rule the nation. Even in Richmond, where the clemency of the conqueror has struck the inhabitants with wonder, Indies can be met upon the streets who render their sour, sharp features still more repellent by a turning up of the nose, and a taunting protrusion of the under lip, supposed to be expressive of scorn; if you, out of ordinary etiquette, take the trouble to give them the inside on the pavement, they draw their skirts (sadly innocent of soap and water) together, to avoid contamination by contact with you, and march past like a female supernumerary at a country theatre. It is laughable at the same time that it is pitiable.

THE HOUR OF NORTHERN VICTORY.

ROLL not a drum, sound not a clarion-note
Of haughty triumph to the silent sky;
Exalt in the shout of joy in every throat,
And veil'd the flash of pride in every eye.

Not with *Te Deums* loud and high Hosannas,
Great as the awful victory we have won,
But with our arms reverse'd and lower'd banners
We render our work le done!

Thy work is done, God, terrible and just,
Who layest upon our hearts and hands this task,
And kneeling, with our foreheads in the dust,
We venture Peace to ask.

Bleeding and writhing underneath our sword,
Prostrate our brethren lie, Thy fallen foe,
Struck down by Thee through us, avenging Lord—
By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to smite
These our own kindred Thy great laws defying,
These, our own flesh and blood, who now unite
In one thing only with us—bravely dying.

Dying how bravely, yet how bitterly!
Not for the better side, but for the worse,
Blindly and madly striving against Thee
For the bad cause where Thou hast set Thy curse.

All whom defeat we may not raise our voice,
Save in the thanksgiving of our prayer,
"Lord! we have fought the fight!" But to rejoice
Is ours no more, unless there.

Call back Thy dreadful ministers of wrath
Who have led on our hosts to this great day;
Let our last victory be the avenger's path,
And bid our weapons stay.

Upon our hand, freedom's inheritance,
Pure from the curse whose splendor of Thy face,
Where nations serving Thee to light advance,
Give us again our place.

Not our bewildering past propriety,
Not all thy former ill-requited grace,
But this one boon—Oh! grant so still to be
The hour of Hope to the whole human race.

15th April, 1865. FANNY KEMBLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

THE RIGHT WAY THE BEST WAY.

BY the necessity of the case the question of suffrage in certain States of the Union is now to be determined by the National Government. CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE, as is constantly reported, is about to issue a proclamation inviting the loyal citizens of Virginia to elect delegates to a Convention, he will do it with the consent and by the authority of the President. The qualifications of the voters for delegates will not be settled by the State of Virginia, and thousands who are empowered to vote by her old Constitution will doubtless be excluded by the tests which the United States authority will impose.

By the Constitution of the United States the national authority is bound to guarantee a republican form of government to every State. How can it do that in the case of Virginia, where there is now no Government except that of the military power of the United States? Clearly in one way only; and that is by enfranchising all the adult male population who will take an oath of unconditional fidelity to the Union; if solemn, absolute, express renunciation of the dogma of State sovereignty; and of entire acquiescence in the laws of Congress, in the acts of the Executive, and in total emancipation of the slaves.

If a condition of education be required, it is unfortunate; but it will exclude the most trusty citizens of the State, white and black.

If color shall disqualify, a disability not authorized by the Constitution and in direct conflict with the fundamental principle of the Government is introduced.

If a religious test be demanded the Constitution is equally violated.

The republican form of government which Congress is constitutionally bound to secure allows no arbitrary classification upon the ground of religion, of race, or of color. It contemplates a government of the people by the people for the people, and by no very serious is inexorably hostile to an oligarchy in every form.

It is of no importance whether the old Constitution of the State did or did not prescribe such tests. If every State which adopted the Constitution of the United States must be held to have had a republican form, it is enough that in all those States, except one, the basis of suffrage was such as not to exclude any considerable body of freemen, whatever their race, intelligence, or color.

But the question is now frankly encountered. Is that, by any torture of terms, to be justly called a republican form of government which arbitrarily disfranchises an immense body of the adult freemen of a State because of their complexion or race? Can they be more righteously disfranchised because of their hue than because of their height or their profession? They have the same natural rights as men, they have the same interests in the commonwealth as all others, and their rights and interests are now put in the hands of those others than those of the others would be in theirs. It would be thought a very hard fate if the residence of the white freemen in Virginia or North Carolina should be left to the decision of the black. It is equally hard, unjust, and unrepublican that the residence or status of the black freemen in those States should be intrusted to the white.

The difficulties and dangers of authorizing a general suffrage in those States are not so evident as those of refusing it. The refusal stimulates that great mass of the population lately enslaved, which by emancipation is now in every sense the equal of the poor white population of the same States. It prolongs indefinitely the agitation arising from an unjust discrimination. It gives a general sanction to the prejudice against color. It disheartens the colored freemen whom it does not embitter, and rebukes those who plead for all men natural rights to which, by the acknowledged principle of our system, all men are entitled. The refusal to enfranchise them is a deliberate repudiation of the fundamental principle declared in that Government justly exist by the consent of the governed. It emboldens the sneering skepticism which asks whether it can be so wise or so philosophically to enslave those whom it is right politically to degrade.

To these the question to be settled by the State Legislatures elected by white citizens alone is to base the political freedom of colored citizens upon the consent of a class, and not upon the same right from which that class derives its own franchise. And to leave it to be so settled when the United States Government has the right and the power and the opportunity of deciding it, is to shirk one of the most sacred responsibilities which the war has thrown upon it. The right way, the republican way, the American way, the humane way, is the safe way and the best way. Let all loyal freemen vote in reorganizing the States.

THE FIGHT ON ERIE.

THE excitement of the day in Wall Street is the fight on Erie. Millions of dollars are involved, not only to the combatants, but to careful outsiders who happen to have invested money in the stock. The belligerents are two of the greatest financiers Wall Street has ever known—the one, a young banker of preternatural sagacity and shrewdness; the other, a veteran operator, director in the road, holder of scores of millions, and commanding other millions from adherents.

In 1860 Erie stock sold at $5 a share. In 1863 it sold at $128. In 1865 it sold at $44. Since then at $85; and since then at 968. People in the country, who don't read money articles or stock exchange slang, have no idea how much romance, how much happiness, how much agony and heartache, how much prosperity, and how much utter hurly-burly there is in Erie. We bought Erie at $5 and sold it at $128 or thereabouts, made a great fortune. B, who bought it at $128 and sold out at $44 or thereabouts, lost a fortune. C, again, who bought it at $130 and sold above $80, did very well indeed. A's wife, bred in poverty, flaunts her diamonds in our face at the Opera. B's daughter, who was obliged to leave the expensive boarding-school and college at which they were being prepared for fashionable life, and hence to work out their own livelihood in stores and offices. C's family begin to think that they can afford to go to Saratoga, and that they can not afford to keep up their intimacy with their neighbors who sell milk. The whole because Erie *would* fluctuate so wildly.

Tis not many months since the leading directors of the Erie pronounced the Company bankrupt. It had been bankrupt before. Hopelessly bankrupt. It had issued scrip to cover into the hands of a receiver (who died worth half a million), and had been duly reorganized. It had been a mortal wound that general prosperity struck the drifting corkers, lifted it up, and carried it forward to solvency. It paid its debts. It began to earn money. One day it astonished people. It paid a dividend. The old heads in Wall Street growled, and predicted that 'twould be the last, as 'twas the first for many years. Everyone who had bought Erie, and saw no reason why the Erie—the natural link between the lakes and the sea-board—should not become permanently prosperous. They predicted that the stock would rise to par. This insane prophecy was treated with the scorn it deserved, and the credit of those who uttered it suffered severely. Still, somehow, another dividend was declared, a surplus was announced, and the stock did rise not only to par but to 25 per cent. premium. It then became apparent to the old men of Wall Street that the world had not stood still for the past four or five years, as they had assumed, but that it was constantly moving and in the same direction. Presently new questions arose. The late President of the Erie had always believed that the war was going to end in sixty days, and had scoffed at the idea of buying iron when gold was a premium. Thus the road, in railroad parlance, "ran down" while simultaneously the increase of traffic, occasioned by the war and the lessening of the Atlantic and Great Western, called for an increase of equipment. Still, so strong was the confidence in the Erie managers in the early restoration of peace and full in gold, that purchases of iron and equipment were postponed, until at last the division superintendents threatened to resign unless at once needed repairs were made and equipment supplied. This brought matters to a crisis, and at the eleventh hour iron was bought, and locomotives and cars contracted for in large numbers, on the basis of gold at 250. A debt of some six million dollars was created, and temporary loans provided for paying it. Stockholders were kept in complete ignorance of the fact until dividend day came round, and then—in February last—it was announced that the great Erie Railway Company, which had done such a fine business and so securely placed its stock on the dividend paying list, was now more staggering under a floating debt, and seemed to be steering straight for the old harbor—bankruptcy.

The stock had fluctuated before this discovery between 120 and 75. It now fell steadily, with few reactions, to 44 per cent.—the leading operators on the bear side being an influential director of the road and the banker previously mentioned. Before it reached 44 these parties parted company. The director for reasons best known to him a recovery in the stock was possible, that the earnings of the road were increasing, and that a way out of trouble might be found. While, therefore, the banker and his friends continued to sell at the stock which people wanted to buy, the director covered his shorts and became a purchaser. He got 100 shares for every 50 thousand from 45 to 50. It is reported that the broker who represented the bear banker and his friends also sold him 100 shares at or about 45; is at any rate, he bought enough to turn the tide of speculation in Wall Street, to bring a number of ruined bears to prodigious punishment, and to largely swell the bull phalanx.

Nor was his opponent behind him in quickness of perception. Very few days after the great director had made his first purchases of Erie, the banker scented his scheme and began to fortify. He, too, entered the market as a buyer of Erie. Seeing his belief in its worthlessness, so far as could be gathered by acquaintances, was unchanged—and it is hard to say which of the pair bought most stock. Between the two it has steadily risen from 44 to 85, and the little bears perished almost to a cub.

At 85 the market seemed to hesitate. On the one side money was easy, and promised to remain so. The Erie receipts for April were $1,472,000, and promised to be $1,500,000 for May. The Erie, in spite of earnings, expenses falling with the fall in gold, the Company would find no difficulty in disposing of its floating debt without suspending dividends. But, on the other hand, there was the obvious absence of buying by the public. The fall from 128 to 44, and the gloomy predictions of bankruptcy which had been current in Wall Street, had created a panic, a memory, had not yet been forgotten, and people at large would not buy Erie. Many were putting their money in Government bonds. Others were buying railroad securities in preference to Erie.

The banker read the indications and sold his stock. The market reeled under the blow. From 85 the price fell to 73 in a couple of days. Now allies for the bulls appeared in the arena, and 10,000 shares of Erie in "one block" were bought by a single purchaser. But the market, though it fluttered upward a few per cent. on this operation, did not permanently recover. It soon fell back again, and the price a few days since was 68½.

The question among the bulls and bears now is, which will win—the Great Director or the Great Banker? In respect of means they are equally balanced. Either might check for four or five millions of dollars without astonishing the seller of their respective banks. Either could borrow a score of millions if necessary. The one has the more capacities and the intrinsic value of the property to help him; the other relies on the public distrust of railway property, and especially Erie railway property, and likewise on the general rush for Government securities.

There seems to be very little question but that the true stocks of railroad and railroad bonds are or ought to pay regular dividends exceeding in amount the interest on Government bonds. Their population must increase as new regions in this country that in the course of a few years every established enterprise, however slim its early receipts, soon works itself into a handsome position. It is not easy to conceive any combination of untoward circumstances that could reduce the receipts of the great trunk lines more than 25 per cent. below their present amount; and it is not unreasonable to believe that they may, after the shock produced by a return to specie payments, take even more money than they do now. The way traffic on the Erie at present yields more income than its entire traffic—way and through—did in 1859. This is due, not to the war, but to the steady progress of the country, the increase of people and of property to be moved, and not least to the development of internal industry and traffic caused by the issue of paper-money. That five years hence the stocks of our leading lines will pay regular dividends of 8 @ 10 per cent., and will be held and pay for investors, is generally admitted in Wall Street.

But meanwhile it is beyond any man's judgment to decide what price they may command, or whether the Erie, paying 7 per cent., should sell until within a couple of years at to @ 80; now, paying no more, it sells at 250 @ 300. No change has taken place in the property; but within a year or two people seem to have awakened to its value. If the public for a year or more decide to place their savings in Government bonds exclusively, railway stocks may decline far below their real value. In the end intrinsic values always assert themselves in Wall Street. But before they do so the operations of speculators often control events and prices to an extent which baffles those who rely exclusively on the abstract laws of political economy.

REBEL TERMS.

MR. STEPHENS, MR. REAGAN, General LEE, and a multitude of American citizens who have served the rebellion in a civil or military capacity are reported to be in communication at the press, very lavish of statements of the conditions upon which the Union may be restored. One gentleman expresses his readiness to resume the status of a citizen immediately, provided the Government is properly lenient. Slavery is perhaps gone, says another, but confiscation and the 14th article of the suffrage must not be pressed. We have not yet seen any report of the terms which JEFFERSON DAVIS is disposed to accord to the United States. But as he declared that he would rather fraternize with hyenas than Yankees, he will probably be very liberal if not generous, with us.

That they have committed the most stupendous crimes—that, in order to overthrow an equal government, they have plunged and and frozen thousands of innocent men—that they have hung and massacred in all cruel ways hundreds of their own immediate fellow-citizens—that they have striven to destroy their society itself, in order to perpetuate the unimaginable wrong of human slavery—that the letter of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, that they have been directly cognizant of a plan to murder MR. LINCOLN and other high officers, which he considered worthy for consideration—all these appalling crimes, for which many of them will be tried for their lives, seem entirely to escape the attention of these airy gentlemen who kindly advise the Government in this emergency of victory.

It seems to us that MR. STEPHENS and his friends would do wisely to imitate the silence of JEFFERSON DAVIS.

A LATE REBEL UPON STATE REORGANIZATION.

WE allude elsewhere to the speech of MR. W. A. GRAHAM, of North Carolina, a gentleman who has not been sincerely a rebel, and who heartily rejoices at the overthrow of the rebel despotism. It is important as showing how the mind of a man whose heart is right but whose head is wrong; and it is significant as showing that a good Union man would readily advise the people by allowing the class of citizens to decide not only whether another class should vote, but whether they should be allowed to remain in the State. That certainly does not seem to us the road that leads to peace.

But in Virginia also there has been a meeting looking to reorganization at which the significant speech was made by A. H. H. STUART. MR. STUART says that he supposes Virginia still has rights under the Constitution of the United States. But those have only suspended during the abortive effort to sever the connection. He concedes that the attempted revolution has finally failed. He does not call it successful; it ought never to have been attempted. He has no word of sorrow or penitence or even regret for the wrong and senseless waged upon the Government. On the contrary, he speaks of the late authority of the rebellion at Richmond with perfect respect. But as that authority has disappeared, he thinks that the people of Virginia are remitted to their rights as Virginians, and the extent of those rights must be determined according to the Constitution of the United States. He adds that if the universal assumption of "the Northern States" that the ordinances of secession were nullities be true, then the moment the war ceases the Southern States resume their places as members of the Union.

These are the sentiments of a man who is merely conquered. That the rebellion was wrong, that the Union is more than a partnership at will, that the States are not by right supremely sovereign against the Union, MR. STUART does not say, and probably does not believe. The Union is stronger than the Confederacy—that is all. The national Government

is the victorious party. Good sense requires that the fact be acknowledged, and Virginia will try to renew the war. Such is Mr. STUART'S opinion. Such, doubtless, is the opinion of the great mass of his white fellow-citizens.

But if good sense requires him to acknowledge the fact of the national superiority in power, does it not require us to acknowledge the fact that he is no friend of that power? He submits because fighting is useless, not because fighting is wrong. Do we wish to instruct Virginia to send home and honest State servant, eighty has got the worst of it, but State sovereignty is right after all. Is that the qualification for the ballot which we propose to demand in Virginia?

If the ordinance of secession be a nullity, says Mr. STUART, when it ceases, Virginia is back again in the Union with all her rights.

But who is to decide when war has ceased in Virginia? The Government of the United States. The war against that Government was waged by those who hold Mr. STUART'S views. He and his friends have not changed their views. Can the war be only said to have ended if they are to control the reorganization of the State? It may not break out again for thirty years. But it will be the same war whenever it reappears. War will have ceased in Virginia when the State Government rests securely in the hands of her people who abhor the doctrine of State sovereignty and hold to the equal rights of all men. Until that day the forces of the United States can not be safely withdrawn. Until that day no adequate reorganization of Virginia as a State of the Union is possible.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

ONE of the fiercest and most unscrupulous opponents of Secretary STANTON lately insinuated that he was not as sternly hostile to rebellion while he was in the Cabinet of Mr. BUCHANAN as he has been in that of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON. How overwhelmingly rapid such an insinuation is fortunately found in the speech of Judge HOLT, delivered in Charleston on the evening of the day upon which the flag was raised on Fort Sumter. Judge HOLT was a member of Mr. BUCHANAN'S last Cabinet, with Mr. STANTON and General DIX. In his Charleston speech he alludes to the "murder of "the traitor FLOYD," in view of his own purposes, when he selected Major ANDERSON to command in Charleston harbor. Wicked rebels have sometimes been fatally mistaken in the choice of instruments. He continues:

"Great, too, have been the surprise and terror of these wicked men when they have found their trusted instruments failing in their hands: but perhaps few of these exhibitions have equaled that which was witnessed at Washington when the unfaltering fidelity of Major ANDERSON and his little command was first fully manifested. When intelligence reached the Capital that, by a bold and decisive movement, this command had been transferred from Moultrie to Sumter, and was safe from the rifled guns left behind, the emotions of FLOYD were absolutely uncontrollable—emotions of mingled mortification and anguish and rage and panic. His fury seemed that of some baffled fiend, who discovers suddenly opening at his own feet the gulf of ruin which he had been preparing for another. Over all the details of this passionate outburst of a conspirator, caught and entangled in his own toils, a veil of official secrecy still hangs, and it may be that history will never be privileged to transfer this memorable scene to its pages. There is now, however, whose absence to-day we have all deplored, and to whom the nation is grateful for the masterly address by which he has conveyed what he has fought this rebellion in all the vicissitudes of its career—your Secretary of War—who, were he here, could add testimony to the truthfulness of my words. He looked upon that scene, and the conspirator needs not to be told that he looked upon it with scorn and defiance. [Here the audience, rising to their feet, gave three cheers for Secretary STANTON.]"

TWO VOICES FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

SEVERAL gentlemen have come from North Carolina to Washington to confer with the Government upon the subject of the reorganization of that State. Among them is the Hon. W. W. HOLDEN, who is understood to be a representative of the Union men at the South who are sincerely glad of the triumph of the Government. He was indeed a delegate to the State Convention in 1861, and signed the ordinance of secession, because, as he says, escape was "physically and morally impossible." But for some time, as the editor of a paper at Raleigh, Mr. HOLDEN has rebelled and resisted rebellion, and was the "Pence" or Union candidate for Governor against VANCE. At a late Union meeting in Raleigh Mr. HOLDEN made a speech which is worthy of attention as the authoritative statement of the present views of the white Union men at the South upon the subject of reorganization.

The colored Union citizens of North Carolina have also expressed their views. Let us compare the two speeches. Which is the more just, constitutional, simple, and thorough?

There can be no doubt of the sincerity of Mr. HOLDEN'S exultation at the overthrow of the rebellion. He accepts emancipation. Regrets for slavery, he says, are now vain. He reminds the people of this State, both in Convention and in the Legislature, to define the status and condition of this emancipated race." Mr. HOLDEN says that he would educate the colored citizen; recognise his marriage relations; let him read his Bible and hold property. "but beyond that I leave him to the future action of the States themselves. . . . . The whole vast continent is destined to fall under the control of the Anglo-Saxon race—the governing and self-governing race. I look to the wisdom of the people in Convention to decide the relations of the two races."

Why white men are more the "people" of the State than colored men Mr. HOLDEN omits to say. And what an American means by talking of a "governing race" is a charming inquiry. Has Mr. HOLDEN yet to learn that in this country the Government is not founded upon family, or race, or color, but upon the consent of the governed? He proposes to educate the colored men. Does he forget that a large proportion of the "governing race" in this State are themselves unable to read? Did it not occur to Mr. HOLDEN that if the colored citizen who stood behind the platform and listened to his speech were yesterday a slave, the orator, was yesterday a rebel, who signed the ordinance of secession, however unwillingly, upon that very same spot?

This is one North Carolina plan of reorganization—that the Government of the United States should consult the white people, who are by the only part of the population which has been always loyal, and commit their future and the tranquility of the country to them. But there has been in various degrees disloyal, and which regards the colored race as inferior and of unequal rights.

The other plan is presented in a petition from the colored citizens of North Carolina to the President. They confess that they are poor and greatly despised. They do not believe, but they urge that they have tried to help those who upheld the old flag through all the rebellion—and with boundless fidelity. Whether they can say how effectively they did it. They declare that they can not see the justice of denying the elective franchise to men who have been fighting for the country, and who are freely given to men who have just returned from five years' fighting against it. "As you were once a citizen of North Carolina," they say, appealing to the President, "we need not remind you that up to the year 1835 free colored men voted in this State, and were heard, by their white ally, to their detriment to its interest. What we desire is, that preliminary to elections in the returning States *you would order the enrollment of all loyal men without regard to color.*"

Surely no plan could be more just, more simple, more constitutional, and more effective. This will secure the people of this State into a convention as Mr. HOLDEN wishes. And if this is not done, if an arbitrary enfranchisement is made, the question of property, height, or age, or property, or weight, or size, how can Congress acknowledge the government that may result as the republican form of government, and how it is constitutionally bound to secure to every State?

OUR ARTISTS DURING THE WAR.

THE soldiers are marching home, and with them the noble army of artists. Their pencils are to-day better gentlemen should be fully recognized. There was never a war before of which the varying details, the striking and picturesque incidents, the people of this nation by land and sea, and all the innumerable romantic incidents of a great struggle have been recorded with the eye of truth by the most skilful and devoted artists. To them we owe the national familiarity with the features of our famous soldiers, sailors, and statesmen. To all they who have studied the poorest boy in the land to own a portrait of the bravest hero. All over the country thousands and thousands of the faces and forms which the war has made illustrious are tacked and pinned and pasted upon the humblest walls. Whole regiments have had portraits of a beloved officer, whole corps of a commander; and they owe the precious pleasure to the quick brain and nimble hand of the artists.

The pictorial history of the war which they have written with their pencils in the field, upon their knees, upon a knapsack, upon a drum, upon a drum-head, upon a block, upon a cannon, upon a wet deck, in the gray dawn, in the dusk twilight, with freezing or fevered fingers; upon hospital cots, in ambulances, from a corner in a tent; under the sky, in snow and rain and sunshine; from the bough of a tree through which the bullets were whistling, from a corner of the deck over which the shells whistled and crashed; in the glow of victory, in the rage of defeat—this is a history quivering with life, faithful, terrible, romantic, the value of which will grow with every year.

We may be pardoned for special pride in our own artists who have gone through all the long and stirring campaigns of this war, commencing eating its most interesting incidents and noted men, so that the volumes of the *Weekly* are really a vivid history of the struggle. Moore. A. R. WARD, THEODORE R. DAVIS, WILLIAM WAUD, ROBERT WEIR, ANDREW MCCALUM, A. W. WARREN, and others, have not been less busy and scarcely less imperiled than the soldiers. They have made the weary marches and dangerous voyages. They have shared the soldier's fare; they have ridden and waded, and climbed and floundered, always trusting in lead pencils and keeping their paper dry. When the battle began they were there. They drew the enemy's fire as well as our own. The first shock, the heaving tumult, the smoky sway of battle from side to side, the line, the assault, the victory—they were a part of all, and their faithful fingers, depicting the scene, have made us a part also.

Meanwhile the most careful and admirable series of memorable portraits by Mr. W. S. L. JEWETT has constantly adorned our paper, and the rough sketches of battles and incidents, hastily sent from the field or the deck, have been faithfully and skillfully elaborated by Mr. S. ETTINGE. Mr. THOMAS NAST is already known to our readers. With deft eyes and hands it will be a sly interesting incident or a cunning famous face which escapes proper treatment in the *Weekly*.

"WHO'LL BE CHIEF MOURNER?"

THE Rev. M. D. CONWAY gives in the *Commonwealth* this agreeable sketch of the late performance at FORNIANA'S Theatre, Washington. Mr. WOOD left for Paris immediately after the play, and, as we learn, took no part in the meeting called by Mr. ADAMS, and mentioned in Englishman.

"You may judge of the scorn with which Americans in London read in Thursday morning's papers the following notice:

"SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will state that the meeting of the American in London will be held at this hotel to-morrow, at twelve o'clock, with reference to some appropriate expression of sentiment concerning the lamentable intelligence from the United States.

"Very truly yours,

"FERNANDO WOOD.

"*Grosvenor Hotel, Pulteney, April 16.*"

"It was not to be expected. A costly number of loyal Americans went there determined to prevent this mocking effort at Wood to be the American representative and spokesman in London (where he has been for two weeks), and there was in the room ready to use a certain number of Secessionists, who were proper and praiseworthy destruction at the United States as a good moment for the destruction of New York. When the meeting all been seated in silence for a few moments, a modest worker of the same Grosvenor Hotel came to the door and proclaimed, 'Gentlemen! the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD!' As that sleek and oily individual walked in, four and sundry, some individual began a clap with his hands—however he was utterly covered up and ridiculous among those who remained silent, and was drowned by every throat. FERNANDO caught the inclosure in his breast, and bowed himself down to the upper part of the room. Some one then proposed that he (Wood) should take the chair; but some voice was heard and passed from the back, Dr. BEACH, of Kentucky, entered the door and called out: 'Gentlemen, I have come from the Secession Club to express our sympathy, and have a message from a number of eminent Americans there to those who have gathered here.' Dr. B. then said that it was the opinion of Mr. ADAMS and the gentlemen in consultation with him, that a general meeting of American would be held in St. James's Hall on Monday evening, and that all should receive any minor expression until then. Mr. Wendell Phillips and Mr. Beecher might go on; but he was interrupted by a call to adjourn. The next attempt was by Mr. FERNANDO WOOD for calling us together; but Rev. CHARLES REMOND, sub-agent with Dr. HUNN for the reception of fugitive slaves, pushed if American needed to thank any man for calling them together; whereupon the motion to thank no one was put, the crowd left the room to Wood and his friend. You may think this manifestation of calling hard; but I assure you that it was what the most eminent or honorable men we were able to stand, to behold the countenance of one who had thrown his flag and sword at the arm that has crowned America with devastation and grief, in the very hour when that arm had filled up the measure of its iniquities."

THE PROPRIETIES

AS long-mum patriot in Philadelphia, with a keen sense of propriety, suggests that the sympathetic Copperheads should wear petticoats for thirty days in honor of JEFFERSON DAVIS.

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLIC.

THE Rev. W. H. MILBURN has been invited by thirty of the most eminent Episcopal clergymen of the city to deliver a lecture with this title at Irving Hall on the evening of June 1 at eight o'clock. Mr. MILBURN'S accomplishments as a public orator are well and widely known. His misfortune of blindness always commends him to peculiar sympathy; and his long residence at the South ought to enable him to give valuable testimony as to the probable public sentiment in that region.

LITERARY.

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER, the author of "Orion" and many popular tales and sketches in the magazines, has also written a very simple practical romance, and who enters upon her work with ardor and resolution, has been placed in the chief editorial chair of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, of which she has been for some time assistant editor. We anticipate for the paper a renewed success in her skillful hands.

"O Mother Dear Jerusalem. Th. Old Hymn; its Origin and Genealogy," edited by WILLIAM C. PRIME (A. D. D. RANDOLPH), is the title of a very curious little volume which the accomplished editor has performed a labor of love, for which he will have the hearty thanks of all historical and religious scholars. Mr. PRIME has traced the rise of that popular hymn of the Christian fathers and the old Latin hymns with admirable conciseness and clearness. In no accessible form in this country is it so well presented as in this little book.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE great affair of the week is the grand review of the national armies at Washington. This is the largest event of the war—that to which our armies have looked forward in many a weary march and hard fought battle. It was rather a grand panoramic spectacle than a review. Instead of marching to the soldiers, they spread over them a certain color that. As we go to press we know only of the final review of Sherman's army. That of the potomac, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the Sixth Army Corps held the advance, the Fifth Corps, Hancock, and Gibbon came the second, followed by Burnside's cavalry. We shall next week be able to give a detailed account of the review, accompanied by illustrations.

On the 22d of May President JOHNSON issued an important proclamation regarding trade in ports and in the interior Southern States. He opens the ports closed at the time also by Presidential Decree, except Galveston; and he withdraws from this date all pretense of belligerent rights—the cutting blockade-runners and contraband traders out of legal protection of any sort. He also withdraws every restriction upon trade inland east of the Mississippi.

It is now established beyond doubt that Jefferson Davis was caught disguised in woman's clothes. The following is from the Savannah *Herald*:

"Davis, however, had the self-possession to make a most desperate attempt to escape. Hastily throwing off the fighting. Mrs. Davis had arrayed her husband in her own dress, put on his hat, tied her head and veil over his head so as to conceal his face completely. When thus disguised, he left President of the Confederacy was a decided resemblance to an old woman. Mrs. Davis took the arm of Mrs. Reagan, Mrs. Davis's sister the other; and thus, apparently supporting the tottering steps of the old lady, attempted to make away from his wife's protection into a neighboring swamp.

"But as Mr. Davis's form stepped the trio, however, when a gleam appeared was made to them by the prudent daughters to hasten, as he continued his pace at a quicker out of the range of the bullets. One of the soldiers promptly replied that he would not see 'an old woman like after Jeff Davis'; he was here somewhere, and they meant to have him. A few moments, took off the head-veil, and, instead of an old lady, found the well-known features of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"The officers and other members of the Reilag party were quickly arrested.

"Before daylight the forces started on their return to Macon, where, at 10 o'clock, Colonel Pritchard reported the news of his glorious success to General Wilson. He was immediately ordered to Augusta with the captives.

"From Augusta he was ordered to conduct his prisoners forthwith to Washington. He accordingly embarked on board the steamer *Atlantic* from Savannah, reaching this city at an early hour this morning. Here Colonel Pritchard and party were met by Major-General DIX, who immediately started for Hilton Head, as Fort Pulaski the Envilee was expected to be at. Mr. H. W. Hilliard Guilmore, Judge Chase, and others, who went on board the steamer.

"We are told by those who saw Mr. Davis that on his journey in his ride alone from what it was four years ago. He seemed to be in good health, and bore the fatigue of the journey well. The prisoners were transferred from the steamer to the fort at Hilton Head, and from there to Washington by the same gun-boats connecting the two steamers, Mr. Davis and party are put to-night in Fort Monroe.

"A. R. Stephens, General Wheeler and three of his staff, C. C. Clay, Colonel Thompson, Postmaster-General of Texas, Colonel Thomas, Captain Moody, John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General, Colonel Harrison, brother of General Joseph E. Johnston, are also prisoners."

NEWS ITEMS.

In the neighborhood of Fort Pillow the negro troops now in the United States service have a lively remembrance of the wicked massacre of their predecessors in the service of the United States. Indeed, it appears, the genius for massacre, and the ingenious forms, in which it has been executed by the negroes, to massacre all, parole prisoners, and to burn the wounded in the hospitals, were made in time to prevent the work; but still there was no sharp calculation as to the size of the fire and the whom called by driving the negroes into the fort from which they were marching, with a loss of about twenty of them killed and wounded.

Dispatches from Nashville announce the capture of ex-Governor HARRIS, of Tennessee, and the late Executive of Tennessee. It is added that some of the State archives, and specially the papers, belonging to the State, are secured.

General Washburne, lately in command at Memphis, has been superseded, and General John E. Smith assumes his place.

Major-General Sedgwick's sword, worn by him on the day of his death, has been presented to the Connecticut Legislature.

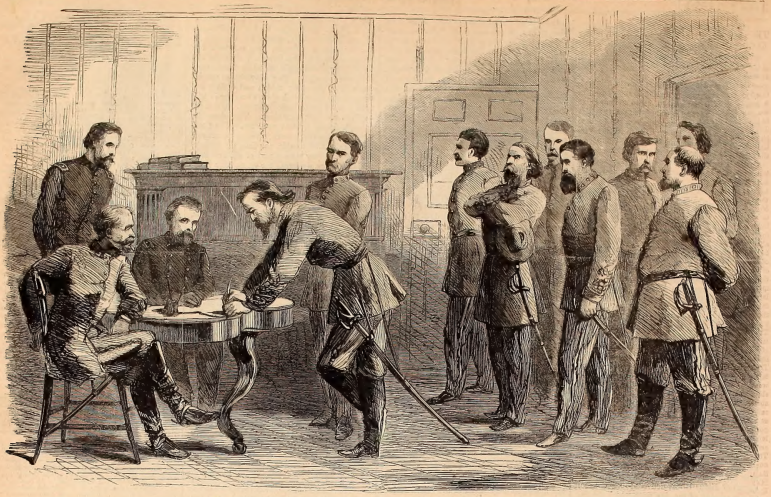
A dispatch to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* states that John Surratt left Washington the morning after the murder at 10 A. M., got to Philadelphia at 4 P. M., and to Boston, Mass., at 8 P. M., Massachusetts, where he was delayed by train missing connections. He remained at Boston for part of the day and went direct to Burlington, where, in getting his papers, he inadvertently left behind with his overcoat upon it. At St. Albans he left the train and proceeded on foot to Canada, where he was met by a friend on the road to Montreal, where he was arrested by some of the sympathizers. He left the morning of the 14th in a carriage with George N. Sanders. He then left and went to the direction of a monastery. He was known to be in that vicinity that day, and can not also be found or heard of. It is probable that he is within their walls.

General Molineux, of New York, took formal possession of Augusta on May 24, and found ammunition hundred thousand bales of cotton, five million dollars' worth of ordnance and other property. The Augusta *Constitutionalist* of May 24 says: Jeff Davis's specie train was captured, and one million eight-six-hundred-and-odd dollars of gold and silver. The Savannah River has been opened to Savannah, and the navigation of the Savannah, Charleston, Augusta, to Charleston will soon be complete.

On the 25th of May Davis and party arrived at Hilton Head, on board the steamer *Clyde*. On the 26th Davis and party passed from their vessels, and were shortly after transferred to Fortress Monroe.

The late rebel Secretary Brown, of Georgia, reached Washington May 18, under guard, and was placed in the Old Capitol Prison.

One of the Canada papers says: "Dr. Blackburn, for some years a resident of this place in St. Lawrence Hall, and accused of forwarding from Bermuda bales of infected goods to the United States in November last, has since arrested through a warrant issued in Toronto. Dr. Blackburn has been residing in Bermuda for some time past, and before yesterday at the St. Lawrence Hall. When he left for Toronto, he was accompanied by a friend, who, he declared, and said to them, 'I am entirely innocent; but I have been informed against, and I am going to Toronto to be tried.' He then left for Toronto, and has not since been heard of. Dr. Blackburn has just taken the same step; and also to ers, such as Mr. Young, have gone already so far as to declare openly that they had abandoned their former positions." It appears from Wednesday's dispatches that Mr. Young has not yet left Montreal, in consequence of the illness of his wife. John Surratt was a good Catholic, as also others of the family, and was known to his pastor. He visited another few weeks, and yet all that time was regularly to her church, up-peering as usual at the communion and age attending Mass.



PAROLING REBEL PRISONERS AT GREENSBOROUGH, NORTH CAROLINA.
[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]



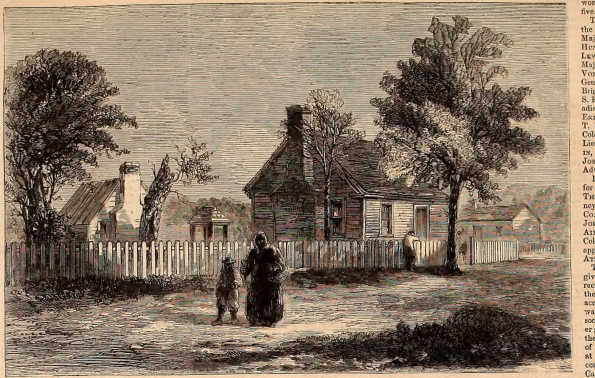
RICHMOND LADIES GOING TO RECEIVE GOVERNMENT RATIONS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE THE FIRST PAGE.]
"Don't you think that Yankee must feel like shrinking into his boots before such high-toned Southern ladies as we?"

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

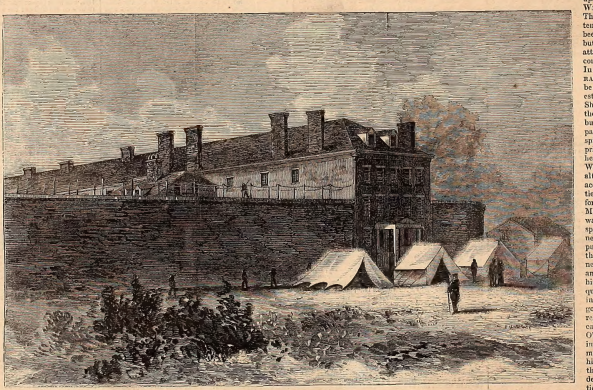
THE record of the trial of the conspirators at Washington forms a memorable portion of the history of the rebellion. A portion of this record we endeavor this week to lay before our readers. The trial is likely to be prolonged beyond the limits at first fixed by the popular expectation.

The building in which the trial is held is that in which the prisoners have been confined since their removal from the *Saugus* and *Montauk*. It is the old Penitentiary building, now included in the arsenal grounds, about 300 feet long by 50 feet wide, and built of brick. The west front of the building is upon the banks of the Potomac. There is a popular report which locates the last resting-place of the assassin BOOTH under a portion of the building. The room selected for the trial is on the north side of the east wing, and measures 30 feet by 40. The prisoners' dock extends 20 feet along the west wall, and is on a slightly-raised platform, surrounded by a plain railing. The Court sits at a large table on the north side; and on the left and facing the prisoners is the witness-stand. The names of the prisoners are as follow: Dr. SAMUEL MUDD, DAVID C. HAROLD, LEWIS PAYNE, EDWARD SPANGLER, MICHAEL O'LOUGHLIN, J. W. ATZEROTT, SAMUEL ARNOLD, and Mrs. SURRATT.

At the opening of the trial Dr. MUDD appeared calm and attentive, ARNOLD was restless and nervous, PAYNE, dressed in a gray woolen shirt, preferred to gaze on the prospect outside of the window. He had a listless, dreamy look, and his dark hair, irregularly parted, hung over a masculine face, clouding a pair of dark-blue eyes. O'LOUGHLIN was watchful, keenly observing every movement in the room. His forehead is broad, but low, and covered with a bushy head of hair. His eyes are dark; his complexion pale and bloodless, with a heavy black imperial and mustache. ATZEROTT, but for his muscles, it is said, might be taken for a spectator. His hair and beard are of a reddish, dusky color, and his eyes are light.—Mrs. SURRATT appeared at first quiet and self-possessed. She is a stout woman, of about forty-five.



BIRTH-PLACE OF PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON, RALEIGH, N. C.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

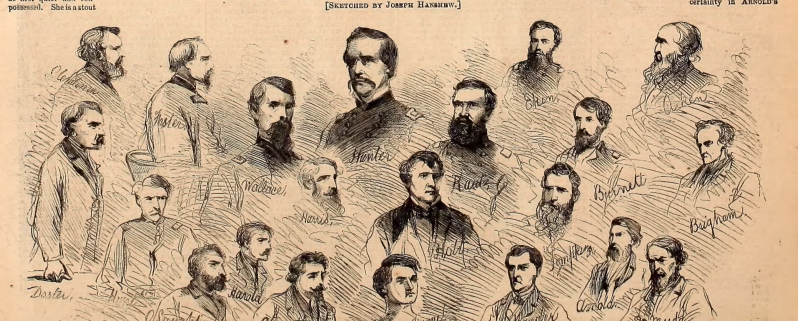


PENITENTIARY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, IN WHICH THE CONSPIRATORS ARE CONFINED AND UNDERGOING TRIAL.
[SKETCHED BY JOSEPH HASHIMM.]

The Court consists of the following officers: Major-General DAVID HUNTER, Major-General LEW WALLACE, Brevet Major-General AUGUST VON KAUTZ, Brigadier-Gen. ALBION P. HOWE, Brigadier-Gen. ROBERT S. FOSTER, Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES A. EKIN, Brigadier-General T. M. HARRIS, Brevet Colonel C. H. TOMPKINS, Lieut.-Colonel CLENDENIN, and Brigadier-Gen. JOSEPH HOLT, Judge-Advocate.

Employed as counsel for the accused are Mr. THOMAS EWING, Attorney STONE, WALTER S. COX, Hon. REVERDY JOHNSON, and Messrs. AIKEN and CLAGGETT. Colonel W. E. DOSTER appears for PAYNE and ATZEROTT.

The testimony thus far given points in three directions: first, toward the identification of the accused; secondly, toward their intimate association with each other; and, thirdly, toward the complicity with them of the rebel authorities at Richmond and their commissioned agents in Canada. The two chief witnesses in fixing guilt upon the accused are WEICHMAN and LLOYD. The existence of an extensive conspiracy has been abundantly proved, but the measure of guilt attaching to the different conspirators is various. In regard to Mrs. SURRATT, there can scarcely be any doubt of the deepest guilt on her part. She not only harbored the principal criminals, but took a prominent part in the whole conspiracy. WEICHMAN, the principal witness against her, was a clerk in the War Department; yet, although so intimately acquainted with the parties—boarding as he did, for several months at Mrs. SURRATT's, so well was the secret of the conspiracy kept that he was never aware of their final purpose. It is proved that Dr. MUDD had a near relation to BOOTH and his accomplices, and his conduct when first questioned by the officers in pursuit of BOOTH will go hard against him. In regard to PAYNE there can be no question.—O'LOUGHLIN is deeply implicated by the testimony, though how far his actual knowledge of the intended crime rendered him an active participant is still uncertain. There is still more uncertainty in ARNOLD'S



TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS—PENCIL SKETCHES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK.

case. It seems quite probable that SPANGLER actively and knowingly participated in BOOTH's crime. AGAINST ATZERODT the testimony weighs heavily. It is proved that GEORGE N. SANDERS did know BOOTH, notwithstanding his statements to the contrary — statements which must, in the light of the evidence, induce a suspicion of guilt. It is known that the Confederate agents in Canada had immense sums of money to dispose of, to be occupied in the most nefarious schemes. It is proved by documentary evidence that JEFFERSON DAVIS received letters from murderous villains offering to rid the confederacy of its deadliest enemies, and these letters bear DAVIS's indorsement referring them to the attentive consideration of the rebel War Department.

But as yet the record is only a partial one. We give below a large portion of the testimony delivered in court.

RECORD OF THE TRIAL.

The trial opened on Wednesday, May 10. It was at first determined that the proceedings should be secret, and this rule was observed during the first three days; but on the 13th the gag reporters were admitted, and the testimony taken during the previous days was ordered to be published. The charges made against the accused was that they had conspired with John Wilkes Booth for the murder of President Lincoln, Vice-President Johnson, Secretary Seward, and General GRANT. With these charges a specification was joined the names of Jefferson Davis, George N. Sanders, Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, William C. Cleary, Clement C. Clay, and other rebel agents in Canada. It formed an important part of the charges that the purpose of the conspirators, in the execution of their bloody work, was to aid the cause of existing rebellion. The first of the specifications of the charge was that the accused, with the coconspirators of the three murdered persons, carried out the details of their conspiracy within the limits of the Military District of Washington. The remainder charge relating to Booth, deceased, was that he killed President Lincoln, Major Rathbone, his daughter was then his fiancée, in the execution of his crime and in escaping from Ford's Theatre. The charge of Booth's death was also mentioned in the act and in the escape of the murderer. Against Lewis Payne it was charged that he assaulted with intent to murder Secretary Seward, his son Frederick and Augustus Seward, and Major H. Rathbone, also a guest in the house. Against Atzerodt the intent to murder Vice-President Johnson. Against Mrs. Surratt a similar charge with the title of Lieutenant-General Grant. Against Arnold, assistance rendered to John Wilkes Booth, and against Mrs. Surratt, Mary Jackson, Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, and Samuel Mudd, the same conspiracy, with the purpose, intent, and method of carrying out the conspiracy, as charged against the principal conspirators, and the details of their conspiracy within the limits of the Military District of Washington. The remainder charge relating to Booth, deceased, was that he killed President Lincoln, Major Rathbone, his daughter was then his fiancée, in the execution of his crime and in escaping from Ford's Theatre. The charge of Booth's death was also mentioned in the act and in the escape of the murderer. Against Lewis Payne it was charged that he assaulted with intent to murder Secretary Seward, his son Frederick and Augustus Seward, and Major H. Rathbone, also a guest in the house. Against Atzerodt the intent to murder Vice-President Johnson. Against Arnold, assistance rendered to John Wilkes Booth, and against Mrs. Surratt, Mary Jackson, Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, and Samuel Mudd, the same conspiracy, with the purpose, intent, and method of carrying out the conspiracy, as charged against the principal conspirators, and the details of their conspiracy within the limits of the Military District of Washington, constituting the charge relating to Booth, deceased, was that he killed President Lincoln, Major Rathbone, his daughter was then his fiancée, in the execution of his crime and in escaping from Ford's Theatre. The charge of Booth's death was also mentioned in the act and in the escape of the murderer. Against Lewis Payne it was charged that he assaulted with intent to murder Secretary Seward, his son Frederick and Augustus Seward, and Major H. Rathbone, also a guest in the house. Against Atzerodt the intent to murder Vice-President Johnson. Against Arnold, assistance rendered to John Wilkes Booth, and against Mrs. Surratt, Mary Jackson, Samuel Arnold, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, and Samuel Mudd, the same conspiracy, with the purpose, intent, and method of carrying out the conspiracy, as charged against the principal conspirators, and the details of their conspiracy within the limits of the Military District of Washington. The remainder

plied, "Mosby's." Harold returned that he was of A. P. Hill's command. He said his brother was wounded below Richmond, and asked if Jett would not take him down by the lines. After a while Harold announced that he and his companion were the assassinators of the President. The entire party then crossed the river and went to Garrett's, where they left Booth and went on to the seat Harold went back to Garrett's.

Lieutenant Conger and Sergeant Boston Corbett were then examined in regard to the pursuit and capture of Booth. Their testimony possessed nothing to the witness have been made public.

John Greenleaf, keeper of the Pennsylvania House, testified that Atzerott and Booth had been in earnest conversation for about an hour on the night of the 13th in his room and Booth would walk across the room and look out of the window, and then return when no liquor had been offered by Atzerott. Said, "Conger was in that city on Monday the 12th. On that day I have friends enough to give as much money as will make us all rich." Conger was not in the city on that day, but will return with as much gold as will weigh a ton of coin." He left the Pennsylvania House on Saturday the 12th. On the 15th, at about 8 or 4 A. M., he came back to the same house and was there when he was hesitated about registering his name, but finally consented. The clerk was one who gave his name as Boyd. Thompson had the appearance of a laboring man. Early in the morning this man left, and shortly afterward Atzerott followed, and was not seen again.

Hezekiah Metz, of Montgomery County, testified that on the Sunday following the assassination Atzerott took dinner at his house. Some conversation took place about General Grant having been shot; it was understood that he had been shot on the cars. Atzerott said that if the man who was to have followed him had followed him it would have been so.

Sergeant G. W. Gemmill testified as to the circumstances of Atzerott's arrest at Germantown. He did not ask for the reason of his arrest.

On Thursday, the 20th, the first witness on the stand was A. R. Boteler, telegraph operator in Brooklyn. On the 23d of March Booth handed him the following message, which was sent to Washington:

"*To—Wickham, Esq., 541 H Street, Washington, D. C.*

"Tell John to telegraph number and street at once.

"NEW YORK, *March 23, 1865.*

Weichman was then recalled to the stand and testified that he resided in this district; that he was acquainted with was John Surratt; that upon asking the latter what was meant by the message said the street was Booth's. "Don't be so damned inquisitive." Weichman further testified that after Booth left, when he returned Surratt told him that day at 4 P. M. and went to his room, he rang the bell for Don, the colored servant, who told him that John had been out about half past two that afternoon with six others on horseback; that they were armed and equipped for service. Mrs. Surratt weighs distinctly, and asked her what was the matter. She replied: "Oh! don't ask me about the best of your dinner, John has gone away." About 6½ P. M. Surratt came home very much excited, and rushed immediately about the room with one of Sharp's revolvers in his hand. Weichman asked him why he was so much excited. Surratt replied: "I tell about say man who comes into this room, my head comes off, and my property is gone." "What is there something to do; can you get me a checkship?" Payne came into the room, and about fifteen minutes after he left Booth also came in, and rushed about as fractiously as the others had done. He had a whip in his hand, and walked three west into the second story, where they remained about twenty minutes. Subsequently, Weichman and Surratt where he had left Payne, and he said Payne had gone to Baltimore with a letter. That he (Payne) had afterward started, when passing by the door Surratt called out and asked if he was going to Surrattsville. Payne said he was, and Surratt told him to look sharp, as he had particular reasons. The letter was signed Wood (the name which Payne assumed), and the letter stated that he was at the Revere House, New York; that he was looking for situation, &c., but would prefer something in the boarding-house in Grand Street. Weichman had made a mention of Captain Gleason, of the Marine Department, with whom, as early as March, he conversed about the probable time the conspirators could be got.

J. J. McPhail testified that Atzerott had told him that the man who was in his room at the Kirkwood House belonged to Booth.

Washington Briscoe, on the night of the 14th of April, saw Atzerott get into a carpet car at Sixth Street between eleven and twelve o'clock and ride down to the depot. His role with him. Atzerott waited to sleep with him at his store, which was on the passage to the depot, for convenience, and Atzerott said he would return to the Pennsylvania House.

The Rev. W. H. Ryder, of Chicago, the next witness, went to Richmond on the 14th and arrived on the 15th. He picked up in the Capitol there the following paper:

"RICHMOND, *February 11, 1865.*

"*His Excellency Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America:*

"When Isaac Johnson and myself waited upon you some days since, in relation to the project of annoying and harassing the enemy, by means of burning their shipping, towns, etc., etc., there were several remarks made by you, upon the subject, that I was not then at liberty to communicate, but which, upon subsequent conference with the parties proposing the enterprise, I find can safely be made known to the citizens:

"*1st.* To combustible material consists of several preparations, and not one alone, and can be used without exposing the party using them to the least danger of detection whatever. The preparations are not in the hands of Mr. Booth, but are in the hands of those who will be employed to burn and to him and one other party, as I understand.

"*2d.* You have no necessity for sending persons to Mr. Booth's house to obtain the enemy's papers, as the work may be done by agents, and in most cases by persons ignorant of the fact, and therefore innocent.

"I have seen enough of the effects that can be produced to satisfy me that there is most ample, reliable power in the parties engaged, and in others but very slight, we can be sure of, that will make this town a hell on earth for the United States troops. When you leave every transport that leaves the harbor of New York for Dixie must be supplied with supplies for the armies of the enemy in the South. *Third.* Burn every transport and steamer that you can find in Hampton Roads, and devastate the country and fill its people with terror and consternation.

"I am clear in this opinion that the Northern communities are as fully and thoroughly impressed with the conviction as I am, I believe we have only to make the command, if promptly appropriated and energetically applied, to overthrow the Northern people in a very short time. For the purpose of satisfying your mind on the subject, I respectfully but earnestly request that you will have an interview with General Hardie, formerly a member of Congress from Missouri, who, I think, will be conclusive proofs, to convince you that what I have suggested is perfectly feasible and practicable.

"The deep interest I feel for the success of our cause in this struggle, with the conviction of the importance of availing ourselves of every element of defense, must be my excuse for urging you and requesting you to have General Hardie to see you. If you should see proper to do so, I respectfully ask the favor that he will be conveyed for you to see him.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"W. S. OLDHAM."

On the back of the letter are the two indorsements, the first being "Hon. W. S. Oldham, Richmond, February 15, 1865."

"In relation to plans and means of burning the enemy's shipping, towns, etc., preparations are in the hands of Colonel McCullough, and are shown to only one party. Ask the President to have an interview with General Hardie, formerly from Missouri, on the subject. Secretary of State at his convenience please see General Hardie, and learn what plan he has for overcoming the difficulty heretofore experienced. J. D. Feb. 15th, 1865.

"Secretary of War."

John Potts, Chief Clerk of the War Department, identified the signatures of "J. D." as Jefferson Davis's, of the Hon. Rice, who used to sign republican made by David when the latter was Secretary of War, also identified the writing.

Lieutenant Terry produced the following letter found in Booth's trunk after the assassination. The letter was directed to "J. C. Wilkes Booth, Esq., National Hotel, Washington, D. C.," and post-marked "Baltimore, Md., March 19":

"BOOTHWOOD, Saleb. Co., *March 16, 1865.*

"DEAR JOHN,—Was disappointed in your not coming that you could not remain in Baltimore until I saw you? I came to see you as I could not find that you had gone to Washington. I called also to see Mike, but learned from his mother that he was not at home, and had not returned. Mr. Ichabod Booth sends his good will to you. How long will you remain in town? Will call again to-morrow. Could not send a message by Mr. Booth, as I was in expectation for employment, an answer to which I shall receive in a few days. Will be glad to receive a line from you. Can I then, under existing circumstances, come to Washington? You know full well that I would not propose anything in going on there; therefore the subject. Please write me soon. Your sister Asia is not well at present doctor for various reasons, which if you look into you can readily see. Your sister Mary is very much interested. You know any one can consume me for my present. Will close, as I have no more to say, for now. Can come after telling them I had left you? Suspicion rests upon me now from my wife family, and every portion of the country. I will be compelled to leave home any how, and know not where to go. Will remain in for a few days.



THE COURT-ROOM AT THE OLD PENITENTIARY, WASHINGTON, DURING



THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.—[Sketched by Mr. Andrew M'Callum.]

INTERESTING ITEMS.

FREEDOM AND FASHION.—To the philosophic mind it is ever an amusement to contemplate the fanciful and fickle freaks of fashion. When hoops went out of vogue, only a century ago, the ladies vowed that canary petticoats were infinitely prettier; and they vied with one another in reducing their dimensions until their skirts became so slender they could hardly move their feet without the liveliest circumference. So, doubtless, will it be again, now crinoline is doomed. The millinery of Paris seems determined to make the "contour of the Empire" of some fifty seasons since, and who will dare dispute the sentence of the milliners? Already we are aware of the changes which is approaching. Leaflet fresh from Paris states that the tendency by upgarding is in the first sight we might fancy are their night-dresses. Of course, when one has little rest in all the female world will swim with it. Casting overboard their crinoline, the ladies will don the "Louis Quinze" which they had worn under a right course of blasting. Our wives will be so almost that we shall hardly know them; and when the walls will be their limp and scanty dresses we shall at first be scarcely able to recognize them in meeting the unmentioned shading of our shins. To the philosophic mind it will be curious to note what excuses will be made for the wearing of scant petticoats, to which the ladies have all vowed that they never could revert. The comfort has been was, said they, in wearing iron cages nobody could tell; and they pretended that they wore them under the full reason, and not for fashion's sake. The philosopher might shrug his shoulders, smile, and, slightly elevating his left eyebrow, quietly availed naught in its effort to refuse the circumference of petticoats, which had been fashion had expanded, and fashion only could contract. In its influence on the female mind, philosophy will but come in portion with fashion; and the philosopher who fancies that his wife will be blessed in when fashion decrees that hearing is no better than a fool.

THE STANDARD OF BEAUTY.—Slander twins are living in North Carolina, where they form a plantation. They married two sisters, and while they had few children each sister lived happily. When one of them, however, had a child it was always perverted and would not live under the same roof. The twins are now fifty years old. One of them is drooping, and appears to have been made to find out if the lig-ture that binds them were cut without any pain. Both are in good health. They are rich. Although all confess your beauty, and plead it "—ine, nobody seems to see you as your good but in" —ation, and we do not.

A WORD OR CLOCKS.—Ingenious men of all ages; from Archimedes, 20 years b.c., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been clad on the inventors of the clock. The fact is, that the clock, like almost every other piece of mechanism, gradually grew to perfection: one man suggested wheel-work; another the weight for maintaining or driving power; another the balance for regulating the expenditure of that power; another his dial and hands; another the striking apparatus, and so on, as it last, one man combined all together in one machine, and gained the credit of having built the clock. This man appears to have been one Henry de Wick, or de Vick, the father of John, the tower of the palace of Charles the Fifth, about the year 1364, which clock is the most ancient of which there are any particular description. The principles upon which it was constructed were essentially the same as those of the clocks of the present day: that is, there was a moving power and a regulating power. The moving power was a weight hung by a cord, wound round a barrel; the unwinding of which, by the fall of the weight, gave motion to a train of wheels that moved the hands around the dial. The regulating power was a balance-wheel, and was made to vibrate backward and by the manner of the watch-balance, so familiar to us all.

A SECRET POISON.—Some person inventing a new mode and going into a cooler, or into the open air, should carefully close his ice in four sawdust, and by this means, as it were, acclimatized to the colder atmosphere, and breathe the change of the cold atoms, by which the cold air is made to traverse the long, warm nasal passage before it reaches the warm lungs and stomach, and its power would have being thus raised, one common mode of "catching cold" is avoided. Most people, upon leaving a warm church or hot concert-room, immediately open their mantle to disarm the sudden rush of cold air into the lungs, and many a severe cold is taken. It is equally common, but worse, for a public speaker or an actor in the throat is more heated from his recent exercises, and he may, and often does, become hoarse for a month by such apparently trifling neglect.

THE Peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplantations and cultivations, you say reversed its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit that we now enjoy.

A KISS is a little thing, and evanescent, but of potent influence. A lingering, tender kiss will feed the heart with joy more than the richest viands of wedding feast. It thrills up the sere spirit, and oft given, converts a doubtful into electromagnet. One of the most touching was the pauses of childhood. To women it is as necessary as the sunshine and dew to the rose. We refer not to the "strong-minded" of the sex, who, in their boasted independence, feel all the world is selfish enough within themselves, but to those gentle, domestic beings who make God home. A frequent, unforgiven kiss will bring down the sweetness which otherwise would turn to coldness and indifference.

BARON LIEBIG'S SOUP FOR CHILDREN.—With that remarkable estimation of the greatness of small things which is one of the characteristics of his many high intellectual qualities, and with a tender appreciation of the importance of small gradations, Baron Liebig has given a special study to the English scientific perfected to the description of a new article of diet which he considers to be the most valuable substitute for the natural nutriment for those children who are by accident deprived of their mother's milk. He has well known that a cow's milk does not adequately represent that of a human mother, and has endeavored therefore to add, as it is usually termed, to bring it nearer to it, although stand by nature. Having for the manufacture of this food, the cow's milk is first sugar in the stomach during digestion imparts an unusual quantity of sugar on the curdled milk, and by the addition of the starch he before-hand transformed into the soluble form of sugar and dextrine. This he effects by adding to the whole flour a certain quantity of malt. As wheaten flour contains a considerable chalk (the water's milk, he supplies that when preparing the soup. This "soup" may be shortly described as follows: Half an ounce of wheaten flour, and a certain equal quantity of malt flour, seven grains and a quarter of carbonate of potash, and a small ounce of water are well mixed; five ounces of cow's milk are then to be added, and the whole heated in a gentle fire: when the mixture begins to thicken it is removed from the fire, stirred during five minutes, and then strained. The bran will be thereby quite fluid, and finally used to boil. After the expiration of the time the starch is ready for use. By boiling it for a few minutes it loses all taste of the flour.

It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that glycerine is a costly article, yet it is a mistake that the mass of us are constantly committing. Many of us are accustomed to regard glycerine of the highest kind as an equal diamonds—in the light of rare jewels of the first water. Such things are only to be obtained by a tenth cuticy of money. But with this idea we are all more or less envious of wealth, believing that the possession enables an individual to compass the whole round of human enjoyments. There was upon a time a man who was wished he were a king, that he might be able to swing on a gate all day. That boy had a very modest idea of enjoyment, but if his wish had been granted he would soon have found a way of swinging on a gate and fallen tired of being immortal. It is a pity that we are not better than known in a more philosophic way, so we can not have our wish occasionally, and be convinced by experience that true happiness is to be in being either rich or great. There are many accepted pieces of verbal wisdom, handed down unreasoned by printing out the evils of riches and the curse of greatness. We subscribe to them, as a matter of inherited faith, believe in them; but practically they do not guide us. We sigh for riches and greatness all the same, still clinging to the notion that wealth and position can purchase enjoyment.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

OLIMPIA COLONNA.

SAXON TREVALYAN did not fall in love at first sight, as Salamon fell in love with Emelie, walking in the garden "full of branches green." His heart was not taken by storm. It took grew none the brighter or the paler for that stolen contemplation. Nothing of the kind. He only thought her beautiful, felt a little embarrassed at her, and delighted to look upon her; just as he would have admired, and wondered at, and looked upon a gorgeous sunset, or a striking new native Alps, or a splendid meteor in a summer sky. He did not attempt to analyze her features. He did not even carefully note their color and her delicate nostrils quiver; but he could not help seeing how there was something haughty in the very undulations of her tall and slender figure, and something imperial in the character of her head. Saxon was not without a considerable of female loveliness. The women of the Grimsby are among the homeliest of their race, and till now he had never seen a pretty face, graceful, handsome, highly-bred woman was a phenomenon in his eyes, and he looked upon her with that kind of awe which is inspired by what is unexpected. The young man would, perhaps, have been surprised, and he would be surprised that expression upon his cousin's face, and even more astonished if he could have read the thrilling, cynical smile into which it gradually faded.

"Come, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "we must taste this bottle of Château Margaux before we go."

Saxon shook his head.

"You have had only one glass," remonstrated his cousin.

"Thank you, I do not wish for more."

"Then you don't relish the wine after all."

"Yes, I do; but I am no longer thirsty. Sec I have almost emptied my glass without it."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"We are told," said he, "that primeval man passed his days in the open air, sustaining his life on he reached the era of civilization; namely, the stone period, the iron period, and the bronze. Well, I should not be surprised if the stone period; and Heaven only knows how long you might have staid there if I had not come to your aid! It is perhaps not too late even now."

Saxon laughed aloud. It was his way to laugh on the smallest provocation, like a joyous child, and Mr. Trefalden, finding no echo, another proof of barbarism.

"Will you come as much as you please, cousin William," he said; "but don't ask me to drink without thirst or eat without hunger."

"Come! shall we smoke a cigar in the garden before starting?"

"I am very sorry were leaving the room Mr. demoiselle Colonna rose and followed them.

"Mr. Trefalden," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Trefalden, we found letters awaiting us on our arrival, one of which demands an immediate answer. This answer must be conveyed to a certain Signor Colonna, a messenger. It may wait for various reasons, be sent through the post. Can you help me? Do you know of any person whom it would be safe to employ?"

"No, no," interrupted she. "It would not be prudent to consult him."

"Then I fear I am powerless."

"I—it is not very far," hesitated the lady. "He would only have to go about a mile beyond Thusis, on the Splugen road."

"If I were not a man of law, Mademoiselle Colonna," said Mr. Trefalden, with his blandest smile, "I would myself volunteer to be your envoy; but—"

"But you have given us your name, Mr. Trefalden, and can do no more. I understand that. I understood it from the first. I am only sorry to have troubled you."

"And I am sorry that you have not troubled me. I regret that I can not be of more service."

Whereupon Mr. Trefalden and Mademoiselle Colonna, made a sign to his cousin to follow him, and left the room. But Saxon lingered, blushing and irresolute, and turned to the lady instead.

"I can take the letter," he said, shyly. Mademoiselle Colonna paused, looked straight into his eyes, and said,

"It is an important letter. Can I trust you?"

"Yes."

"Can I safely trust you to give it into no other hands than those of the person whom I shall describe to you?"

"Yes."

"If any one else should try to take it from you, what would you do?"

"If a man should try to take it from me by force," replied Saxon, laughingly, "I should knock him down."

"But if he were stronger than you; or if there were several?"

He stopped to consider.

"Then I should take it out, as if I were going to give it up," said he, "and I would swallow it."

"Good."

Mademoiselle Colonna paused again, and again looked at him searchingly.

"Did you hear all that I said about this letter just now to Mr. Trefalden?" she said.

"Every word of it."

"You know that you must not repeat it?"

"I suppose so."

"And you know that to convey this letter may be—though it is very unlikely—a service of some little danger?"

"I do not know that; but I knew it was a service of responsibility."

"Well, then, are you equally willing to go?"

"Of course. Why not?"

Mademoiselle Colonna smiled, but somewhat distrustfully.

"I do not doubt your courage," she said; "but how am I to know that you will not betray my confidence?"

Saxon colored up to the roots of his hair and drew back a step.

"You can not give me the letter," said he, "if you are afraid to trust me. I can only promise to deliver it, and be silent."

Mademoiselle Colonna suddenly and joined them. He had his purse in his hand.

"Will you take it, young man?" he asked. "Will you swear this?"

"No," said Saxon, proudly, "I will not swear it. It is enough to take God's name for riches. I will give you my word of honor, but I will not take an oath."

Though it what reward do you expect?"

"Reward? What do you mean?"

"Will twenty francs satisfy you?"

Saxon drew back another step. He looked from Signor Colonna to his daughter, and from the lady's face to the gentleman's.

"Money!" he faltered. "You offer me money?"

"Is it not enough?"

Barbarian as he was, Saxon was quite sufficiently civilized to writhe under the sting of this affront. The hand of Saxon to his honest eyes. It was the first humiliation he had known in his life, and he felt it bitterly.

"I will deliver the sorry your letter for hire," said he, in a hurried, quivering voice. "I would have gone twice the distance to—to please and serve you. I am ashamed of you."

And, turning abruptly on his heel, the young man strode out of the room.

"Oh, stay, monsieur, one moment—one moment only!" cried Mademoiselle Colonna.

But he was gone already.

"What is this? Who is he? What does it all mean?" asked Signor Colonna, impatiently.

"It means, papa, that we have committed a grievous error," replied his daughter. "He is a gentleman—a gentleman, and I took him for a commissionaire. There he goes, through the garden gate—go to him; pray go to him, and apologize in my name and your own."

"Bah, my child, bah!" replied Colonna, nervously. "how can you be sure—"

"I am sure. I see it all now—I ought to have seen it from the first. But look yonder, and convince yourself! Mr. Trefalden has taken his arm from the down through the trees! Pray go—go at once, or you will be too late!"

Signor Colonna snatched up his hat and went at once; but he was too late for all that. The garden was a very perplexing place. It belonged, next to the hotel, but to the Château Planta close by, and was entered by a large iron gate, some few yards down the road. It was laid out on a little promontory that extends just at the junction of the Hinter and Vorder Rhines, and was traversed by all kinds of winding walks, some of which led down to the water side, some up to shady nooks, or hidden summer-houses, or open lawns fragrant with violets, and musical with ever-playing fountains. Up and down, in and out of these paths, Signor Colonna wandered for nearly half an hour without meeting a living soul, or hearing any sound but the rushing of the rivers and the colors of his own steps on the gravel. Saxon and his cousin had disappeared as utterly as if the green sward had opened and swallowed them, or the gray Rhine had swept them away in its eddying current.

CHAPTER X.

MENTOR BEGINS TO TAKE TELEMACHUS IN HAND.

PASTOR MARTIN never closed his eyes in sleep that night after William Trefalden paid his first visit at the Château Rotzberg. His anxieties had been increasing and multiplying of late, and this event brought them en masse to the surface. He scarcely knew whether to feel relieved or embarrassed by the arrival of his London kinsman. Harassed as his mind had been for some time past, he yet dreaded to lay the sources of his troubles before an arbiter who might tell him that he had acted unwisely. Yet here was the arbiter, dropped, as it were, from the clouds; and, be his verdict what it might, the agony of Saxon's education could not be withheld from him. The pastor's priest shrunk from this confession. It was true that he had done all for the best. It was also true that he would have given his own life to make that boy a good and happy man. And yet—and yet there remained the fatal possibility which had so haunted him during these last few months. His own judgment might all this time have been at fault; and the fair edifice which he had been building up with such love and devotion for the last twenty years or more, might, after all, have its foundations in the sand. This was a terrible thought, and so hard to bear that the pastor made up his mind to go down to Reichenau early in the morning and talk the whole matter over with William Trefalden before he and Saxon should have started for Chur. When the morning came, however, a new fear was missing from the clock. This mischance threw all the farm-work out of its daily course, so that the pastor started a good half hour late, and, quite expecting to meet them both gone by the time he reached the Adler.

But he found Saxon and Mr. Trefalden in his cousin in the garden of the Château Planta.

"Well," said Mr. Trefalden, "I began to think you were not coming. Take a cigar?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't smoke, thank you," said he, hurriedly. "Pray, sir, forgive—"

Mr. Trefalden noted the flush upon his cheek, and the agitation of his manner, and followed in silence.

The young man plunged down a labyrinth of narrow sidewalks till they came to one that sloped to water side. At the bottom of this slope only a wire fence and a slip of gravelly beach lay between them and the river. A covered bridge spanned the stream a few yards higher up, and beyond the bridge lay the meadows and little mountains. Saxon, after pausing to touch the wire with his hand, sprang lightly over. Mr. Trefalden, less lightly, and more leisurely, followed his example. For a few minutes more they had both passed through the gloom of the covered bridge and emerged into the sunshine beyond. Saxon at once struck across the road and took the field-path opposite.

"Is this the way to Chur?" asked Mr. Trefalden, somewhat abruptly.

Saxon started and stopped.

"No, indeed," he replied. "I—I had forgotten. We must turn back."

"Not till I have finished my cigar. See—here is a shady bank and an old parapet wall that looks as if it had been felled on purpose. Let us sit and chat quietly for half an hour."

"With all my heart," said Saxon. So they sat down side by side, far enough out of sight or hearing of the public road, in which Signor Colonna was searching for them on the opposite side of the river.

"Well, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "and how do you like Reichenau?"

"Heaven forbid that I should ever know any of the three," observed Saxon, gravely.

"You have this very day been in danger of the two last," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Cousin, you are jesting."

"Cousin, I am doing nothing of the kind." Saxon's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"What can you mean?" said he.

"I will tell you. But you must promise to listen patiently, for my explanation involves some amount of detail."

Saxon bent his head; and the lawyer, puffing lazily at his cigar from time to time, continued.

"The Colonna family," said he, "is, as of course you know already, one of the oldest and noblest of the princely Roman houses. Giulio Colonna, whom you saw just now at the Adler, is a scion of the stock. He has been an enthusiast all his life. In his youth he married for love; and, for the last twenty or thirty years, has devoted himself, heart and soul, to Italian politics. He has written many pamphlets, and spioned more plots, than any man in Europe. He is at the bottom of every Italian conspiracy. He is at the head of every secret society that has Italian unity for its object. He is, in short, a born agitator; and his daughter is as fanatical as himself. As you saw them just now, so they are always. He with his head full of plots, and his pockets full of pamphlets—she exercising all her woman's wit and energy to enlist or utilize an ally."

I understand now what she meant by the 'good cause,'" observed Saxon, thoughtfully.

"Ay, that's the hackneyed phrase."

Saxon looked up.

"But it is a good cause," said he. "It is the liberty of her country."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, of course it is," he replied; "but one gets very sick of this pamphleteering and plotting. Fighting is one thing, Saxon, and intriguing another. Besides, I hate a female politician."

"She is very beautiful," said Saxon.

"She is beautiful, and brilliant, and very fascinating; and she knows how to employ her power, too. Those eyes of Olimpia Colonna's have raised more volunteers for Italy than her father's pamphlets. Countless now, would you have been so ready to carry that letter this morning if the lady had worn blue spectacles and a front?"

"I can not tell; but I fear not," replied the young man, laughing. "But what has this to do with the fetters?"

"Every thing. Granted, now, that the fair signora had given you very unequivocal—"

"I suppose she took me for your servant," interposed Saxon, somewhat bitterly.

"—and that you had really taken charge of that paper grenade," continued Mr. Trefalden, "can you not guess what the results might have been? Well, I can. She would not have offered you money—not a sou—but she would have smiled upon you, and given you a kiss at parting; and you would probably have kissed it as if she had been an empress, and worshiped her as if she were a divinity; and your head, my dear Saxon, would have been as irretrievably turned as the heads of the false prophets in Julian's fourth circle."

"No, that it would not," said Saxon, hastily, with his face all on fire again at the suggestion.

"And, besides, the false prophets were in the eighth circle, cousin—the place, you know, called Maleboldge."

"True—the eighth. Thank you. Then you would have placed the grenade in whichever pocket lay nearest to the place where you were used to be; and you would have gone to the world's end as readily as to Thusis; and have been abjectly happy to wear Mademoiselle Colonna's fetters of flowers for the rest of your natural life."

"Nay, but indeed—"

"So much for the flowers," interrupted Mr. Trefalden. "Now for the iron. You have marked in this 'good cause,' there would have been no hope for you in the future. In less than a month you would have been involved in some secret society. Dwelling, as you do, on the high-road to Italy, you would have been appointed to all kinds of dangerous services; and the result of the whole affair would have been an Austrian dungeon, whence not even Santa Olimpia herself would have power to extricate you."

"A very pleasant picture, and very well painted," said Saxon, with an angry quiver of the lip, "but an error, cousin, from beginning to end. I should have ceased myself neither to the lady nor the cause; so your argument falls to the ground, and the fetters along with it."

Mr. Trefalden had too much tact to pursue the conversation further, so he changed the subject.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Passionately."

"Do you play any instrument?"

"I play a little on our chapel organ, but very badly."

"By ear, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. My father learned music at Geneva, in his youth; and all that he knows he has taught me."

"Which, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, "is just enough to make you wish it were more?"

"Precisely."

"Have you a good organ at the chapel?"

"No, a wretched thing. It is very small, very old, and sadly out of repair. Two of the stops are quite useless, and there are but five altogether."

"A wretched thing, indeed! Can't you get a new one?"

"I fear not. Perhaps when Count Plants comes back from Italy he may give us one. My father means to mention it to him, at all events; but then the count is always either in Naples or Paris. He may not come to Reichenau for the next three or four years."

"And in the mean while," said Mr. Trefalden, "the organ may die of old age, and become altogether dumb."

"Quite true," replied Saxon, with a sigh.

Mr. Trefalden glanced at him sharply, and a silence of some moments ensued.

"Don't you think, Saxon," said he, at length, "that it must be very pleasant to be rich?"

Saxon looked up from his reverie and smiled.

"To be rich!" he repeated.

"Ay—as Count Plants, for instance."

"Are you serious, cousin?"

"Quite serious."

"Then I think it can not be pleasant at all."

"Why not?"

"Because wealth is power, and power is a frightful temptation."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trefalden.

"And a frightful responsibility, too."

"Nonsense again."

"All history proves it," said Saxon, earnestly.

"Look at Athens and Rome—see how luxury undermined the liberty of the one, and how the desire of aggrandizement—"

Mr. Trefalden laid his hand laughingly upon the young man's mouth.

"My dear cousin," said he, "you talk like a class-book or an Exeter Hall lecturer! Who cares about Rome or Athens now? One would think you were a thousand years old at the very least."

"But—"

"But your arguments are very true, and classical, and didactic—I grant all that. Nevertheless our dear Saxons require money to be comfortably agreeable thing. You, I think, are rather proud of your poverty."

"I am not ashamed of it," replied Saxon. "I have all that I need. An emperor can have no more."

"Hmph! Are there no poor in Reichenau?"

"None who are very poor. None so poor as the people of Embs."

"Where is Embs?"

"About half-way on the road to Chur. It is a Roman Catholic parish, and the inhabitants are miserably squalid and idle."

"I remember the place. I passed it on my way here yesterday. It looked like a hot-bed of fever."

"And well it might," replied Saxon, sadly. "They had it terribly last autumn."

Mr. Trefalden rose, and walked suddenly, leaning on his elbow, and flung away the end of his cigar.

"And so you think, young man," said he, "that because you have all you need, money would be of no use to you? Pray, did it never occur to you that you might relieve your wretches wanted food, medicine, and clothing?"

"We—we did what we could, cousin," replied Saxon, in a troubled voice. "God knows it was very little, but—"

"But if you had been a rich man you could have done far more than that. Is it not true?"

"True."

"Your religion enjoins you to give alms; but how are you to do this without money?"

"One may do good works without money," said Saxon.

"In a very limited degree. Not one-tenth part as many as if you had plenty of it. Did you never feel, in that side of the question, Saxon? Did you never wish to be rich for the sake of others?"

"I am not sure, but I do not think I ever did. I was so impressed with the belief that money was the root of all evil—"

"Pshaw! Things are good or evil according to the use we make of them. A knife is but a knife whether it be held by a surgeon or an assassin; yet the result is considerably different. You must divest your mind of these fallacies, Saxon. They are unworthy of you!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow uneasily.

"What you say sounds like the truth," said he; "and yet—and yet it is at variance with the precepts upon which I have relied all my life."

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Precepts, however, are bad things to depend upon. They are made of India rubber, and will stretch to cover any proposition. Let us suppose now that you were a rich man—"

"How absurd!" said Saxon, forcing a smile. "What is the use of it?"

"We will see what might have been the use of it. In the first place, you would have had good instruction, and have become an accomplished musician. You would have enriched yonder little church with a fine organ, and perhaps have rebuilt the church into the bargain. You would have furnished the poor sufferers of Embs with a staff of doctors and nurses, and have saved, perhaps, scores of human lives. You would have been able to surround your uncle with comforts in his old age. You could have gratified your desire of visiting Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. You could have lined the chateaux from top to bottom with Greek and Latin poets, and have founded a museum of Etruscan antiquities for your uncle's perpetual delight. Finally—"

He paused. Saxon looked up.

"Well, cousin," said he, "finally what?"

"Finally, rich men do not wear gray blouses and leather gaiters. If you had had a coat like mine on your back this morning, Saxon, Mademoiselle Colonna would not have taken you for a common peasant, and Signor Colonna would not have offered you money."

Saxon sprang to his feet with an impatient gesture.

"Enough of would be, and might be!" exclaimed he. "Of what use are these speculations? I am not rich, and I never shall be rich; so it is idle to think of it."

"At all events," persisted Mr. Trefalden, "you admit the desirableness of wealth."

"I—I am not sure. I can not relinquish an old belief so hastily."

"Not even in favor of the truth?"

"I do not yet know that it is the truth. My mind needs further evidence."

"Of what, my son?" said a gentle voice close behind him.

It was the pastor. There was a field-path across those very meadows between Rotberg and Reichenau, and the pine-trunk where the cousins had said to rest lay within a dozen yards of its course.

Saxon uttered a joyous exclamation.

"This is fortunate!" cried he. "You come at the right moment, father, to judge our argument."

"We were talking of riches," said Mr. Trefalden, rising, and grasping the old man's outstretched hand. "My young kinsman here preaches the language of an Arcadian, and declaims against the precious metals like a second Timon. I, on the other hand, have been trying to convince him that gold has a very bright side, indeed, and may be made to perform a good many wise offices. What say you?"

The pastor looked distressed.

"The question is a broad one," said he, "and there is much truth on both sides of it. But we can not discuss it now. I want to talk to you, cousin William. I have hastened down from Rotberg, fearing all the time lest I should miss you. Were you not going to Chur?"

"We were going, and are going, by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Can you spare me half an hour before you start?"

"The whole day, if you please."

"Nay, an hour will be more than enough. Saxon, that which I have to say to our cousin is not for thy ears. Go up, my son, to Tamins, and inquire about that Indian corn-seed that farmer Retschel promised us last week."

Saxon looked surprised; but prepared to be gone without a word.

"Shall I come back here afterward?" he asked.

"No. It would be better to await thy cousin at the Adler."

Saxon colored, and hesitated.

"Could I not wait at the chapel?" said he.

"Ay, at the chapel, if thou wilt."

So the young man waved a cheery farewell, and started at once upon his uncle's errand. Looking back presently, at the turn of the path, he saw them sitting on the pine-trunk, side by side, already in earnest conversation. He saw Mr. Trefalden shake his head. He fancied there was some kind of trouble in the old man's attitude. What could his uncle have to say to one whom, kinsman though he was, he had never seen till the previous evening? Why this mystery about their conversation? It was very strange. Saxon could not help feeling that he must be himself concerned, somehow or another, in the matter; and this surmise added, vaguely, to his uneasiness.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

YOUR'E A PRETTY FELLOW!—A Gentleman who is personally being told, by Ladies and others, that he is an ugly customer, wishes to meet with some pretty person with whom he could exchange looks.

A NEW LIGHT.—When the heroine of a novel is represented as "becoming agitated on *hearing the sound of her lover's voice*," it may be taken to mean that she was startled by the *hallow of his foot*.

NEW INTERPRETATION OF THE INITIALS C. S. A.—Crinoline Skirts Abquisitelium.

MORE TAXES.

A tax upon any one talking about the weather.
Upon all amateurs on the flute, violin, and cornet, without exception.
Upon all after-dinner speeches over three minutes in length.
Upon all young ladies singing Italian songs without understanding the language.
Upon all young ladies or gentlemen singing any song whatever, with a view to affected pronunciation, rendering the words totally unintelligible.
All large umbrellas to be taxed without any point to be heavily taxed.
A tax upon any one who objects to smoking in a railway carriage.
A tax of 100 per cent. on every one who won't lend you five dollars.
A tax upon every sermon that shall exceed fifteen minutes.
A tax upon mothers-in-law. Heavy.

MR. Partington, being told that the family of Artaban Lincoln came originally from England, remembered that she had heard of "Old Tom of Lincoln," and, adopting her verdant specialties with great solemnity, suggested that Abraham's "prophisy" might have been "Old Tom."

"I have known many tribes," at the man said who had been convicted sixteen times for petty larceny.

"I'm sitting on the *style*, Mary," as the envious girl said, when she plumped down on her sister's new hat and bonnet.

POWER OF TALK.—A man recently broke off a marriage because the lady did not possess good conversational powers. A wicked editor, commenting upon the fact, says: "He should have married her, and then refused her a new bonnet, to have developed her power of talk."

A BURNING SHAME.—The Pinsylte candles.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The following parties are respectfully requested not to attend any of our places of public amusement: The man who will the cracking locks. The woman with the cough. The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies under his escort. The person who can not refrain from audible criticisms on the looks of the actors. The man who carries nuts. The man who laughs in the wrong place. The man who goes out half a dozen times during the play to maintain his chair. The fast young lady who is constantly leveling her opera-glass at the "fifters."

THE GREAT EX-GRAVER.—Death.

Why are scandal-mongers in one danger of bankruptcy than any other class?—Because they give no *credit* to any body.

A COW FOR THE FOX-HUNTER.—Why is the running of a fox like the careful perusal of a book?—Because it goes from cover to cover.

HOOP IT!—We see it announced that a joint-stock company is in progress of formation to promote the art of, and cultivate a taste for nicotation. We should recommend them to invest their capital in pipes and snap-nots, for there is no accusation so likely to prosper a joint-stock company as the congenial employment of blowing bubbles!

AT one of the last sittings of the Court of Assizes, Paris, the President made the following observation: "I see here several advocates with tresses of unusual length. For the day it is well, but henceforth the practice must be discontinued."

"THEY BORE HIM HOME."—Prince Napoleon has been to inspect the tunnel which is being carried through Mont Cenis. If we are to accept the opinion of the French Senate, nobody ought to be more self-conscious of what a bore he should be than His Imperial Highness Plon-Plon.

Why can not two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintance.

Generosity does not consist in giving; but in making some sacrifice to enable one to give.

FUNERAL FURNISHERS.—Doctors.

Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger?—Because it goes round and gathers up the sofal.

When is a man like a convalescent person?—When it is nearly cured.

A new sensational *café chantant singer* has appeared in Paris—no less a person than a Countess. Her famous song is, "I have thrained my husband."

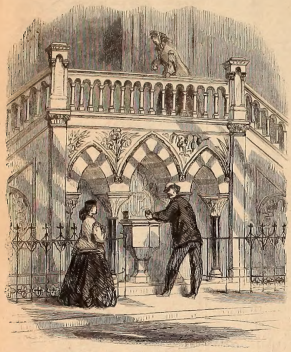


WANTED—A NURSERY MAID.

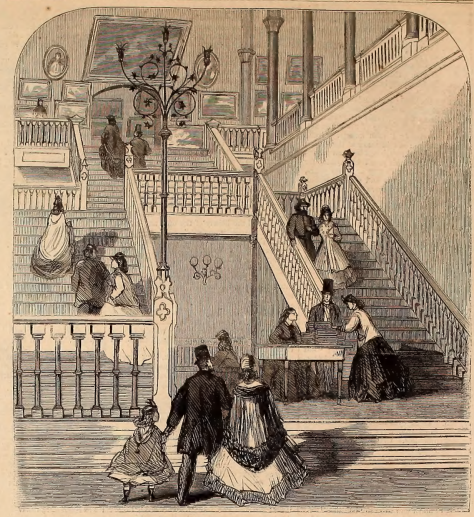
BIDDY THE APPLICANT.—"Oh, why did I leave my last Place? Well, Mem, the fact were Missis was of a wicked Temper, and took to Scolding. It occurred more nor once; wen upon the last time *I knocked her down*, and the following Morning I give her Notice, thinkin as under the Circumstances we had best Part."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

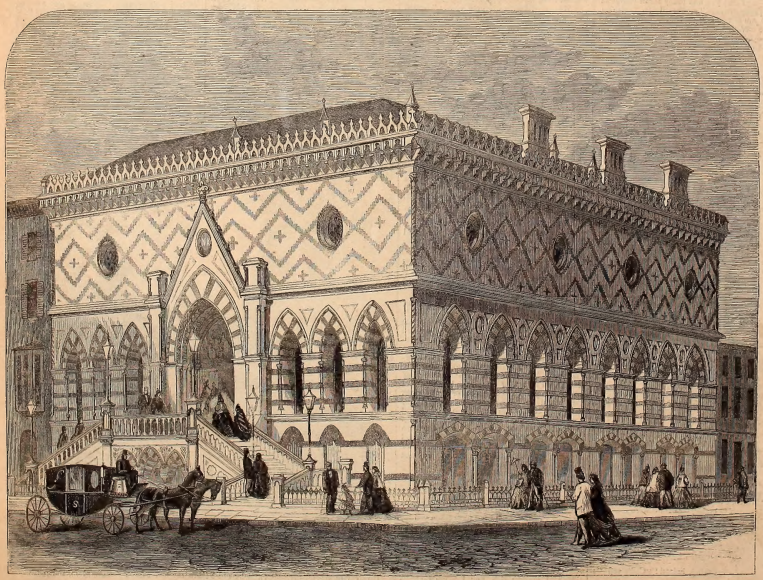
THE building of the National Academy of Design is a beautiful Temple of Art. It went up in the years of angry strife, but at the time of its dedication the time of peace was almost fully come. The building is well situated on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and was built according to the design of P. B. WIGHT. Built of white marble, it bears some resemblance to the Doge's Palace in Venice, though different in color and proportions. The marble is covered with elaborate ornamentation, and the building certainly offers a great contrast to any other of our public edifices. It is spacious, solid, convenient, simple in arrangement, ample in accommodation, and very beautiful and effective. It was opened on Thursday evening, April 27, 1865. The gay groups ascending and descending the Grand Staircase, of which we give an illustration, afforded a splendid spectacle. We shall not be surprised if the revolutionary era through which we are passing gives an extraordinary impulse to progress in Art as well as in Literature.



FOUNTAIN UNDER THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

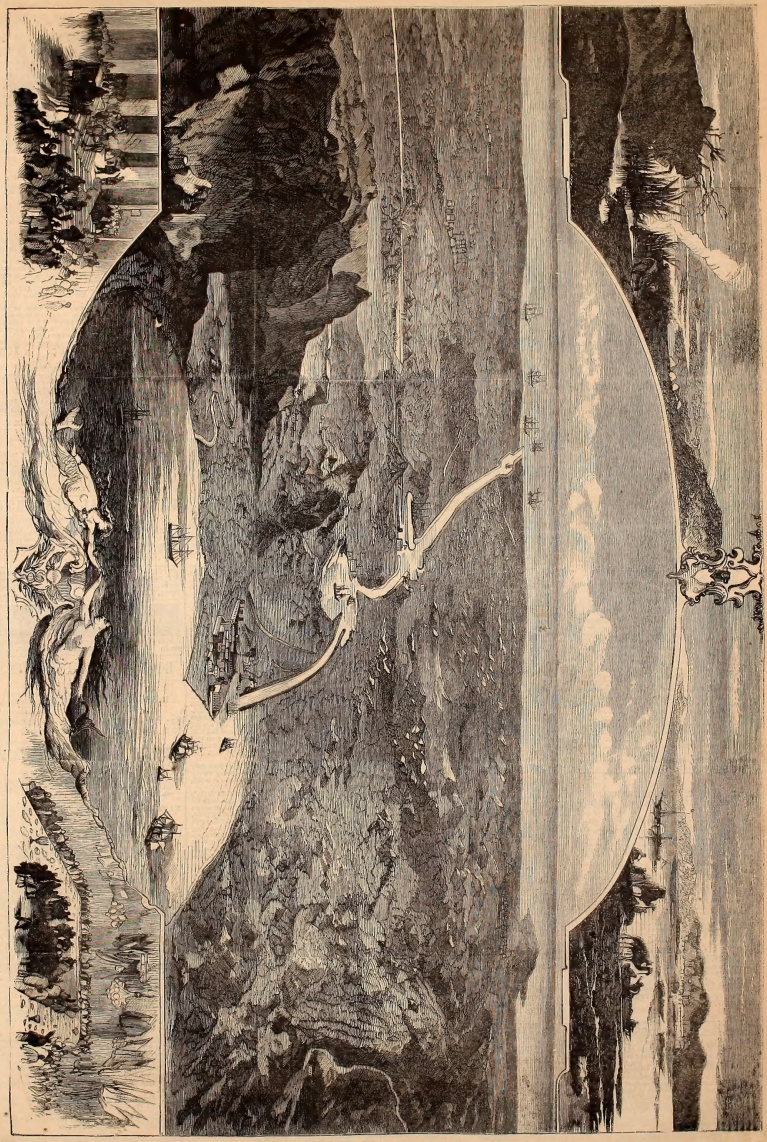


GRAND STAIRCASE, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.



VIEW OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,

CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE SUEZ CANAL CONNECTING THE RED SEA WITH THE MEDITERRANEAN.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORROW, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS

THE NEW BOOKS.

Fairy Fingers—*Mrs. Mowatt's* capital new Novel ... $1 75

Hugh Worthington—*Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's* new novel $1 50

Superior Fishing—*Roosevelt's* new sporting book ... $2 00

St. Philips—new Novel, by author of "Rutledge" ... $1 75

Mary Brandegee—a splendid new "woman's novel" ... $1 75

The Habits of Good Society—an excellent book $1 75

The Art of Conversation and Self-Culture $1 50

All handsomely bound in cloth, and sent by mail, free, on receipt of price, by CARLETON, Publisher, New York.

"HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY?"—A most amusing Comic Song, 60c.

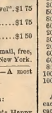
She went over a month to-day!
Her absence grieves me greatly;
She's a strawberry mark upon my arm!

Oh! have you seen her lately?

"Sunlight on the Heart," 25c.; "Lucky Jim's Return," Macnaish, 25c.; "The Secret Service," Colonel Sala, 50c.; MUNCK, Bookseller, 205 Bowery.

WANTED: Six Good COMPOSITORS—to whom steady work will be given the first week. Apply to HENRY MARSH, Foreman of HARPER & BROTHERS' Composing Room, 82 Cliff Street, New York.

The Great New England Remedy.



Dr. J. W. Poland's White Pine Compound has been introduced into almost every household throughout the New England States to be the most reliable medicine for Throat and Pulmonary affections and all Kidney complaints. Its wonderful cures from Throat, Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary affections generally. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, Hysterics, &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an invaluable remedy.

In most cases one bottle is sufficient to effect a cure. Give it a trial.

RICHARDS & VAN SCHAAK, Chicago, Ill., Wholesale Agents for Northwestern States.

JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, Agent for Southern States.

Sold by all druggists.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS!

Genuine Gold Rings.



All the Army Corps Rings in 16-carat gold (stamped and warranted) at $3 and $5 each. Also 100 other styles of every size, plain, enameled, and fancy, at from $2 to $10 each. Send by mail. Cash must accompany the order. Address E. J. BEACH, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER.

At wholesale prices, sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price.

1000 buff letter envelopes, extra thick $4 00
500 white note envelopes, double thick 2 00
One ream super thick note paper 2 00
One box (200 pens) of steel pens, plain 1 00
One ream very thick first-class note 4 00
200 (extra) super letter envelopes 4 00

Samples sent if requested.

MASKELL & CO., Stationers and Envelope Manufacturers, 26 Beekman Street, New York.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., Manufacturers of Photographic Materials

501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Have constantly on hand a full assortment of CHEMICAL PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, as now Manufactured for the following STEREOSCOPIC AND OTHER CAMERAS, viz.:

Of these we have an extensive assortment, including Wet Stereoscopic Plates, Dry Plates, Albumenized Paper, Collodion, Glass Baths, Printing Frames, Porcelain Trays, Focusing Glasses, &c., &c. Catalogues will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.

We are the Manufacturers of the only Patented Slide, by the use of which pictures in these Albums can be changed with ease. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

12 Pictures, Gilt Sides, Cloth	$0 75
24 " " "	1 00
12 " Gilt Sides, Gilt Edges	1 00
24 " " "	1 50
12 " Morocco, Gilt Sides and Edges	1 50
24 " " "	2 00

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

We have a Catalogue containing THOUSANDS of different subjects to which additions are continually being made; of Portraits of Eminent Americans, etc., viz.:

Actresses, Authors, Clergymen, Opera Dancers, Statesmen, Ball Room Beauties, Female Equestrians, Groups, Military Officers, Opera Singers, Prize Fighters, Scenery, Theatrical Managers, Theatrical Scenes, Tragedians, Views, Yachts, &c., &c.

Also, Copies of Works of Art.

Including representations of the Royal Family of England, Napoleon III. and Family, Pictures of the Emperor Maximilian, and an order for the Dress Portraits from our Catalogue will be filled on the receipt of $1.00, and sent by mail, post paid.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. on the amount of their bill with order.

We pay the postage on all our goods when cash accompanies order.

Soldiers' Pocket Albums for 18 Pictures, 75 cents.

$4 Patterns, $1 00.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, shall be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in no case can they get less than a Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $15. Great Inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars mailed free. Address

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,

P.O. Box 5,090. 12. Nassau St., New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

(ESTABLISHED 1840).

100,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

AND YOU TO BE AND DO FOR YOU JUST WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES,

All to be sold for One Dollar Each.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$150 00
100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	60 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00
1000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	3 00 to 6 00
1000 Chatelaine Chains and Necklaces	5 00 to 10 00
1000 Gold and Enamel Gold Bracelets	4 00 to 10 00
3000 Gold and Jet Revolving Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
1000 Gold, Cameo, and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00
2000 Florentine Mosaic and Coral Brooches	4 00 to 6 00
2000 Fine Diamond Rings, Cameo, and Opal	4 00 to 6 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Gold and Jet	5 00 to 10 00
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry (variety of styles)	3 00 to 5 00
1000 Ladies' Belt Buckles & Gold Thimbles	5 00 to 8 00
1000 Ladies' and Gents' Gold Pencils	3 00 to 6 00
5000 Solitaire Sleeve Buttons (various styles)	2 00 to 7 00
5000 Sets Studs (variety of styles)	2 00 to 4 00
6000 Watch Keys, Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 50 to 6 00
3000 Gents' Massive Pins (various styles)	2 00 to 4 00
3000 Gents' Solitaire and Cluster Pins	4 00 to 10 00
3000 Gold Thimbles and Ear Drops	2 00 to 5 00
4000 Plain, Chased, and Stone Set Rings	2 00 to 8 00
5000 Ladies' Fancy Jewelry, and Sets of	5 00 to 10 00
8000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
5000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	2 00 to 4 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension Case and Pencil	4 00 to 6 00

All of the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of the above description, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and, when the order is received, one will be sent to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificate, for paying postage, and for other items, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; seventeen for $2; thirty-five for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, which must be remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will not collect cents for every $10 sent, Silver Lever Extension-Holders in cash or postage-stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in writing their name and address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

No. 308 Broadway, New York.

ATTENTION, ALL!—Read what J. H. Winslow & Co. do. It is warranted to produce a set of whiskers or moustaches in from 20 to 40 days. Numbers have sent us a spot a fine moustache, and be convinced that there is no humbug. Sent by mail, post paid, to any address for 50 cents. Address DR. E. GRANT, Somers, Conn.

CURL YOUR HAIR LADIES.

The beautiful art of curling straight hair, without injuring it, as discovered by Prof. Rohb, will be sent free, to the inventor for $1. Any person can curl their hair in a few minutes, and keep their hair in soft, beautiful, luxuriant, tresslve curls. Address, with remittance, Prof. B. ROHB, Hoboken, N. J.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Cognent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, even on the smoothest face or the smoothest body to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address. Circulars free. Address DR. GRAHAM, No. 129 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Mainwaring's Cream Mustache is warranted to produce a full set of whiskers on the smoothest face in six weeks. By mail, postpaid for $1. Address J. P. Spencer, Box 13, W. Troy, N. Y.

SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

PHOTOGRAPH CARD PICTURES.

Prize Stationery Packets.

We want agents every where to sell our goods, which we will pay well for. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to agents. $3 will be sent by mail, post paid, to any address, for a sample copy of the new and beautiful steel engraving of LINCOLN AT HIS DEATH-BED, size 22 by 28 inches, and full particulars. Agents, send on receipt of 50 cents. Circular mailed free. HASKINS & CO., 26 Beekman Street, New York.

Lincoln.

Agents wanted to take orders for a superior portrait, on steel, of our late President. For on cattle, send One Dollar to L. BILL, 75 Fulton Street, New York.

DR. GLOVER'S RUPTURE TRUSS retains and cures more ruptures than any other Truss. Send for circular. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, and ANKLE SUPPORTS. Established 30 years.

EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—Thousands can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No capital required. Business light and honorable. Profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest chance ever offered. Those desiring work will receipt of two stamps for return postage. Address C. ELLINGWOOD & CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

Whiskers! Mustaches!—The celebrated HIMALAYA COMPOUND is warranted to produce a full set of whiskers, or a heavy mustache, in from 20 to 40 days, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, post paid, for 40 cents. Address HIMALAYA COMPOUND, Box 5,600, New York Post Office.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by EXPRESS. Address, No. 65 Broadway. Letters charged low rate.

"The West Indian Hair Curler."

Warranted to curl the most straight hair in a few minutes, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving masses, quite as easily as with curling tongs. $1 00. Address "THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO., 12 Nassau Street, New York Post Office.

A LIFE FOR 25 CENTS.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY.

A perfect cure for these distressing complaints can be found in the use of Dr. J. Maggio's Diarrhœa Pills. For over 30 years of private practice they have been used with almost unvarying success, and are now for the first time given publicly to the world.

The price is low, and within the reach of all. Full directions accompany each box of the Diarrhœa Pills, and if followed closely a perfect cure can be guaranteed. A box will be sent to any address free on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by all druggists throughout the United States and the Canadas, and the proprietor,

J. MAGGIO, M.D.
45 Fulton Street, New York.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C. One Million Dollars' Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT

ONE DOLLAR EACH!

Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive it!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!

All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

200 Musical Boxes, each	$20 to $150
500 " with Bells and Cuminas	200 " 500
500 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 " 50
1000 " Cake Baskets	20 " 50
1000 " Ice Pitchers	20 " 50
5,000 Gold Vest and Guard Chains	5 " 10
5000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
5000 " Pitchers	10 " 50
5000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	10 " 50
5000 " Cruets, Spoons, per dozen	10 " 50
10,000 " Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20 " 40
200 Genie' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 " 150
200 Ladies' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 " 150
Case Watches	25 " 50
500 Genie' Silver Hunting-Case Silver Watches	20 " 50
200 Diamond Rings	50 " 150
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 8
5,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000 Gold Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000 Chatelaine Chains and Guard Chains	5 " 10
2,000 Solitaire and Cluster Scarf Pins	4 " 8
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	4 " 6
5,000 Mosaic, Coral, and Opal Revolving Brooches	4 " 6
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast-Pins	4 " 8
4,000 Gold and Silver Thimbles	2 " 5
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	2 " 5
5,000 Gold Vest and Guard Chain Sliders, Gold and Jet	3 " 8
5,000 Gold Thimbles, Jet Rings	4 " 6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	3 " 10
10,000 " Gold-Mounted Holders	4 " 8
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 " 25
5,000 Gold Pens and Silver Extension-Holders	10 " 15
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 " 10
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Revolving Brooches	4 " 6

ARRANDALE & CO. have purchased the entire stock of the late firm of Hall, Downing & Co., of Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of New England, thereby causing the cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry has been provided for the Gift Sale, which has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the parties with European Manufacturers, have received upon a *Great Gift Appointment*, to be sold for One Dollar Each, the following list of goods:

Certificates of the various articles are put into envelopes and thoroughly mixed up, and, when ordered, are sent out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; twenty-five for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A new opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, cloths, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. ARRANDALE & Co., 707 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are to be sold for one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, forwarded to an envelope, and are required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with it. Articles are frequently obtained far worth more than the amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Evening Post*, New York, May 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Journal of American Journal*, June 11, 1864.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of the most fashionable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plated and ambrotype ware, all of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, for the benefit of the manufacturers, who desire immediate employment to agents. We suggest this method to our readers as a very safe and honorable way of public endeavor, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement in this issue.—*Sun*, Sept. 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement the advantage must be on the side of the customer, for he has every chance to get a valuable article comparatively to him. We know what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he does not choose.—*Evening Mail*, Aug. 6, 1864.

Advertisement for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., 707 Broadway. Persons in Gents & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in the business, and is filling her own pockets, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold certificates by the way. Call on them for particulars of terms. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury*, June 12, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement from Messrs. Arrandale & Co., dealers in watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several specimens of their advertised goods, and are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat* (Lexington, Argyle), Nov. 1, 1864.

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our leading merchants has been at the office of Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, which he had drawn by chance, to the office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and every one of the articles were of the value represented to the recipients, and none of them six times.

We have seen some very nice quality specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to their prizes for $1 each.—*Anglican Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 15, 1865.*

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and country in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, which must be remittances amount to one Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 10 cents to us, the rest in cash or postage stamps.

Address ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 707 Broadway, New York.

ARCANA OF WORK.

An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are protected by a heavy coin case. The movement is beautiful, being a full patent lever, jeweled and compensation balance, with patent pinion, and is warranted the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Lever watch, and is really handsome and desirable, and so exact as to be entrusted as to any delivery in railroad business. It is manufactured by the Waltham Howard Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved pallets, fancy engraved balance, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved fusee movement. They are fine dial, and each case bears a warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the same movement for ladies, and are of hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express, C. O. D., to any one on an elegant counter case for $35. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

Address DEVAUGH & DEVAUGH,
15 Maiden Lane, New York.

Officers' and Soldiers' Speciality.

SOMETHING NEW AND FINE.

On the receipt of either $7 or $10 I will send a genuine 16-carat gold ring for either Division or Corps in the Army cried the state. Also, for $7 will send a solid silver Badge (*pure coin*) appropriate for either Division or Corps in the Army. Agents wanted in every Regiment and Hospital, and on board every Vessel, to whom specific instructions are offered. Address, for wholesale illustrated Circular,

E. T. HAYWARD,
823 Broadway, New York.

YOUNG MAN, would you sport a fine Board or Moustache? If so, I will send you information free which will enable you to have a heavy growth in from two to three months. Address, with Stamp, E. PALMER, Post-Office Box 108, Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

Jewelry certificate sent for 10 cents. Address
FORWARDING AGENCY COMPANY,
Box 5,600, New York Post-Office.

FREE TO ALL.

Citizens, Soldiers, Everybody, should send their address, and receive by return mail, Illustrated Paper containing the choicest literature of the day. Send Quickly.

CHARLES E. HACKLEY, 81 Nassau St., N. Y.

President Lincoln's

Funeral March, with portrait, 40c.; plain, 25c. A Nation Mourns, with portrait, 40c.; plain, 25c. Death of Our Martyr President, 50c. Battle Hymn of the Republic, 30c. Soldiers' Happy Return, Quickstep, 30c. Brady on Mother's Voice, 35c. Have you seen her lately? comic, 50c. *Musical free of postage.* MUNCK, Bookseller, 205 Bowery, N. Y.

THE MINERAL RESOURCES

OF THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES.

A Lecture delivered at the Cooper Institute, May 16, 1865, by Hon. Wm. M. Stewart, U. S. Senator from Nevada. Price 50 Cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or

D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 192 Broadway, N.Y.

* Copies sent free by mail on receipt of price.

GIVEN AWAY.—How to raise Whiskers in six weeks. Or How to cut the Hair. How to win Cards. Instructions and free. Address B. H. WILLIS, 54 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW. For illustrated Catalogue send stamp. RICE & CO., Manufacturers, 27 Park Row, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES.

Published by

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

SEWELL'S BRITISH WEST INDIES. The Ordeal of Free Labor in the British West Indies. By WILLIAM G. SEWELL. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

FANNY KEMBLE'S GEORGIA PLANTATION. Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation. By FANNY ANN KEMBLE. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

KAY'S SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE ENGLISH. The Social Condition and Education of the People in England and Europe. By JOSEPH KAY, M. A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law. In Two Volumes. 12mo, Cloth. Fellow of the University of Cambridge. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75

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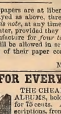
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—GENERAL MEADE AND STAFF PASSING THE PRINCIPAL STAND, MAY 23, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR AND GENERAL SHERMAN.

WITH the exception of President LINCOLN'S last inaugurate, no one in the nation has done more for the suppression of the rebellion than Mr. STANTON and General SHERMAN, and every good citizen sees with regret that efforts are made to aggravate a personal misunderstanding between them into a serious difference. We are very sure that a little calm reflection will show each of those gentlemen and their friends that each of them have some reason for annoyance, but that neither has any cause for bitter hostility toward the other.

General SHERMAN'S military services were so illustrious and important; he had directed with such consummate skill operations so extensive and conclusive; he had added such renown to the arms of the United States, and had turned to such signal dismay the sneering skepticism of our enemies, that it was incumbent upon the Government to guard his fame even against himself, to interpret any incomprehensible action kindly, and not even to appear to doubt the perfect purity of so faithful an officer. Indeed his conduct in relation to the extraordinary convention—the fact that he did not assume, except in the matter of the armistice, to act independently—that he sent a confidential officer to Fortress Monroe to lay the convention before the Government and to receive its decision, might justly have led him to expect that if his course were disapproved, the disapproval would have been quietly and instantly communicated to him and not published to the country, exposing him to injurious criticism and suspicion.

So much may fairly be said for General SHERMAN; and in ordinary times, and at almost any other moment of the war, such would doubtless have been the course of the Government.

But, on the other hand, was it surprising, ought it to astonish General SHERMAN when he reviews all the circumstances, that Mr. STANTON should have been confounded at receiving the news of so inexplicable an act as so critical a moment in the history of the late formidable rebellion unburied. The country was quivering with wrath at his murder, and at the final proof it furnished of the ghastly spirit of the rebellion. Doubt, suspicion, dismay, were universal in every side; and in the very crisis of the painful excitement came the tidings of a convention with the military chief that in fact was a political intercourse with the rebel leaders, which distinctly recognized the rebel authority by referring the agreement for ratification, not to the Government of the United States, but also to the men called the Confederate Government; while in his address to his army General SHERMAN spoke of the convention as made not only with General JOHNSTON, but with other "high officials"—meaning, of course, civil authorities of some kind. His convention also established an armistice, and this after the short, final campaign before Petersburg, in which SHERMAN'S superior officer had refused any delay to JOHNSTON'S surrender, and had in fact been angry with him while he corresponded. The armistice was also in direct opposition to the unvarying policy of President LINCOLN'S administration, never to acknowledge his rebels as lawful belligerents whatever action the necessity of any particular case, such as the exchange of prisoners, might impose; and when the President's message went to Hampton Roads to meet the rebel agents seeking peace, he expressly told General GRANT not to suspend his military operations for an hour. The effect of the convention, then, were inexplicable after the fall of Richmond and the rout and surrender of LEE.

The convention, moreover, was made by General SHERMAN, and it is undeniable that, from all he had written during his magnificent campaign, it was evident that, with all his military genius and success, he did not fully comprehended the scope of the war as it was understood by the Government and the people. He had treated it merely as a military question, and it was a great deal more. How just this impression of his want of sympathy with the real struggle was, is now apparent from his letter to General JOHNSTON, written while the secession of the convention was still pending, in which he speaks of the debates upon slavery as "the senseless discussions which have kept us all in hot water for fifty years!"

Now certainly such a convention made at such a time by a commander holding such views must have profoundly startled the Government. That it could be kept altogether secret was impossible. In the opinion of the Government, therefore, it was imperatively necessary to obviate the effect of its fragmentary publication, of the painful and exaggerated rumors which were sure to attend it, by officially announcing it, and accompanying the announcement with an emphatic repudiation of the act, and a final assurance of harmony and tranquility by the departure of the Lieutenant-General to the headquarters of General SHERMAN.

That the action of the Government was altogether discreet we do not say. But if the General complains of it, ought he not to ask himself whether his own part in the transaction was judicious? Ought he not to understand that while the country will forever proudly cherish his great services, it does not count his connection with JOHNSTON among them; and that if Mr. STANTON expressed the national surprise and disapproval in an unfortunate manner, that surprise and disapprobation were very deeply and universally felt. That a difference so readily comprehended, and which involves neither the ability nor the patriotism of the Secretary or the General, should degenerate into a personal quarrel by the action of either, is something so gravely to be deplored that we shall refuse to believe it possible.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE OLD CONSTITUTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has issued his proclamation defining the terms upon which the Government of the State of North Carolina is to be reorganized. He has appointed Mr. W. W. HOLDEN Provisional Governor, and he has prescribed the qualifications of electors in the reorganizing convention. Those qualifications are loyalty and complexion. The voters under the old State Constitution who take the oath provided are, politically speaking, to be considered the people of the State.

This act of the National Government very properly and completely recognizes the fact that there is at present no political authority in the State of North Carolina but that which the Government by permitting certain relations chooses to acknowledge. The loyal white citizens of the State are admitted to vote not because the State authorities them, but because the United States permits them. The United States intervenes and requires a condition unknown to the State. And the same power had the same right to require any condition it chose. The question was how far the Government should intervene, what conditions it should demand.

The President evidently wishes to act in the spirit of our system, which has allowed States to settle the question of suffrage. It is perfectly true that the Constitution of the United States confers the power upon each State alone to determine who shall be voters? But it seems to us that the President hardly remembers that he is now deciding the vital point, namely, who are to be considered the people of the State? He expressly excepts some who are so considered by the late State Constitution. He has the same right to except others. But he would certainly not have violated the spirit of the National or the late State Constitution, if he had remembered that the whole number of freemen was the true basis of representation, and had therefore ordered an enrollment of all the adult male population as the constitutional "people" of the State.

The precedent of this proclamation will doubtless be followed in Georgia and other States. The question will then reappear in Congress when the representatives elected and elected by a State so reorganized shall claim their seats. Whether Congress will recognize as republican the action of a State Government or Government founded upon a small minority of the adult male population, we may be permitted to doubt. We confess that we should be better pleased with the plan by which North Carolina is to be reorganized, if it did not receive such unqualified commendation from those who have most savagely denounced President JOHNSON, and who now have a very ill-disguised sympathy with the insurrection of State Sovereignty against the Union.

SHALL WE PAY OFF THE NATIONAL DEBT?

A good many people have been reminded during the past week of Falstaff's praise of a spendthrift dragged to jail with "A Plan for paying off the National Debt" sticking out of his pocket. For it has not only been gravely proposed in some of our journals that a few of the rich men club together to the number of 150,000 or thereabouts, and contribute $20,000 each to extinguish our national debt, but a scheme for each of the rich men aforesaid have actually promised in writing to perform their share of the undertaking provided only that the other 149,980 or thereabouts of their likewise rich men of 2 million of dollars have already been secured, leaving only the trifle of $2,999,000,000 still to be subscribed. That this amount will be shortly forthcoming is clear; for a subscription obtains a first-rate notice in the newspapers—no slight advantage, now that trade is reviving—and involves no appreciable pecuniary risk. It would not be surprising if, by active canvassing, as much as $10,000,000 were secured—on paper; and then, of course, with only $2,999,000,000 to collect, the way to the extinction of the debt would be clear. Rich men in all countries are so prone to pay other people's debts, and our rich men so given to invest their means on sentimental principles, that the success of the scheme is assumed to be beyond question. When it succeeds we shall owe a statue of brass to the brilliant genius who suggested it, and to the appreciative journals which fostered it to maturity.

If, however, it should chance to fail—and, it must be remembered, most deserving and plausible enterprises will fail sometimes—it may leave behind it a resilution not unworthy of serious thought.

Twice before in the history of this country a national debt was forced upon us by war. Each time it was paid off. In each case peace led to retrenched expenditure, increased revenue, and consequently to rapid extinction and at last comparative extinction of indebtedness. For the third time war has bequeathed us a debt—this time much vaster than any previously incurred or dreamed of. The question arises, shall we follow American precedent, and go to work to pay off this debt as we paid off the debts of the Revolution of 1812–'14; or shall we follow the European precedent, and content ourselves with paying the interest regularly, leaving the principal practically irredeemable?

There is a certain prejudice in political economy than this, that a man can not invest his money better than in paying his debts. Now the national debt is the debt of all of us. Every man is bound, in person and property, to pay his share of it. Every foot of land in the country is mortgaged for the payment of the interest, and, if necessary, at muster for the creditors, will enforce the mortgage inexorably. Every dollar's worth of property we have, real and personal, is liable to be seized and sold to pay that interest. If this incumbrance on our property had been created in consequence of some accidental personal liability—the failure of a debtor, the loss of a cargo, unsuccessful speculations, or the like—the impulse of every sound and careful person would be to go to work to pay it off, or to sell an unincumbered real estate to his heirs. Many might be unable to do this. But all would like to do it, and nearly all would try. Is there any reason why individuals should feel differently with their share of the national debt?

It is urged that posterity will benefit by the results of the war, and ought therefore to bear its share of the debt. We don't affect much concern for posterity, and think it may be left to look out for itself. The question is, whether it is better for this generation to go on paying taxes at the rate of two or three hundred millions a year, or to make an effort and, by a present sacrifice, get rid of them altogether.

The late Mr. GALLATIN, one of the best friends this country ever had, described our Congressional financiers as Bourbons who had learned nothing from experience. And certainly the Internal Revenue law is worthy of legislators who had never heard of such a thing as a system of taxation. It seems to combine every possible defect, and to be productive. The fiscal year it only yielded $102,000,000, and we doubt, after all that has been said, whether it will yield $200,000,000 for the next year. It monstrously oppressive upon some localities and some branches of trade and industry, while others escape altogether. And it is so cumbrous and complicated that while it opens the door to vast frauds, the expense of collection will probably exceed 12½ per cent. These statements will, of course be denied by officials. But let us wait till we get the returns. It will be urged that the law is to be amended, and that a commission has been appointed for the purpose of proposing improvements. No doubt of it. If the system lasts so long we may rely on the law being altered at every session of Congress for the next quarter of a century. It may be altered too. But that a revenue law will be passed which shall not be unfairly oppressive on this or that class, and shall at the same time be productive, and can be administered honestly and for a reasonable cost, is what no man can believe who realizes the vast diversity of interests existing and to be created by the vast area from the Rio Grande to the great Lakes, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and who possesses the least knowledge of the past administration of the custom-house and the internal system in this country. There will be constant efforts made by one section or one industry to shift its proper share of taxation upon other shoulders, and Congressional combinations will frequently secure success to such efforts. An army of tax-gatherers will swarm through the country. The faithful and deluded veterans, plundering friend and foe alike. The sums extorted from the people will be prodigious; the revenue received by the Government disproportionate. Honest men will find it hard work to pay their taxes and earn a living. Rogues will laugh at assessors. The resources and vitality of the country are great that it is beyond the power of legislation, however bad, to stop the national progress altogether. But it will unquestionably be retarded, and this will be the case, in spite of all the improvements which can be made in the law.

On the other hand, it must be confessed that the gentleman who would advocate the necessity of taxation by paying off the debt—is one of such difficulty that at first glance every one is disposed to pronounce it insolvable. Still it will do no harm to keep always in view that we ought to solve it if we can, and that as a people we have done many things which had been pronounced impossible. It is well also to remember that the bulk of the debt does not begin to mature till three, five, and eight years hereafter. There is plenty of time for reflection. Attention may be directed to the operation of a sinking fund on a large scale: an institution provided for by law, but thus far not called into existence by the Government. It might be well to inquire whether a system of commutation of taxes could be devised with due regard to the interests of Government and tax-payers; such a system, for instance, as would enable a tax-payer, whose annual income taxes were $100, to get rid of them forever or for life or for two or more lives by paying $10,000 or any other sum. If this could be accomplished a large number of persons would doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of wealth to purchase immunity from taxation, and the national debt would be reduced in proportion. A thorough study of the principle of averages might enable statisticians to capitalize the annual tax of men starting in life in almost any vocation; and in many cases such a transaction might be able and willing to accept the capitalization, and discharge their share of the debt in full.

All such schemes are mere crudities as yet involving no mean difficulties. But the advantage of getting rid of the internal taxes, if it can by any means be accomplished, is so palpable that the experiment may be offered for proving in every direction in search of a road toward that end.

IGNORANCE AS A POLITICAL DISABILITY.

In the reorganization of the late rebel States, if it is proposed to make ignorance a disqualification for the franchise, let us be careful that the test is not applied two very different things. If reading the Bible or doing a sum in the rule of three are to be the tests of fitness, let every body be brought to the test. But is this the wish or the purpose of the gentlemen who are so anxious that the colored citizen shall be educated before he votes? We have looked with hasty curiosity, but we have not yet discover that it is. We have heard nothing of disfranchising ignorant white men. We are, therefore, constrained to the belief that it is not the ignorance of the blacks it is their complexion which is the real disability. Now ignorance and degradation at the South are not peculiar to the blacks. The whites are hardly less wretched and ignorant. "The blacks are not *all* quelled to vote," remarks the *Tribune*. And how many of the whites are quelled by the same standard? The *Tribune* assumes that the blacks be told "to qualify themselves by intelligence and thrift to vote wisely and safely," and that they shall come to the ballot-box.

What are intelligence and thrift? The fine society, the persons whom the *Tribune* calls "the gentlemen of the South, the intelligent property holders," were specially ignorant. Did they vote wisely and safely? The Senators, Governors, Representatives, the college-bred planters and their sons, the most highly educated class at the South, did they vote wisely and safely or would they now?

We do not deny, of course, that those who were yesterday the slaves of this fine and polished society, the men who were bought and sold and outraged and imbruted by "the gentlemen of the South, the intelligent property-holders," are to-day generally ignorant and often wretched. But they are as well fitted to be trusted with political power as the ignorant foreigners who constantly swarm into the city, and the still more ignorant and degraded poor whites of the Southern States. As a practical fact of experience these two last classes, with the gentlemen of the South," form a political alliance which is profoundly dangerous to the peace and true welfare of this country. If they are not to be disfranchised by reason of their ignorance, and nobody suggests that they shall be, why should we disfranchise on account of ignorance a body of faithful loyal citizens who would hold that alliance in check?

For what is the condition of the masses of the poor white citizens of the Southern States, who are the natural enemies of the colored man until the latter have qualified themselves "by intelligence and thrift" for a share in political power?

In Mr. GEORGE M. WESTON'S valuable little tract, "The Poor Whites of the South," there is much valuable information upon this point. In Mr. OLMSTED'S books it is also abundant. In a paper upon the present condition of Louisiana in the Christian *Examiner* for May, 1865, we read that the condition of the poor whites is more deplorable than that of any but the poor whites. The pictures of the war correspondents in the late slave States confirm the universal story. Mr. WILLIAM GREGG, J. R. POSTON, of Charleston, who says in DE BOW'S *Review* for January, 1850: "The great mass of our poor *white* population begin to understand that they have rights.....They are fast learning that .....they can elevate themselves and their families from wretchedness and ignorance to competence and intelligence." Mr. WILLIAM GREGG, in an address before the South Carolina Institute in 1851, says: "A large portion of our poor white people are wholly neglected, and are suffered to while away an existence in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest. .....It is painful to be brought in contact with

such ignorance and degradation." Governor HAMMOND, of South Carolina, describes the same class in the same way, and they were half of the white population of the State. In a paper, published by Mr. J. H. LUMPKIN, of Georgia, in 1852, he speaks of them as "our poor, degraded, half-clad, half-clothed, and ignorant population." Mr. CHARLES T. JAMES, of Rhode Island, a cotton manufacturer, who had carefully studied the condition of the Southern States as adapted to manufactures, says: "Boys and girls by thousands, destitute both of employment and the means of education, grow up in ignorance and poverty, and, too many of them, to vice and crime." It appears also, in illustration of comparative intelligence, that of native white persons over twenty years of age about one in four hundred is unable to read and write in New England, one in one hundred in New York, and about one in eight in North Carolina.

Certainly if ignorance is to be a political disability, how many Southerners who are not qualified. Yet we wait to hear from the opponents of suffrage for the blacks that these whites shall also be disfranchised. Are we told that the ignorant whites are made safe by the State Constitution? What then? It is for the United States in this emergency to decide whether it will be satisfied with the requirements of these Constitutions. Why are we all debating the subject but because there is a question? If there be a question, what is it but who shall vote in the reorganization of the States?

Is it said that if ignorance in voters be a bad thing, to double the number of ignorant voters will not improve the condition? But why, then, have any ignorant voters? Or if you will have them, why leave half or more of their fellow-citizens helpless in their hands? It is surely better to enfranchise a whole rather than a part of an ignorant population. If there must be an oligarchy, let it, at least, be composed of the intelligent. Moreover, in the case of the Southern States, the surest way to extirpate the ignorance is to enfranchise all the people. The whites have had the political power from the beginning. Who is to blame for the non-initiation the ignorance of the blacks? Continue the sole power in their hands, and what will they do to diminish it? Will they establish Robert Dales, and, if he can not read, he will take care to educate his children. Let Robert Toombs make the law for Robert Shalls, and what chance of education will the children have?

If education, proved by some test of reading and writing, is to be the condition of suffrage in reorganizing the States, let the test be universally applied. Let the Government be just. Let us, above all, be spared the tingling shame of seeing our country, at this period in her history, deliberately denying rights because of color.

A WARNING FROM TENNESSEE.

TENNESSEE is a State which has been reorganized under a constitution which emancipates slaves, and leaves the political rights of the colored citizens to be settled by the Legislature. The consequences already have been foreseen. The House of Representatives of the State has lately passed a series of "black laws," which constantly tend to make colored citizens as "free" persons of color, as if slavery still existed in the State. The whole series shows indeed that the *spirit* of slavery does exist. No contract between a white and black citizen is to be binding unless witnessed by a white person. In courts the colored citizens may be witnesses against each other. On failure to pay any jail fees after imprisonment colored citizens may be hired out to the highest bidder. The children of colored citizens, whether orphans or not, may be bound out to white persons at the option of the court, and so on.

This is that "unfriendly legislation" which perpetuates indefinitely the trouble and danger of this country. While such laws are passed and valid, Tennessee can not be a truly republican State. And legislation upon democratic principles and a population educated in the midst of a large class disfranchised in obedience to the most hateful prejudice, grows up haughty, unjust, tyrannical, and most dangerous to the common welfare.

Now what the House of Representatives in Tennessee has done, the Senate will do in short. ery has been abolished by the war will do, if permitted, and four millions of faithful, honest people, just as free as Governor BROWNLOW or Mr. ADAMS, and equally entitled with them to a voice in the Government, will be reduced to a condition of serfdom.

But, says some objector, if the people of the States are opposed to enfranchising them, is it good policy to do it? Let us see. Who are the people of the States? Who are "the people" of South Carolina? Are they the numerical minority of the population who are white rebels, or are they the numerical majority who are colored citizens of unswerving loyalty? It is curious to see how the dominance of slavery in this country has destroyed our perceptions of the simplest facts. That the slaves were men even the rebels conceded when they proposed to arm them ; that they were citizens Attorney-General BATES very clearly showed in his official opinion; that they are freemen was established by President LINCOLN'S proclamation, and that they are more than two-fifths of the entire population of the late rebel States, appears from the census of 1860. Yet the New York *Times* lately used these remarkable words, the italics being its own: "What the President doubtless aims at is to see the *people* of the South as distinct from the disloyal political managers ..... recognize the new relations in which they stand to the negro population."

The negro population, then, are not even "people!" In such a remark, springing, of course, from no unfair hostility to its colored fellow-citizens, the *Times* unthinkingly justifies the old lie of slavery that this Government was made by white men, for white men, and, therefore, that white men only are, politically speaking, the people. The truth is that the word "people" was not qualified by color.

In its very remarkable article the *Times* further says: "When that work [of the people recognizing their new relations to the negroes] is once set about, as it appears to be in Alabama and North Carolina, in a loyal spirit, the question of negro suffrage will find a natural solution in course of time." How it will find it may be inferred from the action of the Tennessee representatives and from the remarks of Mr. HOLDEN, the special representative of the "loyal spirit" in North Carolina, who speaks of the right and duty of "the governing race" to determine whether colored citizens, native of North Carolina, shall live in the State!

Now as we believe that the late slaves in South Carolina, some of whom have subscribed to the national loan, are just as much to be counted among the people as Governor PERRY or Governor MCGRATH, or Mr. AIKEN, or Mayor MACBETH, or CHESTNUT, or ORR, or RHETT, or any other white traitor or loyal citizen, we do not see why they should not be treated as such. And therefore when it is said that the people of South Carolina are opposed to the enfranchisement of their late slaves we can not reply only that we do not believe it. And in any State of which we might suppose such a statement to be true, we should say that experience had proved that the only sure and prejudice of one class of citizens against another to be proto nothy perilous to the public welfare. There is a class in this country, Protestants and Catholics. But what if we should assume the Protestant citizens in any State to be "the people" in distinction to the "Catholic population?" And what if we should suppose that the "Protestant people" should determine upon what conditions the "Catholic population" should vote, and assume they should be allowed to reside in the State?

As Americans and honest men, let us try to remember that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed. When a government goes with taxation—and that Congress is constitutionally bound to secure a republican form of government to every State.

NATIONALITY.

A FRIEND calls attention to a remarkable passage in a volume on "the Apocalypse," by Rev. F. D. MAURICE, of London, who has been a faithful friend of this country during the late struggle. The work was published in 1860, scarcely a year before the attack upon Fort Sumter. The passage is in singular harmony with parts of Mr. BEECHER'S oration at the restoration of the flag upon the fort, and with the masterly pamphlet of Professor TAYLER LEWIS, a Photograph from Ancient History.

> "To talk of *nationalities*, as politicians talk of them, is easy; to be a *nation*—to feel that the name is a reality and not a fiction, that is hard; he who would cultivate that feeling must win it through endurance and sacrifice, must learn to measure what is substantial against what is artificial, must discover the importance of many fine philosophical theories. We take this glorious privilege by doubting those which are labelled by the world, we have all our power over those we govern, our honesty toward the Sovereign Will of which we are heralds of which we speak*s scornfully may earn it as our fathers earned it* in blood.

NEWS.

THE war is over, but it seems that we are still to be the prey of foolish, sensational telegrams. Within the last few days we have been informed of the assassination of Mr. SEWARD, of the revolt of the colored troops at Memphis, and of the chaining of JEFFERSON DAVIS in his cell. Each statement has been positively denied on story from Memphis; General CANBY has since telegraphed the surrender of KIRBY SMITH without mentioning his demise; and the story of the chains upon JEFF. comes from Philadelphia.

The remedy for any ill results of such reports must be found in the public common sense. The friends of the rebellion will do all that it is possible to discredit the Government and feed foreign jealousy, as well as to insult and defame colored citizens. But how people ought to make up their story. Our Philadelphia brethren of the press are so good-natured that they can not bear to refuse the hospitality of their columns to every vagabond rumor, and they are probably not surprised that "Philadelphia news" is an article well known in the market.

So with the special dispatches from Washington. The most devoted hunter of news must sometimes return with nothing but the vagnest gossip, and must make his fog pass for food if he can. The intentions of the Government are not probably imparted upon the instant to the industrious gentlemen who collect news, and the distinct assertions that the Government is about to do this or that must be liberally interpreted. We all know in advance that we shall see nothing very injurious to one Secretary in one paper, or to another Secretary in another paper; and it is impossible not to perceive that the special news is very much what the opinions or policy of the special papers that publish it specially require.

Bearing such facts in mind, a man can read his daily newspaper with much more peace of mind than if he abandoned himself to implicit belief of every thing he finds in it. The news is undoubtedly true that there is undoubtedly a great deal there which is not news, and never will be.

"DEATH AND VICTORY."

THE first day of June was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer, in memory of the murdered President. In the midst of triumph Death reigns. In the hour of jubilee our hearts bow before the mysterious fact that the death of the good and the old, the good and the true, has secured the victory. This is evidently the thought which Mr. NAST has expressed in the large picture of this Number of the *Weekly*.

Through all its awful upon his throne, while Victory kneels before him, the sword falling from his hands and the laurel laid away from his brow. The consciousness of his power in his late triumphs is the family which reads the appalling news of the 15th of April, and to the emancipated slaves who know that the Terrors has struck their earthly saviour. In a city street, below, the news of the great victory exults every heart; but immediately in the corresponding sketch, Death touches those hearts with startling sorrow. Death also binds in sympathy America and other lands.

Mr. NAST has given to the initial Society six weeks ago. So over our sunny festival the cold shadow fell. But to-day, that the moment of sorrow is passing, that the bereavement has only strengthened and sobered us, let Victory raise his head, resume his laurels, and say, in perfect faith: "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?"

LITERARY.

THE Hon. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, of Chicago, Member of Congress during the last years of Mr. LINCOLN'S administration, and his personal friend, is preparing memoirs of his life and administration of President LINCOLN, with a history of the important legislation of the same period. At the time of Mr. LINCOLN'S death in 1860 a friend asked Mr. ARNOLD what kind of man the candidate was. Mr. ARNOLD replied, "He has all the tenacity without the humor of JACKSON." His administration fully justified this shrewd opinion.

"Historical View of the American Revolution," by GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE (TICKNOR, FIELDS, & CO.). Mr. GREENE has given us not only a generally valuable, but a peculiarly timely volume. The grandson of WASHINGTON'S friend, General GREENE, he has long made the Revolution his special study. He has united, nervous style presents its results in the most attractive manner. His book will amply reward the attention which the intrinsic interest of the subject is sure to awaken.

TO TRIUMPHE!

BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD REALF.

Nor ever, in all human time,
Did any man or nation
Plant foot upon the peaks sublime
Of Mount Transfiguration;
But first in battle-throng hours
Of dread and solemn being
Clashed battle 'gainst Satanic powers,
Alone with the All-seeing.

God's glory lights no mortal brows
Which have not first been wet
No wine hath He for lips of those
His lees who never tasted.
Nor ever, till in bloodlest stress
The heart is wrung and tortured,
Does the All-brooding Tenderness
Cry, "This is my beloved!"

O land, through years of shrouded nights
In triple blackness groping,
Toward the far dayspring of the lights
That beacon the world's hoping—
Behold! no title shalt thou miss
Of that transcendent glory
To all who, dragged through hell's abyss,
Hold fast their grip on heaven.

The Lord God's purpose throbs along
Our stormy turbulences;
He keeps the sap of nations strong
By blood-red recompenses.
The Lord God sows his righteous grain
In battle-blasted furrows,
And draws from our darkest days of pain
Large peace for calm to-morrows.

From strokes of unseen cimeters
A million hearts are bleeding;
A cry runs tingling to the stars
Of babes' and widows' pleading:
While at hell's altars sacrificed—
God's martyred son forever—
Lies the clear life that crystallized
Our kindliest endeavor.

And yet beneath our brimming tears
Lies nobler cause for singing
Than ever in the shining years
When all our vales were ringing
With happy sounds of mellow peace;
And all our cities thundered
With lusty echoes, and our seas
By freighted keels were sundered.

For lo! the branding flails that drave
Our husks of foul self from us
Show all the watching heroes we have
Immortal grain of promise.
And lo! the dreadful blasts that blew
In gusts of fire and ice
Have scorched and winnowed from the true
The falseness which undid us.

No floundering more, for mind or heart,
Among the lower levels;
No welcome more for moods that sort
With satyrs and with devils;
But over all our fruitful slopes,
On all our plains of beauty,
Fair temples for fair human hopes,
And altar-thrones for duty.

Wherefore, O ransomed people, shout!
O banners, wave in glory!
O bugles, blow the triumph out!
O drums, strike up the story!
Clang, broken fetters, idle swords!
Clap hands, O States, together!
And let all praises be Lord's
Our Saviour and our Father.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S AMNESTY PROCLAMATION.

On the 29th of May President Johnson issued a proclamation granting amnesty to all persons who have directly or indirectly taken part in the rebellion, with the restorations of all rights of property except as to slaves, and excepting in cases where legal proceedings have been instituted for the confiscation of property, on condition of their taking an oath to defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States, and to obey all laws and proclamations which have been made during the rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves. Those are excluded from pardon, except on special application to the President, who are the classes of persons: Those who have, in order to aid the rebellion, left judicial positions or seats in Congress, or who have resigned commissions in the army or navy, or absented themselves from the country; those who were educated at West Point or the United States Naval Academy; those who have engaged in the destruction of our commerce, or who have been engaged in treating the United States' prisoners of war as felons in military, naval, or civil confinement as prisoners of war; all persons who have voluntarily participated in the rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars; all who have taken and violated the previous amnesty oath; and all who have held military service above the rank of colonel in the army or lieutenant in the navy.

RECONSTRUCTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 29th of May President Johnson issued a proclamation in relation to the State of North Carolina of the following import: That the object is to give the people of the Constitution to guarantee to every State a republican form of government, and whereas the rebellion has deprived the people of the State of North Carolina of all civil government, and it becomes necessary and proper that obligations of the United States to the people of North Carolina to the time therefore appoint William W. Holden Provisional Governor of the State, with orders to prescribe such executive powers for executing the constitution as delegates to which shall be chosen by loyal citizens, for the purpose of altering or amending the Constitution of the State, and with authority to restore the State to its constitutional relations to the Federal Government, and to present such a republican form of government as shall entitle the State to the guarantees of the United States therefor. No person, according to the terms of the proclamation, can be elected or vote in the election prescribed before taking the amnesty oath, nor any one who is not a voter qualified by the State Constitution of 1861. The convention shall have assembled it shall have the power to prescribe the qualifications of voters and of the eligibility of persons to hold office under the laws of the State.

THE CONSUMMATION OF PEACE.

The following dispatch from Secretary STANTON announces the surrender of Kirby Smith's army:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *May 27, 1865.*

Major-General Dix:

A dispatch from General Canby, dated at New Orleans yesterday, the 26th instant, states that arrangements for the surrender of the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department have been agreed upon. This includes the men and material of the army and navy.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

Following upon this memorable event the President has released all the restrictions embarrassed by military tribunals to confidence during the war.

THE END OF THE "STONEWALL."

On the supposing of the 19th an impromptu council was held at Havana, at which the Captain-General of Cuba presided, the Consul-General Captain Blake, of the Spaniard, engaged to deliver up his ship to the authorities of the island, to be held in trust for the United States Government. He wished at first to give up the vessel on the condition that the vessel should not be surrendered to the United States. General Dulce refused to bind himself by any such condition. The United States flag was hoisted at noon on the 19th. There were several Federal vessels of war in port at the time, among which were the Niagara, Captain Worden, the *Aries*, *Connecticut*, and others.

INDICTMENT OF DAVIS.

On the 26th of May the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia reported to the Supreme Court of the District an indictment against JEFFERSON DAVIS for assault and battery, Fort Stevens, said assault being an overt act of war against the United States Government. A similar indictment was brought against John C. Breckinridge.

THE EXPLOSION AT MOBILE.

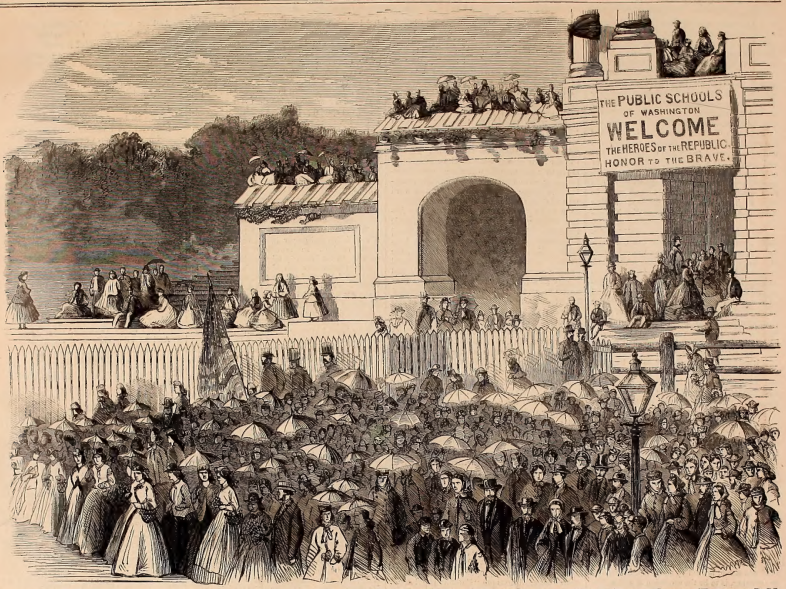
On the 24th of May the main Ordnance Department at Mobile blew up with a terrible explosion. About three hundred persons were instantly killed and many more wounded, while large numbers were buried in the ruins. Eight entire squares of the city were demolished, and about eight thousand bales of cotton destroyed. The whole city was shaken as if by an earthquake by the explosion, the cause of which was not ascertained.

THE NEWS ITEMS.

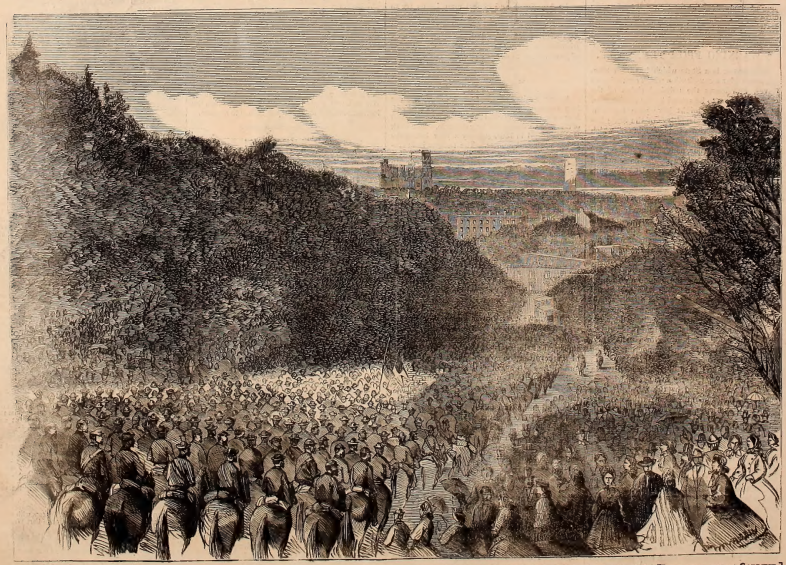
Alexander H. Stephens and John H. Reagan, with other notable rebel prisoners, were transferred to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor, on the 26th of May.

The story of a plot at Memphis among the negro soldiers to massacre the white rebel prisoners is now said to be a hoax. General Washburne says it is false in every particular.

General Beauregard, of whom we have heard very little for the past two months, was in New Orleans on the 19th and registered his name at General Banks's head-quarters as a paroled rebel officer.



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN GREETING THE SOLDIERS FROM THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.—[PHOT. BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY PASSING DOWN CAPITOL HILL TOWARD PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, MAY 23, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, MAY 23, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILIPS & SOLOMON, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

WILD FLOWERS AT SUNSET.

As the bright red sun went down last night,
With my flowers a vigil I kept,
Their starry blossoms of blue and white
Were lovingly turn'd to the western light,
Till gently they droop'd and slept.

The daisy was first to bid adieu
To the light of the glorious sun;
He had watched his journey the whole day through,
His golden eye had been fondly true
To his mate, till the day was done

The shamrock, sacred in days of yore,
Was folding his triple leaf,
The lad o' wishes lingered before,
And the violet bent to the mossy floor,
Like a bird on the nest to brood.

At rest were the wild flower and the fay,
And at rest was the cowslip bell;
And darker and darker grew the sky,
Till stately and I was the glowing eye
Of the light-loving pimpernel.

The strawberry blossom bow'd his head,
And nestled his leaves between,
Or crept away to a mossy bed;
And the sweet thyme's cup of its dew so red,
And folded its trefoil green.

The primroses paler and paler grew,
The celandine shone no more;
A parting grace to the pansy-eye-ed threw,
As it closed the pensive eye of blue
That looked to the skies before.

At last the world seem'd all at rest,
The glorious sun was shaded;
Though a lovely mountain bound the west,
No fire glow'd from his lofty crest,
To mark where his light had faded.

And darkness reigned, till nowhereas fair
Fell on the earth my wild flowers;
And brighter'd the dews that were gathering there,
On the bank and the meadow, and every where,
Like the drop of a summer shower.

The large green leaves of the cowslip bright,
And the wings of the primrose fair,
That had faded and droop'd in the heat and light,
Now rose refresh'd in the shadow of night,
And enjoy'd the cool, sweet air.

And many a lesson I learn'd at the sight
Of the beauty and trusting love;
Of those humble flowers through the shadowy night,
And those flowers that bloom'd in the broad daylight,
And the sun and moon above.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

In the spring of 1861 there was raised a cry of alarm—"The Capital is in danger!" and thousands of young and brave men, from the north, south, east and from the states that paltered on the near military displays during the war. Little attention could be given to their respective principles on the north or the battle-field—the only idea of the march was to find the enemy; the only idea of the battle to get the advantage of him, and capture or drive him from the field.

It was fitting therefore that when the work had all been done, our soldiers who have borne the burden, should, as they returned bringing Peace back with them as a gift to the people, receive in turn some token of the popular appreciation of their services.

It was no ordinary pageant that turned all the people's eyes and so many hearts to Washington on the 23d and 24th of May. It was not the fact that it all probability the people would never recur of seeing two hundred thousand soldiers passing in review. It was no mere idle curiosity, but a deep, glorious, solemn sentiment. This sentiment was one of pride mingled with infinite pathos—pride in the youthful strength of a republic tried and steadfast—pathos from the remembrance of countless heroes who have received their crowns and whose mortal hands are upon mortal brows, who died many of them while the war seemed yet uncertain.

Only the soldier can appreciate the full meaning of this grand march through Washington. He has been the actor all along while we have been but spectators, even at here. Some of these soldiers have marched from Washington, and have returned by a circuitous route through the bloody campaigns of Chattanooga, Atlanta, and the weary marches through Georgia and North Carolina. Such was the case with the Twentieth Corps—HOOKER'S old command.

THE SCENE AT THE CAPITOL.

According to Lieutenant-General GRANT's order of march, the troops of the Potomac, under General MEADE, would be reviewed on the 23d, and the armies of Tennessee and Georgia, under General SHERMAN, on the 24th. Each day the head of the column rested at the foot of Capitol Hill, beginning its march from that point at 9 o'clock A.M., passing around the Capitol to a camp-fire Avenue, and up the Avenue to the Aqueduct Bridge, and thence back to camp.

On the north end of the Capitol the scholars of the intermediate and grammar schools took their places, the boys on the hill and the girls on the Capitol steps. The girls were dressed in white; the boys wore white pants and blue jackets. As the veterans passed by, these children greeted the column with songs, and, as they were a numerous choir, the effect was very beautiful. The children also displayed a large number of banners. On the northwest corner of the Capitol was the following very appropriate motto: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe to the victorious Union soldiers." The scene at this point we have illustrated on page 356.

On the same page a view is presented of SHERMAN's cavalry passing down Capitol Hill toward Pennsylvania Avenue. These heroes of Winchester, Cedar Creek, Five Forks were a host in themselves three quarters in passing the Capitol. SHERIDAN, the life of this glorious company, was not present, having been assigned to a distant department of operations. But General MERRITT and CUSTER in great measure commanded in his absence. They were enthusiastically cheered as they passed. On the next page a fuller view is given of the cavalry as it passed down Pennsylvania Avenue.

BEFORE THE WHITE HOUSE.

The stand from which the armies were reviewed was situated in front of the White House. Here, at an early hour, the President and Lieutenant-General, accompanied by General MEADE, took their places, being afterward joined by General PARKE, in command of the Ninth Corps. General MEADE, as he approached the stand, was accompanied by his staff, bearing the head-quarters flag of the Army of the Potomac. This flag was of a very beautiful design. The back-ground was Sublerine, and a golden eagle stood out from this, surmounted by a white star.

The principal stand, of which we give an illustration on our first page, was about 120 feet long, and was handsomely decorated. In its base and wings were composed of American flags, and its columns were wreathed with hospital flags of yellow and green. Above these waved white flags—the tokens of a conquered peace. Upon the Jraping of the flags were inscribed the names of fifteen gigantic battles. They were as follows: Over the names of Atlanta, Wilderness, Stone River, South Mountain, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Savannah, Richmond, Petersburg, Gettysburg, Lookout Mountain, Nashville, Chattanooga, Antietam, and Spottsylvania. President JOHNSON occupied a central position on the stand. At his right and left were seated for the several corps commanders, who occupied it in succession as their commands came in view. In the front rank of seats next to this corps commanders' seat, on the left, were seated Secretary of War STANTON, Lieutenant-General GRANT, and their Major-General RAWLINS, General GRANT's Chief of Staff. On the left of the President were Postmaster-General DENISON, Secretary of the Interior HARLAN, Secretary of the Navy WELLES, Quarter-master-General MEIGS, and Major-General BARNARD. On the opposite side of the President, commencing on the right, were Colonel PARKER, the Indian officer on the staff of General GRANT; Hon. HUGH MCCULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury; General MEADE, Mrs. and Miss DENNISON, Major-General BARRY, Mrs. WELLES, Major-General SANDFORD, New York Secretary of State, and Secretary R. FOSTER, of Maryland. Upon the third row of seats were Assistant Secretary of the Navy FOX, and Admiral SMITHSON, and other distinguished naval officers. In the front row, upon the wings, were seated Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury HARRIS and CONOVER, Assistant Secretary of War DANA, Secretary of the Navy WELLES, Quarter-master-General MEIGS, and Major-General BARNARD. On the opposite side of these rows were seated, on the right, were Colonel PARKER, the Indian officer on the staff of General GRANT; Hon. HUGH MCCULLOCH, Secretary of the Treasury; General MEADE, Mrs. and Miss DENNISON, Major-General BARRY, Mrs. WELLES, Major-General SANDFORD, New York Secretary of State, and Secretary R. FOSTER, of Maryland. Upon the third row of seats were Assistant Secretary of the Navy FOX, and Admiral SMITHSON, and other distinguished naval officers. In the front row, upon the wings, were seated Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury HARRIS and CONOVER, Assistant Secretary of War DANA, Secretary of the Navy WELLES, Quarter-master-General MEIGS, and Major-General BARNARD. On the opposite side of the President were Postmaster-General RANDALL, and Mr. MCCLELLAN, and Major WALLACE. The rest of this stand, which was capable of accommodating a hundred persons, was filled by the wives of diplomatic corps and the families of those entitled to seats upon the stand.

Before this stand the whole army passed in review. The day was auspicious, and nothing marred the splendor of the spectacle. First came the cavalry, then the infantry, under General MEADE. This latter was BURNSIDE's famous corps, and their battered banners told of a score of hard-fought battles. The gallant FITZ JOHN PORTER looked as fresh as on the day before, their songs were just as merry and inspiring, and their floral gifts as generously bestowed. Following the Ninth Corps, the Cavalry Brigade was greeted with especial enthusiasm along the whole line. They and their horses, says the Herald's correspondent, looked magnificently, and flowers until they were obliged to refuse any more. The transportation brigade of the "Bummers Corps" caused much amusement as it passed.

First in order came the Fifteenth Corps, SHERMAN's old command, now under General HAZEN, the hero of Fort McAllister. Among the officers commanders was General CORSE, the brave defender of Allatoona.

BLAIR's Corps—the Seventeenth—followed. As it passed Willard's Hotel a deputation from the citizens of Missouri presented General BLAIR with a splendid corps flag, while some ladies presented flowers.

The Army of Georgia consisted of the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps. The latter of these had the advance. The Fourteenth was General THOMAS' old command. With this corps he had stood between ROSECRANS and the entire rebel army at Chickamauga, when all the other commands had been broken. This corps was organized immediately after the battle of Stone River. When THOMAS took command of the Army of the Cumberland he was succeeded in command of the corps by General JOHN M. PALMER. The latter was succeeded by General JEFFERSON C. DAVIS at Atlanta.

The Twentieth Corps was General HOOKER's old command. Its history is fresh in the popular memory. No words of ours can add any thing to the glory attained by this corps beneath or above the clouds. Its division commanders, Generals MOWER, WILLIAMS, and GRAVES, deserve to be mentioned as soldiers who have done hard service which only history will appreciate and reward.

THE REVIEW.

On page 365 we give an illustration representing SHERMAN's veteran armies crossing Long Bridge in the early part of the day. It is impossible here not to recur to a far different scene which occurred in 1861, when our soldiers crossed this bridge to the defence of Washington. It was the invasion of the "sacred soil," which has since been trampled by half a score of armies.

Thus passed the review of the national armies. Many commands equally worthy of notice were not permitted to take part in the spectacle, because of their distance from the point of concentrative duty in the field or in garrison. The occasion will be long remembered. May the time never come when the people of the north shall again be called to enter the field against any foe whether domestic or foreign! The God of Battles has granted the nation victory. Let us pray that He may find for many generations grant that we may live in peace and quietness!

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

WE continue from our last number the record of the trial going on at Washington against the conspirators. During the review of the troops there was an intermission on Thursday, May 18, the Court was again opened. On that day the remaining evidence for the prosecution was taken.

The testimony of Mary Marsh, Captain Emery, Benjamin Dewey, William Bull, and E. W. Rose related to matters before given by other witnesses. The import of this testimony we shall give in a future number.

George H. Gordon testified that he served in the rebel service; that in 1864 he had seen him in the rebel uniform.

John L. Caldwell was then sworn. He was at Mrs. Slowe's grocery-store on Seventh street the morning after the assassination. At about eight o'clock ARNOLD came into the store and asked for a drink to Colonel Ely. The latter at length loaned him the amount, taking ARNOLD's revolver as security.

A number of Mr. Mudd's slaves were then sworn. These were Alfred Mudd, who resided in his house, and was one of his slaves to build batteries at Richmond. One of these slaves testified to the fact of a conference between Mudd and John Surratt. He had heard Dr. Mudd second the proposition that Booth should begin to work and get killed long ago.

Another colored man, William Marshall, testified that he had heard a conversation between a Mr. Gardiner and Dr. Mudd about the assassination. The Reprehensible Murderer said: "Sam, we guess them hell down the Rappahannock." Dr. Mudd said, "I guess they will."

The testimony for the prosecution having been given, the case for the defence began. The first witness offered was in behalf of Mrs. Surratt.

Father WALTER, of Baltimore, Somerset were the witnesses first called. These testified that they knew nothing particular of the life of Mrs. Surratt.

The testimony of Mrs. Elias Holloman, the next witness, was then given. She had seen Booth on the morning after April 16, tended rather to establish than to weaken the evidence for the prosecution in regard to the effect that the assassination would have. She went to church with Mrs. Surratt very often during Lent.

Miss Honora Fitzpatrick, a boarder at Mrs. Surratt's since last October, was the next witness. Her testimony was forcibly corroborative of that given by Weichman. She saw Booth at Mrs. Surratt's on the Monday before the assassination.

R. F. Gwyn, being sworn, stated that on the 14th of December he saw Weichman, and met Mrs. Surratt at Surrattsville, when she gave him a letter for Mr. Nothy. He met Mrs. Surratt at Surrattsville, at 4 P. M., as she was partially intoxicated.

Captain Gwynn, of Washington, into whose care Lloyd was given after his arrest, was the next witness. He testified that Lloyd at the time of his arrest stated that he was intending to do with the crime. At length, upon being told that the murder of Mr. Lincoln was a fact, he said, "Oh, my God! if I should make a confession they would murder me!" He made a confession to vice versâ Captain him, he said, "These parties in the conspiracy. Upon being put in the witness-box Lloyd was overcome. In his statement he already been recorded as a part of his confession. He was then excused.

Through Mr. R. J. Cosby and Mr. O'Laughlin an attempt was made to establish an alibi in the case of prisoner O'Laughlin. The former had come on April 15th, with O'Laughlin and Spangler, to witness to Weichman. The train reached Washington at about 8 P.M. The party were with each other all that night. Cosby left them immediately out, and O'Laughlin went with Cosby to the National Hotel, a few minutes after the news of the assassination, and then back to Mecker's dining-saloon, where Cosby's party had gone to get something to eat. They left there about half past even or eight o'clock, and went to Third Street, where Cosby and Joseph Wheeler parted with Cosby and Henderson, saying they were going to catch a mid-night train for Alexandria. They were then accompanied by Daniel Lockran, and the whole party started up the avenue to see the illumination. After a while Cosby and O'Laughlin, with Lockran, went into the Canterbury Hotel, and remained there until about 2 o'clock. Then they went to the Metropolitan Hotel, and had a drink together. Cosby and they resided in that quarter or half past ten o'clock. They remained one hour. O'Laughlin was with Cosby all that night. Cosby met with O'Laughlin nearly all day on Friday. On Friday evening he was at the house of Mrs. Atlock, when O'Laughlin went out from Rollman's with Mr. Surratt.

The following letter was also produced, written to Mrs. Surratt by George N. Calvert:

Other testimony was also adduced proving an unquestionable alibi.

On Friday R. F. Gwyn was recalled, and the letter given by him to Mrs. Surratt to Mr. Nothy was produced. The following is a copy:

"Mr. John Nothy:

"SIR,—I have this day received a letter from Mr. Calvert, intimating that either you or your friend have represented that I am in arrears to you for rent. I am at a loss to understand. You know that I am ready, and have been waiting for you for three weeks to settle with me. If you can come within the next ten days, I will settle with Mr. Calvert, and bring with against you immediately. Mr. Calvert will give you a deed on receiving payment.

"Yours respectfully, MRS. E. SURRATT.

"Administratrix of J. M. Surratt."

Two more Catholic priests testified that Mrs. Surratt was a good Catholic.

The following letter was also produced, written to Mrs. Surratt by George N. Calvert:

"SURRATTSVILLE, *April* 13, 1865.

"MRS. *M. E. Surratt*:

"DEAR MADAM,—During a late visit to the lower portion of the county I ascertained of the willingness of Mr. Nothy to settle with you, and desire to call your attention to the fact. In saying the entanglement, I must insist upon closing up this matter, as imperative in an early settlement of the estate, which is necessary. You will therefore please to call on your earliest convenience to know how and when you will be able to pay the balance remaining due on the land purchased by you from him.

"Yours respectfully, GEORGE N. CALVERT, JR."

R. H. Nothey, brother-in-law of O'Laughlin, testified that O'Laughlin came to Baltimore from the South in August, 1863. He was unemployed. After about a month he went with his brother to Washington in the produce and feed business. Here he remained until the fall of 1863, when his brother removed from Washington, leaving him the entire charge of the Washington business. Maulsby then stated the circumstances attending the arrest of O'Laughlin.

Here some important evidence was adduced for the prosecution.

Lewis W. Chamberlain, who had been on duty in the War Office, was sworn in Richmond Hentfield in the handwriting of Judge John A. Campbell and Harrison in the latter's handwriting, Assistant Adjutant Secretary.

Henry Finzgas was then sworn. In February he was in Montreal, Canada. On the 15th of that month he had a conversation between George N. Sanders and William Cleary. Cleary said, "I suppose they are getting ready for the inauguration of Lincoln next month?" Sanders said, "Yes; but if the boys only have the courage Lincoln will not trouble them much longer." Cleary asked if all was right. Sanders replied, "Oh yes; Booth is attending to the job."

Charles Sweeney and James Young testified further as to the cruelties inflicted on Union prisoners.

The evidence for the defence was then again resumed.

John Nothy testified to having purchased from Mrs. Surratt property in Prince George county, and that he had received from her the letter already produced as testimony.

Dr. John C. Thomas was then called upon for the privilege of invalidating the testimony which had been given against Dr. Mudd. He said it was not until after the assassination that his brother told him about the remark made by Dr. Mudd some weeks before. He said his brother's wife had told him about it. Upon being cross-examined he admitted that his brother seemed to be in his right mind when he was conversing on the subject with him.

Bernard T. Mudd testified to Dr. Mudd's good character. He had heard him express an disloyal sentiment.

John C. Thomas then testified to Booth's having called Dr. Gwyn, his father-in-law, in October or November last, to attend Dr. Gwyn's family. He was then at church at Bryantown. Here Booth was introduced to Dr. Mudd. Booth's statement was given in violation of secrecy to purchase lands.

On Saturday, the 27th, further important testimony was offered for the prosecution.

George P. Fisher, who in the trial of the St. Albans raiders took charge of the case for the United States Government, was then sworn. He was in Montreal at the trial Thompson, Sanders, Clay, and others defended the raiders. Sanders declared to do this at the offices of Confederate States. Cleary had testified that the raiders were in the Confederate service. The following letter was given in evidence:

"CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"WAR DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, VA., *June* 16, 1864.

"*To Lieutenant*——, *Commanding*——:

"LIEUTENANT,—You have been appointed temporarily in the service of the provisional army for special service. You will proceed without delay to the British provinces, where you will report to Lieutenant-General Dick Taylor for instructions. You will, under their directions, take such steps as you may deem best to have organized as many men not exceeding twenty in number, as you may deem suitable for the service, and as can be relied upon secretly to be may be intrusted to you. You will take care to consult as much secrecy as the case will admit, and be very limited in instructions. You and your men will receive from them positions because you will be under the command of whom the commutation therefor.

"By order of JOHN A. SEDDON, Secretary of War."

William R. Nevins was then called to the stand. Nevins, is a resident of New York, was in Washington on the 11th of April, and was present at the Kirkwood House. He identified Atzerott as a man whom he met at that house, on the morning of the 14th, and saw him in Booth's company room. Nevins did not know the number, but pointed out the room, remarking that Mr. Atzerott was then with Booth. Atzerott then looked in the dining-room, when Nevins left sight of him.

Bettie Washington, a colored woman, was then called for the defence. She had lived in Dr. Mudd's family on Monday after Christmas. She had not been absent for a single night from Dr. Mudd's house since that time. Dr. Mudd had been absent from home on three occasions, separated by one or two days each interval. He had been called late in the evening at Mr. George Gardiner's party: second, he had been to Bryantown; third, to Leonardtown. He had been to Washington, returning the next day.

Upon Dr. Mudd's being recalled, he stated that he did not think he could believe Daniel G. Thomas, witness for the prosecution. He had never had any difficulty with him nor seen who had ever said any thing against Thomas. He had never told Mrs. Mudd, as she had stated, or proposed his opinion on the occasion of Thomas having accused a Mr. Hall of being a rebel soldier.

The testimony of R. F. Gwyn (recalled) and Jerry Dyer, was then given, the substance of which was given for the defence, proving that although the persons harbored and aid by Dr. Mudd were not known to be engaged in hostility to military organizations known to be opposed to the Government of the United States. It was satisfied by some of that Dr. Mudd himself belonged to an organization of this character.

Frank Washington, a colored man living last year with Dr. Mudd, was then produced to testify to the veracity of Mary Simms, a colored witness for the prosecution. The witness testified that Mary Simms was not to be believed on oath. Other witnesses were then called to prove the same fact. Dr. Mudd's character was then established for defence, proving that although the persons harbored and aided

eral Lee; I considered, and after a time told him I would go; he then told me he wanted me to take a certain quantity of clothing—he did not say how much—coats, pants, and underclothing, into the States, and dispose of them at auction; he wished me to take them into Washington City, into Norfolk, and as far south as I could go, where the General Government had possession; he wanted me to sell them on a hot day or night; it did not matter what money he got for the clothes; I was just to dispose of them for what I could get; I was to Toronto to go on with my negotiations for the sale of it [left] to me at the St. Stuart Robinson where I was, and he was to telegraph or write to my residence whether I should go or remain. I went on with my York until, I think, the 8th of June, 1864; on Sunday, the 5th, I had been down to the Falls to boats home to a customer of mine; when I returned my wife had a letter in her hand from Dr. Blackburn; he had just left there: I called on Dr. Robinson, and asked him what I could do; he said he did not know; I did not know what to; he did not wish himself to commit overt act against the United States Government; I could not; I could take only just enough money to carry me down to Montreal: I had not. Mr. Slaughter knew, he gave me directions to proceed to Halifax, where I was to meet Dr. Blackburn; the letter was dated May 30, 1864, from Bermuda; I went down to Halifax: Dr. Blackburn arrived there about the 11th of July, from Havana; he went down to the hotel where I was stopping; I went to see him; he told me he had ordered there which had been shipped off, and, in accordance with his direction, took an express wagon belonging to the hotel down to the steamboat landing, and got there eight trunks and a valise; he directed me to take the things to my hotel and put them in a private room, which I did, and notified Dr. Blackburn; he asked me if I would take the valise into the States, and send it by express, accompanied with a letter, as a package to Governor Lincoln; I objected, and the valise was taken to his hotel; he ordered me to accompany the marshal of the trunks; they had Spanish names on them, so that no man would go with me next morning to make arrangements with one or two vessels going to Boston to smuggle the trunks through; I went down, as directed, and made application to Captain McGregor; I did not remember the name of the vessel; the one who went with me had a conversation with Captain McGregor; I don't know what he said, but Captain McGregor refused to take the trunks; I went back to the bank; Captain Cogan, John O'Brien; the officer who was with me said I had some goods I wanted to take to my friends in Connecticut and Boston, etc.,—and that he wanted to make an arrangement to smuggle them into Boston; I told Cogan and he had a private consultation; when they came out Cogan ordered them on board the St. Stuart; and Cogan smuggle them in; we took them on board his vessel that day; on arriving at Boston it was for five days before we got an opportunity of getting them off, but he succeeded at last in doing it, and expressed them through to Philadelphia; from there I brought them to Baltimore, and brought the trunks down to Washington; the last of them I gave to a man representing himself as a suttler from Boston, by the name of Perry; I understood at the time that he was a suttler in Sigel's army; he said he had found goods which he was going to take to Newport, News Centre; my instructions were to make a market for the goods, and I turned them over to Mr. Blackburn; I told me at the time that he could have about one million dollars of money, and never had occasion to be disposed of."

Upon being asked what was the object of the scheme, Hyams answered, "To destroy the army and every body in the country that was being been asked to where we current on his return to Canada, Hyams replied:

"I was introduced to Hamilton without stopping there I had to wait for the cars, and was met by Mr. Mcdonald and C. C. Clay; they both shook hands with me, greeted me heartily, and congratulated me on my safe return, and on my success; they told me I had performed a great mission for the future; I telegraphed to Dr. Blackburn, who was then stopping at Montreal, as Dr. Blackburn had told me, that I had returned. Next night, between eleven and twelve o'clock, Dr. Blackburn came to my room, and I met him there; I was in bed, but looked out of the window and saw Dr. Blackburn; he told me to come down and open the door; that I was like all other rascals after doing something, and the devil was after me; I got up accordingly, and let James H. Young; he asked me how I disposed of the goods which I had sent to him; he said he thought I had been disposed of, that that would kill at 'Big Bethel;' he said he was in a quandary about the matter; I was in my business there since I had been away, and that I needed money; he said he would see what he could do, and make arrangements to draw upon him for any money I desired; he said the Government at Richmond was not in the attention to the yellow-fever raging at Bermuda. He would see me; I went to see Jacob Thompson the next day, and made arrangements with Thompson to draw and made arrangements to pay me $100 had been disposed of according to my instructions, when the goods were sold; he said, 'I will give you $50 now, and the balance is against Dr. Blackburn; when you see me you have only to say, 'I have been a messenger for $50 on account of Dr. Blackburn;' I will pay you the balance.' Jacob Thompson seemed to have a perfect knowledge of the character of Dr. Blackburn; I left Hyams, but saw him several times after that between Dr. Blackburn, and Thompson said that there was $700,000 present had appropriated for that purpose $700,000."

Hyams further stated that Colonel Tucker, Jacob Thompson and Mr. Alexander were connected with his business.

A. Bremier, in the service of Mr. Wallace, testified that he then in Washington, to whom the infected clothing had been assigned for sale by suction, testified that he had received the package, having advanced one hundred dollars on them.

Secretary of Legation of Jacob Thompson seemed to have a perfect knowledge of the character of Dr. Blackburn. The witness stated that the first large sum promised by Hyams, but which was not received, was from Thompson and Dr. Blackburn, and Thompson said that purpose $700,000."

Hyams further stated that Colonel Tucker, C. C. Clay


VICTORY AND DEATH.
DEATH LEVELS ALL THINGS IN HIS MARCH,
NOUGHT CAN RESIST HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH
THE PALACE PROUD,- TRIUMPHAL ARCH,
SHALL METE THEIR SHADOWS LENGTH
MARVE.
SURRENDER OF GENERAL LEE AND HIS WHOLE ARMY.
GRAND TRIUMPH OF OUR ARMY
VICTORY
PEACE.
LINCOLN
WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE
CHARITY TO ALL
VICTORY.
EUROPE AND AMERICA.
DEATH.


Abraham Lincoln,
OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.
APRIL 15th 1865.
THY WILL BE DONE.
OUR SAVIOUR.

THE VACANT PLACE.

THERE'S a vacant place in the circle,
And an empty chair by the hearth
When the evening shadows gather
And the evening lamps are lit;
There's a vacant place in the circle
Which no longer rings with mirth,
And an empty chair by the fireside,
Where of old he used to sit.

Ah! and was the day when he left us,
But sadder now to us all
Are those golden days of promise
As we gaze on his vacant place;
And sadder still when at twilight
The shadows begin to fall,
As we look at the one chair empty
And think of his kindly face.

He bade us remember his coming
When the good time should come round,
And never his voice once faltered,
For his heart was brave and true;
Than we heard the shrill fifes screaming,
And the loud drums' rattling sound,
And watched him pass with the column
In his suit of army blue.

Then quick came the news of a battle,
And our hearts with fear were stirred,
And the hope which had warmed my bosom
Grew ill of a sudden chilled,
When at last one morn from a paper,
Where the words seemed strangely blurred,
I read the story of her
In a long, long list of killed.

He sleeps in the grave where they placed him
On the distant field of strife,
Where the ground is ridged with hillocks
Like the waves of a troubled sea;
And we at home, in our sorrow,
Still mourn for a vanished life,
While the jubilant air is ringing
With the burden of victory.

Ah! and was the day when he left us,
But sadder now to all
Shine these golden days of promise
As we gaze on his vacant place;
But sadder of all the twilight
When the shadows begin to fall,
And we look on the one chair empty
And think of his kindly face.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

UP AT THE CHURCH.

THREE hours later Saxon was sitting alone before the organ in the little chapel on the hill. One hand supported his head, the other rested listlessly upon the keys. A tattered mass of Palestrina's lay open upon the music-desk; but Saxon's eyes were turned toward the door, and his thoughts were far away. He had been playing half an hour or an hour ago, and had fallen since then into a long and anxious train of thought. He had even forgotten the little fatherly hand which he acted for him as blower, and who had lifted his feet asleep in the sunshine that streamed through the south window at the back of the organ.

It was a plain, white-washed, brown-rafftered little church, with a row of deal benches on each side of the aisle, and a pulpit to match. On a long board close to the door to the roof just above the altar was painted, in gaudy characters of gold and scarlet, a German couplet signifying, "Where God is, there is liberty." The organ was of old dark oak, with ebony keys; and on the top stood a battered angel with a broken trumpet. The whole place was of primitive simplicity, and no kind of architectural beauty. The beauty lay all without, among the Alps and pine forests that showed in front and here through open doors and windows.

It was more than an hour past mid-day when Saxon Trefalden sat thus before the organ, and his cousin had not yet come to claim his company. His thoughts were busy, and his soul was disquieted within him. The uneasiness that he had felt on leaving those two to their solitary conference had returned with tenfold force. Why was he excluded from it? And why should his uncle, who had never, as he believed, hidden a thought from him before, keep a secret from him now?

Then, what of this unknown kinsman, William Trefalden, of London? Did Saxon really like him? The question was a difficult one. He scarcely knew how to answer it, even to himself. He thought he liked his cousin. Nay, he felt sure—almost sure—that he liked him. Not, perhaps, quite so well to-day as yesterday. Was it that an indefinable sense of mistrust mingled with the liking? No, that was impossible. His generous nature revolted at the thought. Was it that William Trefalden's opinions were so new to him, and went so far to unsettle his own preconceived notions of good and evil? Or was it that he was himself somewhat out of humor with the world this morning—somewhat less contented than of old? The organ, to be sure, had sounded more wheezy and thin than ever today, and his own playing had seemed clumsier than usual. Besides, that matter of the twenty francs was hard to forget. Well, well, he certainly liked his cousin; and as for poverty, why he must put up with it, and make the best of it, as his father and uncle had done before him. Then with regard to Olimpia Colonna—pshaw! were she fair as Helen and patriotic as Camilla it would make no difference to him. Saxon flattered himself that he was invincible.

At the point of his meditations a shadow fell upon the threshold, and was followed by the substance of William Trefalden.

"I am ashamed, Saxon," said he, "to have kept you waiting for me so long. Your uncle is gone home, and I suppose it is too late to think of Chur to-day. Is this the organ?"

Saxon bent his head affirmatively.

"So! a fine organ, and a set of pipes, only fit for firewood? What say you? will you present the parish with a new one?"

"I hope the parish will not have to wait till I do so," replied Saxon, with a faint smile.

"But I am serious. Will you order one from Geneva, or have it brought all the way from Paris?"

"Cousin William, what do you mean?" faltered Saxon, his heart beginning to beat faster, he knew not why.

Mr. Trefalden laid his hand on the young man's shoulders, and, looking him sturdily in the face, replied:

"This is what I mean, Saxon. In three or four years' time you will be a rich man—a very rich man—richer than richer than Count Piantè or any nobleman here."

"I—rich—richer than—I do not understand you!" said Saxon, brokenly.

"It is the absolute truth."

"But my uncle—"

"He knows it. He has known it since before you were born. He desired me to tell you all the story of your inheritance."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead and turned his face aside.

"Not just yet—not here," he said, in an agitated voice. "I—I am so taken by surprise—almost terrified. Will you leave me for a few minutes? I will come out to you presently in the church-yard."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Trefalden, and turned toward the door. Saxon sprang after him, and grasped him by the arm.

"One moment, cousin," said he, pointing to a little stone tablet let into the church wall about half-way between the organ and the porch. *Did he leave it?*

The tablet bore the name of Saxon Trefalden, and the date of his death.

"Your father, not your uncle both knew it," replied Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "This fortune would have been his now, instead of yours, if he had lived to claim it."

Saxon turned away with a deep sob, and his cousin went out into the sunshine.

Left alone in the little silent church, the young man covered his face with his hands and buried his tears.

"God help me!" murmured he. "What shall I do? I am so young, so ignorant, so unfit to bear this! God help me, and guide me to use these riches rightly!"

And then he knelt down beside the little organ and prayed.

CHAPTER XII.

ON THE TERRACE AT CASTLETOWERS.

A BROAD gravelled terrace lying due east and west, with vases of massive terra cotta full of glossy evergreens placed at regular intervals along the verge of the broad parapet. A mighty old Elizabethan mansion of warm red brick, standing back in deep angles of shade, with all its topmost gables, carved scutcheons, and gilded vanes glittering to the morning sun. A foreground of velvet lawn, dotted here and there a holm rivulet, and rich in old gnarled oaks planted at the time of the Restoration. A distance of blue hills and purple woodlands, with the broad sheen by stretches of fir plantation jutting out into the hazy heath-land, like wooded promontories sloping to the sea. Such is the picture with which all his gorgeous plum- displayed; a lady feeding him from '. . . white hand; and two gentlemen standing by, the one a handsome dog of April, sulmy, sunny, redolent of the violet and the thorn. The county, Surrey. The place, Castletowers.

"How you flatter that bird, Mademoiselle Colonna!" said one of the gentlemen; a tall, soldierly man, with a deep scar across his left temple, and some few gray hairs silvering his thick mustache and beard. "His disposition was always a little too dove-between vanity and ill-nature; but since your advent the brute has become more detestable than ever. Take care! I never see your hand at his beak without a shudder."

"Fear not on my account, Major Vaughan," replied the lady; "and pray do not be unjust to Sardanapalus. He is quite an altered bird; and as perfect as a bird can be."

"You do well to add that clause, my dear lady; for we can all bear witness to the way in which his majesty 'takes it out' in viciousness when you are not by. He flew at Gulnare not an hour ago, down by the five oaks yonder; and I believe if I had not interposed he would have had at me. and if the mare were not the most self-possessed beast in creation, there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death between them."

"Really? You make me prouder than ever of my conquest."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he; "what is one bar on the medal, more or less, to the hero of a hundred fields?"

"Major Vaughan, you are complimentary."

"Vaughan's bayonet, you mean, my smell of powder," laughed the younger gentleman, who was leaning against the parapet close by.

"Bah! que veux-tu, mon cher? A man can no more shake off the associations of twenty years than he can shake off the bronze from his skin."

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, The scent of the barrack will hang round it still."

Mademoiselle Colonna looked up quickly, still feeding the peacock from her open palm.

"I like your compliment the better, Major Vaughan, for what Lord Castletowers calls its smell of powder," said she. "It is a familiar perfume to all true patriots."

"I don't like to remember it," muttered the soldier, pulling thoughtfully at his mustache.

"No! I," said Lord Castletowers, in a low voice.

"Will you pray?" asked the lady, with a heightened color. "Is it not the incense of Italian liberty?"

"Granted; but it is an incense so powerful that fair ladies do well to smell it from a distance."

"Not when they can be of service in the temple, Major Vaughan," replied Mademoiselle Colonna, with one of her proud smiles. "But, digressions apart, do you really tell me that Sardanapalus attacked Gulnare without any kind of provocation?"

"I do, indeed."

"It is strange that he should be so savage!"

"It is still more strange that he should be so docile! I believe, Mademoiselle Colonna, that you are in possession of some taming secret known only to yourself."

"Perhaps so. May I be allowed to cite you as a specimen of my success?"

Major Vaughan bowed almost to the ground.

"Oh, dear me!" said he, "you are much, much," he, "the head of thy slave is at thy disposal!"

Startled either by the Major's profound salam, or by the sudden flapping of the breakfast-bell, Sardanapalus threw up his head and uttered an angry scream. Mademoiselle Colonna withdrew her hand directly. What a fine array the reminder of the cake with which she had been feeding him. Lord Castletowers saw the gesture and sprang to her side.

"The brute has not bitten you?" he said, anxiously.

She had already wrapped her handkerchief round her hand, and was moving slowly toward the house, as if nothing had happened; but there was a slight unsteadiness in her gentle quiver in the smile with which she replied,

"Very slightly, thank you. Don't be angry with the poor dear bird. He meant no harm."

"Meant!" echoed the young man, fiercely. "I'll teach him what he means in future. Will you permit me to see the extent of the mischief?"

"Nay, it is nothing—a mere peck."

Lord Castletowers uttered an exclamation of dismay as he stooped to take something from the ground. It was a little fragment of cake all crimson dyed.

"It is no 'peck' that has done this!" he exclaimed. "It is a bite! Major Vaughan—Mademoiselle, allow me to see your hand!"

"Indeed it is not serious; but lest you should fancy I would deceive you—there!"

The blush with which she began faded quite away as she concluded, and left her somewhat paler than usual. She averted her eyes. She could bear the pain bravely enough, but not the sight.

"What is the matter?" said Major Vaughan, who had turned away on making his salam, and seen nothing of the accident.

"Sardanapalus has bitten Mademoiselle Colonna," replied Lord Castletowers, with unconcealed agitation. "Bitten her severely. See this!"

The pretty little delicate palm was half laid open, but the slender fingers did not even tremble. Major Vaughan examined the wound with the keen glance of one accustomed to such matters.

"Humph! an ugly gash!" said he; "but not so bad as a bayonet thrust after all. If you will accompany me to the house, mademoiselle, I will dress it for you in first-rate style. You do not know what a capital surgeon I am. Here, Castletowers—take me up the young lady's hand in the mean while!"

Lord Castletowers gave his own handkerchief, and, trembling, bound it round Mademoiselle Colonna's into his breast-pocket. Her eyes were still averted; but a dark shadow came on Major Vaughan's face.

"A thousand thanks," said she, smilingly, when the bandage was adjusted.

"You will not be able to use it is properly dressed, mademoiselle," replied he, offering her his arm. " ' 'd now, if you please, we will find our w the housekeeper's room and procure all necessary; while you, my dear fellow at better go and explain the cause of th ' ' '

that he was free to love like the Lord of Burleigh, if he chose.

It was in somewhat of this same spirit of romance that Lord Castletown had associated himself with the Italian cause. He had, or fancied that he had, a democratic bias. He was fond of quoting the examples of the classic republics; he had read Rousseau's Contrat Social, and Godwin's Political Justice; and he had a genuine English hatred of oppression, whatever its form or aspect. Unprofessional as he had been since the hour of his birth by a triple rampart of conservatism, it is possible that democracy possessed for this young nobleman somewhat of the stimulative charm of a forbidden luxury. He certainly never confided the full extent of his republican sympathies to his lady mother, and he would have been far from grateful to any officious friend who had presented her with a verbatim report of one of his most enthusiastic speeches. Those speeches were delivered at meetings held in obscure lecture-halls and institutes in unaristocratic parts of London, and were remarkably good speeches of their kind—eminently thought, and often felicitously expressed; but their eloquence, nevertheless, was by no means calculated to gratify the Countess of Castletowns.

On all questions of English polity Lord Castletowns was what is somewhat vaguely called a "liberal conservative;" on all Italian subjects, a thorough-going Puritanic rouge. His youth had more hard-worked universal suffrage in his own country than he would have countenanced slavery in Venice; but he firmly believed in the possible regeneration of the great Roman republic, and avowed that belief with unhesitating enthusiasm. Besides, his old college tastes and associations were yet fresh upon him, and he entertained all a young man's admiration for the Latin literature, and historians. Over these his sympathies all so classical and remote. He was keenly susceptible to those influences which beset the vivid amateur of books and art. He had loitered, sketched, and dreamed away more than one winter among the palaces of Florence and Rome. He had read Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and the most amusing parts of Dante. He had been in love, though never, perhaps, very deeply, with each one of the Grand Gioliettas of his time. He had written canzonets in which *amore* rhymed to *core* in the orthodox fashion, and had sung them by moonlight under picturesque balconies over and over again, in many a stately old Italian city. Above all, he had known Giulio Colonna from his school boyhood, and had been, as he was, inoculated with Italian patriotism ever to the most particular point. Accordingly, as regard Signor Colonna not only as some kind of distant cousin, but also as one of his mother's most frequent guests, he had accepted all his opinions with the unquestioning faith of childhood. He had, indeed, listened to the magic of his eloquence long before he was old enough to understand its force and purport, and had become insensibly educated in the love and reverence of those things which were to him as Colonna as the life of his life. It was, therefore, no wonder that the young Earl proved, as he grew to manhood, a stanch friend to the Italian cause. It was no wonder that he made enthusiastic speeches at obscure meetings, transacted a vast amount of really hard work in the capacity of Honorary Secretary to the Central Committee, and believed in Giulio Colonna and the great Italian republic of the future with all his heart and soul.

There was, in reality, no blood relationship whatever between the Castletowns family and this branch of the Colonnas. A Miss Holme-Pierpoint had married a Prince Colonna some twenty-five or thirty years before; but she was long since dead, and had left no children. A pleasant intercourse had subsisted, however, between the two families ever since. The Colonnas, down to the third and fourth generation, were regularly welcomed at the great old Surrey mansion whenever any of them came to England; Lady Castletowns and her son had once spent six delightful months of villeggiatura with the Colonna's Alban Villa; and when the young Earl was in Rome he had been the very life and soul of all the winter entertainments given at this stately palazzo which stands in the Corso at the corner of the Piazza di Santissimi Apostoli. So for Giulio Colonna, he had been friendship and son ever since the Honorable Alethea Pierpoint had exchanged her name for that of Prince Colonna—and that had been limited to a mention in the house of her lolyship's father. He was one of the very few whom the countess really valued, and with whom she condescended to be on a perfectly equal footing. Perhaps he was the only person upon earth with whom she had a real unreserved confidence. It was to him that she had turned for help in her matrimonial troubles; for counsel respecting the education of her son; for sympathy when any of her ambitious projects failed of success. She had known him, indeed, from her girlhood. She admired his great and varied talents. She had perfect reliance on his probity and honor; and she respected his religious views. To certain of these she respected his patriotic devotion as well; though, it is almost needless to add, she was wholly at issue with him in the matter of his policy of republicanism.

"It is a point," she used to observe, "upon which my good friend, Signor Colonna, is dead. I grieve to say, alike to reason and good taste. He has so imbued himself with the classical history of his country that he can no longer discriminate between the necessities of a semi-barbarous race and those of a highly-civilized people. He can not see that the monarchical form of government is precisely that which the age demands. I am very sorry for him. I have represented the matter to him over and over again from every conceivable point of view, but with unvarying ill-success. I am weary of trying to convince a man who shuts his ears to conviction."

And when she had said this, or words to this effect, Lady Castletowns would sigh, and drop the subject with the air of one who had exhausted it utterly.

JANET.

"What ails thee, daughter Janet,
That your cheek s so full of woe?
When as morn you set to water,
Your face was all aglow;
Your lips were red as cherries,
Your eye was bright and clear.
What ails thee, daughter Janet?
Come, tell your mother dear."

"Oh! I took my eggs to market,
And I sold them at the fair,
When who but Rob the Miller
Should ask me for my share;
He took me up behind him,
And the maids did flout and jeer,
Is it thus I'm to be laughed at?
Is it right, say mother dear?"

"Don't be foolish, daughter Janet,
You are old enough to tell,
Many take their eggs to market
Who have more than eggs to sell;
The Miller he is handsome,
And he's rich, and he's free,
And you'll always ride to market,
If he weds you, daughter dear."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

FIRST ENDOWMENT.—Repetition is the thief of edgar tions in sermons is generally the thief of sleep. It is with pleasure as with sparkling wines. You can have too much. Some, indeed, like it flat. Some like it brewed, but once. Cork up your wine for after use, and the next thought you will have is of a headache. Repeat and tastelessness. Take a second sip at any joy the earth affords, and you will find it less entertaining than the first. Variety is the spice of life. No secondary sensations are like the primitive. Hence, in the days when every luxury, Middle-aged reader, do you remember the pride with which you wore your first vest? You may have been a chesp affair, always at odds with Chronos, and the golden buttons may have been counterfeit; but the possession, it may be a patent lever, richly jewelled. But what a contrast between the indifference with which you now forth the vanity watch of your maturity, and the subdued exultation with which you displayed your first vest, paraded the valueless trinket of your hobbledehoyhood! Probably your first vest and your first watch were contemporaneous—they generally are. Have you forgotten the twelve-years-old vest for whose sake you endured the rubbings and moped disconsolate in solitary places, and coveted unattainable pleasures? Is any pleasure like the first vest-ing one? Do not rest satisfied with the thrilling moment when the consciousness of vesting to a man first dawns on you. Repeat it. Of course you do. A dozen tides of passion may have swamped the memory of your first vest, but it will have swished away the memory of your "calf love." The affection of your youth is a sweet and cherished reminiscence that will be likely enough to outlive the better conveyed to your heart-strings by your children and daughters, can you say conscientiously that you welcomed the second vest as you welcomed the first? Candidly, no. True, you may love them all dearly, but did not the first baby bring the deepest love? Was not the first vest distinct among them all; or, rather, did it not set allowing that horizon of happiness within which love ever after moved and responded with a new gush to every new claim? What is all the "vesting" of later life compared with that of our earlier years? Does the veteran feel as proud of his many uniforms as he does of his first suit of regimentals? Is any after-affluence of crinoline equal to the first hoop-skirt, scanty though it be? Is any garment more soul-compelling of creating the same sensations in the wearer as the first coat that mantled the back of man? Is any other manhood author experience more delight in seeing his initial work in print than the veteran litterateur in seeing his last in a twentieth volume? Life has many pleasures that will not perfectly bear repetition, but, unimpaired, but the first things of the flock are always the sweetest.

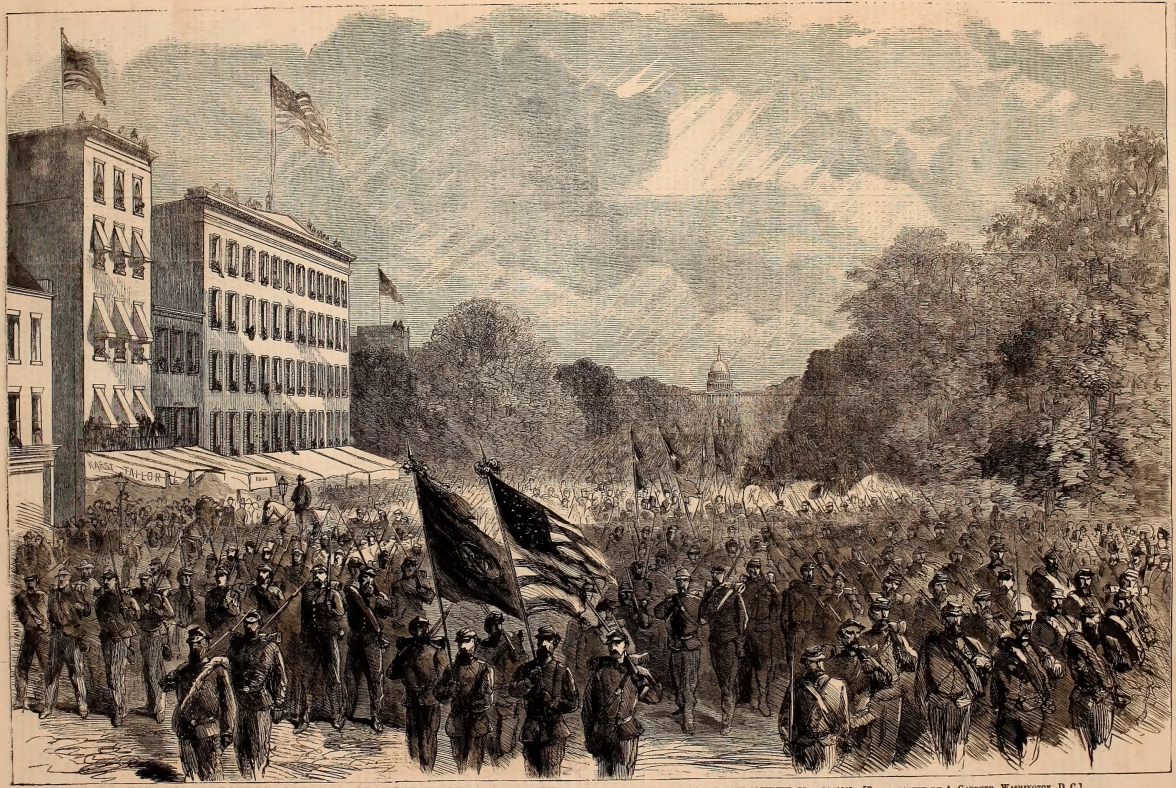
THE EFFECT OF DIET.—Dieting is usually considered to mean the starving of a body into health. But the way in which the educated physician attaches to the term is a judicious adaptation of the various properties of food to food, according to the circumstances of each case. A healthy man is dieted when he is made to live very well; an invalid may diet with a view to the recovery of his health; even the things eaten by the sick are chosen for their nature, bulk, and mode of preparation. A vast multitude are suffering from the effects of wrong dieting, and we are precisely alike in all points, since there is an endless variety in constitutions as to the digestion of certain substances, etc. Yet dyspepsia is always brought on by over and improper eating, and it is the curse of the age. No one in a generation if the children were educated to eat moderately, regularly, and slowly, of plain food only. We will do their offspring a higher good than by leaving them large fortunes. Let us, then, educate our boys from their infancy, and every evil thing. As the rich can not be always eating, so they can not be always drinking. But with indulged children, bring on dyspepsia by eating intemperately, and you will soon find that intemperance will have to work for a living—induce the horrible disease by eating hastily as well as intemperately, and you will find eating heartily at supper, and going to bed within an hour or two afterward. The habit of eating too much and too rapidly is a generation if the children were educated to eat moderately, regularly, and slowly, of plain food only. We will do their offspring a higher good than by leaving them large fortunes. Let us, then, educate our boys from their infancy, and every evil thing. As the rich can not be always eating, so they can not be always drinking. But with indulged children, bring on dyspepsia by eating intemperately, and you will soon find that intemperance will have to work for a living—induce the horrible disease by eating hastily as well as intemperately, and you will find eating heartily at supper, and going to bed within an hour or two afterward. The habit of eating too much and too rapidly is a vice of the age, and it is the more dangerous vigor there may not be a while be noticed any special ill effects from such a practice. But the habit is quite precisely, but it is cumulative, and impossible not to mentally dwell in the end.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.—A Russian soldier recently, while enjoying himself at a rustic ball in one of the Polish villages, boasted that he could shoot a bullet through a man's hat at one hundred paces without touching his head. A peasant accepted the challenge, and, at the word of the marksman, squeezed his hat so low down over his eyes that the bullet passed through the crown, and left him not a corpse on the ground. The soldier was sentenced to the punishment of the knout, which was administered to him as appealed against his sentence, alleging that the fault was in the measurements, and that the peasant had not kept the agreement with the judge, providing the latter did not "measure his head as well as his hat." *Punch, from which we extract the story, does not inform us whether the learned Russian commentator was one of very liberal offer.*

THE WORST OF IT.—The worship is prevalent all over the North; you have Fie morning, noon, and night every day in the week, and Sundays, too, if you happen to be above board in Fie. It can be eaten stealthily and in secret. A slice of a cod Pie is never missed. We have heard of young ladies who took Fie to bed with them. The "Confessions of a Fie-Eater" have just been published. They are heart-rending. Through an unconquerable hunger for Fie, the writer had run wise in their subject often incurred in infancy the penal visitation of hickory, and brought the latter to a premature and untimely end—to the grave. He wasted in gormandizing Fie those precious hours which should be employed in study. He study: at the end, not only failed to graduate at West Point, but even to marry a niece of the late Daniel Webster. Pie darkened his mind, crippled his faculties, paralyzed his energy. For three years he was a contented and unobtrusive career for an unsuccessful whaling voyage from Cape Cod. Pie drove him into exile. Hendered to all the finer moral feelings by this ungovernable lust for Pie, he obtained, under false and fraudulent pretenses, a through ticket for California by the Vanderbilt line; but, deserted in the middle of the Isthmus of Darien by all the Chinese table in San Francisco, he was disgracefully expelled the Golden State. It was from starving Pie—a digger's necessities himself—that he subsequently expelled the Golden State. Beggared, broken in health, he deserted his wife and family, drew checks upon wife-at-home to the amount of the Bell and Everett vote, all in consequence of Pie. At length, after a course of "skinning" and "flaying" Pie, in quest of Gooseberry Pie, and visiting the hideous most with Dead Rabbits, Plug-Uglies, and other dangerous politicians, he was arrested in Philadelphia for passing bogus notes on the Bank of Kensington, and was sent to State Prison for five years. All owing to Pie.

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN OLDEN TIME.—James, Earl of Lauadale, sent a Christmas pie to King George III., which contained 9 geese, 5 wild ducks, 5 turkeys, 4 fowls, 2 pigeons, 6 rabbits, 3 teals, 3 starlings, 1 partridge, 10 woodcocks, 3 Guinea fowls, 3 snipes, 6 plovers, 4 waterhens, 1 bittern, 2 curlews, 2 landrails, 1 pheasant, 1 heron, 18 chickens, 2 pheasants, 2 turkeys, 12 fieldfares, 6 blackbirds, 10 rabbits, 1 leg of venison, half a bullock, 3 loaves of flour, and 1 cabbage. It weighed 32 stones, was carved at the table of the king by the Earl of Lauadale, and daintily as the celebrated pie containing four-and-twenty blackbirds, which, when the pie was opened, began to sing, it was, at all events, a "dish to set before a king."

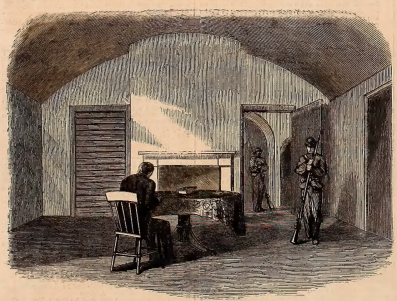
EVENS AND ODDS.—Betting becomes a vice of popular, almost national faith, that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you are betting. Betting makes excitement, they are by no means exclusively the lowest—drink is the legitimate vice of every thing. The very use of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and this doctor tells you that there is in print and written. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard is well aware that the habit of drinking six, ten, twenty times a day, small, is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who does not drink, to any who has, or at odd late nights in a club-room, drinking, smoking, and bandying reckless jokes, the consequence of such an evening is, can any thing like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book, or in conversation with intimate and virtuous learners pleasure upon the health is too obvious to be denied for a moment. The many natures of the drinking ones themselves would be undeniable also if the persons who drank could be induced to give answers to them in the truth out of sight. No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet, and without forcible proofs to the contrary, I shall leave nothing behind but morose-ness, regret, bad temper, and confirmed bad headache



GRAND REVIEW OF THE NATIONAL ARMIES AT WASHINGTON—GENERAL SHERMAN'S VETERANS MARCHING THROUGH PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, MAY 24, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON—SHERMAN'S VETERANS CROSSING LONG BRIDGE, MAY 24, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]



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DAVID C. HAROLD.

DAVID C. HAROLD, now on trial before the military court-martial at Washington as the accomplice of BOOTH in the assassination of President LINCOLN, was born in Maryland about 1842. He received his education at Charlotte Hall, in St. Mary's County. His father was a respectable citizen, residing for many years in Washington, and holding the position of principal clerk in the Naval Store. Young HAROLD was on the most intimate terms with BOOTH for several months previous to the assassination. His knowledge of the topography of the lower portion of Maryland made him an excellent guide for BOOTH. He was an indolent, dissipated fellow—just such a tool as the Confederates would have chosen for secret service or BOOTH for an instrument. He lacks the hardened nature which would be developed by a more active criminal career, frequently gives way to weeping, and is a coward in the face of danger or possible death. Much of this, however, is to be laid to his extreme youth, he being now not more than twenty-three years of age.

The evidence against HAROLD is no doubt conclusive. He had a perfect acquaintance with BOOTH's designs, and did not hesitate to admit to rebel soldiers whom he encountered in making his escape that he and BOOTH had killed President LINCOLN. His name must be added to the infamous list containing the names of BELL and KENNEDY, and at the head of whom it was BOOTH's ambition that his name might be recorded. The precise part which HAROLD played in the assassination, or the nature of the relationship existing between him and BOOTH, is still left much in the dark. BOOTH, just before his death, protested strongly to HAROLD's perfect innocence of the crime, though he appeared to be disgusted with his comrade's cowardice.



DAVID C. HAROLD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. BERGER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.]

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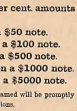
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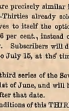
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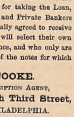
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1000 " Cake Baskets	15 to	50
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5,000 Gold Lockets, Plain and Chased	3 to	8
5,000 Oval, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	3 to	8
5,000 Bracelets, Gold Clasps, Enameled Drops	4 to	8
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10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 to	10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 to	10
5,000 Gold Pens, Ivory Holders, Pencils, etc.	3 to	8
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 to	15
5,000 Ladies' Gilt Hair Pins, Ornaments and Dials	3 to	8

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 167 Broadway, New York, guarantee that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In compliance with the recent suggestion of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off their supply, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent to this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO. act-ing as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved to submit to a *Public Appointment*, to be divided according to the following regulations:

Every person who forwards One Dollar to our envelope indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are taken from the envelope at random, and sent by mail, the same being no favoritism. On receipt of the certificate you will note what you are to receive. It is in your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may in addition obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR. Send 25 cents for certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, by return mail, and delay the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have a miscellaneous stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, and then you are informed of the sum required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which is invariably worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of advertising.—*The Evening Times, N. Y. Saturday, May 13, 1865.*

MESSRS. ARRANDALE & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be very way worthy of public confidence.—*The Scottish Journal, London, June 11, 1864.*

We are requested at the office of Arrandale & Co's Agency for European Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of diamonds and other valuable jewelry of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver plate, and altogether a well filled stock of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantage to purchasers, and affording ample employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be very respectable, and of undoubted worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*N. Y. Atlas, May 6, 1865.*

BY MESSRS. ARRANDALE & Co.'s arrangement the advantage of a choice is given to the customer, for he has every thing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what is the set for which he is subscribing, and he need not omit it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, May 6, 1865.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment for ladies is to engage for the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway, advertisement has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in distributing the certificates. She has also sold the Certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns, and we believe that she is now engaged.—*N. Y. Evening Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns to-day we will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, silver-ware, etc. The success of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are informed in all instances it has been satisfactory; they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just the recipients, and some of them six times.—*True American Extension, August 17, 1864.*

The Bristol Times & Kingston, C. W., say, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and in a few days brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without any choice we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Table and Tea Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Pins, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to this place for $1 each.—*Anglican Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 25, 1865.*

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents can obtain 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

PRINTERS' AND BINDERS' WAREHOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture TYPE-REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines.

Bed and Platen Power Presses,
FOR
Book, Job, and Card Printing.

STEAM ENGINES, HYDRAULIC PRESSES with wrought-iron cylinders, Standing Presses of various kinds, Cleaves, Furniture, Cases, Stands, Brass Rule, Composing Sticks, and every article connected with the arts of Letter-Press, Copper-plate, and Lithographic Printing, Stereotyping, and Electrotyping, always on hand, or furnished to order.

They would also call attention of Publishers of Newspapers to their

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS,
AND THEIR
SINGLE LARGE CYLINDER
Hand Printing Machine,

Either of which is especially designed to supply Newspapers of moderate circulation, at a cheap rate, and the serviceable Printing Machine, capable of doing all the ordinary Job work (at an out of hours' rate). They are designed to run exclusively by hand, at a speed of 500 or 600 per hour, and can be worked by a boy of fifteen years.

A new CATALOGUE, containing cuts and descriptions of many new Machines not before shown in their book, with directions for putting up, working, &c., and other useful information, is now in press, and when completed will be sent to any of the craft who will furnish their address.

R. HOE & CO.,
New York and Boston, Mass.

Publishers of Newspapers are at liberty to insert this advertisement three times, and three times in their *weekly paper, with this note*, at any time during the next six months, and later, provided their purchase type or material of our manufacture *for four times the amount of their bill* is yet unpaid. They will be entitled to one copy on receipt of a copy of their paper containing the advertisement.

May 10th, 1865.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then, if it is your choice to do so, you can take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewelry on our list for One Dollar, and in no case can they get less than a dollar's worth, or they are at no loss. Circulars will be sent for $1, Thirteen for $2, Thirty-five for $5, One Hundred for $15. Great inducements to Agents. Those who act as Agents. Catalogues containing full lists and particulars sent free. Address

JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION,
238 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

P.O., Drawer 12.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHE?

If so, then send 25 cents (stamps taken) and we will forward you a recipe by which in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without fail a heavy growth will be obtained by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. L. GRAHAM, Mt. Holly Springs, Cumberland County, Penn.

EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR OWN HOMES.

Ladies can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No canvassing required. Business first class. Large profits. No profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the only permanent business ever offered to the public. Sent complete for $1. Circular free for return postage. Address C. MILWOOD & CO., No. 14 Thacher Street, Boston.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway, New York, corner of Exchange Place.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER
Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It is also sovereign for the skin and beautifies complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 55 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN
Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache
A splendid brown or black, at pleasure, by one application. Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 55 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Information never before published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope for Ten Cents.
Address MRS. FERNANDES, Box 2,922, P. O., N. Y.

PORTABLE
PRINTING OFFICES
For Merchants, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. &c. Address PRESS-O., 2 Spruce St., New York. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., for 25c. Stamps.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1865.

TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $4 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

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TERMS.
One Copy for One Year 4 00
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And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $3 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

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A NATURAL OBJECTION.

MAMMA. "Oh! Won't you kiss your Uncle, JENNIE?"
JENNIE (*waused to the Beard*). "I don't know where, Mamma,"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad Street,
(Two Doors from Wall,)
New York.
Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks.
Bonds and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

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Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
(Continental Bank Building, near Wall Street.)

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, GRAHAM & CO.,
DEALERS IN FIRE-ARMS, AND MILITARY AND FANCY GOODS,
BREECH-LOADING REVOLVERS, RIFLES, AND SPORTING GUNS.
AMMUNITION TO CORRESPOND.
19 MAIDEN LANE AND 21 JOHN STREET,
NEW YORK.

Great Imperial Watch.
See Cately Brothers' Advertisement on page 367.

POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 659 Broadway near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders sent to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $30 each.

GOLD PENS.
The JOHNSON PEN is acknowledged by all who have used them to be the best pen for the least money of any in use. They are made of 14 carats fine gold, and warranted for one year exercise guarantee when required. Pens in solid silver extension cases, $1 75; ebony slide holders, $1 75; ivory pencil holders, $2 00; telescopic extension cases, $2 50; duplex silver cases, $4 00; ebony holders and numerous cases, $1 50. Pens repointed, 50 cents each. Pens sent by mail, postage paid. Send for Circular.
E. S. JOHNSON, Manufacturing Jeweller, 18 Maiden Lane, New York City.

DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR
This invaluable extract is a certain cure for PILES, CORNS, CUTS, BRUISES, SORES, and RHEUMATISM. Relieves BURN PAINS in five minutes. No one should be without it. It saves Doctors' Bills. 25 cents a Box. Sent free by mail on receipt of 37 cents. Depot 45 Liberty St., New York.

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Pensions, Bounties, Pay, Prize Money, together with all claims of the army and navy promptly procured. Correspondence promptly answered. L. BROWN & CO., Hatch Post, N. Y.

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OBTAINED AT GREAT EXPENSE, AND FORMING A COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

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Gettysburg,	Hanover Junction,	Bolly Station,	
Fair Oaks,	Lookout Mountain,	Monitors,	
Savage Station,	Chickahominy,	Chattanooga,	
Fredericksburg,	City Point,	Fort Morgan,	
Fairfax,	Nashville,	Atlanta,	
Richmond,	Charleston,	Mobile,	
Petersburg,	&c. &c.	&c. &c.	
&c., &c.			

Every body is interested in these memorable scenes. Just published by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 501 Broadway, New York.
Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

SMOLANDER'S
COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF
BUCKU,
For diseases of the STOMACH, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, &c. Prize Cure DOLLAR. For sale by D. HARDER & CO., New York. BURLEIGH & HOZIER, Boston, Mass., General Agents.

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Bankers and Brokers,
No. 70 Wall Street, New York.
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
PETROLEUM,
And all kinds of Stocks, Bonds, &c., bought and sold on commission at the regular Stock, Petroleum, and Mining Boards.
Interest allowed on deposits.
Special Agents for the New 7-30 Loan.

VERMILYE & CO.,
No. 44 WALL STREET,
BANKERS,
And Dealers in all Classes of
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WARDS SHIRTS
Self-Measurement for Shirts.
Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of bosoms and Collars, sent free every where.
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BROKER IN
PETROLEUM STOCKS,
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H. H. Lloyd & Co.,
21 John Street, New York, have 8 kinds of new colored Lincoln Charts and Portraits, and 70 kinds of new maps, charts, and prints. Send for "Extra" Price List now.

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Magnifying small objects 500 times. MAILED FREE ON receipt of 50 CENTS, OR THREE FOR $1 00.
Address F. C. BOWEN, Box 920, Boston, MASS.

REIDE'S CRIMEAN OINTMENT
CURES SALT RHEUM AND ARMY ITCH. PRICE 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists.

CARPET WAR,
FIRST AND SECOND QUALITY;
Wrapping Twine made of Paper,
Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 54 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

Itch! Itch! Itch!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
WILL CURE THE ITCH IN 48 HOURS.
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Sent by express to WEEKS & POTTER, Sole Agents, 170 Washington St., Boston, it will be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

$1. Gold and Silver Watches $1.
$1,000,000 worth of Watches, Diamond Pins, Chains, &c., to be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. Send 25 cents for one certificate, which will inform you what you will have, and our circular with terms to Agents. We give a Watch free to every Agent. The best chance to make money ever offered. Address A. L. BOWEN & CO., Box 4370, P. O., New York. Office, 56 Beekman Street.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PERFUMERS.

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At Hastings on the Hudson, one hour by rail or boat. The Crown House is now open for the reception of guests (Change of management). The arrangements of this establishment are calculated for first-class families. Spacious grounds, fruit, bathing, fishing, and boating. Building can be had. For further particulars, apply between 10 and 4 o'clock to Mr. B. BARNARD, 57 Walker Street, New York.

WARD & CO.,
Bankers, No. 54 Wall St., New York,
Government Agents
For the sale of the
U. S. 7-30 Loan.
STOCKS, BONDS, AND GOLD
BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION.

BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN.
Being the Life, Crime, and Capture of
JOHN WILKES BOOTH
And his accomplices. Beautifully Illuminated cover. 100 pages. Price 25c. Trade, $12 00 per 100, or $110 per 1000.
T. R. DAWLEY, Publisher, 13 Park Row, New York.

A PRICE-LIST
Has been prepared expressly with a view of supplying customers at a distance with
Musical Instruments
of every description, at the lowest New York prices. Goods can be sent through the different express companies, at a small cost, to almost every door. Send stamp for price-list. FREDERICK BLUME, No. 105 Bowery.

Derby's Sure Cure for Piles.
Price 75 cents per box. BURLEIGH & HOZIER, BOSTON, MASS., SOLE AGENTS.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, AND CITIZENS!
Genuine Gold Rings.
All the Army Corps Rings in 16-carat gold (stamped and warranted) at $2 and $3 each. Also 100 other styles of every size, plain enameled, and fancy, at from $2 50 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address E. P. ROBERTS, 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

OLD DR. THOMAS BOYD says, in regard to TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT, "It affords me sincere pleasure to add my favorable commendation to your list of valuable testimonials of the character of your EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. Its truly beneficial qualities connected it strongly to the notice of the public." Sold by all dealers in Medicines.



Self-adjusting Enamelled "Dan White" Linen finished, $1 and $1 50. *Nickel Plated,* $1 50 and $2. *Gilt Plated,* $2 and $3 50. *Enamelled and Gilt Plated Studs and Sleeve Buttons,* $3. *Cuffs,* $2. *"Dan Club Shirt,"* $3. *Nick Tie,* $1. *Indian Head Collars,* $1 50 per doz. *Linen Collars and Cuffs* at usual "price." Trade supplied. ELLIS & FISHER, Inventors, Patentees and Manufacturers, 214 Broadway.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Every man may be his own Doctor if he carry with him a box of these Famous Pills.

CEDAR CAMPHOR
Is Cheap, certain, lasting, sweet-smelling. Moths stifle in its air. Every Druggist sells it every where.
HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston.

Duplicating Impression Paper,
For taking the impression of leaves and flowers (a beautiful experiment); also for copying letters, pictures, plans, drawings, on cloth, wood, or paper. From one to four letters may be copied at once.
A package of four copies, elegantly enveloped, with full directions, sent postpaid to any address on receipt of 25 cts.
In lieu of one dozen of the above packages for the trade, liberal terms to dealers and agents. Address
D. B. BROOKS & BROTHER, Salem, MASS.

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Is the smallest, lightest, and most effective REVOLVER in the world. Possessing unequalled accuracy, effectiveness, and power with lightness, simplicity of construction and safety in carrying, to a degree not attained by any other arm made. It carries a heavier mould of cartridge than any Revolver made of same size and weight. *The Cartridge is central fire, Rim proof.* Length of rifle (14 in.) ball (28-100), six-shot, and only 7 inches in extreme length.
For sale by dealers and the trade generally.
GEO. A. HICKCOX, 64 Cliff St., New York.

Great Song.
"I VANTS TO GO HOME,"
Or, MAXIMILIAN'S LAMENT.
(ILLUSTRATED.)
ENDRES & COMPTON, PUBLISHERS, ST. LOUIS, MO.
Mailed for the price—40 cents.
SOLD BY ALL MUSIC DEALERS.

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LINCOLN and LINCOLN AND HOME, card size, 15 cents each; Medium size, 25 cents each; Life size, 50 cents each. Also, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, card and medium size, and Generals on Staff of all leading Generals, 15 cents each, and *of Jeff Davis in Female Costume,* 25 cents each. Catalogue sent free. Address
F. P. WHITING, 87 Nassau Street, New York.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
The best portrait of our late President, with character-like border, printed on tinted, delightful, flattering Paper. Reading the Emancipation Act, and signing it. Size, Price $1. Liberal discount to the trade. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. Large discount to agents and dealers. JOHN C. HAIES,
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Without Spectacles, Doctor, or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed, free, on receipt of ten cents. Address
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For sale by all Booksellers. Copies of the above books sent by mail to any address, free of postage, on receipt of the price. Send cash orders to the Publishers,
DICK & FITZGERALD, 19 Ann St., New York.

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10
A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever, Cap, small size, white enameled dial, cut bands, "*English Movements,*" and correct time-keeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar,*" indicating the "*Day of the Week, Month, &c.,*" in back case.
A single one sent free by mail to any address in a neat case, with a beautiful, YET CHEAP CHAIN, for only $10.
A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with "*Miniature Calendar,*" &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only $7.
English and American Watches from $15 up. Good Watches of all descriptions low.
Address CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 38 & 40 Ann Street, New York.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
A large and correct portrait, just published by JONES & CLARK, 53 Nassau Street, N.Y. 10,000 Agents wanted.

Calenberg & Vaupel's PIANO-FORTES,
99 and 101 Bleecker Street, 32 Block West of Broadway.
Warranted for Six Years.

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387 B'WAY, N.Y. & ALL GENTS FURNISHING STORES.
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The paper used by my superior printers is made from linen rags, which makes them very strong in the button-hole.
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BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:
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Manufactory, 387 Broadway, New York.

To Consumptives.
THE ADVERTISER, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption—is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure.
To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing.
Parties wishing the Prescription will please address
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.



Heating and cooking by Gas cheaper than wood or coal.
Eagle Gas Cooking Stoves and Ranges
WILL BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, TOAST, BAKE, STEW, FRY, HEAT IRONS, &c., &c.
EAGLE GAS STOVE MANUFACTURING CO.,
474 Broadway, New York. Send for Circular.

TICKS, SCAB, VERMIN.
SheepWash Tobacco
Should be used by all Farmers on their
SHEEP, ANIMALS, AND PLANTS.
For sale by JAS. F. LEVIN, Agent South Down Co., 23 Central Wharf, Boston.
For sale in New York by R. B. LAMB & CO., 182, 184 West St.; DUDLEY & STAFFORD, 69 Beekman St.; HAINES & FELS, 97 Courtlandt St.; and GRIFFING, BROTHER & CO., 28 and 30 Cliff St.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 442.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1865.

THE FATE OF DAVIS.

THE attempt is useless to compare JEFFERSON DAVIS with other noted political offenders. The *London Saturday Review*, one of our most scurrilous enemies, says that he is no more guilty than WASHINGTON, or KOSSUTH, or GARIBALDI. The London *Star*, one of our truest friends, argues that every political execution, from WALLACE to JOHN BROWN, has been a mistake. But all the instances named differ essentially from the case of DAVIS. Thus the limits of the prerogative of King CHARLES FIRST had never been precisely defined, and his offences were not declared capital by any existing law. LOUIS SEIZIEME of France was not punished for his own crimes, but for those of a system of which he was a victim. The head of the Earl of STRAFFORD fell by an *ex post facto* law. But the case of JEFFERSON DAVIS does not resemble any of these; nor was his rebellion like that of WASHINGTON, KOSSUTH, GARIBALDI, or JOHN BROWN. They appealed to the right of revolution, and were prepared to meet the consequences of failure without trying to skulk off in petticoats. DAVIS urged the constitutional right of secession. He and his advocates claim that it was a question of constitutional interpretation. But they can not deny that he has deliberately incurred a certain penalty prescribed for a certain crime. When he put his difference of interpretation to the judgment of the sword he assumed the risk of suffering by the law if he did not overthrow the law. He arose in arms to resist the Government and destroy it. The fundamental law defines such an act as treason. The statute law awards to a citizen convicted of high treason the punishment of death. If therefore he be convicted, the remission or commutation of the penalty is purely a question of public policy. There are no private jealousies, no party hatreds, no family or dynastic pride or fear to be consulted. The sole question is, Does the national welfare require his execution?

If it does not, then it requires that treason shall cease to be a capital crime. If the treason of DAVIS—the magnificence for every element of ferocity, inhumanity, and malignity—a treason directly responsible for the untold and unimaginable cruelties practiced upon loyal citizens at the South and for the horrors of the rebel prison pens, the consequences of a deliberate policy—ought to be condoned in any degree whatever, public decency and consistency demand that the law be changed. For if there were a man convicted of a single murder without any mitigating circumstances whatever except his assertion that he had a right to commit murder, and there were a doubt in the public mind whether he ought to be hung, it is plain that the real question to be decided would be whether murder without justification or extenuation ought to be a capital crime. If such an offender were pardoned, or his punishment were commuted, there could never afterward be reason for hanging a murderer.

Is there, or ought there to be, such a doubt in the public mind in this country in regard to treason? It is a question to be discussed without passion. DAVIS is indicted for treason, not for the wholesale massacres by hunger, thirst, and disease of Fort Pillow and Andersonville which he has procured. That his execution would be lawful there is no dispute. But every thing which is lawful is not expedient. The power of pardon is designed to prevent lawful punishments which are inexpedient. Yet if in this case the lawful penalty be inexpedient, in no conceivable case of the kind can it ever be expedient.

It is useless to urge that the United States Government is now the strongest in the world, and may magnanimously dismiss a baffled conspirator with contempt. Why should it not dismiss a baffled pickpocket with contempt? It is possibly a no danger from the pickpocket. It is certainly in no danger from the conspirator. If treason be, like theft, a crime, it is as necessary that it should be punished according to law. If it be felt that it should not be punished according to law, it is because it is not regarded as a crime. When a notorious assassin who has lurked the law is finally secured and sentenced, there is no curious inquiry whether the sentence shall be executed. If BOOTH had been arrested unhurt there would have been no plea that magnanimity required his pardon or commutation of his punishment. Now the law awards the same penalty to treason as to assassination. DAVIS is as guilty as BOOTH. Why is there any question of his proper fate, unless from the conviction that treason is not considered so morally criminal as assassination?

In a case so clear and so unmitigated as DAVIS's, commutation of punishment would be a mere evasion of the law, and would be the strongest argument that the law should be changed. For we can not agree that exile would be, as claimed by some, a more impressive and useful doom than death. Whatever loyal American citizens and their friends elsewhere may think of the guilt of DAVIS, it is certainly true that there are hundreds and thousands of persons in this country who would consider themselves honored by his presence as a guest in their houses. Would the miscalled Union Club in the Fifth Avenue in New York, which refused to expel JUDAH BENJAMIN, his most wicked accomplice, be likely to refuse to entertain JEFFERSON DAVIS? Would Mr. BELMONT, the chairman of the Democratic Committee, which so unprotected LORD HARTINGTON in wearing a rebel badge in his house, probably close his doors to the chosen chief of the rebellion which Mr. BELMONT so conspicuously honored?

And if this be so at home, how much more so would it be abroad! Morally speaking, JEFFERSON DAVIS is a far more guilty man than Mr. GLADSTONE, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, saluted as the Creator of a nation. He is still the same man who was chief leader of a people who LORD PALMERSTON, the British Foreign Minister, admiringly declared were fighting for independence. If the liberal and friendly MONCKTON MILNES, now Lord HOUGHTON, invites MAZZINI and LOUIS BLANC to breakfast, and Mr. GLADSTONE bids GARIBALDI to lunch, the Tory Lord DERBY, who thinks the murder of Mr. LINCOLN a crime, would hardly hesitate to invite the unfortunate gentleman, JEFFERSON DAVIS, to dinner; and we doubt if Count BISMARCK-SCHONHAUSEN, or his friend Count GENERAL MCCLELLAN, or his friend Count FREDERICK AUGUST BELMONT, would shy in London, would decline to meet him at my Lord's table. Yet we are very sure neither of these gentlemen would have sympathized with BOOTH, who, let it be remembered, is, in the eye of the law, no guiltier than DAVIS. And why, but because they would consider JEFFERSON DAVIS not a criminal, but a political victim? As CHARLES THE SECOND in Germany, or the COUNT DE PROVENCE in Flanders, or LOUIS PHILIPPE in Claremont, DAVIS has, in London, Paris, he will not wander through the world like CAIN, nor be shunned like BENEDICT ARNOLD. He will appeal to aristocratic sympathy and Tory respect, like a fallen SEIZIEME.

It is again said that blood enough has been shed, and that we wish to see no more. But those who say this forget that the primary object of the death-penalty awarded to treason is the prevention of bloodshed. They also forget that a man who has murdered a whole family should hardly escape punishment because he has killed so many. So with the assertion that the leader of a great war can not be treated as a criminal. The framers of the Constitution were men who knew exactly what they meant. They knew that treason is in its nature an offense upon a great scale. When they contemplated the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* in case of rebellion they knew treason to be possible, and they defined treason to consist in levying war; and Congress, in the full light of all such knowledge, affixed death as the penalty of treason.

If, then, as our foreign friends, like the *London Star* and others, suppose, it would be wise and proper for the United States Government to save the life of DAVIS, it is equally wise that treason in England should cease to be a capital crime, for no reasons against the Government can be so black as his; and treason against this Government is more inexcusable than against any other. But the truth is, that if the public conviction does not justify the law that punishes treason with death the law shall be changed. If it is to be unchanged, it is not necessary for the validity of the law that all convicted traitors shall be hung; but it is surely necessary for the purpose of the law that all shall not escape.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

UPON the first page of this paper is the latest portrait of WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD, Secretary of State. His place in our history is secure. An early disciple of JEFFERSON and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, faithful to the fundamental, inherent principle of equal rights before the law, Mr. SEWARD's public career, begun at an early age, has been conspicuous and illustrious. His true and popular statesmanship, as well as his profound views of the correct theory of civil war. The event of every war is uncertain, and, firm as his faith in the popular system and the sure victory of liberty was, he evidently feared to take a terrible risk if it could be fairly avoided. Moreover, he knew that neither physically nor morally was the country ready for the war, and that delay was invaluable. He spoke, too, as a representative leader, and a part of the new administration. If his tone were mild the moderation of the new policy would be inferred, and the plans of the conspirators would be so far baffled.

It was the fashion in Congress to call him a *doctrinaire*, a theorist, a dreamer. That criticism is absurd. The Secretary of State he has been suspected of an unwonted conservatism. But it is beyond question that he thought with Mr. LINCOLN upon the grave points of domestic policy. Our foreign relations, which are his peculiar care, he has managed with consummate skill. The task of a Secretary of State was at times very difficult and delicate; it was never more successfully performed. After all objections are made, it will be plain that, but for his prompt conduct, when other powers would have gladly interfered, he stayed their hands and kept the peace of the world.

Indeed, when Mr. SEWARD's life comes to be written—and may that task be deferred for many a year—the judgment of impatience and half knowledge will be revised. Then in due order will appear his noble and illustrious services as a public speaker, clearly asserting, amidst the loud tumult of a false Democracy and the resale of a timid Whiggery, the original rights and the immortal equality of man. He firmly struck the old key-note of the American doctrine so long forgotten, and charmed the national heart into glad response to the native melody of liberty. Then he met the assassin's blow to show how he was hated by slavery; but it may serve to teach those who seem sometimes prone to follow the lawless lead to humane, to his principles, and to all his life, that those who are still unswervingly faithful to slavery believe him no less true to liberty. During his war his fame for success has been so jubilant that it was almost a jest. But he has lived to see the war ended, the Union maintained, its inseparableness and the spirit of the Government and of the Constitution vindicated, and slavery abolished. May he live also to see every innocent free citizen of the United States enjoying his rightful share of political power!

REORGANIZATION OF STATES.

THAT the loyal freemen of a rebellious State who have fought bravely for the Government should be disfranchised, when the victory is won, by those in the same State who have fought bravely for the rebellion, is a thing to be unconquered, not because they are converted, is something which we have no doubt seems as monstrous to President JOHNSON as to any other loyal man. Probably his sole question in his mind undoubtedly is in what manner they shall be enfranchised. We therefore regard his proclamation for reorganization in North Carolina as tentative. It invites an expression of public opinion. The President does not assume to settle the question, for he knows that it must be settled by the people of North Carolina. Who have the right to exercise political authority there? Who are "the people" of North Carolina?

By the arrest of VANCE, duly elected Governor by the late laws of North Carolina, its late Constitution has been annulled by the National Government. The State can therefore be reorganized only by the supreme power of the Government. "The people" who are henceforth to constitute the State are to be designated by the President. The legality of the case. The national authority is clearly competent to declare that those who were voters under the late Constitution shall, under certain conditions, be the people. But its power is equally clear to declare that none of them shall make part of the people.

The plain fact is, that political power for the purpose of reorganization can be exercised only upon the terms prescribed by the National Government. The Supreme Court decided on the 9th of March, 1863, in the case of the *Hiawatha*, that by the laws of war every citizen in a hostile State was a public enemy. His subsequent participation in political power is therefore an act of grace, not a claim of right; and what shall determine the limits of that grace but the will of the authority that confers it? Whatever, for instance, the late Constitution of North Carolina may ordain, no citizen in that State can vote by any enabling forces of that instrument. The State, therefore, as a political body, is to be re-created by the National Government. Otherwise it will no longer exist. But this re-creation is not restoration. The right of voting is not conferred because it was formerly enjoyed, for it is not conferred upon all, but only upon those whom the Government chooses. Many of the persons whom it shall create were, indeed, formerly voters. But they are permitted to vote now, not because they once had the right, but because they are loyal, or for some other reason. And even if it were conceded that the permission is to be viewed as the remission of a forfeited right, it is remitted upon conditions—and what is to prevent the imposition of a condition securing the enfranchisement of all the loyal freemen of the State?

We are told that "with the rehabilitation of the State the functions of course of all the revered rights of the States must revive." Undoubtedly when there is practically a State in North Carolina or elsewhere, it will have all the rights of a State. But is there a State there now, practically speaking? If there be, by what right does the United States Government prescribe the conditions of suffrage in the State? If there be a State of North Carolina, in the same sense that there is a State of New York, let the State Government have the right to settle its own internal affairs. But if the National Government may properly regulate the reorganization of North Carolina, there is, in the same sense, no State there. There are only ways of being a State in the Union. If, as is sometimes urged, one loyal man is the State when there are no other loyal citizens there, the enemies of the United States must regard him exactly as it does the State of Illinois, defending him against invasion or rebellion, but not guaranteeing to him the reserved rights of States," including the regulation of suffrage.

Such a statement is manifest nonsense. If the National Government may interfere at all, it may interfere in the manner and to the degree that seem to it advisable. The object is to bring the political community known as the State of North Carolina into proper relations with the Union. When those relations are established, but not before, it will enjoy all the rights of every State.

HARLEQUIN AND PANTALOON.

THE rebel Richmond *Enquirer* by an easy transition has become the New York *Daily News*. It is another illustration of that utterly remorseless suppression of free speech and private right of which the *News* has so long feelingly reminded us. For two years we have been daily informed by it that it was not permitted to call the President a tyrant, the Government a despotism, and the war wicked and shameful. For two years it has told us every morning that the minions of power prevented it from saying that MR. DAVIS was a statesman of an inconceivable purity of Christianity, and that General LEE a warrior of incomprehensible genius. It has been a truly pathetic monument of the enormities of which the journalist SAX and the editor MACKAY described in the reddest ink for those friends of freedom the London *Times* and *Telegraph*. The divine right of State sovereignty and the odious crime of maintaining a National Government have been duly set forth in the *Daily News*. And now that the Richmond *Enquirer* has absorbed it, we shall doubtless continue to be assured that the Union is a "Confederacy" at will, and that supreme State sovereignty is the original fundamental Democratic doctrine.

"Mr. Omen Puff had two votes in his voice." Let us refresh our memories with the real opinions of the *Daily News*, then the Richmond *Enquirer*, when the "original doctrine" of State sovereignty was actually put to the proof.

On the 6th of March the Richmond *Enquirer* asked, "Has not State sovereignty been the weakness of the South?" And during the life and death struggle, with the compress of a common danger to bind and hold together these States, this principle of State sovereignty was continually obtruding itself, delaying and preventing the legislation necessary to the common defense, impairing that authority intrusted with the general welfare, and impeding the execution of laws necessary and proper to the success of the cause, is it to be supposed that when peace returns this principle of State sovereignty will permit the Confederacy to exist one year?..... The conduct of certain States in their opposition to the laws passed for the organization of the army and the preservation of discipline, has caused many men to reconsider their long-cherished doctrine of State sovereignty, and to come to the conclusion that while in theory it is beautiful and true, in fact and practice it is utterly defective."

Thus out of its own mouth, and not only by its acts, by the words of our fathers, by the Government they made, and by the common-sense

of mankind, is the wild and wicked insurrection of State sovereignty against the national power condemned.

The *News* has been also unsparing in its denunciation of the Lincoln Despotism, to which President JOHNSON has succeeded. The Laws and the Constitution have been ruthlessly defied, according to the *Daily News*, and we are all groaning under a helpless tyranny; nor will there be any true peace and prosperity until the American people are again whipped into submission by the oligarchy of Southern slave drivers. Let us then attend to the instructions of the *Daily News*, at that time the Richmond *Enquirer*, on the 25th of February of this year. It said on that day:

"The public safety is above laws and Constitution, and if a mistaken respect for the laws and the Constitution permits the public safety to be compromised, there will at once be a awful responsibility to the Executive, which will be transmitted through all time in the miserable slavery of these people and their descendants."

These are the present doctrines of the rebel Richmond *Enquirer*, now the New York *Daily News*, upon State sovereignty and the law of Public Safety. We trust they are as agreeable to all its patrons as they are to loyal citizens of the United States, whose brave brethren, while maintaining those principles, have been slaughtered in the field and murdered in the prison for four years by men stimulated to fury by the Richmond *Enquirer* and counted and defended by the New York *Daily News*.

THE DAY OF RECKONING.

AFTER the dance the piper must be paid. For four years the country has been growing apparently rich on large issues of paper-money. According to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, $659,160,000 of legal-tender notes have been issued, and are still in circulation; to which must be added $150,000,000 of National Bank currency, and $24,600,000 of fractional currency, making over $813,760,000 of what is called money, now in the hands of the people, besides the State Bank issue. Over and above this so-called money, the people hold fully $1,720,000,000 of bonds, Treasury notes, certificates of indebtedness, and other evidences of public debt; all of which, for the time being, are representatives of value, and serve their owners in as good stead as so much bullion, land, or merchandise.

The effect of this vast addition to the apparent wealth of the people, in the shape of paper-money and evidences of debt, has been to increase to an astonishing extent the number of individual fortunes, and to stimulate internal traffic in a like degree. Of the former we see evidence in the fact that Government has always been able, in the darkest hours of the war, to borrow of the people from one to two millions a day—and latterly in fair times, as much as ten and twenty millions a day. No people could lend so much and so constantly unless they were accumulating wealth—real or apparent—very fast indeed. As to the development of internal trade, the following statement tells the story conclusively:

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF RAILWAY TRAFFIC AT THE COMMENCEMENT AND AT THE CLOSE OF THE QUARTER.

	April, 1861.	April, 1865.	Increase.
Chicago and Alton.	$266,259	$583,149	$197,791
Erie Railway.	541,174	1,487,129	924,946
Hudson River.	261,761	611,540	171,779
Illinois Central.	192,064	491,297	299,243
Prairie du Chien.	41,104	106,639	65,537
Michigan Southern	186,981	366,346	179,294
Michigan Central.	217,614	381,346	163,732
New York Central.	699,688	1,390,000	690,312
Fort Wayne.	127,078	238,107	111,483
Toledo and Wabash	76,714	144,081	67,737
Rock Island.	79,609	186,110	106,501
Totals.....	$3,466,359	$5,716,260	$3,250,910

It thus appears that the internal trade of the country more than doubled during the war. A part of this increase was due to the movement of troops and munitions of war for the service of Government. But by far the greater part was the fruit of the increased abundance of money, which generated trade and industry where they did not previously exist, and developed them where they had been planted before.

Now, the piper is over, and the day of reckoning and liquidation is at hand. Not only must there be no more issues of paper-money, but it is of the utmost consequence that the issues now afloat should be withdrawn as soon as Government can do so. The United States can not afford to suffer their currency to remain in a position of doubt. Pending the war, a great premium on gold was inevitable, and, under the circumstances, was perhaps no dishonor. But it will be both dishonorable, and eventually ruinous to our credit, public and private, if no steps are taken, on the restoration of peace, for the rehabilitation of the national currency. That piece of paper which the United States pronounce to be a dollar must be made worth a dollar in reality: a gold dollar, here and everywhere. So long as it is not worth a dollar in gold, so long is the Government of the United States in default: just as palpably in default as if it failed to pay the interest on its bonds.

That these views are entertained at Washington is no secret. Secretary M'CULLOCH loses no opportunity of expressing them. He has stated within a few weeks that, in his opinion, a resumption of specie payments within a very short period is by no means impossible. And, in truth, so far as the Government is concerned, it might resume much earlier than is generally expected, if the question of revenue from taxes were not to be considered. Either by a sale of bonds at market-price, with the understanding that the currency paid for them should not be reissued; or by a gradual cancellation of currency received for taxes as well as loans; or by the accumulation of a specie reserve in the sub-treasuries; or by the sale of a large quantity of cotton, confiscated from its owners at the South; or by many other methods which will readily suggest themselves to the careful observer, it is in the power of Government at an early day to make good its promises to pay, and to render its dollar worth one hundred cents in fact. But such an operation, or even an effort to resume would involve much commercial distress, and tend to reduce the revenue from taxes in clear enough; and Secretary M'CULLOCH is unwilling to have unnecessed unwillingness to precipitate measures on this account. But after all the ing of war must come, sooner or later, and pending its advent, the expense is very injurious.

We can no more expect to escape a period of commercial prostration after our paper-money inflation than we can expect to recover the reaction of our paper-money and the restoration of specie currency; that wages will fall and prices demand for labor diminish; that many of the great fortunes accumulated during the war must vanish—these are certainties so clear that no sane man will attempt to deny them. Already the indications are plain to view on the commercial horizon. Dread of the future is even now hampering and, in some degree, paralyzing business. Capital is not making people which he may have to pay in specie. The great activity in trade which followed the fall of Richmond was due to the knowledge that the fact that the country was bare of goods and every store needed replenishing, has subsided, and on all sides we hear accounts of dullness and stagnation. As the South, where relations of the United States toward cotton owners operate to check receipts of that staple. At the West complaints are heard in many places of the congestion of freights, and until the controversy culminates, as it will some time this summer, in a railroad war, we must not expect heavy receipts of produce at the sea-board. Wall Street, the unparalleled dullness prevails in every department of business, save only the subscription to the national loan. The headache to come after our debauch is kept constantly in view by all classes, and all who are prudent are setting their houses in order, to be prepared for it when it comes.

How long must they wait? How long will the people of the United States be content to exchange—in time of peace—a debt of a depreciated currency, and the curse of fluctuations in gold which convert the most legitimate operations of commerce into mere gambling transactions? We have heard much of the duty of making personal sacrifices in order to get rid of the national debt. Where is the man who would not make some sacrifice in order to get rid of—so to speak—the money he earns to the specie standard, and to know when he has got a dollar that it is really a dollar in gold—worth a dollar all over the country?

These are not pleasant reflections, and not cheerful prospects. But they can not be overlooked. Inflation is always more agreeable than contraction, and the former is always the exhilarating than headache. But he who partakes of the one must prepare for the other, under penalty of a reputation for the ugliest products to do so. We have not an immense debt to provide for, and a large portion of it is such a shape that its adjustment will involve great trouble. The sooner we buckle to our work the better for us and our children. And all unnecessary delays on the part of Government, prompted by unwillingness for the unavoidable enmunity or nervousness about the receipts from taxes, only postpone the evil day, and create a period of suspense scarcely less prejudicial to the true interests of the country than the severe revulsion which could follow a return to sound principles.

THE CONSPIRACY TRIAL.

IN the testimony of SANDFORD CONOVER, JAMES B. MERRIMAN, and RICHARD MONTGOMERY be unimpeached, the immediate complicity of JACOB THOMPSON, TUCKER, SANDERS, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and BENJAMIN in the murders of the President is established. This fact was openly discussed, and a distinct approval came from Richmond.

The other intentions of these men are also set forth in the testimony. In the absence of any other proof, there is nothing improbable in CONOVER'S statement that, at another date of this paper, and see how these same rebels treated our prisoners of war. Men who could commit crimes so unspeakable would not hesitate to cut off the water from the city of New York and poison the reservoirs, bringing the most fearful misery and suffering upon the poorest people.

It will not be long before the poor laboring men in this country, who are painfully striving to better their condition, will learn that a class of men like the late Southern slaveholders, and their agents in Canada, and their political allies in the Free States, are just as solicitous for the rights of men, and are just as democratic, as their friends and supporters Lord PALMERSTON and the British aristocracy—and no more.

REPUDIATION.

THE Telegraph has deceived us so often that we decline to believe its report of a late speech of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, which makes him say that he is willing the American people to repudiate their honest debts. That WENDELL PHILLIPS counsels morality is impossible. He may have said that unless all the forms of selfishness, of which the spirit and the war has been, in vain, and is, in a sense, a moral fraud. But that he said that the poor widows and mothers of soldiers, who were solemnly promised to pay for their services, and who died in the performance of their duty, shall starve, unless the Government enfranchises the colored men in North Carolina, we do not believe. If we are mistaken our readers shall know it.

"THE CHICAGO REPUBLICAN."

THE HON. CHARLES A. DANA, late Assistant Secretary of War, is editor in chief of the new paper in whose first number this title. Mr. DANA has remarkable qualifications for such a position. His great experience as the managing editor of the New York *Tribune*—his wide acquaintance with public men and intimate knowledge of public affairs—his generous and varied scholarship—his profound faith in the true American doctrine of equal rights—his clear and alert intellect—his prompt and incisive judgment—his brilliant and vigorous style as a writer—his marvelous executive faculty—all indicate him as peculiarly the man for the place. We heartily welcome him back again to his old career, and gladly anticipate the new advantage it insures to the good old cause.

BASE-BALL.

THE Athletic Base-Ball Club of Philadelphia comes to New York on the 12th of June to play with various clubs in the city and vicinity, and will then return to receive visits at home from their friendly rivals. The skill of these athletes are most attractive. They are sometimes witnessed by not less than ten thousand persons, including ladies. There is no more manly game than base-ball, and the more it is cultivated the better for the country. The constantly increasing love for athletic exercises produces an unusual interest in the visit of the Philadelphia champions, who "most positively decline entertainments," and who will be most heartily welcomed.

LITERARY.

"Life of Abraham Lincoln," by FRANK CROSBY, of the Philadelphia Bar (J. E. POTTER & CO., Philadelphia), "with a sketch of his county volume does not pretend to write the full biography of Mr. LINCOLN, which can not yet be properly written; but he has prepared a sketch of his public career from the beginning to the end, and includes in it all the chief speeches and documents of the late President. It is a very timely, useful, and convenient book.

We must say another word in praise of "The Published Calendar," which is promptly published every month by G. W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, and which contains, besides a valuable list of the month's publications in the United States and England, and the announcements of works to be published, notices of new books and current events, an interesting letter from Mr. BROWNE, the London full of literary gossip not found elsewhere. The last number reprints a letter of Mr. BROWNE, on the bibliographic author of the Dictionary of Authors, that he is now engaged, and has been for six months, on the letter W, and that the twelfth part of his labor will probably complete his truly invaluable work. "The letter S alone," says Dr. ALLIBONE, "(there is about the same number of words in one short twenty-two months, working as a rule from 9 A.M. to 6 and later P.M., with intervals for meals," etc.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S REPORT.

UNDER date of May 2 General SHERMAN submitted to Lieut.-General Grant a report of his operations against Lieut.-General Johnston and his army with Gen. Grant's indorsement. He has received the news of the battles about Petersburg April 2, and that he has ordered Johnston's Petersburg April 2, and that he has ordered Johnston's force to leave him 25,000 infantry with five six to ten thousand cavalry. He will follow Johnston's retreating army and, pressing rapidly upon Greensborough, and Sherman was pursuing with as much promptness as circumstances allowed. Sherman also offers the mode about this time by General Halleck to relieve him of the task of settling the terms of the rebel army on any command," he says, "that General Halleck's troops can command," he says, "that General Halleck's troops can command him, but there is no time to be lost in the matter. Or it may be that General Halleck can inspire his subordinates with more confidence in his views, save and except in this instance, when he has twice in April [illegible] Johnston made the first proposal looking to [illegible] Johnston made the first proposal looking to [illegible] ton, Sherman agreed to meet the rebel General on the 17th, but in the mean time went on with his preparations for an action. At noon on the day appointed the two Generals met. This was the first time Sherman had ever seen Johnston. "Our interview," he says, "was frank and soldier-like, and he gave me to understand that further war on the part of the Confederate troops was folly; that the cause was lost: and that every life sacrificed after the surrender of Lee's army was the highest possible crime. He admitted that the terms conceded to General Lee were magnanimous and all he could ask, but he did want some general concessions that would enable him to allay the natural fears and anxieties of his followers, and enable him to maintain his control over them until they could be conducted to their homes and lands." Sherman, knowing the State of North Carolina the devastation inevitably to result from pursuing his sun loss and exposure of the spot, and our pursuit across the State. He also wanted to embrace the same general opportunity to dispose of all the Confederate armies that remained in existence. I drew up and submitted as follows as to his own mind, reserved to deal finally and authoritatively in regard to any other; but it did seem to me that the best way to prevent a renewal of the war might be deemed valuable to the Government of the United States, and was at least worthy the experiment could be consumed in reference. To push on, says that would be submitted to me freely and frankly to submit to military negotiations had not come to his knowledge. His main object was to prevent the dispersion of Johnston's army.

As soon as his disapprobation of the memorandum was known to him General Sherman notified Johnston of the suspension of hostilities, and on the 18th of April Johnston surrendered on the terms granted to Lee. The rebel General was not aware of Grant's presence at Raleigh.

"General Sherman complains, with some degree of justice, of the haste with which his memorandum was published and commented upon as if he were aware of the President's letter to General Grant, when General Sherman knew he had never seen or heard of the letter. He also complains of the contentious parade which was made of General Halleck's dispatches to Sherman's subordinate officers advising him of the terms of Johnston's surrender.

In regard to Stanton's publication of his memorandum General Sherman says: "On the evening of the 24 of April I returned to Milton Head, and there for the first time received the New York papers of April 28, containing Secretary Stanton's charges of aims on the part of April to General Dix, including General Halleck's from Richmond to Sherman, in which he was ordered to have been rushed with extreme haste before an existent public, viz.: memorandum of March. You will recall from the dates that these dispatches were running back and forth from Richmond and Washington to New York and there published while General Grant and I were together in Raleigh, North Carolina, agreeing to the terms on which the terms of surrender of the only remaining formidable rebel army in existence in the field, that of Joseph E. Johnston, in North Carolina, and Georgia, and Alabama, and Mississippi, were made. In all these letters I had stated clearly and distinctly that Johnston's army would not be left to disperse with their arms and scatter into small and dangerous guerrilla parties, as injurious to the United States as to the people themselves: I also further admitted that the rebel cause of the South was abandoned, that the supreme power, and that there was no use for a war any more favorable to a lasting peace. I say all these opinions of mine were known to the public only with a reversing purpose. And I do contend that my official experience and observation as well as my position as the trusted friend of the people and geography of the South, entitled my opinions to at least a decent respect."

A CORRECTION.

In our last number we stated that the Second Army Corps was commanded by General Hancock. It is a mistake which we made inadvertently. From its organization until the battle of Antietam it was always commanded by General E. V. Sumner. General French commanded a brigade in that corps.

NEWS.

General Wilson has issued orders prohibiting the meeting of the Georgia Legislature.

Clement L. Vallandigham has written a letter acknowledging that he was in the wrong about the war for the Union.

A note from Mr. Cyrus W. Field, dated May 29, says that 1,000 miles of the Atlantic cable have been completed, and that he expects to end the rest of June or early in July.

The Secretary of the Treasury has published a correct statement of the public debt, as appears from the books, Treasurer's returns, and resolutions in the Department to the 31st of May last. The registered debt, on that amount outstanding, bearing interest in coin, to be paid in coin, with the interest being $46,480,489 00. The debt, bearing interest in lawful money, is $1,056,476,377; the interest being $31,694,291 31. The debt on which interest has ceased is $176,370. The debt bearing no interest is $347,939,020 80. The debt in currency is $9,026,305,753 50, the interest, both in gold and paper, being $13,455,785. The amount of fractional currency in circulation is $650,105,568. These include $635,687,800 of 3 cent and 5 cent notes, and $14,409,768 of postage currency notes under the act of June 30, 1864. The unrefunded temporary loan is $20,000,000, and certificates of indebtedness $95,000,000. The amount of fractional currency not known is $25,000,000. The amount of fractional currency not known is $25,000,000. The amount of fractional currency not known is $25,000,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE English Government has determined to modify the order of January 30, 1865, by removing the restrictions placed upon American vessels. The modification will bear date May 11.

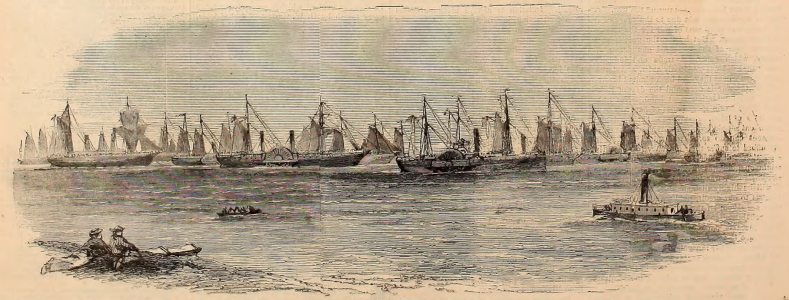
The most considerable excitement in Europe recently in prospect of trouble between France and the United States. The people have not forgotten the sympathy of intelligence from this country. Prince Napoleon, in a speech delivered at the anniversary ceremony of the removal to to Napoleon I. at Ajaccio, eulogized the Democracy and Constitutional Liberty of America, and the Republican doctrine.

Garibaldi recently addressed a letter to the editors of the London *Public Opinion* on the relations between England and America. After expressing his wonder that the people who first established the principle of emancipation did not more positively encourage the same principle in America, he thus concludes:

"Let the United States of the ocean agree, then, for the good of oppressed humanity! Some of the same mother, may be the sister nations. Both were in their origin the heirs of the spirit of nations, and that despotism forsook dismembered Europe to establish itself. Let them unite, and I know that, if they were on good terms, it would be impossible for a few execrable intriguers, which are fatal to liberty every where."



MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON.]



GENERAL WEITZEL'S TEXAS EXPEDITION—THE FLEET AT HAMPTON ROADS.—[SKETCHED BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.]



THE CLOTHES IN WHICH DAVIS DISGUISED HIMSELF.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT BY ALEXANDER GARDNER.]

CAPTURE OF DAVIS.

THERE is no longer any doubt about DAVIS having been disguised in woman's clothes at the time of his capture. Major-General WILSON confirms what he first gave us a report:

"The story of DAVIS's ignoble attempt at flight is even more ignoble than I told it. Mrs. DAVIS and her sister, Miss HOWELL, after having clothed him in the dress of the former, and put on his head a woman's head-dress, started out, one holding each arm, and brought Colonel PRITCHARD's men, in most piteous terms, to let them take their 'poor old mother out of the way of the firing.'

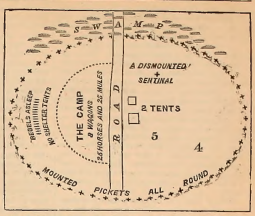
"Mrs. DAVIS said, 'Oh! do let us pass with our poor old mother, who is so frightened and fears to be killed.' One of PRITCHARD's men, catching sight of the 'President's' boots below the skirts of the dress, suspected at once who the poor old mother was, and replied, 'Oh no! you don't play that game on us; them boots don't look very much like they belonged to a woman. Come down, old fellow!'

"The party reached here at 2 P. M. this afternoon, took dinner at my head-quarters, and after dinner I received Mr. DAVIS at my head-quarters. Our conversation was mostly about West Point, the army, the surrender of Dick TAYLOR, the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN; and the journey North. During the conversation he brought in his little son JEFF and introduced him.

"He remarked, with a smile, that he thought the United States would find graver charges against him than the murder of Mr. LINCOLN, and seemed to regret that Mr. LINCOLN had been killed. He has asked no favors, but Mrs. D. insinuates once in a while that the 'President' is not treated with becoming dignity."

DAVIS was captured in a deep pine forest in the gray of the morning. We give in the subjoined cut a sketch of the scene of his capture. We also give on this page portraits of the officers engaged in the capture.

The clothes in which DAVIS was taken, and of which we give an illustration, consisted of a long gray cloak with sleeves, and a black shawl with orange border.



THE SCENE OF DAVIS'S CAPTURE, NEAR IRWINVILLE, GA.

THE TEXAS EXPEDITION.

We give on page 372 an illustration of the fleet which has already started for the Gulf. Its original design has been considerably modified by KIRBY SMITH's surrender. The expedition, under the command of General GOURDEY WEITZEL, has been for some time fitting out at Hampton Roads. It takes out the Twenty-fifth Army Corps.

Preparatory to its sailing orders were issued to the commanding officer on board each vessel to proceed first to Mobile Bay, in the vicinity of Forts Morgan and Gaines, with the view if making a rendezvous at that harbor, in order to coal the steamers, and to thoroughly cleanse them before proceeding any further southward.

The steamers composing this expedition fleet are among the largest and best adapted to a long sea voyage of any known to the mercantile service, and were chartered especially by the different quartermasters in New York and Philadelphia.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE panoramic View of Richmond given on pages 376 and 377 is now of great interest. No spot within the limits of the territory lately included in the rebellion is invested with so much importance. The war began almost with an attempt to capture Richmond. To effect that object a score of great battles have been fought, and army after army has been raised. The whole war in the West was a gigantic flank movement on Richmond.

The population of Richmond before the war had increased to between 30,000 and 40,000. The city is located on the west side of the James River, and 150 miles above its mouth. Directly opposite is Manchester, with which it is connected by two bridges. The city is spread over two hills, the Richmond and Shockoe. The elevations present many very picturesque views of the city, the river, and the surrounding country. The streets cross at right angles, and the city is supplied with gas. The Capitol stands on Shockoe Hill, in the centre of a public square. In the centre of a spacious hall in the middle of the building stands a marble statue of WASHINGTON, near which is a marble bust of LAFAYETTE. Fronting Capitol Square is the City Hall. Richmond is an important railroad centre, and the river and canal increase the facilities for commerce.

We give on page 381 an interesting sketch of rebel soldiers subscribing to the oath of allegiance. The scene of the picture is the Senate Chamber of the late Rebel Congress at Richmond.



Lieutenant Parrish. Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard. Captain Hudson. Lieutenant Stauber.

OFFICERS ENGAGED IN THE CAPTURE OF DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE trial of the conspirators for the assassination of President LINCOLN is now nearly concluded. The evidence which during the past week has been introduced for the defense is entirely negative, with the exception of an abortive attempt to establish, in behalf of PAYNE, a plea for insanity. There has been no sort of necessity for protracting the trial by evidence of the character offered for the defense. But this delay has not been entirely unprofitable to the prosecuting attorney, as it has enabled him to introduce much testimony corroboratory to that already given. The failure of counsel to secure for the publication of the remaining portion of the reserved evidence taken on the first days of the trial. This testimony is very important, and is conclusive as to the complicity of the rebel authorities in the assassination, as also in other most heinous plots against the life of our citizens. The object for the reservation of the testimony was to secure the safety of the witnesses—CONOVER, MERRITT, and MOSTCONERY.

SANFORD CONOVER, the most prominent of these witnesses, is a native of New York State. He has resided in Canada since October, 1864. He testifies that he was conscripted into the Confederate army, and detailed to service in the rebel War Department and Bureau of Secret Service, under JAMES A. SEDDON, the Secretary of War, and that while in Canada he was intimately acquainted with GEORGE N. SANDERS, JACOB THOMPSON, DR. BLACKBURN, BEVERLY TUCKER, WILLIAM C. CLEARY, CLEMENT C. CLAY, and others. He knew SURRATT also, and thinks that HE saw SURRATT in Canada on several occasions last April in THOMPSON'S room, also in the company of SANDERS and other rebel agents. The latter part of April he saw him in company with THOMPSON, SANDERS, and BOOTH. He saw SURRATT at that time deliver dispatches from Richmond to THOMPSON. These dispatches were from BENJAMIN and DAVIS—that from the latter being either a cipher dispatch or a letter. Previous to this occasion THOMPSON had conversed with CONOVER upon the subject of a plot to assassinate President LINCOLN and his Cabinet. He corresponded at that time with the New York *Tribune*, receiving compensation from that journal. In one of his letters he gave warning of the existence of a plot to assassinate the President. This letter, it appears, failed to reach the *Tribune*. One letter was received, however, containing intimation of a plot to kidnap the President, with a suggestion of his possible murder. CONOVER invited CONOVER to take part in this enterprise. When SURRATT delivered the messages above alluded to THOMPSON said his hand upon the paper and said, referring to the assassination and to the assent of the rebel authorities, "This makes the thing all right." The dispatches or spoke of a person to be assassinated. LINCOLN, MR. JOHNSON, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of State, Judge CHASE, and General GRANT. THOMPSON said on that occasion, or on the day before that interview, that the assassination proposed would leave the Government of the United States entirely without a head, that there was no provision in the Constitution of the United States by which they could elect another President, that WELLES was a nonentity, and MR. THOMPSON said it was not worth while to kill him; he was of no consequence.

CONOVER'S first interview with THOMPSON on the subject was early in February, in THOMPSON'S room in St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. On that occasion THOMPSON said: "Some of our boys are going to play a grand joke on ABE AND ANDY," which he explained was to kill him, remarking that the killing of GRANT was not murder. He stated that he had commissions for this work from the rebel authorities, and spoke of conferring one on BOOTH. These commissions were in blank, with SEDDON'S signature at the end. It was such a commission which DOCTOR YOUNG, the St. Albans raider, received, the blank being filled by MR. CLAY. In a subsequent conversation THOMPSON told CONOVER that BOOTH had been commissioned, and every man engaging in the plot would be. On the day of the assassination, or the day before, CONOVER was conversing with CLEARY about the hanging in the States over the surrender of LEE and the capture of Richmond. CLEARY said they would save the lives of the other side of the mountain the day or two. The assassination was spoken of among them as commonly as the weather.

There was a proposition before the rebel agents in Canada to destroy the Croton Dam, by which New York City is supplied with water. These agents also had eight hundred men, with arms for them, concealed in Chicago for the purpose of releasing the rebel prisoners there.

DR. BLACKBURN, according to CONOVER'S testimony, was recognized in Canada as a rebel agent. CONOVER had heard THOMPSON and CLEARY say that they favored his scheme for introducing yellow fever into New York and other large cities. About the time when it was proposed to set off the dam, Dr. BLACKBURN proposed to poison the reservoirs and calculated the amount of poison necessary. THOMPSON, however, thought it impossible to collect so large a quantity of poison without suspicion.

JAMES B. MERRITT, a physician in Canada, corroborated both CONOVER'S testimony. He had heard SANDERS and others say that LINCOLN would not live out his second term. SANDERS named a number of persons who would be willing to escape—President, Vice-President, and Cabinet, and some of the leading United States Generals. He heard SANDERS and JACOB THOMPSON and CLEARY say that fitting him in making any possible arrangement for the accomplishment of that end. MERRITT also bore witness to BOOTH'S intimacy with SANDERS.

RICHARD MONTGOMERY testified that he had heard PAYNE say that he had friends of the Confederacy all over the Northern States, and that he could at any time have LINCOLN and his advisers put out of the way. He had seen PAYNE a number of times in Canada. Once he had seen him talking with CLEMENT C. CLAY. A few days after the assassination TUCKER said to MONTGOMERY that MR. LINCOLN ought to have died long ago, and that it was a pity the boys had not been allowed to do it when they wanted to. CLEARY also talked with him on the subject, and said it was too bad that the whole work had not been done.

From some testimony offered on Friday it appears that PAYNE previously passed by the name of POWELL. His father's name is GEORGE POWELL, and resides in Florida. That he is a brutal man is evident from the testimony of MARGARET LANAHAN, who says that MR. POWELL frequently outraged a negro girl for disobeying his orders, throwing her on the floor, stamping her, and attempting to kill her. The last time of the girl's insanity brought forward in PAYNE'S behalf DR. CHARLES NICHOLS testified that the exclamation, "I'm mad, I'm mad," uttered by the girl in question, would give ground in his mind to a suspicion that the man was feigning insanity.

LIEUTENANT June 8 by Lieutenant P. NORTON, a lawyer from Troy, New York, was sworn for the prosecution. He was at the National Hotel from about the 15th to about the 20th of March. While there he saw ATZEROTT and O'LOUGHLIN in company with BOOTH. From what he knew of the crime of LINCOLN'S inauguration. He overheard a conversation between BOOTH and ATZEROTT, the substance of which was that, if the latter succeeded as well with JOHNSON as it did with BECHARAM, they would get terribly sold. There was also something said in the effect that BOOTH was not responsible for some of that character that little could be proven by them. On the 3d of March DR. MUDD entered NORTON'S room hastily, appearing to be greatly excited. He said he had made a mistake, that he wanted to see BOOTH.

In regard to the testimony implicating DAVIS and the rebel agents in Canada in the assassination, it is very plain that, being so circumstantial, it can easily be proved to be false. Until rebutting testimony is offered, it must stand as true.

REUNION.

[From the London Spectator.]

AS end as last! The echoes of the war—
The weary sorrow of the years that wore—
Die in the distance. Freedom's rising star
Beacons above a hundred thousand graves:

The graves of heroes who have won the fight.
Who in the morning of the nation's love
Have rung the marriage peal of might and right,
And sealed their troth with their own dragon down.

Peaks of armies shrill across the sea,
Till Europe answers—"Let the struggle cease,
The bloody page is turned; the next may be
For way of pleasantness and ways of peace!"—

A golden morn—a dawn of better things—
The olive-branch—clasping of hands again—
A noble land to conquer—noble kings—
A sky that tempests had not scoured in vain.

This from America we hoped and hear.
Who reads that "in the spirit of its creed"?
Does the hope last when all our eyes are dim,
As History records her darkest deed?

The pilot of his people through the strife,
With his commanding intellect sees to praise,
Even at the close of battle rift of life,
And fair inheritance of length of days.

Defeat and triumph found him calm and just.
He showed how clemency should temper power,
And dying left to future times in trust
The moral victory of his glorious hour.

Overmastered by the irony of fate,
The last and greatest martyr of his cause;
Alas, like Abel's, the first innocent!
He saw the end, and fixed "the purer laws."

May these endure and, as his work, attest
The glory of his honest heart and head.
The simplest, and the bravest, and the best—
The MOSES and the CROMWELL of his land.

Too late the pioneers of modern spite,
A love-clothed mantle o'er his corpse shall glove,
See his name lustrous in Death's sable night,
And offer lowly tribute to his love.

But we who have been with him all the while,
Who knew his words, and loved him long ago,
Rejoice that in the circuit of our isle
There is so room at last for LINCOLN'S foe.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE END OF LAVONIER.—The great French chemist Lavoisier did not escape from the terrors of the French Revolution. Being a member of the Academy, one of the most illustrious were the first to suffer. Cast into prison with the most abhorred and degraded criminals, the Lyons due Arts sent a deputation of their number to him to assure him of the interest taken by them in the safety and preservation of a life so valuable to mankind, and to place upon his shoulders the badge of respect entertained toward the man who had rendered so many services to his country. The deputation was received by the judge, a man of eminent merit and of high connections, was a farmer of taxes—a class of men who were the most cordially regarded with extraordinary fury. Perceiving that his life was in danger, he sought refuge in the house of a friend, but M. LEGAL, who had once been the doorkeeper at the Academie des Sciences, refused him admittance, and as a councilor had been consigned to the revolutionary dungeon, by the ungrateful nation to which he owed all. His danger to which he exposed his benefactors, and he voluntarily surrendered himself to the police. The next day Lavoisier continued those scientific labors which had gained him a great name, although he was in prison, hoping he would be brought to trial in a few days. To be tried was to be acquitted. A commission was appointed to sit on a short delay, in order that he might complete a few experiments and bring them before the Academy. But at the reply of the executive Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, was brief and decisive: "The republic has no need of chemists nor of chemistry; the course of justice shall not be suspended." A few days later this great man was executed by the guillotine. Lavoisier was a man of great genius and benevolence. Only the year before the commencement of the Revolution, the town of Blois being threatened by a famine, he had placed a sum of fifty thousand francs at the disposal of the town without fixing any time for repayment. He was remarkable for his kindness to youthful genius, and took delight in assembling young students in his laboratory, many of whom subsequently became society less famous than himself.

CLEANLINESS AND CHEERFULNESS.—Be cheerful as you can. Be cheerful as you can. Be cheerful as you can.

"If I could but see you well married!" sighed the Countess.

Lord Castletowns shrugged his shoulders.

"And occupying that position in the country to which your birth and talents entitle you. I was talking about you the other day to the Duke of Dorchester. He seems to think there must be a change in the ministry before long; and then, if he, and one or two others of our acquaintance, get into office—mon verron!"

"There are always so many ifs," said Lord Castletowns, with a smile.

"Pooh, Miss Hatherton—the rich Miss Hatherton—is staying at Aylsham Park. Of course, if we give a fête, the Walkinghaws will bring her with them. It is said, Gervase, that she has a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Indeed!" said Lord Castletowns, indifferently.

"And she is handsome."

"Yes—she is handsome."

The Countess looked at her son. The Earl looked out of the window.

"I fancy," said the Countess, "that Major Vaughan is paying a good deal of attention to Olimpia."

"—to Miss Colonna?" said the Earl, with an involuntary catching of his breath. "Impossible!"

"Why impossible?"

"Because— Well, perhaps I scarcely know why; but it seems so unlikely."

"Why unlikely?" pursued the Countess coldly and steadily.

"Well, Vaughan is not a marrying man—and he has no private means, or next to none, besides his pay—and—and then, they are so utterly unsuited—unsuited in every way—in tastes, ages, disposition, every thing!"

The young man spoke hastily, and with a perceptibly-heightened color. His mother, still coldly clear-eyed, him, went on.

"I do not agree with you, Gervase," said she, "in any one of your objections. I believe that Major Vaughan would quite willingly marry Miss Olimpia were the lady. He is not more than forty; and if he has only a few hundreds a year besides his pay, he is, at all events, richer than Olimpia's father. Besides, he is a gallant officer; and if all that Colonna anticipates should come to pass, a gallant officer would be worth more than a mere fortune, just now, to the Italian cause."

The Earl still stood by the window, looking out at the park and the blue hills far away, but made no answer.

"He has said nothing to you upon the subject?" said Lady Castletowns.

"Nothing!"

"Perhaps, however, it is hardly likely that he would do so."

"Most unlikely, I should say. But here's the letter-bag—and here come surgeon and patient."

Lady Castletowns became at once confident and sympathetic; Mademoiselle Colonna laughed off the accident with impatient indifference; Major Vaughan bowed over his hostess's fair hand; and all took their places at table.

"A budget, as usual, for Colonna," said Lord Castletowns, sorting the pile of letters and newspapers which had been laid before him. "One, two, three billets, redolent of what might be called the parfum du boudoir, for Vaughan—also, as usual. Two letters, my dearest mother, for you; and only one (a square-shouldered, round-fisted, blue-complexioned, obstinate-looking business document) for myself. A pretty thing to lie at the bottom of one's letter-bag, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket!"

"It hath a Bond Street aspect, Castletowns, that effects me rather unpleasantly," said Major Vaughan, into whose brow the angry flush with which he had received his three letters and swept them carelessly on one side had not yet quite faded.

"Say rather a Chancery Lane aspect," replied the young lord, breaking the seal as he spoke—"and that's as much worse than Bond Street as Newgate is worse than the Queen's Bench."

"Bond Street and Chancery Lane, Newgate and the Queen's Bench!" repeated Mademoiselle Colonna. "The conversation sounds very awful! What does it all mean?"

"I presume," said Lady Castletowns, "that Major Vaughan supposes the letter to be written by a—a lawyer, or some person of that description; while it really comes from my son's lawyer, Mr. Trefalden."

"I met Mr. Trefalden a few weeks ago," said Mademoiselle Colonna, "in Switzerland."

"In Switzerland?" echoed Lord Castletowns.

"And he authorized me to add his name to our general committee list."

"A miracle! a miracle!"

"And why a miracle?" asked Lady Castletowns. "Does Mr. Trefalden disapprove the Italian cause?"

Mr. Trefalden, my dear mother, never approves or disapproves of any public movement whatever. Nature seems to have created him without opinions."

"Then he is either a very superficial or a very ambitious man," said Lady Castletowns.

"The latter, depend on it. He's a remarkably clever fellow, and has good interest, no doubt. He will set his politics to the tune of his interest some day, and make his way to the woolsack 'like a gallard.'"

"I am glad this is but a conjectural estimate of Mr. Trefalden's character," said Olimpia.

"You like him, then?" said Major Vaughan, hastily.

"I neither like him nor dislike him; but if these were proven facts, I could never speak to him again."

Signor Colonna came in and made his morning salutations, his eyes wandering eagerly toward his letters all the time.

"Good-morning—good-morning. Late, did you say? Peccavi! So I am. I lost myself in the library. Hell! I heard no bell. Pray forgive me, dear Lady Castletowns. Any news to-day? You were early this morning, Major Vaughan. Saw you in the saddle soon after six. Plenty of letters this morning, I see—plenty of letters!"

And with his letters slipped into his seat, and became at once immersed in the contents of the documents before him.

"Trefalden writes from Lowa, mother," said Lord Castletowns. "He excuses his delay on the plea of much business. He has been settling his cousin's affairs—the said cousin having come in for between four and five millions sterling."

"A man who comes in for four or five millions sterling has no right to live," said Major Vaughan. "His very being is an insult to the offended species."

"But if the cousin should prove to be a lady?" suggested Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I would condemn her, of course—to matrimony."

"I should think Trefalden would take care of that!" laughed the Earl.

"But is the cousin a lady?" asked Lady Castletowns, with seeming indifference.

"Alas! no, my dear mother, too surely he belongeth to the genus unmentionable. Listen, Maurice—I have been assisting my cousin in the arrangement of his affairs, he having lately inherited a fortune of between four and five millions sterling."

"I have no doubt that he is fat, ugly, and disagreeable," said Major Vaughan.

"And plebeian," added Lady Castletowns, with a smile.

"And illiberal," said Olimpia.

"And, in short, so rich," said the Earl, "that were he hideous and ignorant as Caliban, socially repulsive as Polyphemus, and as devoid of beauty of the season would gladly wear orange-blossoms for him at St. George's! What says his honorable counsel?—shall I offer him dear to Castletowns for a week or two, and shall we all fall to worshiping the golden calf?"

"I am afraid," said Mademoiselle Olimpia, scornfully; but she was the only one who replied.

The breakfast party then broke up. The Earl went to his stables, Olimpia to her apartments, and Major Vaughan to the billiard-room. Signor Colonna and Lady Castletowns strolled to and fro in the sunshine, outside the breakfast-room windows.

"But who is this millionaire?" asked the Italian, eagerly.

"Caro amico, you know as much as I know," replied Lady Castletowns. "He is a cousin of our solicitor, Mr. Trefalden, who is a very well-off, gentlemanly person in his way, I suppose, I think I have heard that it has been accumulating for one or two centuries—but that is probably a mere rumor."

"Between four and five millions!" ejaculated Colonna. "With such a fortune, what might he be a friend to for the Italian cause!"

Lady Castletowns smiled.

"Sempre Italia!" she said.

"Sempre Italia!" repeated he, lifting his hat reverently as he pronounced the words. "While I live, Lady Castletowns. While I live."

They had come to the end of the path, and were about to return when he laid his hand on hers, and said, very earnestly:

"You think with this man, I wish I knew him. I have won over thousands of recruits in my time, Alethea—thousands who had only their blood to give, and who gave it; but I have never had so much in a cause like ours. If we had had but one million eighteen months ago Italy would now have been free."

"Ah, you want me to help you—you want Gervase to bring him here? Is that so?"

"Precisely."

"Well, I suppose it can be done—somehow," said, "I think it can," replied Colonna. "I am sure it can."

"And it might lead to great results, eh?"

"It might, indeed, to that," he replied. "I have thought of that; and Olimpia would never marry any man who did not devote himself to Italy body and soul."

"And purse," added Lady Castletowns, quietly.

"And purse, of course," said he, with a somewhat heightened color.

"Then I will ask that I can, dear old friend, for your sake," said Lady Castletowns, affectionately.

"And I," he replied, "will do what I can for the sake of the cause. God knows, Alethea, that I do it for the cause alone—God knows how pure my motives are in that respect."

"I am sure of it," she replied, abstractedly.

"Had I but the half of four or five millions at command, the stake upon which I have set my whole life and my child's life would be won. Do you hear me, Alethea?—would be, *must* be won!"

"And shall be won, amico, if any help of mine can avail you," said Lady Castletowns. "I will speak to Gervase about it at once. He shall ask both the cousins down."

"Best friend," murmured the Italian, taking the hand which she extended to him, and pressing it gratefully in both his own.

"But beware!—not a word to him of all this. He has his English notions of hospitality—you understand?"

"Yes—it is true."

"Adieu, then, till luncheon."

"Addio."

And the Countess, with a look of unusual preoccupation on her fair brow, went slowly back to the house, thinking of many things, chiefly of how her son should some day marry an heiress, and how Olimpia Colonna should be disposed of to Saxon Trefalden.

CHAPTER XV.

SAXON DRAWS HIS FIRST CHECK.

A TALL young man stood at the first-floor window of a handsome house in Piccadilly, dreaming upon the plate-glass panes, and staring listlessly down upon the crowded street below. It was about two o'clock in the day, and the brilliant thoroughfare was all alive with color and sunshine; but his face took no joyousness from the busy scene. It were, on the contrary, as gloomy and discontented an expression as such a bright young face could well put on. The ceaseless ebb and flow of gorgeous equipages; the fair pedestrians in their fashionable toilets; even the little band of household troops riding by in their scarlet coats, failed apparently to interest that weary spectator. He yawned, looked at his watch, took an impatient turn or two about the room, seated himself at the window, and drummed again upon the panes. Some books, an opera-glass, and one or two newspapers lay on the floor; the leaves of the books were uncut, and only one of the newspapers had been unfolded. Too ennuyé to read, and too restless to sit still, this young man evidently found his time hang heavily upon his hands.

Presently a cab drove up to the hotel, and two gentlemen alighted from it. The first of these was William Trefalden; the second, Lord Castletowns. William Trefalden looked up and nodded as he entered the broad stone step, and the watcher at the window ran joyously to meet him on the stairs.

"I'm so glad you've come!" was his eager exclamation. "I've been watching for you, and the time has seemed so long!"

"I'm sorry to have caused you pain," replied Mr. Trefalden, smiling.

"But it is dreary here!"

"And I bring you a visitor," continued the other. "Lord Castletowns, allow me to present my cousin, Saxon Trefalden. Saxon, Lord Castletowns is so kind as to desire your acquaintance."

Saxon cast out his hand, and gave the Earl a hearty shake. He would as soon have thought of greeting his guest with a bow as of flinging his over the balcony into the street below.

"Thank you," said he. "I'm very much obliged to you."

"I am surprised that you find this situation dreary, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowns, with a glance toward the window.

"I find all London dreary," replied Saxon, bluntly.

"May I ask how long you have been here?"

"Five days."

"Then you have really had no time to form an opinion."

"I have had time to be very miserable," said Saxon. "I never was so miserable in my life. The noise and hurry of London bewilder me. I can not think—I can not think of anything—I can do nothing. I find it impossible to read; and if I go out alone in the streets I lose myself. I have been so used to be at home. I have had smoke and dust, but I have not *breathed* since I came into the place."

"The first impressions of our Babel are certainly not colleur de rose," said the Earl, laughingly.

"They are couleur de lothbury and couleur de Chancery Lane," interposed William Trefalden. "My cousin, Lord Castletowns, has for these last four years been a victim of the law. We have been putting him in possession of his property, and he has seen nothing of town save the gold regions west of Temple Bar."

"An excellent beginning," said the Earl. "The Arabs take into Belgravia is through Threadneedle Street."

"And the noblest prospect in London is the Bank of England," added the lawyer.

"I thought it very ugly and dirty," said Saxon, innocently.

"Upon the law business is all over now," said Lord Castletowns.

"Yes, for the present; and Saxon has nothing to do but to amuse himself."

"Amuse myself!" echoed Saxon. "I must go home to do that."

"Because Redenhau is so gay, or because you find London so uninviting?" asked the Earl, with a smile.

"Because I am a born mountaineer, and because to me this place is a prison. I must have air to breathe, hills to climb, and a gun on my shoulder. That is what I call amusement."

"That is what I call amusement also," said Lord Castletowns; "and if you will come down to Sherry Lynn, I will show you a fine shooting-rod and a hunter included. But in the mean while, you must ask us pere to you that London is not so barren of entertainment as you seem to think."

"Let this help to prove it," said Mr. Trefalden, taking from his pocket a little oblong book in a green paper cover. "There's magic in these pages, my dear fellow. They contain all the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the world we live in. While you have this in your pocket you will never want for amusement—your friends and when you have come to the end of the present volume the publishers will furnish you with another."

"What is it?" said Saxon, turning it over somewhat doubtfully.

"A check-book."

"Pshaw! money again. Always money!"

"Don't speak of it disrespectfully. You have more than you can count, and as yet you neither know what it is worth nor what to do with it."

"Pray enlighten me, then," said Saxon, with a touch of impatience in his voice. "Tell me, in the first place, what it is worth?"

"That is a matter of individual opinion," replied Mr. Trefalden, with one of his quiet smiles. "If you ask Lord Castletowns, he will probably tell you that it is worth less than noble blood, bright eyes, and an Italian liberty. If you ask a plodding fellow like myself, he will probably value it above all three."

"Well then, in the second place, what am I to do with it?"

"Spend it."

Saxon shrugged his shoulders; and Lord Castletowns, who had colored up somewhat angrily the minute before, laughed, and said that it was good advice.

"Spend it," repeated the lawyer. "You never will know how to employ your money till you acquire the art of getting rid of it. You have yet to learn that instead of turning every thing into gold, like Midas, you can turn gold into every thing. It is the true secret of the transmutation of metal."

"Shall I be any the wiser or happier for this knowledge?" asked Saxon, with a shake of the head.

"You can not help being the wiser," laughed his cousin; "nor, I should think, the happier. You will come to know 'my' in the right sense. He who has plenty of money and knows how to spend it is never in want of entertainment."

"Ay, and fashion now! There's the difficulty."

"If you had read Molière," replied Mr. Trefalden, "you would be aware that a rich man has discernment in his grasp."

"Cousin, you are laughing at me."

It was said with perfect good humor, but with such directness that even Mr. Trefalden's practiced self-possession was momentarily troubled.

"But I suppose that a rich fellow can afford to be laughed at," added Saxon, with a sun quite of your opinion. It will help to civilize me, and make you know your mission. And now for a lesson in alchemy. What shall I transmute my gold into first?"

"Nay, into whatever seems to you to be best worth the trouble," replied Mr. Trefalden. "First of all, I should say, into a certain amount of superfine Saxony and other clothes; into a large stock of French kid and French cambric—and a valet. After that—well, after that, suppose you ask Lord Castletowns's opinion."

"I vote for a tall horse, a short tiger, and a cab," said the young Earl.

"And chambers in St. James's Street," suggested the lawyer.

"And a stall at Gye's."

"And all the brasses, pictures, Baskerville editions, Delphin classics, organs, and Etruscan antiquities you take it into your head to desire! That's the way to transform gold into joy, happy fellow! Taken as a philosophical experiment, I know nothing more beautiful, simple, and satisfactory."

"You bewilder me," said poor Saxon. "You speak a language which is partly jest and partly earnest, and I know not where the earnestness ends, or where the jest begins. What is it that you really mean? I am quite willing to do what you endorse a man in my position should do; but you must show me how to set about it."

"I am here to ask for no other purpose."

"And more than this, you must have leave to reject your system, if I dislike, or grow weary of it."

"What! return to roots and wood after Kuhn and Stultz?"

"Certainly, if I find the roots more palatable, and the wood more becoming."

"Agreed. Then we begin at once. You shall put yourself under my tuition, and I—that of Lord Castletowns. You shall obey us implicitly for the next six or eight hours, and you shall begin by writing a check for a hundred, which we can cash at Drummond's as we go along."

"With all my heart," said Saxon; and so, aided by his cousin's instructions, sat down and wrote his first check.

"He's a capital fellow," said Lord Castletowns to Mr. Trefalden, as they drove down the hotel stairs; "a splendid fellow, and I like him thoroughly. Shall I propose him at the Erectheum? He is about to belong to a club, and I know some men there who would be delighted to have it in their power to offer any member of my introduction."

"By all means. It is the very thing for him," replied Mr. Trefalden. "He must have acquaintances, you know; and it is out of the question that a busy man like myself should do the honors of London to him or any one. Were he my own brother I would not undertake it."

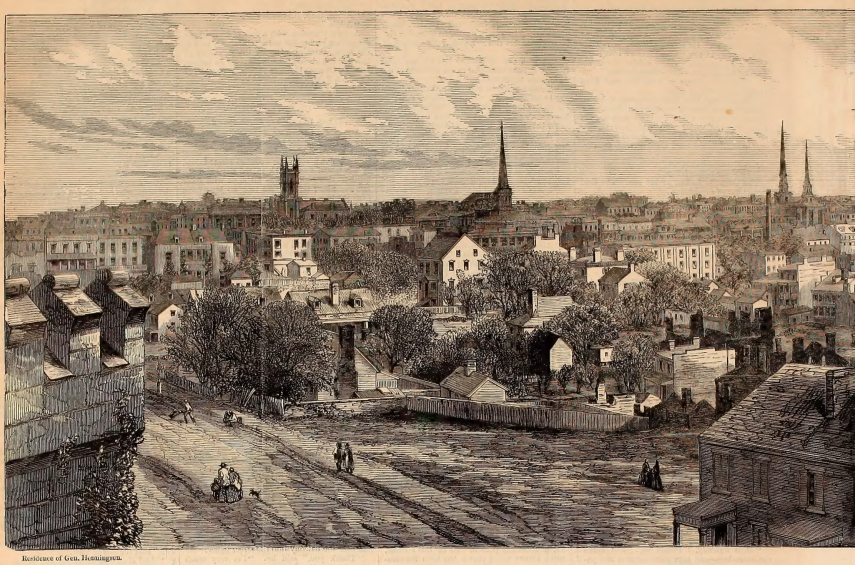
"And I am never here myself for many days at a time," said the Earl. "London is an expensive luxury, and I am obliged to make a little of it go a long way. However, while I am here, and whenever I am here, I will give me a great deal of pleasure to show Mr. Saxon Trefalden any attention in my power."

"You are a trump, Castletowns, my dear fellow, Lord Castletowns is so good as to offer to get you into the Erectheum."

"The Erectheum of Athens?" exclaimed Saxon, opening his blue eyes in laughing astonishment.

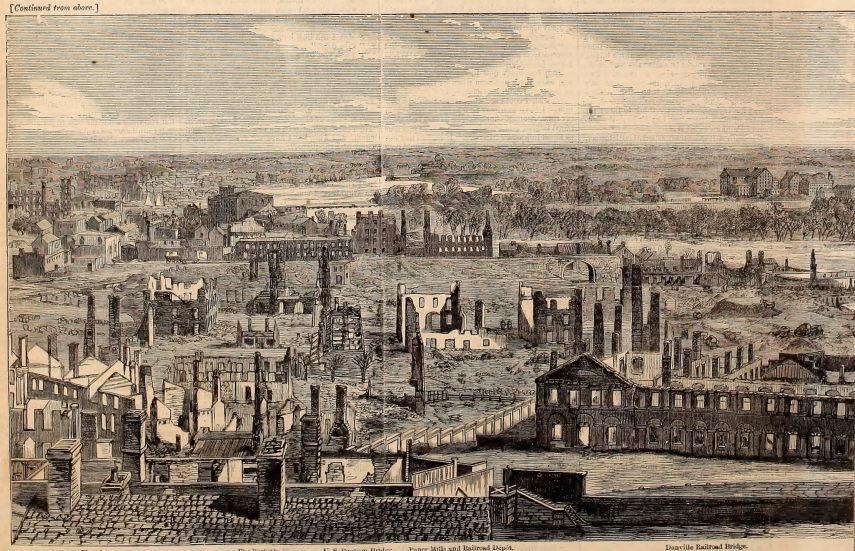
"Nonsense—of Pall Mall. It is a fashionable club."

"I am much obliged to Lord Castletowns," replied Saxon, vaguely. But he had no more notion of the nature, objects, or aims of a fashionable club than a Bedouin Arab.



Residence of Gen. Henningsen.

[*Continued from above.*]

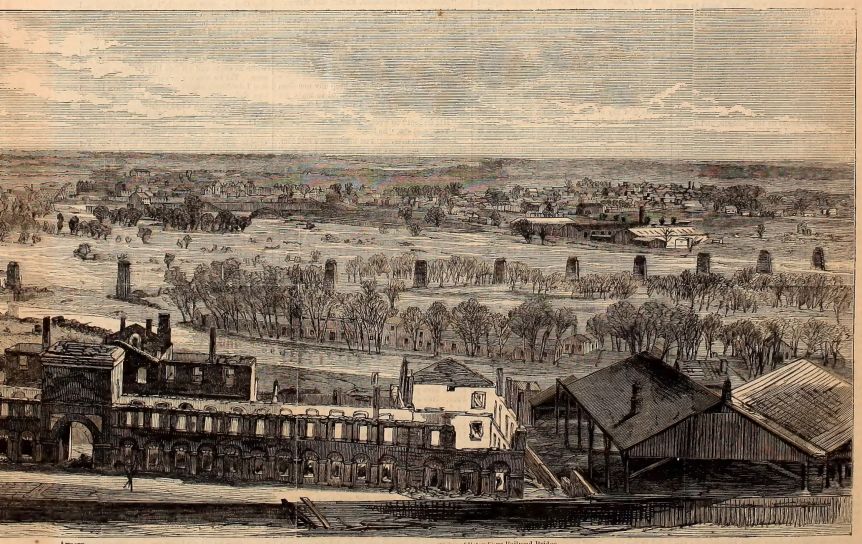


Castle Thunder. Libby Prison. The Rockets. U. S. Pontoon Bridge. Paper Mills and Railroad Depot. Ruins of Arsenal and Laboratory. Danville Railroad Bridge.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF RICHMOND FROM GENERAL HENNINGSEN'S HOUSE.



The Capitol. Spottswood House. U. S. Custom-house, used by U. S. Government for the Treasury. James River Canal. Ruins of Tobacco Warehouse. Ruins of Haxall's Flour Mills.



Armory. Ruins of Petersburg Railroad Bridge.

[Photographed by Alex. Gardner, and Published by Philp & Solomons, Washington.]

IN WEAL OR WOE.

How could you write such cruel words to me?
Oh, friend of all, the most beloved and best,
I hold you to your vows, I am not "free,"
Nor those my heart dethrones its honored guest!

So here's your letter blotted with my tears,
It is not worthy of your ready pen—
And this the answer to your doubts and fears:
You still are sov'reign 'mong all other men.

Your weary years since last beside our tryst
You stood to me, but now the foe,
And softly whispered, while my lips you kissed,
"Faithful to thee through coming weal or woe!"

With broken heart I sent this sight to grey
That God would safely keep you in His hand,
Would be your shield throughout the bloody fray,
And bring you home when victory crowned the land.

He hath been kind, my hero brave and true;
And though you come not so as you left my side
Stalwart and strong, but "crippled," "scarred," I do
Still hold you dearer than all else beside.

For oh, my friend, my well-beloved and best,
There's naught but death can ever part us two;
You did but would aside lest my love should wound
That you might read my loyal heart anew.

And now I wait for you beside our tryst
To speak the word you've waited for so long ago,
When tenderly my tearful face you kissed,
"Faithful to thee through coming weal or woe!"

And I this night will lowly bend to pray,
"I thank Thee, Father, then Thy watchful hand
Hath kept my friend from harm in battle's fearful fray,
And given him back now victry's crowned the land."

PRUE SAYBROOK'S STORY.

I HAD on my pink painted muslin the first day I ever saw him, and roses to match it in my hair, for I was just seventeen, and had left a tea company for my birthday. He came to it along with the Southerners. I always liked pink best, and sister Mercy blue; blue was the gentlefolk, but I cared most for looking well. And her tucker hid her sharp bones, and many a sound scolding I got for wearing mine too low. Well, as the new officer came in, I, of course, knew it. Seventeen. Dear, dear! to think on't, and that was I, with cheeks like roses and hair like gold! the sash I wore half a yard wide, and pink, too. And this is I, too, eighty-five—with white hair and wrinkles (there's a wave! the hair yet, though), and fat and lame to boot! Dear, dear! And the same woman, with the same soul after all!

Eh, talk of wonders, you'll find no greater than that!

Mercy was the cleverest, and had good sense and steady ways, but I had most beauty. Mother was a Sharpe, and I have my looks from her; and the Saybrooks, father's folk, were plain but bright. Mercy was father's own child all over. Not a bit of a flirt, and engaged before she was sixteen to a man Dill, and only waiting until he could stock his farm he marry. But, dear me, I'd flirted with every lad in the place, I'm afraid before she was sixteen to a man cared I for any one, and all liked me. So, one day I'd be cool and the next warm, and laugh to see them happy or miserable as they chose. I didn't know, you see, what it was to have the heartache. There wasn't heaviness enough in mine to breed a sigh or a tear. I'd been petted and loved my life through. I'd left off flirting after I knew Eugene. Flirt with *him*! I couldn't, or wouldn't, and the others didn't seem worth it. Yet there were those of them mother wouldn't have called a better match for me. You see he was the poor and unfriended boy. Everybody, and we were prejudiced against them as immoral, and then, at home, we had the Rev. Ebenezer Brown's friends in France, and had seen how they went to the play-house on the Sabbath, and drank wine in gardens, and had shops open and cafés; and that they were in every way to be ashamed and feared, being-for the most part Roman Catholics; and though my grandfather would have been kind to a heathen and sacrificed to Thug, he couldn't have shaken hands with another Christian who did not believe as he did, and said "a Romanist" as you might say "a fiend."

But Eugene was not a Catholic, and after the first horror at the idea of a Frenchman mother found no great fault with him. So in time, from stopping at the porch to speak and bow, he came to taking tea with us, and quite won her, he was so polite and gallant. Then, by-and-by, went to church with us and listened to the sermon, and father liked him for that; and by and by grandfather called him a fine lad, and Mercy left off sitting bolt upright in great distance and putting on prim airs while he was present.

As for me—there, there, there, I thought my heart had done beating fast, and that I was too old to feel warm and glad as I used; but a woman never grows old, she only *looks* so. Eh, but I felt as though I were in the parsonage again, and none in the room but mother, and he asking me, and Eugene was stealing closer to me, and in the twilight putting his arm about my waist and telling me the story that had made the one I loved best love me! And I couldn't look at him nor speak, but somehow my head was on his breast and my hand in his, and he kissed my fingers, and fondled them as mothers do those of their babies. And they were white and pink-tipped then, not wrinkled and laced with blue veins like now.

Heigh-ho! what a sweet time it was. We told Mercy, and no one guessed it. Not father, that was natural; he was to be told of such things, though courting goes on under their very eyes, unless it comes to kissing. Not my mother; not even Mercy. She was thinking of her own true love, and I was but a child, she thought. Older than she was when Aaron first courted her; but she was twenty by that time and so steady, and I but seventeen. Well, in the evening grandfather would nod in his chair, and mother be away in the keeping-room with black Hannah, busy about preserves or the ironing of father's shirt-ruffles, or what not, and father reading his sermon for next Sabbath in his study, and Mercy and Aaron hand in hand out in the garden—and who watched Eugene and me but the moon? And I didn't care if she did see his arm about my waist and my cheek on his shoulder as we sat by the lattice window with the sweetbrier peeping in and the chirp of the crickets making the evening seem all the stiller. Then when we parted I'd watch him from the porch, and think how different his light tread was from the heavy stamp of the farmers round, as his bow was from the nods and ducks they gave you, and his white shapely hand from their broad red paws. He was a gentleman. There was French blood in his veins. I don't know what it was that ruined him. A good many Frenchmen came over at that time who were poor, and who had seen better days it wasn't as it is now, when papers bring every day's news to your door. We lumped it all under the head of "troubles in France," and Eugene would call it "troubles in France" had ruined Eugene's family, and his mother died there—over with, to-day, and he had given lessons in French and music, and so supported her until she died. I've seen her grave in the church-yard, and have seen him weep over it like a child; for he had a tender heart, my poor Eugene, and loved her dearly. Since her death he had gone on teaching, Myrtle's boys learned the violin of him. And Miss Casey, who had the only piano in the place, was his pupil, and one or two others took lessons of him. But he kept himself out of want and debt; but as for marrying, I knew and he knew that could not be. I did not care. I was young and he was poor. But he did. So he told me one day that though it broke his heart to think of it he must leave me to win a fortune. He could not ask me to share his poverty. A music-teacher, earning only a few shillings a week, he said, while the girl he loved and himself grew old together. I was not to make any great cries.

And he must have at least a little cage for his bird, a little garden for his rose.

Oh, how my heart smote my bodice while he spoke! But he was right—I knew it. There was nothing to be done where we were but to go on in the beaten track, and what was Mercy's children to come into the world, and I was Aunt Prue; pretty still, they said, but pale; for the fever had blanch'd all my colour, and I put my hair in bands, and mother found no fault with tuckers—they were high enough now.

So, one morning, I woke up to find myself eighteen-and-twenty, and that day Mercy brought her girls and boys home, and we had a feast. It was ten years from our landing in New York, and she and I went up to the little room we had shared, and sat down to look back through there were things I didn't care to talk of—and one was the vcoer I had—a Doctor Hope; but I trusted she did not know of him.

"Prudence," said she, "you're eight-and-twenty."

"Ay!" said I; "I'm as old maid, Mercy."

"I'm twelve years a wife."

"No?" said I. "You think not?"

"You know it," said she. "Are you at your flirting pranks now, Prue?"

"Am I playing with my dolls?" asked I. "I left both behind me years ago."

"Then what are you, child, Prue?" said Mercy. "I'd like to know what you mean."

She put her elbows on the table between us and leaned her cheeks on her hands. It was a way she had when she was interested in her talk.

"I mean Doctor Hope," said she.

"Who has been chattering of Doctor Hope?" says I.

"Himself," says she.

I'd taken a notion to pains to keep any one from knowing how Doctor Hope had tried to make me like him, and how he liked me, that I was provoked.

"Has he sent you wooing?" said I.

"Yes," said she, "he has."

I thought to myself that we might have told him, Mercy, that my heart was given away long ago," said I, "and that I've never won it back. Oh, Mercy, don't think I've forgotten because I'm old!"

Mercy started up and came to me, and put both hands on my shoulders.

"Prudence Saybrook," said she, "can it be you have no more pride than to keep on thinking of a man who's dead? Is it you? Are you so wicked as to break a good man's heart for love of a dad one? Oh, you're doing wrong! I blush for you."

Said I, that Doctor Hope's heart's in no brittle, and a single woman is as good as a married one.

"Oh, Prue, Prue!" said Mercy. "Haven't you a heart? He loves you so dearly. He told me so last night; and you might do him good, and care for his patients, and keep his home; and you refuse for love of one who calls some other woman wife, no doubt."

At that I fell a crying, and then she comforted me; but for all that she never lost her ground. She kept at me about it. So, at last I said:

"Mercy, we'll have it to mother. If she says, 'Marry him,' I will." I thought mother would not be willing to part with me, you see, and think I should have peace. But mother said, "Marry him, Prue. He's a good man; and spinsters are not happy." And so I had given my word, and kept it.

Old grandfather married us in the stone church, with its narrow windows and the tablets let in between the pulpit; and I wore white, and Dr. Hope's house his wife. I was very calm. I had not thought to be so; and he was loving and tender. A good, quiet man, and I made the life we led was peaceful: never an angry word—never a wrangle. I had promised to honor and obey, and I kept the vow; and he to cherish and protect, and I saw cherished if ever wife was. And yet his dead wife's portrait was on the wall, and her children at his knee; and Eugene's name was carved on my heart, and I saw his face in my day-dreams, and dressed me often at night, though I had put the lock of hair and the old letters all away, for I knew a wife's duty.

But there came a joy to me at last, and a babe lay on my breast—and then I looked up into its father's eyes and knew that something had been born with the child—a pure, true love for him—not the blushing girl-love, but the wifely love of middle age; for before it came we had been wed so long that I was five-and-thirty. We had left our sweet country place long before, and were living at a manufacturing town where nothing but black chimneys could be seen, and the clatter of machinery, and the tramp of the workmen going home to dinner or coming from it, was like the tread of armies. The gentlefolk were mostly rich manufacturers, who owned the mills, and lived in black - looking brick houses, fine enough, but without the air or grass or bush about them. I'd tried and tried to make a garden about mine, but the soil was against me—nothing grew. I was weary of it; but the Doctor said, "Be patient, darling, we'll make our fortune and go back to live among green fields by-and-by."

He had plenty of practice there. I think there always is more need of a physician in such places.

We were well thought of too. His first wife's girls grew up tall and handsome, and it would have been wrong of me not to let them have a chance to marry if they liked. We were a good deal of company; and in those days you didn't have your guests shown into a cold parlor, and in half an hour go down and glower at them across the room, and let them go without bite or sup. If twas but a minute they staid you offered wine and cake, and generally company came for a day, or if it was for a dance in the evening, you were sure some would stay all night. I was busy and happy; for my husband never allowed, and said his lass was fairer than the youngest of them all, and my boy was good and handsome. Only I pined a little for the country home, and to be nearer to Mercy and to mother, who was growing very old.

Well, in time the girls were courted, and, odd enough, the two brothers, Lennox and Cecil Blome, the sons of the richest factor in the place. Steady, church-going men, with sharp eyes for business, and all that. I'd not thought they had half Eugene's features. As matches go they were love-matches, and so I say should we say "no."

They were married. Each had her brick house full of fine furniture, and silks to wear, and settled down as manufacturers' wives. And then I began to crave the Doctor to go home again. I'd not realized to me there'd have been a different end to the story, he said, "Wait two years, then I'll go." So I waited.

Oh, the sickly time! First one thing and then another broke out among the factory people. Funerals made the road to the church-yard black on Sabbath afternoons.

The disease crept into the fine brick houses; and now a child, and now a mother, and now some strong man laid low. I trembled for the Doctor, but he had no fear himself. At last there came a terrible story of small-pox. And then it wasn't as it is now, when every child is vaccinated. There was no stop to it. We'd passed over faces as the plow passes over the ground.

My husband wanted me to leave him, but I sent our boy to his grandmother's and staid with him. Eh, none can say that I didn't do my duty! And praying God to spare us both, I went with him and helped him to nurse the other doctor's little place. There was only one who aided us. That was a poor cripple who had been in the Blume factory a book-keeper, and when he came to the place I never saw a being so bent as he was, so crushed and maimed and yet able to walk about. His hair was white, and all his face like that of a very old man. Yet he was not so very old they said. At first I doubted what it was for; but when I heard him speak that changed me, for he was a Frenchman, and ever since I had loved Eugene the accent of that tongue had seemed dear to my ear, and start and look, thinking he had come at last.

There could be no such fancy about that poor cripple. He was a hideous old man, and thin. Yet when I heard him talk out of my sight I have decided it was like Eugene's with the music gone. So I was kind to that poor soul. The factory people loved him. They called him Monsieur. I believe not one knew his name. I called him Monsieur also. Many had died, and he made over a spare cabin with loathsome, dying creatures about us. Once, when the very sexton fled with fear, and the Doctor's own people refused to go, Monsieur we buried a mother's babe for her, and he carved a name on a wooden cross to mark the place. Through illness like that the old plague-spot became sacred, comforting and aiding each other, the Doctor, that poor deformed, and I. Half the factories were closed. Half the people were gone. Those who had lived in upper rooms of their great houses and held communication with no one. Those who had been mothers and fathers among the poor turned the new victims at last, and we had some rest. By-and-by, when the bitter winter was over and spring came, the fever departed. My boy had died who died was buried, and others at their work again. Mercy was dead. It was a glad thing to know that they prayed for us in the church, that they thought so well of us, these poor factory hands. Yet we had only remembered they were our fellow-creatures.

Eh, but the time comes back again! The Doctor and I, arm in arm, and the poor cripple among us his staff at the church gate, and women and children crowding about to say God bless you, and I with my boy at my knee. It was just before we left bent from the church-yard over the path, and under it we parted. I said, "At revoir, Monsieur!" But he caught my hand and put it to his lips. "May the bon Dieu guar' Madame from all sorrow!" he said, and I felt with the kiss a tear fall on my fingers. Eh, but we liked creatures here when the Lord chooses to darken our eyes!

That night I slept happy and peaceful on my husband's bosom. In the morning I wakened with a start to find him shivering and burning by turns. I knew what it was—the cholera; we had come to him. Soon he did not know me. I weary work listening to such a tale. No need to tell you more of it than I have told.

I tried to think of Heaven's justice, but I couldn't

then. All seemed wrong, as if— No matter; I've repented long ago for thoughts I thought then, and maybe God has forgiven me. One bright June day I saw them pile the sod over his bosom—the broad, gentle bosom that had cherished me so long. Ah me! it was a woeful day, with all its bright sun and green fields—a blacker day than ever came in winter.

I went home to my lonely house in my widow's weeds, and I was night sad moaning and rocking myself to and fro at a window, where I could see the grave-yard, with its white stones, like ghosts in the moonlight. At dawn came a rap at the door, and in walked my step-daughter's husband, Lennox Blume.

"Mother," said he—he always called me that—"it's no time to trouble you, I know; but I've been sent by a dying man. Will you come to the factory—the carriage is at the door?"

"Is it small-pox?" said I.

"No," said he, "or I'd not have come for you. A hasty consumption, they say. It's poor old Monsieur. He has never lifted his head since you saw him the last Sabbath in the church porch. The toil was too much for him. You were heroes all three, and two are martyrs."

I put on my bonnet and black veil, and went down stairs. The factory was not far. In a little room behind the office the old Frenchman had lived for years. He lay there now, dying. A factory woman came out as we entered.

"Hist!" she said. "Wait here a bit. He's asleep. When he wakes he'll have his mind for the last; 'twon't be for long. I'll call ye."

So we sat down in the office.

"He's very old," said I, to say something.

"No," said Lennox, "not sixty."

"He looks eighty."

"Yes."

"But such a life is best ended," said I.

"A sad life," said Lennox. "Have you heard his story, mother?"

"No."

"We have reason to be fond of him and kind to him," said Lennox. "You should have heard my mother talk of him. He saved her life. It was years ago, and she was a pretty young woman, and father had just built this factory. There had been trouble in finding hands, and many of them were French. Her mother could not talk to them, and he went to New York to find some one who could. He found a Frenchman, young and handsome, and anxious for a position which would enable him to marry; for he was betrothed to some girl in the country, and was waiting, as many a one has waited, for full pockets. Are you ill, mother?"

"No," said I, "go on." But the story brought my old life back so strangely.

"Father brought him over," said Lennox; "and he was pleased and anxious to please. It was necessary that he should be on the spot at once. And they made a bed for him in the little office where he now lies dying. That evening he spent writing to his betrothed, and in the morning chose the spot where he would build his home. The hands came on that day, and the first clang of machinery was heard. Mother was excited by it. 'I must see them,' she said; and leaving every thing at home went up into the factory. She did not even wait for a bonnet, but threw a silk shawl over her head. She never thought of danger; and while father's back was turned went close to the machinery. And somehow her silk shawl she wore was caught and she dragged backward. It would have been to her death but for the young Frenchman. In a moment he had rushed near and torn the shawl in two by main strength; but doing that he tangled it about his own arm and so took her place.

"It was only for a moment—just an instant before the machinery stopped. But he went in a handsome, strong young man, and came out a mass of broken bones and crushed flesh."

"Yet he lived, and you have seen him."

"Yes. Nothing he said to father when he knew the truth was this:

"'I was to have been married soon. That can never be now. Take me what I am. Perhaps I shall die soon, perhaps I shall live a long while. When I am gone send this letter to her. It will tell her all. But let her then hide even my name, she should learn the truth; she will think me dead or false and be happy with another.'

"That is the letter into a secret drawer of his desk; and father promised. If the girl lives she is an old woman now."

"An old, old woman," said I. "An old woman; what was her name?"

I think I was grasping wildly in the air like one stricken with fever, for I remember Lennox catching me in his arms with a frightened cry for help. Then all was dark; and I came out of it to hear the woman say,

"Monsieur is awake."

I went in to him.

Death was there. Gray and cold lay the face beneath its touch; but the poor deformed body was hidden by the bed-clothes, and I saw Eugene once more. The bloom was not upon the cheek—that brow was wrinkled; but they were the cheek and brow my girl-love had kissed.

A merciful God had blinded me when to know the truth would have been madness.

"Leave us three," I said. I heard the woman say, "She wants to pray with him."

Perhaps Lennox thought so too.

When they were gone I knelt down by him.

The thirty years vanished then—the thirty years of wedded life. "Pray, Prue Saybrook once more,

"'Eugene,' I said, 'Eugene;' and the poor one crept around my neck, and I heard him say, "Prue, my darling, at last!"

And I looked in his eyes and saw them glazing, and felt his hand grow heavier and colder on my neck; and my lips met his—and he was dead!

That night I took the old letter from the secret drawer, and read it. It ran thus:

"CHERI AMIE,—I told you that I would soon write to you. I have good news—listen. I am rich—a fine salary —a home to bring you to live in. It is at ——, with M. Blume, a manufacturer. My heart beats—my hand trembles. They will give you to me, and I shall be happy as the angels who dwell with the bon Dieu. To repose in thy arms—hear thy sweet voice—kiss thy lips—all to heaven! NEXT SUNDAY I will come to you. It is too much bliss—I dare not think.

"EUGENE ——."

"Your dear wife and cousin."

Further down were other lines, in French:

"Never, never, never—all dark, all hopeless—a wretch—a living cripple—a creature by a woman to loathe. She would pity me, but she could not love. Oh, sweet angel, I have written to you in my agony, but I should see thee shrink in horror. Better death than that.

"I wish you to see her once more. You could look —one smile. Can it never be? And yet must I live on? —Oh, it is better for her to think me dead—quite so! Send no patience, sweet Heaven, and let me die soon."

And lower still there was a later date under that I read—still in French, which he had taught me years before:

"I have seen her—with her husband. I have touched her hand—have spoken to her, and she does not know. She is hard to hear. Almost I had said, 'Look at me: this is thy miserable husband.' God kept me from it: but she will know when I am dead."

I put the letter in my bosom, and sat down beside my dead and wept. Yes, I, Prue Haynes Saybrook for her dead lover? I could not tell. But now when I think of Eugene, after thirty years of well-ordered life, I always see my husband with his first wife, and myself with poor Eugene.

A COMBAT IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.

ALONG the shores of distant Greenland, and among the yawning ice-caverns that resound with the roar of the Arctic tides, the white bear is found in kingly majesty, gazing with quiet curiosity upon any vessel that passes its retreat, and fighting desperately when attacked by venturesome mariners.

The cool impudence of this animal is sometimes evinced in a remarkable manner. I have seen it enter a ship occupied by a crew of seventy-two men, and, after deliberately surveying them for a few moments, match from the hand of one a seal which that man lately captured, and walk off with its prize in the most unconcerned manner that can be imagined.

On another occasion, while a boat's crew belonging to the ship *St. George* were passing an ice-field a white bear of huge dimensions suddenly made its appearance and attacked the boat. Fortunately, engaging it at once and severely injuring the man amidships, who was with much difficulty rescued by his companions, after they had successfully driven by crawling out of the water upon a berg. Brain, in the mean time, had commenced his attack upon floating masses, where he remained in an attitude of dignified composure, watching the men as they exhausted themselves in their efforts to escape until, until the current had carried him into a fog-bank that hid the group from his sight. The crew were picked up by a passing vessel after a long and weary day, but many weeks elapsed before the injured seaman recovered the use of his limbs.

The food of the white bear is chiefly derived from fish, seals, and dead whales; but, as may well be supposed, it can not always obtain enough to satisfy its voracious appetite. Then it is sometimes in a famishing condition, and when such is the case it is really a formidable animal. It will not then hesitate to attack any creature that it sees, is ready to engage in battle with the largest whale that careens through the northern seas.

At daylight on the morning of the 26th of August, 1854, while the ship *Norman*, a surveying craft, was lying becalmed near the western edge of one of those interminable fields of ice so frequently encountered in the Arctic Ocean, the watch on deck were suddenly startled by a savage growl, which seemed to proceed almost directly beneath us from the weather bow. Almost at the same instant we heard the loud rippling of water, followed by a noise like the rushing of steam from a vessel just coming to the rail, we beheld a scene that was well calculated to excite our interest and curiosity.

A large white bear, that could not have measured less than twelve feet in length, but which was very lean and lank, had come up to the ice-edge of a block of ice, about ten fathoms from the bank, where it stood glaring with a hungry expression of ferocity upon a huge bull whale, that was quietly and rollingly along toward the same berg, evidently unconscious of the presence of the beast. I say "unconscious," because with a deep growl, more like the monster, and the leviathan, owing to the position of its eyes, can not see any object before it in a straight line.

It continued, therefore, to approach its enemy until it was about a fathom from the spot occupied by the monster, with a deep growl, when it would probably with the intention of changing its course —and for the first time saw the bear. At the same moment the latter, with a deep growl, threw itself forward the whale, but only to receive from the great, barnacled head of the monster a tremendous blow, that was accompanied with a deep growl of rage and pain against the jagged edge of the ice.

Perceiving that its antagonist was "battering-ram" which had already given him sufficient notice of its strength and power was still moving toward him, the bear, with the intention of preventing its reaching death against the frozen drift, Brain now darted to one side and, quickly attacking his antagonist upon the flank, fastened his sharp teeth in the rough hump of the gigantic swimmer. But the old king of the sea seemed not at all inclined to submit for death, and, turning his huge carcass half from side to side, fiercely lashing the water with his flukes, and using other endeavors to dislodge his adversary.

But the bear still clung to him with a tenacious grasp until the enraged bull, evidently losing all patience, tried the effect of a cold-water bath upon his enemy. Down went his great head and up went his flukes, as he dove into the liquid chambers of the sea; and a moment afterward Brain rose to the surface puffing, snarling, and growling with unmitigated rage.

By this time the shrouds, the fore-top, the cathead, the spritsail-yard, and even the jib-boom of the *Norman* were alive with grinning spectators—old tars and youngsters with broad-rimmed hats and wide collars—while the gun-room officers and the midshipmen crowded the taffrail and the gangway. All hands were now of the opinion, however, that the contest was finished—that the bear had had enough of the fight and would scramble upon the ice, while its adversary would not again dare to renew the battle.

In fact Brain was now swimming toward the berg, as though anxious to get out of the water as soon as possible, and some of the men had already begun to descend the shrouds, when suddenly the surface of the sea in the vicinity of the bear was agitated by a number of little ripples; then followed a roaring noise; and the next moment the poor animal was tossed about fifteen feet into the air, as the great head of its mighty antagonist, arising from the deep, struck the under portion of its body.

"Ay, ay, now, but that's too bad," cried an old shell-backed seaman.

"I think it serves him right," said the ship's corporal; "a regular bloodsucker, do 'you see, and therefore had no business to interfere with that old humpbacked tar that's in his own element."

As the bear came down after having been thus unmercifully tossed, the whale received it upon its (the whale's) flukes and sent it flying upward again; and although the bear must have been considerably injured, yet when it struck the water, it made another flank attack upon the monster; and at the same time dove under it, with the back of its adversary, planted its claws and its teeth in the blubber, to which it clung tenaciously.

Enraged beyond all control, the bull, as before, now exerted itself to dislodge the beast, but without success; and the captain of the *Norman* was remarking to his first officer that he believed the whale would be obliged to try the effect of another cold-water bath, when the "old king" suddenly rushed forward, and, lifting its head and flukes, struck heavily nearly his full length out of the water.

And it was truly a grand, an awful spectacle—the huge, dark body of that mighty leviathan, towering high in air, where it remained poised for an instant, exposed to the view of every man, and then fell back into the water with a crash equal to the din of a broadside!

A great cloud of spray enveloped the whale as it struck the water, and it even flung upon the forecastle—and the vessel trembled with the shock caused by the falling of that tremendous living mass. But the bear was dead and was simultaneously discharged every gun in the craft.

Then, amidst the hissing foam of agitated waves, as saw the bear, which had been thrown from its tenacious grasp, but which was still undismayed, and ready to renew the attack. It was now making part of the carcass of its foe toward the whale's head, and it would soon doubtless have obtained another hold and cut the leviathan, mustering all its tremendous strength, again breached, although not quite so high as it did before. High enough it was, however, to enable it to descend upon the living creature beneath it; and so it happened that the bear, before it could avoid the impending blow, received upon its shoulders and form the full weight of this living mountain when it came down, thundering into the sea!

Having thus accomplished its work, the whale dove into its watery home, leaving behind it upon the surface the mutilated remains of its late antagonist, the white bear; and during the remainder of the day this singular battle afforded all hands—not even excepting the officers—an interesting topic of conversation.

The majority of the seamen expressed the opinion that Brain had received his deserts for meddling with an "old king;" while a few termed the whale "a regular bully," and one and all, declared they were sorry that the gallant king of Arctic shores had been destroyed. "He had rough-looking old bull" from the realms of Neptune.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCIENCE.—A Lecture on the Great Distance of the Sun from the Earth will shortly be given by a Member of the *Holy Ark* Society.

A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name any thing surpassing its power. A quarter hereupon, sad instances a young lady, who used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience is illustrated by the following question: "Tell me, please, when a person gave an apple or a pear with a pair of scissors?"

An idle fellow complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the first day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been unfortunate. He believed that he would have been a hundred pounds in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

Passing through the streets of Detroit a few days since in company with a waggish, observing fellow, he offered to wager cyprers that he could tell one half of the persons we come to be met by traveling a given distance on the most frequented thoroughfare in the city would be wearing gum or some other substance. We supposed the shopkeeper, and, unhesitatingly, took the betting, as once accepted the wager. After traveling in the neighborhood of a mile we were forced to own that we had completely beaten us, and to our chagrin were compelled to pay the oysters.

A CONUNDRUM FROM A SPINSTER.—Why should there be more marriages in winter than summer?—Because in winter the gentlemen require comforters and the ladies muffs.

At the ——, the other evening, one gentleman pointed out a decidedly seedy individual to his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Surely you must be mistaken." "He may not be the kind of one you mean," said the informant, "but I know that he *chisels* a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

A gentleman being asked "What was the price of drink?" confessed that he could not tell; for he had been out that very day with his wife, and she had purchased so less than a bonnet, a shawl, a dress, a cloak, a mantle, a dress; secondly, "a duck" of a parasol; and thirdly, "a duck" of a bonnet.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for rheumatism, said he had tried of this remedy, but added, "I dunk better as dat—I drinks de brandy, and den I rubs my leg mit de pottle."

THE WOOD FAMILY.—Among the articles announced for sale in a contemporary we perceive one entitled, "a mahogany child's chair." The father of this wonderful infant must have been of the Wood family.

A judge suspected of bribery chided his clerk for having a shiny face. "I plead guilty, my lord," replied the clerk, "but my hands are clean."

A French bishop said lately in a sermon: "Let women remember, when putting on their jewels and expensive attire, how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translations: "Ursa, a bear; pia, a bonnet; Virgilia, a maiden; ego, I."

THE "EMBERS" OF THE DYING YEAR.—Sept-ember, Nov-ember, and Dec-ember.

Most contradictory, past doubt,
Is the sex; through life and this;
For now, though crinolines go out,
Their tempers are coming in.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that there are no Irish characters in Shakspeare. Does not Hamlet exclaim, "Oh, that I could be ill for, while he is praying!" to say nothing of O'Thello, Cory O'Lanus, and the lady O'Phelia.

THE BEST LIQUID TO TAKE TO SCHOOL.—Ink.

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THE BEST LIQUID TO TAKE TO SCHOOL.—Ink.—Doubling (Dublin) Porter.

FLATTERY.—A State fair is a queen; an agricultural fair is a farmer's daughter; a horse-race is a deacon's wife; an editor's fair is the best-looking girl he can get hold of: a charity fair is a female paper; and the most unpopular fare in the universe is boarding-house fare.

Why is a railway train the exact reverse of an army?—Because it generally has the van at its rear.

The Duchess of Newcastle, who was a great writer of plays and romances in the time of Charles II., asked Bishop Wilkins, who had just announced his discovery of a world in the moon, how she could get there? "In the journey," said she, "must needs be very long, there will be a necessity of inns, where we may refresh stopping by the way." "Your Grace," replied the Bishop, "I can be at no loss how to prove to stop at, as you have built so many castles in the air."

In what vehicle did the man ride who was drawn?

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is hot bread like a caterpillar?
Because it is the grub that makes the butter fly.

My first has oft a hero borne,
While fettered captives round him mourn;
The next may be a dog or bird,
Which oft for first is taken up with third.
Car-pet.

What is that thing, and the name of a bird, which if we had not we should die?
A swallow.

In a railway accident, what is better than presence of mind?
A balance of body.

What is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever done it?
Christ-mas (mass).

Why is it impossible for a man to boil his father thoroughly?
Because he can only be par-boiled (as boiled).

Why is a man who has taken a glass of sparkling ale a sad one?
Because he catches wine, and the other wistenches.

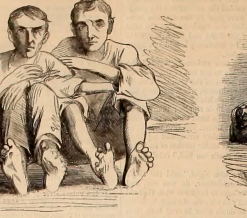
Why is a printing-press like the forbidden fruit?
Because from it springs the knowledge of good and evil.

REBEL CRUELTIES.

WE purpose, in the following brief narrative, to indicate by a few facts the character of the treatment our loyal and fairly stated, the manner in which Union prisoners have been dealt with by the rebel authorities. To some this statement will be distasteful—for there are many who desire to believe no evil of DAVIS and his fellows, however indisputable the proofs. To many a loyal and patriotic reader it may be needless pride for deceit recital. Yet it is a true record, and in the history of the rebellion will form an important chapter, to be read with tears, indeed, but written in adamant.

The illustrations on page 380 will bring to the eye features of suffering which could be more vividly described by the pen. They have been selected, not because they were more effective than a hundred others which might be brought forward, but because we had not space to give all. We have limited our illustrations to a special class of our prisoners, namely, those who from exposure and lack of food have lost their feet. These illustrations are the exact facsimiles of photographs. They do not come to us from a distance. A large number of these pictures have been for a long time within an hour's ride of this city. Of the men represented in our illustrations some were in the prisoners' parole and sent to Wilmington on the 26th of March two hundred and eighty-seven in number. Of these, from starvation and frost in Southern prisons, lost their feet wholly or in part. These cases were placed in the hands of Charles A. Gaul, M.D., of the Seventy-Second or Eighty-third Ohio Volunteers. Chaplain GERE, from whom we received the photographs, and whose professional services in behalf of the sufferers secured the comfort of these unfortunate men. But his statements do not stand alone. Others have visited the hospital in which the prisoners were confined. One of them writes:

"I wish every eye in the land could rest on the poor fellows in their present crippled, and emaciated state who believes in treating leniently this rebellion, could go as I did and look at them and see the blankets laid on to expose a pair of *stumps from which the feet had rotted off by cold and exposure.* And this not in one case, not in two, ten, nor twenty, but scores! Men who had committed no crime, but were honorable soldiers, brave, loyal, true to their Government, but made prisoners by the fortunes of war, and as such entitled to feed and comfortable shelter. As I went from bed to bed, and from ward to ward, and found, now a son of Massachusetts, next, a boy from Maine, then a soldier from Michigan, or from Indiana, or New York, Ohio, Illinois—one scarcely *only* in some new and more horrid form of gangrene of the feet and legs, which left the most unyielding surrendering of tether beyond the flesh, decaying, putrid, offensive, while they could be strengthened with food a few days and made able



SMITH AND CHURCHILL.



BENJAMIN T. DAUGHERTY (FIG. 1), CO. K, THIRTY-FIRST ILLINOIS.

to tear an amputation. I felt almost unable to endure the strain upon my sensibilities."

These unhappy prisoners have under oath given the record of their terrible experience, which, in many cases, is too loathsome for detail. You do not want to know, gentle reader, to what means these men swear they were obliged to resort to keep from absolutely starving. Only the very strong survived at all, and these come back to us pitiable wrecks of what they once were—how pitiable let our illustrations show. Nearly all whose affidavits have been taken attest that they were robbed of their clothing, receiving in its place a dirty blanket or a bundle of tattered rags. In regard to all the prisons the uniform testimony is that no shelter of any kind was provided for the prisoners; that they were thrown into stockades and exposed to all sorts of weather; and that they had not received rations adequate to sustain vitality. BYRON CHURCHILL swears that when he was captured he was by the sanction of rebel authority robbed of all his clothing except his shirt and drawers; that the prisoners for want of other shelter burrowed in the ground, and that "by reason of exposure, starvation, cruelties, and countless outrages inflicted on him by the rebels while a prisoner in their hands, a part of the time he was bereft of his reason, lost all the toes on his left foot," and has otherwise been reduced to the condition shown in the illustration.

CALVIN BATES testifies that "by reason of exposure and other inhumanities practiced upon him at Andersonville his feet decayed so that both of them have since been cut off at the ankle with scissors, and that previous to his imprisonment he was in good health.

JOHN H. MATTHEWS, a corporal in Company F of the Fourth Pennsylvania, testifies that he enlisted in this company August 29, 1861; was taken prisoner October 12, 1863, in MEADE'S retreat from Culpeper; and that after various marching and counter-marching he was taken to Richmond. For three days he was without any food. He testifies that in long marches which the prisoners were compelled to make from one place of confinement to another the rebel authorities issued, for three days' rations, one pint of shelled corn. This prisoner lost the use of both his feet.

Many of these sworn statements were the words of dying men. Others still live, monuments of the wanton cruelty of the rebel authorities.

We have stated that there were two hundred and eighty-seven cases of the character represented by our illustrations. On the 9th of April there were still left at Andersonville, Georgia, 2500 poor fellows, who remained there because they were unable to march.

As soon as these prisoners return to us they are treated with all possible kindness. None of those heroes who have died on the battle-field are more worthy of remembrance than such men as Doctors PALMER and BIZZELL, who literally worked themselves to death in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of our prisoners. Many of these famished prisoners came to us so exhausted that they are unable to receive proper food, and many of them die from the change in diet.

DR. J. C. DALTON, Professor of Physiology and Microscopic Anatomy in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city, thus reports respecting the general condition of the prisoners delivered up at Wilmington:

"The better cases were walking about the streets, perhaps barefooted, or with no other clothing than a pair of white cotton drawers and an old blanket or overcoat, both equally ragged. In these the slow, dragging gait, listless manner, and cavernous, inexpressive look of the face, together with the general emaciation, formed a peculiar aspect, by which they alone attracted the attention of the passer-by, and by which they were at once distinguished from the other newly-arrived soldiers. There was no occasion to inquire in Wilmington which were our returned prisoners; after half a day's experience any one could distinguish them at a glance. Many of them, who had strength to carry about in this manner, were prevented from doing so by the want of clothing. Major RANDLETT, the Provost Marshal of Wilmington, told me that on one day forty of them came into our lines *absolutely as naked as they were born*. I inquired of a considerable number of them, whom I saw in the hospitals confined to their beds, naked or with only a shirt, and covered with a hospital blanket, what had become of their clothing, and was told that they had thrown away what remained as soon as they could obtain shelter, because it was so ragged, filthy, and full of vermin. One of them, on being told that the Sanitary Commission had sent them flannel shirts and drawers, caught at the word with a childish eagerness and repeated the good news to his companions with a faint, half-sarcastic smile, so long as I was within hearing. With the great majority of the feebler ones personal cleanliness was a thing which they appeared to have entirely forgotten. They no longer retained sufficient strength, either of mind or body, to appreciate or correct the degradation to which months of unavoidable uncleanliness had reduced them. In the most extreme cases the condition of the mind, as well as the expression of the face, was absolutely fatuous, and the aspect of the patient was not that of a strong man reduced by illness, but that of an idiotic pauper, who had been such from his birth. Nevertheless, several of the surgeons informed me that the condition of the patients had visibly improved since their reception, and that I could not then form an adequate idea of what it was when they arrived at Wilmington. In that case it must have been lamentable beyond description.

"The testimony of both men and officers was uniform as to the causes of their unfortunate condition. These causes were, first, starvation, and, second, exposure. Only such officers and men as could procure money were able to obtain any thing like sufficient nourishment. Some of them told me that during the entire winter they had received absolutely no meat; a pint of corn-meal, often with the cob ground in, sometimes with wood sometimes without salt, a handful of "corn-peas," and sometimes sorghum molasses, constituted their daily ration. When in hospital, they had only very thin corn-meal gruel, and a little corn-bread. To the debility occasioned by this insufficient food was added that resulting from exposure. It was a common thing for a prisoner, immediately on being taken, to be stripped of his clothing—often, even, of his boots, shirts, and drawers—and to be left with only vermin and worn-out pairs of drawers, and perhaps an equally worn-out shirt and blanket given him in exchange. This robbery of clothing was in general the work of our rebel officers. Even an assistant surgeon, who was captured within four miles of Richmond, told me that he was robbed of his flannel shirt while standing in front of the Libby Prison, and in presence of the rebel officer in charge of the squad. This was immediately after his arrival in the city, and when he had been, for the three days succeeding his capture, entirely without food. With the scanty clothing thus left them the men were generally, in the winter, often without any shelter excepting such as they could contrive to provide by excavating a sort of rifle-pit in the ground, and covering it with old blankets or canvas, on which the snow fell in inefficient heaps, and sometimes entirely wasting. Even in the hospitals their suffering from cold was very great.

"One of the most melancholy sights in Wilmington was that to be seen at the hospitals. In these hospitals were collected all those patients who had lost their feet, either wholly or in part, by freezing, from their exposure during the past winter, and this in a well-wooded country. In some of them two or three toes only, on one or both feet, were gangrened, and in process of separating by ulceration; in others both feet had entirely separated, and the patients were awaiting the time when their general strength and the condition of the stump would warrant a final amputation. In many cases the patients ascribed this gangrene directly to frost-bite received on particular occasions; in others to their illness from which they were suffering—generally fever combined with exposure. My own impression, derived from the result of many inquiries, was, that it was generally due to a continuous depression of the vital energies from starvation and exposure, resulting gradually in a destruction of the life of those parts most exposed to the cold and the weather."

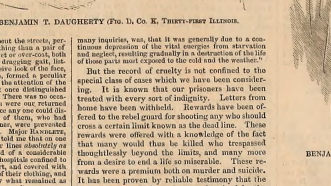
But the record of cruelty is not confined to the special class of cases which we have been considering. It is known that our prisoners have been treated with every sort of indignity. Letters from home have been withheld. Rewards have been offered to the rebel guard for shooting any who should cross a certain limit known as the dead line. These rewards were offered with a knowledge of the fact that many would thus be killed who trespassed thoughtlessly beyond the limits, and many more from a desire to end a life so miserable. These rewards were a premium both on murder and suicide. It has been proven by reliable testimony that the Libby Prison at Richmond was undermined for the purpose of blowing it up in case any of our cavalry raids should succeed in entering the rebel capital—thus retaliating for a legitimate act of war by an act of useless and wanton cruelty inflicted upon innocent men.

These cruelties were not the result of accident but of a deliberate purpose. By this we do not mean that the Southern people were committed to these acts. In many cases their humanity compelled them, though in opposition to the authorities, to attempt the alleviation of the sufferings which they witnessed. When our wasted prisoners entered Wilmington, before the capture of that city, many of the citizens tried to supply them with food, but were kept from doing so by an armed force of rebel soldiers. In a letter written to General WRIGHT by Colonel OULD, March 17, 1863, the latter says:

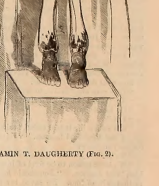
"The arrangements I have made (for exchanging prisoners) work largely in our favor. We get rid of a set of miserable wretches and receive some of the best material I ever saw."

HENRY S. FOOTE, the rebel Senator, offered to go before a court of justice and testify to the fact that a portion of the rebel Congress once visited MR. DAVIS to remonstrate against the treatment of Union prisoners, and the petition was refused by MR. DAVIS and his cabinet on the ground of policy merely. We have read in history of terrible cruelties inflicted upon the defenseless in revolutionary times. We understand how it was in the streets of Paris, when poor men had cried for bread in vain, and at length resorted to violence. There is some poor plea, too, for those, who, in the excitement of battle, cry "No quarter!" and slay their prisoners on the spot. But who ever heard before of men who called themselves Christians coolly and deliberately starving men to death for no other crime than that of fighting for their country? And yet MR. MITCHEL, the new editor of the *Daily News*, tells us that DAVIS has waged an honorable war, according to all the high usages of a Christian and civilized age.

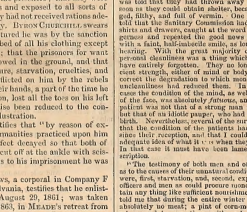
The rebellions of which history takes note have had various aspects. Rebel leaders have not always been instigators of arson and murder. There have been rebels who have even elicited the respect of honorable minds. But DAVIS and his fellows have chosen for themselves a blacker record. Not content to have been the cause of the most needless war ever waged, they have affiliated themselves with crimes which are revolting to every Christian civilization except that of the chivalrous, slave-holding South.



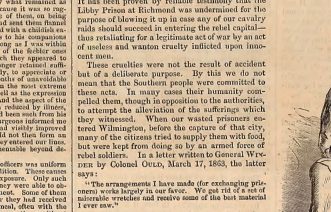
BENJAMIN T. DAUGHERTY (FIG. 2).



JOHN H. MATTHEWS,
CORPORAL COMPANY F, FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA.



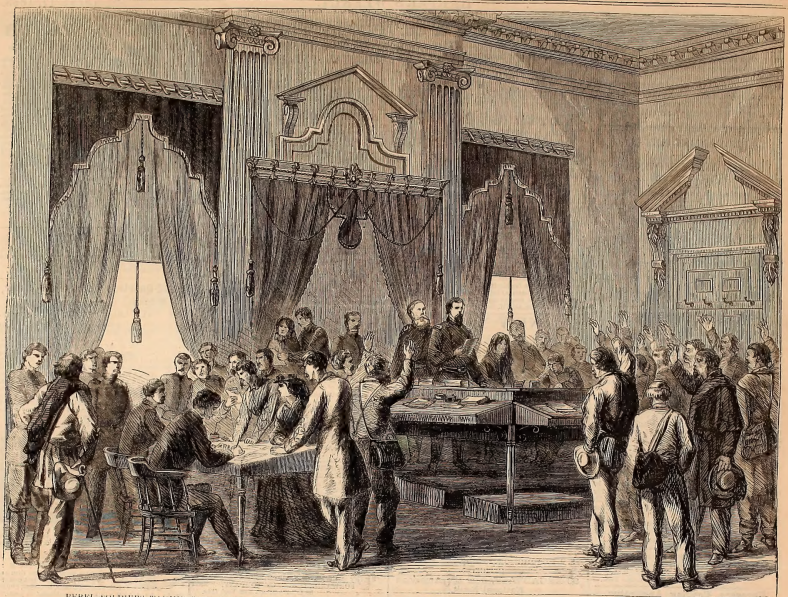
JOHN W. JANUARY, CORPORAL CO. B, FOURTH ILLINOIS.



CALVIN BATES (FIG. 1), CORPORAL CO. E, TWENTIETH MAINE.



CALVIN BATES (FIG. 2).

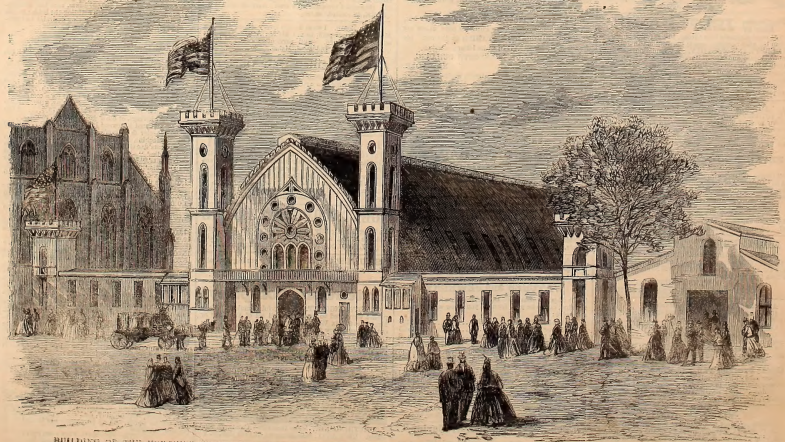


REBEL SOLDIERS TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE IN THE SENATE CHAMBER AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

THE SANITARY FAIR AT CHICAGO.

We publish on this page an illustration of the Sanitary Fair building at Chicago. The Fair was opened on Tuesday, May 30. Governor OGLESBY delivered an address upon the occasion, and T. BUCHANAN READ read a poem. It was a great day in Chicago. The streets were thronged with a long procession of people. Preparations have long been making for this event. It is intended that a portion of the proceeds of the Fair shall be devoted to the erection of a Soldiers' Home in Chicago.

It is estimated that there are 300,000 sick and wounded soldiers now in hospital all over the land. These will require months of careful treatment. It is evident, therefore, that the work of the Sanitary Commission is not yet fully accomplished. As this noble association followed our brave soldiers to the field so must they precede them as they return with their beneficent provisions. We notice that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH has contributed to the Fair at Chicago an exquisite painting by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE. He says: "I wish I were a millionaire that I might make a more valuable offering."



BUILDING OF THE NORTHWESTERN SANITARY COMMISSION AND SOLDIERS' HOME FAIR, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—[SKETCHED BY W. B. BAIRD.]

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

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Looking Around—now novel by A. S. Roe.....$1 50

Wylder's Hand—Sheridan Le Fanu's new novel..$1 75

Superior Fishing—Roosevelt's new sporting book...$3 00

Hogi Worthington—Mrs. Mary J. Holmes's new novel $1 50

Fairy Fingers—Mrs. Mowatt's capital new Novel...$1 75

St. Philips—new Novel, by author of "Rutledge"...$1 75

Mary Brandegee—splendid new "woman's novel". $1 75

All handsomely bound in cloth, and sent by mail, free, on receipt of price, by CARLETON, Publisher, New York.

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Cola Pocket Piece, size and imitation of a $2 gold coin, with portraits and sketches of Abraham Lincoln, the best ever seen, together with 50 United States Generals and Cabinet for sale, postpaid for 25 cts. and return mail and directed envelope. Importishable memento! Sales immense. Address J. B. Warrington, 61 Beekman St., N. Y.

"HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY?"—A most amusing Comic Song, 25c.
She went away a month to-day
Her absence grieves me greatly;
But that a strawberry mark upon her arm—
Oh! have you seen her lately?
"Sunlight within my Heart," 25c.; "Soldier's Happy Return," Mazourka, 25c.; "The Jersey Lovers" (comic), 25c., mailed. FREDERICK BLUME, 289 Bowery.

A LIFE FOR 25 CENTS.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY.

A perfect cure for these distressing complaints can be found in the use of Dr. J. Maegelin's Diarrhœa Elixir. For over 30 years of private practice they have been used with almost unvarying success, and are now for the first time given publicly to the world.

The price is low, and within the reach of all. Full directions accompany each box of the Diarrhœa Pills, and if followed closely a perfect cure can be guaranteed. A box will be sent to any address free on receipt of price.

Sold by all respectable Druggists throughout the United States and the Canadas, and the proprietor,

J. MAGGIEL, M.D.,
43 Fulton Street, New York.

Kerosene Cooking Apparatus.



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We furnish Illustrated Catalogue and Price List free on application, but you will save time by ordering a case of samples costing $20 00. In this way you will reap the full benefit of this season's trade. You can remit with the order, or we will ship C. O. D.

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Burlesque Life of **JEFF DAVIS!**

The most gloriously funny thing, just as full of humor as it can be, with numerous comic illustrations, in July No. of MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY. A splendid number with Improvement and new features. Price Fifteen cents per month, with GREENBACKS Prizes. Sold by newsmen or sent postpaid for 25 cents, 3 months, **30** cents. No free copies. HANEY & CO., 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

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NO CURE NO PAY.

To those afflicted with the above diseases, and wishing to be relieved: Address for further particulars Post-Office Box 314, Troy, New York.

"Cryptography" or Secret Writing.

How to write Secret Letters. Magic Inks, "Cyphers," &c. Full explan. just issued. Price 30 cts. Mailed scaled. ALEXANDER, Hinsdale, N. H.

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The Secret Patent Corset. Whalebone used instead of steel. This is the simplest and most durable article in this Corset line ever offered. Will be sent by express. Prices from $9 00 to $10 00.

HOWES & SHEPHERD,
907 Broadway, corner Twenty-first St., N. Y.

At wholesale Prices, sent by mail free:
7000 Gold, Bell, or fancy colored envelopes.. $4 00
500 white laid, thick envelopes 2 00
One Box Gilt pens, fine point, cold, complete..... 1 00
One box (320) white lace billet envelopes..... 1 25
Sample send 10 cts.
H. C. STEAHLEN, 37 Cortland St., N. Y., Wholesale Dealer in Paper, and Manufacturer of Envelopes.

Great Freckle, Tan, and Pimple Banisher.

Now ready and for sale. It beats the world. Try it. Warranted. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00.

Address THE BLOOMINGTON HAIR CURLING COMPANY, Box 5251, New York Post-Office.

YOUNG MAN,

Would you sport a fine beard or mustache? If so, use The Prussian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Vilie of Paris, which is warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address

S. S. CHASE,
P. O. Drawer 359, Cohoes, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETTS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, &c.

Worth $500,000

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular, containing full list and particulars; also terms to agents, which will be most liberal. Every Regiment and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
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Printing Office for $15

Every Man his own Printer.

CHEAPEST AND BEST. Price of Presses, $10, $15, $23, and $40. Price of Cards, Free, $1.50, $2.50, $3.50, $4.50, $45, and $71. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS COMPANY, 31 Wooster Street, New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Cosmetic will force them to grow heavily on the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, free. Circulars free. Receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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Capital ..... $1,500,000.

SEVEN THOUSAND SHARES IN THE TREASURY.

TWO THOUSAND SHARES

To be sold for working capital.

Price, $35 per Share,

Until the first day of June next, when the advance will be to

$40 per Share,

And July 1st to

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Full paid and no individual liability. We have one of the richest mines in

NEVADA.

The Company is organized under the New York General Law, with a good Board of Trustees of business men.

Our Machinery is Engaged,

And will soon be upon the ground. We believe that we offer one of the best opportunities for investment, where capital will be safe and profits large.

We expect that dividends will be at first as per with a year, and making dividends of from 2 to 5 per cent. per month in Gold. Send for letter to the Office of the Company—to R. W. E. FREEMAN, Esq., Cashier of the Atlantic Bank, 142 Broadway, or Messrs. J. & W. SELIGMAN & Co.,

THOMAS SPROULL, President.
S. R. HUTCHINSON, Secretary.
OFFICE:
80 BROADWAY, over the American National Bank.

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Contiveness, Diarrhœa.

They are taken up by the abandoned and carried into the circulation, through which medium they are conveyed to every part of the body.

If the pain affects the joints a single dose produces remarkable benefit. And the same rule applies to contiveness, diarrhœa, and dysentery; though with the last-named they require to be followed up with a dose or two before decided relief is obtained. In affections of the lungs, throat, head, and pleurisy, the relief is certain; the excretory organs throw off an immense phlegm, and the breathing and respiration free. Spasmodic asthma is often cured by a single dose.

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The most efficient dye in use—a simple application produces any shade of color desired. It is not a beautiful black dependent on the number of applications, producing a permanent and natural color, which is beautiful, safety, and glossy appearance. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, P. O. Box 1,757, Troy, N. Y.

$1. CARD PHOTOGRAPHS. $1.

3000 Styles. Inclose 25 cents and 3 red stamps for sample card and catalogue. Address

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"How 'tis Done." Whiskers in 6 wks. Gumbling exposed. Female hair-killing. Freckles, &c. Sent free. Great secrets. Free for 10c. Address Hunter & Co., Hinsdale, N.H.

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of WATCHES and JEWELRY,

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive:

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches ..... each $125
500 Silver Watches..... each 20 to 55
10,000 Gold and Silver Chains..... each 5 to 75

And a large assortment of Jewelry of every description for ladies and gents' wear, varying in value from $3 to $25 each. The method of disposing of these goods at *One Dollar* each is as follows:

Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in envelopes and well mixed. Each of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2.

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Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into ringlets or regular waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1 00. Address THE HENDERSON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
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I have now the REGULATION BADGE for every Corps and Division in the Army and Navy; also Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Pontoniers, and Musicians.

AGENTS WANTED. Now is your time. Every officer and soldier will want a Badge of some kind for his Regular Corps. I will send a sample (pure silver coin), with your name, regiment, and company handsomely engraved thereon, on the receipt of $1.50 (except the 15th Corps, which is $2), and will also give a Genuine 16-carat Gold Pen for either Division or Corps on the receipt of $3 or $5 (two sizes).

I have a new Gen. Sherman Medal, giving a true likeness of him on one side, and a representation of the 14th, 15th, 17th, and 20th Corps on the other, suspended by the American Eagle. Sent by mail, in a simple or fine case, on receipt of 50 cents; solid silver, $3. Also a Gen. Custer Medal, beautifully executed. Same size and price. I will send a sample for 50 cents.

The NEW MEMORIAL MEDAL of our late President, with his true likeness on one side, and on the opposite the Head of Liberty, with the Declaration of Inauguration, and of his Death, I will send on the receipt of 50 cents. There is no person in the United States who will not wish to wear as a keepsake.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Together with the Principal Sermons Preached in Boston the week following. Illustrated.

This book is beautifully printed on fine tinted paper, and neatly bound in cloth and gilt. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of Price, $2.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

Jewelry certificates sent for 10 cents. Address FORWARDING AGENCY COMPANY,
Box 5,000, Times Building, New York City.

SEAMLESS FELT SADDLE-CLOTHS.

Approved by Generals Grant, Meigs, Ingalls, Hooker, Schofield, and others. NICHOLS & WOMPKINS, Newark, N. J.

Given Away.

How to raise Whiskers in six weeks. How to curl the hair in six minutes. Instructions sent free. Address B. H. WILLIS, 94 Nassau Street, New York.

$125 a Month. Agents wanted every where to introduce a new and useful Family Sewing Machine. Stitches, the only low price machine in the country which is licensed. Address Wilson, Wheeler & Wilson, Hiram, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All other machines now sold for less than forty dollars are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to fine and imprisonment. Send stamp for full and large commission, salaried, illustrated circulars sent free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

$70 a Month. I want agents every where, at $70 a Month, expensis paid, to sell Fifteen Articles, the best selling ones ever known. Sample outfit free. Address OTIS T. GAREY, Biddeford, Maine.

The Brazilian Hair Curler.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address

CLARK, HIDDEN & CO., Auburn, N. Y.

Shults' Unguent warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$1. WHISKERS. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without injury to the skin. Will refund the money if it fails, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

AGENTS, COME and EXAMINE

An Invention urgently needed by every body, or samples sent free by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address P. O. Box 5,506, New York.

R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 119 Chatham Square, N. Y.

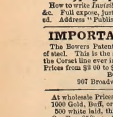
SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail $1. Warranted.

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Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Mustache in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Unguent according to directions and failing to produce the result as represented (by informing me of the fact, can have their money returned them at any time within 3 months from the purchase of packet). Sent, sealed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money. Address

A. C. CLARK,
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JUST OUT—A splendid mourning Picture of A. Lincoln, printed with tint on a sheet 19×24. A copy will be sent post free on receipt of 50 cts. A liberal discount to dealers. Send to JOHN GIBSON, 39 Beekman St., N. Y

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An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The same of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing an exact imitation of 18-carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are as beautiful and durable as solid gold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully decorated in the most artistic manner, with polished engine pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Levers, and has each regulator and dust-hole, and so exact an imitation of gold as to defy detection. The movements is manufactured by the well-known St. Jimer Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having engraved plates, fancy wheel cutting, adjusting regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jeweled action, patent lever, and shatchen bonds, and is warranted a good time-keeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are for hunting cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or express for $25. A single one sent in an elegant morocco case for $35. Will readily sell for three times their cost. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our trade-mark.

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FREE TO ALL.

Citizens, Soldiers, Everybody, should send their address, and receive a large illustrated Paper containing with the choicest literature of the day. SENT GRATIS.

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Head-Quarters for Army, Navy, Memorial, and Masonic Badges.

B. T. HAYWARD, 208 Broadway, New York.

Will send the Regulation Badge for any Division or other Corps or Div. in the army, on the receipt of $1 50 (except the 15th, which is $2). Also, I will send the new MEMORIAL MEDALLION of our late PRESIDENT, giving the date of his birth, 1st and 2d inauguration, and of his death, on the receipt of 50 cents. Also, the Richmond Medal, giving the date of its capture, and a true likeness of General Grant. Also, a Medal, with the likeness of Gen. Sherman on one side, and a representation of the 14th, 15th, 17th, and 20th Corps on the other. Also, one of Gen. Hancock. All of the Medals are suspended by the American Eagle, and will be sent on the receipt of 50 cents. Agents wanted every where. Send for my 50 cent order and my illustrated circular to agents.

B. T. HAYWARD, 208 Broadway, New York.

DR. HARRISON'S
PERISTALTIC LOZENGES
A POSITIVE CURE FOR
COSTIVENESS PILES
DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHE
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Produce immediate relief, and never require increase of dose to effect a cure. Will be mailed by inclosing the price 60 cts. per box. J. S. HARRISON & CO., Proprietors, Boston.

DR. GLOVER'S LEVER TRUSS retains rupture more than any other. It gives perfect ease and comfort. Elastic stockings, belts, bandages, crutches, &c. No. 4 ANN STREET. Established 30 years.

Here's a Present for All!!!

Great Bona-fide Gift Distribution.

$100,000 IN SUBSTANTIAL GIFTS.

100,000 Boxes Steel Pens! 100,000 Free Gifts!

$100,000 worth of Presents!

Each purchaser, besides receiving STEL value for his money, will receive a Gift of corresponding value, worth from 50 cents to $5000 00.

The object of the Company, in order to introduce their *superior steel pens* to the public in the shortest possible time, will offer the following Gifts, as an inducement:

We will sell at retail 100,000 boxes, each box containing one dozen pens, and certificates will be folded in one share in the allotment of the following desirable and substantial gifts:

LIST OF GIFTS.

100 Acres Land in Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., in the immediate vicinity of Petroleum Wells	$5,000
100 Acres Pine and Hemlock timber Land on Lake Champlain, Clinton Co., N. Y.	2,500
5 U. S. 7 3-10th Coupon Bonds, $500 each	2,500
10 " " " $100 each	1,000
10 " " " $50 each	500
50 Orders on a first-class city Piano, of a complete suit of Fashionable Clothing, $100	5,000
50 Ladies' Gold Hunting-Case Watches, $75	3,750
5 Chickerings, or other good makers', rosewood concert grand Piano-fortes, $1,000	5,000
50 Wheeler & Wilson's double-stitch Sewing Machines, $80	4,000
30 Gents' fine Gold Hunting-Case Watches, $100	3,000
50 Ladies' " " " $50	2,500
50 Gents' " silver " $40	2,000
50 Ladies' " " " $25	1,250
do. do., small, $7	1,750
1,000 Sets fine Gold Jewelry, pearl, coral and Enamel rings, $15	15,000
1,000 Gold Lockets and Rings, $10	10,000
1,000 Pairs Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Silver Sleeve Buttons	2,000
1,000 Sets Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Stone Studs	5,000
1,000 Photographic Albums, $2.50	2,500
1,000 Photographic Albums, suitable to Soldier's boy size, 50 cents	500
15,000 Packages Assorted Stationery, 50 cents	7,500
5,000 Fine Brier-wood Pipes (our own importation), 75 cents	3,750
10,000 Sets Pearl and Ivory Sleeve Buttons, 50 cts.	5,000
10,000 Sets Gilt Studs, Buttons, &c., 50 cents	5,000
4,000 Photographic Portraits of President Lincoln and Staff, 50 cents	2,000
	3,264

The allotment will be conducted in the most honorable and upright manner. Every holder of a certificate will receive a present of not less than 50 cents to $5000. We guarantee a present to every purchaser. We have given no pains to distribute every article in the list, so that no one can complain of unfair allotment, as they are goods that can be bought elsewhere for the same money, and will stand good in any market. Every one has a present, for either of the following kinds:

No. 1. The People's Pen Co.'s Gold Pen; No. 2. The People's Pen Co.'s Popular Pen, same as Gillotte 303; No. 3. The People's Pen Co.'s Ladies' Pen, Extra Fine.

By mail free to any address on receipt of price. The distribution will commence when 30,000 pens are sold. Each share so confidently expect will be within 30 days. We can refer to parties of standing in this and other cities. We take no responsibility, &c., &c. The certificate to be sold at 10 cents each, and if not disposed of to be given away.

Address THE PEOPLE'S PEN COMPANY,
Business Office, 62 William Street, New York.
P. O. Box 5,643, NEWYORK.

Parties out of the city seeking information must inclose stamps for return postage.

Uncurrent States
7.30 LOAN.

THIRD SERIES,
$230,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

7.30 LOAN.

These notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per Cent. GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These Bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value, according to the rate levied upon other property.* The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7.30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a $50 note.
Two cents per day on a $100 note.
Ten cents per day on a $500 note.
Twenty cts. per day on a $1000 note.
One dollar per day on a $5000 note.

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscription.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of seven and three-tenths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-Thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously thereafter.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment in gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the Seven-Thirties.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be availed of, would so much increase the value of the principal, that persons with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

The Only Loan in Market

Now offered by the Government; and its superior advantages make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $280,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
No. 114 South Third Street,
MAY 15, 1865. PHILADELPHIA.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to their extensive PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we are Headquarters for following specialties:

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS
Assortment and variety unsurpassed, including War Scenes! American Scenery, Groups, Statuary, Copies of Celebrated Paintings, etc., etc., Enlarging Stereoscope, for public exhibitions. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS,
We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we claim that they are the best and cheapest. Send for catalogue (a price from 50 cents to $40 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

LIST OF CARD PHOTOGRAPHS,
Our Catalogue contains over 1,000 STANDARD different subjects to which additions are continually being made; of Portraits of Eminent Americans, viz., six sizes;
Statesmen, 38 Mayors, 10 Governors, 32 Generals,
28 Rev. Generals, 100 Other Officers, 122 Divines
Authors, 40 Poets, 30 Actors, 20 Actresses,
40 Artists, 8 Musicians, 20 Prominent Women,
8,000 Copies of Works of Art,
including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp. Any of the above sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. Albums will be filled at the rate of $4.00 for each 100 by mail, postage paid.

Photographers and others ordering goods C. O. D. will please remit twenty-five per cent. of the amount with their order.

The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

Soldiers' Pocket Albums for 18 Pictures, 75 cents.
24 Pictures, $1.00.

To Beautify the Complexion,
USE SANFORD'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL.

The "Enamel" will remove the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Sunburn, in from four to five days. It whitens the skin supernaturally, and renders a beautiful and transparent appearance to the face, which is perfectly harmless. Sent by mail, prepaid, for $1. Address E. L. SANFORD,
Lamingburgh, N. Y.

$8 OFFICER'S $10 WATCH.

Our whole stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Quick Balance Bridge, *English Fusk Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Barrel, Steel Hands, and Fine Enamel Dial. This Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, one Spring, and a Gent's HANDSOME Vest Chain and a beautiful MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET, to match, with Double Cases, Dial, and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $10.

A NEAT DRESS WATCH, especially adapted for use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, &c., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket*, etc. Sent by mail to any part of the army or country for only $8.

The Imperial Watch.

Containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combined within the case and attached to its machinery is beautiful and *correct working* TIMEKEEPER, an accurate and reliable Watch, Compass, Miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STEM, HEAT, AND TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful Engraving of this Watch will be enclosed in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring* IN LINE Cases (the outer case of fine GOLD PLATE), and Locket, case of *Solid Gold Composites*, Richly Engraved Top and Back, *with Fine Key to wind and set the Watch*. Also *Genuine English Improved Jeweled Action*, M. J. Tobias Movements, Polished Pillars, Compensation Bal. Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of a $70 watch, and used by the ROYAL HOUSEHOLD and *Officers* of the BRITISH ARMY, as their standard timekeeper. Many gentlemen useless bearing our private trade-mark. Price per single one, all complete, by express or mail to any part of the country, $10. CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
No. 16 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

PLAYING CARDS.

The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest card made, and suit the popular idea. The suits are Shield, Harp, Star, and Eagle, and Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Knave.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Ask your dealer for them, and send direct-case, and then in dozen boxes for the trade.

In order that they may have a chance to try them, we sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of $3. Address

AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

The Great New England Remedy.



Dr. J. W. Poland's White Pine Compound has been used with wonderful success throughout the New England states to be the best medicine for Throat and Pulmonary Complaints and all Kidney complaints.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Throat, Coughs, Colds, Dysphonia, Influenza, Croup, Bronchitis, Spit-

ting of Blood, and Pulmonary Consumption, if used early. It is a remarkable remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficult Urination, Weak Kidneys, Pain in the Back, Disease of Bladder, Gravel, Dyspepsia, &c., &c., &c. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found an infallible remedy.



In most cases one bottle will effect a cure. Give it a trial.

BURNHAMS & VAN SCHAAK, Proprietors. For sale by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle. Send for circular.

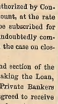
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio, Wholesale Agent for Northwestern States.

Sold by all Druggists.

TO THE LADIES.

Use PERRY'S Moth and Freckle Lotion, which is an once prompt, infallible, and harmless. Prepared only by DR. C. B. PERRY, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle. Send for circular.

MERWIN & BRAY FIRE-ARMS CO.'S
Belt and Pocket Size Cartridge Revolvers.



The *Britannia* size weighs 22 oz., and carries a ball 45-100 calibre (Colt's Navy),

and can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition. The *Pocket* size weighs 12 oz., and carries a ball 30-100 calibre (same as Deringer).

These Pistols are loaded and discharged with only four motions—as quickly as the ordinary six-shooter can be moved. *The arm. A full round may be loaded and discharged in thirty seconds.* These arms have been adopted and are used by the U. S. Revenue Service. Testimonials of their efficiency may be seen at our office. Orders for arms will also from civilians. Printed circulars (with illustrated cuts), showing the arms, sent to any address. Price list on application.

MERWIN & BRAY are also sole proprietors of the Ballard Breech-Loading Sporting and Rifle Guns, of which we need no comment. Their high character for Military and Sporting purposes is well known to Sportsmen and Public. It is only to know where they may be *purchased*. These Rifles were used by Captain Ballard in the Creedmoor Match, and, in addition to the Parkin, under orders of the U. S. Government, were the only Rifles used in the Match. Those of Kentucky have shoot Twenty Thousand (20,000) now in active the service of the United States Government, and are sold by Wholesale and Retail Dealers generally.

Address orders and letters to MERWIN & BRAY,
No. 393 Broadway, New York.

P.S.—IMPORTANT.—These Rifles can be used with either fixed or loose ammunition.

FREE TO EVERY BODY.

Any body sending their address will receive by return mail a sample copy of the Scientific American, free of charge. Sure to please all. Address

MUNN & COMPANY, 128 Fulton St., New York.

Great Closing Sale!!

$650,000 WORTH of Watches, Chains, and Fine Jewelry, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not one article of which you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1. Then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for $1. Certificates will be sent by mail, post-paid, on Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six Certificates will be sent for $1. Twenty-one for $3. One Hundred for $15. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Circulars containing full list and particulars mailed free. Address

UNION JEWELERY ASSOCIATION,
P.O., Drawer 12. 265 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

Important Announcement.

GREAT SALE of WATCHES, CHAINS, DIAMOND RINGS, &C. One Million Dollars Worth!

TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH
Without regard to value! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Musical Boxes, each		$10 to $150
150	with Bells and Cattinets	200 to 500
500 Silver Tea and Coffee Urns		20 to 75
1500	Chafing Dishes	30 to 100
1500	Castors	20 to 45
3500	Syrup Cups with Silvers	10 to 50
3500	Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 to 50
3500	Castors	15 to 50
3500	Fruit Knife, Card and Cake Baskets	10 to 50
5000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons, per dozen	10 to 30
5000	" Table Spoons and forks, per dozen	20 to 40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 to 150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enamled Hunting-Case Watches	35 to 70
500	Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	35 to 70
500	Diamond Rings	50 to 100
6,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 to 10
6,000	Pairs Gold Band Bracelets	4 to 10
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 to 10
5,000	Chinaline Bracelets and Guard Chains	4 to 10
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 to 10
6,000	Coral, Opal, Nose Gemmine Rings	4 to 8
6,000	Mosaic, 9ct, Lava, and Florentine Ear Rings, per pair	4 to 8
7,500	Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 to 8
4,000	California Diamond Ear Drops	4 to 8
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 to 5
4,000	Gold and Vest Ribbon Guards	3 to 5
15,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 to 5
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	4 to 8
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 to 10
4,000	" Magic Spring	10 to 20
6,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c.	3 to 5
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 to 10
5,000	Plain Gold Bands	4 to 10
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 to 5
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 to 15
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Cameo, Pearl, Opal, and other stones	4 to 15
10,000	Gold Pens and Pencils	2 to 5
	Gold and Pencils	4 to 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	4 to 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 to 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Pins	3 to 5
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Rolls	5 to 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Commission Merchants' Agents, No. 107 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be sold for One Dollar Each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for some of the largest English Manufacturers, have received upon a *Great Gift Appointment* to be divided amongst the purchasers.

Certificates of the various articles are first printed, and immediately after the order is received, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing to the purchaser the nature of the certificate you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the certificates, post-paid envelope, and doing the business. 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $20.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining a valuable watch, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 107 Broadway, New York.—*Evening Express*, May 10, 1865.

We have inspected at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for Great Manufacturing Jewelers, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest designs. We also noticed a large quantity of silver ware, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of in a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We have been assured that this is a very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and therefore we have much pleasure in recommending it.—*N. Y. Advisor, Sept. 5, 1864.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co., the arrangement the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has every chance to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Evening Mail*, Aug. 6, 1864.

DELIGHTFUL OFFER FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in the business, not only in filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold certificates, as she has in every case given entire satisfaction. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*N. Y. Evening Express*, May 10, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Concert, offering watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we have received several such concerts advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded what might reasonably be looked for at cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very costly specimens of Dubie and Tan Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' chains, Pins, Bracelets etc., which have been sent by Arrandale & Co. to their place for $1 each.—*Anglican Reporter, N. Y. Star*, Feb. 18, 1865.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will find it to their interest to call at the office named by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar, when they will receive 25 cents for every hundred sale, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
No. 107 Broadway, New York.

PRINTERS' AND BINDERS' WAREHOUSE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS manufacture TYPE-REVOLVING Double and Single Cylinder Printing Machines.

Bed and Platen Power Presses,
FOR
Book, Job, and Card Printing.
STEAM ENGINES, HYDRAULIC PRESSES with wrought-iron cylinders, Standing Presses of various kinds, Chases, Furniture, Cases, Stands, Brass Rule, Composing Sticks, and every article connected with the Art of Letterpress, Copperplate and Lithographic Printing, Bookbinding, Stereotyping, and Electrotyping, always on hand, or furnished at short notice.

They would also call attention of Publishers of Newspapers to their New

RAILWAY NEWSPAPER PRESS,
AND TUBS.
SINGLE LARGE CYLINDER
Hand Printing Machine,

Either of which is especially designed to supply Newspapers of moderate circulation with a cheap, plain, and expeditious Printing Machine, capable of doing also the ordinary Job work of an out of town office. The speed required to run exclusively by hand, at a speed of 700 or 800 per hour, and at this rate will run without any perceptible jar. A new CATALOGUE, containing cuts and descriptions of many new Machines not before offered, in their book, with information, is now in press, and will be completed will be sent to any of the craft who will furnish their address.

R. HOE & CO.,
New York and Boston, Mass.

Publishers of Newspapers are at liberty to insert this advertisement, displayed as above, three times in their monthly paper, and this *notice* at any time during the next six months, but not later, provided they purchase type or material of our manufacture for *four times the amount of their bill*, which will be allowed in settlement of core, on receipt of a copy of their paper containing the advertisement. May 16th, 1865.

EMPLOYMENT AT YOUR OWN HOMES.—Those of both sexes can realize a hundred dollars weekly. No unsmall business. Capital not required. We furnish all that's profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the best opportunity now offered. Full particulars and a sample of true stamps for return postage. Address C. HUNDLEY & CO., No. 74 Bleecker Street, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by the Union Armies, can be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 63 Broadway. Suttes charged low rates.

UPHAM'S PURPLE BANISHER
Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles,
Tan, and is also effective in removing all other complexion. No toilet is complete without it. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by E. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN
Colors the Hair, Whiskers, and Mustache
a beautiful and natural shade. *Directions of only one preparation.* Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address, for 75 cents, by E. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES' LETTER.

Five Anatomical Engravings.
Has Hitherto never been published.
By an Experienced Nurse and Female Physician.
Sent free in a Sealed Envelope, for 25 cents.
Address MRS. DR. KEWLER, Brooklyn P. O., N. Y.

PORTABLE
PRINTING OFFICES

FOR MERCHANTS, Druggists, Hospitals, small Job Printers, &c. &c., see ADAMS PRESS CO., 38 AND 38, New York. Specimen Sheet and Types, 25 cts. Stamps.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER.

At wholesale prices, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the money.

1000 buff letter envelopes, extra thick	$4 00
500 white wove envelopes, double thick	2 00
One ream super thick cream note paper	2 00
One box (500) new style opaque envelopes	2 00
The same with printed business card	2 00

Samples sent if requested.

BANKER, LAW & BUSINESS Envelope Manufactories, 36 Beekman Street, New York.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."—Richard Cobden, the Corn Law Repealer; Sir Mrs. Dr. Livingstone, the Famous Zulus: A Raffle Witch Doctor, and the Assassin of the President, with Portraits. How to treat the Conquered Rebels.—"Reverdy Johnson."—"Jefferson Davis Examined; The Beard; Beauty on a Horse; "Signs of Character;" Soul Life and Body Life; Contrasts as it should be—In the Phrenological Journal for June. Only 20 cents by first post—Newmen have it. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y. All six Illustrated Nos. from Jan. to June sent for $1.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE, 1865.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $4 00
An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or Twenty for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $6 00.

The Publishers will accept a limited number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following rates: Each insertion of a Page, $60 each, or, if a half page, $35; whole page, $250. The circulation of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is believed to be larger than that of any similar publication in the world.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation over 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year 4 00
One Copy for Three Months 1 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or Twenty for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of HARPER'S WEEKLY for the Year 1864, with over 1000 Illustrations. 375 pages, 4to, substantially bound in Cloth, $3 00 per Vol.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar* per Line for inside, and *One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for outside Advertisements each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.



UNCLE SAM. "I've called for that little TOM, MR. PHILLIPS."
WENDELL PHILLIPS. "I don't think you have read my speech. Haven't you heard I've repudiated unless you will do as I say?"

Robinson & Ogden,
BANKERS,
AND DEALERS IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 4 Broad Street,
(Two Doors from Wall,)
New York.

Collections made, with quick returns.
Interest allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
Orders received for the Purchase or Sale of Stocks,
Bonds and Gold will receive our PERSONAL attention.
ROBINSON & OGDEN,
Bankers.

FISK & HATCH.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
(Commercial Bank Building, near Wall Street.)

SCHUYLER, HARTLEY, GRAHAM & CO.,
DEALERS IN FIRE-ARMS, AND MILITARY AND FANCY GOODS,
BREECH-LOADING REVOLVERS, RIFLES, AND SPORTING GUNS.
AMMUNITION TO CORRESPOND.
19 MAIDEN LANE and 23 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

Great Imperial Watch.
See Cately Brothers' Advertisement on page 383.



POLLAK & SON Meerschaum Manufacturers, 603 Broadway near 4th St., N. Y., wholesale and retail at reduced rates. Pipes and Holders cut to order and repaired. All goods warranted genuine. Send stamp for Circular. Pipes $6 to $80 each.

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Fredericksburg,	City Point,	Fort Morgan,
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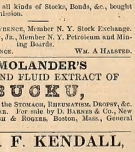
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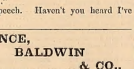
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State of Illinois.

The rapid development of Illinois, its steady increase in population and wealth, and its capacity to produce cheap food, are matters for wonder and admiration. The United States Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the product of the principal crops of Illinois for the present year as follows: Corn, 172,800,000 bushels; oats, 12,600,000 bushels; oil, 1,000,000 bushels; wheat, 16,000,000 bushels; potatoes, 3,000,000 bushels; hay, 1,000,000 tons; and tobacco, 100,000,000 pounds. The number of bushels of wheat, the tons of hay, and the bushels of potatoes will be nearly more than one-fourth of the corn, more than one-fifth of the wheat, and almost one-seventh of the oats produced in all the United States.

Grain—Stock Raising.

For eminently the best in the list of grain exporting States, Illinois is now, and will for the present retain the position of the largest producer of corn, and is the second in the important interests of pork packing, prairies are well adapted by nature to the raising of cattle, sheep, horses and mules, and the unequaled facilities for reaching the best markets with the products of the farm, no other State can offer greater inducements for raising stock. The Illinois Central Railroad Company has sold 1,500,000 acres, or more than one-fourth of the whole quantity of land granted to the State, and during the last year 264,421 acres—a larger aggregate of sales than in any one year since the opening of the road. The farms are not in tracts of forty or fifty acres, suited to the settler with limited capital, but are sold in large bodies, at low prices, on long credit and stock raisers. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility; the climate is healthy; water pure and abundant; timber and stone are accessible in all parts of the State, and intersected with all the great markets it make easy through railroads, canals and rivers.

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The price of lands varies from $8 to $15 and upwards per acre, and they are sold on short credit, or for cash. A deduction of ten per cent. from the short credit price is made to those who buy for cash.

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	INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.		INTEREST.	PRINCIPAL.
Cash Payment.....	$24 00	$100 00	Payment in two years.....	12 00	100 00
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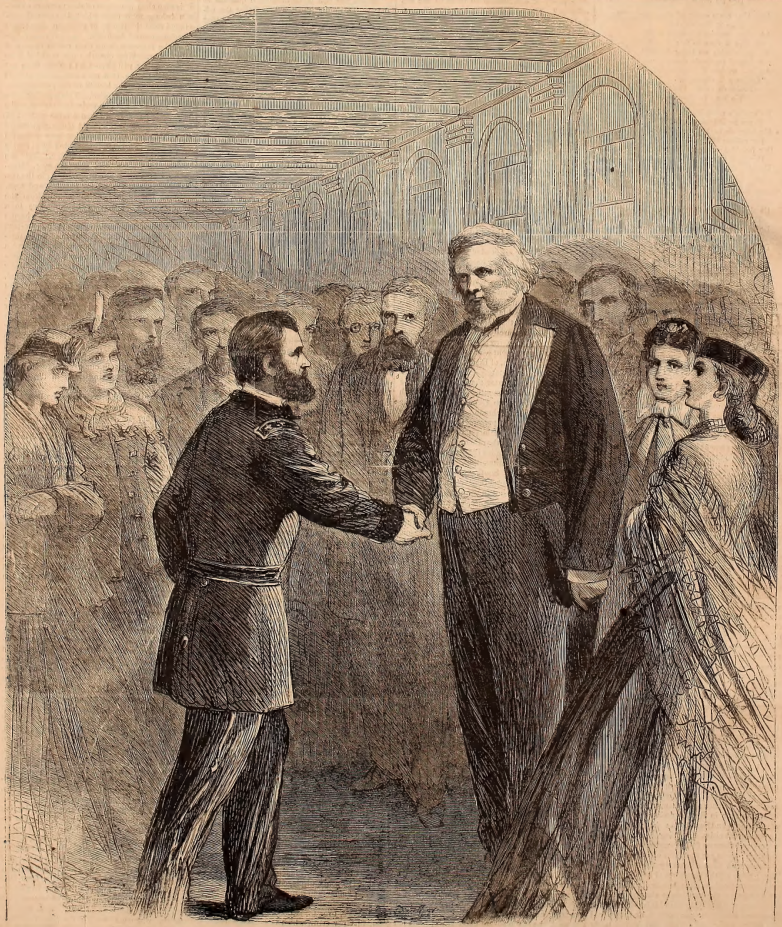
LAND COMMISSIONER, Illinois Central R. R. Co., Chicago, Illinois.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 443.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT VISITING GENERAL SCOTT AT COZZENS'S HOTEL, WEST POINT, JUNE 8, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 390.]

THE FREEDMAN'S SONG.

De Lord, He make us free indeed
In His own time an' way;
We plant de rice an' cotton seed,
An' see de sprout some day:
We know it come, but not de why—
De Lord know more dan we;
We 'spected freedom by-an'-by,
An' now we all are free.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
For now we all are free.

De North is on de side of right,
An' full of men, day say;
An' dere, when poor man work, at night
He sure to get his pay;
De Lord, He glad dey are so good,
An' make dem dery strong;
An' when dey called to give dere blood
Dey all come right along.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
Dey all come right along.

Dey blue coats cover all de ground,
An' make it like de sky:
An' dery grayback loafing roun'
He tink it time to fly:
We not afraid; we bring de child
An' stan' beside de door,
An' ob! we hug it very wild,
An' keep it evermore.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
We keep it evermore.

De master's come back from his tramp,
'Years he is broken quite:
He takes de basket to de camp
For rations every night;
Dey fought him when he had and strong,
Dey feed him when he low,
Dey say dey will forgive de wrong
And bid him 'pent and go.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
Dey bid him 'pent and go.

De rice is higher far dis year,
De cotton taller grow;
De lowest corn-silk on de ear
Is higher than de hoe;
De Lord He lift up every ting
'Cept rebel in his grave;
De people bress de Lord an' sing
He is no longer slave.
Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord!
De negro no more slave.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1865.

THE PRESENT PERIL.

It took seventy-five years to teach this country that fire will burn. Against the instincts of the human heart, against the dictates of common sense, against reason and all experience we insisted upon yielding every thing to Slavery in a free Government, until Slavery took the Government by the throat, and only by the most prolonged and desperate struggle was thrown off. In like manner, against all reason and experience which assured us that sovereignty is one and can not be divided, that a nation can be injured in no part without suffering every where, that the law of life in communities is like that in individuals, we allowed the mischievous Kentucky and Virginia resolutions to remain as a vague apology for treason, instead of seeing that where such resolutions could be adopted and defended there was the utmost necessity of a solemn national renunciation of them by a constitutional amendment forever settling the question. Sufferance made treason insolent; servility made it strong; until the authority of the State struck at the national supremacy, and only by flooding every Southern stone with blood, and hosting our children with debt, was the national authority restored.

Have we yet learned that the spirit of Slavery, which to actually buy and sells human beings like cattle, or despises and outrages them as pariahs, is the spirit of eternal war; and that the doctrine of State Sovereignty, whether it "nullify calls a negro's patent, or a civil engineer's division of land, a nation, or asserts the reserved rights of States, means, substantially, treason? It would be ludicrous, if it were not too sad, to see those who are still stunned by the war doubting whether the men who excited and conducted it can possibly be capable of any naughty action. There are the horrible pens of Millen and Andersonville; the unimaginable suffering inflicted upon innocent men there; the cold-blooded slaughters of Fort Pillow and Lawrence; the hangings and tortures of Union men in East Tennessee, in Texas, in all the South and Southwest; there are the plots to burn great cities, the firing of hotels and museums and theatres full of innocent women and children: there are the plans of infecting whole districts with fatal disease by the yellow-fever rags; there are the massacres of helpless negroes in the streets; there is the murder of the President in a theatre; the murderous attempt upon the Secretary of State lying ill in his bed—and some good soul asks, "Do you really think they would be guilty of murder?" They may be politically mistaken, but do you seriously think they would do any thing unfair?"

Could we seriously think otherwise? How is it natural to suppose that those who breed children for sale, whose laws and social and industrial habits are designed to imbrute human beings, would wage war? Is it not by every foul and dishonorable means? Is it not by poison, by assassination, by massacre? Why should not savages be savage? JEFFERSON DAVIS was called "a high-toned Southern gentleman." Doubtless he was as much of a gentleman and as high-toned as any man bred in such a condition of things could be. But what his gentlemanhood and high tone were you discover when you read his speeches, in which Yankees are hyenas, and GRANT and SHERMAN are spaniels to be whipped. There were lovely and accomplished women in the Slave States; but when they spoke of slavery their bald barbarity dehumanized them. The blood chilled in the heart to hear their flippant or fiery talk. They were like the smooth-skinned wives and daughters of ogres in fairy tales.

Is it unkind to recall these things? Is it a poor policy of conciliation to recur to the old offenses? Oh no: they are not old offenses. This was the spirit of that society, and it is its spirit still. Can we wisely forget it? Can we make it otherwise by pretending not to know it? Are GUSTAVE A. SCHEPELER and JACOB THOMPSON and BEVERLY TUCKER and CLEMENT C. CLAY any the less criminal foes of the Government of this nation because they less failed to its fundamental doctrines, are less dangerous and dishonorable men, to be shunned in every way, and exposed to public obloquy and constant suspicion, because DAVID CREECY calls them only "distinguished Americans of the other party to our civil war?" ARE HUNTER, CAMPBELL, and STEPHENS any less dangerous because the same authority calls them "eminent Confederates?" Is the ostrich the model of a statesman? Are wolves mild and docile because you call them lambs?

The men who control Southern sentiment are baffled, they are not changed. They are beaten in the war—that is all. Are they less hostile? Do they confess that they had no right to make war? Do they believe that States are not sovereign? Do they acknowledge the equality of human rights? Do they hate Yankees any less because the Yankees have whipped them? The ladies of the rebel States, who are reduced from the luxury based upon the unpaid toil and unsold wrongs of human beings to gain a livelihood by mechanical labor or to receive Government rations—are they less bitter and mad than before? The beggared man, who live on charity and sneer with irrepressible hate at the "Federal" Government—are they changed at heart? Mayor MAYO, of Richmond, whom General PRENTISS MITCHELL—is he any safer citizen of the United States than when he was in active rebellion three months ago? The North Carolina planter whom Mr. SUMNER, CHURCH, Provost-Marshal at Richmond, told that he must not whip his slaves at present, but that a good time was coming—is he a type of the "distinguished American" who went to our civil war" who are to reorganize the late slave States? The Alabama delegation, the Mississippi Governor, BOYCE from South Carolina, BROWN from Georgia—are these the "eminent Confederates' with whom, shutting our eyes and minds, and pocketing common-sense, we are to fraternize in a restored Union? Are the Yankees bygones, do you say? And what by-gone do they forget? What dangerous dogma, what treasonable illusion do they give up now that they have renounced? The rebels carry the State election in Virginia. Are they to send representatives to Congress? A palpable charlatan like GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is hooted by a mob by the nose at Niagara. Are abler and wilier leaders than SANDERS incapable of hoodwinking more sagacious men than Mr. SUMNER?

This country needs as much watchful intelligence to save it now as it needed skillful military guidance to save it two years ago. The rebellion gives up the field, but does not give up the fight. The New York *World* asked two months ago, advising the rebels to submit, what can the President do, what terms can he make if they will only throw down their arms and return to the Union? That was to say to the rebels, as plainly as words could express it, "Claim your rights as States, and we will help you." SANDERS makes the same appeal from Canada, foolishly speaking above his breath and out of time.

Have we learned that fire will burn? Do we yet understand that the chief duty of the loyal people of the United States is to suffer the late slave States to be reorganized upon such terms as those people prescribe? Do we fully comprehend that the important point is not speedy reorganization, but sure reorganization? Is it true that we should, as in the case of Virginia should be governed as a territory for half a century rather than that she should be recognized as a State by the spirit of State Sovereignty and caste which produced the rebellion? Congress must decide the question. Let Congress, then, distinctly understand its opinion. Let every body speak out. We are in no danger of treating any body too severely. This country was never yet too severe upon any citizens but those who warned it of the danger of intrusting a free government to the hands of those who had no faith in its principles. We are not in danger of a bloodthirsty policy but of our old obsequious pusillanimity, and a sentimental sophistication in which the true character and relation of men and things at this juncture will be forgotten and the country plunged into new perils. Wise men will insist at every hazard that the lessons of experience shall be heeded, and that the peace and welfare of the country shall be secured by placing the political power of the reorganized States in the hands of those only, and all of those, who utterly repudiate State Sovereignty, and all civil distinction based upon color; for only such men only, are truly trustworthy citizens of the United States.

THE COTTON QUESTION.

GOLD is up again above 140, and many predict that it will pass 150 before the autumn; which means a further depreciation of the currency, higher prices for food, fuel, and clothing, and renewed financial embarrassment.

Efforts are still made in certain quarters to delude the public into the belief that the advance in gold is the work of speculators: that a few dozen Jews by combining together have succeeded in depreciating the currency five per cent. in a fortnight. But this balderdash deceives none but very ignorant people. It is now pretty generally understood that speculators can not control the price of gold than chips in a tideway can control the ebb and flow of the sea; that the premium rises and falls in obedience to immutable laws of political economy. Gold fell from 170 to 130 because the armies of the United States won victory after victory, and at last crushed the rebellion and restored confidence in public credit. It has risen from 130 to 140 on the purely commercial ground of the excess of our imports over our exports. We are consuming more foreign goods than we are exporting domestic produce, and to supply the deficiency we have been compelled to export, for the past month, about $2,000,000 of gold a week, which has diminished the supply in the market and increased the demand. In the darkest days of the war, when there was ground for apprehension that our last golden dollar might be carried from us to pay for tea, coffee, and foreign luxuries, far-seeing Dutchmen unconsciously carried us through by taking Five-Twenty Bonds. But this resource is no longer available. Bonds are coming home—at the rate of half a million to a million a week—instead of going out. And if the fall imports are to be heavy as the profitable spring trade foreshadowed, we must either export a great deal more gold, which will of course cause the premium to advance still further, or we must find something else to export.

What shall it be? The prospect is fair for a good harvest in England, and should it prove so, Europe will not expect to ship food enough to affect the rate of exchange. It takes a great many cargoes of wheat and corn to pay for one steamer-load of dry-goods or one shipload of silks. The suspension of specie in payments our exports of grain and flour have footed up very large amounts in a currency worth from 40 to 60 cents on the dollar; but it must be remembered that before the war an export of $50,000,000 of wheat, corn, and flour was considered enormous. And we see no reason for supposing that Europe will want more now than then.

It was confidently expected, when the war drew to a close, that our old staple—cotton—would loom up in great strength; that we should find it encumbering our wharves, filling our ships, paying our foreign debts, and drawing back gold with every bale. This pleasant vision, like so many, alas!—has proved a dream. Peace has been a fact for six weeks, and we are receiving no more cotton than we received the last year, when the Southern Confederacy seemed full of life. Yet the cotton is there, beyond doubt. After some time spent in a careful examination of evidence, and sifting of opinions, we can not estimate the present stock of cotton at the South at less than two million of bales. Texas alone must contain half a million, and a million more, two million bales. In many localities the cotton is unginned, the gin-house having got out of order when the proprietors were conscripted, or when they fled. Many of many the staple can not be moved for want of bagging. But while authorities vary in their estimates from 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 bales, all agree that the quantity on hand at the South is large—large enough to turn the balance of trade between the United States and Europe. Every Southern planter, during the long war, had a thought for himself or his family, planted some cotton, and hid it when picked, as something to build upon in the days to come. Every sea-board, every out-of-the-way shed, every dark pine-grove, every swamp, every recess which was likely to escape the prying eyes of the Yankees has been made to contain cotton. If the quantity thus hidden away, added to that which is openly displayed in stores and ginhouses, amounts to 2,000,000 bales, which is a moderate estimate, it would be worth, at present prices, over $400,000,000. If the price fell fifty per cent., which is not very likely, it would still be worth over $200,000,000—more than enough to bring exchange down, and force gold to a moderate premium.

The causes which prevent this cotton coming to market are threefold:

1. *Government Restrictions.*—At the outset, after the surrender of the rebel armies, when wholesale confiscation of cotton ceased, Government levied a tax of 25 per cent. on the value thereof, and assumed a monopoly of the right of purchase. This rule has since been somewhat modified. But still the trade in cotton is so far from free that sending cotton South to buy cotton is still classed in mercantile circles as an adventurous operation, much like blockade-running or taking rebels as a goldmine. Conservative houses will not embark capital in it.

2. *The Confiscation Act.*—No authoritative exposition of the policy of the Government in regard to the enforcement of this act has yet been made public. It is clear that the bulk of the cotton at the South is the property of individuals whose property of all kinds is forfeited to the United States Government, if that Government choose to enforce its confiscation. And it is also clear that most of these owners of cotton belong to a class which is expressly excluded from the benefit of President JOHNSON'S Proclamation of Amnesty. In their case, therefore, the motive to send their cotton to market is wanting. Why disturb their hoard if it be probable they will derive no benefit from it? If the cotton can not return before it can be sent to it market for the benefit of their conquerors.

3. *The Want of Capital.*—This is probably the great cause of the non-arrival of cotton at the ports. It has always taken a large amount of capital to move cotton. At times a stringent money-market in New York has always accounted for by Southern drafts upon this city to supply the money required for this purpose. Now, the amount needed must be larger than ever. Money can be paid to hired negroes to pick the cotton. Money is wanted for bagging and rope. It costs money to haul the cotton from the plantation, gin-house, or hiding-place to a steamboat landing. The steamboat charges more money than ever to carry it to a sea-port or distributing centre. A swarm of tax-gatherers want money before they will let it move a step. And to face all this the wretched planter has nothing resembling money but JEFF DAVIS's shinplasters, worth 6 cents a pound. In better times he got money from his factor at New Orleans, Mobile, or Savannah—sometimes, if he were a very smart man, from the banks or from his friends in New York. But where are the complaisant factors, or the liberal banks, or the Northern friends now? Alas! GRANT has swept them all away, and many a Southern planter, with cotton enough to make him almost rich, and to help our exchanges materially, is absolutely starving away in the Southwest.

Of these three obstructions to the movement of cotton Government can remove the first two. It can either enforce the confiscation act—in which case

son is resistance to the Government by war. But if war be waged upon a scale sufficiently large seriously to threaten the existence of the Government it ceases to be levying war upon the Government. Such reasoning answers itself. Surely Mr. SMITH does not think that the leaders of the Whisky Insurrection might have been justly punished for treason, while the Government has no rightful hold of DAVIS.

In quoting HALLAM upon the execution of CHARLES I. Mr. SMITH, Mr. SUMNER seems to forget that the illustration is not pertinent. There was no law precisely defining CHARLES's conduct as a capital crime, while DAVIS's has been carefully and minutely described in the fundamental law and the penalty unequivocally determined by statute. MACAULAY, in the very passage from which Mr. SMITH quotes, delivers all comparison of the cases by saying that neither by international nor municipal law was CHARLES a traitor. On the contrary, he says, "The power of CHARLES, it must be admitted, were technically guilty of treason. He might have sent them to the scaffold without violating any established principle of jurisprudence." Yet how could he have done this if the scope of the war had removed the liability of belligerents as traitors? MACAULAY's argument against the execution of CHARLES where ever he alludes to it, and especially in the essay from which Mr. SMITH quotes, is purely one of policy. "One thing, and one alone," says the historian, "could make CHARLES dangerous—a violent death." He exhausts his brilliant rhetoric to prove that the King's execution was a blunder, because it was absolutely unnecessary, and could only be procured by taking several previous steps, every one of which would have required the strongest measures to vindicate. He pleads against the death of the King the only practicable argument that could be urged for the respite of DAVIS, that his violent death is useless and may be a martyr. "And posterity has estimated his character from his death rather than from his life."

No special law, no appeal to history, no argument drawn from the fact of war, can obscure the plain fact that DAVIS's life is forfeit to the law. This is conceded even by the *London Times*, one of the ablest and most persistent apologetic defamers of this country, and the most unblushing advocate of DAVIS before his failure. It pleads for his life on the ground of policy, and that is, unquestionably, the only ground upon which an appeal for mercy is tenable.

The fate of DAVIS individually, as of any single criminal, is of very little importance; but it is very important that this country should decide how it will regard treason and punish traitors. Those who oppose the execution of the present law plead that DAVIS "simply committed treason." True; and BOOTH simply committed murder. The law awards the same penalty to both offenses. Very serious mitigating circumstances in either case? If so, let us know what they were. DAVIS would probably urge that he believed State Sovereignty justified his action. BOOTH would doubtless have declared that he believed the killing of tyrants was no murder. For ourselves, with no other desire than to give good honor of the country, we repeat, that if this treason does not demand the penalty of the law no treason can; and therefore the law should be spared the law should be changed. Is so grave a law as that against treason intended to reach contemptible enemies only? Is it unwise to be exempted the moment he becomes truly formidable? If not, let the law be changed to conform to the public opinion, that death should not be inflicted for political offenses.

OUR DUTY IN REORGANIZATION.

"PEACE," said EDMUND BURKE, "may be made as unadvisedly as war. Nothing is so rash as fear, and the counsels of pusillanimity very rarely find a path to safety. They only serve to aggravate, the evils from which they would fly." What this country needs to secure peace is the firm application of a plain principle. The principle of human rights, like that of property rights and town rights, is a good one. But the principle of national rights is the paramount and essential principle of the present situation. All subordinate rights whatever must bend to the national necessity of a local government in every State based upon the consent of the whole body of loyal citizens.

The national authority is fully competent to secure that government. There is no reason whatever why the nation should delegate its authority to secure such State governments in the South to a part of the loyal freemen resident there. At this moment no one loyal freeman of South Carolina has any right to a voice in reorganizing the State which every other does not equally possess. There is no more reason, except in the imaginary view of policy, why the national Government should authorize white loyalists alone to reorganize the State government of North Carolina because the voters in that State were formerly white than that it should authorize the colored loyalists alone to reorganize it because they have been always faithful to the nation. As a question of policy merely, it is clear that if any class of loyalists object to reorganize the State upon acknowledged democratic republican principles that is not a class to which the reorganization can be safely intrusted. It is their policy to govern the State directly by the national authority than to relinquish it to such a class.

An apparently well-informed correspondent of the New York *Times* says, in a late letter from North Carolina: "While many admit that it may be the negro will be qualified to exercise that right in the future, every one says he is not fit or intelligent enough to do so now." "Every one" means, of course, the white population: the class who were formerly among the voters of the State. Yet in the very next paragraph of his letter the correspondent says: "The ignorance of the poorer classes is heart-rending, and their prejudices are inveterate. *Not more than one-seventh of the voters can read or write.*" These are the people who think the negro is not intelligent enough to vote; and these are the white loyalists to whom the apologists and friends of the rebellion insist that the right of voting shall be exclusively given because the colored loyalists are not sufficiently "intelligent!" The same correspondent adds: "They exhibit a prejudice against the slave that readily accounts for the cruelties to which the former was subject to during the war." And it is to these persons that it is proposed the question of suffrage for the colored freemen in the State shall be referred.

Is it surprising that, as a letter in the *Herald* says, "Among the negroes, however, there is much fear"? Is it surprising that many among the people of the United States, who have still the decision of the question—should there not be shame? Side by side with brothers and friends, upon the soil of both the Carolinas, the colored men, to whom we had given no special cause to love us or to believe in us, fought for their Government and their country. Side by side by side the bodies of the brave men, black and white, mingle in the dust. In a nameless grave upon Morris Island the fair-haired SHAW lies "buried with his negroes," all of them, soldiers and leader, having fought in the full faith that their death secured equal rights for all Americans citizens under the law. So they fought, so they fell, on many a noble field. Shall those who shot them down—those who hated them and the cause which they defended; those who would do have liberty—have the power to starve because their brethren did not die in vain—be allowed to do at the polls what they could not do in battle? They can not do it any where without consent. Can we consent without eternal infamy?

VIGILANCE THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

WE had little doubt that the Telegraph falsely reported the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS—and so it proves. What he did say was, that reconstruction was impossible unless the rebel party would lead to a recognition of the rebel debt. Such a policy would be a fraud upon the people, and however solemnly Congress might assume that debt he should not pay for its repudiation. That is a view in which we suppose all honest men agree.

The subject of repudiation is not a new one even in our late history. There have been various hints from the Copperhead leaders of such a policy. And if the political power of the rebellion had been transferred to the South the attempt to make the support of slavery the price of the alliance by which the Democratic party so long maintained its ascendency. Hereafter the slavery interest, surviving as a negro-hating party, will impose other conditions at its will. Very naturally its leaders will not wish to be elected to put the rebel debt upon the people. If they think it wiser to demand general repudiation rather than the recognition of the rebel debt, they will do it, and the Democratic members of the negro-hating party at the North will submit their ready noses to the ring.

The utterly un-American spirit known as "the South," the spirit which denies the popular government and the rights of men, is beaten in the field, and is even now adjusting itself to assert its old supremacy in political control. It will try to recover by intrigue what it has lost by arms; and the people of this country are fools if they cease for a moment to watch and distrust it. It is a dangerous foe, and under a generous, there; and it is mortally perilous until it is entirely and every where extinguished.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

ONE of the most familiar names in the school reading-books of twenty and thirty years ago has now become historical. The kindly author, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, has recently died at her home in Hartford, at the ripe age of more than seventy years. Without striking or commanding genius, she had that purity of feeling and generous sympathy which exalted her, in thought and simple verse, to a kind of domestic fame which is as extensive as the country. Her works, both in verse and prose, are very numerous, and they are all marked with the same genial amiability and feminine sweetness. Her life was useful and honored, and her death will awaken every where a kindly emotion.

"THE NORWICH LINE."

THE summer traveler who is thinking of his vacation will naturally turn his mind to the White Mountains. Presently, as the heat increases and the city stifles him, he will begin to turn his feet that way, and will actually ask himself how he can most pleasantly and conveniently reach those cool retreats. We shall be surprised if he find any route more delightful than that through the Sound to Norwich, Connecticut, by the steamers *The City of New York* and *The City of Boston*. There are no finer boats in the world. They are spacious and clean, and peculiarly comfortable. The route avoids the perils of sound navigation. Captains JEWETT and WILCOX are gentlemanly hosts of a night, from whom the traveler is loth to part.

WAR VIEWS.

MESSRS. ANTHONY & CO., the photographers in New York, have issued a series of stereoscopic "War Views," which are curiously and permanently interesting. The choice of scenes is very felicitous, and the execution of the delicate and difficult. Such views as the Railroad Dépôt at Atlanta, the Sea Face of Fort Sumter, the Dépôt at Chattanooga, Fort Pulaski, and the Monitor Nahant in Cooper's Bay, Cemetery at Charleston, showing the effect of our shells, Rebel soldiers killed in the trenches of "Fort Hell," Confederate Works, the Interior of Fort Sumter, arranged for the services at the raising of the flag, and scores of others of every variety compose a collection of truly historic value.

LITERARY.

SENATOR WILSON'S *Anti-Slavery Measures in Congress* (WALKER, FULLER, & CO.), is a concise and complete history of the legislation in Congress on the subject from the opening of the war to the passage of the great Amendment. It is a clear, simple, and excellent narrative. Success of the debate upon every point is impartially indicated, and the author uses no adjectives or superfluous words, conscious that the story is sufficient for itself. In no other volume can the development of the anti-slavery sentiment during the war be so plainly studied. What is particularly valuable is that a letter of how upon Senator WILSON's part will be readily understood, for among the names of those who have faithfully and patiently and successfully contributed to the most humane and ennobling result of the war, none is more conspicuous and honorable than that of HENRY WILSON.

Among recent additions to "Harper's Library of Select Novels" are *Lucretia*, by BULWER, *Two Lads, and On Guard*, by ANNIE THOMAS, a writer whom the best foreign critics place high among that class of writers who are known as the "Author Belle" ranks first. Her tales may perhaps be best described as double contrasts to the "Wood and Braddon School" of sensation stories. "This," she says at the opening of her latest tale, "is to be no story of guilt, or murder, of murder, mystery, and machinations. The actors in it will be of the order among whom we live and move and have our being. Upon them I shall endeavor to call ruly for creating an interest to the full as deep and true as can be obtained by the powerful portrayal of any or all of the sterling virtues." *Lucretia* and *On Guard* are included in the "Library of Select Novels," in a capital story, attributed to MRS. OLIPHANT, author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Laird of Norlaw," "The Chronicles of Carlingford," and several other excellent novels. Summer tourists will find these four stories the worthy of a place in their list of reading for leisure.

DOCHARTY'S *Elements of Analytical Geometry and of the Differential and Integral Calculus*.—There will, we trust, always be a large number of students, even in our practical age, who remember, who will wish some time and thought to the study of the Pure Mathematics. This volume is designed for the use of this class of students. Professor DOCHARTY does not profess to have thrown up a royal highway through the difficult domain of the Calculus; but he has endeavored to render the path as smooth and plain as the nature of the subject will admit. It is sufficient evidence of the value of the work that it was prepared by the able and experienced Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy; and it must necessarily commend itself to teachers for many years; and that it has been adopted as a textbook in that institution. (Published by HARPER & BROTHERS.)

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE reorganization of State governments of the States lately in rebellion is the great work of the day. Even the politico-economical writers in the South depend upon the solution of this higher problem of Government. Commerce and business revive in proportion as order is restored, and success to its citizens his and liberty.

In two States, North Carolina and Virginia—the first steps in President Johnson's reconstructive policy have been taken. Governors Holden and Pierpont have actually bringing order out of the political chaos produced by the war.

Governor Holden, of whom we give a portrait on page 397, was born in Orange County, North Carolina, November 24, 1818. Born of humble parents, he had no early opportunities for education. When eleven years old he was placed in a printing office. Afterward at Hillsborough he was employed as clerk in a store. He was eighteen when he went to Raleigh and undertook the duties of gentleman's boy in the office. He also worked for some time in the *Register* office. Here making use of every opportunity for study, he acquired a fair English education of law—a profession which he practiced for two years. In 1842 he began to edit the *Standard* paper, which in his hands became the most influential paper in the State. He was a warm advocate of universal suffrage in his State. In 1862 he was elected to the large House of the State Legislature. Mr. Holden supported Vance as candidate for Governor in 1862, but ran against him in 1864.

On the 12th President Johnson issued a proclamation appointing Hon. William L. Sharkey Provisional Governor of Mississippi.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

General Sheridan has been assigned to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. General Canby has divided the Department of the Gulf into four divisions: Louisiana, with headquarters at New Orleans; Mississippi, head-quarters at Jackson; Alabama, head-quarters at Montgomery; Florida, head-quarters at Tallahassee.

General Weitzel's expedition to Texas has at length fairly got under way. The first portion of the fleet, consisting of 12 or 15 vessels, left Hampton Roads before the 10th. The other portion, which has been waiting, consists of the *Star of the South, Richmond, Western Metropolis, Tennessee, C. C. Perry, J. P. Jackson, Evening City, Delaware Barker, Cambria, and Lillie.*

The Mississippi squadron of Admiral Porter, defending Sabine Pass, were occupied by Lieutenant Commander Washington, on the 5th inst. Galveston, Texas, occupied, on the 26th ult. The rebel troops had all evacuated before the arrival of the national forces. Most large guns and other valuable property were found in these two forts. Brownsville, Texas, was occupied by national troops on the 31st of May. It is said that the rebels, before evacuating, sold their artillery to the Mexican imperialists.

Previous reports that the rebel General Kirby Smith had left Texas and gone to Mexico are confirmed.

THE FIRE AT NASHVILLE.

A very destructive fire broke out on the morning of June 10 at Nashville, in the extensive buildings used for quarter-master and commissary stores. It is supposed to have originated from the sparks of a locomotive. One-half of the building was destroyed, involving a loss to the government of from half a million to a million of dollars. While in the wake of the Quarter-master's building were stores distributed to troops in an army of eighty thousand men for two years. The casualty of huge stone consumed was valued at upward of one million of dollars. The building was the largest in the country, being eight hundred feet long and two hundred feet deep. It was four stories and of fire-walls, which were suggested and built by General M. C. Meigs, U.S.A. His precaution saved a part of the building, five hundred feet front, was saved from destruction.

WRECK OF THE "ADMIRAL DUPONT."

The *Admiral Dupont* was on the 9th last. sunk by a British vessel with which she collided. Off Cape Henry on twenty or her crew were lost. Shs sailed for Fortress Monroe from New York on the 8th, and had on board a crew of thirty men and twenty sturdge passengers.

GROVER'S SAMPHIS PROCLAMATION.

On the 1st of June George N. Sanders issued an impudent proclamation, calling upon the "patriots of the South" to resist the proclamations of the President Johnson. It will not surprise those who have read the evidence implicating Sanders in the plot of infamous origin and even in the assassination of President Lincoln, to hear him reviled by the rebel sympathizers. He is spoken there of as a "traitor," he says, against taking the test-oath; but, if necessary to accomplish your purposes, swallow it. Then, said the conspirators should effect it in a bowl of hemlock." In Mr. Sanders's absence he has already been outwitted still left among the chivalrous gentlemen of the South!

NEWS ITEMS.

General Meade's report of the part taken by the Army of the Potomac in the campaign of 1864 has been published; also a report by Sheridan of the cavalry operations.

General Hood and staff surrendered to General Davidson, on the 31st of May.

General Logan has completed the final organizers of the army of the Tennessee at Louisville, Kentucky.

The First Corps was reviewed by General Hancock, at the Washington Arsenal, on the 15th. It consisted of thirty-nine of nine nearly full regiments, over 7000 strong. The division was commanded by General Gibbon. The three brigades, on the day of the review, as follow: First Brigade, Colonel Smyth; Second Brigade, Colonel Reid; Third Brigade, Colonel Brigades, Colonel Gallagher. The troops looked well, with uniforms in good order and arms and equipments in good order. A festival at General Carroll's closed the day's proceedings.

Brevet Major-General Francis C. Barlow has been promoted to the full rank of Major-General. Major Barlow is now in command of the Second Division of the Second Corps.

Major-General Sheridan and staff arrived at New Orleans on the evening of June 5.

Major-General Lovell H. Rousseau has been nominated in a caucus of members of the Kentucky Legislature as a candidate for United States Senator.

The funeral services of Professor and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was married at St. John's (Episcopal) Church, in Hartford, Connecticut, on Wednesday morning, to a wealthy Episcopal clergyman from Boston. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. A large party of the Beecher family was present, including the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, of Brooklyn.

A grand review of the Sixth Army Corps, commanded by Major-General Wright, took place in Washington on the 8th of June. This corps was not present at the general review on the 23d and 24th of last month.

Colonel George C. Rogers, Fifteenth Illinois Veteran Volunteers, has been brevetted Brigadier-General at the instance of General Grant, Logan, and Blair.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE great subject of interest in the foreign news this week is the reported union between the French Emperor and his cousin the Prince Napoleon. The occasion was the Prince's marriage with the Princess CLOTILDE, the Emperor addressed to his cousin the following letter:

"MONSIEUR MON COUSIN,—I do not refrain from informing you of the painful impression I have experienced on reading your letter to Count ARESE. Before leaving my absence, with the Empress and my son, as Vice-President of the Privy Council, I must be able to be proof of my friendship and my confidence, and I hoped that your presence, your counsel, and your influence would testify to the union which reigns in our family. But the political arrangements which you have made under the title of Empress can only serve the enemies of my government. To judge of your conduct, I have to ask advice from political motives which belong no longer to our duty. To apply the ideas of the Emperor to the personal ties I have proposed to have passed through the stern trials of responsibility and power. And, above, are we not duty compelled to take care, of appreciating at its just value the grand, historical figure of Napoleon I.? As in standing before a statue outside we are unable to view the whole at once, we only see parts of it and we judge only of latter by momentary errors of the reproduction and the divergence of opinions. But when it came to the eyes of every one, in the general anarchy in men's minds—that formidable enemy of true liberty—that has been established, first in the family and afterward in his government, that severe discipline which shields the throne with will and one another, do not henceforth deviate from the same rule of conduct. Wherefore, Monsieur mon cousin, I pray you to receive the assurance of my affectionate sentiments.

NAPOLEON."

To which the Prince replied as follows:

"SIRE,—In consequence of your Majesty's letter of May 22, and its publication in the *Moniteur* of this morning, I resign the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council, and also the Presidency of the Universal Exhibition of 1867.

"I accept, Sire, the homage of the profound and respectful attachment with which I am, of your Majesty, the most devoted cousin, NAPOLEON (JEROME).

"PALAIS ROYAL, May 27, 1865."

The Prince, astounded at his cousin's displeasure, has published the Ajaccio speech as a pamphlet.

The French Government has prohibited the proposed presentation of a medal to Mrs. Lincoln.

It is said that Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a son.



"JOHNNIE COMES MARCHING HOME."—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]



SHERIDAN AND HIS GENERALS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

OUR LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT visited the Military Academy at West Point on the 8th of June. There were many interesting incidents connected with this visit; but that which was the most moving of all was the interview between Generals GRANT and SCOTT at the COZZENS Hotel. The visit to General SCOTT took place at one o'clock P.M. The Lieutenant-General had spent two hours in the library of the Academy, where he had been receiving congratulations and making young ladies happy with a shake of the hand or an autograph. But now the hundreds before him were of a different sort. General SCOTT, to give the hero a fitting reception, had attired himself in a handsome dress coat of dark yellow silk lapels and golden buttons. The rest of his dress was that of a citizen, except that his white Marseilles vest was buttoned with the regulation eagle.

General GRANT alighted from his carriage and seized the hand of General SCOTT.

"General SCOTT," said he, "I bid you all good wishes. I am pleased to see you well."

"And you, General," replied SCOTT, "I thank God that you have passed through so much peril and glory unharmed. Welcome to my bachelor home!"

Then the two officers, arm in arm, entered the drawing-room of the hotel. Here the younger, as the guest of the older, partook of a hospitality as past, conversing with the veteran hero, giving and receiving honor. At the close of the interview General GRANT returned in his carriage to West Point.

This interview will be recorded in history as a very memorable event. General SCOTT was a native of Virginia, and was born near Petersburg—the scene of GRANT'S final victories. In the meeting between these two the past joined hands with the Present: the unostentatious, earnest young hero of the West hailed the more stately Virginian veteran; victory over treason greeted back to and joined hands with victory over the alien foes of the Republic.

GOVERNOR W. W. HOLDEN.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S policy in regard to the State of North Carolina is an indication of his general policy of reconstruction, and is therefore worthy of the most careful attention. The President takes the ground that the rebellion has deprived the people of North Carolina of all civil government, and as the United States Government is under a solemn constitutional obligation to guarantee every State a republican form of government, he therefore appoints a Provisional Governor whose duty it shall be, at the earliest period, to prescribe such rules and regulations as may be necessary and proper for convening a convention, composed of delegates to be chosen by the loyal people of the State. In order to become either an elector or a mem ber of this convention the subscription to the amn esty oath is necessary. This oath binds those taking it to support and defend the Constitution of the United States, the union of the States, and all the laws and proclamations made during the rebellion in relation to the emancipation of slaves.

The person chosen by the President as Provisional Governor of North Carolina is WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, previously known as the editor of the *Raleigh Progress*. Most important is the office to which Mr. HOLDEN has been assigned. It is one with many difficulties. The State of North Carolina appears to be rent with factions, and Mr. HOLDEN will find that many of these are hostile to him. His course must be firm or his administration will prove a failure. It is evident, however, that the President JOHNSON has confidence in Mr. HOLDER'S ability to meet the emergencies of the crisis.

Like the President himself, Mr. HOLDEN has risen from among the people. His instincts are all republican. He lays the crime of the recent rebellion to the charge of the Southern aristocracy. Mr. HOLDEN'S past record is one which in many important respects is favorable. We sincerely hope that he will vindicate for himself the enviable glory of having saved his State from political traitors, and of having secured equal justice to all its citizens whether high or low, whether white or black.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ERECTHEUM.

"No, by Jove, Brandon, not a bit of a snob! As green as an Arcadian, but no more of a snob than—"

"Sir Charles Burgoyne was going to say, 'than you are;' but he changed his mind, and said, instead—

"—than Castletowers himself."

"I call any man a snob who quotes Bion and Moschus in his familiar talk," replied the other, all unconscious of his friend's hesitation. "I think the deuce is one to remember any thing about Bion and Moschus? and what right has he to make a fellow look like a fool?"

"Unfeeling, I admit," replied Sir Charles, languidly.

"I hate your learned people," said Brandon, irritably. "And I hate parvenus. Ignorant parvenus are bad enough; but learned parvenus are the worst of all. He's both—hang him!"

"Hang him, by all means!" said another young man, approaching the window at which the two were standing. "May I ask who he is, and what he has done?"

It was one of the princely reading-rooms of the Erectheum Club, Pall Mall. The two first speakers were the Honorable Edward Brandon, third and youngest son of Hardcastle, Fourteenth Earl of Ipswich, and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Baronet, of the second Life Guards. There are men whom nature seems to have run up by contract, and of the Honorable Edward Brandon was one of them. He was just like one of those slight, unsubstantial, fashionable houses that spring up every day like mushrooms about Bayswater and South Kensington, and are hired under the express condition of never being drained in. He was very young, very frail, and as economically supplied with brain and muscle as a man could well be. The very smallest appreciable sign of knowledge would have broken down his understanding at any moment; and his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimsiest and most fragile style of mere stucco. He "dipped" occasionally into *Bell's Life* and the *Court Circular*. He had read half of the first volume of Soapey Sponge's Sporting Tour. He played croquet pretty well, and billiards very badly, and was saturated through and through with smoke, like a Finsbury haddock.

Sir Charles Burgoyne was a man of a very different stamp. He was essentially one of a class; but then, ethnologically speaking, his class was many degrees higher than that of Mr. Brandon. He was better built, and better furnished. He rode well; was a good shot; played a first-rate game at billiards; was gifted with a certain lazy impertinence of speech and manner that passed for wit, and was effectually kept fair of complexion and regular of feature that he was popularly known among his brother officers as the Beauty.

The last comer—short, sallow, keen-eyed, somewhat flippant in his address, and showy in his attire—was Laurence Greatorex, Esquire, only son, heir, and partner of Sir Samuel Greatorex, Knight, the well-known banker and alderman, of Lombard Street, City.

"Hang him, by all means!" said this gentleman, with charming impartiality. "Who is he? and what has he done?"

"We were speaking of the new member," replied Brandon.

"What, Crœsus Trefalden? Pshaw! the man's an outer barbarian. What social eminity has he been contaminating?"

"He's been offending Brandon's delicate sense of propriety by quoting Greek," said the Beauty.

"Good! Unpardonable offence! What shall we do to him? Muzzle him?"

"Condemn him to feed on Greek roots for the term of his natural life, like Timon of Athens," suggested the Beauty, lazily.

"He's little better than a savage, as it is," said Mr. Greatorex, with supreme scorn, waving off the shoulder.. "He knows nothing of life, and cares nothing for it either. Last Tuesday, when all the fellows were in a state for the great fight down at Barney's Croft, he sat and read Homer, as if it were the news of the day. He's an animated anachronism, and what he is, Sir Charles."

"Who the deuce is he?" ejaculated Brandon. "Where does he come from?"

"Heaven knows. His father was a black letter folio, I believe, and his mother a palimpsest."

"You're too witty to-day, Mr. Greatorex," observed Burgoyne.

"Then he's so offensively rich! Why, he put down a thousand yesterday for Willis's subscription. There's his name at the head of the list. Makes us look rather small—eh?"

"Confound his assurance!" broke out Brandon. "He's not been in the House more than a week. What's Willis to him, that he should give more than the oldest members of the club?"

"Well, it's a munificent donation," said the Guardsman, good-naturedly.

"Munificent! Hang his munificence! I suppose the member of a family whose ancestors off a secretary, who has served them for fifteen years, without the help of a thousand pounds from a puppy like that!"

"Your virtuous indignation, Brandon, is quite refreshing," said Burgoyné. "How long have you been here, for example, Greatorex?"

"It was in bad taste, any how," said Greatorex; "deuced bad taste. It's always the way with your nouveau riche. If the man had been wealthy all his life would have known better."

"Yourself, par exemple," retorted the Guardsman, insolently.

"Just so, Sir Charles: but then I'm not the money-market born, so hardly a case in point."

"Where did this Trefalden get his fortune?" asked Brandon. "I've heard that some fellow left it to him a hundred years ago, and that it has been accumulating ever since, but that's nonsense, of course."

"Sounds like a pecuniary version of the Sleeping Beauty," observed the baronet, parenthetically.

"I know no more than you do, Mr. Brandon," replied Greatorex. "I have heard only the common story of how this money has been lying at compound interest for a century or more, and has devolved to our pre-Adamite friend as last, bringing him as many millions as he has fingers. Some say double that sum; but ten are enough for my credulity."

"Does he bank with Sir Samuel?" asked Brandon.

"No. Our shop lies too far east for him, I suspect. He has taken his millions to Drummond's. By-the-way, Sir Charles, what have you decided upon doing with that brown mare of yours? You seemed half inclined to part from her a few days ago."

"You mean the Lady of Lyons?"

"I do."

"Sold her, Mr. Greatorex."

"Sold her, Sir Charles?"

"Yes—cab and all."

The banker turned very red, and bit his lip.

"Would it be a liberty to ask the name of the purchaser?" said he.

"Perhaps it would," replied the Guardsman, "But I don't mind telling you. It's Mr. Trefalden."

"Trefalden! Then, upon my soul, Sir Charles, it's too bad! I'm sorry to hear it, I am, indeed. I had hoped—in fact, I had expected—upon my soul, I had expected Sir Charles, that you would have given me the opportunity. Money would have been no object. I would have given a fancy price for that mare with pleasure."

"Thank you. I did not want a fancy price," replied the Guardsman, haughtily.

"Besides, if you'll excuse me, Sir Charles, I must say I don't think it was quite fair either."

"Fair," echoed Burgoyne. "Really, Mr. Greatorex, I do not apprehend your meaning."

"Well, Sir Charles, I'll explain. I spoke first and as for Crœsus Trefalden, who scarcely knows a horse from a buffalo—"

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden is the friend of Lord Castletowers," interrupted Burgoyne, still more haughtily, "and I was very happy to oblige him."

If Sir Charles Burgoyne had not been a baronet, a guardsman, and a member of the Erectheum Club, it is possible that Mr. Greatorex, of Lombard Street, would have given him the retort uncourteous; but, as matters stood, he only gave a little contemptuous look at his watch in some confusion, and prudently swallowed his annoyance.

"Oh, of course—in that case," stammered he —"Lord Castletowers being your friend, I have nothing to say. So you go down to his place in Surrey next week, by-the-by?"

"Do you?" said Burgoyne, smoothing his flaxen moustache, and looking down at the small city man with half-closed eyes.

"I hope so, since his lordship has been kind enough to invite me; but we are so deucedly busy in Lombard Street just now that—pshaw! twelve o'clock already, and I am due in the city at twenty minutes past. A moment to lose. 'I know a bank,' et cetera—but there's no wild time there for any body between twelve and three! Good-morning, Mr. Brandon. Good-morning, Sir Charles."

The baronet bent his head about a quarter of an inch, and almost before the other was out of hearing, said,

"That man is bourgeois to the tips of his fingers. Intensely familiar. Why do you tolerate him, Brandon?"

"Oh, he's not a bad fellow," replied Brandon. "He's a sort of upper footman—a snob, with the wardrobe of a tailor's assistant and the manners of a valet. You called young Trefalden a snob just now, Burgoyne; but you was a mistake. Apply the title to this little money-jobber and I won't contradict you. The fact is, Brandon, I believe really don't know what you fellows were about to admit him!"

Charley Burgoyne was a busy man—for him this was a very large and energetic speech. But the Honorable Edward Brandon only shook his head in a listless, irritable way, and repeated his former assertion.

"I tell you, Burgoyne," he said, "Greatorex isn't a bad fellow at bottom."

Sir Charles Burgoyne shrugged his shoulders and yawned.

"Oh, very well," he replied. "Have it your own way. I hate argument."

"Castletowers likes him," said the young man.

"Castletowers asks him down to Surrey, you see."

"Castletowers is too good-natured by half."

"And Vaughan knows him."

"Vaughan owes him money, and just endures him."

The Honorable Edward Brandon rubbed his head all over, looking more helpless and more irritable than before. It was a very small head, and there was very little hair on it.

"Confound him!" groaned he. "He has taken up paper of mine too. I *must* be civil to him."

Sir Charles Burgoyne gave utterance to a dismal whistle; thrust his hands deep down into his pockets; and said coolly,

"What else can I do?" said Brandon.

"Pay him."

"You might as well tell me to eat him!"

"Nonsense. Borrow the money from somebody else."

"I wish I could. I wish I knew whom to ask. I should be so very grateful, you know. It's only two hundred and fifty."

And the young fellow stared hard at the guardsman, who stared just as hard at the Duke of York's column on his way.

"You can't suggest any one?" he continued, after a moment.

"I, my dear fellow? Diable! I haven't an idea."

"You—couldn't manage it for me yourself, I suppose?"

Sir Charles Burgoyne took his hands from his pockets, and his hat from a neighboring peg.

"Edward Brandon," he said, impressively "I'm as poor as Saint Simeon Stylites."

"Never heard of the fellow in my life," said Brandon, peevishly. "Who is he?"

"My dear boy, your religious education has been neglected. Look for him in your Cateschism, and, when found, make a note of."

"I'll tell you what it is, Burgoyne," said Brandon, suspicious of "chaff," and, like all weak people when they are out of temper, slightly spiteful—"poor or not poor, you're a clever fellow as a horse-dealer. You understand valuing a fancy price, indeed! What's five hundred guineas if it's not a fancy price, I should like to know?"

"Mon enfant, you know nothing about it," said the Guardsman placidly.

"I know it was an awful lot too much for that mare and cab."

"The mare and cab were dirt cheap at the money."

"Cheap! cheap—when to my certain knowledge you only gave a hundred and twenty for the Lady of Lyons, and have had the best part of two seasons out of her since!"

The Beauty listened with an imperturbable smile, drew on his gloves, buttoned them, adjusted his hat, and, having done all these things with studied deliberation, replied,

"My dear Brandon, I really envy your memory. Cultivate it, my good fellow, and it will be a credit to you. An revoir."

With this he went over to the nearest glass, corrected the tie of his cravat, and sauntered toward the door. He had not reached it, however, when he paused, turned, and came back again.

By-the-by," said he, "if you're in any present difficulty, and actually want that two hundred and fifty—how do you want it?"

"Oh, by Jove, don't I! Never wanted it so much in my life."

"Well, then, there's Trefalden. He's as rich as the Bank of England, and flings his money about like water. Ask him, Brandon. He'll be sure to lend it to you. Ta, ta!"

And the baronet once more turned on his heel, leaving his irritable young friend to swear off his indignation as best he could. Whereupon the Honorable Edward Brandon, addressing himself apparently to the Duke of York upon his column, and in a voice with "blood" in every fractionable fluency; rubbed his head frantically, till he looked like an electrical doll; and finally took himself to the billiard room.

When they were both gone, a gentleman who had been sitting in the adjoining window, intently buried, and apparently absorbed, in the *Times* of the day, laid his paper aside; entered a couple of names in his pocket-book, and quietly left the room; and then left the room. He paused on his way out to speak to the hall porter.

"I have waited for Mr. Trefalden," he said, "till I can wait no longer. You are sure he has not left cards?"

"Quite sure, Sir."

"So so good, then, as to give him this card, and say, if you please, that I will call upon him at his chambers to-morrow."

The porter laid the card aside with the new member's letters, of which there were several. It bore the name of William Trefalden.

CHAPTER XVII.

SAXON AT HOME.

"MRS. TREFALDEN!"

This announced by a stately valet, who received his name with marked condescension in the ante-chamber, and even deigned to open the door of the reception-room beyond, Mr. Trefalden paused on his cousin's presence. He was not alone. Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne were there; Lord Castletowers leaning familiarly over the back of Saxon's chair, dictating the words of a letter which Saxon was writing; Sir Charles Burgoyne extended at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. Both visitors were obviously at home, and at ease as if in their own chambers. They had been breakfasting with Saxon, and the table was yet loaded with pâtés, coffee, liqueurs, and all the luxurious et cetras of a second déjeuner.

Saxon flung away his pen, sprang forward, seized his cousin by both hands, and poured forth a torrent of greetings.

"How good of you to come," he exclaimed, "after having taken the trouble to call yesterday to the club! I was so sorry to miss you! I meant to hunt you up this very afternoon in Grosvenor Lane. I have had an unexpected fellow not to do so a week ago, and I'm sure I don't know how to excuse myself. I've thought of you, though, many times, every day."

"I should have been sorry to bring you into the dingy atmosphere of the City," said Mr. Trefalden, pleasantly. "I had rather see you thus, enjoying the good things which the gods have provided for you."

And with this Mr. Trefalden shook hands with Lord Castletowers, hoped Lady Castletowers was well, and bowed to Sir Charles Burgoyne, and dropped into an easy-chair.

"You were writing," he said, "when I came in. Pray go on."

Saxon blushed scarlet.

"Oh no," he said, shyly, "the letters can wait."

"So can I—and smoke a cigar in the mean while."

"They—that is, Lord Castletowers was help ing me to write them—telling me what to say, in fact. He calls me 'The Impolite Letter Writer,' you know. I must learn to turn fine phrases, and say the elegant things that nobody means."

"The things that nobody means are the things that every body likes," said the Earl.

"I have often wished," said Burgoyne, from the sofa, "that some clever person would write a hand-book of civil speeches—a sort of 'Ready Line,' you know, or 'Perjurer's Companion.' It would save a fellow so much trouble!"

"I wish there were such a book, if only to teach you better manners," retorted Castletowers.

"I don't pretend to have the manners of a lord," replied Burgoyne, lazily, laughing.

"If you were the lord of my manors, you wouldn't have many to boast of," replied Castletowers, with his usual bluntness.

Burgoyne opened his eyes and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Listen to this fellow!" said he, "this bloated capitalist, who talks like a Diogenes turned out of his tub! Castletowers, I am ashamed of you."

"Compare me to Diogenes, if you like," replied the Earl; "but to a Diogenes who has a dear old Elizabethan tub still left, thank Heaven! and a few old oaks to shelter it. Few enough and old enough, more's the pity!"

"And I," said Burgoyne, with a yawn, "haven't a stick of timber left, barring my genealogical tree. My last oaks vanished in the last Derby."

The Earl looked at his watch.

"If this note is to be delivered by two o'clock," said he, "it must be finished at once; and since Mr. Trefalden gives us leave—"

"I do not only give leave," said Mr. Trefalden. "I entreat."

Saxon took up his pen, and, pointing to a heap of notes on the mantle-shelf, said:

"You will find one there for yourself," cousin William; and you must be sure to come."

"Invitations, young man?"

"Yes, to a dinner at Richmond, next Saturday."

Mr. Trefalden put the note in his pocket unopened; smoked away with a quiet, meditative smile; and took a leisurely survey of the room as the dictation proceeded. Not one of its multitudinous details escaped him—not one but told him some secrets of the last ten days of Saxon's new life. There were several pictures standing about on chairs, or leaning against the walls. Some were painted in oils and some in water colors, and nearly all were views in Switzerland. There were piles of new music; stacks of costly books in rich bindings; boxes of cigars and gloves; a bust of Shakspeare in marble; a harmonium, a cabinet of Florentine mosaic-work; a magnificent Erroneus vase on a pedestal of verde antico; a couple of silver-mounted rifles; a side-board loaded with nick-nacks in carved ivory, crystal, silver filagree, and eggshell china; and a sofa-table heaped with notes, visiting cards, loose silver, and unopened bills. On the chimney-piece stood a pair of bronze vazzas, a silver inkstand with a little Cupid perched upon the lid, and a gilded model of the Parthenon. A gold-headed riding-whip and a pair of foils lay on the top of the harmonium, and a field of bouquet in a tumbler occupied a bracket, from which a French pendule had been ignominiously displaced. William Trefalden was an observant man, and drew his inferences from these trifles. He found out that his young Arcadian was learning to ride, fence, make acquaintances, and spend his money royally. Above all, he took note of the bouquet on the bracket. There was nothing remarkable about it. It was just like five hundred other bouquets that one sees in the course of a season: and yet Mr. Trefalden looked at it more than once, and smiled under the cover of a cloud of smoke each time that he did so.

"—*and that you will permit me to have the great pleasure of driving you down to the race-course*," said Lord Castletowers, dictating over Saxon's shoulder.

"Drive her down!" echoed the scribe, in disgust. "I drive her from London to Richmond?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I can't. I don't drive well enough. I have never driven anything but an old kitchen chair in a rickety Swiss chaezete, in my life. I should break her neck and my own too!"

"Oh, never mind. You can give the reins to Burgoyne or to me. It doesn't matter."

"Then how shall I put it? Shall I say '*and that you will permit Lord Castletowers to have the pleasure of—*'"

"Nonsense! Write what I told you at first, and leave me to arrange it when it comes to the point."

Saxon shook his head.

"No, my lord," said he. "I must not ask to be allowed the pleasure of driving her down when I know all the time I am not going to do any thing of the sort. I wouldn't be true."

A faint blush mounted to the Earl's honest brow; but Sir Charles Burgoyne smiled compassionately.

"Suppose, now," said Saxon, "that I tell her I've bought a new mail phaeton, and hope she will accept a seat in it on the Saturday—will I do?"

"Famously. She'll of course conclude that you drive, and the rest is easily managed when the time comes. Let's see how it reads—hum —'*asked if you will honor with your presence: also that you will permit me to offer you a seat in my mail phaeton, if the day be fine enough for my friend to drive out in open carriage*.'"

"*Open carriage*," repeated Saxon, as his pen traveled to the end of the sentence. "Any thing more?"

"No; I think that is enough."

"Then I only add—'*yours very truly, Saxon Trefalden, Esquire*?'"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Isn't it polite enough?" asked Saxon, laughing.

"Polite enough! Didn't I tell you half an hour ago that to be commonly polite is nothing in a case like this? You must approach her on your knees, my dear fellow, and offer up your little Richmond dinner as if it were a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods! Say—'*Condescend, maiden, to accept my respectful homage, and allow me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient and faithful servant, Saxon Trefalden.*' That's the way to put it, Burgoyne?"

"Oh, unquestionably," yawned that gentleman. "You can't crowd too much sail."

"Mrs Hungerford to which Princess of the Blood Royal this letter is addressed?" asked Mr. Trefalden.

"To a far greater She than any princess," replied Castletowers. "To the prima donna of the season—to the Graziana herself!"

Mr. Trefalden slightly elevated his eyebrows on receiving this tremendous information, but said nothing.

"And she's the grandest creature!" ejaculated Saxon, now folding and sealing his note. "Burgoyne introduced me to her last night, behind the scenes. You can't think what a gracious manner she has, cousin William!"

"Really?"

"She gave me that bouquet up there—it had just been thrown to her."

"How condescending!"

"Wasn't it? And I such an utter stranger—I nobody, you know! And I assure you, as if I were in the presence of Juno herself. There, the note's quite ready."

And Saxon, all unconscious of the faint touch of sarcasm in his cousin's voice, lifted up his bright young face with a smile of boyish exultation and rang the bell.

Gillingwater, send Curtis at once with this note, and tell him to wait for an answer. Any body here?"

Young man from Facet and Carat's, Sir, with case of jules. Young man from Carriage and Trigger's, with sions. Young man from Colnaghi's; passle from Breidenback's; passle from Fortnum and Mason's; passle from Crummel and Healy's," replied the solemn man in black.

"The parcels can wait. The messengers may come in?"

Mr. Gillingwater retired, and the "young men" were immediately ushered in; one with a small mahogany box under his arm, the other carrying a still smaller morocco case. The first contained a brace of costly inlaid pistols; the second, three bracelets of different designs.

"Look here, Burgoyne!" exclaimed Castletowers. "Look here, Burgoyne, did you ever see such fresh fun?"

"Never. They might be worn by the sultan."

"They are exact fac-similes of those made for His Highness the Maharajah of Jubbilpore," observed the messenger.

Sir Charles examined the weapons with the interest of a connoisseur.

"What a Bashaw you are, Trefalden!" he said. "We shall have you cantering down Rotten Row on a white elephant one of these days. These are really the most gorgeous pistols I have seen. Who are the bangles for? The Graziana?"

"One of them, if—

"If what?"

"If you think she would not be offended."

"Offended, my dear fellow! I am quite offended if you offer her a cup of milk? or Carlo, if you present him with a bone?"

"What do you say?" said Saxon, quite shocked at the levity of these comparisons.

"I mean that every woman would sell her soul for a bracelet of diamonds and an ounce of wrought gold, and that our fair friend is no exception to the rule. What put it into your head, Trefalden, to give her a present?"

"It was Mr. Greatorex's idea."

"Humph! Just like him. Greatorex has such generous notions of other people's expense!"

"I was very much obliged to him for thinking of it," said Saxon, somewhat warmly. "As I am to have my friend who is kind enough to tell me what the customs of society are," he added, more gently.

"They are very beautiful bracelets, all three of them," said Lord Castletowers.

"That's one to me, I take it, Blake?"

"The garter set with rubies," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"The snake with the diamond head," said the Earl.

"The opals and diamonds," said William Trefalden.

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

If you each give me different advice," said he, "what am I to do?"

"Choose for yourself," replied his cousin.

And so Saxon, very diffidently and hesitatingly chose for himself, and took the one his cousin had preferred.

"And pray what may be the cost of this magnificent trifle?" asked Mr. Trefalden, when the choice was made, and the messengers had made their bows and vanished.

"I have not asked," replied Saxon.

"Do you mean that you have bought it without having made any inquiry as to its price?"

"Of course."

"Pray do you never inquire before you purchase?"

"Never. Why do you smile?"

"Because I fear your tradesmen will charge you at any figure that they please."

"Why, so they could in any case? What do I know, for instance, of opals, and diamonds, except that the opal is a pretty stone, and that the diamond a compound of charcoal and oxygen? They might ask me what price they pleased for that bracelet, and I, in my ignorance of its value, should buy it just the same."

"It is well for you, Trefalden, that you have the purse of Fortunatus to dip your hand into," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"But even Fortunatus must take care that his purse has a hole in the bottom of it," added Mr. Trefalden. "You are a bad financier, my dear Saxon; and you and I must have a little practical conversation some day on these matters. By-the-way, I have really some business points to discuss with you. When can you give up an hour or two to pure and unmixed boredom?"

"When you please, cousin William."

"Well—this evening?"

"This evening, unfortunately, I have promised to dine at the city Greatorexes, and two or three others, and we are going afterward to the opera."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"And to-morrow my new phaeton is coming here, and we are going in it to Blackwell—Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne, I mean."

"Then, on Saturday—"

"On Saturday, I hope you will join us at Richmond. Don't forget it, cousin William. You have the note, you know, in your pocket."

Mr. Trefalden smiled somewhat gravely.

"Any one already such an epicurean that you want the traditional turbot at your feast?" said he.

"No, no, Saxon. I am a man of business, and have no leisure for such symposia. You must dispense with my grim presence—and I, apparently, must dispense with yours. I shall be at home all the week, such a man of fashion as to have all your evenings engaged in this manner."

"I can't think how it is," replied Saxon, in some confusion. "I certainly have made more appointments than I was aware of. My friends are so kind to me, and are always doing things to give me pleasure, that—shall Sunday do, cousin William? You might come up here and dine with me; or we might—"

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"Then on Monday?"

"Yes, I can see you on Monday, if you will really be at leisure."

"Of course. I will be at leisure."

"But you must come to me. I shall be very busy, and can only see you after office hours."

"I will come, certainly, at any time you please," said Saxon, earnestly.

"At eight in the evening?"

"At eight."

Mr. Trefalden entered the hour and date in his pocket-book, and rose to take his leave.

"I had hoped to have had a spare me a day or two next week, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, as they shook hands at parting. "Your cousin has promised to come down, and we have some private theatricals coming off; and a few more country air would do you good before the summer sets in."

But Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I cannot, Lord Castletowers," he replied "but it is impossible. I am as firmly chained to Chancery Lane for the next few months as any galley-slave in Turkey."

"But, my dear Sir, is it worth any man's while to be a galley-slave if he can help it?" asked the Earl.

"Perhaps. It depends on the motive; and self-imposed chains are never very heavy to the wearer."

And with this Mr. Trefalden bowed to both gentlemen, and left the room, followed by his cousin.

"That's a quiet, deep fellow," said Burgoyne, lazily.

"He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant, clever man," replied the Earl, "and has been our solicitor for years."

"I don't like him."

"You don't know him."

"True—do you?"

Lord Castletowers hesitated.

"Well, upon my soul," laughed he, "I can not say that I do, personally. But as I tell you, he is my solicitor, and I like him. I only speak from my impressions."

"And I from mine. He is not my solicitor, and I don't like him. He thinks too much, and says too little."

In the mean while, Saxon was warmly shaking his cousin's hand at the door of the anteroom, and saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"Indeed you must not suppose I have become a man of fashion, my dear cousin. cousin William; or that I would not rather—far rather—spend an evening with you than at any of those in the places. I am so very sorry I can not come to you before Monday."

"Monday will be quite soon enough, my dear Saxon," replied Mr. Trefalden, kindly; "and I am glad to see you so well amused. At eight o'clock then?"

"Yes, at eight. You will see how punctual I shall be—and you must give me some good advices, cousin William, and always tell me of my faults—won't you?"

"Humph! That will depend on circumstances and opportunity," said he while, don't buy any more diamond bracelets without first inquiring the price."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A MODERN MIRACLE.—The *Pargolis*, of Milan, publishes an explanation of the miracle of the statue of the Virgin Mary, which stands in one of the most popular suburbs of that city, and which has been for the last month at all times to time on account of the ingleties of the day. The authorities have discovered that the statue, which is found to be examined, discovered in its interior a reservoir for water, intended to be heated. Whenever the clergy wished to make the Magdalen weep they had a fire lighted beneath the reservoir, which caused the water to evaporate and rise into the upper parts of the statue, and the steam there being condensed, was directed toward the eyes by means of pipes.

FORDHOOK TOBACCO.—If lobacco have now intervened between the devotee, the Bible and the Prayer-book, as King James the First's "Counterblast" is scarcely worth notice, besides, that the Fordhook bore sign, he would not have thrown stones at tobacco nor at any thing else. Snuffing was the fashion when James wrote, and seems to have excited the greatest aversion. The Sultan Mohammed the Fourth, who reigned in the world, prohibited it in his dominions under pain of death. The Grand Duke of Muscovy (Russia was not then what it is now) publicly hung every wretch who was caught in the fact of snuffing. The King of Persia commuted that punishment to the milder penalty of "cutting off the snuffers' noses. James the First of England, and Christian the Fourth of Denmark, contented themselves with inflicting money fines or simple whippings. The Pope of Rome, who has a fine accommodating people who should indulge in anything at the risk of their souls, excommunicated all people who had so dirtied up their brains by taking snuff that, after death, a little black lump was all that was found remaining in their skull.

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE OF A HORSE.—One of the most extraordinary accidents that has been recorded for many years past took place last Friday at Tregoss Town, near the town of Tredegar, South Wales. A boy was passing along the road, when, as he was looking at a carriage inhabited by a man named Evan Jenkins and his family, he thought he observed a movement of part of the masonry. On watching it more narrowly he was satisfied that it was the mouth of the window was shaking, and being apprehensive that the foundation of the structure was giving way he ran to the house and alarmed the inmates, who had scarcely found the table at breakfast. By this time the floor began to shake, and the inmates had time immediately run into the road—and had scarcely done so when the house began to totter to its base to the ground, and in a very short time was entirely out of sight, leaving the site upon which it had stood and the chairs and table within some inches of the road with earth and stones which had fallen from the back part of the house. It would seem that as soon as the cottage was raised stood over a disused colliery, and the earth in the vicinity of the house had given way for a hundred feet below the surface. The escape of the family was almost upon a par with miracles, as the whole of their furniture, and, indeed, every thing contained in their humble dwelling, was carried into the mine beneath them.

HOW TO BEGIN TO STUDY.—"Take nothing for granted" is a good motto for beginners. Take nothing for granted which you can prove for yourself. It may be, or it may not. Investigate, examine, discuss, analyze, and then rest until you have proved the point. Do not consume time in the present, but will save time in the future. Seek your nature rather than books, and things rather than words. Observe trifles, for nothing is so trifling as to be without importance. Cultivate a habit of making notes of your observations. Keep up a good resolution, and walk in the light of it; and work hard in the present, and already you will have learned "How to begin!"

A ROMANTIC SUICIDE.—A incident from disappointment in love was recently consulted by a young woman considered as shopwoman in a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Before leaving to go and consult, with which she had put an end to her existence, she had decorated her room with flowers, and had written a letter to her friends. When found she was lying on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her countenance having a look so peaceful that she might have been supposed to be sleeping. She had taken a dose of the poisonous alkaloid called morphine, and stating the motive which had prompted her suicide.

IT is a tolerably well known that the favorite sheets of many provincial English newspapers are manufactured in the metropolis, on a charge of so much per hundred—the name of the paper being changed to suit the local requirements of different titles, and figuring in Whig and Tory journals with the same impartiality. The manufacture is a branch of a trade meritorious of jokes and poetry, which took its name from the paper-making materials. The paper-maker of our day does not use the rag of the mummy-case, but he does use what does: but the last novelty, it appears, is that started by the Belfast Whig, which has offers under good columns of sales for newspapers and other serials at 3s. per foot—according to the Belfast Whig's measurement.

PETROLEUM AS FUEL.—Petroleum has been used as a fuel by the French, Norwegians, and people round the Caspian Sea, in a crude state, mixed with the decomposing vegetable and animal oils. The lamps of every country in the world are now supplied to the west of it. Some believe that the time which cremated the towns of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities of the plain were smeared with it, and it is found in the Dead Sea when those towns and Gomorrah. In Trinidad there is a lake of pure petroleum, and it is also found in Sicily, Italy, Germany, and England.

FIRES IN BEDROOMS.—Most people, even many intelligent ones, have the idea that to sleep in a cold room is good—essential to health. It is an error. To sleep in a room is pure fire in your bedroom. The atmosphere is not only by this means rendered unhealthy, but with the fire you will keep the window open, which will add greatly to the needful warmth. But most people who sit with the fire you will have fewer bed-clothes over you, which is a gain, as here another fruitful source of bad air arises somewhat with the circulation and respiration, but prevents the escape of vitiated air through the fire and constantly emitting. Even furnace or stove heat with an open window is better than a close, cold room.

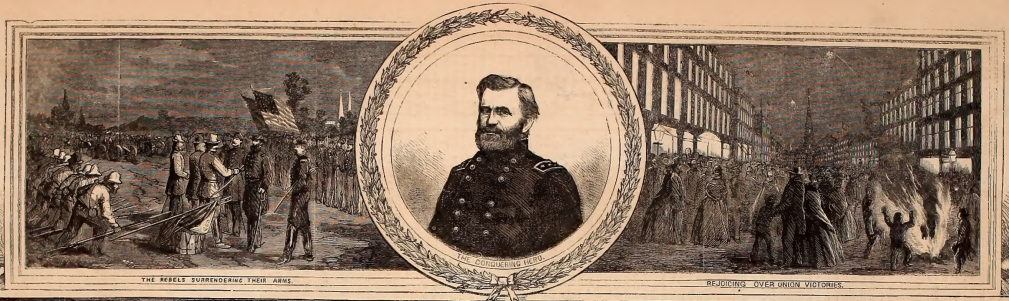
A POPULATION COLUMN.—For the benefit of those who are interested in statistics, education, war, pestilence, famine, etc., it may be as well to mention that the census of the United States, taking at the end of the hundredth generation, commencing from the beginning of the world, and the population can go 30 years, and allowing for each man, woman, and child an average increase of four per cent. per annum, the census would form a vertical column, having for its base the world's surface, five miles square, and terminating in a plain, and for its height 3674 times the sun's distance from the earth. The number of persons in the vertical column on the other would amount to 460,700,000,000,000.

WHAT IS TO THINK ABOUT.—The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which every body is vividly interested in, and which few people appreciate. If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step on the weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find that they each weigh a pound and a half heavier in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and we have known persons about the year will be a loss of one pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter, which has passed off from every one of them, and from the lungs and partly through the pores of the skin. It is a most unhealthy bedroom which can not descend animal matter or poisonous exhalations.

DON'T JUMP TO A CONCLUSION.—M. de Fonvielle, the well-known writer of "Les Terres Inconnues," has been living in the streets of Algiers, and observing the young Bedouins of the Arab Colonies who were out for walking exercise, built before a bookseller's shop and took up a book. He was curious to see how far the children of the desert would buy. His astonishment was great when he found every one of them purchasers of half-penny prints published in Paris called the *Petit Journal*, the editor of which pulls the strings of the "Timothy Trim." How marvelous, said he, are the ways of Providence! Who would have imagined that Timothy Trim was destined to be the agent of civilization for the regeneration of the Arab race and the conversion of Mussulmans with a taste for French literature! Hod M. Timothy Trim, who never wrote a line that was worth reading, dates, and raises; and it was to wrap up these delicious fruits that the Parisian grocers first used and provided themselves with M. Timothy Trim's journal.

IN fashionable circles a good deal of amusement is created by the use of what is called "confessional" albums, under the old-fashioned album, which had got to be such a horrid bore. In one of these volumes is put, you, under "Confessional," containing a series of questions to which each person to whom an answer. The book then lifted gives your friends a considerable amount of amusement. The questions are of the most varied character. Such as, what your favorite qualities in man; ditto in woman; your favorite occupation; your favorite amusement; your chief favorite heroes in real life; your favorite heroines in real life; your favorite heroes in fiction; your favorite heroines in fiction; your favorite food and drink; your favorite names; your pet aversions; what characters in history you most dislike; what your present state of mind is; for what fault you have most relentless; your favorite music. Of course, a little flattery is allowable and expected. If you are asked what you would like to live, while the promise writes on "a great scale," the gay savoir "refine," and by the time he has done with the ladies, he puts to the question of your idea of happiness, he replies, "to look at you!" or gives the lady's name, which asked for a favorite name.


OUR ARMS VICTORIOUS.
GETTYSBURG
COAL HARBOR. SHILOH. WILDERNESS. VICKSBURG RICHMOND. STONE RIVER. SOUTH MOUNTAIN. SAVANNAH.
ATLANTA
VICTORY DEARLY WON
HOMEWARD MARCH.
HONOR TO THE BRAVE.
GIVE ME THE DEATH OF THOSE
WHO FOR THEIR COUNTRY DIE
HOMEWARD BOUND.
Th. Nast.


THE CONQUERING HERO.
THE REBELS SURRENDERING THEIR ARMS.
REJOICING OVER UNION VICTORIES.


ARMY
NAVY
THE ONLY NATIONAL DEBT WE NEVER CAN PAY IS THE DEBT WE OWE TO THE VICTORIOUS UNION SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
GETTYSBURG
MALVERN HILL
WHITE OAK ROAD
PETERSBURG
BULL RUN
CHANCELLORSVILLE
SOUTH MOUNTAIN
CULPEPPER
ANTIETAM
CEDAR CREEK
RICHMOND
SOUTH MOUNTAIN
GAINES MILLS
CEDAR CREEK
APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

THE Spring of Love has its own delight;
When blossoms and sun together
Bring leaves and grasses and posies bright,
But 'tis marked by fickle weather.

The Summer of Love: I know its heat,
Its passion, its glow, its glory,
When the blood is warm, and the pulse's beat
Marks time to a musical story.
But people languish beneath the rays
That burn too fierce, too fond;
Though June brings roses and balmy days,
There are August days beyond.

The Autumn of Love, I used to vow,
Was the fairest love of all;
When the ripe fruit comes, with its cheeks aglow
And the leaves downward fall.
The dead leaves fall, but the evergreen wreaths
Are beautiful still in their pride;
This love seems loyal—this ripe love breathes
Of a faith and truth which abide.

But the Winter of Love is the choice of all!
Oh, the Winter of Love give me!
When dear ones gather in parlor and hall,
All under your own roof-tree.
The Winter of Love is the love, I ween,
That speaks of a spirit rare:
The white pine stands in its kinglicst green
When the forest around is bare.

Then firesides glow and lamps burn bright,
And the cold world's shut away!
Oh, Winter of Love, with your pure delight,
You have passed the time of decay!
You have passed the Autumn of Love—and live!
Emily! the best you bring:
The only change that the world can give
Is the change for Endless Spring.

HOW HARE BECAME A PARSON.

I.

I was living with my aunt, Mrs. Osborne, who was a widow in very independent circumstances and my father's only sister. At that time she resided at a house called Black-water Lodge, on the river of the same name, and that was situated just outside, little more than a mile distant from, the romantic and busy town of M——, in the south of Ireland.

Our household at the lodge, at the date on which I refer, consisted of the house-maid, Susan, a rich cellent, good young woman, who was held in great esteem by my aunt, and was a special favorite of mine; the cook, Mrs. Gwynne, an old and faithful follower of the family; with Parks, the black, who had come to us from abroad, and with whom, while my nurse returned to India, readily consented to engage in my aunt's service, and very soon settled down into the position of domestic.

I can not say for myself that I ever cared very much for Parks; as a child, I know, I delighted to him a sore trial of my hands through his wool curls, and try to pull out the hairs, and often compelled him to submit to sundry ablutions on his face to see if I could at all wash him white. As I passed into riper years I someway got to dislike Parks. His manner, though always respectful, was often moody and repellant; and probably Susan the house-maid's positive hatred of him, which she took no trouble to conceal, may have strengthened the feeling. One unfavorable phase of his character Susan constantly harped on—his extreme closeness.

"The old black screw; he'd boil his mother to make candles of the tallow!" she would say.

His wages were very liberal, and I know were drawn to the day, and lodged in the bank, for I had heard aunt remark on this habit; and the house-maid often dwelt with irritation on all he'd squeeze out of his monthly allowance, and the meanness of his ways, she said, to save a half-penny. We had one other servant, an outside man, who did up the horses, had to do with turf and kindling, and occasionally worked in the garden, with a helper under him.

About the period of which I write, when I was just seventeen years of age, my aunt was terribly disturbed; indeed the whole south of Ireland was in a flame of excitement. The Whiteboys, as they were called with us, elsewhere the Defenders, were enrolled and organized in alarming numbers. I remember seeing some of them, on light nights, from the upper windows, with white bands round their hats, that gave them the appearance of a troop of mourners at a funeral, marching with military precision along a valley not far distant, and filing off to a small wood, where they were in the habit of holding their nightly rendezvous. Of course, upon neighboring mansions we continually heard; but as in every instance these were for arms, and only attempts of the such were known to be, we felt more examinatity than might have been supposed, considering there was so much of disturbance around us.

"Sure every body knows that we don't keep a pop-gun in the house," aunt would say, "and what need we mind it?"

She never allowed even a servant to have firearms of any kind, declaring that she thought it the safest way. We had, to be sure, such precautions taken as at the period were universally adopted—strong bars to the doors outside to all the lower windows, and so close that a Parks observed, "a mouse couldn't get in or out," and those gave our habitation very much the appearance of a jail; and, besides, new and more substantial internal fastenings were procured for the back and front doors; and to these Aunt Osborne triumphantly printed when remonstrated with on our lonely position, and reminded, moreover, that she was well known to be wealthy, and possessed of a large quantity of plate and jewels of great value, and that in these troubled days desperadoes of every description were going about in plenty, so that an attack upon us, even though we had no fire-arms to attract the cupidity of the rebels, might nevertheless be by no means an improbable thing. Once or twice aunt thought of lodging the plate and other valuables in the bank until the present storm blew over, but was always dissuaded by Parks, who maintained that "there was no fear in the world for, indeed, did we ourselves entertain the least.

One day I well remember. Mrs. Osborne had gone out to pay a distant visit, and would not be back, she told me, till late. Parks, of course, had driven the carriage. Mrs. Gwynne, however, was at the time in the hospital of the town, slowly recovering from a long and severe attack of fever. Susan had undertaken to do all the cooking during the cook's illness, so as to obviate the necessity of any temporary hand being employed, as my aunt disliked new people about her in the servant line, so that the housemaid and myself were the only occupants of the house. I had a very bad cold, and was invited to occupy my aunt's room. I otherwise should. It was near the end of the day—a dull, gloomy one in the month of November. I was studying close to the window, reading, trying to catch the last remnant of the waning light, and deeply absorbed in my book. A shadow suddenly fell from my page. It was a dark shadow from outside quite blocking up the window. I gazed in terror, and saw a man on the ground-floor just outside the casement in earnestly in. All the front windows were low, reaching to the ground. The look appeared to be full of evil intent, and fearful, and wi h difficulty suppressed a scream. He made a motion to me with his hand, put his finger on his lip to intimate silence, and then beckoned to me, implying that he wished me to go to it. On a closer scrutiny I recognized, to my surprise, the Roman Catholic priest of the parish, whom I had several times met upon the road, and who always seemed very civil. I had heard too that he was a most greatly loved by the poor of the parish. Some what reassured, yet still nervous and excited, and curious to know the object of this unusual and late call, I hastened to the door and opened it at his sign. When I opened it he seemed disappointed, as in the dusky twilight he had evidently mistaken me for my aunt.

"Is Mrs. Osborne in?" he asked, in a low, hurried voice.

"No, Sir," I replied; "but I am expecting her every moment."

"Indeed!" And then he stood on the step as if in thought for a minute. "Who else is in the house?" he asked, abruptly.

No one just now," I said, "but Susan the housemaid, Mrs. Gwynne is in hospital."

"Yes, I know she is; just as well, perhaps. Look, young lady, I have something to write on paper and I'll write the message I want to leave for Mrs. Osborne, and be quick, please."

"Yes, Sir," I replied, "I will be quick." I'll get it for you," and he followed me into the sitting-room. A sheet of letter-paper was lying on the table.

"Here, this will do," and he took it up, and tearing it across, folded one half of it into the form of a note. "I have a pencil," he said; and taking a book in his hand he wrote a few lines in a hurried up to the window, and with his eye close to the paper to get the full benefit of the last gleam of light that was struggling through the dusky pane. He gave to me; he then turned round and said, in the same sharp, quick tones that he had employed from the first, "I must add a few words to my note on the bit of wax?" I supplied him at once, and twisting up the remainder of the sheet of paper into a match he lit it at the fire. "Hold this a moment, if you please." I held the burning paper for him, and as its transient glare fell upon the features while he sealed the note I observed that his usually ruddy and good-humored face had an anxious, care-worn aspect, and that he repaired pale and thin. He then looked up and caught my eye seriously fixed on him, "Take care," said he, "you'll burn your fingers," and taking the match he extinguished it between him my hand he flung it unceremoniously on the carpet, extinguishing it with the heel of his boot.

"You know who I am, my child?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "Father Malachi."

"Well," said he, sinking his voice into an anxious whisper, "I've come to warn you that one of Osborne's own hand; you're sure, aunt, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And, young lady," he continued, "I'll take it as a favor if you'll not mention to any one, Susan the maid, or any one else, this visit of mine, and this Mrs. Osborne's note."

I promised him on the word of a lady that I would not.

"Thank you—good-night," and dragging his hat that he had not, during his short stay, removed at all from his head, down over his brows, and wrapping his cloak closely around him, he turned to go. Of course I round him, he strode out at the door, down the Laurel Walk, and was soon lost in the darkness. Soon I heard the sound of the carriage-wheels advancing, and I quickly threw off the timidity and hesitation I was sure was unbecoming under the circumstance, and met Aunt Osborne as if nothing had occurred. I kept the note safely, and did not tell her about it until we were alone in her room, when I then gave it, mentioning the circumstances under which it had been intrusted to me, as well as the peculiar manner of the priest with regard to the writer. My aunt seemed considerably surprised at what I told her, and hastily opened the strange missive; I noticed that she looked puzzled after she had read it, and holding the paper for several minutes in her hand, she continued gazing in silence into the fire.

"Do you know the contents of this?" she asked at length, pointing to the note.

"No," I said; "I did not see nothing about it."

She handed it to me without a word: it ran as follows:

"MADAM.—From circumstances that have lately come to my knowledge, through whom, or in what way I am not at liberty to mention, I have reason to believe that a considerable danger threatens you, and that from a quarter that you might perhaps least apprehend; you will understand that a parish priest is often bound to secrecy by the most sacred obligations, and I am almost breaking through the limits of official discretion and reserve in conveying this intimation. I therefore reckon confidently on your closest silence; act, but don't speak; lose no time in removing from your house to some safe custody the valuables that would tempt an assailant, and this may probably avert the peril; above all, let no imprudent urge betray you not to convey the faintest hint to a single soul not in your house that you have been in any way warned.

"I am your well-wisher,

"Pray burn this."

"Well," asked Aunt Osborne, "what do you think of that letter?"

"Think of it?" I exclaimed, in horror, "why, if I were you I'd go, bag and baggage, into lodgings in M——, somewhere, and I'd get every thing worth twopence into the bank, under Mr. Gregory's care. I shou'n have an easy moment here now, and the dark nights coming on."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Mrs. Osborne, "I'm not a bit afraid of any one out here. I shall only take my jewels, and Susan, though, about lodging the plate and some other matters in the bank; only I mustn't say a word to Parks—he would be quite offended."

"What on earth," I said, "can Father Malachi mean by danger from a quarter that we don't suspect. Isn't that what he says?" and I glanced again at his note.

"Why," he means that it is the Whiteboys will attack us for money, though we haven't arms. Indeed, I heard the other day, I now remember, that Parks had purchased one or two boxes near Cork, for money alone; they want it, I suppose, to help out their shooting projects; any way, I'm not afraid of them, and I'll not be driven out of the whole matter, and whether it might not be well to have a gun or pistol, or something or other for Parks, in case any thing should happen; and bythe-way, Maggie, I promised to take Mrs. Gregory for a drive to-morrow, and said that we'd have an early dinner, so you'll remember, and be told me that he'd come home with us in the evening if we were at all afraid. I hope your cold will be well enough, and we can have a nice little dinner-party; positively it might be better to move into the town for the winter. I must take care, though, and not betray in the least that poor Father Malachi has so kindly exposed in us; I declare it was a very good thing of him to do, more than I should have expected." And so saying, she left the note into the fire.

"Why, then," I rejoined, "I'd almost wish that he had kept his letter to himself, he has terrified me finely by it."

Various conjectures and plans were expressed and discussed that evening; at one time we thought of going, like Father Malachi, the next day and questioning him more closely, but then abandoned the idea as it would be making a fuss, and be a bad return for the favor he had shown. I also succeeded in diverting my aunt from the intention she had half adopted of consulting and disclosing the purport of the priest's letter, and how it reached her, to Mr. Gregory when consulting him as to what prudent course of things in the country; and to this aunt ultimately agreed.

The next day my old cold was too heavy to think of venturing out. Aunt Osborne wanted to forego her intention of remaining to dinner; I insisted, however, on her abiding by the original arrangement, but she promised that she would be home as early as possible. She left soon after breakfast, as she wished to get to the hospital to take some things for Mrs. Gwynne, and had other places to call at before going to the Gregory's at the Bank. The earlier part of the morning I passed in dozing myself, and then settled down at my favorite seat in the window that nearly faced the Laurel Walk, over which I could see while reading on the preceding day. Susan sometimes came in to look after the fire, or to talk with me a little, as she said she was not wished to go out, as she had a number of occasions, she was stood by my chair,

"Oh! Miss Maggie," she exclaimed, "if here isn't Miss the Osborne's own nephew up the walk. No, I can't Mike," she added, as she looked out more closely, "but 'tis a peddler, any how, and I'm in such a way for want of a bit luck of my head."

Poor Susan had a regular penchant for peddlers; she'd rather buy from one of these itinerant hawkers than avail herself of a good meal, than at any shop in the town. I objected strongly to a strange man at such times being at all encouraged about the place, especially as Mrs. Osborne's absence; but the servant pleaded so hard, and said that she would not have such a bargain will be to her, that as an old shawl she had to dispose of, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse her. I insisted, however, that he should not enter the contrivance, as I would not hear of any stragglers being admitted into the back-yard or kitchen. Meanwhile, the man had advanced down the Laurel Walk towards the house; he seemed to me to be more tardy in his movements than the apparent weight of his load would have warranted me in supposing. I thought, he has traveled some great distance. As he came to the window and touched his hat civilly he looked, I thought, at me, and I sent him to the hall-door, and very soon Susan was on her knees in the hall closely examining the contents of his pack, and trying to strike a bargain for some of his goods: there was altogether a multifarious assortment, ballads, some pictures in little tawdry gilt frames, tool-laces, needles, and thread-laces, and other frivolous decorations, but little that was useful. I remained in the hall while Susan was engaged with him, partly for amusement, as well that I did not wish a stranger to be there alone with only the servant. I could not help noticing in the man a listless indifference about selling his wares, while an occasional eagerness was manifestly assumed. I first imputed this to the apathy arising from fatigue until I observed, with considerable uneasiness, a restless movement of his eyes in every direction; now to the hall-door, then to the kitchen, then toward the dining-room, again to the stairs; while, when I once asked Susan what caused such a bitter wind that surely she had not left the back-door open, and when the answered that she was obliged, the kitchen smoked so, I thought I could detect at once upon the peddler's face a look of inquisitive and excited curiosity as he said,

"Smoke, does it? Just let me look at it and I'll cure it for you."

I instantly and decidedly declined, somewhat to Susan's surprise, who would have admitted him, I doubt not, at once. I had but one desire now, to get the fellow out—in fact I inwardly trembled with apprehension until he was clean off; and at last, to my inexpressible relief, he gathered up his goods after the servant had paid for her purchases, and trudged down the walk by which he had come. We both stood in the window watching him, while more than once from time he looked back, as though to see if we were still there, when soon the turn in the avenue hid him from view. Susan remained with me for a while descanting on the disinterested excellence of the articles which she had bought. I gave little heed to her encomiums; uneasy thoughts about that man were running in my mind, and I told the house-maid that I did not at all like his way or appearance, and that I was sure I'd dream of him that night. I then kept close by the side of the day passed: I had a kind of luncheon dinner, and remained after it sitting by the fire in the twilight in a dreamy doze; for my cold was oppressive. When Susan lit the candles and drew the curtains, stirred up the fire, and made the room comfortable, I took the small candle that she had to get some work up stairs. At the top of the last flight, and near the door of my aunt's room, there was a sort of arched recess, where cloaks and other stray articles of that description were hung; and as I reached the landing I was attracted by the motion of one of these, a cloak, I believe it was. I thought, I remember, that the lobby window must be open, and that a breeze from it shook the garment. I paused to see, and then, at a loss to understand what it could be, I was about to move into the recess itself to examine more closely, when I became rooted to the spot on observing quite distinctly the outline of a figure draped in a dark, heavy wrap of Mrs. Osborne's: it seemed to me as if he must have hurriedly folded it round him, probably on hearing my step, for it was clumsily managed. One foot projected, quite distinctly, and I at once recognized a similar kind of boot that I had noticed on the peddler when in the hall in the day. I know not how I kept from instantly betraying the startling discovery by a loud scream; my heart leaped to my throat, but I gained sufficient command over myself to pass on into my room, and after a moment's delay, returning, I went down, with as little appearance of haste as I could summon, to the hall, and on my shoulder as I passed by the spot where the robber was hidden. Near the foot of the stairs I met Susan coming up. Quickly my hand on her arm I whispered,

"Come with me."

Unfortunately my pale face so alarmed her that with a loud voice she cried, "Lord! Miss Maggie, what is it?"

Instantly there was a rustling sound overhead, and a man's voice. I had not time to reply, but called, "The peddler is up stairs; run, Susan, run!" and flinging down the candle, I flew to the front-door, opened it, and with a cry that is due to my cowardice with frantic speed down the Laurel Walk to get assistance from the lodge. I had not advanced half a dozen yards before I heard the house-door with its crunching sound, on the gravel of the avenue, in, as I conjectured, rapid pursuit; this augmenting my speed, I put forth my utmost energy to the very utmost in pressing on, and I soon had the satisfaction of hearing my pursuer dart into the plantations, for the noise of his footsteps being broken and pushed aside conveyed to me this welcome assurance. Possibly, as I afterward thought, he never meant to follow me at all events at all which way I had gone, for the night was intensely dark, but may have been only concerned in effecting his escape after he had been detected. I found Brien, the gardener, at the gate lodge, and another workman with him, just putting them back as well as possible to the house, for I felt anxious about poor Susan, knowing the fright she must be in. We discovered her still in the cook's room, half dead with fear. Mrs. Osborne's arrival in the midst of our consternation was a relief to all, and nothing could equal my aunt's distress when she learned what had happened and the alarm to which we had been subjected. Even Parks looked grave and uneasy, and himself made the evening suggest the propriety of removing from the house any thing that might be a bait to plunderers. I could see that Aunt Osborne was relieved from some concern at the proposal emanating from the butler himself; she had arranged, she told me in the course of the evening, to convey all our valuables to the house of Mr. Gregory; and it was a great comfort, she said, that Parks had now advised the same, for it made all matters smooth. We both confidently felt that attempt made by this pretended peddler was what Father Malachi meant in his private warning; and, terrified as I had been by the tragic adventure of the day, I could not help secretly congratulating myself that I had succeeded, I went to bed more at ease that night, as the vague dread of the morning better had excited me now to a greatdegree set at rest; and I was further consoled by finding that my aunt was more pleased than angry with my conduct. I had for some time urged—the moving into the town for the winter months. The next day proved one of unremitting anxiety to me. We had determined during the lodgment to be made with Mr. Gregory into M—— that morning, but as well from the weather as Paul's suggestion it was deferred till the succeeding day. It would be well, he said, to give all the silver a thorough cleaning before it was laid by, and he could do that in a few hours easily.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain Parks repaired to M—— to give the authorities a description of the peddler (which he got just accurately from me and Susan), and to try and ascertain if he had any others connected with him, for he strenuously maintained that the ruffian was not single-handed in the matter, but must be one of a gang. It was mid-

day before the butler returned, and when he did he called at once for Susan, to tell her that he had met a messenger on his way, from her home (it was about five miles distant, at the foot of a neighboring mountain), with the intelligence that her mother was dying—"A most off," he said, "Susy, she was; and that she implored you, for the love of God, to go to her, not to lose a moment, for his word was she was just on the fringe."

The announcement of this sad impending catastrophe affected the poor girl, as may be supposed, with the greatest sorrow; the house resounded with her sobs and moans. We made her up with all the coats and mantles she could wear; Parks assured her that he'd look after every thing of her work that was necessary, and with sympathetic tears Aunt Osborne and I saw her off upon her mournful errand.

For the remaining hours of daylight my aunt and Parks were busied over the different costly articles of silver that were being packed into a large chest, in preparation for their removal on the succeeding day, and we were, I think, a little later than usual at dinner in consequence. Susan scarcely dined, I know, when we were considerably startled by a loud, impetuous, and incessant knocking at the door, and we were astonished when the angry claimant for admission turned out to be Susan back again. I saw that Parks looked greatly disconcerted; and, quite agitated, on her entrance, while, without ceremony, not even retaining by the presence of, or a feeling of respect for, my aunt, she assailed him with extreme bitterness for what she termed "his sending her off in the wet upon a fool's errand. Nothing in life, master, matter will be," I met Tom, that's my brother, coming foremost me down the hill, and she never was further. She had a purpose in it, you all black thief you," she exclaimed in a rage, "I don't believe you ever met any one who told you she was ill. Come, you may as well tell me, now! What was he like? Oh, I have had a talk about you since, I can tell you; no matter;" and the aggrieved girl ended a brief paper chase that I have attempted to describe, and that no interruption or remonstrance on our part could stop, by bursting into tears.

cautiously opened Parks's countenance within this stormy scene. At first he seemed frightened, but that soon yielded to an expression of pent-up fury that terrified me by its violence; before our return I never saw any thing so fiendish. A wild gleam shot from his eyes, and they glared like a cat's in the dark; his large drops gathered on his dark forehead; his heaving chest emitted gasps like the ominous growling of an angry beast; while his set teeth were pressed down into the thick under lip until the blood came. I thought at the moment that he would have done some fearful deed on the spot. I had heard of his once before being similarly excited, and that those who witnessed it said "they wouldn't care to have a hand in aggravating blacky" but I had no idea of the reality.

Aunt Osborne insisted on Susan's going early to bed. She dined there with but little relish and cried copious prevarications, for the poor girl had been thoroughly saturated from the rain.

For a time after tea that evening we sat silently at our work in the drawing-room. I could think of nothing but the terrible face of the black. I felt that it would be painfully inquired upon me as long as I lived. I was silent, too; for at least during this day, if not before, a kind of undefined apprehension had I scarce liked to express had been creeping over me that Parks was a man not to be trusted. Now, since dinner, the vague feeling had gathered strength; a phantom, so to speak, suddenly assumed a bodily form; and yet the sickening alarm that the idea gave rise to was such that I could dismiss it from my thoughts no altogether groundless, but I could not. Even silence about it now was becoming oppressive. I looked up from my work, my dear companion at the other side of the table was at some embroidery that seemed to try her sight too much as she bent above it over it, and I noticed that a shade of trouble or anxiety disturbed that usually sweet, serene face.

"Aunt," I said, suddenly, "did you ever at all occur to you," and I hesitated, to try and shape my unpleasant thought in less unpleasant words, "that —that—Parks is not worthy of the trust you repose in him?"

"What makes you say so?" she replied, hurriedly, dropping the work from her hand and looking nervously at me.

"I can hardly tell you," I rejoined. "I don't like what I have seen for days back, and I expect something wrong; though I don't well know what, about this matter of Susan's; but what influences me most now is the awful look he had at the time at dinner that she attacked him. You did not see it, but I never can forget it; and I tell you what, aunt," I continued, "it has revived strongly on my mind more than once to-day that, in the priest's note, the covert allusion was to him."

"Well, my love, Parks being a Protestant might have biased his mind, even if he did refer to him."

"Oh, depend upon it," I rejoined, "religion one way or the other, had nothing to do with it."

My aunt seemed lost in thought for a few moments. "Very true," she said at last, with a deep sigh. "He has hitherto hindered me, I almost thought strangely, in sending away the plate. Curious, too, he drew all his money out of the bank. I heard this only yesterday, and I fancy that Mr. Gregory suspects him. To tell you the whole truth, Mabel, since I have not felt very comfortable about him myself for the last week, though till this moment I hardly allowed myself to entertain the idea, I thought. Please God, come what may, we'll be off into M—— at once."

"I wish we were safe there this very night!" I almost unconsciously ejaculated.

I had scarce expressed the wish, uttered in a low voice, when we were both suddenly terrified by the sound of a cry. It appeared to be at a distance, but had a kind of muffled or smothered tone. Whoever it was, it was like the last wild utterance of some creature in mortal anguish, and sounded fearfully in the stillness of the night.

"Oh! what's that?" said my aunt, bounding upright from my seat, so deeply fretted he was a work. We stood listening with blanched faces, but not another sound or stir reached us, and in a few moments Frisk, a small dog, gave a half growl, half bark under the window.

"Oh, there!" I said, with a deep breath of relief, "I know what it was. Frisk after a rabbit, I'll engage. I heard just such a cry, I'm sure, the other day from one that he killed in the wall; and, of course, it was more startling at this hour."

"Perhaps it was," rejoined my aunt. "It certainly seemed to be outside; but, dear, it sounded so awful!"

We remained for a while longer at our work, more quieted, though still not altogether at ease.

"Look, Maggie," said my aunt, "I want to run up for a bit of thread to finish this, and then I think we'll go to bed, for I declare I'm in a tremor since I heard that noise."

"Yes, and I must sleep with you to-night," I said, "for I should be afraid to be alone, and my room door is the only one in the house, I think, that has both lock and key. I was thinking the other day that there was not another pair above or below that one could lock themselves up in, if they required it."

"You're right, child, I believe," rejoined my aunt, laughing; "however, if we go to M——, it will not be worth while to get any thing done to them at present."

If indeed!" I said, in a kind of soliloquy, as she left the room.

I don't now know how long Aunt Osborne was absent. I was pondering so deeply upon the occurrences of the past day or two, and wondering what might be the matter, that I was not aware of her return, and did not notice her coming back into the apartment until the light of her candle fell upon the work I still held in my hand, though I had not put in a stitch for several minutes, and I turned to her with the start that I have seen a nervous person give from my chair, gazing at her, transfixed with horror. Her face was white like snow; every lip was the same; and the hand she stretched so, that only I caught her I think she would have fallen. She seemed trying to speak, but her tongue refused to utter a sound, and she fell, with my own face growing as ghastly as hers; I took the candle from her nerveless hand, and almost forced it into the seat that I had occupied.

"For mercy's sake," I whispered, "what is it; tell me; what have you seen?" I reached from the mantle a tumbler of water, and held it to her lips for some medicine that I was to take for my cold, and made her swallow two or three sups.

"Maggie!" she said, at last, gasping out, "'tis all true—Parks," and she shook from head to foot, "he's above, behind my bed; 'tis pushed a little down from the side of the wall, and I saw his face in the looking-glass, and then, for fear of a mistake—I don't know how I got courage—I looked at him directly at the back. He was peering through an opening in the back curtain, with a knife or some sharp thing in his hand. He means to murder us to-night, child. I feel it. I could not have been mistaken, to nerve myself up, though aghast at this appalling intelligence.

"Aunt, be certain," I asked—and how unnaturally hollow my whispering voice sounded!—"that he does not suspect you of having seen him?"

"No, I got strength at the moment, somehow, and walked quietly from the room; but oh, Maggie, what are we to do?"

"We must," said I, bracing myself for this fearful emergency, "first of all gently wake up Susan, and then try, all three, to escape by the door and off before he finds out that he's discovered. Where are the keys? Great goodness! they had been left outside! we then remembered that we locked every night, and left in a small basket on a table in my aunt's room.

"Stay here a bit there," she exclaimed, "and the table, you know, is just by the bed; but I forgot in my fright what it was, and all about it. Now there was no earthly hope that I could get them, even from the house; the windows are barred, the doors are locked, and the keys up close to where that fiend watch is lurking."

"I fear, indeed, dear aunt," I exclaimed, hurrying into tears, and throwing my arms round her, "that our destruction is determined. And I shook with convulsive but suppressed sobs.

"Don't, don't, my poor darling child !" said my beloved relative soothingly, more aroused and excited by the violence of my emotion. "There is One who can help us in the last extremity !" and she lifted her face with our mutual encircling one another we sank upon our knees, while Aunt Osborne uttered a few trembling but fervent words of heartfelt supplication to the almighty.

"Better," I said, "to call up poor Susan. If it comes to a last struggle, three together might do something; you'll not be afraid to stay here if I slip down to her?"

"No, dear," she answered; "you know he has no idea that we suspect any thing, and he'll be quiet too, I think."

I stole softly out, and down the stairs to the basement; the room which the housemaid occupied, and the cook with her when at my aunt's house, was in a remote part of the house, off a passage at the other side of the kitchen; while the man's apartment was at the opposite extremity of the same story. I passed quickly on, and opening the door, called out in a low tone, "Susan, Susan!" There was no reply. Going up to the bed, I said, "Susan, you erred herself up in the quilt," I muttered; "your thing, she was so tired and sleepy; how tossed, though, all the clothes are!" I drew down the coverlet. Useless to try and describe the sight that met me, the icy chill I felt; she had been barbarously murdered! A handkerchief or string of some kind was tied so tightly round the throat that it had cut the skin, the eyes were protruding with a glassy stare, and a frothy mucus covered the parted lips; both hands were clenched, as in the last agony. That there had been a fierce struggle was evident, as well from the disordered state of the bed-clothes and one of the mats that lay under a tained a wooly curl that I know must have been torn in the conflict from the murderer's head. The coldness and rigidity of death were already creeping over the frame. "Poor unfortunate girl!" I groaned out, as I staggered against the wall. "this was the cry we heard." In some strange way the sight of that disfigured corpse imparted a sudden and almost unnatural courage. "God help me, I'll thwart this ruffian yet," I said, "and there's no time to be lost; my poor, kind-hearted Susan!" I then raised the quilt again over the dead discolored face; and, with a firmer tread than I had entered, left the room. "Let me see," I said, "I would not tell aunt yet," and when I returned, "On second thoughts," said I, "I have determined not to waken Susan a while, at all events till we be ready to depart; she would be sure to cause some disturbance in her fright."

"Oh, nonsense," aunt whispered, "I won't have the poor girl murdered and murdered in her bed without knowing or hearing a word; come, I'll go to her myself."

"Stop, aunt," I said. "you must not."

"Why? Oh, Maggie, is there any thing more?" For she saw the agitation that I could not conceal.

"Yes, dear," I said, "something; it be has murdered her already; we have but our own safety now to think of." I dreaded the effect of this intelligence upon one who was already so entirely unnerved by our terrible position; she sank back into her seat, and folded her hands with a look of passive despair.

"Poor thing!" she murmured, "I suppose she has only preceded us a little."

"Aunt," I said, "I must, and I knelt down beside her chair, and my voice was wonderfully steady and strong: "I am resolved on one last effort for our lives. I will hold in my hand, though I had not got into that room and bring out the keys without his hearing me, and then we might readily escape. See, its our only chance."

Aunt Osborne shook her head, and seemed bewildered about as to the course to pursue. I saw with fresh concern that a kind of apathetic stupor was stealing over her, and I dreaded that she might get a fit.

"Come, courage," I said; "God will not forsake us. Up quite certain that I slipped my dress round my shoulders, so as to be less impeded, I literally crept up stairs, advancing with extreme care, lest even a creaking of my shoes might betray what might indicate my approach. When I reached the lobby, I stood by the cloak-hole, as we called it, which received our outer garments, to listen, but there was not the least sound: then with, if possible, a yet more stealthy movement, I went on to the door of my aunt's room, stopped, second time during to draw breath for fear of arousing Parks's suspicions. I had felt marvellously firm and nerved up to this last step, but now actually on the threshold of the apartment where the assassin was, the full consciousness of the impending danger came over me with such force that I had not at my back, and my limbs shook so that I had to lean for support against the wall. I again called up the tragedy to know, that I had such a feeling of indignant execration as to quell the overpowering nervousness that had preceded it. I passed my hand gently along the door. It was half open, in security I felt, by any chance the key might be on the outside, and to my great joy I found it was; gently I took it, and, softly, I thought, a most merciful providence that it happened to be so. Somewhat reassured by this discovery, I went into the room. Here I assumed a stooping posture, fearful lest a possible gleam from the window, falling on my full height, might do mischief. I was then master of the situation, and my caution; an unguarded stir, a sudden encounter with any article of furniture, and we were ruined. To describe minutely how I crept, and kept sweeping my arm gently round me, treading step by step, more, as I afterward thought, like a person picking his way through a morass, than any carefully levelled every foothold for fear of sinking. At last I reached the small table: there in a momentary pause I heard the key that I had left in the particular article, and accompanied by a restless movement. I stretched out my hand quickly, too quickly in the intense eagerness to get hold of the key, which I did, and turned it over with a loud rattle. To grasp them all with one desperate effort, to turn and fly, regardless of silence now, to the door after me, unlock it and turn the key, all was the work of an instant. The relief with which I found myself in the passage on the lock side I may be better imagined than described. As rapidly as my feet could carry me I hurried down to my aunt's room, and entered so abruptly, however, to seize the garment that came first to hand, from where they were hung, as I thought, in the cloak-hole, that I startled her afresh. I saw by her look that she had imagined the worst, and I hastened to explain. "Quick," I exclaimed, seizing by the arm my half-scared companion, who could scarce be persuaded that the hope of extrication now open to us was a reality, "we must go by the back-door and out the little wicket at the other side of the house. The fellow evidently has accomplices outside, and we have not done with danger yet." It was no easy matter to get poor Aunt Osborne on ; she was in so great a terror that her limbs all but failed. We got, however, to the yard, and out at the small door, locking each after us, and so, avoiding the Laurel Walk, as the most probable place where the others might be watching or concealed, we ran on up the front avenue, and this it was I am sure that saved us; for those in the plot who were outside, concluding, I suppose, that we would endeavor to reach the gate lodge as a natural refuge, remained posted at that end of the house. By the same favoring Providence that had so far conducted us, a company of soldiers, with two officers and a magistrate, were passing the gate on their way to some station some patrol. I knew the latter gentleman, who lived in the town, and instantly informed him and the officers of what had occurred. A picked number of the men were dispatched to scour the plantations, and try and secure as many of the gang as they could find; while some more repaired to the house. No race it till after a long and fierce resistance that Parks h'mself was finally overpowered. The pedder was also apprehended, found hidden in the shrubbery. Parks and the pedder both expiated their guilt on the gallows, and suffered the last penalty of the law on a cross-road close by Blackwater Lodge, that for a long period after was—and for aught I can tell may still be—haunted. Parks's fate I will not tell any more than it is less than a week subsequent to the terrors of that dreadful night, my hair, that had been before black like the raven's wing, was white as the driven snow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is a victory like a kiss?—Because it is easy to *Grant*.

A CONNECTICUT CONTRA.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, just tell me that—for it's meself that's had to wash the dishes every time the blessed day that Father O'Flynn nigus sint me to yer home?" "Swate jewel," replied Pat, "and it's proud that I am now that I may say this day you're a widder wagon over the covid end that kitvers me wid." "Be Saint Patrick, I'll on how ye pit along without me, honey."

"Old Bumblebee" was the cognomen of Mr. T., of Newburyport, and the little urchins in the village, as he passed to his bumblebee one day as he was singing his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with his cane, he struck the horse on the thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. "Why, you old bumblebee," exclaimed the driver, "I'll teach you to fly around between two heads of a horse he was putting up, when he had to call for assistance. The old man was in a terrible passion. He once put a bullet through a man who had insulted him, and was only let out on a gate instead of the post.

Two men met in a crowded state, with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by to help him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S nephew was a clergyman. When he had preached an excellent sermon, instead of which he always refused the fee, saying, "Go your ways, poor parson, I have as many pounds as you indeed sermons."

Old Mrs. Darnley is a pattern of household economy. She says she made a pair of socks last her fifteen years by knitting the feet only when them every winter, and new legs to them every other winter.

A MODEL "REPORT."—Mr. Jenkins, postmaster, had read a "report" from one of his men, that there was a "quarterly report" to hand-quarters. So when the time came he expected to hand-quarters he "reported" as the following:

Fulton on the 2 day of the 3 1865.

MR. JAMES BOKRASH president of united States.

Been required by the instructions of this post Office to report quarterly to hand-quarters. Herewith find my report, which is as follows: The Harvestin has been goin on pretty well most of the summer, have got about half through it, but there is only a average crop on millin lands corn is pritchin and won't turn out worth much. Health in this vicinity is purtin and most all the commonery is only tolerabl. Haven't had the honner of a call from a single member of the congress since I've been in office. Have nothin of interest to write about, so I'll close by hopin you are well and hearty. Hoping you may reply to mire Bukwheate I remain your obedient servant,

Yours Truly, Alijah Jenkins

P. m. at ——— fulton co ills

A father was winding his watch when he said, playfully, to his little boy, "I wish I had your watch, Johnny." "Well," said the child, "I don't want my nose wound up, for I don't want to run my face off."

MRS. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says "that it is better to smash pumpkins than to pound than to be all the time dinging eighpins at him."

IRISH DOGS IN PARLIAMENT.—The following notice of dogs introduced into the House of Commons in the parliamentary papers: "Notice of motion, May 25—Dogs Registration Bill [Ireland]—Mr. Hennessy, to move for leave to bring in this measure." "Every dog found trespassing on unlicensed land unaccompanied by the proprietor, his agent, or the owner of other person, who shall on being asked give his true name and address, to be liable to a penalty recovered by such proprietor, or by his order." A contemporary asks: "Is it true that Mr. Hennessy has a dog that is accustomed to bark, shall be destroyed? or it is the owner or other person who is to be prosecuted for the offense of giving his true name and address?"

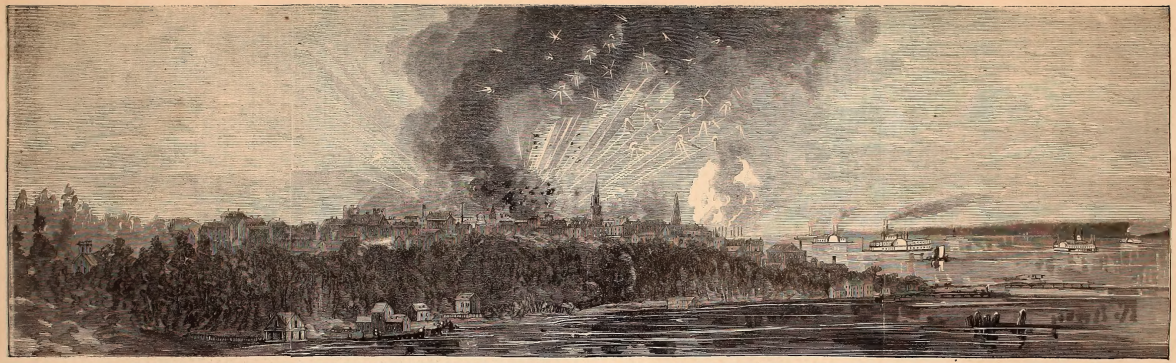
"Alot it wicked to rob dis chicken roost, George?"—"That's a great question, Cuffy, indeed; but what's him use to argue in here? hand down another pullet."

SECRETARY ROB HOSEE.—An old resident of Philadelphia has a colored servant which he has had for several years. For some time past the horse evinced a tendency to stumble, and the owner was afraid of it. One day a kind-hearted owner judged the animal off from his own, and received an equivalent in the shape of a pair of pebble-glasses, about the size of the object-glasses of a large-sized telescope, to put across over the horse's eyes. He appreciates the convenience wonderfully, and has never stumbled since he made the change.

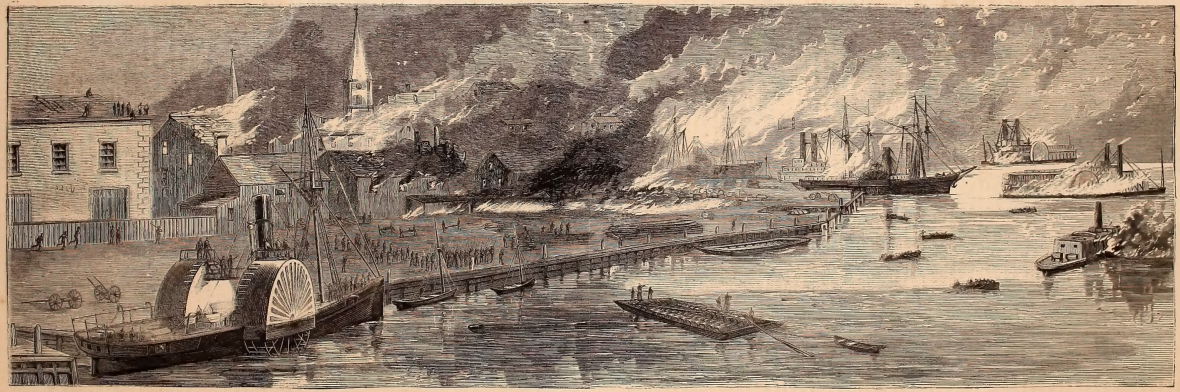
Secretary Rob Hosee.—An old resident of Philadelphia has a colored servant which he has had for several years. For some time past the horse evinced a tendency to stumble, and the owner was afraid of it. One day a kind-hearted owner judged the animal off from his own, and received an equivalent in the shape of a pair of pebble-glasses, about the size of the object-glasses of a large-sized telescope, to put across over the horse's eyes. He appreciates the convenience wonderfully, and has never stumbled since he made the change.

AN IRISHMAN, "S TELEGRAPH.—A gentleman remarked a few days by as he was passing a piece of optics was now brought to such perfection that, by the aid of a telescope, he could be had just perceived, he could distinguish with an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the Irishman, "that is nothing to the telescope of Herod, and that will be a match for it; it brought the church steeple of Tara so near to me that I could count the whole congregation singing psalms."

HOUSE-HAND JESTICE.—There was once a boy, in the olden time of Yorkshire Grammar, who had a wonderful definition in his book, "A noun is the name of a thing, as horse hair, justice." But he chanced to misconstrue it, and read it thus: "A noun is the name of a thing, as horse hair justice." He was of a contrative turn, and long pondered over the wonderful properties of a noun; but in vain, he could not make it out. It so happened that his father was a justice of the peace; and, one day, when the boy went home, the old man was holding a justice court. There he sat, in state among a crowd of people, on an old, cushioned horse-hair settee. A new light flashed into upon her boy's mind. "My father," said he, mentally, "is a horse-hair justice, and, therefore, a noun!"



EXPLOSION OF THE UNITED STATES RECEIVING MAGAZINE AT MOBILE, MAY 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.]



CONFLAGRATION AT MOBILE, CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION, MAY 25, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.]

MISS EDWARDS.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS is one of the most popular and successful of what may be called the minor novelists, and her progress is so rapid that we are not sure how long she can be ranked with them. Her story, "Half a Million of Money," now publishing in the *Weekly*, is her most finished and apparently elaborate work, characterized by the same lively and pleasant tone, and a certain domestic tranquility of impression which made "Barbara's History" so welcome to tired novel-readers. MISS EDWARDS's style is often fervent and eloquent. She has a sincere enthusiasm for art and for whatever is picturesque in nature; and her thoughtful feeling imparts a charming purity to her works. Her personal history is hidden from the public. There is a repose and air of elegant cultivation in her writings which compel us to believe that the sparkling serenity of her page flows from a happy and contented life. At least we may believe it, as we most cordially wish it, to be so.

THE EXPLOSION AT MOBILE.

ON Thursday, May 25, a terrible explosion, involving great loss of life and property, occurred at Mobile. We illustrate this event on page 396. About half past two in the afternoon the main Ordnance Depôt of the Government, on the corner of Lipscomb and Commerce streets, was blown up. Eight squares of buildings were demolished by the violence of the shock. It is estimated that the number of persons killed will reach fully two hundred. This will appear no large estimate when it is considered that nearly all the work-shops, foundries, cotton-presses, etc., which covered the vast area destroyed, were employing quite a number of men. A large number of persons were wounded. A number of the bodies recovered were so mutilated that recognition was impossible. Major STORCH estimates the amount of cotton destroyed at from eight to ten thousand bales: nearly all this belonged to private citizens.

The noise of the explosion was so great as to be heard at the distance of forty miles from the city. The steamers in the river suffered greatly from the shock, and a number of persons were killed. Two steamers were destroyed.

A man named WALL has been arrested at Mobile charged with being implicated in the explosion. He states that he and two other men, on the night previous to the explosion, placed torpedoes between the buildings containing the powder; that the work was performed under the direction of a rebel major, who threatened them with instant death if they disobeyed or offered to resist; and that the major afterward lighted the fuse of the shell connected with the infernal arrangement. Torpedoes have also been discovered in the Custom-house, so arranged as to explode on opening the doors.



HOW THE BRITISH TREAT PRISONERS OF WAR.—[FROM THE LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS, 1857.]

PRACTICE versus PRECEPT.

From English Papers, 1857.

"On the 12th of June, at Peshawar, forty men were tried, convicted, and sentenced to be blown from the guns. The execution was a dreadful sight. Three sides of a square were formed by British troops, and in the centre ten guns were planted, pointing outward. A prisoner was bound to each gun, his back placed against the muzzle, and his arms fastened firmly to the wheel. The signal is now given, and the salvo fired. The discharge, of course, cuts the body in two; and human trunks, heads, legs, and arms may be seen for an instant flying about in all directions. As there were only ten guns used on this occasion, the mutilated criminals had to be removed four times.... The scene and stench were overpowering. Precaution was not taken to remove the sponge-and-load men from the muzzles of the guns. The consequence was that they were greatly bespattered with blood.... All these forty criminals met their fate with the exception of two, and, to save time, they were dragged to the ground, and their brains blown out with musketry."

On another occasion two rejoined, "Hold your mivelingi! Die men, and not cowards. You defended your religion; why, then, do you crave your lives?"

From Russell's Journal, 1857.

"A French General expressed his regret at certain violences attributed to some of our officers in cold blood—I presume alluding to Hodson shooting the Princes of Delhi, and things of that sort. But he should know that here there is no such thing as cold blood at the right of a rebel.... When Nana marched from Allahabad his executions were so numerous and indiscriminate that one of his officers remonstrated with him that if he depopulated the country he could get no supplies."

From the London Herald, May 27, 1865.

"The [American] newspapers announce the capture of Mr. Davis in language of fiendish exultation. They gloat over the prospect of his judicial murder; and knowing, as we must presume, the character of those whom they address, promise it a glorious satisfaction in the indignities and pains to which the rebel President will be subjected. Still we would fain hope, for the sake of our common humanity, for our common kindred, that the American people may show itself in this critical hour more just, more generous, and more magnanimous than the drunken blackguard whom, after the fashion of an ignorant African tribe, it has chosen for its ruler, and the unscrupulous writers who try to earn its favor by flattering its lowest passions, and insist that the man whose rare abilities and high character have conferred a lustre upon the United States should be treated with fairness and justice.... To such a man there must be something inspiring and consoling in the prospect of such a death. His blood, he will be assured, will not flow in vain.

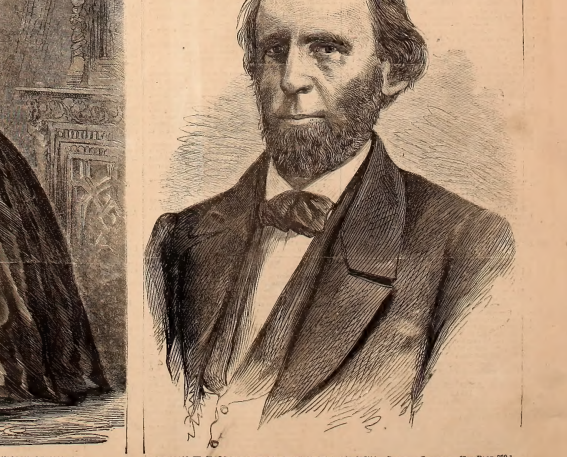
"He has done his duty. He has defended the cause of freedom and of right with almost superhuman energy; and having seen the noblest of his countrymen lay down their lives for that cause, he must desire to seal his testimony with his blood."

From the London Times, May 27, 1865.

"We confess that it is with much anxiety that we look forward to the probable fate of the Southern President. If slaughter can heal the wounds of the Republic, enough of human hecatombs have been offered at its shrine. There needs not another life to establish the fortune of the victors. For the credit of the American Union we urge the extreme impolicy of shedding the blood of a man whom a little success would have transformed from an attainted traitor into something very like an anointed monarch."



MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY."



WILLIAM W. HOLDEN, GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.—PHOT. BY GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 396.]

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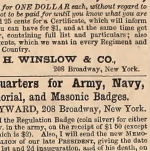
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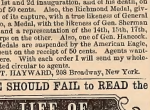
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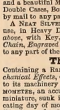
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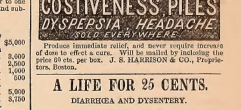
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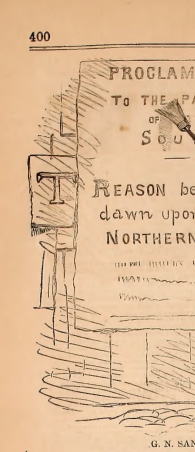
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 444.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BULL RUN MONUMENTS.

THE battle of Bull Run was the first great battle of the war. It was proper that upon the field where it was fought should be erected the first monuments. The movement to erect such monuments on this field was quite *impromptu*. The idea was conceived by Lieutenant M'CALLUM, of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Light Battery, and under his superintendence the structures were erected in four days, being completed June 10. The next day, the 11th, was chosen for the observance of appropriate dedicatory ceremonies. The party engaging in the performance of these services set out from Washington on an early train. In the President's car were several distinguished officers, among whom were Generals HEINTZELMAN, MEIGS, WILCOX, and BURNHAM. One who accompanied the expedition gives the following account of the proceedings of the day:

"Arrived at Fairfax Station, about fifty ambulances and a large number of army wagons, tastefully shaded by evergreens, were found to have been placed in readiness by General GARNES, in command of that post, to convey the party to the battle-field. The morning was lovely, the air rather chilly, and the prospect of a pleasant trip rather unfavorable; but at ten o'clock the sun had dispelled the sombre clouds, and gave to nature a bright and cheerful aspect.

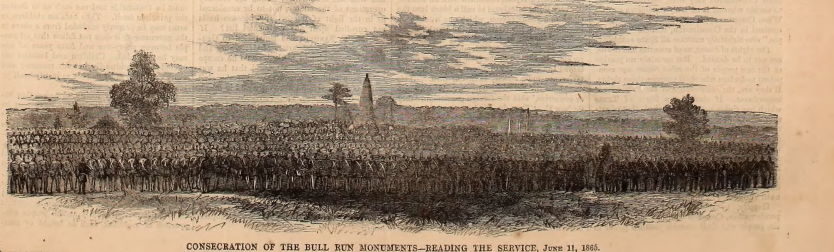
"The ride from the Station to Fairfax Court House, and thence to the battle-field, was delightful; and as the long procession moved over the hills and through the valleys of this once fertile now desolate region, all appeared to be deeply impressed with the interesting scene and the solemn occasion.

"Passing Centreville at about ten o'clock, we arrived at Bull Run bridge a few minutes before eleven. About three-fourths of a mile beyond the bridge, on the hill, is the site of the first monument. Arrived at the spot we found Colonel GALLAGHER, with his regiment of the Fifth Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, dismounted, a squadron of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, and Captain SCOTT'S battery of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Light Artillery drawn up in line near the monument, with a fine brass band at their head. Soon afterward the band struck up a solemn dirge, and the troops, with reversed arms, marched up to the monument. A most impressive prayer and the solemn burial-service of the Episcopal Church was then read by Rev. Dr. M'MURDY, specially invited to officiate on the occasion. A hymn, written for the occasion by the poet PIERPONT, was sung, a salvo fired by the artillery, and addresses by Judge OLIN, Generals WILCOX, FARNSWORTH, and HEINTZELMAN, closed the exercises.

"About one-half of the party, including all of the distinguished personages present, repaired to Groveton, about two miles further on the right, where another monument had been erected, and where appropriate ceremonies, mentioned monument is about twenty-feet in height, and with 100-pound conical shells. This shaft will not, we are inclined to believe, last many years. It bears on its surface the inscription, 'Erected to the memory of the patriots who fell at Bull Run July 21, 1861.' The other is about sixteen feet in height, and is composed in great part of shot, shell, and other materials of war collected



MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE FIELD OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D.C.]



CONSECRATION OF THE BULL RUN MONUMENTS—READING THE SERVICE, JUNE 11, 1865.

from the field. This monument possesses more interest than the first-named, and will probably endure for a much longer period. It also bears an inscription similar to that contained on the former.

"About four o'clock the greater portion of those present started on their return trip, the pleasure and harmony of which was unsolicited by a single unpleasant occurrence."

The illustrations which we give on our first page and on page 404 are from photographs taken on the spot by GARDNER, of Washington, and form a part of his interesting series of photographs relating to the war. The monument illustrated on our first page is that erected on the field of the first battle of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861. The location of the monument is on a commanding crest, about three hundred yards southeast of the Henry House, and on the identical spot where HEINTZELMAN'S Division made their hardest fight, and from which they were finally driven back, by the arrival of KIRBY SMITH'S reinforcements, after having flanked and driven the enemy from Dudley Church until the Bull Run, where HEINTZELMAN and HUNTER crossed their divisions.

On page 404 we give an illustration of the Sixteenth New York Artillery firing a salute on the spot where RICKETT'S Battery was captured by the rebels in the first Bull Run battle.

The monument erected at Groveton commemorates the Second Battle of Bull Run, fought August 28, 29, and 30, 1862. An illustration of this is given on page 404.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

REORGANIZATION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has issued his proclamation for the reorganization of most of the late rebel States. The first movement in every instance is to be a convention chosen by those who were voters by the State Constitution just before the ordinance of secession was passed, and who take an oath to the amnesty proclamation. The duty of the convention will be to re-form the State Constitution, and to prescribe the qualifications of electors and the eligibility of persons to hold office in the State.

If this were all that the convention is to do we might well be alarmed. The result of the late election in Virginia shows what the consequences would be. But President JOHNSON is doing what President LINCOLN did: he is feeling his way. Summoned to deal with an unprecedented condition of public affairs he moves with a proper and prudent caution. He has, of course, as well as any man that his proclamations proceed from the necessity of the case. There are practically no "people," politically speaking, in the late rebel States. There will be none except by the consent and upon the terms of the national Government. The President is now making the first step toward deciding who shall be the people of those States and exercise the power of determining electors—a power which, as he truly remarks, the people of the several States composing the Federal Union have rightfully exercised from the origin of the Government to the present time. The decision of this important point—namely, who are hereby set forth to be the people of the late rebel States, the President does not finally leave to a body of persons in the State arbitrarily selected by himself, but restors to the sole authority of the country which can rightfully determine it—the Congress of the United States.

It is not enough, in the President's opinion, that those who were voters at the time of secession, and who now take the oath, shall re-form the Constitution of the State. It is not enough that the Constitution so re-formed shall be accepted by such voters as that Constitution prescribes. The convention and people must, in the words of the proclamation, "present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefore." Congress alone in the judge of what is such a republican form; and until Congress accepts the re-formed or new Constitution of the State, there are no people in the State who have the power of determining electors. Thus by his proclamations the President merely invites those residents of the States who were formerly voters, and who satisfy his other conditions, to suggest to Congress what kind of a State Constitution they wish, leaving Congress to decide whether it be truly republican or not. When Congress approves, then the electors recognized in the Constitution, become "the people," who rightfully exercise all State authority.

The rights of States, as of counties and towns, are not to be united. But certainly no portion of the late people of the rebel States are competent to declare who shall exercise those rights. If they are, the interference of the President is impertinent. If there be a State of Texas which has rights not to be touched, that of setting the military in one of the chief towns among them; and, in that case, according to the theory of States which is now asserted in some quarters, the call of Mr. MURRAH, elected Governor according to the laws of Texas, convening the Legislature similarly elected, is more legitimate than that of President JOHNSON, which entirely disregards the action of the people of the State until authorized by himself.

Happily, by the terms of the President's proclamation, Congress will determine who are the people who shall exercise political power in the late rebel States. The proceedings in those States toward reorganization will therefore be extremely interesting as they are more or less likely to be recognized by Congress. What is already known of the character and views of the new House of Representatives assures us that no constitution will be approved which is not truly republican. The frank expression of Senator SHERMAN, one of the most cautious men in the Senate, indicates also the probable action of that body.

The power of Congress in the matter is incontestable, not only from the necessity of the case, which is so important a consideration in the whole question of reconstruction, but from the decision of the Supreme Court, which, according to the President's proclamation, those who may be summoned to vote are "to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefore." The process of reorganizing the States thus indicated by the President is analogous to that of organizing a Territory. We may not be willing to allow that the States have become Territories. We may insist that the States, as such, are only deemed to be in existence, or disabled, or whatever term better suits our theory. But all such speculations are, as Mr. LINCOLN called them, "pernicious abstractions." The important practical point is the return of the people of the State under a republican form of government to their relations with the National Union, and Congress alone properly declare the principles upon which those State Governments shall rest.

In his excellent treatise upon "Secession and Slavery," which we commend to all who are interested in this question, Mr. JOEL PRENTISS BISHOP quotes the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of *Permoli* v. *the First Municipality of New Orleans*. When Louisiana was to be admitted Congress prescribed the insertion of certain specific matters in the Constitution to be adopted by the State. Mr. Justice CATRON, delivering the opinion of the Court, said: "All Congress intended was to declare in advance in what manner the Territory the fundamental principles their Constitution should contain: this was every way proper under the circumstances: the instrument having been duly formed and adopted, it was for the National Legislature to judge whether it contained the proper principles, and to accept it if it did, or reject it if it did not." And Judge BISHOP does not hold that the States have ceased to be States; but he accepts facts, and acknowledges, as every thoughtful man must acknowledge, that the late rebel States have at present no power to remain within the Union, and can obtain one only upon the conditions which the Union may prescribe. For, as he cogently puts the argument, "Before he can be recognized Government in a State, there is certainly no republican form there, while the United States are constitutionally bound to secure such a form to every State.

When, therefore, Congress meets and encounters this question, it will proceed to settle it a hundred-fold more wisely than it would have been settled under the Louisians debate last winter. For the subject will be thoroughly discussed before the assembling of Congress; and the American people will understand perfectly their conviction that no form of State Government is republican which is not founded upon the whole body of adult freemen.

THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

MR. ADAMS, our minister in England, is understood to have presented once more the little bill for the *Alabama*. The comments of the English press upon the subject irresistibly recall the chapter in DICKENS'S "Martin Chuzzlewit Friend," called "Podsnappery." Mr. PODSNAP addresses a guest at his table, who had been so unfortunate as not to be born in England. "This island was Blest, Sir," says Mr. PODSNAP, "to the Direct Exclusion of such Other Countries as—as there may happen to be. And if we were all Englishmen instead of Frenchmen," added Mr. PODSNAP, looking round upon his compatriots and sounding solemnly with his theme, "that there is in the Englishman a combination of qualities, a modesty, a responsibility, a reverence, a responsibility, a repose, combined with an absence of every thing calculated to call a blush into the cheek of a young person, which we behold with pride in vain among the Nations of the Earth."

Mr. PODSNAP at present edits the London *Times*, in which he says solemnly: "Certainly no state in Europe or the New World has maintained the principles of neutrality and non-interference more strictly than our own." This completes the parallel. Mr. PODSNAP: "And other countries," said the foreign gentleman, 'they do how?' 'They do, Sir,' returned Mr. PODSNAP, gravely shaking his head, 'they do.'" I am sorry to be obliged to say it—*as they do.*"

He further says, in the London *Times*: "All that we now contend for is, that when a vessel does actually evade such fair vigilance as a neutral may be expected to maintain, a belligerent has no claim to be compensated." This opens the direct question of responsibility. If a neutral does not exercise fair vigilance she is liable for the consequences. Was the British Government fairly vigilant in the case of the *Alabama*? That is the point which an arbitrator would regard. What then, briefly, are the facts?

On the 23d of June, 1862, Mr. ADAMS told Lord RUSSELL that a formidable war steamer was building under suspicious circumstances at Liverpool. On the 25th Lord RUSSELL said that he would inquire at once. On the 1st of July the persons to whom the matter was referred reported that the builders did "not appear disposed to answer any questions!" and Lord RUSSELL declined to interfere until further proof should be presented. This was done. His Lordship made technical objections, but the proof was perfected on the 23d of July. On the 29th the opinion of the law officers of the Crown was received, and an order was sent on that day to detain the ship, which had dropped down, *earlier on the same day*, to Moelfra Bay, forty miles below Liverpool, on the Welsh coast. On the 30th July Mr. DUDLEY, United States Consul at Liverpool, informed the collector of that port that a steam-tug at Birkenhead was taking on board the guns for gun-carriages, and cutlasses. The consul had been authorized to communicate with the collector by Lord RUSSELL, but the collector refused to act. The tug put her munitions upon the *Alabama*, and she sailed. Thus the law officers took *six days* to decide that the *Alabama* should be stopped. On the day the order of detention was issued she drops out of the stream. On the following day the authorities are informed that a tender is loading for her. And on the same day, having received men, munitions, and supplies from the tender, the *Alabama* puts to sea, the Government meanwhile having taken no steps whatever. When assessment of damages for delay of six days, Lord RUSSELL admits that the case had been "a scandal and a reproach"—but the Queen's Advocate, Sir JOHN HARDING, had a violent pain in his stomach, and what could her Majesty's Government do?

If this be "fair vigilance" what is negligence? Mr. ADAMS says that the case as justly as it can be presented. "The omission to act in season is not denied. The inquiry committed on an innocent party is beyond dispute. If in these particulars I shall be found to be correct, then I respectfully submit it to your Lordship whether it do not legitimately follow that such a party has a right to redress and to ask redress. And, in this sense, it matters little how that omission may have occurred, whether by intentional neglect, culpable delay, or, having no reference to the merits of the question, the injury done to the innocent party giving a timely notice remains the same, and those who permitted it remain equally responsible."

We can not believe that any sober English man will quarrel with this statement. And if the British Government refuse to atone for what the Foreign Secretary calls "a scandal and reproach," it will make its country a scandal and reproach among the nations. We are assured by the public voice of England that the nation wishes to maintain friendly relations with us. Her Government has now an opportunity of showing the sincerity of the wish, not by any questionable step, not under menace, but by the frank and honorable resolution to repair the consequences of an official negligence so gross as to be characterized as "a scandal and reproach." Nothing could go so far toward healing the sore feeling of the last four years, and to restore actual amity between the people of both countries.

THE MILITARY COURT.

THE argument of REVERDY JOHNSON against the authority of the Military Court now sitting in Washington is elaborate and able. It rests chiefly, as the statements of all who have opposed the Court rest, upon the fifth amendment of the Constitution: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land and naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger."

But is a man who enters the military lines of the United States and assassinates the Commander-in-Chief at his head-quarters, being sent for that purpose by the authority of the enemy and with the intention of aiding the military operations of the enemy, not to be considered as in the land or naval service because he is not enrolled upon any regimental list? If GEORGE N. SANDERS had penetrated to General MEADE'S head-quarters at Gettysburg and had secured him in his bed, could he escape a military trial upon the ground that he was not a true military offender, or that the civil courts of Pennsylvania were open and in operation? Are SANDERS, THOMPSON, TUCKER, and CLAY, organizing in Canada raids, poisonings, fires, and plundering, engaged in the service of the rebellion, not to be considered in the light of rebel spies because their names may not appear upon the rebel army roll? If BOOTH had had a rebel military commission, whether he had ever actually borne arms for the rebellion or not, would he not have been liable to a military trial for the assassination? The mere fact of his being a simple civilian, when empowered by the same authority to do the same deed for the same purpose, could not have exempted him.

If so, LEE, in order to serve his cause more amply, might, under instructions from the rebel authorities, have resigned his commission, changed his clothes, entered MEADE'S lines, murdered him, and then have pleaded his right to a civil court and a jury, as not being truly amenable to military trial. Is that the intention of the Constitution? If BOOTH had been a rebel picket when Mr. LINCOLN went to the front, and had been taken immediately after shooting him, he could have been tried by a military court. But was he less a rebel picket in Washington, doing exactly the same thing, merely because he was not in uniform, and held no commission?

Mr. JOHNSON appeals to the precedents of the attempted assassination of GEORGE THIRD, and of VICTORIA, to the murder of Mr. PERCEVAL as he entered the Parliament House, to the trials of HARDY and FOSTER in the early part of the century; but not one of the instances he cites is parallel to that of the present conspiracy. If England and France were at war, and the French authorities should hire an assassin to enter London, then garrisoned and under martial law, to take the life of the commander-in-chief at his head-quarters, is there any doubt that the murderer might be tried by military law? And if such a court were ordered by "the Executive Power of the day," does Mr. JOHNSON suppose that that administration would find itself unable "to withstand the torrent of the people's indignation?"

The views of an accomplished lawyer like Mr. JOHNSON will be regarded with respect by all who understand the question. But we have little doubt that Judge Advocate General HOLT will demonstrate the constitutionality of this military trial; while its policy will still remain an open question.

CORNER STONES

It is fortunate that the hearty celebration of our great national festival the Fourth, recognizing the true origin of government; for the Declaration of Independence throws great light upon the question. The people of the United States emphatically differ from the late Mr. CROATE. They do not contemptuously regard that instrument as "the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war;" nor despise the truths it asserts as "glittering generalities." The entire structure of the Government for which so tremendous a war has just been so gloriously fought and so triumphantly ended rests upon the acknowledged truths of the Declaration of Independence. Those cardinal truths are two: first, that men are created equal; and second, that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed.

The equality thus asserted is very evident. It is not an equality of personal qualities, nor of mental powers, nor of social condition. It is an equality immediately defined as a common inheritance of right to life, liberty, and property; an equality before the law. The problem of government is simply how to secure and maintain this equality; how to protect the equal natural rights of men. According to our fathers this problem was made easy of solution by the principle they had already announced. The long experience of the world and of their world relation to Great Britain showed that no form of government was so likely to secure equal rights as one founded upon popular consent. If all men are born equal, no man and no body of men can have a right to limit or destroy the original rights of others. Hence government derives its power from the consent of the governed. Every subject of government must rightfully have a voice in it.

Universality is impossible. Young children, idiots, the insane, the criminal, are all governed, but they can not be intrusted with a voice in the government. Does it therefore follow that the principle is untrue? Does it follow because every individual can not actually take part in the government that therefore one class or a few individuals may govern all others? No. The application of the principle is limited by the conditions of human nature and by the welfare of society; but it is the basis of our social and imperative restrictions. The most obvious of such restrictions is that the limitation must be reasonable and not such as to destroy the principle itself. Thus persons serving in the arms may be properly excluded from a share in the government, it does not follow that all people between thirty-five and forty years of age may be excluded. Children and lunatics are excluded not arbitrarily but for reasons; and every exclusion must be able to justify itself by reason.

Thus it is utterly foolish to argue that because there must be limitations there may be unjust limitations; that, because paupers may be excluded, therefore shoemakers may be. The exclusion must rest upon some plain and universal reason: but even in that case no exclusion can be legitimate which destroys the original principle itself. And whatever the restriction may be, it must apply to the whole community. If the test be a certain literary proficiency, the ability to read or write; or a small freehold; or a certain residence; or a certain age; it must be impartially laid upon all people irrespective of accidents, such as height or com-

plexion, the form of the features or the fashion of the clothes. For ourselves, we have little doubt that the good sense of the country will soon seriously consider whether, if the principle of our government be correct, sex ought to be a political disability.

For the present, however, the practical question is how far the people in North Carolina and other States, who will soon be called upon to reorganize their governments, believe in the fundamental principles of the American system. Do they believe that men are created equal? Do they believe that governments justly exist by the consent of the governed? Do they believe that taxation and representation ought to go together? If they do, they will frame republican constitutions for their States. If they do not, they will defer their restoration to the privileges of American citizens.

REBEL BELLIGERENT RIGHTS WITHDRAWN.

HOLLAND, FRANCE, and England have withdrawn their recognition of belligerent rights to the late rebels in the United States. The true history of the subject, so far as England is concerned, has been lately related by GEORGE BEMIS, an accomplished rebel agent of Boston, in a valuable pamphlet called "Hasty Recognition of Rebel Belligerency." In this clear and admirable work Mr. BEMIS shows conclusively that the British recognition of the rebels as belligerents was not a matter of necessity but of choice; and that the plea of EARL RUSSELL and of "Historicus" in the "London Times" that the order for the blockade compelled England "to follow the United States" in admitting belligerent rights was purely an after-thought.

The value of proof which Mr. BEMIS adduces shows thoughtful study and the acutest observation. His case is complete. Lord RUSSELL is convicted out of his own mouth and off his own pen. Even in his speech defending himself against Mr. BRIGHT, his lordship says that "our advisers told us we were *entitled* [not compelled] to recognize the existence of belligerent rights." The over-zealous "Historicus" had said two days before, "It was a matter not of choice but of necessity." The truth is, that at the time of declaring itself the Government of Great Britain had not been officially informed even of the intention of a blockade; and if it had been, the declaration of an intention of blockade is not such an interference with commerce as to justify *un*-friendly powers in declaring belligerency.

The President's blockade proclamation was issued on the 19th of April, 1861. It was officially communicated to EARL RUSSELL in a dispatch of Lord LYONS, which, in due course, was received at the Foreign Office in London on the *tenth* May. On the *sixth* of May Lord JOHN RUSSELL announced that the Cabinet, having consulted the law officers, had come to the conclusion that the "Southern Confederacy of America [in those days it was not "so-called"] must be treated as a belligerent." On the same day, four days before he had officially heard of the proposed blockade, he writes to Lord LYONS that "the Government" [meaning the Union—is in a state of "disruption," and that as "the provinces" are spread in arms against each other, the British Government can not refuse to recognize the "Southern States" as belligerents. He writes to Lord COWLEY at Paris in the same strain. But neither in his letters nor in his speeches is there the least mention of the blockade as leaving the Government no alternative. A civil war has broken out between the States of which the Union and the late Union." That is enough for the law officers; and his lordship, six days after he learns that the President intends to take steps to suppress a rebellion, recognizes the rebels as belligerents, and asks Lord LYONS to make no mystery of the fact.

This is what Mr. BEMIS mildly calls "Hasty Recognition." Whether a Government acting in such a spirit and upon such grounds was likely to preserve an honest neutrality, whether she would open all her eyes and stretch out all her hands to receive and detain unlawfully equipped ships, are questions not very difficult to answer.

A CONDITION OF PARDON.

THE form of the pardon granted by the President to repentant rebels is published. It takes effect from the day upon which the oath is taken prescribed in the proclamation of May 29, and is *void if at any time thereafter the* pardoned person acquires any property in slaves, or makes any use of slave labor.

There is no mistaking that condition. No wonder that BERIAH MCGOFFIN, of Kentucky, pronounces for the emancipation amendment. Henceforth the colored population of the late rebel States are personally free. That they are citizens has been already held by Attorney-General BATES. There are probably more than four millions of them—about a seventh of the entire population of the country—and they can never again be reduced to personal bondage.

Fortunately for the rest of us they are a mild and docile people; but, as a class, they are undoubtedly shrewder and more intelligent than the lower class of the whites—"the white trash" of the Southern States. In many of those States the colored population is in very large proportion to the whole—in some sections, indeed, it is more than half. With their new condition of freedom their character will inevitably change. Conscious of rights, they will naturally assert them. Free speech and a free press being secured throughout the country, they will hear their claims as American citizens discussed and proclaimed. Leaders among themselves, like FREDERICK DOUGLASS, will incite their ambition, and direct their efforts to obtain that equality before the laws to which every American freeman may justly aspire. They are destined to an important political element in the country, and until they obtain that political position from which no ruling but a prejudiced man dares the attempt to attain it will constantly agitate both the States in which they live and the country at large.

We say nothing but a prejudice debars them. We shall gladly own the error if the people who are to re-form the Constitutions of North Carolina and Mississippi limit the suffrage to all who satisfy a test of citizenship. If they do otherwise —if they allow ignorant persons to vote merely because they are white—our conviction will be confirmed. But such an exclusion, even if approved by Congress, settles nothing. For the moment it becomes lawful, the moment the subject passes from the immediate control of the country at large, the agitation for the proper State for a constitutional amendment forbidding any State to impose an unjust or whimsical disability, while in the States where the disabled population is large a party will immediately organize for an impartial rule of suffrage. And that party agitating for the political equality of nearly half the population will at last and inevitably prevail.

This unquestionable truth, and the fact that the President plainly informs the people whom he invites to begin the work of reorganization that the State, as a State, will be entitled to the guaranty of the United States against "invasion, domestic violence" only upon the presentation of a proper republican form of State government, must certainly have great influence upon truly sensible men in the southern States; but we fear that they will accept the situation. They will ask whether Congress can fairly be expected to guarantee against domestic violence a State which arbitrarily disenfranchises half of its loyal and industrial population; whether, indeed, such a guaranty would not be very sure to perpetuate internal convulsion and confusion. The answer to every such qualification for suffrage which is really republican. They will save the prolonged trouble, excitement, and expense of the disfranchised condition in which their blindness to facts will surely retain them.

CÆSAR UPON CONSPIRATORS.

WE observe that some of the papers which half excused the crime of JEFFERSON DAVIS and CLEMENT CLAY in the speech of ANDREW JOHNSON to the Roman Senate upon the Catilinian conspirators as a masterly plea for clemency to the rebel chiefs. We are certainly in favor of the utmost humanity, although what humanity is in any particular case may not always be indisputable. But a very false impression is conveyed if it be understood to be opposed to the severity of the law. On the contrary, it was for the full course of the law that he argued. The curious will find his speech in the Emperor's History of CÆSAR. CICERO, who had urged the law of punishment adequate to their offenses, I will approve the new measure; but if, on the contrary, the severity of the law seems too great, who can be imagined, we should adhere, I think, to that which has been provided by the laws."

THE SECOND CORPS.

THE frequent change in the commanding officers of several army corps has led to numerous misstatements which, without any intention on the part of writers, do injustice to some of the most worthy heroes of the war. This is especially the case with the Second Corps, which has been under the gallant General SUMNER; but it not unfrequently happens that in hasty or careless records his position as commander of the Second Corps is entirely ignored. We can say this with better grace perhaps from the fact that in our notice of the grand review at Washington we fell into the same error.

The Second Corps, commanded during the Peninsular Campaign by General E. V. SUMNER, may with justice be said to have especially borne the brunt of the "seven days' battles" before Richmond. At Malvern Hill the soldiers of this corps made for themselves a name which will never die. During McCLELLAN'S retreat at one time the command of the entire army devolved upon General SUMNER in the absence of the commanding General, the command of the Second Corps in the mean time falling to the brave General J. B. RICHARDSON, a division commander. RICHARDSON'S division, the First, consisted of brigades commanded by Generals HOWARD, FRENCH, and MEAGHER. At Antietam the Second Corps was commanded by General SUMNER, and it was here that General RICHARDSON, still commanding the first division, received a wound which proved mortal and deprived the country of one of its noblest soldiers.

Afterward General HANCOCK commanded the Second Corps, which is now under the command of General HUMPHREYS. The record of the Second Corps under these two Generals is too fresh in the popular mind to need any words of ours. Under such officers as MILES, BARLOW, and MOTT it has distinguished itself on every battle-field from the Rappahannock to the James.

A MEMORY.

THE autumn night is cool and still;
Why are we here? Who is so far away?
Why turn they to that summer day—
The day we fought at Malvern Hill?

I can not choose but see again
That fearful night—the cannon's breath
That brought the messengers of death—
The upturned faces of the slain.

And he whose heart in mine was woven
With sacred ties of plighted friendship's thread
Lay on the blood-red hill-side dead—
Dead, with his Spartan valor proven.

The night before the battle came
We lay beneath our shelters—tent;
Grim visions came, soft visions went—
We mingled dreams of home and fame.

The dear old walks appeared in view,
The sweet, familiar hearth-stone scene;
Then faces of armed men arose between,
And all the air was sulph'rous blue.

I woke; his eyes were closed in sleep—
In that deep sleep, that calm repose
That looks afar off to fancied woes,
And leaves the soul in angels' keep.

Ah me! one little day, and then
Where all the shades that we adore,
Like forms from off the shore,
He walked, and was not known of men.

He died the death; his life is past;
But that sweet memory that we hold
Of him I am, is more than gold,
And dearer than Fame's clarion blast.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE extent to which the work of reconstruction in the Southern States has been inaugurated is the following brief synopsis of facts:

On the 29th day of May President Johnson issued an Amnesty Proclamation, the provisions of which are already familiar to our readers. On the same day the President appointed William H. Holden Provisional Governor of North Carolina, to hold that office until such time as the regular government could be organized by the loyal people of the State.

June 13, Governor Holden issued a proclamation to the people of North Carolina, to the effect that at the earliest practicable period a convention will be held in accordance with the usage of the State, on the 2d day of September.

June 13, the President appointed Judge William L. Sharkey Provisional Governor of Mississippi. The same day he declared the insurrection to have ceased in Tennessee, and appointed William Johnson Provisional Governor, tasking to that State and its citizens. The same was declared in regard to the State of Missouri.

June 16, Governor Pierpont issued a proclamation convening the Legislature of West Virginia on the 4th of July.

June 17, Hon. James Johnson was appointed Provisional Governor of Georgia, and Hon. A. J. Hamilton of Texas.

Provisional Governors are yet to be appointed for Alabama, South Carolina, and Florida.

The following Southern States have elected regular governors, as follows: Kentucky, Thomas E. Bramlette; Maryland, Thomas Swann; Tennessee, William G. Brownlow; Arkansas, Isaac H. Fiegson; Missouri, Thomas C. Fletcher; Arkansas, John Murphy; Louisiana, James Madison Wells.

The following prominent rebels have applied for pardon and the restoration of property, under the President's proclamation: Alexander H. Stephens; R. M. T. Hunter; Alexander Mosely, of Virginia; W. Byrne, of South Carolina; T. O. Gholson, of Virginia; William T. Avery, of Tennessee; R. Ransom, Jr., Major-Generals J. B. Kershaw and William Mahone, George Pleasants and Abner Lee Brigadier-Generals J. L. Brent, Basil W. Duke, H. St. Count, M. J. Wright, H. P. Bell, Wm. D. Pete, William C. Wickham, R. E. Anderson, W. N. B. Pratt, W. L. Cabell, and R. L. Page.

NEWS ITEMS.

The report of the mutiny among the colored soldiers of the Texas Regiment at Brownsville proves to be unfounded. The story consisted of quite a general dissatisfaction arising from the misapplied zeal of a negro sergeant, Wm. Watkins, company positively refused to go. There was no difficulty in quelling this insignificant disturbance.

Major-General Terry has been appointed to the military command of Virginia.

Brigadier-General Frank Fessenden has reported at Camp Stoneman, to take command of the first brigade, first division of the Reserve Corps. This brigade is now commanded by Brevet Major-General Gould, who has been placed on duty according to his brevet rank.

Brevet Major-General J. W. Turner, lately commanding the second division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, has assumed the command of the district of Henrico, Virginia.

Brigadier-General M. D. Leggett, Provost-Marshal-General of the Department of Virginia, has tendered his resignation, and it is understood that he will be shortly relieved.

Brevet Lieutenant-General Scott celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday on the 15th. He is, as usual, spending his summer at West Point, and we are pleased to hear, that his health and vigor have improved.

Major-General Mower has received 30 days' leave of absence, at the expiration of which he will resume for duty to General Sheridan. Major Du Grass and Captain O'Reilly and Christensen, of his personal staff, accompany him.

Major-General Herron has resigned his commission, and will return to his home in Dubuque, Iowa.

Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, of Hancock's staff, is brevetted Brigadier-General for personal bravery.

Major-General J. H. Wilson, commanding our forces in Lower Georgia, has his head-quarters in Macon.

Brigadier-General W. F. Smith, has been appointed brevet Major-General for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles before Petersburg and Richmond.

Captain Robert Lincoln has sent to the Chicago Fair the manuscript copy of the message sent to Congress by his late father on April 16, 1862.

Major-General Grierson has been assigned to the command of the cavalry forces in the Department of the Gulf.

Major-General Gordon has been assigned to the military command of the State of Oregon, head-quarters at Portland.

Admiral Farragut has accepted the invitation of the Mayor of Boston to attend the Fourth of July in that city.

Brevet Major-General Hyatt has assumed command of the District of Savannah, Georgia. His head-quarters will be in the State House, Savannah, formerly occupied by General Grover. Brevet Brigadier-General Woodford has assumed his position as Assistant Adjutant-General and established his head-quarters in the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Bryan Street, opposite General Birge's head-quarters, Savannah.

Generals Halleck and Stoneman have written letters to the War Department in reply to the circulars upon them made by General Sherman. General Halleck says there should be left with the responsibility of his orders in the premises upon Lieutenant-General Grant, and General Stoneman to claim that by acting upon his own judgment he compelled the fugitive Jeff Davis and his party to adopt a line of action which resulted in his capture by the troops sent out to head him off.

Governors Yates and Letcher are yet confined in the Capitol prison, and have not yet applied for pardon, although it is expected they will do so.

In consequence of the continued indisposition of Mr. Frederick W. Sewall, Chaplain, A. Sewall, or New York, has been appointed by the President Acting Assistant Secretary of State.

Noah Brooks, the Washington correspondent of the Sacramento Union, has been appointed Naval Officer, and ex-Congressman Thomas B. Shannon Surveyor, for the port of San Francisco.

A treaty recently concluded between our Government and that of Guatemala provides for the extradition of the contemplated lawlessness railway across the territory of the latter, and the freedom to the Government and people of this country, in consideration of which the United States agrees to protect the public enterprise from interruption or seizure by any other power.

On Wednesday, June 14, John MITCHEL, editor of the *Daily News*, late of the Richmond *Enquirer*, was arrested by order of the Government and conveyed to Fortress Monroe.

On the 15th of June a delegation of colored men from Richmond had an interview with President Johnson for the purpose of asking special inquiry into the condition under the military restrictions at Richmond, which condition, they allege, is not better than it was when they were in slavery.

The President has given his consent to call an organization. Twenty-two of its forty-five regiments have been mustered out. The Western portion of the remainder have been transferred to the Fourteenth Corps, at Louisville, and the Eastern to the Twenty-fourth Corps, temporarily assigned to General Schofield.

The officers in charge of the quarter-masters' storehouse at Nashville, destroyed by fire, have been relieved from duty from the rising sun and ordered to the total loss at about a million and a quarter.

The rebel General Forney, the rebel Governor Moore, of Alabama, and a man named Gayley, charged with having offered a reward of one million dollars for the murder of President Lincoln, arrived at Fortress Monroe from New Orleans on the 18th of June, under guard.

FOREIGN NEWS.

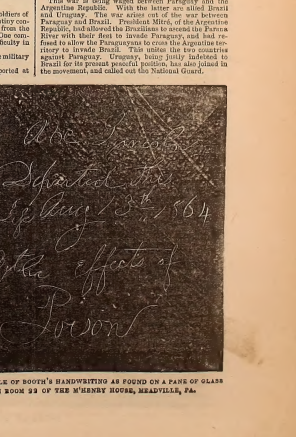
HON. FRANCIS and England have withdrawn from the late rebel Government the belligerent rights conferred at the outbreak of hostilities. Earl Russell, in his official declaration, informed Lord Lyons that the rebellion had within the whole territory of which the United States of North America, before the commencement of the civil war, every its undisturbed possession," and states that, as a necessary consequence, "her Majesty's servants considered the ports, harbors, and waters must henceforth refuse permission to any vessel of war belonging to a Confederate flag to enter such ports, harbors, and waters," and must require any such vessels forthwith to depart therefrom within twenty-four hours. There is, however, an added proviso that the commander of any rebel vessel may hoist his vessel of her warlike character and remain within British waters at his own risk.

The Mexican question is still exciting in France. M. Thiers, the leader of the Opposition in the French Chambers, in a speech on the budget, strongly deprecated the continuance of the French intervention in Mexico, urging that by its cessation an annual saving of at least fifty million francs would be effected. *La Presse* counsels its readers by arguing that the Monroe doctrine does not apply to Mexico, and that America is too exhausted by previous efforts to engage in a foreign war.

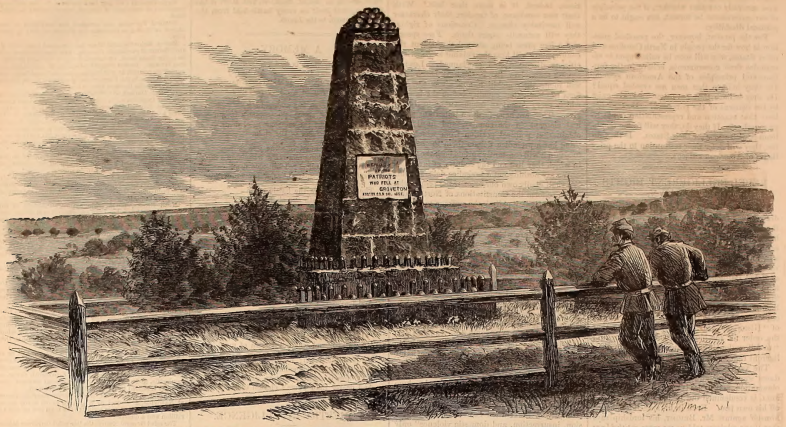
There has been for some weeks a rebellion in progress in the Republic of Hayti against the Government of President Geffrard. At first the insurgents were successful; but the tide of fortune has of late been in favor of the Government, and it is confidently expected that the rebellion offering pardon to all except the leaders, on condition of their returning to their allegiance.

Details of the war among the South American republics have been received from those of the Paraguayan war. The Paraguayan army is estimated at sixty thousand; the allied forces opposed to them at seventy-five thousand men.

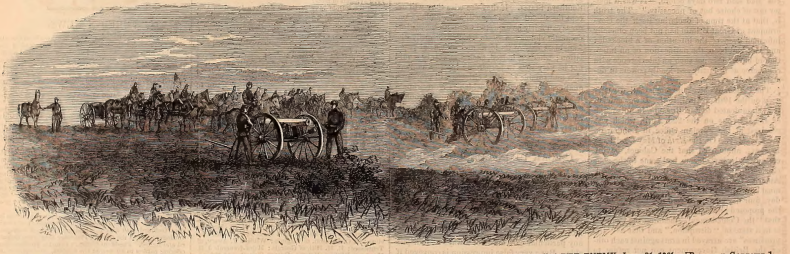
This war is being waged between Paraguay and the Argentine Republic. With the latter are allied Brazil and Uruguay. The war arises out of the war between Paraguay and Brazil. President MITRE, of the Argentine Republic, had allowed the Brazilians to ascend the Parana River with their fleet to invade Paraguay, and refused to allow the Paraguayans to cross the Argentine territory to invade Brazil. That union of the two countries against Paraguay, Uruguay, being justly indebted to Brazil for its present peaceful position, has also joined in the movement, and called out the National Guard.



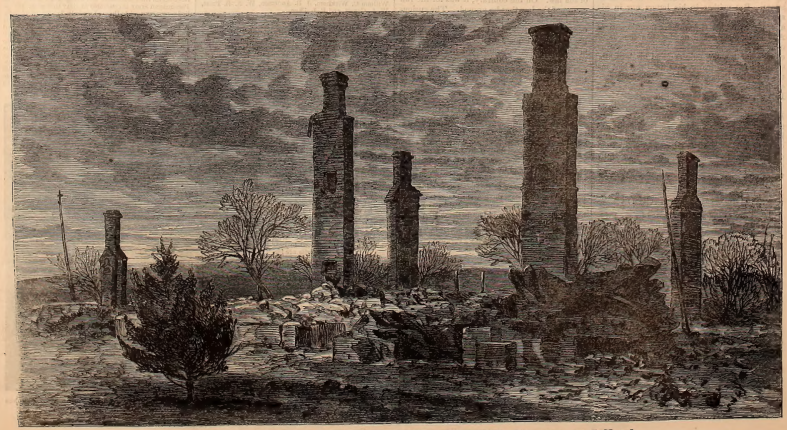
FAC-SIMILE OF BOOTH'S HANDWRITING AS FOUND ON A PANE OF GLASS IN ROOM 32 OF THE METROPOLITAN HOUSE, MEADVILLE, PA.



THE MONUMENT ERECTED AT GROVETON, ON THE FIELD OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



THE 16TH NEW YORK ARTILLERY FIRING A SALUTE ON THE SPOT WHERE RICKETT'S BATTERY WAS CAPTURED BY THE ENEMY, JULY 21, 1861.—[PHOT. BY GARDNER.]



RUINS OF GENERAL LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



SHERMAN AND HIS GENERALS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D.C.]

A FLIGHT IN THE DARK.

My father was an engineer before me, and gave up a tolerable business to take an engagement under a railway company; and when I left school he put me into his offices, where I staid till I was twenty years old.

"This sort of work won't do for you any longer, Tom," said my father to me one day. "You are beaux by nature as a clothes-prop, and round-shouldered as the lamp-post. We must get you out into the fresh air. Suppose you go as engine-driver for a couple of years; it will do your health good, and you will get an amount of genuine practical knowledge that way, which you could get in no other, while there will be a good deal more to you in your profession. When you have had enough of that, you shall try your hand at surveying for the new branch they are talking about."

So I, by no means loth, went into the engine-shed; and after a short experience as "cleaner," went out on the *Firefly*, as stoker, under old Sam Preston, one of the most experienced drivers on the line.

The life of an engine-driver, when once you have got over the disagreeableness of being, while on duty at least, in a constant state of grease black-duty at least, in a constant state of grease black-ness, is by no means either an unpleasant or an unhealthy one; and speaking for my own part, I certainly liked it much better than being cooped up all day in an office.

We had a week of night-duty and a week of day-duty alternately; and were always employed to run either the express or mail trains—a task for which none but the best drivers are selected. You must understand that all this took place more than fifteen years ago, when the railway system was in its infancy, and before the electric telegraph was as accomplished as it is now. The *Firefly* was running, on the week in question, between Melling and Ripping. Melling has two lines of railway running into it—one from the north, and one from the south-east; both of which lines meet at a junction about half a mile from the station, and run in their trains between those points on rails common to the two.

The Ripping mail started at eleven P.M.; that for the north half an hour earlier; and as my business was to be sure every thing in readiness a quarter of an hour before the time of starting, and to run the engine from the shed on to a siding close to the platform, just outside the yard, there to await the signal-bell which announced that the main line was clear, and then run back to the platform to take up our train. As we drove slowly up to our waiting-place Sam was in the habit of dropping off the unpleasant evenings to have a few minutes' gossip with a friend of his, a pointsman, whose quarters were in a box on the main line, a little past the pointsman's box, on my way into the station, in answer to the bell, Sam would lift his head, a good-sized dog blithely on to the engine, pull on his great-coat, tie a shawl round his throat, and prepare for the long dark journey before him. At the point where the *Firefly* took up her position, waiting for the signal, the line on one side was open to the fields, while on the other were several lines of opening on to an adjacent canal, beyond which lay the town of Melling with its thousand lamps.

I had driven up to the waiting-place one cold autumn night, dropping Sam, as usual, at his friend the pointsman's box, and had just lighted my pipe, thinking to have a quiet smoke for ten minutes before the bell should ring, when I was startled by the sudden appearance, close to the engine, of two gentlemen—the first of gentlemen, they were dressed as such—who seemed almost as if they had sprung from the ground, so quiet had been their approach, so unexpected was their appearance. "Gentlemen these," I muttered to myself, snuggling my pipe out of sight in hot haste. "Probably a couple of directors." Too had of them, though, to come prying about a fellow's engine at this time of night, trying to find out something against him. They'll fine poor him if they find him off his perch. One of the strangers was stout and the other was slim. They were both well wrapped up, the night was chilly; and the slim one carried a small, square, leather case in one hand—judging by that dim light it might be either a dispatch-box or a small portmanteau.

"You are waiting here to take out some train, young man?" said the stout gentleman interrogatively.

"Yes, Sir—the mail for Ripping."

"And that starts—when?"

"In twelve minutes, Sir, from the platform."

"Ay, just so." He began to walk slowly round the *Firefly* with his hands behind him, looking at her admiringly from every point of view, and talking to me all the time. "I suppose your engine is ready and entered ready for the journey?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And how far do you run before taking in fresh water?"

"We always take in water at Merryvale, thirty-eight miles from here. We have to wait there three or four minutes on account of the letter-bags."

"But supposing you had no train behind you, how many miles could you run to-night, say at the rate of forty miles an hour, before being obliged to stop for coke and water?"

"About seventy miles, Sir."

"About seventy miles! Just so. Really, these steam-monsters seem to me the most wonderful inventions of this or any previous age;" and as he said these words he mounted coolly on to the engine. Then I felt more certain than ever that he must be a director or some great railway functionary; while the slim gentleman with the dispatch-box, standing so quietly on the ground, beginning his chest with one hand to keep himself warm, was probably a clerk or amanuensis.

No sooner had the stout gentleman clambered up beside me than he commenced another rapid cross-fire of questions, and made me explain to him the method of working the engine. I showed him how to start her, how to stop her, how to put on the brake, and sound the whistle. He expressed himself as being immensely gratified; and when his list of questions was exhausted, called to the slim gentleman to get up beside us, in order that he might explain to him some more interesting point than common.

The slim gentleman, still holding the dispatch-box carefully, had hardly complied with this request when the bell sounded which summoned me to the station, and I at once started the engine.

"We will ride as far as the platform with you," said the stout gentleman, watching my movements attentively.

The ordinary programme of proceedings was as follows: on hearing the bell I ran the engine slowly forward to the second pointman's box, where a man was in waiting to turn her on to the main line, after running on which for a few yards she was reversed, and so run back, tender first, into the station, taking up Sam Preston at the first pointman's box on the way up.

On the present occasion, as soon as I heard the bell I sounded my whistle as a notice to pointsman number two; and on seeing his green light exhibited, ran the engine forward over his points till we were on the main line. I was just about to reverse the engine for the purpose of running back into the station when the stout gentleman spoke to me:

"How far is it from here to the junction where the line to Ripping separates itself from the north line?"

"About half a mile, Sir."

"And what means has the pointsman at that junction of distinguishing one set of trains from the other, or of knowing on to which line they ought to be turned?"

"His tables inform him at what time each train ought to arrive or depart; in addition to which the engines going north go with no distinct whistles, while those going south to Ripping and other places within the three times before mentioned, have to blow a note to the pointsman which route it is intended they should take."

"Just so; two whistles when you go north, and three when you go south. *Le moment est arrivé!*" Scarcely had the stout gentleman, who was standing behind me, uttered these words, when I felt myself most suddenly round the throat with an iron gripe, while my head was wrenched violently back, and the fourth moment I found myself flat on my back, in a mode of attack been known in those days, I should certainly have said that I had been garrotted.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back among the coke in the tender, with my over-coat put under my head by way of a pillow. I staggered to my feet, feeling very much as if I had come with a shocking sensation in my throat that was far from agreeable. The *Firefly* was tearing along at a terrific pace, with no train, and, I knew, going, too, not south to Ripping, but along the main line to the north, as I saw when I looked round, for the night-mail was gone, and the scene brightly, and I was familiar with every turn and feature of the landscape. Melling was two miles behind us, and we were already at the point where the line from the south joins the main line. I had just time to make these observations when the stout gentleman turned to address me.

"Getting round again, I perceive," said he; "you will be all right in another quarter of an hour. Here, take a flask of wine, and you will find it will improve you wonderfully. You will, I am sure, forgive me the little rudeness I perpetrated a few minutes ago, considering the service I am to ask of you. You are better already, I see. And now I will yield up my post of driver to you, having every confidence in your ability to bring your train in a refined safety to our journey's end."

"And where may that be?" asked I, somewhat timidly. "This is not the road to Ripping."

"Just so. It is the line to the north on which we are now traveling—I whittled twice at the junction, according to your instructions—and it is northward that I wish to go. My friend and I were too late for the mail; we could not afford to wait for the next train, which, in fact, does not start till six-to-morrow morning; so were compelled, in this rude and violent fashion, to invent a special for ourselves."

Fool that I was! how egregiously had I allowed myself to be deceived! I, who had been on my guard all these years for that awful personage, a railway director; whereas the two of them were probably nothing better than a couple of lunatics. Well, what fine punishment I should be visited when I got back to Melling I durst not just then pause to contemplate. It was clear that I was in their power, acting against my will; but I had been wrong, in the first place, in allowing a stranger to get on to my engine, and so rendered myself liable for any mischief he might commit, and finally in my hands. The mail would be delayed; and when it was discovered that I had allowed a couple of strangers into custody, and prove my innocence at the same time.

"This sort of thing may seem a pleasant game to you," I said, turning to the stout stranger, "but it's dangerously unpleasant to me." He gave a grim laugh. "I understand, once for all, that I, and not you, am master of the situation; and that it is for you to obey my orders implicitly. Refuse to do so, or attempt to play any fool's tricks with the engine, and I will scatter to the winds what little brains you possess, and scrunch your bones under the wheels of your own engine." At the same instant I felt the cold barrel of a pistol pressed to my temples, and I staggered back, and should have fallen from the footplate had not the stout man caught me by the collar and dragged me back.

"There, now," said he, good-humorously, "you owe me some thanks for having saved your life. Do as I tell you, young man, and you have nothing to fear. I pledge you my word to restore you in safety to the arms of your disconsolate friends."

I saw at once that further resistance just then would be useless; I had better make up my mind to the orders of the mysterious stranger, keeping, meanwhile, both eyes and ears on the alert. So, with a shrill whistle, we flew past Fallow at the rate of a mile a minute, a lot of coke into the furnace, and poured a little oil here and there among the joints of the machinery, and went about by about my work, as though no strangers were present, but always keenly observant of what my companions were doing.

"I am glad to find that you have come to your senses so readily," said the stout man. "Keep your engine up to the mark, and your journey will be done all the sooner. So saying he proceeded to fasten a white woolen comforter round his throat, and to put on a traveling cap in place of his hat; after which he lighted a cigar and turned to look at his friend.

The slim man (gentlemen I call them no longer) had taken no part in the conversation; but seated from the first in one corner, with the dispatch-box between his knees, he had seemed to take a very despondent view of his position. Him the stout man now turned to address; but when he spoke it was in the French tongue, evidently that I might not understand what was said; neither of them dreaming that the black, greasy-looking stoker knew more than was acquainted with the languages than his own.

"How melancholy you look to-night, my friend!" said he; "you who would think you were in love, so forlorn as you sit there. All our plans have succeeded; and although we missed the express, the little matter of 10,000*l.* in the train, that *Monsieur coup-de-main*, who shall not be above half an hour late at our destination; and we shall have very much more than that when we get to Ripping. This night, of all nights in the year, you ought to be as merry as a blackbird; for now you have your revenge, and something like revenge for which you have been sighing, day and night, for six months past. So cheer up, my child, and be light-hearted as I am. Let the future take care of itself. *Vive la bagatelle!*"

"It is so old sitting here," replied the slim man, with a shiver, "and nothing to occupy either one's fingers or one's thoughts."

"It is because your thoughts are so busily occupied, my friend, with the past, gloomy and affrighted. But you said you were cold: here, drain this flask—choice cognac, I assure you; not a headache in a headache's full of it. Come, drink this ever-out of mine; for myself, I can do just as well without it;" and unheeding the remonstrances of the other, the stout man lifted the flask to his mouth, and emptied his friend into it, then poured a quantity of cognac into the cup of his flask, and made him drink them, in spite of his insisting that he should try a cigar. But in spite of these friendly attentions, and the cheering words which accompanied them, the slim man remained silent and shivering, brooding over some dark secret, known only to himself and his friend. We were already round to the left hand line, so as to cheer the other were unwilling, he turned away with a muttered execration, and trouble in the mind, and remained in the dark, went on smoking his cheroots and watching all my movements attentively, as though he feared I might play him false.

He asked me the name of each station that we passed, and its distance from Melling; and he became impatient more than once or twice, when the red light (the signal to stop) was exhibited at some station; at which times I had to slacken speed, and while the train was pulling up in its place, bend my again put on all steam and tore on our way. The cold glitter of a pistol-barrel would meet my eye on my right hand, and the question would fall on my ear to beware that I did not attempt any treachery. But the dangerous point, more than the pistol would be used for a while, and the stout man would go on smoking more furiously than ever, as if to make up for lost time. He took no more notice of me, and when he held it to the lamp to see the hour I had for the moment a clear view of his face.

It was by no means ill-looking, and seemed to be about forty years old. He wore a thick black mustache, but the rest of his face was closely shaven; he had dark piercing eyes that seemed to look through you; and, for the rest, was in manner and appearance more a gentleman on nine-tenths of those who usurp that honorable title.

I kept the furnace of the *Firefly* well supplied with fuel, and we were now at a gallop along. As I was determined to end this strange journey as soon as possible. Past one mile-post after another—standing out distinct against the dark embankments; with ever and anon a station, big or little, rushing madly up to us, staring at us blankly for a few moments, and then left on with a thousand iron tongues to stop, as it receded swiftly away into darkest space; under bridges innumerable; into darkness and out of blackness that vanished in an instant; then into the great tunnel, wrapped and lost in its breath of steam and smoke, awakening its thousand echoes that have little time for sleep; and so out again into the fresh cool night; away—away—away—and sleeping village, and still great furnaces that flare their hearts out to the unheeding stars: onward we went till Burkleigh station was reached, and sixty miles of journey had been achieved.

I gathered from the stout man's observations that he was acquainted with this part of the country, and that our flight in the dark was now almost ended; indeed, the *Firefly*, good little engine though she was, could not have held out much longer without a further supply of water.

Half-way between Burkleigh and the next station, "Hall," I was told to stop, at the point where I wish to stop. You will make your arrangements accordingly; and you will further understand, that when I leave the engine you will accompany me. I can not afford to dispense with the pleasure of your company just yet."

Here was a new view of the case with a vengeance! and just as I was calculating how comfortably I could work my way back to Melling, and reach home in time for an early breakfast.

I remonstrated, but to no purpose; he stopped me sternly, and at once. "Keep your engine off the main line on to the first siding you come to," said he, "and see, for the rest, hold your tongue."

I slackened speed at once; and about a mile further on we came to a small branch-line leading to a cattle-station, and there I ran her in. The train was got down, and held the points open by my direction, while I ran the *Firefly* off the main line, and brought her to a stand. Then, I let off the steam and raked some of the fire out of the grate, while the others stood by watching me impatiently. When all was done that was necessary the stout man took me by the shoulder and addressed me impressively.

"Look here, my young friend," said he; "you have acted sensibly to-night in not disputing my orders. Continue to do as I tell you and no harm shall befall you. Any attempt to deceive me, or to take French leave, and you will have something sent after you that will astonish you forever. On your part you must mind easy—I am a dead shot; I never miss my aim."

"Good ahead," said I, sulkily; "you needn't talk so much about your confounded pistol."

The stout man replied with a laugh, and slinging the dispatch-box by a strap over his shoulder, led the way at a quick pace from the branch line over a tract of rising ground, out on to a wide stretch of bleak moor-land, intersected by several roads, never hesitating for a moment as to the path he ought to take, but leading the way as confidently as he might have done had it been by every inch of the ground, which probably he was. I followed close behind, and with the slim man brought up the rear. And thus we kept on for a full hour, and came to a plantation of fir, the edge of which skirted the road we were traversing. Here the stout man halted twice in a peculiar way, and we all stood still to listen. In a moment the response came—a whistle similar, and close at hand. Next the sound of the hoofs of horses, and presently a carriage of some kind came out of a narrow lane that ran by one end of the plantation, and drove right up to where we were standing. As well as I could make out by that light it seemed nothing more than an ordinary hackney coach, which perhaps is a better term than common in the shafts; while, as for the driver, he was so thoroughly muffled up that it would have been impossible to recognize him if I knew him. He began to swear at us, as soon as he got near enough to be heard, for having kept him waiting so long; but at a few words uttered by the stout man took his objurgations lapsed into a muttered curse or two, and then died away in sullen silence. We three got inside the coach, the two gentlemen first, who quickly inside the cab; the windows were closed and the blinds pulled down; and we were driven off at a good pace, which was kept up without break or rest for what seemed to me a very long time, till at last we rattled over the pavé of a town, and drew up at the door of a private house. I had some acquaintance with that part of the country, and I knew that within a radius of fifteen miles there was no town but where all the engine three country towns were situated, all of them busy, populous places. To which of these three could I have been taken? On this point I was as helpless to form a judgment as if I had been born blind.

On alighting from the coach I had only time to take one hasty glance round, and to observe that we had been driven into a small court or inclosed yard, overlooked by high, gloomy buildings on every side, save a door in front of us was silently opened, and we all went in. The door seemed to close of its own accordance, and in the next moment a light appeared at the further end of the long passage in which we were standing, carried by one of the most extraordinary looking human faces ever before beheld. He seemed, at the first glance, more like a resuscitated corpse than any thing else; he was tall and thin, and dressed in a long, dark, shrivel-up little face—the face of a century-old age, lighted up with two eyes so restless, so preternaturally bright and bluey seemed to distrust every body, himself included. He was dressed in an old red flannel dressing-robe, which fell in ominous folds to his shrunken feet, while his cadaverous jaws were bound up in a dirty white handkerchief, fastened in a huge knot on the top of his head, on which a few spiky hairs were still sparsely scattered. Holding the lamp above his head with a shaking hand he grinned a hideous welcome to us all, and ushered the stout man with the familiarity of an old friend.

"Welcome home again, Mr. William—welcome home!" he muttered. "What! and the rest, too! And—what luck? But who are these? Strangers, eh? Friends of yours, did you say? But are they safe, Mr. William—are they safe?"

Chattering thus, the old man led the way into a large but plainly-furnished room, where a table was laid, ready for supper, as it seemed, for a number of one or more had been expected. Another plate was quickly brought, and the saltenly-looking middle-aged woman who waited upon us served up a plain substantial supper, to which we all did ample justice. The slim man seemed, if such a thing were possible, to grow more silent and despondent with every mouthful that he ate. Behind his chair stood Black Care, the terrible, the haunting, the persistent; the garments of gray and pallor with a touch of its skeleton finger. As for the old man, he mumbled and gabbered away to himself, and chuckled, unheeded by every body, Mr. William being just then too much preoccupied with his own thoughts to pay the least attention to him.

When supper was over, Mr. William and the old man left the room together; but in a few minutes the door reopened, and the latter beckoned me to follow him. I accordingly stumbled after him up a long dark flight of stairs, and was then ushered into a room having a small camp bedstead in one corner; while close to the bright, blazing fire stood

a large easy-chair and a small table, in the former of which the old man was already seated.

"You will have to make yourself comfortable here for the night," said the stout man, turning to me. "That bed is at your service; and here," putting the old man on the shoulder, "is one who will attend to your requirements. Good-night, and pleasant dreams."

So saying, he quitted the room, locking the door behind him; and I was left alone with the old man, who grinned and nodded his withered head at me, and pointing to a chair in the opposite corner, invited me, in a shrill quavering voice, to come and sit down by the fire, unless I felt disposed to go to bed at once. As I never felt less inclined for sleep in my life, I drew the chair up to the fire, and sat down opposite the old boy, who was busy concocting a basin of grog for himself, he having taken no part in the supper down stairs. I tried him with a few questions, but especially desirous to know how long it was probable that I should be detained there against my will; but as each of my questions the old rascal put on a vacant puzzled look, and replied with something altogether irrelevant to my question; so that, after one or two futile efforts to get a sensible answer, I gave up the task in despair, and watched him in gloomy silence while he took his gruel, seasoned largely with cognac.

Sitting thus, I heard from some far-off steeple the faint tones of a clock tell the hour of three, and I remembered for the first time that it was Sunday morning. It would not be daylight yet for three hours. Following close upon the striking of the clock came the rattle of a distant cab or mail-cart, rattling over the paved streets: there was a pleasant sense of companionship in the sound that spoke warmly to my heart, and brought with it no intense longing to escape.

To escape! was such a thing possible? My heart throbbed, as the thought rushed to my face when first asked myself the question; so that when I looked up, and saw the old man's suspicious eyes fixed truly on me, I felt as if my hidden thoughts were discovered. But I sat very still, and strove to look as unconcerned as possible; and when the old man was satisfied with his gruel, I set to work to evolve quietly out of my brain some plan of deliverance. The door at which I already said, was locked on the outside; but even had it been otherwise, to venture down through the floors of the house would have been a most dangerous proceeding. The window, then, was the point to be considered. This was secured inside by stout shutters, but there would be no difficulty in opening them; the only real obstacle lay in the fact of the window being so high above the ground—far too high for me to drop from. Then there was the old man to dispose of; that, indeed, was the first thing to do, for once let him give the alarm, and all my efforts would be fruitless.

I sat absorbed presently for about half an hour, at the end of which time I had thought out a plan which seemed to me the only one at all feasible. There were several pieces of wood lying on the hearth, fragments left after the fire had been lighted. I picked up one of these, and in the course of a few minutes had provided it with my pocket-knife into a sort of rude spatula, round which I tied a piece of stout string that I found in one of my pockets. The old man watching my movements apparently, apparently unsuspicious of what I was about to do.

Every thing was now ready for my attempt. Occasionally I heard the faint murmurs of voices below, showing me that there were other inmates of the house still awake; and now and then the opening or shutting of a distant door sounded preternaturally loud at that quiet hour. I confess that now the final moment was come my heart failed me for a minute or two, and I began to doubt my ability to carry out my plan to a successful issue. But this fit of weakness was of short duration, and gave place to an unflattering resolution to do and dare every thing to effect my escape.

I rose suddenly from my chair, stepped across the hearth in two strides, and seized the heavy rascal by the throat. "Speak, or make a noise, and I'll murder you!" I whispered sternly in his ear, and I passed the bright blade of my knife close before his eyes. Then, before he had time to recover from his shock of an attack so sudden and unexpected, I had twisted the bell-rope into a large loop, far out of his reach as he sat. "Open your mouth," I said to him, "but do not speak, or you die." He was shivering with fright, and hardly sense enough left to understand what I said. "Mercy! mercy! good young man," he gasped; and then the piece of wood was forced between his teeth, and tied securely in its place, and he could say no more. The next fastened his hands behind him with my handkerchief, and then a sheet off the bed, and secured it with my knife into long strips, twisted these, and proceeded to tie him securely in his chair. When I had satisfied myself that he was so fastened that it would be impossible for him to release himself, and further, that he was in no danger of being choked by the gag, I turned my attention to the window, and having taken off my boots, so as to make as little noise as possible in crossing the floor, I proceeded to try the shutters, and after five minutes' patient labor succeeded in opening them almost in silence.

The next point was the window; but I found, to my dismay, when I came to examine it, that it was composed of small diamond panes set in lead, and opened by means of a casement only, far too small to permit any hope of egress that way. My whole scheme seemed to collapse as I looked, for the intention had been to escape through the window, and reach the ground by means of a rope made out of the bed-clothes. What to do now I knew not; and as I turned despairingly away the old man's eyes met mine with a malignant glance of mingled rage and triumph. Suddenly a thought struck me. Although the stout man, on leaving the room, had locked the door behind him, was it not probable that the old man had in his possession another key that would open it? This was a question that I solved at once by searching him, and in one of his pockets I found a peculiar key—a master-key, I imagine it to have been, which probably fitted every door in the house; and all events, it opened the door of my prison, as I was not long in discovering. Although this was only the first step toward my escape, I could not repress the joyous bounding of my heart when the door turned on its hinges, and I stepped cautiously out on the landing, and then stood listening to the murmur of the voices below stairs. But the most difficult part of my enterprise was still before me; this was to pass without discovery the open door of the room below, and then go down the second flight of stairs to the ground-floor, and so out by the front door. The first attempt to succeed at all must be made at once, before the stout man came up stairs, which he probably would do ere long, to look after the safety of his prisoner.

Before venturing down in the direction of the voices, I gave one last look behind me, and then examined once more the bonds of the old man; then I blew out the candle, and locked the door; and, having secured the key, crept on my hands down the stairs, one at a time, pausing to listen between every step. Fortunately, the house was one of the old-fashioned kind, and strongly built; and not the faintest creaking of a stair betrayed my presence. At length I reached a large landing, giving access to four rooms, the door of one of these rooms was only partially closed, and through the opening shone a faint stream of light. Down now and then, and another set or two, whose tones I at once recognized, told me that there sat my captor and his friend. That door was passed nearly over by the time I reached the landing, but they still seemed to be silently busy over something. What was their occupation business that occupied them at such an unholy hour?

Noiseless as a shadow I moved forward till I stood on the mat at the entrance to the room. The door was too far closed for me to see the occupants of the room, or for them to see me; but from where I stood I could see the reflection cast on the large pier-glass which stood on it; and in this glass I could see the reflection of the stout man and his friend—and they, too, if they looked, they were doing, which kept them so silent and so busy.

They had got the brown leather portmanteau open between them, and were busily examining its contents, which consisted of watches, chains, rings, and pins, together with several small boxes filled apparently with articles of different kinds—all, without doubt, the proceeds of some great robbery. I stood like one fascinated, forgetting for the moment my own affairs in my eagerness. At length the stout man spoke. "A very pretty little haul, Master Markham," he said. "A nice little haul, and one that we've done for a long time, and neatly done too, though I say it that shouldn't. I've got two little blokes that'll remember things so stain which will do admirably to hold the swag. I'll go and fetch them, and then we'll make a fair division of the spoil, and you can take your share, I must give a look to that young shaver up stairs, and see that he's all right. I'm puzzled to know what to do with him. What, I say?"

"Stick a knife in his gizzard!" suggested the slim man, with a yawn.

"No, no, it won't do that, if we can help it," answered his companion. "That's a line of business I've never gone into yet, and I don't mean to either. Hush! listen a bit, there's a bloke for all tales.' I'd rather have a live one to deal with any day of the week. No, I must think out some better method of getting rid of him for a few days till we've got quietly away. Not, mind you," he added, "that I would hesitate to put a knife into him if I thought it was up, and I thought he was going to blow upon our little affair."

He got up and pushed back his chair. "Now, you stay here," he said, "while I run up stairs. It shall be back in five minutes, and then we'll go share and share alike."

I waited to hear no more, but hardly knowing what I did, or whither I was going, sped noiselessly on tip-toe again. Before reaching the hall, I noticed on the upper landing a small closet or lumber-room, in which stood a large ragged screen. In that hole I determined to conceal myself for a few minutes or two behind this screen, and take my chance of escape in a rush down stairs, while the stout man was engaged with the old rascal over the discovery that would greet him on entering the room where I had been confined.

By the time I had reached the landing the stout man was ascending the lower stairs, and the same instant that I crept behind the screen he paused opposite the door to feel for the key, and to assure himself the door of my prison was opened, and he went in. "Hallo! what's this? Why are you in the dark?" I heard him exclaim; and the next moment my hiding-place, crossed the landing, and turning the key in the lock, made fast the door. All was done so quickly, and then rushed down the first flight of stairs at a breakneck pace. I paused for a second or two on the lower landing, nothing, with some surprise, as I did so, that the room where the two men had been conferring only a minute before was now in darkness. But my back was to them, and awaited the return of his friend, as the latter had requested him to do? That, however, was a question which light soon solved for my curiosity.

I had now the lower flight of stairs to descend, and here I was obliged to proceed more cautiously, being unacquainted with the ground. I had turned two corners in safety, and was on the top of the last short flight, when a sudden thundering at the locked door above startled me from my balance, and I stumbled headlong down the remaining stairs, and, bursting open a door at the foot of them, and landing in a large kitchen, at the other door of which—the door leading into the street—stood the slim man, with a very white face, trying with nervous haste to unfasten the bolts, and so let himself out. On the dresser close by his side stood the candle brought from up stairs, and at his feet the portmanteau shut and partially strapped. I understood his little game at a glance, even if his ghastly tell-tale face had not proclaimed it. He had taken advantage of his comrade's brief absence to abscond with both shares of the stolen property, trusting in the darkness to get clear away with it across the whole of the booty to himself. A look of relief shot over his face when he saw that it was not his terrible comrade come to avenge his treachery. With a snarl of rage he turned from the door, and drawing a pistol from his breast fired it point-blank at me just as I was rising from the ground. The wind caused by the bullet stirred my hair, but there was no further damage done, and before he had time to fire again I had sprung at his throat, and we grappled together, and sealed from side to side of the room in a wild struggle for life and death. He was agile and wiry as a panther, and quite my equal in sheer physical strength, for you must remember that I was little more than a lad at that time; and it would perhaps have gone hard with me had I not brought to bear a little trick with the leg which I had learned among the Norfolk Island wrestlers, which stole his feet from under him before he knew what was the matter, and brought him crashing to the ground, with me on the top of him.

In falling, he struck his head with tremendous force against the edge of the oaken dresser, and next moment his grasp relaxed, his eyes closed, and a pallor as of death overspread his face. I thought, in truth, that he was killed.

All this time the stout man was thundering at the door above stairs, making desperate efforts to get out; and now, as I rose and looked to my feet the instinct to escape, to get away from that horrible house, came over me as strongly as before. I drew the remaining bolt, and opened the door, and felt the cool night air blow freely over me with a feeling of thankfulness which no words of mine could express. For a moment, as I crossed the threshold, for a last look at my opponent lying motionless across the hearth, and as I did so my eye fell on the portmanteau, and acting on the impulse of the moment I seized it, and flinging it over my shoulder passed out into the street, and then ran away into the silent streets.

To the first constable whom I met I gave myself and the property up, telling him, and was by him hurried off to the station, where I told my strange story in as few words as possible; and four constables were sent to the house, which was at once recognized from my description, as it had long been looked on with suspicion. When they reached it, the bodies of two out of the three inmates of the house; but the stout man had got clear away before their arrival. The slim man, who had received his death by this time, finding the game up, volunteered a confession, the details of which were afterward found to be substantially correct, and by the time I was ready to be called I was ready to give us briefly as may be.

The jewelry, etc., contained in the portmanteau had been stolen from the establishment of Bellingham & Co., the great jewelers and silversmiths of Melling. Mr. Bellingham's chief assistant and confidential manager was Mr. Matthew Langlough—he who has hitherto been designated as the slim man —a person who had gradually worked himself from the position of clerk to that of partner in the business, and was by this time the possessor of one-tenth of the whole concern; for Mr. Bellingham was getting old, and glad to move more leisurely in the affairs of business on to more youthful shoulders. But Langlough's ambition at last overstepped his prudence, and led him to the act, when on the day stated the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so passionately attached, and would soon have been the happy wife of Langlough. to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would permit him to speak, was peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin, and followed up by the intimation that Langlough should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment, by which means they should be brought more frequently into contact, when Matthew would be sure to get over his foolish fancy. The next day ended the old man to give him his daughter's hand in marriage—his daughter, who was so passionately attached, and would soon have been the happy wife of Langlough. to call her own. The old man's reply, as soon as amazement would permit him to speak, was peremptory refusal, accompanied by some disparaging remarks on the vileness of Matthew's origin, and followed up by the intimation that Langlough should retain his confidential post no longer, but be put back to the position of an ordinary assistant in the establishment, by which means they should be brought more frequently into contact, when Matthew would be sure to get over his foolish fancy. The next day ended the old man



THE MILITARY COMMISSION ENGAGED IN THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



LEWIS PAYNE.

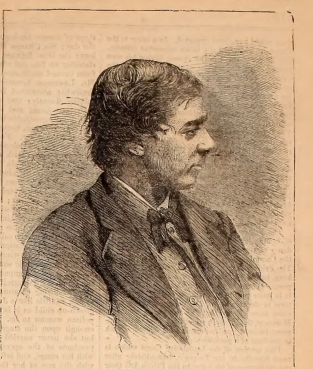
THE CONSPIRATORS AND THE CONSPIRACY.

We omitted in our last number any account of the Conspiracy trial going on at Washington, because we did not deem the proceedings of sufficient importance. We recur to the subject this week, and give portraits—drawn from photographs taken by GARDNER, of Washington—of six of the conspirators, viz.: of PAYNE, ATZEROTT, HAROLD, SPANGLER, O'LAUGHLEN, and ARNOLD. We also give on page 408 portraits of the members composing the military court engaged in the trial.

There has been further evidence offered to prove the connection of the rebel authorities with the burning of steamboats on the Western rivers. But as these efforts were directed against Government vessels, the evidence in its relation to the assassination of President LINCOLN does not have any especial importance. The same may be said of the evidence proving that the City Point explosion was due to rebel agency.

On Friday, June 17, a curious bit of evidence was offered, going to prove that the *Daily News*, the rebel organ in New York city, has been supported during the war in a great measure by the Richmond authorities. This was no surprise when it was considered that recently, upon the close of the war, JOHN MITCHELL, the editor of the Richmond *Enquirer*, had been invited to take the editorial charge of the *News* and had accepted. The evidence is perfectly reliable, coming from the assistant manager of the Montreal bank, and proves that a check for $70,000 was last August drawn from rebel deposits and in favor of BENJAMIN WOOD, the proprietor of the *News*.

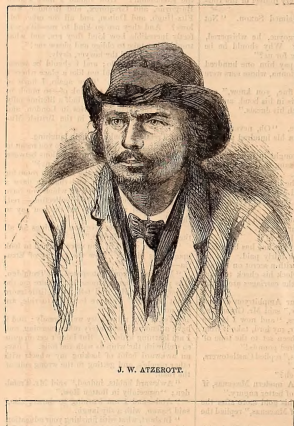
In connection with the events relating to the assassination, the portrait, which we give on page 412 of Mr. FREDERICK SEWARD will be of unusual interest to our readers.



DAVID C. HAROLD.

GENERAL LEE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

GENERAL LEE'S Head-quarters at Petersburg, the ruins of which are illustrated on page 404, were at the house of Mr. TURNBULL, grandson of PETER JOYES, founder of Petersburg, and chief magistrate of the county. LEE so little expected the results of the attack upon his lines that he had scarcely time to get away. A good deal of fighting took place in the vicinity of the house, but whether it was burned by the troops or the shells is not certain. Our men advanced beyond it, threw up a line of rifle-pits, and held the ground till the evacuation.



J. W. ATZEROTT.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S SPEECH AT AJACCIO.

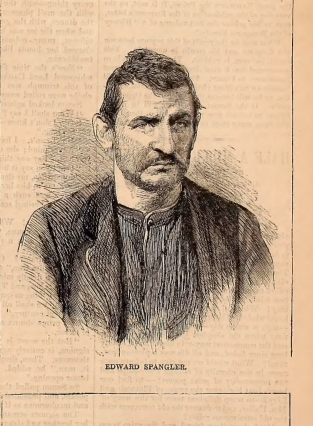
THE recent speech of Prince NAPOLEON at Ajaccio, in Corsica, the birth-place of the first NAPOLEON, is the momentous event of the day. The occasion upon which this speech was made was in itself an interesting epoch to Frenchmen. A monumental statue of the great NAPOLEON was to be uncovered. For two generations NAPOLEON had been the French idol—as WASHINGTON is the idol of Americans. For an idea to gain absolute control over Frenchmen it had only been necessary to pronounce it Napoleonic. Within a few years the prestige of that omnipotent name had raised LOUIS NAPOLEON first to the Presidency and thence to the throne. With the assumption of the crown LOUIS had become an ardent advocate of imperialism. Chiefly because Imperialism was peculiarly adapted to his purposes. Only recently he had brought from the commencement of the Christian era a type for the reconstruction of the political system of the nineteenth century. That type was Cæsarism. To render Imperialism and Cæsarism more palatable to Frenchmen he had sought to invest them with Napoleonic sanctity.

Just here, and at the most opportune occasion, he was encountered by Prince JEROME, also a scion of NAPOLEON, though not wielding the imperial sceptre nor wearing the purple. It was a matter of common remark that the Prince bore a striking resemblance to the elder NAPOLEON, while the Emperor had not the least trace of any such likeness in his features. Prince JEROME ventured much, it might seem, in daring to confront the Emperor upon topics which were so vital. So much the more heroic then was the act. If the Prince had made his utmost endeavor he could scarcely have put himself in an attitude of greater antagonism with his imperial cousin than he did in this remarkable speech.

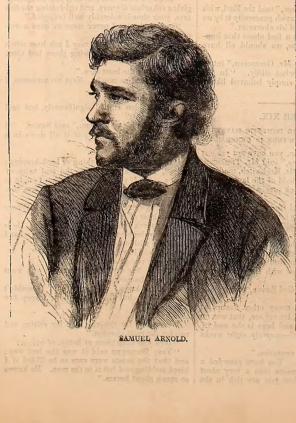
But what did Prince NAPOLEON say at Ajaccio that the world should so much wonder at? In the first place, he dared to pronounce the Napoleonic idea to be essentially Democratic. But whatever he may have thought of NAPOLEON he certainly left no possible room for doubt as to his own leanings. He spoke of Democracy as of something certain to be ultimately successful the world over. He even ventured to point with triumph to the war which the American Republic had for four years waged against aristocracy, and the glorious result of that war as a token of the times. He opposed LOUIS'S Mexican policy, and spoke with favor of the MONROE doctrine. Is it any wonder that the expression of such ideas by a Prince of the blood startled the imperial court? Why, here was treason by the wholesale—a pregnant fountain of treason and perhaps of revolution!

This speech, though its effect has been so startling, was no sudden outburst on the Prince's part. He expressed only what he was already known to believe and feel. If he spoke with more than his wonted boldness, it was because the course which events had taken on the American continent had so completely vindicated his political creed. Yet his speech was a surprise—and to no one more so than to the Emperor. LOUIS had thought to bridle the Prince's tongue, and to insure his subordination by making him Vice-President of the Council of State. JEROME did not feel the obligation, and when his best opportunity offered he made the best use of it.

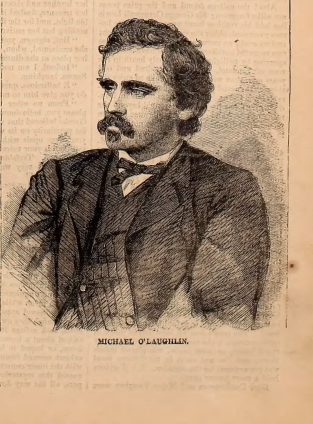
The Emperor's reception of the speech was just



EDWARD SPANGLER.



SAMUEL ARNOLD.



MICHAEL O'LAUGHLIN.

what might have been expected. In a letter to the Prince he addressed the latter somewhat bitterly. The Emperor had left the Prince, during his own absence, near the persons of the Empress and the Prince Imperial, hoping that his presence, conduct, and discourse would testify to the union reigning in the royal family. The Prince, he said, had abused this confidence by proclaiming, under the aegis of the FIRST NAPOLEON, a political programme which could be offered to the enemies of his Government. The Prince should not attempt to apply to the present time the ideas of NAPOLEON, because he had not fitted himself to do so by passing "through the severe trials in the responsibility of power." Indeed how was he competent "to estimate the true value the great historical figure of NAPOLEON?" But in one respect there could be no doubt as to NAPOLEON'S ideas. He had founded a monarchy to keep his family in subordination. "From the same rule of conduct," says LOUIS, in conclusion, "I can not henceforth deviate."

The Prince replied briefly that, in consequence of LOUIS'S letter, he should resign the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council and the Presidency of the Commission of Universal Exhibition of 1867. The Prince's letter is not that of a subject and friend, but has the manner of a peer addressing a peer. It was, moreover, so hastily published that it is quite possible that LOUIS read it for the first time in the columns of *La Presse*. Nothing could show more clearly that the rupture is complete. Moreover, the Prince, against the wishes of the Empress, insisted upon publishing his Ajaccio speech in the form of a pamphlet.

That portion of the Legislative Corps which is most friendly to the Emperor, immediately after the publication of his letter to the Prince, left Napoleon at the Tuileries as a token of their satisfaction.

Notwithstanding LOUIS'S desire to monopolize the great NAPOLEON the Prince, it is said, on the very day of the publication of the Emperor's letter, sent to his printer the first volume of a "History of the Bonaparte Family."

What may be the result of this rupture between the Emperor and his cousin is uncertain. But much, however, is evident. The antagonism is so pronounced that it must develop some issue of great importance to France. For either the Prince will become an unwilling victim of the imperial despotism, or he will become the leader of the Opposition party. If the former, then there will be no restraint to LOUIS'S power; if the latter, then LOUIS will have many steps to retrace in his political career.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LIMON.

"IT is good to be merry and wise," saith an old song; but every man can not be a laughing philosopher, although it is comparatively easy to be either merry or wise "upon occasion," it is supremely difficult to be both at the same time. The two conditions mix almost as reluctantly as oil and water, and youth seldom makes even an effort to combine them. Happy youth, whose best wisdom it is, after all, to be merry while it may! Which of us would not gladly barter this bitter wisdom of later years for the sweet simplicity—nay, is single day—of that happy thoughtless time when the simplest jest provoked a laugh, and the commonest way-side flower had a beauty long since faded, and all life was a pleasant carnival? What would we not give to believe once more in the chimney of college friendship and the immortality of prize poems?—to feel our hearts beat high over the pages of Plutarch and Livy?—to weep delicious tears for the woes of Mrs. Haller, and to devour the old romances with the old omnivorous relish?

Alas! the College friend and the prize poem are alike forgotten; Sir George Cornwall Lewis has laid his ruthless hand upon our favorite heroes; our smiles shine the very name of Rochester, and we could no more revive our interest in those two mounted cavaliers who might have been seen sparring by twilight across a lonely heath in the West of England, some two hundred and odd years ago, than we could undertake to ride the thirteen thousand pages of Mademoiselle Scudéry's Grand Cyrus. Ay, that pleasant dream is indeed over! Even its joys are "lodg'd beyond the reach of fate," and of the remembrance of them no man can disinherit us. Have we not all lived in Arcadia?

Wisdom apart, however, what more commendable merriment may there be than a dinner at Richmond when the year and the guests are young, and the broad landscape lies steeped in sunshine, and the afternoon air is sweet with new-mown hay, and the laugh follows the jest as quickly and gayly as the frothing Champagne follows the popping of the cork? Now and then a tiny skiff with one white sail skims down the molten gold of the broad river. The plump islands and the wooded dells look hazy in the tender mist of sunset. A pleasant sound of gay voices and chinking glasses finds its way now and then from the open window below, or the adjoining balcony; and, perhaps, the music of a brass band comes to us from the lower town, harmonized by distance.

Thus bright and propitious was it on the eventful day of Saxon's "little dinner;" and care had been taken by his friends that every detail of the entertainment should be as faultless as the weather itself. The guests had all been driven down in open carriages; the costliest dinner that money could procure, and taste devise, was placed before them; and the best room in the house could have been pre-engaged for the occasion. It had seldom held a more joyous party.

Lord Castletowers and Major Vaughan were there of course, having run up from Surrey for the day; Sir Charles Burgoyne, serenely insolent; the Hon. Edward Brandon, with his hair standing up like the wig of an electrified doll, from inward excitement and outward rubbing; Mr. Lawrence Greatorex, looking, perhaps, somewhat abstracted from time to time, but talking fluently; two other Etrechteum men, both very young and prone to laughter, and both highly creditable to their tailors and bootmakers; and last, though not least, the Graziana and her party. The latter, with their misfortunes, never come alone. Like Scottish chieftains they travel with a "raill," and have an embarrassing addition to their following that unvitied "raill" on all kinds of inconvenient occasions. In the present instance, Mrs. Trefalden of the day had contented herself with only two sisters and a brother; and her young host not only welcomed them with all his honest heart, but thought it very kind and condescending on her part to bring them at all. The brother was an gloomy youth, who said little, ate a great deal, and watched the company in a furtive manner over the rim of his wine-glass. The sisters were tall, blackeyed little souls, who giggled, blushed, fired, and drank Champagne incessantly. As for the prima donna herself, she was a fine, buxom, laughter-loving creature of about twenty years of age, as little like a Juno, and as much like a grown-up child as it is only possible for a Neapolitan woman to be. She had the majestic enough upon the stage, or in the green-room; but she never carried her dignity beyond the precincts of the dressing-room. She put it on with her rouge, and left it in her dressing-room with the rest of her theatrical wardrobe when the evening's work was done. She laughed at every thing that was said whether she understood it or not; and was delighted with every thing—with the drive, with the horses, with the mail phaeton, with the weather, with the dinner, with the guests, and with her host: and when the ice was brought to table—a magnificent, many-colored triumph of art—she clapped her hands like a child at sight of a twelfthcake.

"Now's the time for the bracelet, Saxon," whispered Lord Castletowers, when the wreck of this triumph was removed, and the sideboards were rolled away for dessert.

Saxon looked puzzled.

"What shall I say?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—something graceful and not too long."

"But I can't. I haven't an idea."

"Never mind; she wouldn't understand it if you had. Say any thing, you know."

"Can't you say it for me?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow! I might as well ask me to kiss her for you."

Which was such a tremendous supposition, that Saxon blushed scarlet, and had not a word to say in reply.

"Ah, traditor! Why do you speak secrets?" said the prima donna, with a pout.

"Because he is a conspirator, signora," replied the Earl.

"A conspirator? Cielo!"

"It is quite true," said Burgoyne promptly. "There's a deadly mine of cracker powder in the room below, and Saxon and I are going to say something so sparkling that it will fire the train, and we shall all be blown into the middle of the next century."

The prima donna sang a roulade expressive of terror.

"But the worst is yet to come. This plot, signora, is entirely against yourself," said Castletowers. Then, dropping his voice, "Out with it, man," he added, "the gentleman's have a better opening."

So Saxon pulled the morocco case out of his pocket, and presented it with as much confusion and incoherence as if it had been a warrant.

The signora seemed slightly puzzled, invoked her brother and sisters, flew to the window with her treasure, flashed it to and fro in every possible light, and for the first few minutes could talk nothing but her native patois.

"But, signore, you must be a great prince!" she exclaimed, when, at length, she returned to her place at the dinner-table.

"Indeed, I am nothing of the sort," replied Saxon, laughing.

"E bellissimo, questo braccioletto! But why do you give him to me?"

"From no other reason than my desire to please you, bella donna," replied Saxon. "The Greeks believed that the opal had power to confer popularity on its wearer; but I do not offer you these opals with any such motive. Your talisman is your voice."

"Bene, Trefalden!" laughed the Earl. "That was very well said. Comme l'esprit vient aux filles!"

"A neat thing spoiled," muttered Greatorex, to his next neighbor. "He should have praised the eyes. Always praise the features."

"And do you suppose she doesn't know all about her eyes, too?" asked his neighbor—who happened to be Major Vaughan.

"No doubt; but then a woman is never tired of being admired for her beauty. The smallest particle of praise is as acceptable to her, in a way, as a holocaust of incense. But as to her voice, c'est autre chose. What is one compliment more or less after the loud applauses of the finest audience in Europe?"

In the mean while the two young Etrechteum men, oppressed apparently by the consciousness of how much they owed to their boots and waistcoats, took refuge in each other's society, and talked about a horse. Neither of them kept a horse, or hoped to keep a horse; and yet the subject seemed broad enough to have occult way with the inner consciousness of both: They discussed this mysterious animal in solemn whispers, all the way down from London to Richmond; alluding to him despondingly during dinner; and exchanged bets upon him in a moody and portentous manner at dessert. Apart from this overwhelming topic they were light-hearted young fellows enough; but the horse was their Nemesis, and rode them down continually.

As for the "raill," it went to work as vigorously upon the dessert as upon the twelve preceding courses. The plump sisters evidently looked upon Moet as pure Pierian, and had eaten Pope's advice to heart; while the gloomy brother, instead of taking to Manzanilla, seemed only intent on provisioning himself against a long journey. But even the best of dinners must end, and coffee came at last. Then out of the Etrechteum young men, emboldened by sparkling Champagne, found courage to speak. She laughed, and shook her head: but the assembled company looked aghast.

"I can not," said she. "My voice is a bird in one little cage, and my impressario guards the key."

Sir Charles Burgoyne darted a dreadful glance at the offender.

"My dear lady," he said, "pray do not say a word. You will know, or ought to know, that your operatic contract forbids any thing of the kind; and even if it were not so, we should not presume to ask so great a favor. It is entirely a mistake—a great mistake—on the part of this young gentleman."

"I—I am very sorry," stammered the unlucky neophyte.

"And I am sorry," said the songstress, good-naturedly, "I should sing for you if I dared."

"Thou must not think of it, sorellina," interposed her brother, in his rapid Neapolitan. "Remember the penalty."

"The Signora Graziana must do nothing to offend the proprietors of the Castletowers, who was familiar with every dialect of the Italian.

"Certainly not," exclaimed Saxon. "Not for the world."

Then, turning to Burgoyne, he whispered, "What is it all about? Why should he be offended because she sang for us?"

"He would have me pay him one hundred pounds," said the prima donna, whose ears were quick.

"A hundred pounds fine, you know," explained Burgoyne. "'Tis in his bond, and the man's a very Shylock with his ducats."

Saxon laughed aloud.

"Is that all?" said he. "Oh, never mind, bella donna—I'll pay him his hundred pounds, and welcome."

And so a plan was formed in another room, and the Graziana sang to them divinely, not one song but a dozen.

"I fancy I hear friend the impressario may not hear of it, after all," said Mr. Greatorex, when the music was over, and they were preparing to return to town.

"Let us all take a solemn oath of secrecy," suggested Sir Charles Burgoyne.

But Saxon would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he. "The fine has been fairly forfeited, and shall be fairly paid. Let no man's soul be burdened with a secret on my account. I will send Shylock his check to-morrow morning. Ladies, the carriages are at the door."

"I had heard that our Amphitryon did not know the meaning of fear," said Mr. Greatorex, as they went down stairs, "and now I believe it. Why this little affair, my lord, take it from first to last, will not have set to the tune of something like five hundred pounds!"

"Well, I suppose it has," replied Castletowers, "including the bracelet."

"A modern Timon—eh?"

"Nay, I hope not. A modern Mæcenas, if you like. It is a name of better augury."

"I fear he dispenses his gold more after the fashion of Timon than of Mæcenas," replied the banker, dryly.

"He is a splendid fellow," said the Earl, with enthusiasm; "and his only impecuniosity is by no means the noblest part of his character."

"But he behaved like a fool about that hundred-pound fine, of course, we should all have kept the secret, and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Greatorex," interrupted the Earl, somewhat stiffly. "In my opinion, Mr. Trefalden simply behaved like a man of honor."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. TREFALDEN ON THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LAWYERS IN GENERAL.

"So, my young cousin, you have not yet lost all your primitive virtues," said Mr. Trefalden, as Saxon, attended by Mr. Jarrick, made his appearance on the threshold of the lawyer's private room at eight o'clock precisely on Monday evening.

"I hope I have parted from none that I ever possessed," replied Saxon; "but to what particular virtue do you allude?"

"To your punctuality, young man. You are as true to time as on that memorable morning when you breakfasted together at Reichenau, and you tasted Lunate for the first time. You have become tolerably familiar with the flavor since then."

"Indeed I have," replied Saxon, with a smile and a sigh.

"And with a good many other flavors as well, I imagine. Why, let me see, that was on the seventh of March, and here is the end of the third week in April—scarcely eight weeks ago, Saxon?"

"It seems like eight centuries."

"I dare say it does. You have crowded a vast number of impressions into a very short space of time. But then you are rich in the happy adaptability of youth, and can bear the shock of revolution."

"I try to bear it as well as I can," replied Saxon, laughingly. "It isn't very difficult."

"No—the lessons of pleasure and power are soon learned; and, by-the-way, the art of dress also. You are quite a swell, Saxon."

The young fellow's face crimsoned.

"You could not get over that awkward habit of blushing, do what he would.

"I hope not," he said. "I am what fate and my tailor have made me. Can I possibly look me to his own man, and he has done as he liked with me."

"So that, to paraphrase the kingly state, your virtues are your own, and your shortcomings are your tailor's? Nay, don't look uncomfortable. I am very well dressed; but I am not well dressed—which, to my thinking, is precisely as a gentleman should be."

"I don't wish to be a 'swell,'" said Saxon.

"Nor are you one. And now tell me something about yourself. How do you like this new life?"

"It bewilders me," said Saxon. "It dazzles me. It takes my breath away. I feel as if London were a huge circus, all dust, and roar, and glitter, and I being carried round it, in a great chariot race. It frightens me sometimes—and yet I enjoy it. There is so much to enjoy!"

"But you thought it a dreary place at first," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet smile.

"Because I was a stranger, and knew no one —because the very roar and flow of life along the streets made me solitude the heavier. But that's all changed now, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me, Saxon?"

"Of course. Don't I owe that dear fellow Castletower's acquaintance to you? And if I hadn't known him, how should I have got into the Etrechteum? How should I have known Burgoyne, and Greatorex, and Brandon, and Fitz-Hugh, and the Dalton, and all the other fellows? And they are so kind to me—it's perfectly incredible how kind they are, and what trouble they take to oblige and please me!"

"Indeed?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Yes, that they do; and I should be worse than ungrateful if I did not like a place where I have so many friends. Then again, I have so much to do—so much to think of—so much to learn. Why, it would take half a lifetime only to see all the picture-galleries in London, and study the Etruscan vases in the British Museum!"

Mr. Trefalden could not help laughing.

"You droll boy!" said he. "Do you mean to tell me that you divide your attentions between pretty prima donnas and cinerary urns?"

"I mean that I was in the Etruscan room for three hours this morning, and that we have a tazza at Rotzberg of a kind of which you have not a single specimen in the collection—red, with red bases relievi. What do you say to that?"

"That I would not give five farthings for all the old pottery in Europe."

"Yes you would, if you once learned to look upon it as history. Now the pottery of Etruria—"

"My dear Saxon," interposed Mr. Trefalden, "as you are going to be married, I advise you to pottery of Etruria, and tell me a little more about yourself. You are learning to ride, are you not?"

"Yes, I can ride pretty well already; and I have a fencing lesson every other morning, and I am learning to drive. But I don't get on quite so well with the whip as with the foils. I have an awkward habit of looking my wheels with my people's, and getting in the wrong side of the road."

"Awkward habits indeed," said Mr. Trefalden; "especially in Rotten Row."

"And—and I am learning to dance, also," said Saxon, with a shy laugh.

"In short, what with finishing your education, giving suburban dinners, and cultivating the fine arts, your time is tolerably well occupied."

"It is, indeed. I never seem to have a moment to spare."

"Humph! And pray may I ask how much money you have spent during these last three weeks?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"I suspected as much. Kept no accounts, I suppose?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Trefalden smiled significantly, but said nothing.

"I suppose it's very wrong," said Saxon. "I suppose I ought to have put it all down in a book?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But then I know nothing of book-keeping; indeed, I don't even know the real value of money. But if you will tell me what I ought to do, I will try. Gillingwater can help me, too. *He* knows."

"Gillingwater is your valet, is he not? Where did you hear of him?"

Greatorex recommended him to me. He is a most invaluable fellow. I don't know what I should do without him."

"And you have a groom, I suppose?"

"I have two grooms."

"Two? My dear boy, what can you want with more than one?"

"I don't know. Burgoyne said I couldn't do with less—but then, you know, I keep five horses."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one for the cab, two for riding, and two for the mail phaeton."

"And you keep them at livery, of course?"

"Yes; Burgoyne said it was the best way; and that the beasts were sure to be ill-fed if I hired stabling and left it to the men. He knows so much about horses."

"Evidently. It was he who sold you that mare and cab, was it not?"

"To be sure it was; and then I have bought all the rest under his advice. I assure you, Osulph William, I don't believe any fellow ever had such friends!"

Mr. Trefalden coughed and looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "we must not forget that I have brought you down here to-night, Saxon, for a serious conference. Shall we have some coffee first, to filter the dust from our brains?"

Whereupon, Saxon assenting, the lawyer rang the bell, and coffee was brought. In the mean while the young man had made the tour of the room, inspected the law-books on the shelves, examined the door of the safe, peeped out of the window, and ascertained the date of the map hanging over the fire-place. This done, he resumed his chair, and said, with more frankness than politeness:

"I'd as soon live in a family-vault as in this dismal place! Is it possible, cousin William, that you have no other home?"

"The greater part of my life is passed here," replied Mr. Trefalden, sipping his coffee, "I admit that the decorations are not in the highest style of art; but they answer the purpose well enough."

"And you actually live here, day and night, summer and winter?"

"Why no—not altogether. I have a dear little home, only five miles from town, in which I hide myself at night, like a beast of prey."

"It is a relief to my mind to know that," said Saxon. "I should like to see your wife. Why didn't you let me come to you there to-night?"

"Because you are not fat enough."

"Not fat enough?" repeated Saxon, laughing.

"I admit no man, unless to devour him. Lawyers are apt to get their fair share—and that den of mine is paved with the bones of slaughtered clients."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden put an end to the subject by ringing the bell, and sending for Mr. Keckwitch.

"You can close the office and go, Keckwitch," said he. "I do not want you any more this evening."

Mr. Keckwitch looked at his employer with eyes that had no more speculation in them than if they had been boiled.

"I beg pardon, Sir," he replied, with husky placidity, "but perhaps you forget Rogers's case. I am bound to go through the papers to-night."

"Then you can take them home with you. I have private business with this gentleman, and wish to be alone—you understand? Alone."

A pale light flashed into Mr. Keckwitch's eyes—flashed and died, as he did not impart an agreeable expression to his countenance.

"And when you have put all straight, and turned off the gas, please to let me know, that I may lock the office door on the inside."

The head clerk retired without a word, followed by the same eye of his employer.

"If I were to become a rich man to-morrow," said he, with a bitter smile, "the first elegant superfluity in which I should indulge would be the kicking of that fellow all the way along Chancery Lane. It is a luxury that would be cheap at any price the court might award."

"If you have so bad an opinion of him, why do you keep him?" asked Saxon.

"For the reason that no one ever keeps an ache in a tooth. He is a useful grinder, and helps me to polish off the bones that I was telling you about just now."

Mr. Trefalden then saw his head clerk off the premises, locked the outer door, put up the fire, put the shade on the lamp (he always liked, he said, to spare his eyes), and drew his chair to the table.

LILACS.

CREESE and plumes of purple splendor,
Bright enough for queenly heads,
Gleaming with a light as tender
As the faint-flamed opal sheds.

Plumes and crests and nodding tassels
Swaying lightly in the breeze,
Banners hung from brave old castles
Can not match my lilac-trees.

There be many blossoms fairer,
And Maud thinks more worthy praise;
"Fewer lilacs, they were fairer,
Plenty makes them plain," she says.

Out upon the heartless fashion
That coins beauty but from gold;
Sweeter, truer far the passion
Poets in their songs have told.

For the beauty of profusion,
For the crowd with daisies pranked,
If it be a fond delusion,
For the glamour God be thanked!

God be thanked for all His treasure,
Coined in golden butter-cups;
Whence a thick deep draught of pleasure
And the bee his honey sups.

So, my lilacs, toss your feathers,
Purple as the faint-flushed East,
Purple as the violet weathers,
In my sight a royal feast.

Wave your plumes and odors sprinkle,
With your dews upon the air;
Bright the stars, though millions twinkle,
Many lilacs—and yet fair!

HISTORY OF A CARTE DE VISITE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Knowing you to be tenderhearted, ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and to comfort the sorrowing, I beg you to act as my amanuensis, that I may leave to the world a record of my eventful life. Being faded and worn, you will have to bear with me patiently, and curb my story as I am able to gasp it out. It may teach some of the careless a lesson, and show them that although our existence may seem to some length the process of our creation is neither uninteresting nor without trouble, and that we should not be despised, trod upon, and maltreated as we are.

We have heard that you human beings are created from dust. You seem to be satisfied with this, and neither trouble yourself about the *kind* of dust nor the matter from which it is made; therefore I shall go no further into the details of my creation than to say that I first saw light in the beautiful and extensive manufactory of Herr M. A. Steinbach, Fabricant de Papier Mâchedy, Prussia, as a piece of beautiful white paper. I need not tell you how I was pressed between hot rollers, sized, coloured, and then laid on the shelf and—yes, for sixty-nine other sheets maltreated in the same way; nor how we were nailed into a box with nails halfan-inch long that bore teeth from the point of the witnesses in the conspiracy case at Washington; nor of the long and tedious voyages across the tempestuous ocean, and the narrow escape I had from being thrown overboard in a storm—for all this you can imagine as well as I can describe it. I first saw light in this country at number fourteen Bond-street, *Photographique*. After the box I rested within was opened, I was taken from the company of the other four hundred and seventy-nine of my kind, shaken, held up to the light so the cruel artist could see "Steinbach" on my back, and then whirled up a winding-stair through rooms light and dark, and, terrified and alone, laid down. Presently I almost wished I had been left in the box, my curious substance neither sweet nor beautiful. I heard the artist say it was *albumen*, and that hundreds of diminutive bottles were ranged on the table of coming to life, as many matronly hens deprived of the care of an extensive brood, and myriads of small round files spread out before me like the field in the mouth of some courageous chick with a decent rivals after it full tilt, that this albumen might be brain ourselves in so close to her that we can hear our sturdy ship upon the sea. I trembled at such a fate, but presently he seized me by my corners, and put me in a pan of water, in which was a most disgusting surface, which convinced me that the eggs of which it was made must have been very bear-like creatures before their present hatch. Not content with this, he took a rounded rod and gently pressed me down in every place, to give me a thorough dose. He allowed me to remain about five minutes, and seeing me again threw me corner-wise over a round frame, which, I afterward learned, was allowed to collect my scattered thoughts, while the superfluous albumen scattered down my sides and slipped in a disgusting manner from my feet. Presently my four hundred and seventy-nine sisters were brought in, treated likewise, and when we were all dry, our corners were cut off, and we were put in a huge press, and squeezed in a manner so violent that my virtuous female would blush at the recollection. I was then put in a frame, looking rather obstreperous and indignant, I succeeded in getting one corner out, which the artist did not discover until when I was in the sun, and after that then he wickedly remarked that for my pains I should be the first sheet used, and the corner sticking out should be first exposed to the sun to prepare the negative, and then come after me. What is a *negative*? thought I, and concluded it was something to do with the dark room, which I had seen as I passed. Bellows and lenses, tubes and funnels, and other articles, were there in abundance, and all properly labelled, and in a special place where they could be found in a moment, without trouble. This enabled me to find out and tell you more than I should otherwise be able to do. After cleaning the plate, and brushing it over with a wide camel's-hair blender, the shining glass was seized by one of these gentlemen, and a coating of a very odoriferous nasty compound poured over it, and allowed to flow evenly over the surface, and the surplus run off at one corner into a bottle labelled "Collodion." This I got a bath in, which I could. It was quickly placed upon a long forked arrangement, and lowered into a dark box, which was labelled "Silver bath." When the glass was removed from the bath, it was quickly placed in another black-looking box, and after lying in the bath, and having a little door, which was shut so suddenly that I could not discover how the glass looked after the second bath had received it, the operator—as I am told such persons are called—seemed in great excitement, and ran out of the room with the whole affair. Then I heard the rumbling of wheels, the crying of children, ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, an occasional "Now!" "Look! look! look! look! look! look!" the whistling of birds, and several other strange noises, that quite overpowered me. Then I began to feel something dreadful had happened, until the operator returned to the dark room with a smile on his face. He opened the little door of the black box, and therefrom took my old friend the glass. It presented a most beautiful white and frost-like appearance, and was quite changed in its nature. From a bottle labeled "*Developer*" the operator poured a solution over the plate, and it immediately grew darker; presently faint lines could be discovered: now the fluid in a little dress, and immediately little hands and feet and faces; and, as if coming up from a mist, three beautiful children appeared seated close beside each other. After pouring this fluid on the negative, as it was called, it was well washed with water, and then the next fluid it up to the light, put their heads together, rubbed their hands over the back of it, looked through it, and finally concluded that it was hardly strong enough, and that they would have to re-develop it. So they took two bottles down from a shelf, and poured from them a mixture which they called re-developer over the negative, moving it from side to side until they said sufficient intensity was obtained. Then the plate was washed through another washing, and hoped they would get the poor thing *fixed* presently. Yes! when, sure enough, down came another bottle, nicely labeled "Fixing solution," which was poured over the negative, after which it was again washed, thoroughly dried, and another bath, labeled "Varnish" taken down, and its contents poured over the negative, when it was placed in a drying-rack, and I saw the more of it, as I was in the experiment of another glass plate. At this moment I felt quite relieved within myself, caused by seeing, as I supposed, that poor glass receive a little rest; but, alas! was not the case. Great excitement seemed to pervade overhead, and I saw my kindred sheets dragged away to the press. Then I was seized by unfortunate corner, and hurried up a flight or two of stairs into a very warm, dark room, and laid down upon a table where sat a pretty-white man, full of a very pretty colorless fluid, which was called Silvering Solution. This was precipitated, and the fifth was re-dissolved with it, ammonia, mixed with the other four-fifths, and the sediment dissolved with nitric acid. Presently I was taken up gently and carefully floated upon the surface of this beautiful solution for about a minute, which was more pressure than before was alarming to my results, than that offensive albumen. I was then removed, and hung lengthwise upon two terribly strong needles upon a frame, and then I dripped from my almost strangled self. I was then placed in a fearfully-close box, held tightly by two unfeeling clips until they were dry, and gas, that is, smoke, was poured in, and tried in vain to reach me with their fiery tongues, while I curled myself up in the most desperate and resolute manner. When tried perfectly, I was removed and hurried through another dark, mysterious passage, placed in a box, acted by machinery, and between clips, and there allowed to hang for five or ten minutes over a saucer of ammonia, which would have been a relief to my nerves under the fire, had it been so strong as to suffocate me, and deprive me of my senses to such an extent that I should not have found myself once out in fresh air and sunlight, pressed closely to, and face to face with, my old friend the negative of the day of my birth. Then I thought my man would occasionally separate us in part, and then quickly press us together again. Finally we were parted entirely, and I was taken to the cage and locked up. I was thrown into a dark drawer, only to be taken away in a few moments by a man with very black fingers. I was taken to stairs again, and there plunged me into a deep tank of water, vowing he would wash away some of my ugly self, and then let me go! I remained in the water for a few minutes, out of this generous bath I observed the image of the three children upon my surface precisely like that upon the negative. Much I must leave you to account for. After this I was put through what the dark-fingered man called a toning solution, plunged, washed again, and *fixed* in the same manner that the poor negative was fixed, and finally placed in a large tank of clear water for one hundred and ninety-five their best to squirt me out of existence. I succeeded in floating up in a corner of the tank, and in clinging to the side of it, which I found I now possessed. I am rapidly fading away in consequence, as they say I was not washed enough, and must soon expect to find myself in the fire. I was removed from the tank, and with a number of other victims run through a patent clothes-ringer, carried down stairs, my sides and edges trimmed, a smattering of pure flourine brushed over my back, placed upon a pure white mount, or card, by delicate female fingers, and laid aside to dry, which I now am. I was put through a crushing pairof rollers, a polish of white wax and turpentine rubbed over me, carefully laid aside and pronounced finished. Need I tell you more? How I was placed in the breast-pocket of a man of one hundred and forty-five darling ties, and their precious mother, to go defend his flag and their homes from the invader? How he kissed me and pressed me to his heart before and after battle, and how the hot tears often fell upon me? How the relentless bullet came along whispering death and destruction, and how it entered his noble breast and fell him to the earth? How his eager hands grasped me and held me before his eyes until they lost their power, and until his last prayer for them was sent to heaven? Need I tell you all this? Nay! the story is an old and never-to-be-forgotten one, so I will not repeat it; but simply add that I am fading away, the result of no bad manipulation, of which I was made by the best processes known—but of my refusing to be properly washed, which causes the fading away prematurely of many a person as well as many a carte de visite.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.—A lady in very reduced circumstances, but who had once occupied a superior social position, has presented to the world leaves of the magnificent trees for which the forests of America are so celebrated, and which, when dried and pressed, are preserved in varying coloring even the foliage of tropical plants. The work of which we speak was placed in an album and sent to one of the crowned heads of Europe, a precisely similar copy being presented to the consort of the Emperor of the French. But the reception of the poor lady's gift was not the same in question was very different. From the first arrived an acknowledgment, penned by an official, stating that "*par ordre*" the sovereign "had condescended to accept the offering, which, however, it was hoped would not be considered as a precedent or encouragement for any future similar gift." From the second the donor had the infinite gratification of receiving a few lines from the pen of her Imperial Majesty, expressing her regret at the unhappy penury of the exposure contained in the album, "*qu'elle trouvait ruineuse*," and requesting the lady to accept the ring from the finger as a token of her "*reconnaissance*"—the value of the ring being £100; real-quaint versus genuine kindness of heart.

A REAL ROMANCE.—A curious scene of recognition is reported to have taken place at Geneva. A poor, wretchedlooking old woman went to a branch pawn-office there to pledge the only article of value left her—a small gold locket. The clerk scarcely looked at it ere he asked the owner where she had it from. She declared it was her own property, and it came out that the old woman found in the clerk her long-lost son. Many years ago, when this woman was keeping a farm of her own at Ruffel-Kirchen, in Hungary, her son was drawn as a soldier, and on his return heard the melancholy news that his mother's cottage had been burned down, that she had left the village soon after, and was probably dead. Then mother and son had lived with Vienna unknown to meeting, and it was only the locket that led to a recognition.

MEETING OF OLD ACQUAINTANCE.—In your intercourse with others never be in a hurry to jump to conclusions. Sometimes you are not at all different from what was expected. Hear the end of the following before you condemn. Two men were to be introduced by an incident. A gentleman entered a shop, and inquired for the proprietor, and with whom he was the previous man who entered yesterday."

On his arrival the gentleman said, "I am not sure that the correct change of the sovereign."

SECOND A.—"Oh, no! It was quite correct. I was very particular. I counted it out to you, and you saw that it was right."

GENTLEMAN.—"You are quite mistaken' and I shall expect to have it rectified."

SECOND A.—"We can not do any thing the matter now. You have objected, and I am sorry it was quite correct."

GENTLEMAN. "Are you sure?"

SECOND A.—"Quite sure, Sir."

GENTLEMAN.—"Then I am not." I found on making up my cash that I had a half-sovereign too much; and, thought it best to call and tell you so. You are quite right. I wish you good-morning."

THERE are some civilized places where the produce of the Western States are collected to be sent to the Eastern and European markets, and some idea of the enormous surplus produce of the Western States may be gathered from the fact that from one of these places, Chicago, the following were sent East in one year, namely, 18,198,393 bushels of wheat; 44,860,984 bushels of corn; 12,836,373 bushels of oats, rye, and barley, 197,341 fat cattle, 1,321,691 hogs, 197,500 sheep, 1,205,000 lbs. of wool, 3,473,000 barrels of pork, 58,038,728 pounds of lard, 4,891,993 pounds of butter, and 3,651,000 pounds of cheese, besides other articles.

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL FAMILY AND THE CONFESSIONAL.—It seems that the Emperor of the French will not permit the Prince Imperial to go to confession to any of the other Roman Catholics find a comfort to their souls. There has been selected by the Emperor as the spiritual guide of the prospective heir to the throne, a member of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, who is to be the confessor and adviser of the Prince, and in the presence and hearing of a third person. No other questions are allowed.

PUTTING THINGS IN ORDER.—Every body knows that we men owe an immense, ever-accumulating, and utterly irredeemable debt to the ladies. One of the principal ways in the gratitude due to them for putting our things to rights and keeping them so is by not disputing the assertion that we are, what should we do without their neat-handed solicitude? When I found that somebody had put the broken chess of the barber bureau, and contrasts it with the torn and tattered condition in which I usually see it, a very rare low arranged his shirts, handkerchiefs, and socks in the most exemplary style, I knew that it was not how the day when he emerged from the single state into double. Handsome! What! said Mrs. Partington, in her eminent virtuously "cream-laid," and guillotine of twist or wrinkle, the man steeple duly rounds his countenance, and that the impenetrable button ever in place. Looking back on the bachelor days of Mr. Partington, Mrs. P. has frankly blessed with a notable helpmeet pities from the bottom of her heart—but I am not sure that she is entirely unprejudiced.

PREJUDICE.—Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October: it can not be said to be dark, and can be seen at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature, for every object seen medium through which he is viewed would make him appear; he goes down the hill and finds that the appearances toward him: the size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the mist through which he viewed is gradually, but sensibly, diminished; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother.

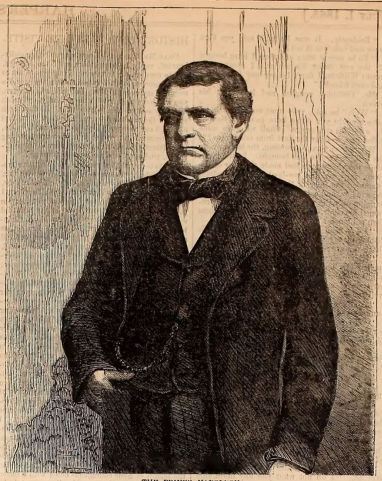
MANNERS.—"I make it a point of morality," says a writer, "to study the manners of those with whom I associate. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite; polished or rustic, but whatever they are if the man seems well, and acts from honest intentions without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the manners of good society, as it is called, to school themselves in all its fastidious rules and observances, and if there be a standard of manners, it is well founded on reason and good sense, and not upon the conventions of fashion. Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man of deception who has some purposeful smile on his face, the same bending of the body, and the same inclination of the head. One has the eye on the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand, the careless nod of recognition, and genuine expression, the homely but welcome salutation—'How are you, my old friend?'"

THE English poor vary so much among themselves, the North of England is so different from the South, the inhabitant of the town are so unlike the inhabitants of rural districts that any general propositions about the English poor are sure to be untrue. Nevertheless it is widely, but, speaking with the latitude which the subject forces on us, we may say that the English peasant is one of the English poor in that their condition is arranged on the same sort of leaving system as take care of them. In this sense more than any other England is an aristocratic country. The comfort of the poor, as it depends on the nobility is, comparatively speaking, very superficial. It is honorable to the nobility that it is superficial; it is convenient to have a nobleman to take the chair at public meetings; it is for the interest of the poor that everybody have an indisputable right to walk out of and into rooms where other people are, but all this is the outside of life. The true life, the intellectual life, the spiritual life, the moral life of a peasant depends on the intelligence of its owner to appreciate and be cured with a wish to have great poets and great writers. The poor have an aristocracy over them which it is supposed Heaven intended to guide them, to save them from the rocks ahead. The owner of the land, the clergyman, all benevolent laymen, and above all the wealthy merchant or tea, are an aristocracy set over the poor. It is the duty of this aristocracy to be kind, charitable, and to set a good example. It is the duty of the poor to be obedient, industrious, humble, and contented. But how few of the many fall short of the ideal; but the ideal exists for each, and the persuasion is deeply rooted in the mind of all the members of the upper classes that this relation of the poor and the rich was ordained by God, and that it is as long as comparatively right and good that any other relation must be wrong and dangerous. Of course it is impossible. Other people may try to get on, but the poor must be content with the station in which God has placed them, and the lines. The whole Catechism, so far as it is moral and not religious, is summed up in the duties of the poor and the rich, and the theory of their existence. And almost all modern literature, and especially all that is popular, is of a contrary tendency. Instead of teaching the duties of respectability and contentment, it teaches the duties of repudiation on this theory in every aspect.

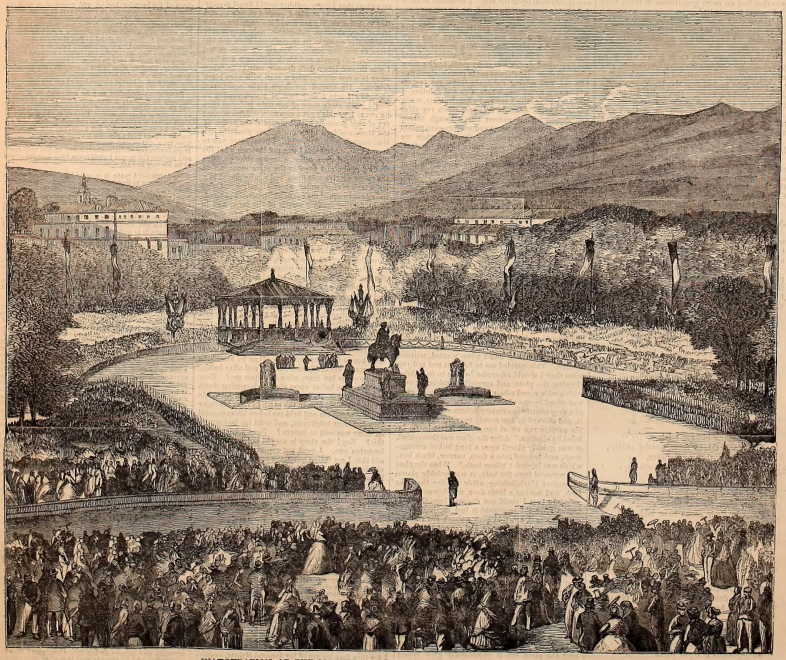
"IT is true bliss, he'll never stain," is a saying of which Fielding remarks: "Coventry had formerly the reputation for giving blues, so much that 'true blue' came to be a proverb, signifying one that is always the same. Blue was formerly a color appropriated to the dresses of servants, and persons in low life." You ground varlet, you need not be ashamed to wear the white your master is one of your fellows." It was also the color of beadles, perhaps the reason for the old saying, 'as true as beadle.' It is now applied to a certain party in politics." From this we learn what Fielding knew nothing of our famous blue-stockings.



MR. FREDERICK SEWARD.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON, D.C.]



THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT OF NAPOLEON I. AT AJACCIO, MAY 14, 1865.



CAMP OF NEGRO REFUGEES.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE Impératrice Régente has revived the taste for plain dresses, with paletots to match, for out-door wear; and, in accordance with the example set by her Majesty, the foulard again occupies the first rank for summer toilets. It is employed for dresses, for jupons, and even for chemisettes. The entire plain white costume, with colored silk trimmings (as depicted in our first illustration) is very elegant; but the trimming may be dispensed with by the selection of a foulard with black, blue, or rose spots. The same designs in muslin, already published, will furnish agreeable wear for June and the succeeding warm months. For walking dress the system of ferettes has been almost abandoned; but, where still persevered in, the skirt should be allowed to train before entering a salon.

Two descriptions of bonnets, the *chapeau empire* and the *chapeau fanchon*, are now struggling for supremacy. A design of each will be found in our engraving. The latter enjoys the vogue at present; but its simplicity, and the facility with which it is procured by all classes of the community, threaten the duration of its success, and pave the way for the triumph of the *chapeau empire*, which is more complicated, and better suited to persons of regular features. For the moment, both styles are accepted, and both are in accordance with the actual taste for very small bonnets. Some very pretty ornaments for *chapeaux* have just been brought out: long, sparkling grass in the place of bavolets for the fanchon bonnets, and crystal ornaments for those of the empire. The ribbons behind have completely gone out of fashion, and are replaced by a small scarf in white or black tulle, forming, as it were, a



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1865.

sort of double veil, falling a little below the neck, thus hidden as by a long bavolet.

White jaconos, with white stockings, are gradually returning into favor, except when colored *flounces* are worn; in the latter case the stockings should form a contrast as to color. Another excellent mode, when dresses are made to draw up, is to wear a jupon of the same material. The effect is somewhat less showy, certainly, but the object sought to be attained, the preservation of the robe, is thereby assured, without necessitating that appearance of coquetry which is disagreeable to many ladies.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Carriage Dress.*—Robe of white foulard, ornamented throughout with straight silk trimmings, which contrast admirably with the dull white of the foulard. The small pelerine is trimmed with the same design, but more scarcely in a lesser proportion. White tulle *chapeau rayon*, decorated with bridge roses and rose-buds and pearl, relieved behind with a large bow and two wide bands of white tarlatane.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress for a Young Lady.*—Nankeen-colored silk robe, elegantly trimmed with deep-cut silk ruching round the skirt, on the shoulders, and in two rows on the sleeves in the form of pouches. The corsage is plain, buttoning in front, and fastened at the waist with a narrow red velvet band terminated by a rosette. The *vide-poche* a few red velvet ornaments are introduced, and, with the *Prince* sleeve, form a forehead and the hunch of curls behind, produce a very pleasing ensemble.

Fig. 3. *Visiting Dress.*—The principal feature of this costume is the *pelerine* cut *en chevalier*, black silk muslin, edged throughout its entire outline with lace trimming. The material of the muslin is so designed as to show a portion of the corsage in front and behind. Worn over a violet dress can be very charming the effect is very gracful. Violet crape *chapeau fanchon*, trimmed with white lace ruching, and in front with one white and two violet flowers.

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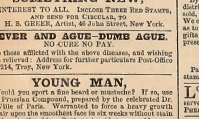
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We bow before Thy throne above;
We know Thou art the God of Love,
Though veiled in cloud Thy hidden way—

Though veiled in cloud to our weak sight,
In Thy exalted wisdom sealed
To highest things; if clos revealed
Our eyes were blinded by the light.

Through tribulation, gracious Lord,
With hearts by grief and suffering torn,
Do we approach Thee, having borne
The fiery trial of the sword.

From Thy high throne within the skies
Look down, great God, upon our land:
Behold our altars how they stand
Wet with the blood of sacrifice!

Bless unto us this day, whose birth
First dawned upon that great decree
Whose stirring words proclaimed us free—
A sovereign people of the earth!

Bless Thou our land! From east to west
Make fruitful all the teeming soil:
Bless to the farmer his hard toil:
Our harvests, Lord, O make them blest!

Bless Thou our rulers! May they serve
With high wisdom to fulfill
Thy purpose: give them strength of will,
And power of brain, and iron nerve.

Bless, Lord, our people! Make them Thine,
As in Thy sacred-Word we're told
Were Israel's in the days of old.
O make us as a fruitful vine!

Bless Thou the Union! May its cause
Be Thine, O Lord, through good and ill;
Firm fixed upon the people's will,
And kept inviolate by the laws.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

ONCE more the flag of the United States floats supreme over every inch of its rightful domain, from the pine hills of Maine to the palm shores of the Gulf, and from one ocean to the other. Four years ago it fell at Fort Sumter upon a startled people, doubting if they were a nation. It rises again over the strongest nation upon the globe. The great national festival returns, and will be hailed as never before. Eloquence and song and solemn and popular enthusiasm will consecrate the memorable day. The bells and the cannon of a continent will salute its happy sunrise and evening; and the universal public and private prayer of all true hearts will be, God bless and preserve the United States of America!

Eighty-nine years ago our fathers declared a popular government to be practicable. They asserted that such a government would be adequate to every emergency, signally prosperous in peace, and invincible against tyrannon or foreign war. Favored by every felicitous influence of situation, of climate, and of moderate population, the great experiment began. That it was an experiment the Old World insisted. That with a kind climate and spare population it might avail so long as there was peace, was contemptuously conceded. But that it would yield to the first serious pressure, and disappear in war, was haughtily asserted.

It was called an experiment, and it was more so than was believed. It claimed to be a trial of the principle of popular government, but it was not a fair trial. Thoughtful men early saw that if it failed, the failure was not that of a truly popular system, but of one vitiated by a partial but absolute denial of the popular principle. If on the other hand, it succeeded, its success would be the sublimest proof of the enduring character of such a government, and a final vindication of a wise faith in man.

The hour of trial came. It came under a cloud of circumstances apparently fatal to the system. It came as disease comes to a poisoned frame. "The bubble has burst!" cried those who had sneered. "God save the People!" prayed those who had believed. And as a ship struggles and breaks against the thunder and shock of mingled tempest and ocean, so with sure persistence, with unqualing courage, with unwavering faith, giving their time, their money, their heart's-blood, the people breasted the combined and prolonged fury of anarchy and despotism, and triumphed. To-day they stand erect and victorious under the perfect rainbow of the departing storm, and that bow is the promise of peace to mankind.

The experiment is complete. The popular principle has been found sufficient to suppress an unprecedented rebellion at home and to avoid foreign interference; and it has done this without losing its essence or its form. A vast volunteer army of citizens—a formidable navy built and manned in the very stress of war—an enormous loan taken by the people—these have been the means, with no arbitrary measures but such as the Constitution itself contemplated and provided—by which this result has been achieved. And that the people remain under no essential element, the labor was accomplished under the leadership of a man whose purity of life and sublime simplicity of genius, added to his profound faith in liberty and entire reliance upon law, made him the characteristic representative of the American people and of republican institutions. In the bright garland of the rejoicing festival a leaf of rue will be woven in tender memory of him, nor will any orator forget to mingle with the fame of LINCOLN with his celebration of the national unity and liberty which the stout heart and the strong arm of the people have maintained.

We have a right to rejoice as never before—for we have now the authority of experience to believe that every question within the nation will be wisely settled by the same popular good sense and patient heroism which has saved the nation.

THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

FIVE years ago, when the Government of the United States was threatened with destruction, a large party declared that it had no constitutional right to defend itself, but must consent to its own overthrow. The Government was in other words, the people acting through their lawful authorities—declined to be destroyed, and after a long and terrible struggle, which took all its forms and experience of war, has succeeded in subduing the armed insurrection against its authority. Having thus, at the cost of a quarter of a million of lives, an enormous public debt, and a universal derangement of affairs, once more established that authority, it is now told that it has no constitutional right to secure it. This assertion is not made by the advocates and apologists of the rebellion only, but in the New York *Daily Times* we find this extraordinary statement: "We do not suppose, therefore, to Mr. DANA's position, that we may rightfully impose upon the Southern States any requirements which we may deem essential to the public safety." That is to say, the Government of the United States must submit to any measures which "the Southern States" may choose to adopt in the reorganization, even if it considers them to be destructive of the public safety.

Fortunately for the country this is not the ground taken by the President of the United States. Slavery, he says in his last Maine message, is dead, and whatever your State Constitution may say about it, it is still true, said President ANDREW JOHNSON, speaking in the name of the United States, that "there is no power in the people of South Carolina can be admitted into the Senate or the House of Representatives until they afford evidence by their conduct of their loyalty."

The President imposes the condition of emancipation on the State reorganization because the public safety requires it. Upon what other ground has the public safety been the Government waged war? What was the war but the maintenance of the national authority against local opinion, which unanimously declared it unsafe? And in that part of the country which was the seat of war what political authority exists at this moment but that of the nation? If it is asserted that the people of the Southern States, we should like to know in the present situation who is to decide that point? If it be assumed that certain loyal citizens represent the States, we should like to know who settles that question? Clearly the people of the United States through their lawful Government; and while undoubtedly those citizens who have given governments may be organized as speedily as the public safety will permit, they are resolved will equal unanimity that no State government shall be established any where in the country except upon conditions which they may deem essential to the public safety.

If the political authority of the United States be not at this moment absolute over every square inch of South Carolina, then some other authority is paramount there. What is it? If it is the State authority? If that be the case, then the State Constitution regulates it, and regulates it independently of all other. But if there be another authority which refuses to recognize any validity in the State Constitution except upon prescribed conditions, then that authority is paramount, and it may exercise a reformation in parts or altogether of that Constitution. If the *Times* be correct, the proclamations of President JOHNSON are unconstitutional, because he has imposed upon the Southern States requirements which he deems essential to the public safety—a course which seems to us to be both that of the Constitution and of common sense.

Suppose that a certain number of persons living in the State of South Carolina should call a convention, reaffirm the Constitution, take an oath of fidelity to the Union, and claim to be reorganized as the State of South Carolina. The whole country would laugh at them for their pains. Before the total ruin of the rebellion this was the kind of advice given to the rebels by the New York *World*. "Summon your Legislatures," it said, "repeal the act of secession, lay down your arms, and LINCOLN can do nothing. Elect your Senators and Representatives, send them to Washington; and as the House is not organized they will have a voice in the organization." If the *Times* be correct, this was sound advice. If the country can not impose upon the reorganization of rebel States such conditions as the public safety may require, then the public safety is at the mercy of those rebel States.

If, again, it be alleged that although all the people in the State have by the State attitude of rebellion forfeited their political rights, and that they are restored by the pardoning power under certain conditions, the whole argument falls to the ground by its own terms. For, manifestly, if all the people in a State have forfeited their political rights there is nobody which can rightfully exercise political power there, except by the will of the national authority, and under such conditions as it may impose with a view to national peace and security.

That is practically the cardinal point in the labor of reorganization, which is now plainly apparent. The United States having overthrown the armed resistance to its authority is now bound to see that authority wherever it has been denied and assailed upon such conditions as it conceives essential to the public safety. Those conditions must be entirely unknown to any State Constitution in the recovered district. Indeed, in every instance thus far they are unknown to those Constitutions. In Mississipi, for instance, the State Constitution that every free white male of a certain age shall be deemed a qualified elector. But the President sets aside the fourteen years of such electors, and admits to vote only those of the remainder who shall take an oath unknown to the letter and abhorrent to the spirit of the State Constitution. It is the assertion in other words of the friends and apologists of the rebellion only, but in the New York *Daily Times* we find this extraordinary statement: "We do not suppose, therefore, to Mr. DANA's position, that we may rightfully impose upon the Southern States any requirements which we may deem essential to the public safety." That is to say, the Government of the United States must submit to any measures which "the Southern States" may choose to adopt in the reorganization, even if it considers them to be destructive of the public safety.

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Suppose that a certain number of persons living in the State of South Carolina should call a convention, reaffirm the Constitution, take an oath of fidelity to the Union, and claim to be reorganized as the State of South Carolina. We are to show that we know how to use victory as well as to win it. We are to show that our faith in the equality of human rights and in a government founded upon the consent of the governed is as sure as our power to defend that government against a treasonable faction. By our true moderation, by our manly firmness, by our just regard for our own rights and honest respect for those of others, by our independence of precedents established by aristocratic authority, and by our perfect confidence in our ability to make ruler of policy as well as to frame them, we are to show that in no point of a secure and economical and free government is a republic inferior to the most cunningly balanced aristocracy or paternal monarchy.

The faith of our true friends in Europe has been substantially our own, and the Thanksgiving is common to us all.

A SIGNIFICANT ORDER.

GENERAL TERRY, the hero of Fort Fisher, now commanding in Virginia, has issued a most important order. The laws of Virginia which applied to free colored persons were, as he says, substantially part of the slave code. Yet to those laws all the population freed by the emancipation proclamation were subjected. General TERRY, therefore, says that the law expires with the reason of the law, and that henceforth all people of color will enjoy exactly the same personal liberty as all other citizens, and will be subject to the same restraints and punishments, and no other. Neither whites nor blacks will be permitted to be vagrants, but both whites and blacks must be employed somewhere they will. And as during the suspension of the civil tribunals criminal justice must be administered by military courts, the evidence of colored persons will be received by such courts in all cases.

This is simple common sense. The United States Government acknowledges no distinction between white and colored citizens, and wherever its authority is paramount no such distinction can be permitted. If every provisional Governor of the late rebel States were like Major-General TERRY, the country would be spared infinite trouble.

CHARACTERISTIC ADVICE.

THE London rebel organ, the *Index*, advises English and French capital to invest itself as rapidly as possible in the Southern States, that as climate may be established between them and Europe, by which an interest adverse to "the Northern oppressor" may be fostered. But for nothing, according to the *Index*, is this direct trade so desirable as in literature. Indeed that excellent authority informs us that "no true Southern gentleman or lady will ever for amusement's sake read a Northern book or periodical, Northern written or Northern printed.....The Southern book trade alone was worth to the North before the war many millions of dollars. It need not be as many thousands. And above all other books the most immediate and imperative want of the South is for school-books."

Here is the same delightful disregard of all the laws of human intercourse which do not depend in the least degree upon whim or passion that we have been from the first taught the late rebels. It springs from the same amusing ignorance which used to threaten New York with ruin if Virginia, Kentucky, and which proposed that an indignant resolution of a convention of slaveholders could make Charleston a great commercial capital. The worthy souls might have as well resolved that there should be coral reefs and beds in South Carolina, and exhaustless iron mines in Florida.

Production and trade are very independent of the proceedings of hot-headed conventions. Fugitive-slave-bill MASON once defiantly came to the Senate of the United States in a suit of Virginia homespun. That was the day in which the "true Southern gentleman" was to ruin all the woolen mills in the wicked "North." Somehow the quiet people of the North went on busily and showed the Connecticut trade mark. It is a final law. The trade mark of cheapest production will always be turned up on every counter in all the world. Manufacture is the hottest Egyptian pachs, resolved to make Egypt independent of the world. The valley of the Nile had long produced indigo of the finest quality. So the pachs planted indigo in the grain fields. He raised a good crop. He even controlled the European indigo market. But, meanwhile, Egypt wanted food, and indigo presently yielded to the grain.

The inevitable law includes literature no less than wheat and indigo. Sachs Southern which edits the *Index* demanded a "Southern" literature, to be supplied by "Southern" genius, and to be supported by "true Southern gentlemen and ladies." It was like saying that true wine should be drunk in the South except that which was raised from Southern vines, upon Southern soil, and iced from the Gulf of Mexico. As a matter of experience MR. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS did create a literature in many volumes. But they were printed in New York. Where they were sold or read we have never learned. Now, however, it appears that there is a suspicion of the power of a region to produce a litera-

ture merely because it does not feel friendly toward another region, and it is suggested that England shall supply books to the South. And if, says the *Index*, "publishers would only..... adapt editions a little more nearly to the American standard of prices they would have little to apprehend, at least so far as the Southern country is concerned, from the absence of an international copyright treaty with the United States." The suggestion is simple. If England will only furnish more desirable books at a cheaper rate than the Yankees she can drive them out of market. Who doubts it? If not, the hapless "true Southern gentleman or lady" will be obliged to read "Northern" books and pay extravagant prices.

This is the wisdom of the organ of the late rebellion in London. "The true Southern gentleman and lady" will hereafter read the books which they can buy cheapest. But if such books are "Northern printed" they will not amuse! We congratulate London upon so luminous an *Index*.

NO MORE FOREIGN GOODS.

It is well understood that the tariff will be remodeled at the next session of Congress. Three distinct parties demand alterations in the present schedule of duties. One party, calling themselves Free-traders, ask that the duties on foreign goods be reduced, and that Government may more exclusively on the products of internal taxes for revenue. Another party, calling themselves Protectionists, demand that the duties be raised on all foreign commodities which enter into competition with home manufactures. And a third party request that the duties on foreign goods be raised, with a view of checking importations and diminishing the outward flow of specie.

The Free-traders stand on principle. They denounce all interference by Government with the freedom of trade; and assert, with good reason, that protective duties are merely taxes on one class of the community for the benefit of another class. The Protectionists, on the other hand, argue from the point of view of self-interest, and claim that it is the interest of the country that manufactures be developed, and that this can not be completely achieved until, for a period, they have been relieved altogether from foreign competition. This argument, sound or unsound as it may be, is likely to be urged in quarters where it might have been supposed that free-trade doctrines would have been generally prevalent. Illinois is not blind to the prospect of becoming the great manufacturing State of the Union.

But it is possible that the views of both these classes may be made to give way to the more immediate cogency of the reasoning of the third party to which we have alluded.

It can not be denied that there is danger of large importations, and consequently of a heavy drain of gold, and consequently of a high premium upon specie. It is now certain that the Western crop promises to be the largest ever harvested. It follows that the Western people are going to be rich, and will, of course, have a great deal of money to spend. That, in the ordinary course of events, they will spend a large portion of this in foreign drygoods and foreign luxuries, is clear. Our merchants are making their importations already for a heavy fall trade, and from present appearances, if no currency disturbance occurs, the spring trade will be even heavier. Now, it is obvious that the country needs a good heavy importation without very serious injury. The slight circumstance of a few millions of gold being exported in Europe can has enabled speculators to "corner" the gold market, and the premium has risen from 129 to 142. For daily delivery gold is worth from 2 to 3 per cent. a day. If in October or in February next, we have to pay for an unusually large quantity of foreign goods, and cotton does not come forward in very large amounts to discharge the debt, gold will be shipped in quantities which may render it as much more valuable than greenbacks as it ever was.

It is this danger which has led many men to consider the expediency of raising the tariff upon all foreign goods which are not of primo necessity to the country that would prove prohibitory. Tea, coffee, hides, spices, drugs, and some other similar articles we can not dispense with, and to tax them these should never be so high as to diminish materially their consumption, otherwise it becomes unduly oppressive on our own people. But foreign silks, woolens, cottons, laces, hardware, glass, wines, cigars, tobacco, etc. etc., constitute more than one half the entire import list, and we could dispense with the whole of them. Most of these articles can be made at home, and the others are superfluities. Suppose Congress levied a duty of 200 or 250 per cent. on these articles, and thus shut them out altogether?

The effect would be that our wives would not be able to indulge in the luxury of Lyons silks, or their husbands in Champagne, Chateau Yquem, and fifty cent Cabañas: which would be sad. But, on the other hand, another effect would be that the country at large would have $100,000,000 or $150,000,000 less to pay to the world at large, and would not require to export specie: whence it would follow that coin would accumulate at the central points, and that the first tight money-market would very materially reduce the premium on gold. Whether this would be an advantage that would compensate us for the privation of silks and Champagne every reader must decide for himself.

In this country, as a rule, price—within certain limits—does not govern expenditure. The consumption of foreign goods has never been regulated by tariffs: it has often been larger under a high tariff than under a low one. But it has always been in direct ratio to bank expansion. Given the bank discounts of the United States, it has always been easy to figure out the importations of foreign goods and the consumption, or, in other words, the extravagance of the people. To put the formula in homelier language, we always spend all the money we can get, whether it procures us little or much.

But the expenditure of an absolutely prohibitory tariff has never been tried. The tariff of 1828–30, against which South Carolina rebelled, and which was repealed as intolerable, was less severe than the tariff now in force. No tariff has ever been adopted in this country with the direct purpose of excluding foreign goods. We know that American women will wear nearly as many silk dresses at $4 a yard as they would at $2, and that they will probably think them not as much Champagne at $5 a bottle as at $2 50. But if the silks cost $15 a yard, and the Champagne $15 a bottle, would the importers find customers?

Of course no prohibitory tariff would be permanent. The tendency of the country is naturally to gravitate toward free trade. We are now in a transition state. We may be said to have no financial policy, and no capacity to adopt one until a return to specie payments has been effected. This will soon be attempted, by make-shift, and empirical effort to stay the bad effects of a violation of financial laws. The question of specie payments is not one, in the first abstract to exclude foreign commodities, or to impose prohibitory duties on articles which our people want; but whether, in view of our peculiar circumstances, it is not important of getting back to specie payments as soon as we can, some sacrifice had better not be made. And some sacrifice would be made by the acceptance of our people, in the hope of checking the outflow of specie, and the inevitable tendency of gold to rise as it becomes scarce.

NO DANGER!

A CRITIC of the Boston meeting to consider the true policy of reorganization, says that there is nothing to warrant the assumption that if "the loyal residents of the different States of the South can control the exercise of their vote, the residents of other States enjoy without dispute, they will do so to the prejudice of a particular interest."

The critic has apparently failed to observe that the object of the Boston meeting was to recommend that "the loyal residents," and not a part of them, should control the vote, which should exercise the political power of the State. The critic means, however, not the loyal residents, but a certain class of them, and he asserts that there is no reason to believe that they will endanger the rights of any particular interest—that is, disfranchise the colored loyal citizens of the States. This is rather a bold statement in view of the facts.

Tennessee, for instance, has reorganized, and has only disfranchised the rebels, leaving voters on him with every kind of civil disability. The Nashville *Times* says of the bill ordaining the status of the colored population: "We opposed the bill while pending in the Legislature, and do only because it was essentially wrong in some features and wholly uncalled for in others, *but on the occasion of the passage of the bill the opinion of our Congressional delegation in the next Congress*.....So far as it adds any thing to our present laws it is a bill to re-establish slavery."

In North Carolina the correspondent of the *Times* says that "opposition to negro suffrage at present is unanimous." Among whom? Among those loyal men by which it is proposed to intrust exclusively the reorganization of the State, and of which the same correspondent says: "I am glad to say that the great mass of the intelligent portion of the community will have some slight leaning in opposition to the authority of the National Government. Many who had been considered strong Union men when I found had not better claims to that honorable appellation than hearty and unqualified disapproval of the proclamation of emancipation, and of DAVIS and his minions." So also MR. ASHLEY, Assistant Superintendent of Negro Affairs, says, two weeks later, "The spirit of slavery in all its sense still lives in North Carolina, and is determined to dominate."

In Virginia, Provost-Marshal-General WELLS says of the late election there that he had learned "an oath of allegiance was not conclusive evidence of loyalty; but that it was surely worthless unless accompanied by consistent conduct and loyal acts." In Dinwiddie and Roanoke Counties, Virginia, the people, who, the conciliatory *Tribune* says, are deterred from imitating their late example, BERRY, the negro, has learned to blow out, have resolved to pay five dollars at monthly wages to colored men, whose movements they narrowly restrict; and the people of these counties have probably exactly as much brains and of the same kind as the rest of the population in the late rebel States.

The New York *Times*, also, in an elaborate and careful article, declares that "the loyal men of the South will not give it" [the suffrage] —meaning, of course, by "loyal men," white men; and adds, in proof of its assertion, that the seven new Constitutions of the Border and Southern States expressly limit the suffrage to white men. The *Tribune* says: "We trust, on the contrary, that the ruling caste at the South may be prompted to do what is just and needful by their own enlightened convictions of justice, security, and policy." It then despairingly asks: "Why *should* the South insist on the perpetual serfdom or vassalage of her principal body of laborers?" There is such a thing as history. Why *did* she insist upon it? That is the reason why she will.

The testimony is uniform. The rights of "a particular interest" are necessarily endangered by confiding all the political power to another interest. The character of that interest is described in the letter we have quoted from the *Times*. And can any body say *why* the rights of nearly half the population at the South, and the peace of the whole country, should be endangered by the people who have "a slight leaning" toward treason? Would the proprietors of papers which advocate this policy insist upon intrusting their business and property to those who had "a slight leaning" toward arson and burglary? Or would they consider it the perfection of prudence and wisdom to allow such persons to decide whether men of the most undoubted honesty and fidelity should guard their premises and property?

PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

It is just as sensible to speak of MAGRATH or PICKENS for provisional Governor of South Carolina as of W. W. BOYCE. He was one of the fiercest of secessionists and most fiery of firebrands. On the evening before MR. LINCOLN'S election in 1860 he, at that time a member of Congress from South Carolina, was serenaded by the founding committee at Columbia, in that State, and said, "I think the only policy for us is to arm as soon as we receive authentic intelligence of the election of Lincoln.....We will not submit whether the other Southern States act with us or with our enemies." It is scarcely possible that the course of events has taught MR. BOYCE the criminality of such talk. But if there be a body of leaders who deceived and stimulated the South into treason and rebellion, W. W. BOYCE was one of them; and WM. WHITAKER might as properly have been made provisional Governor of Texas as BOYCE of South Carolina.

"CONQUERED BY THE NORTH."

IF his reply to the President, Judge FROST, of the late South Carolina delegation, said: "We are defeated and conquered by the North, who are too strong for us." That little remark showed precisely his state of mind. The fact is, that the people of the United States through their Government have suppressed a tremendous rebellion. But no section has done it. The rebels were the Southern masses and their dependents in some of the States, and the Copperheads in others. The authority of the Government has been maintained against the efforts of VALLANDIGHAM in Ohio, the Chicago *Times* in Illinois, FERNANDO and BENJAMIN WOOD in New York, WILLIAM B. REED in Philadelphia, and the BOSTON POST as well as against those of Judge FROST and his friends in South Carolina. And when he speaks of that Government as "the North," he shows that he considers himself a citizen of one country, subjugated by the superior power of another.

Judge FROST is mistaken. He has not been defeated by the North. He has been overpowered by the Government of his country, against which he rebelled; and ROBERT SMALT, his fellow-citizen, helped the Government in overpowering him. Judge FROST has, therefore, no right to speak of the people of South Carolina as "us." For half of those people were of the North, and what he calls "the North," and by every means they could command strengthened the Government to which ASHLEY turned a cold shoulder, and which FROST and the rest of FROST'S candidates for Governor did all they could to destroy.

MRS. SEWARD.

THE fidelity of the Secretary of State has been again sorely tried, and again only by Mrs. SEWARD'S unknown what a friend her husband and children have lost. The tenderest of mothers, the truest and wisest of counselors, the most retiring, faithful, as it patient of women, her influence will be forever felt in the tranquil wisdom and fidelity of her heart and's service to humanity and his country.

Her religious faith, her intelligent political confidence, her patient and generous sympathy cheered her long hours of seclusion and illness, and strengthened the heart and hope of those even who seldom saw her face. Refined, also keenly feeling and who owed so much to her womanly instinct, and to that love which has offered the last sacrifice, speak of himself at this moment, it would surely be in the spirit of JOHN STUART MILL'S words: "Were I but capable of interpreting to the world one half the great thoughts and noble feelings which are buried in her grave, I should be the medium of a greater benefit to it than is ever likely to arise from any thing that I can write, unprompted and unassisted by her."—but unrivaled wisdom."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On the 21st of June President Johnson upointed Lewis E. Parsons Provisional Governor of Alabama.

On the 24th of June the President, at an interview with a delegation from South Carolina, gave a more definite shape to his policy of reconstruction. He intimated that he was probably a better States-rights man than any member of the delegation. He distinctly declared that South Carolina could expect no Government to be recognized which did not, by an ordinance provision, ratify the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. He said, furthermore, that "the policy, now that rebellion is suppressed, is not to restore the State Government through military power, but by the people. While the war has emancipated slaves, it has emancipated a larger number of white men. He would talk plain, as the delegation had said that was what they desired. He could go to men who had owned fifty or a hundred slaves, and who did not care as much for the poor white man as they did for the negro. Those who have the land have the capital to employ help, and therefore some of our Northern friends are deceived when they, living where all think they can exercise a greater control over the freedmen than the Southern men, come here to find out where the interest of slavery has prevailed. Now he did not want the late slaveholders to control the negro votes against white men. Let each State judge of the depository of its own political power. He was for emancipating the white man as well as the black."

DEPOSITARY ORDER.

Major-General Terry has issued the following highly-important order:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA, RICHMOND, VA., May 31, 1865.

GENERAL ORDERS—No. 11.

The laws of the State of Virginia, and the ordinances of the different municipalities of the State of Virginia, having especial reference to, and made to restrain the personal liberty of, free colored persons, were framed for the government of such persons while living amidst a population of colored slaves; they were enacted in the interests of slave-owners, and were designed for the security of slaveholders, and for the substantially profit of slaveholders.

Slavery has been abolished in Virginia, and therefore upon the principle that when the reason ceases the law itself ceases, these laws and ordinances have become obsolete, and are of color will henceforth. For the same personal liberty that other citizens and inhabitants of Virginia now enjoy, the colored people have a right and to the same punishments, for crimes, that are imposed on others, and to no other.

Vagrancy, however, will not be permitted; neither will those not having visible means of support employ proper occupations, to desert their families, or room in idleness about the streets and public halt neither whites and blacks will be restrained from seeking employment elsewhere, when it can be found at home. It will be unlawful to entertain in their houses, nor from traveling from place to place on proper or legitimate business.

Until the civil tribunals are re-established the administration of criminal justice must, of necessity, be by military courts; before such courts the evidence of colored persons will be received in all cases.

By command of Major-General A. H. TERRY.

ED. W. SMITH, Assistant Adjutant-General.

NEWS ITEMS.

General J. D. Cox has been nominated candidate for next Governor of Ohio by the Union party.

The funeral of the eminent pianofort and statesman, D. Mindil Kalkbrenner's late Minister of Foreign Affairs, took place on the afternoon of June 23 from his late residence in Rue d'Isly, No. 29 Last Florentine Street.

Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis Du Pont expired June 23 at the Lafayette House, Philadelphia, June 23, aged sixty-two years of age, fifty of which were spent in the naval service of the United States. Admiral Du Pont has been out of since June, 1863, being incapacitated for active service, and has been on the invalide list of officers.

On June 28 President Johnson issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 29th of June, as a day of fasting and other posts west of the Mississippi River, and that day will be observed by the Christian people of that region as days of religious observance.

Mrs. William H. Seward, wife of the Secretary of State, died at Auburn on June 21.

It is expected that the enrollment of voters in North Carolina will be completed in time to hold the election for delegates to the State Convention held about the middle of August.

On the 21st of June G. A. Trenholm, late rebel Secretary of the Treasury, was released on bail of South Carolina, and General R. S. Ewell applied for pardon under the provision of the amnesty proclamation.

The Young Men's Christian Association have closed their rooms in Richmond, which were open since the fire the sum of $100,000.

Major-General Gordon Granger assumed command of all the troops in Texas June 17.

The Rebel Navy was in Havana June 17.

Charles James Faulkner, formerly our Minister to France, has applied for and received pardon from the President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The English journals and members of Parliament still continue to display strike as much as it would be becoming for us to treat Jefferson Davis and his companion outlaws. The Emperor of the French has addressed a message to the Prince of Wales Lord Brougham and the following reply: "Sire, I am sure you would never wish that Britain it would tell our kinsmen that their best friends, those who stood by them in the darkest hour of their need and through bad report, now pray and beseech them to use the victory with which their courage, good fortune, persevering and no little military skill, they have gained, in mercy and not in wrath. Let them show that they have been faithful with the blood of their prisoners; that they should remember that those prisoners whom they have taken were treated by them as warriors; that treaties were made with them, engagements made with them, and honorably kept from them; and that they ought not to think of rendering their country desolate, and their name, hateful, as well as triumphant, by spilling the blood of those captives they have taken in their power."

Italy and Spain have withdrawn all belligerent rights from the rebels.

On June 19 the Emperor Napoleon returned to Paris, after a visit to Cherbourg. On the 20th a grand dinner and a large number of private houses were illuminated in honor of the occasion. On the 21st the Emperor presided at a Council of Ministers, and at a sitting of the Privy Council. The Empress was also present.

At a banquet given by the Bishmongers' Company in London, to the Prince of Wales on June 21, Lord Derby, the Premier, in responding to a toast of the Navy, spoke of the friendship of the French and hoped the English armor-plated fleet had been made to meet the French armor-plated fleet. Toasts to the Queen were expected to be at the Bishmongers' banquet on the 22d of June. It is Plymouth together. Prince of Wales will probably review the fleets at Plymouth and the Emperor Napoleon at Cherbourg.



THE BELLE OF THE "GOLDEN RULE."



THE WRECK.

WRECK OF THE "GOLDEN RULE."

On the morning of May 30 the *Golden Rule*, a steamship of the Nicaragua Transit Company, was wrecked on the shoal and coral island El Roncador, in the Caribbean Sea. She was on her way from New York to Aspinwall, and was due at the latter place May 31. The ship struck on a reef, head on, where she remained twenty minutes, when she swung broadside and soon after bilged. Efforts were made to back her off into deep water, but she could not be moved. It was then certain that the vessel must soon become a total wreck, and the all-important problem now was how to save the lives of those on board, numbering nearly six hundred. It was not known at first that the reef which the vessel had struck was part of a coral island, and the prospect offered to the passengers was a very gloomy one, as it was thought that they would have to rely upon boats and rafts for their safety. It was therefore a joyful sight when the low coral bank was discovered near at hand.

The island upon which the passengers were landed was one of the numerous keys or cays which stud the sea of the Antilles, and which are the terror of the mariners who navigate it. They are usually mere banks of sand, elevated a few feet above the water, occasionally supporting a few bushes, or a scrubby, tempest-twisted palm or two, and only frequented by the sea-birds for rest and incubation, and by turtles for laying their eggs. Around them there is always a reef of coral, built up from the bottom of the sea by those wonderful architects, the coral insects. This reef surrounds the cay, at a greater or less distance, like a ring, leaving between it and the island proper a belt of water, of variable depth and of the loveliest blue. The reef, which is sometimes scarcely visible above the sea, effectually breaks the force of the waves. Except a few of the larger ones, none of these cays are inhabited, except by the turtle-fishers. The name, El Roncador, signifies *The Snorer*. It is a small cay, three quarters of a mile long, and, at the widest, not more than four hundred yards broad—a mere bank of white sand. It is famous for its turtles, which during the night-time crawl upon the shore to deposit their eggs.

The island El Roncador was, after all, a dreary place of refuge. There was scarcely a shrub on its surface. But it was preferable to the hazard of being out at sea in frail rafts and small boats. The passengers were landed in a rain-storm, and were not, therefore, in a very comfortable situation. A good portion of the provisions was saved, though not all in a sound condition. The baggage of the passengers was nearly all lost.

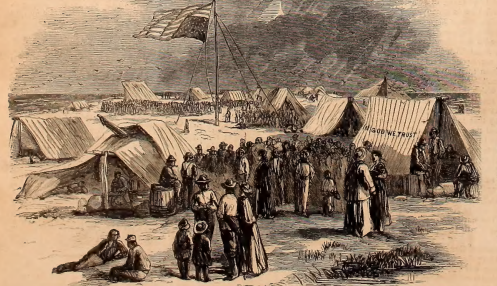
In the mean time there was great anxiety at Aspinwall on account of the non-arrival of the vessel. On the 6th of June a boat containing the purser and second officer of the missing steamer arrived there, reporting the total loss of the *Golden Rule*. The next day the *Huntsville* and *State of Georgia* arrived at Aspinwall, and were sent to the assistance of the shipwrecked crew, which had been now a week upon the desert island. On these vessels the crew was taken to Aspinwall, where every possible kindness was shown to the unfortunate. The appearance of this six hundred people after their temporary isolation from civilized life was far from pre-possessing.



SEARCHING FOR CLOTHES.



THE COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT.



VIEW ON THE ISLAND, LOOKING WESTWARD.



"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

THE WRECK OF THE "GOLDEN RULE"—SCENES UPON THE ISLAND EL RONCADOR.—[FROM SKETCHES BY GEORGE W. SHEPARD.]



LUTHER C. LADD.

additional companies joined them—one from Boston, another from Worcester, and a third from Stoneham. All along its route through New York and Philadelphia the regiment was received with the loudest acclamations. On the 19th of April it reached Baltimore. Passing through the city in horse-cars, the regiment was attacked by a furious mob. Leaving the cars, the soldiers attempted to march to the Washington dépôt on foot. But the fury of the mob only increased, and in some instances fire-arms were discharged, until at length the regiment was compelled to return the fire, killing and wounding a number of their assailants. In this encounter LADD and WHITNEY, of Lowell, and CHARLES A. TAYLOR, of Boston, were killed, and SUMNER H. NEEDHAM, of Lawrence, was mortally wounded.

These were the first lives lost in the war, no one having been killed in the attack on Fort Sumter the week before. It readily occurred to all that this melancholy event took

record there is nothing noticeable in the career of these two heroes thus suddenly glorified by death for their country's sake. Both of them had a stainless moral reputation.

IN 1863 the Massachusetts Legislature appropriated $2000 for the erection of a monument to LADD and WHITNEY, provided LOWELL would raise an equal sum. The monument was erected early in April of this year, in Merrimac Square—hereafter to be known as Monument Square—and arrangements were made for its dedication on the 19th of that month. The ceremony was postponed on account of the death of President LINCOLN.

The monument is of Concord granite. The plan is cruciform, measuring fifteen feet on the longer arms and twelve feet on the shorter. The whole height is twenty-seven feet and six inches. The prominent features of the design consist of a central shaft placed upon a plinth, and also of a high base, upon two sides of which, forming the longer arms, are two sarcoph-



ADDISON O. WHITNEY.

agi, having on each side, respectively, the names of the martyred soldiers, L. C. LADD and A. O. WHITNEY, and inserted in the ends are raised laurel wreaths.

The cornices of the sarcophagi are ornamented with thirteen raised stars. Upon the other two sides of the base, forming the shorter arms, are two plinths, the same height of the sarcophagi, with the inscriptions. On the Merrimac Street side are the words:

"ADDISON O. WHITNEY, born in Waldo, Me., Oct. 30, 1839; LUTHER C. LADD, born in Alexandria, N. H., Dec. 25, 1845; marched from Lowell in the 6th M. V. M., to the defense of the National Capital, and fell mortally wounded in the attack on their regiment while passing through Baltimore, April 19th, 1861. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the City of Lowell dedicate this monument to their memory.

"APRIL 19, 1865."

On the Moody Street side is the following:

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
"1861."

The horizontal are merged into the vertical lines by fluted trusses, with raised stars resting upon the four arms, and above there is a plinth with a moulded base and ornamented cornice, on two sides of which are bronze medallions of the coat of arms of the State of Massachusetts and of the city of Lowell. Upon this plinth is a shaft terminating with a pyramid, below which there are four stars, one on each side. The composition has a pleasing outline, and is highly creditable to the taste of the committee and the skill of the designers.

The dedicatory ceremonies were simple and ap-

THE LADD AND WHITNEY MONUMENT AT LOWELL.

IF On the 17th of June the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, in common with the highest authorities of the State and the nation, paid public honors to the memory of LUTHER C. LADD and ADDISON O. WHITNEY, the first martyrs of the great rebellion, by the dedication of a splendid monument over their remains.

In response to the President's call of April 15, 1861, for 75,000 three months' troops, the Sixth Massachusetts started from Lowell on the morning of the 16th, under the command of Colonel E. F. JONES. There were eight companies, one half of which were from Lowell, two from Lawrence, and one each from Groton and Acton. At Boston three

place on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, adding fresh interest to that memorial day.

On Monday, May 6, nearly three weeks after the affray, the bodies of WHITNEY and LADD reached Lowell, and their funeral was celebrated in Huntington Hall. A larger funeral cortège than had ever before been seen in Lowell followed the remains from the Hall to the Cemetery.

The manner in which these men were killed naturally awakens an interest in their previous life. WHITNEY was born in Waldo, Maine, October 30, 1839, and was scarcely twenty-two years of age at the time of his death. He had been in Lowell two years, in the employ of the Middlesex Company. LADD was born at Alexandria, New Hampshire, December 22, 1843, and was only seventeen years old when he died. With the exception of this brief



DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF LADD AND WHITNEY, LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE 17, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM H. HARD.]

propriate. After the arrival of the procession at Monument Square Governor ANDREW delivered an eloquent address, which thus concludes:

"Let this monument stand as long as the Merrimac runs from the mountains to the sea; while this busy stream of human life sweeps on by the banks of the river, bearing to eternity its freight of destiny and hope. It shall speak to your children, not of death, but of immortality. It shall stand here, a mute, expressive witness of the beauty and the dignity of youth and manly prime consecrated in unselfish obedience to duty. It shall testify that gratitude will remember, and praise will wait on the humblest, who, by the lustrous greatness of their souls, or the worth of their offerings, have risen to the sublime peerage of virtue."

RUINS IN THE HEART OF CHARLESTON.

OUR readers doubtless remember the ruinous fire which devastated Charleston in the month of December, 1861. The fire broke out in a basket store at the foot of Hazel Street, and, under the impulse given it by a stiff breeze, did not cease until a considerable portion of the city from East Bay to King Street was destroyed. Among the prominent buildings burned were the South Carolina Institute, the Circular Church, the Catholic Cathedral, St. Andrew's Hall, and the Theatre.

The illustration which we engrave on page 428, taken from a photograph by BARNARD, places before the eye of the reader, and gives him a view of the desolating effects of the conflagration. Standing here, he sees opposite him the Circular Church on Meeting Street. It is surrounded by a scaffold. It was the design of the Charlestonians to repair the injury done to the church. The attempt was made, but subsequently GILLMORE'S shells discouraged the citizens, and the work was given up. At the right of the church are the ruins of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Democratic Convention was held April 23, 1860. In the immediate vicinity of the Circular Church rest the remains of JOHN C. CALHOUN.

There is a tragic interest connected with the scene presented by the artist. The record which the City of Charleston has written for itself is infamous and terrible. It puts forth to a rebellious World unnecessary and inhuman. But the destruction intended by rebels fell with an indiscriminate weight upon itself. Its commerce was destroyed. It was devastated by two conflagrations, the latter of which was kindled by the rebels on leaving the city. For nearly two full years its streets might not be walked without mortal peril. Its haughty citizens, impoverished and humbled, either fled from its precincts or skulked in cellars. And, after four years, the city which had suffered so much for its own folly was relieved from her burden, not by triumphant rebels, but by the final and complete victory of that Government which it had defied, and had hoped to destroy. Surely, a more effective punishment is measured out to traitors than this which they have brought upon themselves?

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

WE give on page 429 an accurate and graphic picture of the Old Penitentiary at Washington, in which the conspirators in the assassination are confined, and where they have been undergoing trial.

There are four rows of cells, which in the picture we give are disclosed to the eye of the reader. Every cell is numbered, and a sentinel guards the one occupied. In the second cell, numbered 2, upon the left, and on the third row from the street, MRS. SURRATT is confined, that cell being the nearest to the turning that leads to the court. PAYNE occupies the cell just below MR. SURRATT'S. ARNOLD'S cell is on the ground-floor; HARDIE'S is in the center. The other conspirators are confined in cells further back. No light can enter these places of confinement but what comes through the windows on the left of the wall.

The counsel for the defense have entered their pleas. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S protest against the jurisdiction of the court is a very able and elaborate document. MR. JOHNSON does not enter into any special argument for the second, leaving that to his associates.

MR. F. CURTIS, counsel for HAROLD, claimed that no evidence had been offered that HAROLD had ever conspired with BOOTH and others in aid of the rebellion. Nor was there any doubt that he had assisted in the escape of BOOTH. He had nothing to do with the murder. BOOTH'S dying words were adduced in proof of HAROLD'S innocence.

MR. COX claimed for ARNOLD and O'LAUGHLIN that, although they may have listened to BOOTH'S suggestions, they were guiltless of any connection with the murder. If they were in any way connected with the conspiracy to capture the President and other prominent officers, they had withdrawn from so soon as more violent measures were entertained.

In regard to SPANGLER MR. EWING claimed that BOOTH'S designs were not known to his client. All SPANGLER was to do was to hold BOOTH'S horse, but he even failed to hold that.

MR. DOUSTER'S argument in behalf of PAYNE and ATZEROTT was sufficiently to the point. He admitted that PAYNE had attempted to murder Secretary SEWARD. He only claimed for him that he acted from his conviction of what was right. In behalf of ATZEROTT he produced a statement drawn up by the prisoner himself. In this statement ATZEROTT confesses that he was one of the party to capture the President, or any member of his Cabinet, or General GRANT, or Vice-President JOHNSON. That he failed; and the second, which contemplated murder, ATZEROTT had broken away from from its first disclosure.

MR. EWING, counsel for DR. MUDD, after an examination of the evidence pronounced it to be insufficient to convict his client.

All the arguments for the accused having been read, Associate Judge ADVOCATE BINGHAM said that on Tuesday, June 27, he would be ready with so much of his summing up as touched the question of the jurisdiction of the court, and he hoped by the next day to deliver the conclusion of his argument.

IN LIBBY.

ALONE, alone, how dark and drear
Is life within this prison cell!
My cold, damp couch seems but a bier,
My very voice a funeral knell!
That sadly tolls amid my pains,
In mockery of these iron chains.

I hear the music of the bells
Float out upon the summer's air—
Now like the sea their solemn swells,
Now faintly as the breath of prayer—
Yet lingering still as if to bless
My heart within its loneliness.

The tide comes up from out the bay,
The sails ride to and fro,
I stand and watch them all the day
Out on the stream below;
But bending sail nor rippling sea
Brings one sweet word of joy to me.

For treason taints the soft South air,
And orphans cry aloud for bread;
While Murder stalking every where,
Laughs o'er its crimes unmurmured deed;
Till Hell seems bursting all aflame,
And Freedom hides her face in shame.

Oh, strike again, ye marshaled hosts
Who draw the sword for Liberty!
For now the hated tyrant boasts
"This land shall be my slavery!"
And yonder where the blue cross waves
GOD up the about: "Ye too are slaves!"

Let not the Past be all in vain,
Nor pause so soothe thy widowed sorrow;
Thy heroes sleep upon the plain
And glory waits thee on the morrow;
For God will hold the Freeman's hand,
And guide thee well, thy own proud land!

LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA., JAN. 5, 1864.

AFTER THOSE SEVEN-THIRTIES.

A SIMPLE JOB.

WELL, Sir, there is a certain amount of interest attaching to the commonest jobs in our line, as you say. But the description of the one in question is not what it is in Old England: it's younger, you know. There is some smart fellows among us, though; not that I'm one of 'em. I'm modest, I am. But I'll tell you how I done it; that Oxdell job, if you care to hear it. I dare say it'll sound simple enough to you, Sir. It does to me.

Oxdell's banking-house in the village of L——, in this State, was cracked some three months ago, and one thousand four hundred and twenty dollars in Seven-Thirties was carried off. Mr. Oxdell sent to me for a detective, and I went down. Well, Sir, it was a simple enough state of things. A young fellow by the name of Lawrence Haight had left town immediately after the robbery. Inquiries at the boarding-house showed that he left without giving any notice of his intention. He had been idling about the village for some time, and the landlady he boarded with said he had been pretty hard up for funds, but had told her he expected some money from his uncle; and the day he left he told her he had paid her up and left town. I called at the post-office and found that no letter had come for Haight. Some smart person had received a eye to that passes through their hands, you see; and on the express office the same tidings were rendered. Haight was no doubt the robber. I set out to find him.

The ticket agent and the baggage man at the little railroad depôt were positive Haight had not left town that way. Nothing had been seen of him at the depôt.

I went back to the village—half a mile or so off from the railroad it was; railroads don't turn out much for little places—and found a young man in the bar-room had probably thought to hide his trail a little by walking to the next station—about six miles off—and hiring a horse and wagon there. At the hotel where I took dinner I found that a man answering the description exactly had stopped there to repair the day after the robbery, registering his name as Barton Love. As soon as I saw that I knew the fellow must be a fat, for he couldn't have found out a more ungainly name than that to travel on, could he? ha, ha! I've known *hate* to disguise itself as *love* often before that, you see; it's a common game enough!

Well, with that clew I just followed my man right down his ground. He wasn't a hotel he stopped at for the next week but had a dozen people in it who had noticed that young man with the queer name. So I followed him down through the States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Vermont, back again into Northern New York, and across the St. Lawrence River into Canada, and stopped at Kingston in Canada West. But there I lost sight of him. I visited every hotel in the place, high and low, and got many a tress of his name; but there's not what way he went from there I found it impossible to learn. So after beating about the bush for a few days, I reluctantly gave up the search and returned home, where I had other business to attend to at the time.

About two weeks ago I had a call to Chicago in the course of another job. I was working up, and after attending to that affair it just occurred to me that I would take a look after the Oxdell fellow. I set out then to search all the hotel registers in town, and I wasn't long in finding the name I wanted. The second house I visited—the Tremont—had the name of "Barton Love and lady" on the register. I talked with the clerk about it, and learned that that man had staid in the city over night, and had taken passage on one of the railroads running out of the Great Central depôt. There are three roads that run out of that depôt—the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, and the Burlington and Quincy. So I was about in the fix of the man at three crossroads, uncertain which of them leads to the place he wants to go to. In such a case as that, Sir, when there seems to be no kind of a choice in the matter, my rule is to always take the least likely route. Because, don't you see, a thief who has fears of being followed would do that very thing to throw his pursuers off the scent. Now of these three railroads, one was the very road I had reason to believe my man had come down upon when he left Canada, and that was the Michigan Central road. So it being least likely that a man would come to Chicago and then go right back on the same road he come on, that was my route. Not much keen judgment to brag on about that, you'll say; and you're right, there wasn't. It was about like flipping up a copper and crying "Tails this way, heads that way."

I stopped at the first station I came to, on the Michigan Central road, and made inquiries for my man and woman. It's much more easier to follow a man and a woman together than either of 'em separate. I was two days going that way from town to town before my man that he would talk with me, not in a way to let 'em know my business, you see; I'm not such a fool as *that*, though I don't profess to be particular smart neither. I generally took occasion to mention the subject of the Seven-thirty loan, in the first place, thinking I might happen to hit on something that way; did from that leading up to any topic I smelt ahead that had any show of meat in it.

About dark of the second day I came to that little place they call—Well, blow me, Sir, if I ever can remember the name of that place when I want to. It's a God-forsaken little hole a few miles west of Kalamazoo, in the State of Michigan. It was raining like spouts when I got there. It was dark, and the first place I headed for was a little liquor saloon a few rods from the place where the cars stopped—for the railroad runs right by it. Well, I forgot to have mentioned, perhaps, that it was a freight train I came in on, which accounts for the depôt being shut, you know. So, with my overcoat drawn out through the rain and mud for the liquor saloon.

It was half full of loafers, drying themselves at a pot of a stove, and the fire of that dirty whisky Western coal was burning.

"Nasty weather," says I to my nearest neighbor, as I pulled a stool under me by the stove.

"Yas," says he.

"Any hotel around here?" says I, for I hadn't seen any sign of one.

"Thar's one up to th' Square," says my neighbor.

"How far is it?"

"Oh, half a mile or so when it's good goin'. Must be nigh on to a mile to-night, I'd say. Awful muddy. Ain't you right in, Cale Smith left his butes in th' mud this mo'nin. This 'ere rain'll make it wuss 'n 'twas. Whar d'ye com from?"

"I'm down from Chicago," says I. "Why don't this saloon-keeper take lodgers? He's got a big enough building, I should say."

"Yas, he has, too. But he hain't got no furnitur' yit. He's a goin' ter bev."

"New hand?" says I. I'm a telling you this conversation, Sir, just as it come to me how I had along when I commenced; since you asked it, you know; there don't seem to be much sense in a talk of this kind though, Sir, you'll say.

"Yas," says my neighbor, "he's jest bought. Love was agoin' ter fix up an' put in beds, but he got sick on it, an' sold out to this man—what's name's Harris. I don't know much about him. You're a stranger then?"

"Yes, Mother," says I. "Love sold out, did he? What's he gone at?"

"Who, Love? Oh, I don't know. He didn't b'long here. He's left agin."

"Ah!" says I, thinking there never was such a dodger as this fellow any how. Every time I got my finger on him he 'wasn't thar,' as the man said of the flea, you know.

"Love had a young wife," the man went on, "kind o' a sickly critter, consumptive, I guess, you know—loud colors, green and red and yaller. I expect she didn't fancy the saloon business. I guess they didn't agree very clear out to sudden. Ever been in these parts afore?"

"No, I never have," said I.

"Ah!"

"Wal, I don't mind I'll do."

"Why, Harris," says he, as I came up to the bar, "is this you?" and I stretched out my hand cordially.

"Wal now," says Harris, shaking my hand slowly up and down, "I know your *face* just as well's my brother, but I can't call ye to name."

"Hain't forgot me, then, have ye?" says I.

"Oh—certainly—you used to be up to Kalamazoo."

"Of course. Thought you'd recollect me. Well, friend, what's yours?"

I never saw this Harris before in my life, Sir, but men in the saloon don't stickle much about accepting an old acquaintance; 'tain't to be supposed a toddy-mixer will have time to remember the boy customers he's in, you know; so I was all right with Harris in no time.

"Been buying something new, eh?" says I, by way of opening a conversation. "Good thing?"

"Yas, I made a good think on't," says he.

"How's that?"

"Wa'al, tell ye! I bought this place of old Meggs two weeks ago for $100, and the very next day after I bought it Barton Love came a-ridin' along, and sez' the old bill 'For Sale' still up, for I'd forgot to take it down, he come in to buy it, an' I sez' here I sold it to him right off the handle, and he paid me $650 on the nail, all in Seven-Thirties."

"That's good money."

"Yes. He had plenty of 'em, too. But he got tired of it right along, and I bought the place back for him for $900. Made $250 clear. That'll do, eh? Ha, ha! Have a drink, Jo?"

When he spoke about those Seven-Thirties I felt a little more of my man than ever before—for it was still further evidence that he was really the thief.

Well, Harris didn't know where Love had gone to, further than that he took the road for Chemuck, which was about forty miles back in the country, on the shore of Lake Michigan; and there were half-a-dozen villages along the route. So the next morning I hired a horse and buggy to go to Chemuck and back, and started off. I stopped in all those villages along the way, and got no sight of him. I reached Chemuck on a Saturday, and as I was a mighty pleasant little place on the lake shore, I took a notion to stay over Sunday, and go to church.

I saw my man at that church, Sir, with his wife, a looking so modest as a Quaker. Though the woman had every appearance of being a bad character, and I thought she looked very much out of place there. Of course I wouldn't arrest him on Sunday, and there was no use now, for he was safe enough.

I had no trouble in taking him the next day. The woman carried on at high, but I told her it was no use. I took him in my buggy and started on my way home. It's only insisted on going too, but I told her she couldn't go in my buggy; if she wanted to follow me in another buggy she could do that, but I'd have to have a constable to drive it for her, for fear of accidents. She agreed, and I believed we all the way back to that village that I can't remember the name of, and took the same train with us—that is me and my man.

She was ten years older than he was, I should say, and she was deeply devoted to him. She waited on him like a servant, and was continually doing something for him—buying him oranges and things, clipping her handkerchief under his darkies to ease his wrists, and so on.

The young man denied the bank robbery up and down, and told a very neat story, Sir it was. He said his *real* name was Love, and that he took the name of Haight as a disguise while he was hiding from his father in-law——. He had run away from his father, who lived in New York City, out of love for the woman that was with him. He said she was a married woman, but was suing for a divorce at the time he was boarding in L——, and he was waiting for the suit to be tried. She lived with her parents on a farm half-way between——and the next station, and he used to go to see her evenings—spent the day at the tavern in the village. After she got the divorce she came into her money, and that was where he got his money to pay his board and his traveling expenses. His wife were respectable old people, and he and his lady-love arranged between 'em to save scandal by his going off alone and meeting her about the time or two, and at the end of that time they met in Toronto and were married. Then they came on West, and finally had settled down at Chemuck, and they wanted was a home by themselves, they cared not how humble, where they could live and love in peace, away from all their old acquaintances.

A very nice yarn, wasn't it?

Very well got up it was, Sir, and that's a fact—very well got up. But the best of it was, that it was all true from beginning to end, as I found when I got to L—— with my prisoner last Wednesday night.

The real burglar had been caught that very day, and had confessed to the crime. The only thing I had to do was to take off young Love's hand-cuffs and ask him what he wanted of me in the way of satisfaction. He said all his wife were dead, and the new turn of affairs; and as it was night when we got in, all they asked of me was liberty to leave town by the midnight train west, and a promise that I would not tell the L—— people who they really were. The woman had acquaintances in L——. So that was the end of my Seven-Thirties job, Simple, eh? That was just what ailed it. If the thing hadn't been so perfectly plain and simple every way, it wouldn't have let me so far astray, you see.

LOUIS DELMAR'S WOE.

I.

AT Louis' Delmar, who came to America first in the year 1855.

This is ten years ago.

I have traveled much in the world before coming to this country. In France, Spain, Italy. I have talent. Yes! with its Constantinople. I have seen African cities—Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, others—and have fought Arabs in the jungles. It was in Africa I lost my left arm.

After that—shall I confess it?—I lost also my taste for civilization. I wished to taste the refinements of life in civilized lands in the future. I was, however, in this condition—penniless.

I was then in affluence. In 1855. However, my father was too fond of his own opinion—you comprehend?—he lost all. Soon after he died.

I traveled in many countries before I have spoken in the condition of a wandering beggar. Always afoot. But that I preferred. It is the only true manner in which to travel.

I had a companion, as poor as I, and as much a gentleman. We had strange vicissitudes. There were ups and downs for us. Sometimes an abundance of money, sometimes empty pockets. But we labored to earn it, either because or the reverse also.

When in Turkey Alphonse served a whole three months in the capacity of secretary to an officer of the Sultan he shared all with me. But when in Africa I lost my arm in the jungle—ah, Alphons was very kind!—but we were no longer brothers. The taste for the wild life of adventure in the interior was now whetted. Mine was quenched. We parted.

I returned to France. Still I entertained a fond desire to see that great nation, the United States of America. I came to this country but as a traveler then. But I have since remained. America has become my home, which I shall not again leave till I die. Here I have been happy. Here, too, I have suffered, as you will learn.

It was my extreme good fortune to form the acquaintance of Henry Clare on board the steamer in which I came to this country. One day he observed me, a stranger, and addressed me:

"How does it happen, Sir," said he, "that you are a steerage passenger?"

"I choose it," said I.

"I mean no offense," was his reply; "but I perceive you are a gentleman. As for me, I am a Yankee, and Yankees are proverbially inquisitive. You seem misplaced."

However, I do not propose to continue an account of our conversation. It is quite enough to know that from it arose my acquaintance with Henry Clare, which was long continued—until his death, in fact.

In that State of Massachusetts where my dear friend resided I became, through his efforts, Professor of Modern Languages in a collegiate school for young ladies.

There my soul became filled with love for Madeline Bates. I was still a young man. I had never loved. I had never beautiful I thought her!

But with me honor is every thing. In my position it was impossible that I should tell Madeline of my love. Even my eyes must not do it. It was difficult, but I was determined. She was always very kind to me, which made it still harder to treat her *de sang froid*.

When I had now been for two years her teacher one June day she graduated and went home. I was proud of her. She spoke her French, her Spanish, and her Italian purely and with every grace. None deemed it strange that I lowered near her meteorically on the day preceding her departure from me, as I thought forever; that I devoured her now with my eyes. It was, they thought, the husband's just pride and admiration of his talented pupil, whose accomplishments did him honor. Ah me! I could have fallen on my knees before her, imploring her not to take the light of her presence forever out of my life. I was in despair. No one knew it.

She departed. My duties were now distracted to me. I declined a renewal of my engagement. The old roving disposition was upon me.

"What! you!" I said, and have I been in this land so long, and beheld only the little portion of it where I have lived? What a country is this! I will see its 'Great West' and its 'Sunny South.' I will learn more of this wonderful land."

I would learn it to my heart.

"Father," said the lady, turning to the gentleman at her side, "it is M. Delmar."

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Bates, pressing my hand cordially. "You must ride with us."

I hesitated.

"Come," said Madeline.

I obeyed. Mr. Bates insisted that I should occupy his seat, while he himself sat opposite.

Thus I found her whom I loved, no longer in the capacity of a pupil, seated by my side, chatting delightfully as we rolled through the shaded avenues.

They compelled me to become their guest. Mr. Bates was a widower, and a gentleman of much leisure. His estate was situated at a short distance from the city. He was a true Southern gentleman. I became deeply attached to him. He was as kind to me as if I had been his own son. He prevailed on me to discontinue my wanderings, and remain with him, sharing in the delights of his home—his companion and friend in all his recreations. Madeline, too, was seldom out of my society.

To gratify them both I related my many adventures in foreign lands. It is quite true (I may say it frankly, since I confess myself now changed) that I had been very brave, even rash, in those past days of adventure. Even now, as I told these stories, my blood would bound, and the wild joy of courseness would glow in my breast. I related my adventures with peculiar relish. Madeline listened. Her deep blue eyes glowed with feeling as I spoke of peril braved and danger escaped; her face shone with fond expression.

You are mindful of Desdemona, no doubt. But in justice to Madeline, I must say that I was no swarthy Moor; on the contrary, a young man, but four years her senior, with blonde hair, black eyes, curling hair and mustache, and the manners more of a gentleman and a scholar than of a wild adventurer in barbarous lands. Besides, I had loved Madeline long and devotedly, and only in silence from a sense of honor. It was now different. I had reaped her with my eyes; afterward with my voice. It was one soft July night when Mr. Bates placed his daughter's hand in mine and we were betrothed.

We were soon after married. The father accompanied us on our wedding tour. Our home became the old plantation; and there, a year after, Mr. Bates died. He had lived only long enough to take our infant daughter Clara once in his arms.

After our father's death his affairs were found to be in hopeless confusion. I saved from the wreck a small remnant only of the estate. With this we bought a little cottage close to the city, amid a wilderness of green leaves, and here established our home.

We were happy. My home was my little heaven. My wife was inexpressibly dear to me. Little Clara became a dozen-haired angel, who was our delight to her. When she was three years old our little Louis was born. Welcome, black-eyed boy! Our circle was now complete.

I opened a small store in the city. Here I passed a portion of each day. I had much leisure, which I employed in reading—chiefly the American poets and romancers. To amuse my wife I sometimes wrote a little poem or tale. I acquired a good command of the language of my adopted country. You may perceive that I am not incorrect in its use, beyond an occasional lapse into the modes of expression peculiar to my French birth and rearing. My business rewards were sufficient to insure the presence of comfort in my home, and that was all. I had no ambition. Outside of my home there was nothing in the world for me. I thanked God for the rest and peace that had fallen on my life. I lived for my Madeline and for my children.

To my neighbor St. John and my neighbor Howard it seemed almost incredible that this quiet, scholarly, domestic Mr. Delmar, who came and went to and from his store, morning and evening, so regularly, so much in a commonplace manner, should have been the hero of thrilling adventures in African jungles, should have had his arm torn from the shoulder by a ramped lion, should have traveled over many countries jovially independent of danger or discomfort! Yet it was so. Doubtless I half turned out all the adventurous blood in my breast; for now I was the simplest, most quiet of men, and I was happy.

Contentment is happiness. It is true. And I was content.

Time passed on. There was one evening when I sat in the twilight on the door-step with my little cottage home. It differed none from other like evenings in my thing save that which cause me to remember it. It is the last of the few which lingers forever on the lips.

Ah, how beautiful is that picture now in the memory of Louis Delmar!

In imagination I now stand at my own gate a stranger, and look upon the scene. It is a long, graveled path that leads through a riotous luxuriance of bloom and fragrance from the gate to the door of the little house—the latter so much hid in a overt hidden in its garniture of green leaves and white blossoms. The vines stray out of a bank of honeysuckle on the side of the house. They curtain the windows. They embrace the porch in their loving arms, and droop their bright leaves through the lattice-work. They climb to the roof and wander all over it, going down the other slope out of sight luxuriantly. There sits Louis Delmar himself, the stranger, gazing fixedly upon the green. On either knee he holds a darling. This is Clara, with the long flaxen curls and azure eyes. This is little Louis, with the black curls, thick, clustering brown hair and the father's black eye. Madeline Delmar, his wife, sits opposite, and all is white like an angel. Her arms crossed peace, fully upon her lap. The father sings an old French chansonnette to his children, and the mother looks smilingly on. Now she comes to her husband's side and quietly rests her arm about his neck, or smooths the curls of Louis. Then she sits. It breathes balm and peace. Oh, happy, happy scene! I, the stranger leaning over the gate, could almost feel it in my heart to envy Louis Delmar his little heaven.

That was the last time, nevertheless, on which the stranger could have looked upon it. Beloved, observed. That night the beautiful picture was rolled up and put away into oblivion for evermore. Ah, me! Ah, me!

I had looked with sincere horror on this fratricidal contest from the first moment that I had discovered its existence. I was a Frenchman by American, it is true. Also the instinct of patriotism had doubtless been injured or dulled in my breast by the life I had led from such an early age in many lands. Add that my personal love for America was not, perhaps, remarkable. But I looked upon the act of the Southern Americans in assailing the flag for which their ancestors fought and bled, I confess I was astonished, and horrified. Here was no oppression to resist, no tyranny to combat. All was brightness and prosperity in the land. I had no sympathy with the South. I did not endeavor to hide this from my neighbors.

II.

"I'm wanted!"

It was a young man in the rebel uniform, who, before breakfast next day, called at my house with a squad of soldiers in the suit of gray.

"Fall in!"

I looked with some astonishment at him. Could it be that the rebellion needed one-armed men to fight in its battles?

"Fall in!"

Madeline stood at my side, holding my one hand tightly in both her own, and looking with frightened eyes upon the rebel officer.

"Yer reputation's bad, old boy," said he, as if unconscious of Madeline's presence, "so I've got orders t' shoot yer if yer 'bstreperous. That's all I know about it."

He then released my hand, and placing her palm gently on my shoulder, spoke in French.

"Go, my husband! It can not be that they want you to shoot you."

"No doubt," I replied, "it is my sentiments which are obnoxious. To escape imprisonment, Madeline, it will be requisite that I should become a—"

"Yes. If you were also a rebel you would be unmolested."

"I am found to be such, I shall return to you. It is a great temptation!"

Madeline bent upon me a gaze of such mingled distress and devotion that I was thrilled.

"Shall I yield?" I whispered, with indescribable feelings. "Our country—our country, Madeline!"

"Louis!" said my beautiful wife, with a gaze of unutterable love, "if fault que vous m'aimez bien pea, pour vous didier ainsi."

"No, my Madeline." I cried, touched by these words, "I do not distrust you. This is indeed love's holiness. Farewell."

Thus we parted. Surrounded by the guard of soldiers I marched away. The last vision of my wife and little ones yet warm upon my lips.

I found that I had been mistaken. It was true that I was wanted by the rebels, but not to fight, if I would. I was informed that I could be made useful otherwise than in carrying a gun, thus relieving those soldiers who were capable of that service. I was forced to proceed to join the rebel army of Lee.

Who shall paint my grief as I thought of my wife and helpless little ones? What would become of them? I had been taken away without a moment's warning. No time was allowed me in which to attend to my little business affairs. I was going to be an enemy of the Confederate tyranny; I was allowed no freedom, lest I should escape. What Madeline would do; to what indignities she would doubtless be put; how she would suffer, poor mother; the most appalling pictures presented themselves to my mind till I was frantic.

At first I determined that I would return to her at all hazards. I discovered that many of my comrades were animated by a similar purpose. Several attempted to escape. They were shot.

This deterred me. I should be shot also, and how could I die but one grief to my death? That was far more horrible than endurance. Afterward I thought, even if I was enabled to reach them, what could I do for them? They would thus become sharers in still more relentless persecution.

My countrymen (the French) are a theatrical people. You remember this, no doubt. Every impulse of my French nature impelled me to perform the part. Romance and die poetically for honor and for love. I know not how it is, but it seem to have inbreathed something of the Yankee common-sense since my arrival in America. I looked at this matter with a practical eye.

I remained. During the three months which ensued no less than thirty men of my regiment were shot while endeavoring to escape.

In my French character I might have died with grief at this time. My blood ever was it to welcome death. *Cui bono?* It helps no one.

I struggled to forget. Labor is the antidote of sorrow. My duties were severe, but my thing were preferable to idleness. Fortunately, after the first battle in which my regiment was engaged, it was accidentally discovered that I possessed surgical skill in some degree. I was called to avoid. Hence, I was detailed for daily among the injured and the sufferers.

Need I say that my efforts were given quite as willingly to the wounded prisoners as to our own men? Little enough was the care they received except from me. I could thrill you with horrors I have not described as yet. Let it suffice to say—wounded. What I could do I did. But one drop is little in an ocean. A thousand men like Louis Delmar could do but unspeakably little. Yet I was often prevented. I was forced to act with caution lest my liberty to act at all should be taken away. But I have quivered with indignation and anguish when I have seen such things, for instance, as this: a rebel surgeon slay the bloody jaws of a dying soldier who cried, "God bless you, sir!"

One day I discovered among the wounded prisoners brought in the form of one who wore the uniform of a Massachusetts officer. He was shot in the forehead. The brain oozed from the wound.

He was already dead. It was Henry Clare.

One Fall level, a heartless youth who acted in the capacity of a surgeon, and whom I had long hated for many of his brutalities, spurned the dead body of my friend with his accursed foot. I struck him to my feet in a thrill of passion at the monstrous outrage. He was soon promoted in the grade of house. While there I received a letter from my wife.

I am one who reads in a letter the *tone* as well as the words. This letter from Madeline contained no ill news. It seemed to struggle to cheer me. But there was a tone in the very same words which chilled me through and through. It was ghastly, horrible. My flesh crept at it. Oh, how I longed to get to her!

No. I must wait. But I wrote, begging her to explain all to me. I never again heard from her.

The days rolled on. I know not how to describe my feelings. Understand them when I tell you that at last I became weary of life, unbearably weary. But no. I endeavored to escape, and was shot in my right hip. Thus I was disabled, but not killed.

Then I received a letter from Madeline Dr. Lovell, "it's a heap better than you deserve."

Conceive from this the nature of the medical attendance I received. Suffice, however, to my own acquaintance with the nature of the wound, and to the vigorous constitution which I possessed, I did not die. But I was for life, notwithstanding.

With the surrender of Lee to the noble General Grant I at last became free, like the rest of my comrades. But I was a cripple for God. But I was now a wreck of the former Louis Delmar.

Behold me on my weary homeward march, heartsick. Such were my gloomy forebodings with regard to my family. I knew not why. In my threadbare suit of rebel gray, with a rusty black sack, covering little; a thin, worn blanket over my shoulder; grasping a stick I had cut from a tree; thus I limped along the red clay road, gazing ever onward, toward home. Toward home.

I, the stranger leaning over the gate of that home, in my joyful twilight, "years, years, years ago" (was it not?), could have envied Louis Delmar. Who would envy Louis Delmar now? As the hour slipped away I drew to the loved spot. As he paused at the old grave-yard on the hill, just beyond the city, and looked down upon the scene. As he sauntered on by the road along the fence-skirted road for the cottage in which he had left his Madeline, Clara, and little Louis.

Where was it?

It should be yonder, opposite the peach orchard. I hastened there, with head bent and trembling heart. My heart stood still, and my face blanched as I looked upon the ruins of my home. The charred and blackened beams lay in a confused mass, over which the old vines wandered lovingly still, but as if lost and saddened. Weeds and rank grass grew around, choking the flowers to death with riotous arrogance.

I sank helpless.

III.

It was twilight now when I raised my head and looked about me with haggard eyes. I noted that the grass was very luxuriant and green. I observed that the peach-trees gave token of but a light yield of fruit this year. Neighbor St. John's corn was growing well. I took notice of things like these for the first time in three years, like one who dreams.

Then I remembered my woe. My face fell forward upon my palms, and I sobbed like a little child.

While thus engaged, careless of all about me, I felt a small hand laid upon my bowed head.

I looked up, and beheld a dozen-haired little girl, slender, hollow-eyed, with sunken cheeks and bony hands, who looked into my face with sad blue eyes, and said,

"Man, don't cry."

"My child! Clara!" I exclaimed, and fell on my knees before her. I clasped her to my breast, I covered her face with my kisses. She knew me. How my heart thrilled as my daughter passed her little white arm about my neck, and gazed upon me with unutterable love!

Ah! I thought I should tell you of all that followed; but I can not, I can not. My heart breaks with its load.

My wife had gone, no one knew whither. She was believed to have become insane. Little Clara had remained at the house of my neighbor Howard. But now starvation was at the door. Mr. Howard had been killed in the war. She regarded —there had been but—had been sold long ago. Mrs. Howard with her two daughters contemplated going North, for what could they do?

And my little Louis? In the old grave-yard on the hill, where the crumbling and mouldy graves were scattered in every direction. My boy's dust is there.

Thus had this sum of crimes done for me. I am but one. There are some who have suffered more than I. This is but my story. Is it nothing? Will my adopted country forget these wild-flowers still-unbidden in responsible even for Louis Delmar's woe?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STANDARD and a German held debate over the relative smartness of the different nations of the world. "I was born between two days," said the latter, with a sting but without disturbing but." "Do that," said the German, "and I will tell you you what I was." So they went into the wood Had searched till they had found a tree split down the top of it. The German stopped, took off his sword, and belt, and spurs, his rustling silk sash, and his coat, and thrust them at the foot of the tree, and began noiselessly to mount. While he was mount up gained the top of it. He squeezed with all the Spaniard's arms and cap, and cloak and feathers. It was secured, therefore, that the German was the smarter fellow.

A Methodist and a Quaker having stepped at a public house, the Quaker was asked to pay for them. The Methodist knelt down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins, but said not a word about paying. Quietly, friend, if thou art so base as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

EXTREME POLITE.—A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who, in order to console her, remarked that "he was sorry, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, "He's dead, I thank you."

WHY is a marriage-certificate like an article of public credit and an old widow? Because it is a widow-paper.

A KIND OF ANGLING THAT DOESN'T ALWAYS TAKE.—Fishing for compliments.

"Two men, both cowards, met in a narrow way, neither disposed to turn out of the road. "Give me the road," said one, in braggart voice, "or, if you don't, I'll do for you as sure as I did for the man I killed in a duel yesterday." The other scrambled aside in terror, and when he got to the bottom of the hill began to whistle. Then, kindly, "What did you do, Sir, to the man who refused you the road?" inquired the other, as he got out of your way." "Why," said the other, "I let him keep the road, and got out of his way."

A blind alley could not be called a desirable site for a house.

A contemporary says, "The first printers were THEIR." We never knew that before, but we have seen a good many "light 'uns" within our experience.

We frequently hear of our generals capturing "pieces of artillery." What's the use of capturing pieces?" says Mr. Mantalini; "why not capture whole ones?"

What is cabbage?—A plant popular among tailors with large families.

When may a man be said to swallow cause and effect? When he drinks to the health of his father.

A husband can readily fox the hills of a wife who is not afraid to be sore footing his stockings.

APPRENTICE.—A person who lived in constant fear of the bailiffs. Sometimes, however, one of the apprentices was asked what was the reason of his absence; to which he replied, "Why, Sir, I apprehend he was apprehensive of being surprised."

DEAR SWIFT, when dining at a corporation dinner at Leicester, was rather severe upon a poor, stoop-shouldered alderman. At the close of the dinner he helped to the wing of a duck, and immediately called for mustard. "Mustard, sir!" said the alderman, in perfect innocence of heart, "you eat duck like a goose."

A certain abbot was asked why, in the hearing of canons, he always exclaimed, on any difficulties, though he was so often wrong. "Why," he said, "I am like the boys who in a great snow swallowing without throwing manure into it, in hope that next may fall."

INSURANCE.—The following toast was recently pronounced at a Masonic Fraternal Gathering, and elicited great applause: "The ladies—their eyes kindle the only flame against which there is no insurance."

A gleaner in the window of a patent medicine vender, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, reads as follows: "The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of the quack next door."—*Punch*.

THE SCIENCE OF ATTRACTION—Rimmel's vaporizer.

"THE PECULIAR FAMILY"—The Bonapartes.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

If a bear was to go into a draper's shop, what would he require?

Muslin commanding.

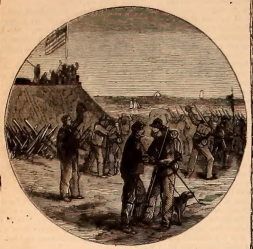
When you stole my first,
I lost my second,
May you ever possess my whole!

Heart-ease.

Why is the tread-mill like a true convert?
Because its turning is the result of conviction.

You eat it, you drink it, they who can't;
It is sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man?
A toast.

Which is the most wonderful animal in a farm-yard?
A pig, because he is killed first and cured afterward.

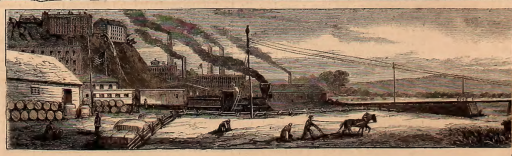








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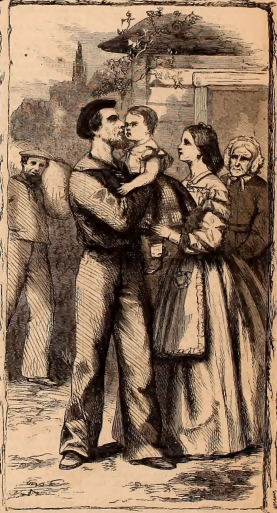


ON EARTH AND GOO

THE FOURTH OF JULY, EIGHT









ACE



D VILL TOWARDS MEN.

I SAID TO MY LOVE.

I said to my love—my own true love,
What can I give to thee?
Ermine and purple, or silver and gold
Or jewels the brightest that be?
I will not a jewel, my true love said,
And I sigh not for silver or gold;
What thoughts can they give, or what joys can they bring,
To the bosom when weary and cold?
Give me that which will cling to the heart
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

I said to my love—my own true love,
What can I give to thee?
A ring that will cling the ages to rest,
When our feet blend the dusted in?
Ay, give me a ring, my true love said,
With a vessel and a musical rhyme,
That will ebb and flow, like the sounding sea,
Through the unnumbered age of time—
A ring that will live and be found in the heart
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

I said to my love—my own true love,
What can I give to thee?
A song my heart-wind long years ago,
When our feet blend the dusted in?
Ay, give me a song, my true love said,
With a vessel and a musical rhyme,
That will ebb and flow, like the sounding sea,
Through the unnumbered age of time—
A song that will live and be found in the heart
When sunshine, and summer, and brightness depart.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

THREE AND A HALF PER CENT.

MR. KECKWITCH banished, and the coffee cups pushed aside, William Trefalden uttered a little preliminary cough, and said:

"Now, Sir, to business."

Saxon was all attention.

"In the first place," he began, "you have a large fortune, consisting entirely of ready money, and it is highly important that so weighty a sum should be advantageously placed. Indeed, I should feel it my duty if I suffered your capital to lie idle one day longer than is absolutely unavoidable. It has already lain comparatively idle for more than three weeks, but during the whole of that time I have not ceased to make inquiry in every quarter where inquiry was likely to lead to a good investment."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you," murmured Saxon, vaguely.

"The great difficulty," continued Mr. Trefalden, "is the largeness of the sum. It is easy enough to dispose advantageously of fifty, or a hundred, or even of five hundred thousand pounds; but nobody either wants to borrow, or could give security for such a sum as four millions. Not that I should wish to see your all placed upon a single venture. Far from it. I would not advise even a step, though the British Government were the borrower. But neither do I wish to spread your property over too large a surface. It is a course attended with great inconvenience and great expense. Do you quite follow me?"

"Not in the least," said Saxon, to whom the language of the money market was about as intelligible as a cuneiform inscription.

"Well, you understand that your money ought to be invested?"

"I thought it was invested. It's in Drummond's bank."

"It is temporarily deposited in Drummond's bank; but it brings you a merely nominal interest; if, however, it were well invested, it would bring you an ample annual income, and then you would spend your income, but leave your capital untouched."

"Should I, indeed?" said Saxon, struggling to conceal a yawn. That is very curious."

"Not curious at all, if one but understands the first principles of the law of exchange. Have you no idea of compound interest ja?"

"Oh dear, yes," replied Saxon, briskly, "I know all about that. Greatorex explained it to me. Interest upon interest and a half per cent."

Mr. Trefalden shifted the position of his chair, and turned the lamp in such a manner that the light fell more full on Saxon's face, and left his own in shadow.

"Three and a half per cent!" he repeated. "That was a very limited statement on the part of Mr. Greatorex. Interest may mean any thing, from one per cent up to a hundred, or a hundred thousand. He can not have offered that assertion as an explanation of general facts. Do you remember what conversation that led to it?"

"I not clearly; but he was talking very much as you have just been talking, and he said they would give me three and a half per cent at their bank if I liked to put my money in it."

"Humph! and your reply?"

"I said I was managed every thing of that sort for me, and that I would ask you to see to it."

"Meaning that you would ask me to transfer your money from Drummond's to Greatorex's?"

"If you please."

"I very decidedly do not please; and as long as you continue to attach the slightest value to my opinion, you will not place a penny in their hands."

Saxon looked aghast.

"Oh, but—but I promised," said he.

"Precisely what I expected to hear you say. I felt sure you had been trapped into a promise of some kind."

"I can't break my word," said Saxon, resolutely.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't let you ruin yourself," he replied. Greatorex & Greatorex are on the verge of bankruptcy; and I have private information which leads me to believe they must stop payment before the week is out."

The young man stared at him in silence. He neither knew what to say nor what to think.

"And now," said his cousin, "tell me all that took place as nearly as you can remember it. First of all, I suppose, Mr. Lawrence Greatorex kindly volunteered to explain the interest system to you; and having shown you how it was part of the business of a banker, to pay interest on deposits, he proposed to take your money, and allow you three and a half per cent. ?"

Saxon nodded.

"You referred the proposition to me; and Mr. Greatorex was then pleased to find that you relied so much upon my judgment."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Saxon.

"He has a shrewd suspicion of my high interest, and the troublesome nature of land security; pointed out the advantages of the deposit system; and ended by extracting your promise for—how much?"

"Who can have told you all this?"

"Tell me first whether I am correct?"

"Word for word."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and laughed—a little, soft, satisfied laugh, like an audible smile.

"I have a familiar demon, Saxon," said he. "His name is Experience, and he tells me a great many more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But you have not yet answered my first question—how much?"

"He said it was a very bad plan to lock up one's money—luck up' was the phrase, I am sure—and that I should find it so convenient to be able to draw out whenever I chose. And then—"

"And then you agreed with him, of course. Go on."

"And then he said he supposed I would not mind going to the extent of five hundred thousand with their house, and—"

"Five hundred thousand! Had he the incredible impudence to ask you for five hundred thousand?"

"Indeed, cousin William, it seemed to me, from the way in which he put it, that Mr. Greatorex had only my interest in view."

"How probable!"

"He said that it could make no difference to them; and that one person's thousands were no more to them, in the way of business, than another's."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course I believed him."

"And promised him the five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a promise that will have to be broken, young man, that is all. Why, don't look so unhappy. I will take all the burden from your shoulders. A lawyer can do these things easily enough, you know. Besides, no man is bound to fling his money away with his eyes open. If you were to pay in that five hundred thousand pounds to-morrow morning it would all be in the pockets of Sir Samuel's creditors before night. It would help the firm for three days at the most, and you would most likely get your three and a half per cent; but I know that you would never see one farthing of the principal again—and Lawrence Greatorex knows that I know it."

"But—but I have not told you quite all yet," stammered Saxon, who had been getting graver and graver with every word that Mr. Trefalden uttered. "I have given him a check for half."

It was well for Mr. Trefalden that the shade fell on him where he sat, and concealed the storm that swept across his features at this announcement. It came and went like a swift shadow; but the practised master of himself as was, he could no more have controlled the expression of his face at that moment than he could have controlled a thunder-cloud up in the heavens.

"You have given Mr. Greatorex a check for two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" he said, after a momentary pause.

"I know it was very wrong—I know I ought to have consulted you first," exclaimed Saxon, quite overwhelmed by the magnitude of his error.

"Never mind that at present," replied the lawyer, coldly. "The mischief is done, and we have only to try if any of the money is recoverable. What check did you give it on?"

"Just now—after dinner."

"Ay, ay! After three o'clock?"

"Not an hour ago. We met at the club; he asked me to dine with him—"

"And when he found that you were to see me this evening he got you to sign the check out of hand!" interposed Mr. Trefalden, eagerly. "Clever—very clever; but not quite clever enough, for all that!"

Saying which, the lawyer seized paper and pen, and began writing rapidly. The long scribbled three or four lines, he pushed them across the table, and said:

"Read that, and sign it."

It was an order upon the cashier and clerks of Drummond's bank to refuse payment of all checks signed by Mr. Saxon Trefalden until further notice.

"But suppose," said Saxon, "that one has cashed it already?"

"He can't cash it, you foolish boy, till the bank opens to-morrow morning; and by that time it will be too late. I shall instantly take a cab, and go down with this paper to the private house of the chief cashier; and, to make assurance doubly sure, Keckwitch shall be at the bank to-morrow morning when the doors open. Lucky for you, my dear fellow, that you committed this little folly after three o'clock in the day!"

Saxon signed the paper somewhat reluctantly, and Mr. Trefalden put it into his pocket-book.

"Our business conference must wait," said he, "till this affair is settled. Shall you be at home and alone to-morrow at twelve, if I come up for an hour's talk?"

"I will be at home and alone, of course," replied Saxon; "but I am going down into Surrey by the three o'clock express."

"To Castletowers?"

"Yes—for a week or ten days."

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What I have to say to you must be said quietly and thoroughly," observed he, musingly. "And if you are to be disposed indeed, and want a great deal of explanation—"

"Which is quite certain!" interrupted Saxon, laughing.

"Which I am afraid is quite certain—an hour will not be enough."

"Will you come at eleven?"

Mr. Trefalden took up a manuscript book, and examined one or two consecutive pages before replying.

"I will not come at all," he said, closing it decisively and taking up his hat. "I will run down to you at Castletowers instead, on Thursday morning. The entries in my engagement-book show nothing of great importance for that day, and I think I can manage to contrive it. I believe I can even manage to dine there, and return by the last train at ten."

"That is good!" exclaimed Saxon, heartily; "and a day out of town will invigorate you for a month."

So it was settled; and Mr. Trefalden turned off the last of the gas, and let his cousin out in the dark.

"I will send you a line in the morning just to say that all's well at Drummond's," said the lawyer, as they stood together in the street below; "but you must give me your word of honor to sign no more checks till after Wednesday; and, above all, never to transact any important business without first taking my advice."

"Indeed, cousin William, I never will," replied Saxon, gravely.

And if your disinterested friend comes to you in his wrath to-morrow morning, refer him to me. My nerves are strong, and I can bear any amount of vituperation."

"I suppose he will be very much annoyed," said Saxon.

"Annoyed? He will go raging up and down soaking whom he may devour. But what does that matter? Drummond will not fail upon you, but upon your legal adviser. And I am not afraid that he will eat me. Lawyers are indigestible."

Whereupon they again shook hands and went their separate ways; Trefalden's way being to Bayswater, where dwelt the chief cashier in the bosom of his family, and Saxon's to his stall at the opera.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. GREATOREX WITH THE FOLISH OFF.

"Mr. GREATOREX wishes to know, Sir, if you can give him a moment's private conversation."

It was not quite a quarter past ten, and Saxon, who had taken a riding lesson before breakfast, was lounging over a book, with the breakfast service still upon the table. He laid the volume hastily down and desired that Mr. Greatorex might be shown in. He was no moral coward; but he felt decidedly uncomfortable when he heard the quick ring of the banker's high-heeled boots on the polished floor of the ante-chamber.

Mr. Greatorex came in, shut the door in Gillingwater's face, flung a crumpled slip of paper on the table, and said, in a voice that quivered with suppressed passion:

"You have robbed me, Mr. Trefalden, to stop the payment of this check. May I inquire with what motive?"

He kept his hat on, and the face beneath it was at a white heat, even to the lips.

"I am really very sorry, Greatorex," said Saxon very nervously; "but I ought never to have given a—a—you. My cousin manages all my affairs, and I had no business to interfere with his arrangements. I owe respects to your office, and—and I am obliged to decline it. But why won't you shake hands with me?"

Mr. Greatorex put his hands behind his back.

"You have insulted me," he said, "and—"

"Not intentionally," interrupted Saxon. "Upon my honor, not intentionally."

The banker heard him with a bitter smile.

"Pshaw!" he said, scornfully. "Why all know what intentions are worth. Yours were certainly not very friendly when you exposed me just now to the ridicule and loss of every petty clerk in Drummond's office. Pray did it not occur to you that the position might be the reverse of agreeable—that it might affect my credit to somewhat unpleasantly among my brother bankers?"

"I feared, indeed, that I might be so unfortunate as to inconvenience you, Mr. Greatorex," replied Saxon, with dignity; "and I told you again that I am sorry for it. But I had no thought of insulting you."

"Inconvenience!" echoed Greatorex, fiercely. "Good God, you have ruined me!"

"Ruined you?"

"Ay, ruined—me—and mine—my father who is an old man of sixty-eight—my sisters, who are both unmarried. Curse you! how do you like that?"

And with this he flung himself into a chair and sat drumming on the table with his clenched hands.

Saxon was inexpressibly shocked.

"You must explain this to me," he faltered. "I do not understand—indeed I do not!"

Greatorex glared up at him vindictively, but made no reply.

"I would not willingly injure my worst enemy, if I had one," continued the young fellow, with tears in his voice if not in his eyes; "much less one whom I have eaten and drunk with and looked upon as my friend. What do you mean when you say that I have ruined you?"

"Simply that we shall be in the *Gazette* to-morrow. You understand that, I suppose?"

The coarse nature of the man had all come to the surface under the powerful test, and he took no pains to hide it. He was literally drunk with rage. Saxon, however, saw his condition, and, ignorant as he was of human nature, by some fine instinct understood and pitied it.

"But why need the withdrawal of this sum work you so much evil?" he said, gently. "You are surely no worse off without it to-day than you were yesterday."

"This is why—since you *will* have it! We wanted money—money and time—for we have met with some ugly losses that we didn't choose to tell the world about; and we knew we could pull through if we had the chance."

"Well?"

"Well, there are three or four firms that have heavy claims upon us, and are getting troublesome. Relying on your check for seven hundred last night and desirous them to draw upon us any time after twelve to-day. They will draw —and the bank will stop payment."

Saxon sprang to his feet and seized the check, which was still lying where the banker had flung it.

"No, no," he cried, "not through my act, Greatorex—not if I were forbid! How much do you want to meet these claims to-day?"

"There's one of twenty-two thousand six hundred and forty-five pounds, fifteen shillings, still sullenly, but in an altered tone. "That's the heaviest. Another of eighteen thousand seven hundred and three pounds, one of ten thousand; and one of seven thousand nine hundred and eleven. Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds fifteen shillings in all."

Saxon flew to the bell and rang it furiously.

"A Hansom from the stand, Gillingwater," said he, "and desire the hansom to be running them." Then, snatching up his hat, "Greatorex," he added, "I would drive you to Drummond's direct myself, but I could not break my word. I gave William my solemn promise last night to do nothing without consulting him, and I drive you to Chancery Lane first. But you shall have the money before twelve—nay, don't shake your head. It still wants twenty minutes to eleven, and I'll be back in three quarters of an hour!"

"Pooh!" said the banker, impatiently, "I dare say you mean it; but he won't let you do it. I know him."

Saxon's eyes flashed.

"Then you don't know me," said he. "The money is my own, and I swear you shall have it. How many checks may it be?"

"Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and—"

"Then fifty-nine thousand will do, and that's easier to count out. Come, Mr. Greatorex, jump into my cab with me. I can take you as far as Chancery Lane, and you'll see me back in Lombard Street before twelve o'clock."

In another moment they were flying down Pall Mall, and Greatorex was saying quite pleasantly, and in his usual well-bred tone:

"There's no need, Trefalden, that you should come back all the way to Drummond's. I'll wait for you at Child's, if you like. They know me, and will cash your check directly."

RED JIM.

FIVE-AND-TWENTY years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay withering amidst moreless dust, and even on the level tree-some plains; the heated air quivered against the low horizon, and dazzled above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry sapless wood stocks, and the weak wandering cattle, were to be seen any where; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and the glaring flames rise in columns. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached our way were making way over the brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky; night after night the same hot, weary wandering cattle, were to be seen any where; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and the glaring flames rise in columns. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached our way were making way over the brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky; night after night the same hot, weary wandering cattle, were to be seen any where; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and the glaring flames rise in columns. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached our way were making way over the brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky; night after night the same hot, weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep, weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of pity which I pressed to me even now. There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy stagnant water in the shut-up creeks, and when they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade, and listlessly I watched them until I began to share their fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming maniac. Some nights I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still, hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was even more feverish. I used to envy the station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the dew had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loathe the weary walk home, and, instead of rest, an extra drop of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped: visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the feed led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock, and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would even have become delirious, for I had nothing to rouse the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the ever-recurring misery of its whiteness, like the faint whisperings of a sea-shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long

grass of a box-swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place because the ground was cooler than on the unsheltered plain; and as I looked up to the dull starlight I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was enjoying what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the dusty rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comfort of the bright hearth-stone. Somehow these longings were in vain, and I slept soundly, in a partial dream I heard winter sounds again, and loud words, and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men hobbling their horses, and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a number of others started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and harelip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking the low, bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identity of the runaway convict. Recalling the past now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony alone. It was equally well known that no one could have survived the horrible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being at that time made to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, marked by the hard drinking and by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" uttered. The voice was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly religious life—the habit of reading prayers in the family morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind, benevolent man, respected by every "hand" on the station; and by none more than by myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to show the kindness of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll have a psalm-singing will you him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning."

"Look ye," rejoined Red Jim, "we'll make Hallelujah first. That's our look-out. We'll use if the old prayer-patterer has nothing else to do but help to rear a child. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fervor, no hesitation, now; the prostration of the last week was left me as by magic, and I sprang at its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tingling along every nerve. Down close among the dry tindering grass I crept, and commenced to work with a will feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determination that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the hut—but so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect and fresh for the events of the night. Not once ever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black forms of the bushrangers move beyond the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same moment a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a low cry, and giving the animal had found him so providentially near, I substituted the bridle with quick, steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the line old cob was stretching himself to a long gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words "Thank God!"

What a strange night! Still, but, monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude! The horse felt the stimulus too, and sped along without pause or stumble. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose, and passed, and came again, as I hurried on for dear life over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old horse felt the spirit of rest so I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing-place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Had I been capable of presentiment? I don't know; but I have often wondered at the huge, unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There, away beyond the black distances, I see something that is not a star. Is it moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle! It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, thank God!

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more and I had dismounted to take down the slip panels of the station fence; another minute and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trim-kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reaking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night with an expression of surprise. In respond were the evidences of wealth and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough and unkempt as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recall myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my face red with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the overseer or overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and, without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table for the return of others I was not by.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, Sir," I replied, "but Ned, the shepherd. I have come to tell you—"

"Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I'm sure. Is the fire out, lad?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim!"

I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

"Lay all these things away carefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant," this is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whose unremitting watchfulness and cine and comforts during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly as Mr. Christmas continued: "His life now comes to preserve from the villains who—"

They looked at me with some surprise: principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words came from Mr. Christmas. After a pause the master said: "Amelia, Emily—I wish to speak to you both for a moment."

They all left the room, and I, who is curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was Ivanhoe; a second Jessie Fraser, the other, I think, opposite the old gentleman's chair a large Family Bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas's step as he returned with the last few scarcely-said words. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to that which I had ever seen there before: not the slightest evidence of faltering about it.

"Are you cool and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, Sir," I replied, confidently. "Are the guns loaded, and the ladies safe?"

"Yes, to both questions," he said as I can find them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with coarse shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up into the nipples. I am glad to see that you are none of the best. A shot missed may be death to us, and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God."

"What plan do you purpose, Mr. Christmas?" I asked, earnestly.

He stood in a glass of brandy and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window" and he placed the table. Every thing must wear the appearance of a true face, and I will tell where they are now, and it would not do to have their suspicions roused.

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little portico.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants all absent on a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and every "hand" We spend upon our coolness and determination. We can not do more than defend the house. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the shepherd has heard us talking in the night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the fence posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

As silently as spectres we walked across to the paddock enclosure, and commenced to crouch at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart I peered into the obscurity. After, I thought I could discern a faint line of light—the reflection of the ruffian's camp-fire. The night was hardly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses in the way of kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim haze certain atmosphere, as the night was of a dark darkness. I should have thought that a person that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure standing beside me. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the distance. Then the fear that I was myself grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still no sound broke on the dark, brooding night. Once, indeed, I heard a horse, with a chilly start, that the bush-rangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin faint murmur that I barely caught the ear, and, as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the footfalls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come on again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distant and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move.

My hands felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see any "view." Next at I had taken the weapon down again Mr. Christmas said, in a clear, low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

At the sounds of the horses' hoofs and of voices mingled I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the example, and, with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's near approach. Once I recognized the outlines of the men against the sky, clearly as I was; they were approaching in single file, and as they became darker and darker I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

"Are you sure the hands ain't above?"

"Sartain—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire the cove sent 'em all away to it."

"Hallujah fust. If we fire the box it'll bring 'em back."

"And no grabbing the moils," whispered one of them, sufficiently loud for me to hear. I could see Red Jim, "till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a dead log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose."

"Come on!" said an impatient voice; "don't hold a prayer-meeting over it."

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the dwelling in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would not fire on the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me, and I was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black forms of the ruffians pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cart. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track into the darkness, and I heard and felt my gun-stock echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villain staggered on a few paces and fell, plowing up the dust. The fallen man's companions had just fled out when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoots when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was discharged.

"Come on, Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his sting's gone now." And one of the men ran back to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had not been covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. Then I heard one of the men saying, "Damn you, knife him!" received me, and I fired among them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell which it was. Then he appeared to let go his hold and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance, and with a glass of brandy and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window" and he placed the table. Every thing must wear the appearance of a true face, and I will tell where they are now, and it would not do to have their suspicions roused.

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little portico.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants all absent on a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and every "hand" We spend upon our coolness and determination. We can not do more than defend the house. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the shepherd has heard us talking in the night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the fence posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll fire first."

As silently as spectres we walked across to the paddock enclosure, and commenced to crouch at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart I peered into the obscurity. After, I thought I could discern a faint line of light—the reflection of the ruffian's camp-fire. The night was hardly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses in the way of kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim haze certain atmosphere, as the night was of a dark darkness. I should have thought that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient motionless figure standing beside me. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the distance. Then the fear that I was myself grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still no sound broke on the dark, brooding night. Once, indeed, I heard a horse, with a chilly start, that the bush-rangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

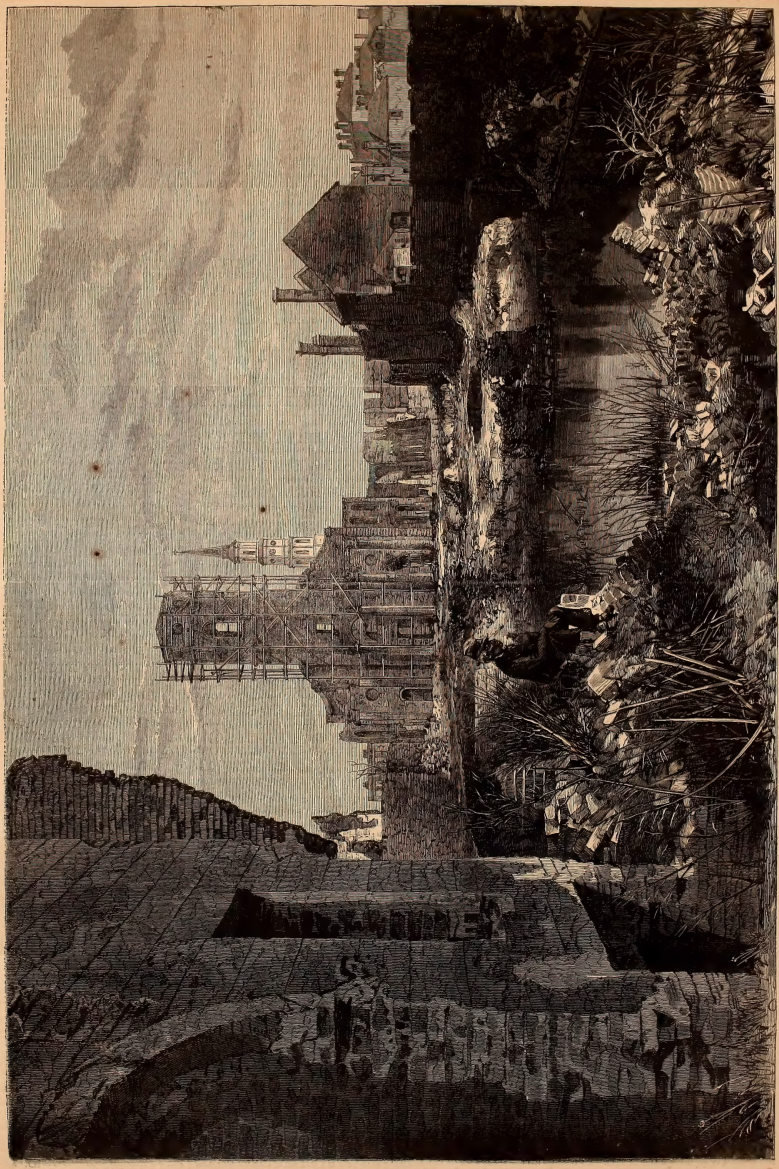
At last there came a thin faint murmur that I barely caught the ear, and, as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the footfalls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come on again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distant

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN ALGERINE WEDDING.—Morish ladies are usually married at or before the age of thirteen; and I was informed of several instances where the bride of eight years who was present at one of these marriages, the families on both sides being of the highest rank in Algiers. The young lady was very lively, and under this age I have mentioned above. The room in which the ladies dressed by her mother, assuming in all to upward of sixty, among whom were my informant and Mrs. Finlay. These ladies, surrounded the bride, whose head, as usual, was wrapped in a sack, and on her, a few hours before, to be first-born lame, where they were received by the mother and female relations of the bridegroom. The poor child, weeping bitterly, was then undressed, carried by her attendants into a bed, where she was commanded to sleep for an hour or two while they ate their supper! The European ladies were served apart with tea, cakes, and confectionery; while the Moorish ladies (some of them very beautiful) were closely seated on the ground around a large wooden dish, and on their knees a long napkin which extended round the whole party. This napkin served as a sort of low circular table which moved on a pivot, and on which the slaves placed one dish at a time, out of which each lady took a mouthful with her fingers, and with a slight touch made the dish revolve to her next neighbor. The dishes succeeded each other to the number of more than twenty, when the table was carried off; and at eleven a slight refreshment was brought to the bride, after which the ceremony of dressing commenced. Every lady present was requested to take some slight part in this important operation, and my English friend's consisted in plaiting one of an immense number of little tresses into which her long black hair was divided, with a diamond trembling at the end of each! At last she was then consulted, and a pair of gold bracelets on each cheek, as well as on her chin and the tip of her nose, were the finishing touches given to her toilet. Her hair, increasing in size until the lower row reached to her chin, was then tied with wire of the most costly description. She was of cloth-of-silver, with the usual muslin trowsers, and a sort of cross of diamonds on her breast. Early in the morning all was ready and the room prepared. A large wax candle stuck over the door was *the groaning down her eyes*, which were not to be opened until the following morning, when she was delivered to her husband, and not till then.

At 11 o'clock the ladies introduced the bridegroom, a handsome youth of nineteen, dressed in pale gray silk profusely ornamented with gold lace, and attended by his six place under a canopy, to which the bride was also led by her mother, and placed by his side. He then placed a few drops of rose-water into the bride's hand, which he touched with his own, and the ladies approached also a few drops into his hand, and guided it to the bridegroom's face, who used the drops as the others were pronounced man and wife, and the company immediately separated.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a genial respect for the affections rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with brilliant men whose faces the unstudied and spontaneous expression of their inner natures, made them welcome wherever they go, and their attract unbounded confidence? And then the wherever they go, and their attract unbounded confidence? And then the whole secret of being at home, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because they have no affectation; unconventional, because they do not consider overs always at home, because they dread nothing. Such men do not regard their own private circumstances the duty of soul, with fullness of there and every where—for private circumstances the duty of soul, with fullness of there and every where—for private circumstances the duty of soul, with fullness of there and every where—for



RUINS IN THE HEART OF CHARLESTON.—VIEW FROM KING STREET.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]



PAROLED REBEL PRISONERS AT THE BATTERY.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CELLS IN WHICH THE CONSPIRATORS ARE CONFINED IN THE OLD PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON.

THE WELCOME.

FAR, far away the cannon's thunders cease,
Thus far so long resounded near and loud;
And out of War's red ashes rise Peace,
While from the land rule off the battle-cloud.

Toward the far West we, people of the North,
With answering shout and smile of welcome, turn,
While from Missouri's iron hills rings forth
The grand unfaltering chorus, "WE RETURN!"

Up from the fertile fields of Tennessee
Feel the glad tidings to the summer sky;
Northward they toll upon the winds, and we,
With "WELCOME! WELCOME! WELCOME!" make reply.

Come one, come all, come every sister State
Back in the Union! let the old fend cease,
And just of party fade, and bitter hate
Vanish like mists before the dawn of Peace.

Come underneath the old flag; see it wave
Proudly above the nation's pillared dome;
Here in our land dispersion finds its grave—
Hzacefortn it shall be only Freedom's home.

And statesmen in our halls, with wisdom taught,
Shall meet in council where of old were met,
From near and far, the sons of liberal thought
And set the bounds of greatness wider yet—

Till environ lands shall look upon our own
With jealous vision; and to her for aid
The weak shall cling; while on his tottering throne
The Old World despot shall shrink back afraid.

Come then, ye elder States! we fling the cry
Of welcome as to thee our gaze we turn;
While swift the glad tidings to the sky
In one unfaltering chorus, "WE RETURN!"

REBEL PRISONERS AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.

THE rebel prisoners are rapidly getting away from us on the way to their homes. Our sketch on page 429 represents a party of these at the Battery receiving strawberries at the well-meaning hands of an old lady. Beyond is a carriage surrounded by a group pressing forward for new shoes, clothes, etc., and to sell fans to visitors.

The Battery Commission has been there distributing blankets. Those the rebels take outside and sell for a trifle, and the same fate often awaits the shoes and clothes given them. They are very dirty, and have to be almost driven into the bay to wash. The question their occupy would be none the worse for considerable cleaning, but these seem prefer to loaf about the yard and flattery in total indolence. People who have been to the barracks offering employment to these men have almost invariably failed to engage any, the few who go to work being of the better class, and they with only to work long enough to procure a decent outfit and some loose change to take home with them. Most of these prisoners are from Fort Delaware and Hart Island. From the latter all the late prisoner inmates, except a few who are too ill to be removed at present, have been removed, and in the former there are now but now remaining. There are now on the Battery awaiting transportation about six hundred of these men, who will probably be forwarded soon. When the barracks are cleared of these, two thousand three hundred additional are to be received from Elmira, who will be afforded transportation as soon as possible.

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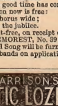
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 446.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"RUSTIC COURTSHIP."—[BY W. LUCAS.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

STATES AND STATE RIGHTS.

THE question of State rights is very important compared with the question of national security. The people of the United States have exactly the same right to determine upon what conditions the rebel States shall be reorganized that they had to prevent the secession of those States from the Union. It is simple folly to speak of any part of the country or any body of citizens who are lying under the disabilities consequent upon rebellion having any right whatever to any share in the government of the country except upon the conditions which, in the opinion of the country, guarantee its safety.

In the dispassionate and patriotic, but, as it seems to us, illogical reasoning of many of our friends upon reorganization, they say that the duty of the Government under existing circumstances is, first, to adopt new measures to secure the obedience of all citizens to the national Constitution, and, second, to preserve inviolate the rights guaranteed to the States by the national Constitution. But how if the measures which the country deems essential to the national security should require a violation of such rights? Is the nation to go constitutionally to destruction? Are the national rights of existence, or the State rights of internal regulation, to yield? Or, with the experience of the last four years, are we to assume that there can be no real collision between differing views of the limitations of State rights?

According to the view we are considering the State may have such a Constitution as it chooses, subject only to the condition that it be republican in form. If then, in the absolute sense claimed, a State always exists, this Constitution is the fundamental law, and an election held under it is valid. In that case Mr. CLARK and not Judge SHARKEY is the Governor of the State of Mississippi. By what constitutional authority, then, according to this reasoning, is Judge SHARKEY sent to Mississippi as Governor? Mr. CLARK was elected by the voters under the State Constitution, which, by long sufferance, the United States had allowed to be republican. Mr. CLARK is not impeached; he is not convicted of crime; but he is summarily set aside by the national authority. Grant that he is accused of high treason. Has a warrant been issued? And if he has been lawfully arrested to answer the charge, does not the government of the State devolve upon the Lieutenant-Governor? If that officer be similarly charged and arrested the constitutional provision must be made for the exigency. But all the late voters of the States are held to be incompetent. By what authority? The United States. Then the State has gone into obeyance or paralysis. Who decides that? The people of the State, the voters, the Constitution? No; it is decided in despite of them all by the United States. By what right? Solely that of superior force. On what ground? The national safety.

Now does any sober man seriously contend that the people of the United States, in their government, are constitutionally required to relinquish the exercise of that superior force except upon such conditions as seem to it necessary to secure public safety? If they must require that the State Constitution shall be revised, may they not require that certain regulations shall be inserted in it? If they have authority to interfere in any degree with the local government of a State upon the ground of the public safety, have they not authority to interfere just so far as they think essential to secure the object of the interference? Granting that a State always exists, and that its political powers only go into abeyance by rebellion—an expression evidently invented to conceal a want of precise perception—can those powers come out of abeyance except upon terms satisfactory to the authority that holds them there? If they can, upon what authority do they come? And if there be such an authority, is it not palpably superior to that which holds the powers in abeyance? If it be desperately urged that the Constitution of the United States is the authority, that is merely to say that the Constitution requires that the State political powers which have been in abeyance because they endangered the nation, shall, when the nation is victorious, come out of abeyance, whether they endanger the nation or not—which is sheer nonsense.

In truth, freed from all these misty theories, which Mr. LINCOLN so truly called "pernicious abstractions," one point is perfectly clear. The people of the United States, who have won a victory at countless cost of lives and money over the assumptions of State sovereignty, will not relinquish the fruits of that victory to any claim of State rights. The people of the States which have been in rebellion will not be allowed to exercise political power as States until they make their Constitutions conform to the general conviction of the requirements of the public safety. If the States are in abeyance they will not be in operation until the United States are satisfied that their operation is safe. This is common sense. This is the necessity of the case. This is the true doctrine of the Constitution as the people of the United States have just-interpreted it by war.

THE LAST YEAR OF WAR.

THE fiscal year 1864-'5 has ended, and we are now able to sum up the commercial results of another year of war. Returns from all the ports will not be forthcoming for some time. But of the trade of New York we have pretty accurate statements, and from these the aggregate commerce of the Union may be readily estimated.

New York, during the fiscal year ending 30th June ult., imported goods to the amount of $152,483,652, and exported produce to the amount of $204,103,229, and specie to the amount of $40,113,336. If the value of the exports and imports were returned from the Custom-house in the same currency, this showing would give a balance due the port of about $90,000,000. Generally the value of exports are figured at their value in currency, while the imports are entered at their invoice, or specie, value. This is the explanation that during the fiscal year 1864-'5, the average premium on gold was 100 per cent., which is not very wide of the mark, the true or specie value of our exports would be $102,051,614, instead of $204,103,229, as above stated, and the exchanges of the year would stand thus:

Imports	$152,483,652
Produce and merchandise	102,051,614
Specie	40,113,336
	142,164,944
Balance against the port	$10,318,708

Before the war it was held that one-half the total exports of the United States were shipped from New York, and that nearly one-half the total imports entered here. Since the war, and the closing of the ports of New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and other cotton-shipping ports, this proportion has been altered, as the following table will show:

Years.	Total Imports.	At New York.	Total Exports.	From New York.
1861-'2	206,819,823	147,640,342	220,720,221	164,490,745
1862-'3	282,247,055	211,685,291	251,687,692	204,091,984
1863-'4	347,139,063	275,257,317	325,791,370	278,571,402
1864-'5*	328,724,000	152,483,652	378,000,000	244,216,581

* Estimated.

If this estimate be correct, the operations of the year will stand as follows:

Imports, gold value	$328,724,000
Exports, currency value, say $315,000,000	
Reduced to gold value, with the basis of gold at 200	157,500,000
New England requires this sum for cotton	60,000,000
	217,500,000
Balance against the country	$111,224,000

Extending the computation to the four years of war, we have the following results:

Imports in four years, gold value	$1,083,804,5
Exports:	
Specie, say	$300,000,000
Produce, currency value	1,065,391,10
Reduce to gold value on the basis of gold at 150	723,594,073
	1,023,594,073
Balance against the country	$54,707,668

It must be borne in mind, however, that all such calculations as these are merely approximative. It is easy to understand that a larger quantity of domestic produce was shipped when gold was about par than when it was below that figure; thus, though it may be fair to call 200 the average for the year 1864-'5, the actual amount of gold realized by the shipments of that fiscal year may really have been, and probably were, less than one-half the currency value of those shipments. When gold rose above 250, our merchants shipped every thing they could lay hands upon—even hay to England—and the aggregate weekly clearances from New York sometimes rose over seven million dollars. Such shipments realized much less than fifty cents on the dollar in gold.

The true balance of trade might perhaps be arrived at by a careful study of the rate of exchange, had not that usually reliable test been disturbed in this case by two powerful causes. In the first place, when the war broke out, and for two to three years subsequently, banks and rich men in the border States, and not a few prudent and faint-hearted capitalists at the North, hoarded every dollar of gold that came to hand. This created at times a glut of exports, and caused violent perturbations in exchange without apparent cause. When Lee surrendered, on the other hand, these people recovered confidence in the United States Government, and vast sums of money back again—which created an unexpected disturbance, and again convulsed the market.

In the second place, the European consumption of American securities has called all calculations based exclusively on the published trade tables. When exchange rose to 300 in Wall Street, and all the world was predicted a collapse of the currency, the evil was averted by remittances of 5.20 Bonds to Holland. These remittances supplied the demand for exchange when it was most pressing, and the moment public confidence began to revive broke down the market altogether. Unfortunately, there is no registry as yet of the amount of U. S. Bonds held in Europe. No two bankers agree within fifty or a hundred millions on the subject. It is known that there must be $100,000,000 of 5.20's in Germany and Holland, and there may be $200,000,000. It is also known that nearly all the Illinois Central stock, and one-half the Erie Railway stock, are held in Europe. But what the Europeans paid in gold for all these securities no human being can estimate. And until some estimate closely approximating to the truth shall have been made and admitted, no reliable calculations can be prosecuted with regard to the balance of trade.

There are some points, however, in the trade tables which may be relied on as containing reliable information concerning the past, and useful hints for the future.

Our importation of dry goods at the port of New York during the fiscal year 1864-'65 was less than during the fiscal half what it used to be. This diminution was not altogether due to the exclusion of the South from our markets, for in 1863-'64 there were $83,242,966 of dry goods imported, and in 1862-'63 $61,963,03?. It was the fruit partly of economies forced on the people by the high price of goods, resulting from the depreciation of the currency, and partly of the present high tariff, which to a great extent has driven foreigners out of our markets. Among importers the impression prevails that the foreign dry goods trade will not revive for many years. The duties are so high that our manufacturers can undersell foreigners in almost every branch; and this result, in the ordinary course of events our present tariff will naturally give place in time to one more in harmony with the spirit of the age and the true principles of political economy. But the condition of the Treasury is such, and the peril of disturbing confidence in the national securities so formidable, that a reduction will probably please neither foreigners regain the position they once enjoyed in our dry-goods markets.

On the other hand, if it be probable that our consumption of foreign goods is destined to decline—and the same principles apply to our consumption of other foreign manufactures—it seems also likely that the United States have ceased to be one of the great food-exporting countries of the world. Improved agricultural processes, and the development of steam navigation in the West on the one hand, and on the other, increased taxation and increased population in the United States, are likely to shut out our breadstuffs generally from the ports of Europe. Occasionally, when harvests fail in Europe, or when accident gluts our markets on the sea-board, shipments may be made on the old scale. But while it would probably be found that in an average of years we require all the food we grow for our own consumption, and that New England requires to grow cotton as get it more cheaply from her European neighbors than from us.

The future of the cotton trade is so interwoven with political and economical questions concerning the new labor system of the South, that very little can be safely predicted on the subject. It seems certain that, with the negro in a state of freedom, some years must elapse before the crop reaches the old figures of 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 bales. And it is equally certain that, with our present tariff, any considerable consumption will rise much above the old average of 700,000 bales. But between these two figures, all is uncertainty. How much cotton will free negroes agree to raise? How much will New England require to supply cotton goods for 30,000,000 of people, to say nothing of exports to Mexico, South America, and the countries beyond the Cape?

The country is going through a commercial as well as political revolution, and the result of the one may be as astounding as those of the other.

DE SAUTY AND THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

IF we should chance to read in the morning paper that the ancient mariner with the albatross around his neck had just landed at the Battery our emotions would be like those with which, in reading of the separations for laying the new Atlantic cable, we observed that "Mr. DE SAUTY is in charge of the electrical condition of the cable for the Great Eastern." This is somewhat cadaverous whose name used to be signed to those depressing dispatches which appeared every morning just after the former experiment had failed, and before the new one. It seemed as if he must be growing gray and mossy—as if far away upon some lonely Nova Scotian or Newfoundland shore he were waiting and waiting and endlessly waiting for shocks from the other side of the sea, while sea-weed climbed over him, and the slimy ooze of the ocean surrounded him, and barnacles fastened to his feet. His figure gradually faded out of all human relations, and we thought of DE SAUTY, or DE SAUTY, or whatever his ancient name may have been, as we think of old stone Tritons in fountains, or antique sea-gods, with broken limbs and obliterated features, sunk upon the margin of the sea.

And now he reappears like the most living of men. The great experiment is to be once more repeated. The *Great Eastern* is about arriving at Valentia with seven thousand tons of cable in her hold. Her total weight is about twenty-one thousand tons. At Valentia the *Terrible* and the *Sphinx*, ships of war, will meet her. The great ship will not come nearer to the coast than twenty or twenty-five miles. Over that distance the cable will be already laid; and when the end of the shore-line is spliced to that of the deep-sea-line, which will take some five hours, she will sail for the American coast at the rate of six miles an hour, and at the season of the year most secure from storms. Along the course on which the cable is to be laid the depth of water is from fifteen to twenty-five hundred fathoms. As the ship proceeds constant messages will be sent backward to the shore; and should all land fates favor, the *Great Eastern* will arrive upon this side on some day between the 20th of July and the 1st of August, and among her passengers will be MR. DE SAUTY.

In the old legend the melody which had been breathed into the enchanted horn years and years before, suddenly, at the right moment, melted and flowed rapturously forth; and the ancient knights, as if alive, seemed gayly blowing pleasant times. So, let us hope, the wire to which such myriad silent messages were confided will now, in its new form, restore them audibly, and the mythical DE SAUTY will seem once more a living being.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

THERE is no doubt that the ample resources of the magnificent State of Virginia and the advantages of the other Southern States will at last be fully developed. The destruction of the feudal system of society which has blighted those pleasant regions from the beginning leaves a country sparsely peopled and with few of the appliances of modern civilization, but nobly furnished with water ways and power, with the softest climate and a generous soil. To the new body of free laborers native to the soil will be added a large and rapid immigration from the more northern States. The blood of many races will commingle. The genius of an active and industrious people will electrify the sluggishness of feudalism. Capital in large and small sums pouring in and possessing itself of the secrets of labor will bring with it enterprise and knowledge. The country will be covered with small estates—the safety of a nation; with manufactories springing up at the crossroads of cross-roads; churches of a purer doctrine will bless a happier people; and all this will be done naturally, simply, and without violent shocks, at the change of this country wisely use the present golden moment.

It is a time of transition. The present feeble and unskilful men's minds which they are easily possible which will become impracticable a little later. The old forms of society being disturbed and destroyed must be effectually and summarily removed, or the ruins will be no less dangerous than unsightly. It is therefore of the utmost importance that every thing which tends to preserve the ruins should be forbidden, and every thing encouraged which aims to rear the new order. Combinations of capital against labor such as those in Virginia, which threaten to pay five dollars a month to the hands, are merely spiteful efforts to perplex the situation. General HOWARD, Chief of the Freedman's Bureau, has very properly refused to allow his subordinates to prescribe any inflexible terms, while General HARTSUFF has most wisely ordered that no more meetings shall be held within his military jurisdiction to fix a price for the labor of a certain class of workmen; but that in every case the commanding officers of counties shall see that wages paid are reasonably living wages. General TERRY also, as we mentioned last week, has ordered that every innocent citizen of the United States in the State of Virginia shall enjoy perfectly equal rights before the laws, going and coming, and making such contracts as he chooses.

It will be much pleasanter for all concerned if the people of the late rebel section conform their action to the inevitable facts of the case. Indeed their common-sense is fast getting a fair system of labor. A Land Company is also proposed, which will divide half a million of acres of land into 20-acre and one hundred-acre farms, to be sold upon easy terms. And we already hear of intelligent young men at the North and West who propose to buy lands in the Southern States as the very reasonable rates which must long rule there.

The slaveholding class of the Southern States always insisted that emancipation had ruined the West Indies, and they quoted the massacres of St. Domingo as the inevitable consequence of liberty. But even if that were so—and it is not—do not these gentlemen remember that we have just seen in Andersonville, Millen, Salisbury, and Belle Isle the inevitable consequences

of slavery. And if they would now give themselves the trouble to read history, and to learn the facts, they would discover that the difficulty in Jamaica, for instance—which was said to afford the most signal illustration of the failure of emancipation—proceeded from the planters and not from the slaves; and that it was the attempt to re-enslave the laborers in St. Domingo which produced what are called "the horrors" of that Island. If the farmers of the Southern States will treat their laboring hands as fairly and squarely as the farmers of the West and East treat theirs, there will be no more trouble than in those States. The colored people are certainly not vicious nor blood-thirsty. If the whites are sensible and honorable, the new system will be established without difficulty.

FRESH RAILROAD MASSACRES.

RAILROAD accidents are again incessant and frightful. They are also criminal. The collision upon the Harlem track between the Harlem and Albany Express was unexcusable. The catastrophe upon the Hudson River road was exasperatingly unnecessary. The slaughters of the last few months at the West are horrible. In the first instance the tracks are laid upon a lofty bridge so near that *the tops of the cars struck each other*. The only excuse we have seen is that the weight of the trains probably pressed the bridge so as to bring the tracks together. Very possibly; and the consequent collision was probably the occasion of the broken arms of the boys. But such a crime is not to excuse it. Why were the tracks laid so near to each other that such an accident was possible? In the second case the switch-tender had so much to do that he was unable to do every thing, and the thing he could not do on this occasion was to turn the switch. The train was consequently thrown into the river.

The disasters that are escaped also are frightful to contemplate. During a violent gust in short time last night, where a tree fell directly across the track of the Erie Railway just as the express train came thundering up, and the train was barely stopped in time to escape with shocking and terrific scenes of the cars. A few evenings ago as two trains were proceeding upon the same road, the express in front and the local flying only a few minutes behind, a huge willow-tree fell full across the track between them. The second train was fortunately stopped by the fall of the tree but there an instant later the crash would have been fearful—destroying the car upon which it fell, and, of course, hurling the train from the track.

Counting the loss by the Erie road we speak of a habit of planting willow-trees along the line, apparently for ornament. But it is a constant danger to travelers, for no train-master can be able to split and fell than the willow. Indeed any kind of tree should be very sagaciously selected for planting along a railroad track. It is in this kind of observation and public report that the daily travelers by railroads into the city can exercise a wholesome supervision of their condition and security. Travelers may be very sure that if they are not alert and watchful the companies will not be. "Whoever trusts himself to a train should do all he can to insure his own safety and that of his neighbors by reporting every instance of negligence and mismanagement, not merely to the railroad-office but to the papers.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

FOR the first time there are no political parties in this country. In Vermont the Union Convention pronounces for equal suffrage in the reorganized States, and heartily supports the President. In the same State the "Democratic" Convention resolves that man means white man, denounces colored suffrage, and heartily supports the President. In the chief Committee and the papers of the party, which during the last political campaign slandered Mr. JOHNSON with unparalleled ferocity, and advocated against him the election of a candidate who believed in the right of secession, now wait in trembling hope that the President may not prove to be the man they believed him to be. This state of affairs is due to the fact that the unprecedented condition of the country requires that the policy of the Administration should, for the present, be tentative, and not positive.

Our late party divisions were upon the question of slavery. The Democratic party, under a plea of State rights, was the apologist, defender, and extender of slavery. The Republican party, bearing the opposite, so far as the States were concerned, to the judgment of the States in which it was established, claimed that in the territory belonging to the United States the United States power and should prohibit it. The question was vital. It was really a question of the truth of our principles and the quality of our government. It was a conflict between caste and equal rights—between privilege and, the people, and came, or necessity, to the final decision of arms. The war abolished slavery, and freed the States as well as the Territories. It abolished also the parties founded upon the question of slavery. In the lull after the exhausting controversy of the war the new issues are not very plainly seen. When they are seen, and when the Administration has declared itself, parties will naturally arise.

Thus far the administration of MR. JOHNSON has done nothing but open the ports, issue the amnesty, and appoint provisional governors, upon conditions which refer the reorganization of the rebel States to Congress. In all that the President has said he shows that he regards emancipation as a fixed and final fact. In his proclamations appointing provisional governors his opinion that as a State can not cease to exist, the part of the population which the Constitution of the State at the time of secession recognized as the people must alone be allowed to vote, in the first instance, upon reorganization. But their action is in no sense to be final. In this posture of affairs it is certainly open for every convention to approve the course of the President. But to speak of him as having "TYRANNY" the Administration, or other words, to accuse him of betrayal of the principles upon which he was elected—is mere folly.

Meanwhile the tactics of the Copperhead politicians are plain. They hope that the political power of the unorganized States will be intrusted exclusively to the white citizens; that hatred of the disloyal citizens will unite the leaders of this power in every Southern State; that with these holders the various fragments of opposition to the Union party in the Northern and Western States will combine, and that the



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AND STAFF.



MAJOR-GENERAL F. J. OSTERHAUS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.]



ADMIRAL LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH.

THE EUROPEAN SQUADRON.

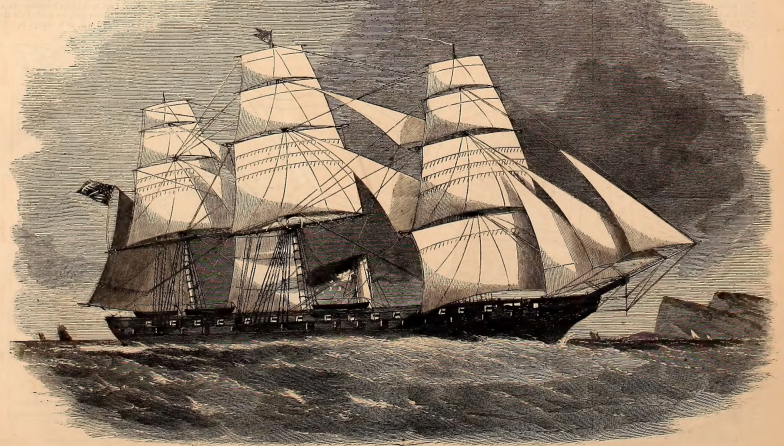
ON Wednesday, June 21, Admiral GOLDSBOROUGH, on board the flag-ship *Colorado*, sailed from the Brooklyn Navy-yard to take the command of our European Squadron. Most of the vessels of this squadron are already in European waters. The *Kearsarge* at latest accounts was at Lisbon. The *Niagara* and the *Sacramento* join the fleet, which is destined soon to occupy the waters of the Mediterranean.

The *Colorado* is a screw frigate, and has been undergoing a thorough repair at the Navy-yard since its last engagement at Fort Fisher. The *Frolic* accompanied the vessel as tender. Other vessels will join the fleet during the summer.

Admiral LOUIS M. GOLDSBOROUGH, commanding the squadron, was born in the District of Columbia, from which District he received his appointment in the United States Navy. His first entrance into the navy bears date June 13, 1812. He has been more than half a century in the service, over eighteen of which he has passed at sea. After the proclamation instituting a blockade of the Southern ports he was transferred from the *Congress* to the command of a portion of the Atlantic Blockading Squadron. As naval commander he co-operated with General BURNSIDE in the important battle of Roanoke Island at the beginning of the year 1862. His services on that occasion, his extensive experience in naval affairs, and his perfect mastery of the French and Spanish, fully justify his appointment to the important command which he now assumes.

MAJOR-GENERAL OSTERHAUS.

MAJOR-GENERAL OSTERHAUS, who has been recently appointed to the command of the Mississippi Department, is an officer of the volunteer army. At the battle of Pea Ridge he was simply the Colonel of a regiment. The war has been his only military school—he was never at West Point—and here he has graduated with high honors. He has been from the first connected with the Western army, and from St. Louis to Atlanta he followed the fortunes of that army. In whatever position he has been placed—and he has passed all the grades from the lowest to that of a Major-General—he has contributed in an important degree to nearly every one of our great victories in the West. His name in the history of this war will rank with the noblest.



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "COLORADO," FLAG-SHIP OF ADMIRAL GOLDSBOROUGH.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

GETTYSBURG—JULY 4, 1865.

AMONG the many celebrations of our National Anniversary that at Gettysburg takes a prominent place. The ceremonies of the day have a peculiar interest from their connection with the laying of a corner-stone of the Monument in the Soldiers' National Cemetery. The oration on this occasion was delivered by General OLIVER O. HOWARD, prominent among the heroes of the battle of Gettysburg. The following exquisite poem, by Colonel CHARLES G. HALPINE—otherwise known as PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY—was recited:

THOUGHTS OF THE PLACE AND TIME.

As men beneath some load of grief
Or sudden joy will dumbly stand,
Finding no words to give relief—
Clear, passion-warm, complete, and brief—
To thoughts with which their souls expand;
So here to-day—these trophies nigh—
Our lips no fitting words can reach;
The hills around, the graves, the sky—
The silent poem of the eye
Surpasses all the art of speech!

To-day, a Nation meets to build
A Nation's trophy to the dead
Who, living, formed her sword and shield—
The arms she sadly learned to wield
When other hope of peace had fled.
And not alone for those who lie
In honored graves before us blent,
Shall our proud column, broad and high,
Climb upward to the blessing sky,
But for all a monument.

An emblem of our *grief*, as well
For others as for these, we raise;
For these beneath our feet who dwell,
And all who in the good cause fell
On other fields, in other frays.
To all the self-same love we bear
Which here for marbled memory strives;
No soldier for a wreath would care
Which all true comrades might not share—
Brothers in death as in their lives!

On Southern hill-sides, parched and brown,
In tangled swamp, on verdant ridge,
Where pines and broadening oaks look down,
And jasmine weaves its yellow crown,
And trumpet-creepers clothe the hedge;
Along the shores of endless sand,
Beneath the palms of Southern plains,
Sleep every where, hand locked in hand,
The brothers of the gallant band
Who bare poured life through throbbing veins.

Around the closing eyes of all
The same red glories glared and flew—
The hurrying flags, the bugle-call,
The whistle of the angry ball,
The elbow-touch of comrades true!
The skirmish-fire—a spattering spray;
The snarling growl of fire by file,
The thickening fury of the fray
When opening batteries get in play,
And the lines form o'er many a mile.

The foeman's yell, our answering cheer,
Red flashes through the gathering smoke,
Swift orders, resonant and clear,
Blithe cries from comrades tried and dear,
The shell-scream and the sabre-stroke;
The rolling fire from left to right,
From right to left, we hear it swell;
The headlong charges, swift and bright,
The thickening tumult of the fight
And bursting thunders of the shell.

Now denser, deadlier grows the strife,
And here we yield, and there we gain;
The air with hurtling missiles rife,
Volley for volley, life for life—
No time to heed the cries of pain!
Panting as up the hills we charge,
Or down them as we broken roll,
Life never felt so high, so large,
And never eye so wide a range
To triumph swept the kindling soul!

New raptures waken in the breast
Amid this hell of scene and sound;
The barking batteries never rest,
And broken foot, by horsemen pressed,
Still stubbornly contest their ground.
Fresh waves of battle rolling in
To take the place of shattered waves;
Torn lines that grow more bent and thin—
A blinding cloud, a maddening din—
'Twas thus wars filled these very graves!

* * * * *

Night falls at length with pitying veil—
A moonlit silence on the dead;
These upturned faces, stained and pale,
Vainly the chill night dews assail—
For colder than the dews their flesh!
And flickering far through brush and wood
Go searching-parties, torch in hand—
"Seen if you can some wretch and food,
At dawn the fight will be renewed,
Sleep on your arms!" the hushed command.

They talk in whispers as they lie
In line—these rough and weary men;
"Dead or but wounded?" then a sigh;
"No coffee either!" "Guess we'll try
To get those two guns back again."
"We five flags to their one! oho!"
"That bridge—'twas hot there as we passed!"
"The colonel dead! It can't be so;
Wounded and badly—that I know;
But he kept saddle to the last."

"Be sure to send it if I fall—"
"Any success?" Bill, have you?"
"A brown-haired, blue-eyed, laughing doll—"
"Good-night, boys, and God keep you all!"
"What! sound asleep? Guess I'll sleep too."
"Yes, just about this hour they pray
For Dad—." "Stop talking! pass the word!"
And soon as quiet as the clay
Which thousands will but be next day
The long-drawn sighs of sleep are heard.

* * * * *

Oh, men! to whom this sketch, though rude,
Calls back some scene of pain and pride;
Oh, widow! hugging close your brood,
Oh, wife! with happiness renewed,
Since he again is at your side;
This trophy that to-day we raise
Should be a monument for all;
And on its sides no niggard phrase
Confine a generous Nation's praise
To those who here have chanced to fall.

But let us all to-day combine
Still other resources to raise;
Here for the Dead we build a shrine;
And now to those who, crippled, pine
Let us give hope of happier days!
Let Homes for these sad wrecks of war
Through all the land with speed arise;
Tongues cry from every gaping scar,
"Let not our brother's tomb delay
Th' wounded living from your eyes."

A noble day, a deed as good,
A noble spot on which 'tis done,
The Birthday of our Nationhood:
And here again the Nation stood
On this same day—its life re-won!

A bloom of banners in the air,
A double calm of sky and soul;
Triumphal chant and bugle blare,
And green fields, spreading bright and fair,
While heavenward our Hosannas roll.

Hosannas for a land redeemed.
The bayonet sheathed, the cannon dumb;
Passed, as some horror we have dreamed,
The fiery meteors that here streamed,
Threatening within our homes to come!
Again our banner floats abroad,
Gone the one stain that on it fell—
And, bettered by His chastening rod,
With streaming eye uplift to God
We say, "HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL."

OUR NEW BEARER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

IN a not very long residence in Calcutta we had changed our bearer (for we only kept one) several times. The first that we had took advantage of our ignorance as new-comers to prefer his own case to our interests; but as we grew wiser and more experienced we discovered this failing, and at once gave him his dismissal with the devil their flesh! and flickering far through brush and wood and flickering on which he could lay his hands), and as we felt that the requirements of his conscience and our service could not be satisfied by the same individual, we accordingly gave him warning. Shortly before the departure of bearer No. 2 an applicant for his place arrived. Making the usual salam he handed me his chitits or written testimonials of service, which were very satisfactory. I was on the point of engaging him, when my wife interrupted me by begging me not to do so, as she thought he had a bad countenance, and was certain no good would come of it.

"Why, Alice," I said, "what good can you expect? So long as the man does his work, and obeys my orders, we require nothing more. We shall have no nonsense about caste with *him*; and, at all events, if we find we don't like him, we can easily get rid of him."

My wife was silent, but not (I fancied) convinced. After a pause she said, "Well, engage him if you choose; but to please me, lock your revolver, for when you are away I shall be terrified if that man is sitting at the door and I have nothing to protect myself with."

Having finished breakfast my wife proposed that we should invite the Barlows to dinner for the next night. Major and Mrs. Barlow had been long in India. During the mutiny they were at Seikhie, where they fortunately escaped being murdered when the native troops broke out there. They had been fellow-passengers with us from England, and we had formed a friendship with them on the voyage which had been thoroughly cemented in Calcutta, where we had derived the greatest benefit from their kindness and experience. I gave a ready assent to her proposal, and she wrote Mrs. Barlow a note and sent it by the bearer, who quickly returned with an answer accepting our invitation, and saying they would call for us to drive with them on the course, for they knew we preferred their carriage to our own humble but more economical buggy.

The short period of our residence in India had not dispelled the timidity my wife naturally felt on her arrival, and she had soon noticed that the shutters of the four drawing-room windows, and of the bathroom opening on the veranda, could not be fastened in any way, and that, as the veranda was easily accessible by a ladder, there was, in fact, nothing to prevent a man surprising us at any time. She therefore insisted upon the windows being securely fastened. Calling the inevitable bearer I sent him at once to fetch a native bandsmith. After about two hours' absence, which was, of course, plausibly explained by the "mild Hindoo," he returned with the man, who, under our personal inspection, firmly fastened rings and staples upon every window in the drawing-room and bath-room I remunerated the man by giving him about a quarter of what he asked, when he retired, no doubt quite satisfied that he had cheated us in spite of the reduction.

In the evening I fastened every window with padlocks that I had brought from England, and we passed the night in safety, though my wife fancied once that she heard a noise on the veranda. In the morning our new bearer made his appearance; there was nothing remarkable in his manner, he seemed, for a native, to do his work very well.

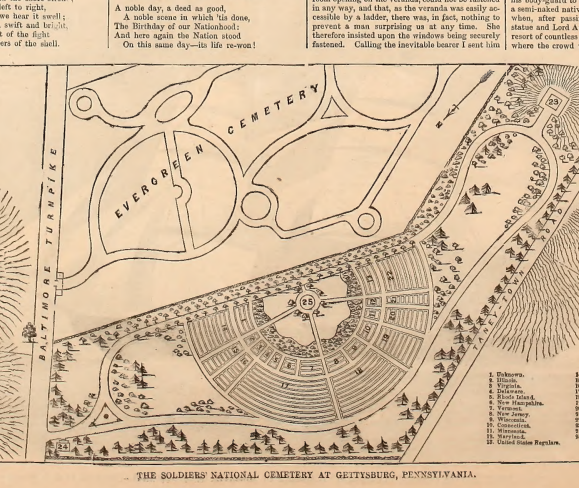
Before we went for our early drive he remarked that the windows were fastened, and asked for the keys, but at a pleading look from my wife I unlocked them all myself except that between the bath-room and veranda, which I decided to keep permanently locked as it was very seldom used.

I well remember the drive we took that morning, and, indeed, every incident of the day. The heat was very great when we returned, about eight A.M., and we were glad of the shade and comparative cold of our drawing-room. After breakfast we settled down to our usual occupations, for it was a day on which I was not compelled to be absent. We sent the bearer with sundry orders; to Wilson's for ice, and to another shop for confectionery for the dessert. He made no scruple about carrying the parcels, at which we were pleased; for our dismissed bearer had on several occasions gone to the length of engaging a coolly to carry them for him; a system of which I showed my disapproval by invariably deducting the coolly hire from his monthly wages, so that if he chose to pay the great man it was at his expense and not mine.

During the day I cleaned my revolver, which was thoroughly out of order and very rusty. My wife reminded me of my promise to load it, and as she still begged me to do so, I loaded all the chambers and capped it, saying that I hoped she would now be content, for she was secure against any six men. She interrupted me by crying "Some one is looking through the curtain. It is moving now."

In front of the door a curtain was hung, and we usually kept the door open, with a screen partially before it. The curtain certainly was moving, so I went to the door, but as I found no one I came back suggesting that it was probably some box, valise, or itinerant peddler, a class of men who visit all the European houses in Calcutta, offering for sale stationery, eau-de-cologne, and other nick-nacks, which by purchasing from captains of merchantmen in want of ready money, they are able to sell at a far lower rate than the English shops. Though these men generally announce their arrival by calling out, "Any thing want, sahib? I all things got, eau-de-cologne got, envelopes got, etc., you sometimes they peep through the curtain to see if any one is in, and one had probably done so on this occasion, for he might not have seen us where we were sitting. Our bearer had gone for his dinner, so that we had no servant at the door.

At half past five in the evening one of the Barlows' syces came to tell us that his sahib and memsahib were waiting below in their carriage. My wife threw a shawl over her white dress, while I sacrificed at the altar of fashion by putting on a black coat and the inevitable chimney-pot hat. We then started for the Course, meeting and passing conveyances of every description, from the Governor-General's four-in-hand and scarlet escort of the body-guard to the rickety gharri driven by a semi-naked native. The sun was nearly setting, when, after passing Lord Hastings's equestrian statue and Lord Auckland's humbler one, both the resort of countless crows, we reached the river side, where the crowd was, as it always is, very great.



THE SOLDIERS' NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

The fine band of the ——Highlanders was playing in the Eden Gardens, where natives were selling roses at an anna a bunch, and numbers of fair but pale English children were playing with their dark bearers and ayahs, or buying the ingenious toys which are always to be purchased on the maidan. After listening to the music for a short time, Mrs. Barlow proposed that we should drive round the plain; the dear one (the order to the coachman (as the driver is always called in India), and we soon passed the water-gate of Fort William and the Maharajpore memorial, and leaving the crown behind us "tearing the air," as the phrase is, found ourselves in comparative quiet.

The syces lighted the lamps, as it was now dark, and we proceeded. The conversation turned upon the mutiny, as it nearly always does in Anglo-Indian society; and Major Barlow related some circumstances connected with the firing at Seaforde.

"There was a Hindoo sepoy" (he said), "whose name I forget, to whom our surgeon had been very kind when in hospital, who professed to be in our interests, and gave us information about the feeling and intentions of the native regiments. We entirely confided in him, and when at last the villainous, by his advice the surgeon and his wife, I, with my wife and child, and one or two more, ensconced ourselves in a kitchen apart from the military lines, and this sepoy promised that when the mutineers left for Delhi he would return again and take us to escape. You may imagine the terrible suspense of those hours of waiting; fancies were rising on all sides, and firing was heard at short intervals. We were, of course, well-armed, but if we were discovered, we knew that any resistance we could offer would soon be overcome. At last evening came, and we heard low voices near the place of our concealment. I mounted on a table with a revolver in my hand, but on looking through a small window I perceived to those below that it was all right, for that there were only two men, and one of them was our friendly sepoy. I was on the point of addressing him when I heard him say to his companion, 'There, Abdul, the dogs are hidden, thinking that I would be faithful to their salt; they have trusted in me, but their *raj* is over. Call our brothers, Abdul, and let us complete our work before dark.'

"Betrayed and placed in our slaughter-house by the butcher, what could we do? I could certainly fire, but against the sepoy I could not. There was, however, no time to be lost; I steadied my hand on the window-sill and fired twice in rapid succession. They both fell; dead, I have little doubt, and we were once more comparatively secure. That night we made our escape, and after an exciting journey reached Allahabad in safety. I always congratulate myself on having wrecked such speedy vengeance on that traitorous scoundrel."

By this time we were passing the cathedral, and in a few minutes were set down at our own door. The Barlows, who were very near neighbors, went to dress, and returning in about half an hour, we ushered into the drawing-room by our new bearer.

"You have got a new man, I see, Mrs. Major; "I mean to know the fellow's face very well. He has quite a military look." He asked him if he had ever served in the army, and the man, now serving his head, answered that he had always been a bearer. Major Barlow then inquired if he had ever seen him (the Major) before; but he turned to me and said that the sahib was quite a stranger to him. "Well," said the Major, "I know I have seen him somewhere." And Mrs. Barlow remarked that the man seemed very familiar to her, and that she fancied that she must have seen some one like him in the Punjab.

A khitmutghar with clasped hands announced that dinner was on the table, so our quarters not burned in the dining-room. I remember after-ward that the bearer went into my bath-room. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, as small dinners in India generally do, succeeding where "burra khanas," or grand dinner-parties, often fail. The heat had been very oppressive, and a dust-storm, followed by a heavy shower, had cooled the air; and when, after dessert, ladies and gentlemen leaving the table together according to the Indian etiquette, we went on the veranda to see what we could of a display of fire-works in the Eden Gardens, we found the night breeze very agreeable. With music and singing the evening passed pleasantly away; and Mrs. Barlow pronounced most favorably upon our present rooms as contrasted with our old ones. "But," said she, "were I you, Mrs. ——, I should be rather afraid at the thought of two-thirds of the house being uninhabited. Mind we don't read in the *Harkaru* some morning of a fearful tragedy at No. 18."

"Oh," replied my wife, "I certainly was very timid, but I persuaded my husband to load his revolver, and now I feel quite secure, for I shall keep it myself on an emergency; so if you hear a shot from this quarter mind you send the Major here at once."

"But, seriously," said her husband, "you are perfectly safe; for as the great gates are shut at night no one could get into the compound, and if there were any one to attack you it must be one of the servants, and I can hardly fancy that a Bengali has the necessary pluck. He will not be in the Punjab——" And here the Major commenced a long dissertation upon the superiority of the Punjab and every thing in it, to others inhabited by the effeminate provinces of Lower Bengal.

It is a curious fact that every one in India seems to consider it a point of honor to maintain the superiority over every other of the particular station, district, and presidency in which (by accident or accident) the greater portion of his Indian career has been passed. The Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers have been the scene of many a hot argument between the advocates of Madras and Bengal. The Qui hyes (koi hai), as the latter are called, always professing to look down upon those whose lot has been cast in the Benighted Presidency (Madras).

At the conclusion of his harangue Mrs. Barlow remarked that it was very late, and that they must really leave. As it was a lovely moonlight night, and they lived so near, we walked with them to the door, where we wished them good-night.

While looking, on our return, at the familiar constellations of Orion, the Pleiades, and the Great Bear, we could almost have fancied ourselves at *home* had not the howl of the jackal and the strange shouts of native servants going to their quarters (or huts) after their day's work quickly dispelled any such rising thoughts.

On rejoining our rooms the servants, as usual, asked our permission to depart; for we did not, as many do, insist upon their sleeping outside the door. As all their work was done I, of course, assented, and they left us with the usual salam.

We sat talking and working for above an hour—quite alone, as we did not have a night-watch. I then fastened the drawing-room door which led to the staircase, and proceeded to publish the news of the four orders-in-council on the veranda. Having done so I remarked that we were safely barricaded again, when my wife reminded me that I had not fastened the bath-room shutter. "That, I said, "I left locked this morning; it is so seldom used that I thought I would not disturb you through the form of locking and unlocking it every day."

"Oh," said she, "to please me, go and see that it is all right; you know I shall not sleep if you don't. Please go at once; it will not take a minute."

"Well," I said, "I will go and look now, but don't expect me to do it every night; for there is really not the slightest occasion." I took up a lamp and went into the dressing-room into the bath-room, and my wife went with me.

There," I cried, "is the window locked and secure. Go and sleep in peace. Then I hope you will be satisfied."

She laughed, and owned it was very foolish, but going to the window pulled the padlock, when, to our astonishment and consternation, the staple fell from the casing of the door, and the padlock remained in her hand.

She turned very white, and, trembling all over, said, "Oh, dear, dear, how little doubt, and how badly the blacksmith must have fastened it! Why did not you try every staple when he had finished?"

"Indeed, I did so," I replied, "and they were as firm as possible. I remember thinking what a capital workman he was. Don't be alarmed, my love, no time to be lost; I steadied my hand on the window-sill and fired twice in rapid succession. They both fell; dead, I have little doubt, and we were once more comparatively secure. That night we made our escape, and after an exciting journey reached Allahabad in safety. I always congratulate myself on having wrecked such speedy vengeance on that traitorous scoundrel."

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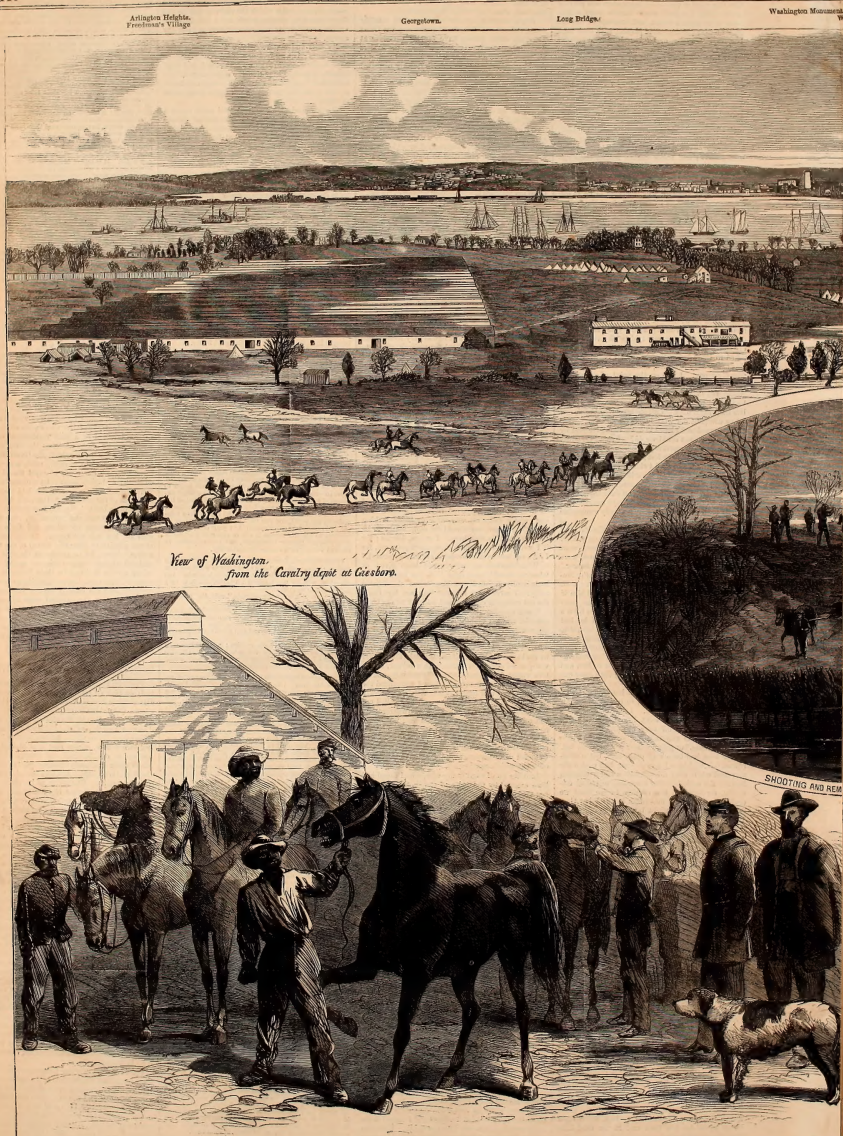
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A khitmutghar with clasped hands announced that dinner was on the table, so our quarters not burned in the dining-room. I remember afterward that the bearer went into my bath-room. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, as small dinners in India generally do, succeeding where "burra khanas," or grand dinner-parties, often fail. The heat had been very oppressive, and a dust-storm, followed by a heavy shower, had cooled the air; and when, after dessert, ladies and gentlemen leaving the table together according to the Indian etiquette, we went on the veranda to see what we could of a display of fire-works in the Eden Gardens, we found the night breeze very agreeable. With music and singing the evening passed pleasantly away; and Mrs. Barlow pronounced most favorably upon our present rooms as contrasted with our old ones. "But," said she, "were I you, Mrs. ——, I should be rather afraid at the thought of two-thirds of the house being uninhabited. Mind we don't read in the *Harkaru* some morning of a fearful tragedy at No. 18."

"Oh," replied my wife, "I certainly was very timid, but I persuaded my husband to load his revolver, and now I feel quite secure, for I shall keep it myself on an emergency; so if you hear a shot from this quarter mind you send the Major here at once."

"But, seriously," said her husband, "you are perfectly safe; for as the great gates are shut at night no one could get into the compound, and if there were any one to attack you it must be one of the servants, and I can hardly fancy that a Bengali has the necessary pluck. If you were in the Punjab——" And here the Major commenced a long dissertation upon the superiority of the Punjab and every thing in it, to others inhabited by the effeminate provinces of Lower Bengal.

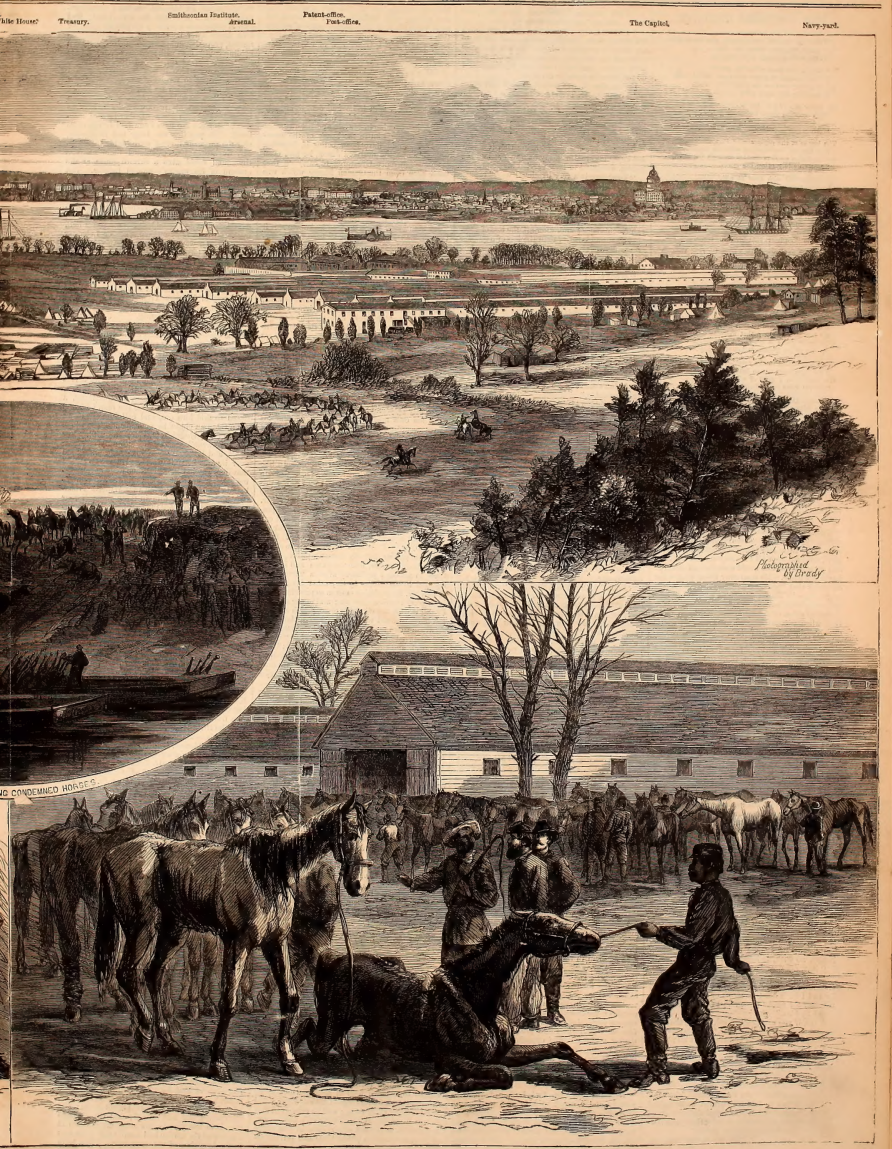
It is a curious fact that every one in India seems to consider it a point of honor to maintain the superiority over every other of the particular station, district, and presidency in which (by accident or accident) the greater portion of his Indian career has been passed. The Penin



View of Washington, from the Cavalry depôt at Giesboro.

INSPECTION OF A NEW LOT OF HORSES.

UNITED STATES CAVALRY DEPO



DISABLED HORSES TURNED IN FOR MEDICAL TREATMENT.

GIESBORO, OPPOSITE WASHINGTON.

THE SOUTHERN UNIONIST.

Up the street of the Southern town,
Where the smooth white poplar and locust grew,
The Union red-rose, dusty and brown,
Went strolling along as soldiers do.

Not as you see them when on parade,
When each face is grave and each voice is still,
But laughing loud at the jokes they made,
Sauntering idly with arms at will.

On either side of the streets the crowds,
With awaiting faces, looked on the while;
And high overhead in the sky the clouds
Were bright with the Southern rose's warm smile.

The leaves of the poplars with dust were brown,
And the sky was charged with the noonday heat,
As the Union soldier strolled through the town,
Sauntering idly along the street.

Sauntering idly with arms at will,
In that careless way, veteran style:
The squealing fife and the drums were still:
Not a note of music was heard the while.

When all of a sudden a regiment band
Struck up with trumpet and fife and drum
That anthem dear to the Yankee land—
Dear to each heart that loves his home.

Long years had passed since its notes rang through
The shadowy streets of that Southern town,
And each stalwart face on the sidewalks grew
Darker yet with an added frown.

But one there was to whose longing ear
That tune was welcome as summer rain,
And his life-blood thrilled in his veins to hear
Its theology once in those streets again.

For months and years in that Southern town
He had waited to see that welcome day,
With every pulse in his breast kept down
By the tyrant Treason's bullying sway.

But when at last in the crowded street
That tune rang out so loud and clear,
His heart was full of wild joy then,
And his voice broke forth in a ringing cheer.

O Yankee Doodle, anthem of our land!
The spirit-stirring, good by one imparts
Given strength in war to every freeman's hand,
And fires the native valor of our hearts.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's Heiress," &c.

CHAPTER XXII.

TELEMACHUS SHOWS THAT HE HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

Unlike the great ocean, which, however racked by hurricane and storm, sleeps in eternal calm but a few days by beneath the tossing navies, Mr. Trefalden kept all his tempests down below, and presented to the world a surface of unvary ing equanimity. No man ever knew what went on under that "glassy cool exterior. Cyclone might rage in the far depths of his nature, and those who were looking in his face saw no ripple, heard no echo, of the strife within. It was just thus when Saxon burst in upon him at about eleven o'clock that Tuesday morning, fearful of compassion for the perplexities of the house of Greatorex, and burning to relieve them at the moderate cost of fifty-nine thousand pounds ster ling.

Mr. Trefalden was furious; but he smiled, nevertheless, and heard Saxon quite patiently from beginning to end of his story.

"In this is pure nonsense and Quixotism," said he, when the young man came to a pause for want of breath. "What's Greatorex to you, or you to him, pray? Why should you so reck lessly sacrifice a sum which is in itself a hand some fortune to oblige a man who has no claim whatever on your sympathies or your purse?"

"I can't let him be ruined!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"Indeed! why not? He would not have hes itated to ruin you. He would have swept your whole property into his rotten bank if he could, and have left you one per cent. less than the established rate of interest."

"I can't tell how that may be," said Saxon, "but I know him for check, and he acted on the faith of my signature. I must not let him suffer for it."

"But he would have suffered sooner or later. Did I not tell you last night that the Greatorexes were on the eve of bankruptcy, and that I be lieved they must stop payment before the week was out? Don't you remember that?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"Then you must surely see that your check can be in no sense the cause of their ruin? At the worst it but hastens the event by a few days."

"I see that I have no right, and, Heaven knows, no wish, to hasten it by a single hour."

"But, my dear Saxon—"

"But, my dear cousin William, Lawrence Greatorex has an old father and two sisters, and he and I have been on terms of good fellowship together for weeks past, and I'm determined to stand by him."

"Oh, if you are determined, Saxon, that puts an end to the matter," said Mr. Trefalden, coldly.

"But in this, why consult me at all?"

"I didn't come to consult you, cousin; but I had given you my word not to sign away any more money until after Thursday, and I felt bound to let you know what I was about to do."

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"I confess that I am disappointed," he said.

"I had hoped to find my opinion more valued by you, Saxon. I had also hoped that you would look upon me as something more than your law yer—as your friend, adviser, guide."

"Why, so I do!" cried the young man, eagerly.

"Pardon me; I do not think so."

"When you do me injustice; for I put a price less value on your opinion and your friendship."

"Your present willfulness disproves your words, Saxon," said his cousin.

"I know it does; but then I also know that I am acting upon impulse, and not according to the laws of worldly wisdom. I have no doubt that you are perfectly right, and that I am ut terly wrong—but still I can not be happy if I do not for once indulge my folly."

Seeing that it was useless to push the argu ment further, Mr. Trefalden smiled in his pleas antest manner.

"Let it go, think," said he, "that you are the most foolish fellow in the world. If I don't make haste to fix your money up, you will ruin yourself, rich as you are!"

"But what's the use of being rich if I may not enjoy my wealth as I please?" cried the laughing Saxon, delighted to have carried his point.

"Your way is a very irrational way," replied the lawyer, inducing a slip of paper from his desk, and writing upon it in a clear engrossing hand. "Almost as irrational as that of the poor sailors who make sandwiches of their bank-notes and bread-and-butter. But I suppose I must forgive you for this once; and, after all, the loss of fifty nine thousand is better than the loss of a quarter of a million. There, put that in your purse, and see that your devoted friend signs it down there at the bottom."

"What is it?"

"A promissory note for the money. He will, perhaps, favor us with a receipt on the part of the firm; but this will answer the purpose much better, will it not—prudently?"

Saxon explained that Greatorex wanted the cash before one o'clock.

"You have observed the 'stop' from Drum mond's, I suppose?"

"Not yet. I will call there as I go home."

"And Mr. Greatorex has given you back your first check?"

"I don't know. I think we left it on the breakfast-table."

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip.

"Upon my soul, Saxon," he said, "you de serve to be his own worst friend, and cut his throat with a razor, if you will, and run away! and upon this one object he concentrated the whole force of his sluggish but powerful will. For had Keckwitch met a hater after Byron's own heart, and loved to nurse his wrath, and brood over it, and keep it warm, he could not have used that doorway in Chancery Lane without rehears ing the whole scene in his mind. He remem bered every thundering word that Mr. Trefal den had hurled at him in those three or four moments. He still felt the iron blow, the breath less shock, the burning sense of rage and humi liation; and these things rankled day by day in the respectable bosom of Abel Keckwitch, and were each day nourished and farther from being forgiven and forgotten.

The secret, however, remained as dark as ever. He had failed once or twice of late, it is true, to be on the verge of some discovery; but he had each time found himself misled by his suspicions, and so far off as ever from the truth.

Hope deferred, and wrath long cherished, be gan at length to tell upon Mr. Keckwitch's health and spirits. He became morose and moody. He gave up practicing the violoncello. * He lost his appetite for the eternal meats of High Holborn, and his relish for the leaders that he was wont to devour with his cheese; and he forgot to take notice of his cut. His landlady and his fel low-clerks saw and marveled at the change; and the soul of the one-eyed waiter who received Mr. Keckwitch during dubs was agonized with him; but none dared to question him. They observed him from afar off, as the Greeks looked upon Achilles sitting sullenly beside his ships, and can vassed his mood "with bated breath and whis pering humbleness."

This was on for weeks; and then, all at once, the tide turned, and Mr. Keckwitch became him self again. An idea had occurred to him—a bright idea, like the light of which he silently saw the path to success opening out before him. He only wondered that he had not thought of it sooner.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE STATION.

Saxon Trefalden knew his buoyant spirits that afternoon as he wandered to and fro among the intricate platforms of the Waterloo-bridge sta tion, and were-hunted for the departure of the trains. He had plenty of time; for he was a very inexperienced traveler, and, in his anxiety to be punctual, had come half an hour too soon. But his mind was full of pleasant thoughts, and he enjoyed the life and bustle of the place with as much zest as if the whole scene were a comedy played for his amusement.

He was very happy. He thought, as he went strolling up and down, that he had scarcely ever felt so happy in his life.

In the first place, he had that day received a letter from Bertha Martin—a long, loving, pious letter, filled with sweet home news, and benevo lent projects about good things to be done in the valley of Domlesch. The remittance which he had dispatched the very day after he drew his first check had been distributed among the poor of the neighboring parishes: the organ that he had sent out a fortnight since had arrived, and the workmen were busy with it in the old farm buildings at Rotzberg were being repaired, and the three meadows down by the river-side, that had been so long for sale, were now bought in Saxon's name, and added to the little demesne. The pigeons, too, had a new pigeon-house; and the spotted cow had calved; and the thrushes that built last year in the great laurel down at the end of the garden had again made their nest in the branches of the same tree. These were trifles; but to Saxon, who loved his far-away home with a child's love, and all the surroundings of his boyhood with the passionate enthusiasm

of a mountaineer, they were trifles infinitely precious and delightful. And, besides all this, the letter ended with a tender blessing that had rested upon his heart ever since he read it, and seemed to hallow all the sunshine of the April day.

Then, in the second place, he had that morning enjoyed the supreme luxury of doing good. William Trefalden had, it is true, affirmed that the hours of Greatorex & Greatorex were numbered, and that Saxon's fifty-nine dollars could only procure a brief delay between the bankers and the ruin; but Lawrence Greatorex, with the crisp decision of action in his hand, had assured him that this sum, by renewing their credit and tiding them over the present emergency, was certain ultimately to be the firm. Taking it on the whole, this matter of the check had been sufficiently disagreeable. It had shown the banker's disposition in an unfavorable point of view, and to withdraw from even a part of his rash promise had been a source of humiliation to Saxon. Perhaps, too, the young man could not help liking his friend somewhat less than before; and this is at all times a painful feeling. Himself one of nature's own gentlemen, he shrank instinctively from all that was coarse and mercenary; and he could not shut his eyes to the fact that Greatorex had shown himself to be both. However, it had ended pleasantly. Saxon had saved his friend, and the banker had not even overwhelmed him with professions of gratitude, but given him a proper acknowledgment for the money, so that William Trefalden's promissory note (which Saxon knew he should never have produced, though he had lost every penny by the omission) was promptly not needed after all.

And in the third place, he was going into the country for a week or ten days. That was the best and happiest of all. After six weeks of pestilent London life—six long, dazzling, breathless, wonderful weeks—he felt his heart leap at the thought of the fresh air and open sky. He felt the need to be up and out again at gray dawn, with a gun on his shoulder and a log at his heels. He longed to feel that turf under his feet; and, above all, to practice the art of horsemanship in some more favorable locality than the yard of the Mulberry-school, or the crowded passage of Rotten Row. To this end he had a couple of thoroughbreds and a groom with him, and had just passed the animals briefly disposed of in a horse-box, ready to join the train as soon as it was backed into the station.

So Saxon was in great spirits, and went round and about, looking at the book-stalls and the hurrying passengers, and thinking what a pleasant thing it was to have youth, riches, friends, and all the world of books and art before one! There were, in truth, a great many half-formed projects floating about his brain just now—vague pictures of a yachting tour in the Mediterranean; visions of Rome, and Naples, and the isles of Greece; glimpses of the Nile, and the Pyramids, and even of the white domes of Jerusalem. Some of these schemes Lord Castletowers was answerable, but, let the foreground be what it might, the familiar scenery of the Rhenish Alps closed in the distance of every wondrous landscape that Saxon's vivid imagination bodied forth. He had no thought of wandering into Italy without first revisiting the valley of Domlesch; and still less did he ever dream of making his permanent home away from that still, primitive, untrodden place. But he had projects about that also, and meant some day to build a beautiful commodious chateau not so large, but much more beautiful than Count Plaats's), and to rebuild the church, and throw a new bridge over the Rhine, and erect model cottages, and make every one happy around him.

"Well, what is it?" said an authoritative voice. "Any thing the matter?"

Saxon was looking at the red and gold backs of a long row of Traveler's Guides on a bookstand close by, and the voice broke in abruptly on the pleasant reverie which their titles had suggested. He turned, and saw a dark, sly, way gaud, and a burly-looking official with a pen behind his ear, standing at the door of an empty second-class carriage of the up-train which had discharged its freight of passengers three or four minutes ago.

The guard touched his cap.

"Lady's lost her ticket, Sir," he replied, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"I know I had it when the train stopped at Weybridge," said the lady. "I took it out from my purse, because I thought the guard was going to ask to see it."

Her voice trembled a little as she said this, stooping forward into the carriage all the while, in search of the missing ticket.

The burly official drew his hand across his mouth, and chuckled doubtfully.

"Where did you take it from, miss?" he asked.

"From Sedgebrook station."

The name came familiarly to Saxon's ear, for it happened that Sedgebrook was precisely the point to which Lord Castletowers had directed him to take his own ticket.

"Humph! Well, Salter, I suppose you've searched the carriage thoroughly?"

"Quite thoroughly, Sir," replied the guard.

The official went through the form of peering into it himself, and said,

"Then, miss, I'm afraid there's no help for it."

"Shall I have to pay the fare a second time?" asked the lady, nervously.

"You'll have to pay it from Exeter—the point where the train started from."

"From Exeter? But I only came from Sedgebrook!"

"Can't help that, miss. Those are our regulations. Any passenger unable to produce his ticket on alighting, must pay his full fare from the point of departure. This train comes from Exeter, and from Exeter you must pay. There 's no help for it, unless you can find the ticket yourself."

Her face was turned toward Saxon now, as she stood by the carriage-door, looking from the one man to the other. It was a very young face, quite childlike in its appeal—timidity, and appeal as a lily.

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly, "I don't want to see it. I am quite satisfied with what you say. How much will it be?"

"One pound five."

The pale face became scarlet, and the childlike eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Oh dear!" she said, piteously, "what shall I do? I have not nearly so much money as that!"

Saxon had seen that she was poorly dressed, and he knew, as well as if he had looked into it, that her slender purse could ill spare even the paltry three shillings and sixpence to the booking-brook to London. His hand had been in his waistcoat pocket half a dozen times already, and the easy withdrawn empty became he felt that it would be a simple impertinence to interpose. But now he could bear it no longer.

"May I be permitted, madam," he said, bowing to the young girl as profoundly as if she were a princess of the blood royal, "to arrange this matter for you?"

And he slipped her fare into the hand of the guard.

The blush deepened painfully upon her cheek.

"I—I thank you, Sir," she faltered. "I thank you very much, indeed. I will send you the money as soon as I get home, that I may know where to send the money?"

Saxon felt in his pockets, looked in his purse, and found that he had not the vestige of a card about him. At this moment a bell rang on the opposite platform, and a porter began to be interested with his railway rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up.

"Train's just a going, Sir," said he. "You're not a minute to lose."

So Saxon bowed again, stammered something about being "very sorry," and vanished from the scene.

Just as he had taken his seat, however, and the train had begun to move, the guard appeared at the window, tossed in a card, said something which was lost in the hubbub of the driver's whistle, and dropped out of sight.

Saxon picked up the card, which was rather small for a lady's use, and read:

MISS RIVIÈRE,

PHOTOGRAPHIC COLOURIST,

6 Bridstell Terrace, Camberwell.

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, with a pitying smile, "does she suppose that I will send to her for the money? Not likely!"

And then he was about to throw it out of the window; but checked himself, looked at it again, and put it in his waistcoat pocket instead.

"She was very pretty," thought he; "and her voice was very sweet. How glad I am that I had no card about me!"

TALMUDIC LEGENDS.

WHEN scholars want light reading, and are tired, as they become very speedily, of the sensation novels on Mr. Mudie's list, they turn for amusement in the most unexpected quarters. We are discovering about in pleasant by-ways, of which the ordinary purchaser at a railway bookstall has no inkling whatsoever. Great folios, which look as if they were meant to terrify intending readers away, stout vellum-bound quarto, and octavo tomes, not to the multitude of quaint little duodecimos in minute but marvelously legible type, which poured from the Continental presses of the seventeenth century, all often yield hours of interest to those who have been bored to satisfy with mysterious women in all manner of dresses, and with feminine views as to the bearing of judicial proceedings on everyday life.

No direction in which to look for amusement, pure and simple, seems so surprising as theology; no theology would appear so unlikely to afford an exception to the rule as that of the sombre Jews of the dispersion. But the most terrible docility to pay so deterrent as that which is at once the magazine of legal glosses on the Mosaic code and of elaborate commentaries on the Biblical writings. And yet, scattered through the many ponderous tomes in which that singular work the Talmud lumps out its chaff at Babylon some thirteen hundred years ago) is contained, many singular legends, witty sayings, and quaint stories which, in the hands of a small merit, and eminently capable of entertaining as well as instructing; while at rarer intervals some of the grand and fervid flashes of poetry are found out in solemn prayers and invocations.

Example is, however, better than dissertation, and a few specimens of the latter are here called and set before the reader.

The following has a savor of the Arabian Nights.

Once upon a time there was a good man, full of love and charity, but in great poverty. There came a year of frightful scarcity, and the poor man lived in the most intolerable manner with his family. When the great festival of the New Year came he procured those things of which there was the most absolute need for his family, which still possessed some scanty funds. A poor wretch, thin, ragged, barefoot, and hungry, came to him and asked him for help. The good man took the money he had left and gave it to the mendicant. When his wife returned from market she was scolded, raged, and stormed, and gave him no peace. Worried and deafened, he rushed out of the house, and fled to a cemetery to recover himself. There he lay down on his father's tomb, and burst out into prayers and lamentations, while all around him was the silence of the grave. In this solemn stillness no other voice was heard than the subdued murmuring and choking sobs of the man who was stretched upon the tomb, from the depth of which a sudden croaking noise came, and a low ghostly whisper reached the mourner's ears. He ceased his prayers and lamentations, and listened attentively.

"Come, my companion," said a voice, "hasten from the cavity; let us make our flight toward the celestial spheres, and, concealed behind the veils of heaven, listen to hear what destinies await mortals this year."

"Let us go," replied the other voice, "I am prisoned here in this cane-matting, nor is it permitted me to free myself from the tomb. Go, fly, Sandalon, and bring me news thou hast heard."

And the first spirit departed, flew up, listened, and returned. "Companion, what hast thou heard behind the curtain of heaven?" "Whoever sows after the second rains will have abundant harvests this year. Thus I heard it in heaven above." The second man sprang up, elated with what he had discovered, sowed after the second rains, and alone of all had an abundant crop. His wife wondered at his singular success, and asked her husband the cause of his good fortune. He told the method of evading the question, and told every thing to his wife as it had happened. Now it chanced that the lady had a married sister, and a poorer one than she was. She married sister, and a poorer one than she was. She married with her railway rug and the task of | married with a railway rug and the task of | married with a railway rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up. | married with a railway rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up. | married with a railway rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up.

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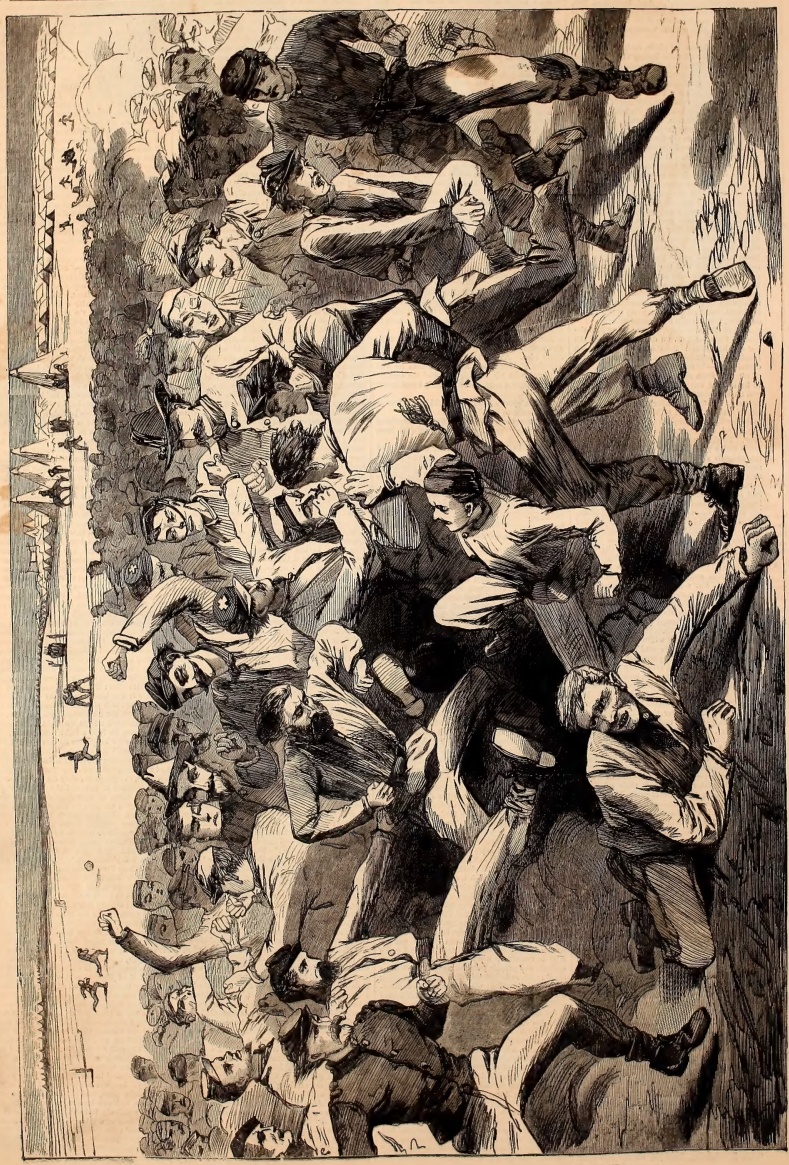
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HOLIDAY IN CAMP—SOLDIERS PLAYING "FOOT-BALL."—[SKETCHED BY WINSLOW HOMER.]



MOST REVEREND HENRY EDWARD MANNING, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, ENGLAND.



JOSEPH CRELE, THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD, ÆT. 130.—[PHOT. BY JOLLEY, POSTAGE CITY.]

ARCHBISHOP MANNING, OF WESTMINSTER.

THE Most Rev. HENRY EDWARD MANNING, whom the Pope has appointed to succeed the late Cardinal WISEMAN in the Roman Catholic archbishopric of Westminster, was born at Totteridge, near Barnet, on July 15, 1808, being the son of Mr. WILLIAM MANNING, a London merchant, who was for some time a member of Parliament. He was educated at Harrow School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he entered as an undergraduate in 1827; he took a first class and his degree of B.A. in Michaelmas Term, 1830, and was soon afterward elected a Fellow of Merton College; he was also for some time one of the select preachers in the University of Oxford. He resigned his fellowship in 1833, and took the vicarage of Lavington, near Midhurst, in Sussex, to which was added, in 1840, the appointment of Archdeacon of Chichester, and he held these offices in the Protestant Established Church of England till 1851, when he announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic system. Having received ordination as priest from the hands of Cardinal WISEMAN, Mr. MANNING went to Rome and became a student of theology in the college of the Academia, where he remained till 1854. He then returned to England, and undertook an active propagandist mission in that country. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by the Pope, who also, in 1857, appointed him Provost of Westminster and of St. Mary's, Moorfields. Dr. MANNING is the author of many published sermons, a treatise on the Unity of the Church, and another on the Temporal Power of the Pope. His consecration as Archbishop took place June 8, with the usual pomp and ceremony, in the Church of St. Mary, Moorfields. Our portrait represents Archbishop MANNING in the costume of his new office.

On the Sabbath after his consecration the Archbishop's first pastoral letter was read in the churches of his diocese. This letter is a remarkable pronunciamento. It savors somewhat of arrogance for a prelate at this time, and in England, to speak of the Roman Catholic faith as one "out of which is no salvation;" to assume the propagandism of that faith *is the* work of God, and to boldly declare that the Bull of the Immaculate Conception and the Encyclical letter of the Pope marks "an epoch in the reconstitution of the Christian order of the world." Dr. MANNING assumes that the protest made by the human intellect against this unreasoning absolutism of the Papacy is "the derision of the nineteenth century," which will be buried with the heresies of the last eighteen.

The Reverend Doctor thinks there are signs of



SOLDIERS PLAYING CHUCK-A-LUCK.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

improvement. Men are getting to be so interested in their salvation that they want to find some Pope forsooth to whom, as teacher, they may intrust their souls. Does the Most Reverend Doctor forget that a Protest three centuries ago went forth from the hearts of Christendom against the corruptions of this mortal teacher, and that an appeal was made from the Vicar of Christ to Christ himself? Has Christ grown insufficient, then, to the Christian that the latter should find occasion to transfer his allegiance back to the Man Who Tempted? Has the Infallible Hierarchy proved itself to be an organ of enlightenment, of political reform, or of human freedom? There are a set of Christians to whom these questions are still of great weight and interest.

CHUCK-A-LUCK.

The game of "Chuck-a-Luck," which we illustrate on page 445, is very common among the soldiers of Sherman's army. The game is played with dice. The board is divided into six sections, each of which is numbered in its order 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Two play: one representing the banker, and the other making the venture. The latter chooses one or two of the numbers and lays down ten cents on each, which are covered by the banker with an equal amount. If either or both of the two dice thrown give the number or numbers chosen, then the player wins and the banker loses, and vice versâ. Generally, in the long-run, the bankers get the best of it, though some of them break.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"POMPEY, why am my shoe like de corporation?"

"Guib it up, Sam. Why am it?"

"Kase it hab a hole in de sole, I tink!"

An old genius entered the saloon adjoining Forty Thieves, where booth 101 last drank of brandy just before he murdered Mr. Lincoln, and inquired of the bar-keeper "Have you the same bottle on hand out of which Booth drank on the night of the assassination?" "Yes, Sir." "And the same brandy in it?" "Yes, Sir." "Can I have a drink of that same brandy out of that same bottle?" "Yes, Sir." "Let's have it." The visitor tastes the brandy, makes a wry face, and continues: "And that's the same brandy that Booth drank?" "Yes, Sir," "Well, I don't envy Booth his bile!—he killed the President. A drink of that brandy would make a man kill his grandmother!"

LITERARY NOTE.—In what form did Burns address his departed Mary?—In a pyfyce (Polly goes), we presume.

An Irishman got out of the cars at a railway station for refreshments, but unfortunately the bell rung, and the train left before he had finished his repast. "Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car; "hould on, ye murtherin cold steam engine—ye've got a passenger aboard that's still aating!"

The frog who would a wooing go, having returned after his honey-moon, has been handsomely entertaining a select circle of friends, who have joined the happy couple in a nightly game of *Croaky*.

The first thing a man takes to in his life is his milk—the last is his beer.

Why is a pot like a fowl?—Because it contains a merry-thought.

LODGING-HOUSE LADY. "Do you like meat rare, Sir?" NEW LODGER. "No, madam, I like it three times a day."

At a Cattle Show in New Jersey, by order of the Judges, the pigs were awarded with a quantity of mire, and were all invited to a Competition Wallow.

A Portuguese shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every week, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied that, having a poor memory, he took this method of refreshing it, as his wife, while under the castigation, was sure to remind him of all his sins.

"Say, Sam, what you sell dem shoes for?"

"Cos I sell dem, Fungo."

"Why not?"

"Kase my's half soled already. Yah, yah!"

"One more question, Mr. Parks," said a counsel to a witness, who happened to be tailor. "You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—sober or otherwise?" "The one he's got on now I think is rather tight about the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion," replied Parks. "Stand down," said the counsel.

There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. A boy once thus described the effects of a hurricane: "It destroyed mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismounted churches, laid villages waste, and overturned a haystack."

A PRIVATE DOCTOR.—Why is a soldier who attends to the cannon in a battery like a secretive cavalry," like his own weapon?—Because he's always in.

A pew in a Congregational meeting-house in thus advertised for sale in Amherst, Massachusetts, Paper:—"A pew in the meeting-house of the first parish in Amherst for sale. The pew has that very desirable one in the right or a space just as long and wide as the pew is from the bottom of the meeting-house to the roof, and to enlarge as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit up in it on Sundays, and regard it as a good man, he will go to heaven, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

A thick-headed squire, being worried by Sydney Smith in an argument, took his revenge by exclaiming. "If I had a son who was a fool, by Jove, I'd make him a parson." "Very probably," replied Sydney, "but I see that you have not such an unnatural mind."

SOMETHING LIKE RUBBER.—Amidst solemn stillness the clergyman's impressive words died away; the glittering diamond ring was rested on the bosom of the bride gently rose and fell; the robes of one or two of the bridesmaids fluttered like fairy gauze; the spectators and witnesses to the marriage marriages scarcely seemed to breathe; perspectors, with folded hands and downcast eyes, leant over their canes; still the bridle stood as motionless as if he had been a figure carved out of wood, and painted in blue, gold, and red; and the air came in gentle puffs from the open door.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are weather-wisdom the most unreasonable people? *Because they expect wit under when it rains hard.*

My first is always bitter to my sweet;
My third is both bitter and sweet!
We mean nonsense.

Which sex would a man most like to be in on a wet day?

Adriatic (a dry attic).

What disorder excites the greatest compassion? *The swell-head, for the patient is generally pitied (patted).*

Why is Buckingham Palace the cheapest ever erected? *Because it was built for one sovereign rapidly, and let to another.*

Why have you a right to pick a painter's pocket? *Because he has picked yours (pictures).*

My first I do, my second I do not;
My whole you are!

Low-by (do).

Why is divinity the easiest of the three learned professions?

Because it is easier to preach than to practice.

When your hair gets into disorder, what heathen deity will you name?

Comus (comb us).

Which is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness? *The barrel-organ.*

THE DESPAIRING ONE.

FROM MURGER.

"SAY, who art thou that knock'st so late?"
"Open, ho, I."—"What may thy name?
I list not to unclose my gate
To all at night who entrance claim."

"Open."—"Thy name?"—"The bleak winds rave.
Open."—"Thy name?"—"For charity
Unclose thy doors, for in its grave
The corpse is not more cold than I;

"For I have wander'd all the day
From north to south, from east to west;
Oh, in thy cabin let me stay,
And in thy chimney-corner rest."

"Not yet; who art thou?"—"I am Fame;
I lead a mournful life."
"Pass on, vain phantom, empty name,"
"Oh, listen to me still, for I

"Am Love Eternal, endless Youth,
Most precious earthly store of gold—"
Wealth that can buy thee back thy bride."
"Can it awake the love that's cold?"

"Open to me, for I am Power,
The royal purple I give."
"Canst thou restore a single hour
Of those bright days I used to live?"

"Then, if thou will not ope thy gates
Till off thy guest's name thou art sure;
Open! The Death without who waits,
And brings for all thy ills the cure.

"List at my girdle, thou mayst hear
The many keys which hide and grate,
Of caverns whose recesses drear
Shall yield thee rest inviolate."

"Enter, oh, enter! welcome guest;
Enter; forgive these hands so bare.
At misery's hearth I bid thee rest,
And misery's squalid pallet share.

"Enter, for I an sick of life,
That task no more I ply in store;
Have long'd, yet fear'd, to end its strife,
And be at rest for evermore.

"Oh! enter now, eat, drink, and sleep,
And when thou hast all strife breaking day.
Sweet angel, let me near thee keep,
And bear me in thy arms away.

"For where thou goest I will go,
Will follow where thou dost in turn'd;
But leave my dog to live, for so
I shall not perish all unmourn'd."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 447.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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A BRITISH MIDSHIPMAN RESTORING THE AMERICAN EAGLE IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

A HYMN TO PEACE.

WHEN from the Ark went forth the dove
To mark the lingering flood's decrease,
She came again at evening time,
Bearing the olive-branch of peace.
Then knew the patriarch of old
That the remains of the branch she bore
And from the earth the waters passed
To drown the hills and vales no more.

For God, who sends the gentle rains,
Has with his covenant an bich,
His radiant bow of promise gilds
The clouds that veil the azure sky;
So Noah of old in ages gone
The sacred covenant was given;
And God upon his throne has set
The sign of peace 'mid Earth and Heaven.

For four long years the Lord has veiled
His face behind the battle-cloud,
From hill to hill across the land
Has pealed the battle-anthem loud.
Our fields have drunk the precious blood
That free as water has been shed,
The streams that lave the battle-plains
With blood of heroes have run red.

But now at last, in distance drowned,
The cannon's thunders full and cease,
And borne upon the summer wind
We hear the sweet-toned bells of peace.
The sulphurous cloud of battle lifts,
From off his face of God withdrawn,
And in the East our eyes behold
The broad light of a purer Dawn.

And Peace, her olive-tree beneath,
Where late was heard War's echoing drum,
With folded hands and kindly eyes,
Sits dreaming of the years to come—
Or in her sunny vineyard stands
And tends with care the fruitful vine
Or crushes from the swollen grape
In plenteous streams the purple wine.

Ring, jubilant bells! the night has flown
That brought this weight of grief and tears,
The morning light within the East
Given promise of the thousand years.
Ring, jubilant bells, from far and near,
Ring out, nor let your music cease
Till all the listening world proclaim
The coming of the Prince of Peace!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

PUBLIC SAFETY AND THE CONSTITUTION.

THE New York *Times* thinks our statement of its position upon the question of reorganization disingenuous. We are sorry it should have seemed so, since there can be no greater folly than for the loyal friends of the Union and Government to misrepresent each other in the discussion of the proper policy of reorganization. If the *Times* had remembered this truth it would have been more accurate in its reports of the Boston meeting, and more candid in its comments upon it. To speak, as it did, of a large assembly of highly intelligent American citizens, which discussed great measures of public policy with singular ability and in the most generous temper, and which spoke of the President with the utmost respect, sympathy, and confidence, as a meeting for "threatening.....with loose rhetoric," as seeking "to govern the country by menaces;" and to denounce the meeting as "a faction," and its suggestions as "sectionalism," was certainly not very ingenuous, but was probably very agreeable to the gentleman concerned whose patriotism is not less consistent and unselfish than that of the New York *Times*.

In commenting upon MR. DANA'S speech the *Times* said that it did not agree with him that "we may rightfully impose upon the Southern States any requirements which we may deem essential to public safety." We cannot believe that this was but another way of saying that we must submit to the action of those States, even if we considered it destructive of the public safety. The *Times* replies that we misrepresent its meaning, and then adds: "The Government has not the right to make its ideas of the public safety the sole and exclusive guide of its action in dealing with the Southern States. It is bound in this as in every thing else by the Constitution of the United States." Undoubtedly it is. But the question is, whether, in the process of reorganization, any measure which is essential to the public safety can be considered unconstitutional? Certainly it can, says the *Times*. Then it is unconstitutional to do some things which are essential to the public safety. In other words, the Constitution does not in every emergency provide for the public safety. And here we differ from the *Times*. We think that it does.

The *Times* asks us to point out the section and clause of the Constitution which give the Government any authority "to impose conditions and restrictions upon the Southern States, even if we do believe the public safety requires it." Will the *Times*, in turn, point out the section and clause of the Constitution which empower the National Government to set aside a State Government in which open rebellion has ceased—to depose officers legally elected and unconvicted of crime—to appoint a provisional government for a State—to summon a convention to amend the State Constitution and introduce arbitrary tests for the electors—and to maintain a force of United States troops within the limits of a State where there are neither active rebellion nor invasion, and which has not asked for national assistance?

The *Times* says that "suffrage in the rebel States may and *must* be restricted [by the National Government], because men who have been rebels can not be loyal voters until they have been restored to their rights by executive pardon." Will the *Times* point out the section and clause of the Constitution which empower the President to deprive of all political rights persons untried and unconvicted of treason or of any crime whatever?

Yet all these are for which it can find no verbal constitutional authority, the *Times* defends, and justly. We also defend them. MR. DANA and the Boston meeting defend them. All truly loyal Union men defend them. And for what reason? Because the Constitution can not be interpreted as hostile to itself. Because, although it does not provide specifically for this emergency, it has provided generally for all emergencies; and because whatever is essential to secure the objects for which it was formed is authorized by it by necessary implication. In the reorganization of States still panting and feverish with rebellion the necessity of the case, the public faith, and the public safety, require the initiatory measures which the President has taken, and which the Constitution justifies. And "whatever public expediency or exigency" is essential to the end sought by the President and the country will be justified by the same authority.

Even the *Times* does not deny it. The most generous of opponents, it furnishes its adversaries—let us rather say, its friends—with weapons. If it be too eager to find the constitutional, it is too intelligent not to know that the Constitution can not be made to imperil the public safety. One day it stigmatizes those who say that it may be necessary to enfranchise the colored citizens of the Southern States as factious and menacing. A few days afterward it says: "We will go further, and say that it is possible to imagine a state of disloyal feeling in the South which would make it expedient to confer the suffrage upon all the loyal freedmen even at the hazard of great evil. Better this risk than a reign of treason in disguise, or than an indefinitely protracted military rule." The *Times*, in these words, merely repeats the Boston meeting, and repeats the conclusions to which all thoughtful Union men inevitably come. Thus the Philadelphia *Press*—a shrewd journal —which says that the Government has not the right to insist upon negro suffrage, adds: "But if generosity and magnanimity are to be repaid only by new evidences of treachery and treason a remedy even for such baseness can be applied."

In other words, if the public safety demands the enfranchisement of the whole loyal population of the rebel States it will be enfranchised, or the States will continue unorganized until the voters already recognized choose to do what is necessary. If this be revolution, such revolution, and menacing, words have lost their meaning.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS publishes the letter of a friend who fears that the late rebel States will appear by their representatives and Senators at the meeting of December, demanding seats, and that they can not be excluded, because the Government will declare that they may now resume their relations with the Government, which have been merely suspended. But MR. PHILLIPS's correspondent has not carefully read the President's proclamation. There is nothing final in his action. The whole subject is referred to Congress. The Governors whom the President appoints are to call conventions. The conventions are to amend the State Constitutions. Voters in the State are authorized by the President are then to act upon the Constitution. And then it is submitted to Congress; and when Congress has decided it to be "such a republican form of State Government as entitles the State to the guarantee of the United States" it will admit, and not before, it becomes the fundamental law of the State; and then, and not before, the Senators and Representatives elected in pursuance of it will be eligible to seats in Congress; and before they can take their seats they must take the oath of July 1, 1862, which excludes every body who aided or encouraged the rebellion in any manner whatever.

As MR. HENRY WINTER DAVIS very truly said at Chicago: "There is nothing in President JOHNSON'S proclamation which assumes to conclude the judgment of the Congress of the United States or the action of the State Governments in the rebel States." The President holds that the States have not ceased to exist; but he holds not less firmly that they can not resume their relations to the national Government except upon conditions acceptable to that Government. MR. JOHNSON was a Senator in Congress when the rebellion broke. He stood in his place and declared that, were he President, he would hang as traitors men who should do certain acts. And because those men have done them—because with fire and sword they have made war upon the Government, and because, after dealing the most deadly and cruel blows upon the country, they were ignominiously and utterly baffled, it is probable that, being now President, MR. JOHNSON will hasten to open the doors of Congress, and to bow masked traitors in? As a sagacious politician, is he likely to look for support to the caste which has always hated him, or to the people who elected him, and who will hang have conquered the caste? In the settlement of the questions raised by the war, is he likely to ally himself with those of the North who have steadily and unscrupulously opposed him in the struggle for every step? Is there any thing in the condition of public affairs which should induce him to desert his friends and trust to his enemies?

If any man in the country has shown himself earnest in prosecuting the war, and in the purpose of overthrowing the faction and the spirit which accomplished the war, it is ANDREW JOHNSON. If any man honestly respects the will of the people, as expressed through their lawful representatives in Congress, it is the President. He therefore said plainly in his speech to the South Carolina delegation that he intended "to exert the power and influence of the Government to place in power the popular heart of the nation." And that there might be no doubts that he believed the final decision of the question of reorganization rested with Congress he said to the delegation that, "as the Executive, he could only take the initiatory steps to enable them to do the things which it was incumbent upon them to perform." The President initiates and Congress completes the national reorganization. That is the principle of President JOHNSON, and all loyal Union men will certainly heartily agree with him. They may differ as to what the initial steps should be, but they hold with the President that they are not conclusive.

RAILROADS IN PEACE-TIME.

THERE are times of surprises. When LEE surrendered Wall Street was full of pity for the condition of the Northern railroads, which had grown prosperous during the war, but which, it was universally supposed, were to be replunged by peace into the old non-dividend-paying condition. From 1859 to 1864 the business of the roads had more than doubled. This, every body said, was the fruit of the war—the transportation of soldiers, military supplies, etc., etc. We all saw that when peace came again, and there were no more troops to be moved, and no more guns and food to be carried to Washington for Government, traffic on the railroads would decline to the old figures, and railroad dividends would again resemble virgin's visits.

LEE surrendered on 9th April, and within a fortnight from that date the disbandment of the troops and the retrenchment of the navy began. By the end of May a large reduction in the army and in the movement of military supplies had been effected. The traffic returns for next June show an average increase over last year of 30 or 40 per cent. Instead of falling back to the old figures which were current before the war, railroad traffic is far in excess of those of the most active period of the war—of the period when Government was moving men and material with almost equal activity, and when grain was at so high a price that it could afford to pay almost any freight that railway managers asked.

This is an astounding fact—one for which, we venture to say, not one among the best-informed railroad men or Wall Street financiers was prepared. It is a startling profession and the street alike by surprise. Allowing for every special reason which can be assigned—for the return of disbanded troops, for Western farm, for a large amount of pleasure travel, and all such influences—the June traffic on our leading lines of railway must remain an utterly incomprehensible mystery to those who still believe, as every body once believed, that the great receipts of 1863 and 1864 were the fruit of the war, and that when the cause ceased to operate the effect would cease.

We are forced, in spite of preconceived theories, to seek, outside of the direct effect of the war, for the cause of the development of internal trade which commenced in 1861, and which seems to be going on still, after the peace, with unabated vigor. And the closer the subject is analyzed the clearer will it appear that this traffic—if it be maintained—must be ascribed to the effect of MR. CHASE'S paper-money issues, which, by supplying capital in abundance, facilitated the development of resources previously dormant, and called into productive activity the energies of every section of the country. Bad as the effects of the issues of the legal-tenders were in one respect, and severe as must be the crisis preceding their redemption in coin, they rendered at least this service—they furnished the country with what it needed most—capital; may this account for the increase of 100 per cent. in our internal trade in four years? There is one fact which tends strongly to confirm this view. The great railroad war of 1855 between the New York Central, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio, was waged for through freight. There was not freight enough going to and coming from the West to keep all the four trunk lines busy; competition arose, rates were cut down, and at least two of the roads were nearly bankrupted in the fight. Now, not one of these four lines is anxious about through freight. The New York roads profess—we believe truly—to make no profit on it. Both the Erie and the Central are being sued by scores of people who claim damages because the roads would not or could not, or at least did not, carry their through freight in due time. The fact was and is that both lines have no moral local business—which has almost wholly sprung up since 1861—that they have but little rolling stock disengaged for through traffic. The Erie —which once ran through a wilderness—can now live and pay dividends without carrying a pound of through freight or a single Chicago passenger.

If it be admitted that the largely increased railway traffic of 1863, '64, and '65 was the fruit of increased development of resources and increased production, it will follow that no material decline in that traffic need be apprehended under ordinary circumstances, and the corollary, that no railway dividends and the value of railroad property are concerned, is too obvious to need explanation. Still, two or three conditions must be fulfilled before our railroads can command, on the average, a price duly proportioned to their productiveness.

In the first place, there must be some clear general principle established as the subject of new construction. The country and our internal traffic grow so fast that each year every road requires new tracks, rolling stock, and other facilities to do the business that is forced upon it. For instance, the Erie was built to do a business of $5,000,000 as a maximum; it will earn this year over $15,000,000. The Reading was expected to earn in good years $1,000,000; last year it earned over $8,000,000. The Fort Wayne was calculated to earn $4,000,000; it will earn $8,000,000 this year. Now it is perfectly clear that the track and machinery required to earn $15,000,000 must prove inadequate to earn three times that amount. New track must be laid, bridges strengthened, new locomotives, cars, depôts, elevators, etc., procured. Where is the money to come from for construction to be had? If it is to come out of earnings, stockholders will never receive any dividends while property—which would be laid to railway investments. Yet when a railroad, earning a fair dividend on its cost, undertakes to pay it, while simultaneously offering stock or bonds in market for sale to pay dividends, imperatively required by the development of business, the cry is immediately raised that the company is compelled to pay dividends, its credit is fatally stabbed, and its securities decline in Wall Street. This was witnessed in the case of the Chicago and Northwestern, which last spring borrowed money to equip its road, and tried to raise it by selling mortgage-bonds, while at the same time it paid on its stock dividends which were fairly earned: the cry of roguery was raised, and the Company could not sell its bonds at 72½ per cent.

It is high time that the general principle should be adopted by all leading roads, and understood by the public, that new construction can not come out of earnings, but must be represented by new bonds or stock; and that so long as the new bonds or stock represent actual property judiciously acquired, and at a fair cost, they rather enhance than diminish the value of the original investment. It must be understood that our roads, at best, are only half built. They only cost on the average, $40,000 a mile, while the Belgian roads, with a country half their vastly cheaper, cost $170,000 a mile, and the French roads $101,000 a mile. A road like the Erie, which, with the leased lines, stands in its present owners about $30,000,000, would be represented, if an English line, by over $100,000,000 of securities of various kinds. So long as the public will not understand capitalization and traffic the country-action-account of no leading line can ever be closed. It will need every year new money in increasing its facilities for the transaction of business, and this money will have to be raised by an increase either of capital or of funded debt. But such increase ought always to be based upon and on the capital of the previous year, if they have been fairly earned. Nor should such dividends, if fairly earned, be the managers' excuse for issues of dishonest administration, though declared simultaneously with the sale for cash of new stock or bonds.

Another and not less important prerequisite to the establishment of railroad credit on a sound basis is a higher standard of mercantile honor among railroad directors. At present many leading railway directors are among the most active speculators in their own stocks—"bulling" and "bearing" them alternately, and using their influence as directors to insure the success of their private speculations. This is all wrong. A railway director is a trustee of the property over which he is set, and has no more right to make money out of dealings in that property than a guardian to make money by speculating in the property of his ward. In Ohio purchases and sales of stock by a director or in the railroad he directs are absolutely void.

A suit has lately been commenced in one of our courts against a leading railway director, in which the plaintiff claims heavy damages by reason, as he alleges, of the depreciation of the value of his property by the "bear" speculations of the defendant. We can not tell how this case may result. But we venture to predict that the first railway stockholder who can establish in court that the market-price of his stock was altered by the speculations of a director of the road will obtain exemplary damages from a jury. It is, in a sound, sensible, friendly Englishman. The excitement of the canvass has already begun. We observe a riot at a great meeting at Nottingham, which could be suppressed only by the military. Do our British critics wish us to find in that event, as they do in every similar incident here, a proof of the absurd character of the institutions of the country?

THE INEFFICACY OF BLARNEY.

FIRMNESS is entirely consistent with conciliation. It is very desirable that there should be no wanton provocation of any kind any where. It would be truly delightful that all men should dwell together in unity. We should gladly record, and our friends and co-laborers, the artists of this paper, would illustrate with their utmost skill, the blessing for which the poor lambs were living upon the most amicable terms, and that "our misguided brethren" at the South were link in gentle fraternity with us in the hour of secession and the wickedness of rebellion against an equal government of laws, made by the common consent.

But the fact is that they are not penitent. The truth is that they are conquered only, not converted. We defy any constant and faithful reader of the various journals which take into lusurrectionary States to declare himself to be convinced that the mass of their population have changed their views of the character of the United States Government. They believed in State Sovereignty. They have tried to assert it by arms and have failed. Do they renounce their faith? They maintained slavery. They defended it on every ground. Slavery has been abolished. Do they believe it to be wrong? South Carolina shook her fist at the Union more than thirty years ago. Congress comprehended the difficulty. Has South Carolina ever been loyal since that time? She has now endeavored to achieve what she then threatened. The failure is palpable. Is the feeling changed?

It is idle to assume that the exasperation, the studied traditional hatred of the people for the slave interest toward the Union, which has been sedulously fostered for thirty years, has sudden ly disappeared because the Union has proved itself to be the stronger. The feeling is not gone, and is not as strong and firm as the sword that subdues, the vanquished win the victory. And it should be clearly understood that overcome by history is not reconmation. If, for instance, we refer, as we did recently, to the views of MR. BOYCE, of South Carolina, five years ago, we do it not from any feeling that MR. BOYCE, but from the most enduring hostility to the spirit in which he was educated, and from a profound conviction that personal power is the very guardinly confided to such hands. Believing that the spirit of which he was an illustration—the spirit of CALHOUN, of JEFFERSON DAVIS, of FOOTE, WISE, and BARNWELL RHETT, and MASON—is hatred to the genius of equal rights and fatal to American institutions, we shall hold it to be a sacred duty to expose it by ways and as plainly as we can. It blinded our fathers, and it will try to blind their children. It betrayed us four years ago, and it will betray us again whenever it can. It is only about eighty-five years of peace and four years of war have taught us is impeachable, and the Americans people now know it very well indeed.

We trust, therefore, that, while we are all grateful for "the crowning mercy" of the defeat of this spirit in the field, we shall be only the more resolved that it shall be equally defeated at the polls and in Congress. But this result will not be accomplished by mere exultation. It is not very sagacious to shout, "They're whipped, and they know it. They'll give no more trouble. We remember that, on the 4th of July, 1864, Governor Andrew proclaimed to Secretary STANTON, "Lieutenant-General GRANT will not be troubled with any further reinforcements to LEE from BEAUREGARD'S army." That was a mistaken and dangerous conviction. Yet at that very moment BEAUREGARD was marching by his flank, and *did* reinforce LEE. So what are those who believe that the late rebels entirely accept the situation, and are only anxious to be reconciled to the Government and ours and make friends, let us send out a scouting party or two to discover whether they may not be marching by our flank.

It is very desirable that business should revive; that the Southern crops should be brought to market; that immigration should flow into the Southern States; that correspondence and friendly communication should be established. But it is much more desirable and important that these things should be soundly and safely done than that they should be done hastily. Industrial prosperity we have had before, and it did not save us. If we rebuild that prosperity hurriedly and unwisely it will topple down again in the same ruin. It is unnecessary, as it is wrong, uselessly to call hard names. But we must let our yea be yea, and our NAY, NAY. This country has suffered enough from cowardice calling itself conciliation, and servility claiming to be conservatism. Henceforth it can step safely only if it stands straight. Our future is bright and sure if we choose to make it so. And to do that we need only temperate minds, firm hearts, determined will, and faithful words. If we try to step on the blarney-stone we shall certainly slip up.

A CONFUSED GOVERNOR.

HON. JAMES JOHNSON, Provisional Governor of the United States for the State of Georgia, has recently made a speech at Savannah. The Governor says that he has been appointed simply to enable the Georgians to form a government. It is very fortunate that he is to do no more, as he has evidently a very confused conception of the situation.

Thus the Governor says that "the people of the Confederate States find themselves without government." Will the Governor explain what are "the Confederate States," and who are their people?

He adds that "War has existed between the United States and the South." Will the Governor inform us where "the South" is situated, and how it thus describes as a power foreign to his country?

GOVERNOR JOHNSON also says: "The slaves, upon the surrender of their masters, were captured legally, if not actually." MR. JOHNSON is a citizen of the United States. His authority as Governor is derived from the United States. It is supported by the army of the United States. When, therefore, he speaks of the surrender of "our armies, what does he mean? Does he, in a manner, claim the receipt of the greatest rebel forces "our armies?" If so, what does GOVERNOR JOHNSON call the armies of the United States?

GARDNER'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE present perfection of the art of photography enables an illustrated paper like ours to depict persons and events with the utmost precision. During the war, now happily ended, we have been in the receipt of the greatest variety of views and portraits from all the armies and from every part of the country, so that we have been enabled to present to our readers sketches of our artists to construct a truly exact and living history of the time. Among our photographic friends and allies none have been more consistently serviceable than MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER, of Washington. It is to his skill that we owe the interesting and accurate views which we have given of the ceremonies at Gettysburg on the Fourth of July, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid in memory of the fallen brave. The orator of the occasion, General HOWARD, whose portrait, from a photograph by MR. GARDNER, is included in the illustrations, is one of the historic heroes of the war. He commanded at the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost an arm, he was subsequently distinguished as a corps commander in the great march of SHERMAN, and is now Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau. The scene of the ceremonies at Gettysburg on the Fourth of July, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid in memory of the fallen brave. The orator of the occasion, General HOWARD, whose portrait, from a photograph by MR. GARDNER, is included in the illustrations, is one of the historic heroes of the war. He commanded at the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost an arm, he was subsequently distinguished as a corps commander in the great march of SHERMAN, and is now Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau. The scene of the ceremonies at Gettysburg on the Fourth of July, when the corner-stone of the monument was laid in memory of the fallen brave. The orator of the occasion, General HOWARD, whose portrait, from a photograph by MR. GARDNER, is included in the illustrations, is one of the historic heroes of the war. He commanded at the battle of Gettysburg, where he lost an arm, he was subsequently distinguished as a corps commander in the great march of SHERMAN, and is now Chief of the Freedmen's Bureau.

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THE HARVEST OF DEATH—GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1863.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]

THE GETTYSBURG MONUMENT.

CONSECRATED JULY 4, 1865.

In our last Number we gave an illustration of the Soldiers' National Cemetery at Gettysburg, and printed Colonel HALPINE'S eloquent poem. This week we give further illustrations of the Battle and of the late Celebration.

The battle of Gettysburg, fought on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, 1863, was a critical battle, and was the first very decisive contest of the war. The victory gained by General MEADE stood not alone, but was paralleled by a simultaneous success at Vicksburg—just as important and just as decisive. Notwithstanding the whining appeal, periodically emanating from the rebel executive, that the war undertaken by the Southern revolution was for self-defense and to maintain the right of self-government, it is a historic fact that it was from the first aggressive, and only ceased to be such when the forces of the rebels had been so thoroughly exhausted as to make them powerless for offense. After the unprovoked assault upon Sumter the excited emotions of the rebels found a single voice. "*Washington must be assailed and captured!*" The fate of Washington, it was reiterated, must be the fate of Carthage. She must be destroyed. But for President LINCOLN'S promptness, and the generous patriotism of the people, this catastrophe would have fallen upon us early in 1861. The next year a formidable blow aimed at Richmond for a few months absorbed the attention of the rebel government. But when M'CLELLAN'S grand expedition, at first so confident and apparently so strong, failed of its object, suffering a most memorable defeat, then the design of the Richmond authorities against the national capital was again renewed. The battles of Antietam and South Mountain again saved us. In the year 1863 General LEE, who had now assumed the command of the rebel army in the place of JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, projected a new and still more formidable invasion and with the same object. The fate of this gigantic project was decided by the battle of Gettysburg.

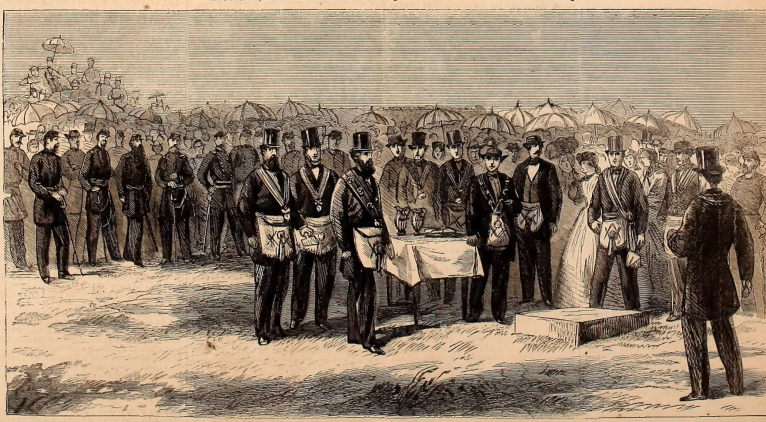
In the first place, General LEE failed to carry out the strategic conception of his campaign. He had intended by manœuvres east of the Blue Ridge to lead General HOOKER to uncover the approaches to Washington.—General HOOKER, on the other hand, fell back in such a manner as to cover those approaches. This deprived the rebel commander of the advantages which he had hoped to gain from his excellent force of cavalry under General STUART. A new element also appeared to frustrate LEE'S original design. This was PLEASANTON'S cavalry, which, under a vigorous leader, so crippled STUART'S force as to prevent the latter from performing the part which had been assigned to it. It is not improbable that, his first plan being foiled, General LEE would have withdrawn but for the urgent pressure of the rebel government urging him to push his army boldly northward into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The theory in this new plan was to draw the United States army to a distance from the capital, and seizing the first favorable moment, to defeat HOOKER and pursue his shattered army into Washington.—This was a repetition of the campaign of 1862, and might have been successful if the United States army had conducted itself in a manner suitable to General LEE'S designs. But it refused to be outmanœuvred; and thus it happened that, after consuming much valuable time, LEE was at last compelled to give up manœuvre and rest his chances for success upon the result of a hard-fought battle, in which his army would measure its strength with that of the United States.

The rebel army broke camp at Fredericksburg on the 30 of June, and on the 24th crossed the Potomac—not east of the Blue Ridge as was intended, but at Shepherdstown and Williamsport, encamping three days afterward at Chambersburg. This army was estimated at over one hundred thousand of all arms.

At this point LEE was painfully embarrassed by the absence of STUART'S cavalry, which PLEASANTON'S prompt and vigorous operations had put out of the field. The movement of LEE'S entire army up the valley could no longer be regarded as a manœuvre—



MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]



LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 4, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, AND PUBLISHED BY PHILP & SOLOMONS, WASHINGTON.]

as the previous movement of EWELL's force to Chambersburg had been justly regarded—and HOOKER immediately marched *his* army north of the Potomac. The whole country was aroused, and outfits from half a dozen States was moving rapidly to the scene of action.

On the 28th of June HOOKER's army lay between Harper's Ferry and Frederick; LEE's was partly at Chambersburg, with an advanced column moving on Gettysburg. At this crisis General HOOKER was relieved by General MEADE. A battle was now imminent. On the night of the 30th LEE's advance occupied the mountains east of Gettysburg. Within twenty-four hours the greater portion of that army was gathered together in the vicinity of Gettysburg, confronted by only two corps of the United States army.

On the 1st of July the conflict opened. REYNOLDS, who had been ordered by MEADE to occupy Gettysburg, had drawn up his men under cover of Seminary Ridge, and immediately attacked the enemy, sending, at the same time, for reinforcements. Scarcely had the action begun before he fell, mortally wounded. Soon General HOWARD arrived on the field with part of the Eleventh Corps, and assumed the command. Notwithstanding the disparity of the forces engaged HOWARD repulsed with success the assaults of the rebels; but in the afternoon, his right flank being turned by the superior numbers of the enemy, he withdrew through the town to Cemetery Hill, on the other side—the southern—there he was joined by HANCOCK, who took the command, and easily repulsed an assault on his right flank toward evening. That night SICKLES, with the Twelfth Corps, and SLOCUM, with a part of the Third, arrived on the field; and before the dawn of the 2d General MEADE himself had reached the front, and the rest of the army was expeditiously brought up. The whole of MEADE's army was now disposed in the Cemetery Hill grounds in a curve, stretching along the ridges which run southeast and southwest, encircling the town by its form of a crescent. LEE's army occupied opposite ridges, about a mile and a half distant, and overlapping either flank of MEADE. It was not until Saturday came up with the Sixth Corps, a little after noon, that MEADE's army reached an equality in point of numbers with that of his antagonist; but his position was one of great strength. The Second and Fifth Corps had come up in the morning.

In the middle of the afternoon on the 2d the action was reopened. Under cover of a furious cannonade the rebel forces were massed and hurled against Sickles's corps on the left, which was thrust back by the shock, but was promptly supported by the Second and Fifth, and the enemy were driven back in confusion after a struggle which lasted till sunset. As late as eight o'clock in the evening the enemy attempted to drive the Eleventh Corps from its lodgment on Cemetery Hill, but was repulsed with severe loss. The only advantage gained by the enemy during the day was the success of General EWELL in obtaining a foothold within our lines on the right when MEADE had depleted his force to resist the attack against his left.

On the morning of the 3d EWELL was driven back by General GRANT. Then there w. a lull until half past one o'clock, when a cannonade was opened, heavier than on the day before, and LEE again hurled his columns against the left and centre. The cannonade lasted two hours before the assault was made. The most of the rebel force was gallant and desperate, and was principally directed against the Second Corps. The shock was received without a waver, though General HANCOCK and GIBBON were both wounded, and at length the enemy was routed and utterly defeated.

In this battle LEE lost fully one-third of his whole army. On the morning of the 4th it commenced rapidly to retreat, leaving nearly eight thousand wounded to the care of MEADE's army. MEADE's loss in round numbers was 23,000.

On the 19th of November, a little more than four months after the battle, the National Cemetery for the burial of those who fell in the fight was dedicated. On that occasion an elaborate and eloquent oration was pronounced by the Honorable EDWARD EVERETT, who has since gone to his rest, and whose name will be forever associated with this memorial.

On the 4th of July, 1865, just two years after the battle, and when the war for the Union had been triumphantly concluded, the corner-stone of the Soldiers' Monument was laid in the Cemetery with imposing ceremonies. There were present General MEADE, HOWARD, MOTT, SICKEL, DODSWELL, CRAWFORD, GIBBON, and ROBINSON, who participated in the memorable conflict on this field. General HOWARD delivered an impressive oration, the theme of which was the trials and sacrifices of the private soldier. In the course of his address he paid a touching memorial to his "friend and trusted commander, General REYNOLDS." He alluded also to the connection of EVERETT and LINCOLN with the previous occasion. "These great men," said he, "have been already consecrated, and are doubly sacred from the memory of our brethren who lie here, and from the association with them upon earth. Side by side, Mr. EVERETT and Mr. LINCOLN, who gave tone to the exercises of consecration two years ago, whose own bodies are now resting beneath us here, but whose spirit is still living and unmistakably animating every true American heart this day. We have now been called to lay the corner-stone of a monument. This monument is not a mere family record—not even a simple memorial of individual fame, nor the silent tribute to genius. It is raised to the soldier. It is a memorial of his life and his noble death. It embraces a patriotic brotherhood of heroes in its inscriptions, and is an unceasing herald of labor, suffering, union, liberty, and sacrifice."

After the battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg the exhaustion of the vital forces of the rebellion went on with great rapidity. The Fourth of July, 1863, may fairly be considered the turning-point of the war. And for generations to come, as the national anniversary returns, the battle-field of Gettysburg and its monuments will be newly consecrated by our people.

AN ENGLISH LORD DOING PENANCE.

A SCION of nobility does not always behave with dignity. Of this we recently had an example in the conduct of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD at Honolulu. This model nobleman was a midshipman on board Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Clio*, which arrived at Honolulu on the 13th of April. The *Clio* came for the purpose of conveying Queen EMMA and suite to Panama on the route for Europe. Lord BERESFORD had conspired with others among the ship's company; and as the vessel was lying in port numerous petty expeditions were carried out against private citizens. Boats and their gear and sails were removed, and other depredations committed. But his lordship was not satisfied to leave off his escapade never before his self-respecting and gentlemen of British audacity in the way of national insolence. So one night, with his associates, he came into the city and shot the American eagle which decorated the entrance to the American Minister's dwelling. The next day, after an extensive search, the eagle was found on board the *Clio*.

The captain of the vessel, Mr. TOCKINGTON, more gentlemanly than his lordship, recommended that restitution should be made in a manner somewhat humiliating to the young nobleman, who was compelled to leave the ship's boat in full dress and nail it upon the gateway from which he had removed it. The illustration on our first page represents the humiliating scene. Mr. PAYNE, who, in addition to the restitution, was also compelled to apologize for his conduct. On the left hand the American gentleman is seen in close conversation with the Captain, his face fronting the reader.

But there was a perfunctoriness about the young lord's penitence that is very characteristic. The *Clio* sailed May 6. The night before she left another insult was offered to the British Minister, Mr. PAYNE. A band of sailors and officers went through the streets singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "John Brown" with a chorus somewhat different from the original. A part of the mob stopped in front of the Legation and used language too disgusting to be quoted. Mr. PAYNE, the British Minister was absent, and thus escaped the insult which had been prepared for him. There is something, we think, in Lord BERESFORD's conduct and sentence which is very characteristic of the aristocracy which he represents.

THE END OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

ON Wednesday, July 5, sentence was passed upon the conspirators who were tried by a military court, by President LINCOLN, and the same day was approved by President JOHNSON. According to the terms of this sentence HAROLD, ATZEROTT, PAYNE, and Mrs. SURRATT were condemned to be hung; O'LAUGHLIN, ARNOLD, and Dr. MUDD to be imprisoned for life; and SPANGLER for six years. Mr. SURRATT was condemned to be hung; but, the court not having unanimously concurred in this sentence which is very characteristic of the aristocracy which he represents.

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The executions of the sentence was one of the most necessary of the day. The sentence was made known to the prisoners on Thursday, the 6th, and the very next day, at half past one o'clock, the cause sentenced to be hung were launched into eternity.

It was about noon on Thursday that General HARTRANFT went to the prisoners' cells, carrying, in General HANCOCK's presence. PAYNE, whose real name is LEWIS THORNTON POWELL, received the intelligence of his fate with indifference, silently expecting nothing else. He requested the spiritual advice of Dr. STRACKER, a Baptist clergyman of Baltimore, which was granted. ATZEROTT, on the other hand, and HAROLD, and Mrs. SURRATT, were surprised at their sentence. ATZEROTT, in particular, was disconsolate and terrified. HAROLD was calmer than he had shown himself on previous occasions.

As soon as the findings of the court were made public the friends of those sentenced to death began their importunities to obtain a commutation. In the case of Mrs. SURRATT much sympathy was excited, not in behalf of the criminal herself, but of her unfortunate daughter, who made the most persistent and heart-rending pleas for her condemned mother. Similar efforts were made by HAROLD's sisters to obtain a pardon for their brother.

Mrs. SURRATT asked for a postponement of her sentence for four days, on the ground that such delay was needful to enable her to receive from a Roman Catholic Church for penitential exercises. But this privilege was refused. Not content with petitioning in her own application, Mrs. SURRATT's friends had recourse to the writ of *habeas corpus*, which was obtained from Judge FISHER, of the District. This had no effect. To have admitted the force of the writ would have been an admission of the illegality of the military court.

By night, on Thursday, the scaffold had been erected in the south yard of the old Penitentiary building, in the rear of the present Capitol prison. That night was a wretched one for the condemned prisoners. Until nearly midnight they were attended by their friends, and the hearts of Mrs. SURRATT remained with her mother almost the entire night. PAYNE bore up with firmness, though in the morning he confessed to Father WIGET. SURRATT suffered much from mental and physical prostration. HAROLD, comforted by the presence of his sisters—and in another—got some rest. ATZEROTT was wholly unnerved, and having passed a sleepless night, he was found in a fainting state.

At noon, on Friday, PAYNE and his three associates who were to suffer death had their last interview with their friends. PAYNE had no relatives, but was visited by a female friend, who, it is said, is a sister. The interview lasted about half an hour, when the lady visitors, dressed in deep mourning, issued from the inner door.

At one o'clock the heavy door leading from the prison to the court-yard was opened, and the procession to the scaffold commenced. First came Mrs. SURRATT, supported by two gentlemen and followed by her two spiritual advisers, one of whom carried a small cross and a book of prayer. The limbs of the victim seemed to fail her, and it was with great difficulty that she was assisted to the scaffold. She ascended the steps, her hands manacled behind her, and her face wearing a ghastly expression. ATZEROTT followed, his hands and feet both shackled, and his knees quaking with fear. PAYNE came PAYNE, manacled in the same manner, and dressed in the navy pants and collarless shirt which he had worn during the trial. He alone was fearless, remorseless, and unembarrassed. Last of the four, HAROLD mounted the scaffold and took his seat between ATZEROTT and PAYNE—Mrs. SURRATT sitting on the other side of the latter.

When they were all seated Mr. GILBERT and Dr. GOTT stepped forward, and in each separately expressed the thanks of PAYNE and HAROLD for the kindness shown them by General HARTRANFT during their confinement, and offered prayers for the prisoners. Mr. BUTLER performed a similar office for ATZEROTT.

The prisoners were then led to the ropes prepared for them; then their arms and legs were bound, and the noose passed over the head of each, no request being offered by any. But ATZEROTT still quaked with a fear which was terrible to witness. Then the cap was drawn over the face of each, and one the trap was sprung and the four bodies swung in the air. With Mrs. SURRATT there was no struggle, as there was with the others. PAYNE lived six minutes and a half.

There were about three thousand soldiers on guard, posted at the different entrances to the prison-yard, and about the avenues of approach. General HANCOCK had issued about two hundred tickets admitting spectators to witness the execution. The court-yard was cleared, and the bodies were taken down and buried in the coffins prepared for them.

Since the execution of ATZEROTT is reported as having been prepared by one who had known the prisoner since his arrest. According to this statement he was born in Prussia in the year 1835, and came to this country with his parents in 1854. He soon engaged for some time in the cracker-making business. Last fall he was engaged in his business at Port Tobacco when he was induced to join the conspiracy for abducting the President. The first attempt to carry out this plot was to be on the Seventh Street road, about the middle of March, when the President was expected to visit a camp. After his seizure the President was to be carried across the Potomac. This plan failed, as did also the one subsequently arranged to kidnap the President in the theatre. ATZEROTT denied that he aided in the plot to murder the President.

The state of mind which led to their final destination, and thus was completed the memorable history of that conspiracy which three months ago plunged our people into the lowest depths of grief.

A DREAM.

ALL yesterday I was spinning.
Sitting alone in the sun;
And the livelong day was so lengthy
It lasted till day was done.

I heeded not cloud or shadow
That flitted over the hill,
Or the humming-bee or the swallows,
Or the trickling of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning,
All of blue summer air,
And a flickering ray of sunlight
Was wound on the reel as there.

The shadows grew longer and longer,
The evening wind passed by,
And the purple splendor of sunset
Was footed in Western sky.

But I could not leave my spinning,
For so fair my dream had grown
I heeded not, hour by hour,
How the sun rose and went down.

At last the gray shadows fell round me,
And the night came dark and chill,
And I rose and ran down the valley,
And left my dream on the hill.

I went up the hill this morning
To the place where my spinning lay—
There was nothing but glistening dew-drops
Remained of my dream to-day.

THE PATAGONIAN BROTHERS.

WE are not related. His name is John Griffiths, and I am William Waltur; and we called ourselves the Patagonian Brothers because we thought it a big little and original title. We met by chance, about six years since, on the race-course at Shrewsbury, and took a mutual liking, and went partners in a tour through the midland counties. We had never seen or heard of each other up to that time, and have not been good friends. We never greatly intimate. I knew nothing of his past life, nor he of mine; and I never asked him my opinion on any subject. I am particular to have this all clear from the beginning; for I am a plain man, telling a plain story, and I want no one to misunderstand me, or to find I am about to relate.

We made a little money by our tour. It was not much; but it was more than either of us had been able to save before, so we agreed to stay together and try our fortune in London. This time we got an engagement at a play-house for a month, and when the summer came, joined a traveling circus, and roamed about as before.

The circus was a capital thing—a republic, so to say, in which all were equals. We had a manager to whom we paid a fixed salary, and the rest went shares in the profits. There were times when we did not even clear our expenses; there were towns where we made ten and fifteen pounds a night; but the bad luck went along with the good, and, on the whole, we prospered.

We staid with the company two years and a half in all, and played at every town between York and London. During that time we had found leisure to improve. We knew each other's weight and strength now to a hair, and grew bolder with experience; so that there was scarcely a new feat brought out any where which we did not learn, even to the "perch" business, and the trick of walking, head downward, on a marble ceiling. The feat is, that we were admirably matched, which, in our profession, is the most important of all. Our height was the same, to the sixteenth of an inch, and we were not unlike in figure. If Griffiths possessed a little more muscular strength, I was more active, and even that difference was in our favor. I believe that, in other respects, we suited each other equally well, and I know that, for the three years and a half which we had spent together (counting from our first meeting at Doncaster down to the time when we dissolved partnership with the circus folks) we had never had an angry word. Griffiths was a steady, saving, silent fellow enough, with little gray eyes and heavy black brows. I remember thinking, once or twice, that he was not quite the sort of person I would like for a friend; but that was in reference to no act of his, and only a fancy of my own. For myself, I can live with any one who is disposed to live with me, and have peace and good-will better than any thing in the world.

We had now grown so expert that we resolved to better ourselves and return to London, which we did somewhere about the end of February, or the beginning of March, 1855. We put up at a little inn in the Borough, and looked about for new fields ourselves engaged by Mr. James Rice, of the "Britannia Tavern," at a salary of twenty pounds a week. Now this was a great advance upon all our previous gains; and the Tavern was by no means a bad place for the fraternity in a theatrical point of view.

Situated half-way between the West End and the City, surrounded by a densely populated neighborhood, and kept in the very path of the omnibuses, this establishment was one of the most prosperous of its class. There was a theatre, and a concert-room, and a garden, where dancing and smoking, and rifle-shooting, and supper-eating were going on from eight till twelve o'clock every night all through the summer season, which made the place a real favorite with the working-classes.

Here, then, we were engaged (Griffiths and I), with a promise that our salary should be raised if we proved attractive; and raised it soon was, for we drew enormously. We brought out the prophets of the old-fashioned business; came down, in the midst of fire-works, from a platform higher than the roof of the theatre, and, in short, did more to keep that ever yet was done in our line—ay, and did it well, too, though perhaps it is not my place to say so. At all events, the great colored posters were pasted up all over the town; and our salary was increased to fifteen pounds a week; and the gentlemen who rather shook the boys in the Saturday *Post*, was pleased to observe that there was no performance in London half so wonderful as that of the Patagonian Brothers (from which I take this epithet), to thank him kindly.

We lodged (of course together) in a quiet street on a hill near Islington. The house was kept by Mrs. Morrison, a respectable, industrious woman, whose husband had been a gas-fitter at one of the theatres, and who was now left a widow with one only daughter just nineteen years of age. She was very good and very pretty, too, and was christened Alice, but her mother called her Ally, and we soon fell into the same habit; for they were very simple, homely people, and we were as much at home as if we had all been living together in the same house for years.

I am not a good hand at telling a story, as, I dare say, you have found out by this time—and, indeed, I never did sit down to write one out before—so I may as well come to the point at once, and confess that I loved her. I also fancied, before many weeks were over, that she did not altogether dislike me; for a smile was given me twice as sharp as it is in love, and there is not a blush, or a glance, or a word, that the heart can conferre to make hope upon. So one day, when Griffiths was out, I went down stairs to the parlor, where she was sitting by the window at work, and took my courage in both hands.

"Ally, my dear," said I, stopping her right hand from working, and taking it up in both of mine; "Ally, my dear, do you want to get rid of me?"

She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again, and I felt the pulses in her little soft hand throbbing like the heart of a frightened bird, but she never answered a syllable.

"Ally, my dear," said I, "I am a plain man. I am thirty-two years of age. I am not given how to flatter like some folks, and I have had but very little book-learning to speak of. But, my dear, I love you; and though I don't suppose that you are the first girl I ever fancied, I can truly say that you are the first I ever cared to make my wife. So, if you'll take me, my dear, I want to get you married to you as long as I live."

What answer she made, or whether she spoke at all, is more than I can undertake to tell, for my ideas were all confused; but I only remember that I kissed her, and felt very happy, and glad, and firm. Morrison came into the room, she found me with my arm clasped round my darling's waist.

I scarcely know why it was that I never told the change in John Griffiths; but that it was somewhere about this time I am tolerably certain. It did not last for long, and was caused on account of trifles that, after all, are matters of feeling more than matters of fact; but others saw the change as well as myself, and no one more than I, considering that he grew to be more silent and unsociable than ever. He kept away from home as much as possible. He spent all his Sundays out, starting away the first thing after breakfast, and not coming back again till close upon midnight. He even put an end to our old friendly custom of walking home together after our night's work was over, and joined a sort of tap-room club that was kept by a dozen or so of idle fellows belonging to the theatre. Worse than this, he scarcely exchanged a word with me from

morning till night, even when we were at meals. He watched me about the room as if I had been a thief. And sometimes, though I am sure I never wronged him willingly in my life, I caught him looking at me from under those black brows of his as if he hated me.

More than once I laid my hand upon his sleeve as he was hurrying away on Sundays, or turning off toward the club-room at night, and said, "Griffiths, have you got any thing against me?" or "Griffiths, won't you come home to a friendly glass with me to-night?" But he either shook me off without a word, or muttered some sulky denial that sounded more like a curse than a civil answer; so I got tired of peace-making at last, and let him go his own way and choose his own company.

The summer season drew fast advanced, and our engagement at the Belvidere had well-nigh ended, when I began to bore the furniture, and Ally to prepare her wedding things. Matters continued the same with John Griffiths; but, when the day was fixed, I made up my mind to be easy, to dismiss and drive him to the church and the dinner. The circumstances of that invitation are as clear in my memory as if the whole affair had taken place this morning.

It was on the twenty-ninth of July (I am particular about dates), and there had been a rehearsal call to rehearsal at one o'clock that day. The weather was warm and hazy, and I started early that I might not feel it so tired; for I knew that, what with the rehearsal, and the new piece, and the Terrific Descent, I should have enough to do before my day's work was done. The consequence was that I arrived about twenty minutes too soon. The gardens had a dreary look by daylight; but they were pleasant-ir, any how, than the theatre; so I loitered up and down among the smoky trees, and watched the various people file stairs off the hall in the summer-houses, and thought how shabby the fountains looked when they were not playing, and what miserable imitation concerns were the Stalactite Caves and the Cosmorama Grottoes, and all the other attractions which looked so fine by the light of colored lamps and fire-works.

Well, just as I was sauntering on, turning these things over in my mind, whom should I see in one of the summer-houses but John Griffiths! He was lying forward upon the table, with his face resting upon his clasped hands, sound asleep, with a little ale-bottle and a pint of cold beer beside him, and his stick had fallen near his chair. I could not be mistaken in Griffiths' big fists, which always went up and touched him smartly on the shoulder.

"A fine morning, John!" says I. "I thought I was here early; but it seems that you were before me, after all."

He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice, as if he had been struck, and then stood regularly away.

"What did you wake me for?" he said, sullenly.

"Because I have news to tell you. You know that the sixth of August will be our last night here. Well, mate, on the seventh, please God, I'm going to be married."

"Case you!" he interrupted, turning a livid face upon me, and an eye that glared like a lion's. "Curse you! How dare you come to me with that tale, you smooth-faced hound?—to me, of all men living?"

I was so little prepared for this burst of passion that I had nothing to say, and so he went on:

"Why can't you let me alone? What do you tempt me for? I've kept my hands off of you till now—"

He paused and bit his lip, and I saw that he was trembling from head to foot. I am no coward—it's not likely that I should be in a Penjamin Boxiana if I was. But the sight of his hatred seemed to turn me, for the moment, quite sick and giddy.

"My God!" I said, leaning up against the table, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

He made no answer, but looked straight at me, and then walked away. I don't know how it was, but from that moment I knew all. It was written, somehow, in his face.

"Oh, Lor'!" I said to myself with a kind of groan, and sat down on the nearest bench. I believe that at that moment I scarcely knew where I was or what I was doing.

I did not see him again till we met on the stage, about an hour afterward, to go through our scene in the circus. It was a grand piece, with a great deal of firing, and hot water, and a live camel in the last act of Mahomet and the Seven Sleepers, and slaves, performing before the Rajah in the hall of Candelabras. Excepting that it cost a great deal of money, I don't see why I ever knew about the piece, and, upon my word, I don't believe that any body else knew much more. By this time I had, of course, grown to be a real composer; but I could see that Griffiths had been drinking, for his face was flushed and his balance unsteady. When the rehearsal was over, the piece called us into his private room and brought out a decanter of sherry, with which, I must say, he was always as liberal as any gentleman could be.

"Patagonians," says he, for he had a wonderfully merry way with him, and always called me that name, "I suppose you would make no objection to a little matter of extra work and extra pay on the eighth, just to end the season with something stunning—hey?"

"No, no, Sir, not we," replied Griffiths, in a sort of imitation of humor that wasn't natural to him. "We're ready for any thing. Is it the flying business you spoke about the other day?"

"Better than that," said the manager, filling up the glasses. "It's a new French feat that has never yet been done in this country, and they call it the trapeze. Patagonians, your health!"

So we drank his in return, and Mr. Rice explained all about it. It was to be an exhibition of posturing and a balloon ascent both in one. At some distance below the car was to be secured a triangular wooden frame-work, which frame-work was called the trapeze. From the lower pole, or base of this triangle, one of us was to be suspended, with a ligature of strong leather attached to his ankle, in case of accidents. Just as the balloon was rising and this man ascending head-downward, the other was to catch him by the hands and go up also, having, if he preferred it, some band or other to bind him to his companion. In this position we were then to go through our customary performances, continuing them so long as the balloon remained in sight.

"All this," said Mr. Rice, "sounds much more dangerous than it really is. The motion of a balloon through the air is so steady and imperceptible that, but for the knowledge of being up above the earth's surface, you will scarcely feel any difference in the gardens. Besides, I am speaking to brave men who know their business, and are not to be dashed by a little—hey, Griffiths?"

Griffiths brought his hand down heavily upon the table, and made the glasses ring again.

"I'm ready, Sir," said he, with an oath. "I'm ready to do it alone if any man here is afraid to go with me!"

He looked at me as he said this with a sort of mocking laugh that brought the blood into my face.

"If you mean that for me, John," said I, quickly, "I'm no more afraid than yourself; and, if that's all about it, I'll go up to-night!"

If I was to try from now till this day next year I never could describe the expression that came over his face as I spoke those words. It seemed to turn all the evening of my life black. I could not understand it then; but I understood it well enough afterward.

Well, Mr. Rice was mightily pleased to find us so willing, and a very few more words ended the matter. Mr. Staines and his famous Wurtemberg balloon were to be ready to proceed after the evening's colored lamps were to be hired, and Griffiths and I were to receive twelve pounds apiece for the evening, over and above our regular pay.

Poor Ally! In the midst of the excitement I had forgotten her, and it was not till I was out of the theatre and talking slightly with her that I remembered she must be told. For my own part I did not believe there was the slightest danger. I knew that how her fears would magnify every thing, and the nearer I came toward Islington the more uncomfortable I felt. After all, I had given such a promise.

"Come, John," says I, "our share of this business is done. Don't you think we might as well get going and be off?"

He was hanging below just then, holding on by my two hands, and had been hanging so quite quiet a long time, that I didn't seem to hear me, and no wonder, for the clouds were gathering about us so thickly, that even the voice of the gentleman who spoke to me muffled, and I could hardly see for a yard before me in any direction. So I called to him again and repeated my question.

He made no answer, but shifted his grasp from my hand to my wrist, and then up to the middle of my arm, and then to my shoulder, and so on till the same nearly on a level. There he paused, and I felt his hot breath on my cheek.

"William Ives," he said, so hoarsely, "swear to-morrow to have been your wedding-day?"

Something in the tone of his voice, in the questioning, in the words, all fearful solitude, struck me with horror. I tried to shake off his hands, but he held too fast for that.

"Well, mate, if I was?" said I after a moment. "You needn't grip so hard. Catch hold of the pole, will you? and let go of my arms."

He gave a sudden laugh, but never stirred.

"I suppose we're about two thousand feet high," he said, "and the balloon is the mate he had something between his teeth. "If either of us was to fall he'd be a dead man before he touched the ground."

I would have given the world at that moment to be able to see his face; but what with my own head being downward, and all his weight hanging to my arms, I had not power to turn it more than an inch.

"John!" I exclaimed, "what do you mean? Catch hold of the pole and let me do the same. My head is on fire."

"Do you see this?" said he, catching my arms a couple of inches higher up, and looking right into my face. "Do you see this?"

It was a large, open clasp-knife, and he was holding it with his teeth. His breath seemed to his very cheeks and eyes.

"I bought it this evening—I bid it in my belt—I waited till the clouds were thick, and there was no soul to see. Presently I shall cut you away from the balloon. I took an oath that you should never have her, and you shall not keep it."

A dimness came over my eyes and every thing grew red. I felt that in another minute I should be insensible. I was not afraid, I was already, and, letting my arms free, made a spring at the pole overhead.

That spring saved me. Our wrists were bound together, and as he rose he drew me along with him; for I was so faint and giddy that I could make no effort to help myself.

I saw him hold by the pole with his left hand; I saw him take the knife in his right; I felt the cord of rope between his wrist and mine, and then—

And then the horror of the moment gave me back my strength, and I clung to the frame-work just as the thong gave way.

We were separated now, and I was still secured to the trapeze by one ankle. He had only his arms to trust to—and the knife.

Oh, the deadly, deadly strife that followed! it sickens me to think of it. His only hope now lay in the cursed weapon; and so, clinging to the woodwork with one hand, he strove to stab me with the other.

It was life or death now, and I grew desperate. To feel his murderous clutch upon my throat, and, in the silence of the hideous struggle, to hear the report of a Champagne cork, followed by a peal of careless laughter, overhead— Oh, it was worse than death, a hundred times over!

I can not tell how long we clung thus, each with a hand upon the frame-work. It may have been only a few seconds; but it seemed like hours to me. The question was simply which should be strangled first.

Presently his grips relaxed, his lips became deadwhite, and a shudder ran through every fibre of his body. He had turned giddy!

Then a cry burst from him—a cry like nothing human. He made a false clutch at the trapeze, and reeled over. I caught him, just in time, by the belt round his waist.

"It's all over with me," he groaned between his set teeth. "It's all—over—with me! Take your revenge!"

Then his head fell heavily back, and he hung, a dead weight, on my arm.

I did take my revenge; but it was hard work, and I was already half exhausted. How I contrived to hold him up, to unbind my foot, and to crawl, in spite of the ropes, is more than I can tell; but my presence of mind never failed me for an instant, and I suppose the excitement gave me a sort of false strength while it lasted. At all events I did it, though I now only remember clinging over the basket-work, and seeing the faces of the gentlemen all turned up from one as I sank to the bottom of the car, scarcely more alive than the burden in my arms.

He is a patient man now, an Australian settler, and, as I am told, well to do in those parts.

This is my story, and I have no more to tell.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PROVINCIAL PHILOSOPHY.—A young friend of ours, who has been spending the dog-days of London on beer he imbibes, says that although it is quite true that "one may grow done in a minute," yet in summer like this makes one swallow—a good deal of liquid.

A VIEW WIG, who for the horsewhip's smart, Said to her father, begg'd he'd take her part. "O What is your fault?" said he: "come state the case." "I threw away from me my husband's wig." For which he beat me!" "Dear you, did he! Sith' he has got paid for what I'll beat his wife!"

Every plain girl has one consolation. If she is not a pretty young lady, she will—if she lives, he is a pretty old man.

A wine-merchant once left a supported assistant in his cellar, and said to him, "Now, lest you should drink the wine, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll put a mark on each cask so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's face, and pretended to leave the mark of dash on them. The man drank of the wine, and so he even with his master, chalked it on his nose, and rubbed the thousand.

Women were born, so fate declares,
To nourish our lines and our cares;
And 'tis but just, for by your truth
They're very apt to ruffle both.

TEOLE WHO DON'T USE IT.—A phrenological professor, who had been taking the lungs of our reporter to apply, who is a tall specimen of the human genus, and abounds in that element so much that he could almost supply the ingredient interrogation for wholesome inquiries, and makes a most commanding and interesting chimney-piece, when quietly smoking a cigar. "Young man," said he, in a tone of voice that would have done for Boanerges, "do you know that your lungs are as large as a foot?" "Well," said Bantel, "it may be so; but there is one foot that you are not going to find which I wish to impress on your mind: that there are a great many people who don't use it!" The phrenologist drew the inference, and discontinued the conversation.

RESIGNATION.—"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow!" replied the other humbly.

Charles Lamb was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once, at a theatrical representation, a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable lisping manner, "Is there no clergyman present?" Something, Sir," answered a guest. "Then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God!"

MUSICAL MEMS.

In composing a round you should always use circular notes.

Why is the leader of the orchestra at the opera the most wonderful man of the age?—Because he leads Time.

ODE

BY AN IMPECUNIOUS POET.

How fresh and innocent the breeze
That shakes the morning silk, and sends
It hovers now among the trees,
And flies to other open grounds.

I love the air so calm, so cool,
That breathes upon my fevered brow!
It wakes up Nature, and I feel
I'd break my fast, but don't know how.

Ye, ah! the wind I love so well,
Unfeeling mocks me while I praise it,
Because I can not touch or smell
What means I can adopt to raise it!

THE SCHOOLMASTER IS CERTAINLY ABROAD.—A young lady of fourteen being asked at a public school examination what was meant by "Parliamentary language," said she hadn't been taught how to define, but she knew how to misapply.

A "ROUND MAN."—The saying about round men in square holes, and square men in round holes, frequently does not apply to M——, & Co."

The advertisement is the modern substitute for the "Circular Saw;" but they intimate that, as far as they are concerned, "nine feet efficient make" of the "round man" "need apply" to them, whatever they may do to others. Nevertheless, we think that should the efficient circular man apply, he will find that they have only adopted a round way of putting it, and that really it is "on the square."

Before "love comes in at the door" it would be well for him to peep through the keyhole. He might see something that would prevent him from entering.

The richest child in Europe—Rothschild.

DEFINITION OF THE "HAPPY MEAL."—A joyful mixer.

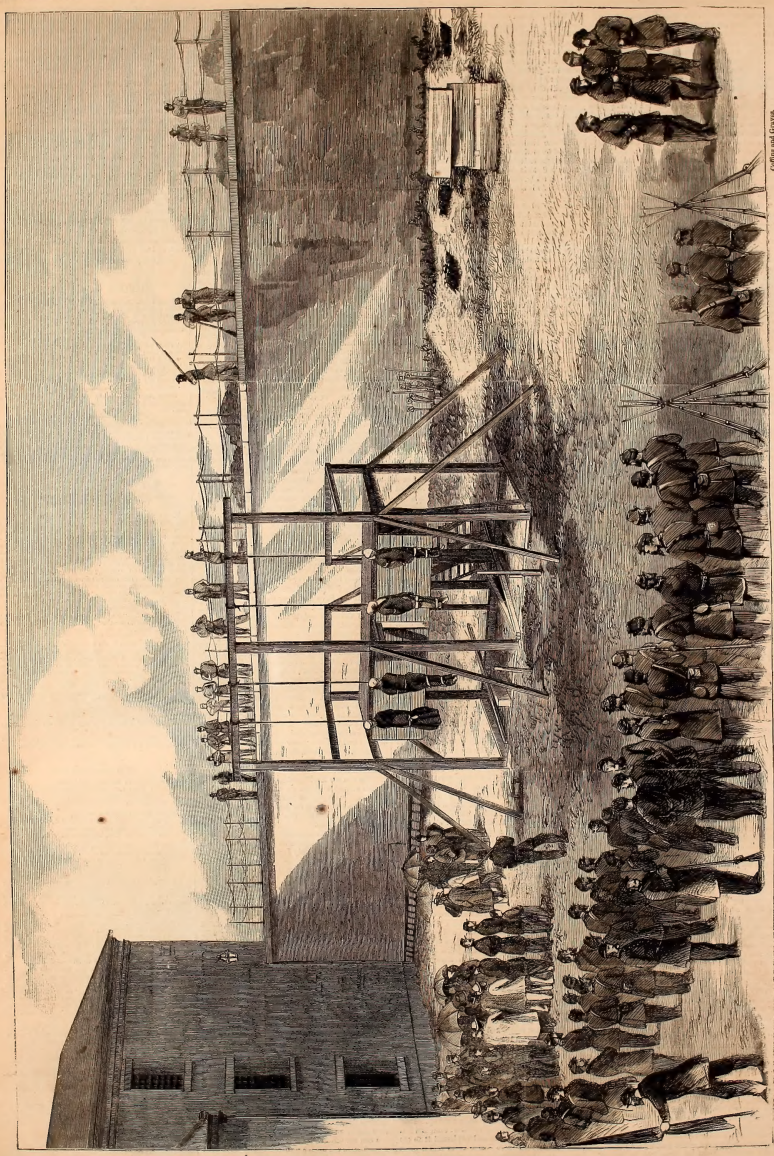
Some wives are so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

Why is your dinner after you've eaten it like city property?—Because it belongs to the corporation.

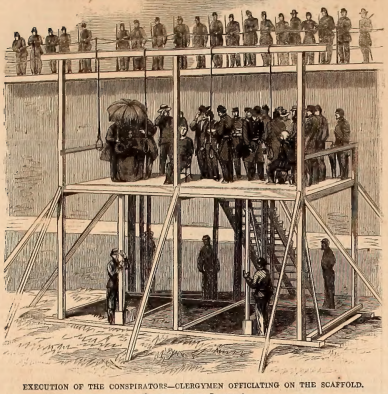
LETTER OF CREDIT.—I. O. U.

All lawyers may be said to belong to the Fee and Brotherhood.

WHEN is a cat like a sea-port?—When you've shown it the town in it.



EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS AT WASHINGTON, JULY 7, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]



EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS—CLERGYMEN OFFICIATING ON THE SCAFFOLD.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS—ADJUSTING THE ROPE.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



LEWIS PAYNE.



DAVID HAROLD.



J. W. ATZEROTT.



EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS—SPRINGING OF THE TRAP.
[DRAWN BY A. MCCALLUM.]



THE LATE RESIDENCE OF MRS. SURRATT, 541 EIGHTH STREET, WASHINGTON.
[SKETCHED BY E. A. PERKINS.]

A SOLDIER'S BURIAL.

It was down by the blue Potomac
That we made his lonely grave,
On the steep and wooded hill-side
As it slopes to the river's wave.
By the broad and blue Potomac,
In sound of its murmuring wave,
We left him alone in his slumber,
To take the dream no more.

He was our comrade in battle,
And his heart was warm and brave
And never a thought of danger
Crept in to that manly heart;
And when we came to place him
In his cold and narrow grave,
We felt, though Death was the victor,
How hard it was to part.

He died not amid the conflict,
As he would he might have died,
In the rush and roar of the battle,
When only the craven fear;
'Mid the frenzy and heat and tumult,
When friends fight side by side,
It is easy to die if summoned
In the cause our hearts hold dear.

But death to our comrade came slowly.
In the dull and heated camp,
And we carried his corpse between us
When the air seemed strangely still
With the summer noonday silence,
And only our hollow tramp
Was heard as we gently bore him
To the new-made grave on the hill.

Some solemn words spoke the chaplain,
That were good for the soul to hear;
And ever softly murmured-
The blue Potomac's wave;
And while he spoke there glistened
On the good man's cheek a tear.
And when we had filled, all silent,
Our comrade's new-made grave.

Then all at once on the stillness
The fifes began to play,
Mocking our pain and sorrow
With their voices loud and shrill.
And in step with the pulsing music
We passed from the place away,
And left our comrade to slumber
In his grave on the wooded hill.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAXON RENEWS HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE COLONNAS.

Saxon found the Earl waiting for him at the Sedgebrook station, with a plain phaeton and a long-limbed, bony, black mare, that looked somewhat viciously askance at the new-comer, and would evidently not have consented to stand still for a moment were it not for the groom at her head.

"That's right, Trefalden," said Castletowers, as Saxon emerged from the station with his guncase in his hand and his rug over his shoulder. "Your train's a quarter after time, and the mare has been giving herself as many airs as a spoiled beauty. Jump up, my dear fellow, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you. Brought any horses?"

"Yes, two—since you insisted that I should do so. Here they come."

The Earl turned and glanced at the thoroughbreds, which were now being led down in a traveling costume that left nothing of them visible save their hoofs and their eyes.

"They're as welcome as yourself—if that's not a bad compliment," said he. "I've sent a light cart for your luggage, and my man shall follow with your groom to show him the way. It's only a couple of miles to the park gates. Any thing else?"

There was nothing else; so the groom stepped back, and the mare shook her ears and went away down the road as if she had been shot from a catapult.

"I am delighted you've brought those horses, Trefal'n," said the Earl, as they flew along between the green hedgerows of the pleasant country road. "I don't have really nothing to ride upon. This mare's a demon when her temper is up, and my mother's carriage-horses are as fat and lazy as a pair of aldermen. In fact, I have given over the only tolerable beast in the stables for Miss Colonna's sole use until benefit as long as she remains at Castletowers."

"Miss Colonna!" echoed Saxon.

"A lady who is visiting us," replied the Earl, explanatorily. "You have heard of her father, no doubt—Giulio Colonna, the great Italian patriot. He is living with us also."

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Saxon, who had turned very red, and began to wish himself back again in London.

"He is my mother's oldest friend," continued Castletowers, "and mine too. I don't know what you may have heard of him—few public characters have ever had so many enemies or so many friends—but you must be prepared to like him, Trefalden, for my sake. You may not take to him at first. He is eccentric, absent, somewhat cold, but a man of antique virtue—a man whose grand simplicity of soul is as much out of place in the nineteenth century as Cincinnatus himself would be out of place in a modern drawing-room."

Saxon thought of the twenty francs that Signor Colonna had offered him at Reichenau, and did not kindle at this description, as his friend had anticipated.

"I have heard nothing to his disadvantage," he said, with some constraint. "Is Major Vaughan still with you?"

"Yes, and Burgoyne comes down to-morrow for a week's shooting. We've intend to be quite gay while you are all here."

"What do you mean by 'quite gay?'"

"Why, my mother gives a dinner-party to-morrow, and an evening-party on Saturday; and on Thursday the last meet of the season will be held in our grounds. Then, on Monday, the officers of the Forty-second, now quartered at Guildford, give a great ball, to which our guests are, of course, invited—and so much for the programme, with little variation. It is monotonous, but what can one do at a distance of thirty miles from London?"

"Lead the happiest life in the world, I should think," replied Saxon.

"It is a question of taste and means," said the Earl, with a sigh. "A moiti of field sports, and an everlasting rigmarole of dining and dancing, dancing and dining—that is life in an English country-house. For myself, I prefer the harsher music of whizzing hand."

"Do you mean that you wish to go into the army?"

"I mean that I should like to be a soldier if my sword and my sympathies could go together; but that they never can, so it's of no use thinking about it. Do you see that gray church-steeple ahead, and the green slope beyond, sprinkled over with elms? That's Sedgebrook. Just home with come into sight directly at the turn of the road."

And then the conversation strayed to other topics, and Saxon told his friend how William Trefalden was coming down on Thursday; and by that time they had reached the park gates and were driving up to the beautiful old red house, which looked as if dyed in the sunsets of many centuries.

Then the Earl took his guest round to the stables, built on the princely scale of the old Elizabethan days, and now more than three parts empty. Here Saxon saw the stall-set apart for his two thorough-breds; and presently Major Vaughan came into the yard, white with dust, leading his own beautiful Arabian, Gulnare, and followed by a docile bay, carrying a lady's saddle. The lady, it seemed, had been riding with Mademoiselle Colonna.

After this they strolled about the gardens, and the Earl initiated Saxon into the topography of the smoking-room, the billiard-room, and all that part of the house called the bachelors' quarters; and then the gong was sounded, and it was time to dress for dinner.

It was Saxon's first entry into the society of ladies; and this fact, coupled with his reluctance to meet the Colonnas, made him somewhat nervous on going into the drawing-room. The ladies, however, were not yet down; and he found only a group of four men standing round the fire. Two of these were Castletowers and Major Vaughan; the third he at once recognized for the dark-eyed Italian whom he had met at Reichenau; and the fourth was a perfect stranger.

"My friend, Mr. Saxon Trefalden—Signor Colonna—the Reverend Edwin Armstrong," said Lord Castletowers, getting through the introductions at once with the coolest.

The clergyman bowed somewhat stiffly; but Signor Colonna held out his hand.

"Germain Trefalden, sir," he said, with a smile of singular sweetness. "I have heard much of you, Mr. Trefalden, and rejoice to know you. Is this your first visit to Castletowers?"

It was evident that he had no more remembrance of Saxon than Saxon had of the world before the flood.

At this moment the butler entered. The Earl, with some ceremony, presented his young friend to his mother, and while Saxon was yet bending over her fair hand dinner was announced. The Earl immediately gave his arm to Mademoiselle Colonna, Signor Colonna took Lady Castletowers, and Saxon followed. Thus it happened that the introduction which Saxon most dreaded was altogether omitted, and that he did not even set eyes on the woman's face till he had taken his seat at the dining-table. He then looked up, and, to his intense discomposure, found her superb eyes turned full upon himself.

"My vis-à-vis is, I suppose, your young millionaire?" she said, presently, to Lord Castletowers. "I have met him before; but I can not remember his name."

The Earl laughed and shook his head.

"Impossible," he replied. "He has only been six or eight weeks in England, and during the whole of that time you have not been up to town, I think, for a single day."

"But I may have met him abroad—perhaps at Milan?"

"He has never visited Italy in his life."

"Well, then, in Paris?"

"And I know that he has never been to Paris. In fact, it is more than improbable that you can have seen him before."

"Then I must have dreamed it. I speak thus positively because I know all the story of his life up to this time, and a very curious story it is."

"You must tell it to me," said Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I will, by-and-by; and when you have heard it you will grant that you are only misled by some accidental resemblance."

Mademoiselle Colonna looked at Saxon again. He was talking to Lady Castletowers, and she could scrutinize his features at her leisure.

"I do not think I shall make any such concession to your narrative powers," she said. "The more closely I look at him the more convinced I am that we have not only met, but spoken—and not very long since, either. Why, I recognize the very inflections of his voice."

"Nay, madam, I claim to be a Swiss," Saxon was saying. "I was born in Switzerland, and so were my father and grandfather before me."

"But Trefalden is not a Swiss name," said Lady Castletowers.

"No, Trefalden is a Cornish name. We are of Cornish descent."

The color flew to Olimpia Colonna's face at the discovery conveyed to her by these few words. "It is, then, a case of accidental resemblance," she said, with a troubled look. "I remember all about him now, and he remembers me. He knew he did; I saw it in his face."

"Then you really have met before?"

"Yes, in Switzerland, a few weeks ago. I—I was so unbelievably rude as to refuse him for an ordinary peasant, and I—that is to say, we—offended him cruelly. My father has forgotten all about it; but I have never had the heart to apology by-and-by. I hope he will forgive me."

"Forgive you!" echoed the Earl, in a low, passionate tone.

But Miss Colonna did not seem to hear him.

Later in the evening, when the little party was dispersed about the drawing-room, she turned to Saxon, who was bending over some engravings on a side-table, and said,

"If it were not a presumption and pardon are thought to go hand in hand, I should ask to be introduced by Mr. Trefalden. As it is, I can only hope that he has forgotten me."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I should be sorry, concerned for my memory, madam," he replied, "if that were possible."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Is that a sarcasm," said she, "or a compliment?"

"I did not mean it for either."

"What is it, then?"

"A simple statement of a simple fact. Mademoiselle Colonna is associated in my memory with the very noblest type of my life, and I had tried to forget that I had once had the honor of meeting her it would not have been possible for me to do so. The day I first learned the change in my fortunes."

Miss Colonna smiled and put out her hand.

"What is it, then? I forgive you," she said. "I will not consent to be the one disagreeable episode in so bright a life."

"But I can't forgive you twice over," replied Saxon, bashfully, scarcely daring to touch the tips of her fingers.

"Which means that you had done so already? Thank you. And now we must be friends; and you shall tell me all about my father, who is deeply interested in your free and beautiful country. Would that our own beloved Italy were half so happy!"

And with this she took Saxon's arm, and they crossed over to where her father and Major Vaughan were engaged in earnest conversation.

In the mean while Lord Castletowers was wishing himself in Saxon's place, and thinking how gladly he would have given the best hunter in his stables to be so wronged and so solicited by Olimpia Colonna.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIGNOR COLONNA'S DEN IN THE OCTAGON TURRET.

Giulio Colonna was never so immersed in political labors as during those eight weeks that he and his daughter had been staying at Castletowers. He sat all day, and sometimes more than half the night at his desk, answering letters, drawing up declarations and addresses, and writing fiery pamphlets in Italian, French, and English. Olimpia helped him for many hours each day, often rising at dawn to correct his proofs, and to write his private correspondence. Every now and then a special messenger would come down from London by the mid-day express; or the electric telegraph dispatches would arrive, full of secret information, and so worded as to be unintelligible to all save the receiver. And sometimes, in the evening, after a hasty summons to the octagon turret, would order out his black mare, and, laten with messages, gallop over to the Sedgebrook railway as if the very lives of his guests depended on his speed.

Then Lady Castletowers would look after him with a little wondering smile; and, turning to the morning visitor who might happen to be sitting with her at the time, would say something about her son's foreign friends, Colonna, and those foolish intrigues in which he still persisted in taking so much interest; or would, perhaps, let fall a word of half-implied regret that her son, the Earl, whose English politics were so thoroughly unexceptionable, should yet suffer himself to be attracted by the romance of this so-called "Italian cause."

But this intrigue went on nevertheless; and her ladyship, who was quite satisfied if Signor Colonna showed himself at the dinner-table, and Olimpia sang occasionally in the drawing-rooms, little dreamed that that room in the octagon turret was the focus of a fast-coming revolution. Fearful letters from the Italian provinces; the bluest blood in her ladyship's veins—were being done daily under her very roof. Strategical operations were mapped out, and military proclamations translated, by the hand of her own son. Subscriptions to the cause poured in by every post. Revolutionary commissions in embryo revolutionary regiments were countersigned by Earls and Viscounts! And in her ladyship's own post-bag, under cover to all kinds of mysterious Smiths and Browns in different quarters of London; and as for musket-money, it was a marvel that the very checks which accumulated in her house for that purpose did not explode, and reduce the place to ashes.

In the mean while a great storm was really brewing, and the leaven of resistance was at work among the masses of Southern Italy. An insurrection had already broken out at Palermo, but it had hitherto attracted no very serious notice in London or Paris. Honorable members attended to it but slightly, as a mere formidable riot, or a salutary warning to sovereigns who misgoverned their subjects, and neglected the advice of their ministers. But Giulio Colonna, in his little room at Castletowers, knew well enough how to interpret the first faint mutterings of that distant thunder. He knew where it would break out next, and where the first shaft of the lightning would fall. His own pen was the conductor—his own breath the wind by which the storm-clouds were driven.

And yet Colonna was no soldier. A braver man never lived; but the sword was not his weapon. A student in his youth, a delicate man at his prime, he was born for the cabinet and not the camp. Bodies need brains as much, and sometimes more, than they need hands; and Colonna was the brain of his party. He was never more useful to his friends, he was never more formidable to his enemies, than when bending over his desk, pale and sleepless, and never weary.

The Earl of Castletowers had described his friend rightly when he spoke of him as a man of antique virtue. His virtues were precisely of the antique type—so precisely that his detractors ranked some of them but little above vices. In his creed, as in the creed of the Roman citizens among whom he had lived, the love of country held the highest place. Italy was his God. To serve her he thankfully accepted privation, contumely, personal danger, banishment, and oppression. To serve her he stooped to beg, to dissimulate, to mask hatred with smiles, and to feign friendship. To say that he was ready at any moment to lay down his own life for Italian liberty was to say nothing. He was ready to sacrifice his daughter, like Jephtha; or his dearest friends; or his good repute; or innocent blood, if innocent blood were the indispensable condition of success. These were indeed antique virtues—virtues that had nothing in common with the spirit of Christian chivalry. In the worst enemies existed a story that Giulio Colonna was a hero and a patriot. His fiercest detractors never heard a doubt of his sincerity. But it was a significant fact that his bloodest worshipers, ready as they were to compare him with every Italian name from the glory of classic Greece and Rome, never dreamed of linking his name with that of Bruce or Bayard, Wallace or La Rochejaquelein. He was, in very truth, more Pagan than Christian, and they instinctively recognized the fact.

Such was Giulio Colonna—a great man, a noble man, an heroic man, after his kind; a man of vast intellectual powers, of untiring steadfastness; of invaluable energy and resources; but a man wholly dominated by a single idea, and unable to recognize any but his own arbitrary standard of right and wrong.

It was the morning after Saxon's arrival at Castletowers. The three young men were out with their guns and dogs, and Olimpia Colonna was busy together in their quiet study in the octagon turret. It was a very small room—almost round—with one deep mullioned window, overlooking a formal space of the garden. A few prints on the walls, a few books on the shelves, a writing-table heaped with letters and papers, three or four chairs, and a davenport in the recess of the window, were all the furniture it contained. At the davenport sat Olimpia, copying a long list of memoranda, while her father was busy with the voluminous correspondence at the larger table. He had received a budget of some forty letters by that post, and was going through them rapidly and methodically, indorsing each for future reference, selecting others for immediate reply, and flinging the rest into a waste-paper basket beside his chair. When the last was disposed of his daughter lifted up her head, and said:

"What news from Italy, padre mio?"

The Italian sighed wearily.

"None," he replied. "None of any value. A few insignificant skirmishes, but nothing new to tell. Things remain about the same in Sicily. Garibaldi wants money. Nothing can be done without it—at least nothing worth doing."

"Better to attempt nothing than make a useless demonstration," said Olimpia, quickly.

"Ay—far better."

"And all from Italy?"

"All."

"And from London? I thought I saw Lord Brecontry's handwriting."

"You've sends a check for twelve pounds; and here are three or four others, and a subscription from Birmingham—not twenty-five pounds in all!"

Olimpia rose, and laid her hand lovingly upon her father's shoulder.

"Do not be discouraged, padre mio," she said. "The movement is as yet scarcely begun, and our friends have not reached the true exercise of the crisis. The English, we must remember, are not roused to enthusiasm by a few words. When the time comes for them that our people are in earnest they will help us with hearts and hands."

"And in the mean while our volunteers are to be slaughtered like sheep for want of proper weapons!" replied Colonna, bitterly. "No, Olimpia, it is now that we need funds—now, when the struggle is scarcely begun, and the weak lies all before us. Without these no real discipline without arms, food, and clothing; and without discipline all the valor in the world is

of no avail. While can weaponless men do to prove themselves in earnest?

"Die!" said she, with kindling check and eye.

"Yes—we can all do that; but we prefer to do it with something better than a pike or a scythe in our hands.

Saying this he pushed back his chair, and began walking gloomily up and down the narrow space between the window and the door. He came presently to a sudden halt, looked full into his daughter's eyes, and said:

"We want twenty-five thousand pounds, at the very least, before ten more days have passed over our heads."

"So much as that? Alas! it is impossible."

"I am not sure that it is impossible," said Colonna, still looking at her.

"No? what do you mean?"

"Sit down, my child—here, by my side—and I will tell you."

She sat down, and he took her hand between both of his own. Perhaps her heart throbbed for a moment in some vague apprehension of what might next be said; but neither her face nor her hand betrayed emotion.

"There is a young man in this house," said the Italian, "to whom such a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds would be of less importance than a handful of bajocchi to one of our volunteers."

"Mr. Trefalden?"

"Mr. Trefalden. He is worth four or five millions."

"Yes—I remember. We were talking of it at breakfast-time, you know."

"We were; and I promised myself at the time that I would move heaven and earth to gain that young man's name."

"It will not be difficult."

"In the ordinary degree not at all; but we must do more than that."

"It is hopeless to dream that he will give us twenty-five thousand pounds," said Miss Colonna, hastily.

"I mean him to give us a million."

"A million. Are you mad?"

"I mean him to give us a million—two millions—three millions—all he possesses, if less than all will not suffice to set our Italy free! Listen, darling mia; we have here in our hands a strange story of this young man's life. We know how pure, and pastoral, and unworldly it has been. He and him simple and enthusiastic as a child—his heart open to every generous impression—his whole nature open to every sense of beauty. To such a nature all high things are possible—with such a nature all that we desire may be found. I look upon this youth as the destined liberator—as the destined sacrifice!"

Olimpia sighed and shook her head.

"If he were a Turk," she said, "it would be easy—and justifiable."

"Justifiable!" echoed her father, with an angry gesture. "In our holy cause all means are justifiable. How often must I repeat that to you, Olimpia?"

"It is a point, padre mio, on which we can never think quite alike," she replied, gently. "Let it pass."

He dropped her hand, rose abruptly, and walked restlessly to and fro, muttering to himself. She also rose, and stood waiting till he should speak again. Then he drew his hand across his brow, and said, harshly:

"The freedom of this work must rest chiefly on you, Olimpia."

"I will do what I can," she replied.

"Do you know what you have to do?"

"I think so. I have done it often enough before."

Colonna shook his head.

"No," he said, "that is not enough. You must make him love you—you must make him marry you."

"Father!"

"It is the only certain way to achieve our purpose. He is young and impressionable—you have beauty, fascination, eloquence, and that nameless charm of the will and sympathy of others which has already won hundreds of ardent spirits to the cause. In a week he will be at your feet."

"You ask me to sell myself!" exclaimed Olimpia, with a magnificent scorn upon her lip that would have become an offended goddess.

"For Italy."

She clasped her hands together in a whirl, passionate way, and went over to the window.

"For Italy," repeated Colonna, solemnly. "For the sake of which I have consecrated you, my only child, since the moment when you were first laid, smiling, in my arms. For the cause in which my youth and manhood have been spent. For the cause in which I should not hesitate to go to the stake to-morrow, or to shed your heart's blood with my own hand!"

"I had rather give my heart's-blood than do this thing," said Olimpia, with averted face.

"Do you know that of choice there is no palm his branch shall be severed," replied her father, sternly.

She made no answer, and for some moments they were both silent. Then Colonna spoke again.

"With money now at our command," he said, "success would be certain. Without it, nothing but failure awaits us. Twenty-five thousand pounds, judiciously spent, would equip six thousand men; and if such a force stationed at his back Garibaldi would enter Naples in the course of a few days. But what does he say himself—that whatever is done, must be done in the name of Sardinia? In the name of Sardinia, that gives neither a soldier nor a sou to the struggle! In the name of Sardinia, whose king dare not countenance our effort, but who is ready to reap the fruits of our victories! No, no, Olimpia mia—it is not twenty-five thousand pounds that we need. It is a million. With a million we should free not only the Sicilies but the Romagna, and reconstruct the great republic. With a million we may reject the patronage of Victor Emanuel and the whole monarchical party!"

"With but one million?" said Miss Colonna, doubtfully.

"With but one—or two, if two be needed, and we have two at command. What is one man's wealth, when weighed in the balance, in comparison with results such as these? What is any private interest, when weighed against the honor and freedom of a great country?

Again Olimpia was silent.

"And this," pursued he, eagerly, "with a Roman senate at the Capitol, and a Dictator at the head of the Roman legions, we shall do that which Cæsar did not! Cæsar failed—we shall not accomplishing. We shall expel the Austrian from the soil, and buy back Venetia with our blood!"

Olimpia turned at last. Her face was very pale, and the burnished gold of her hair crowned her in the twilight like a glory.

"Enough," she said, calmly. "This young man's wealth shall be bought for Italy, if aught that I can give will purchase it."

Colonna took her in his arms, and kissed her brow.

"There speaks the true Colonna!" said he. "Had my daughter even given her heart to some other, I should have expected this concession—have counted her love as nothing in the forest of our Italian chivalry; but as it is, I think her duty and her love will yet go together."

"Nay—we will put love out of the question," said she, coldly.

"Heaven grant that I may live to see that day when, through thy deed, my Olimpia, our beloved country shall be free from the shores of the Adriatic to the Straits of Messina!"

"Amen," replied Olimpia, and left the room.

A REVERIE.

ALONE in my bachelor room, Nellie,
I'm sitting and pondering o'er
Some letters that lie on the table—
Your hand traced them, Nellie, of yore,
And your picture is lying beside them,
The golden hair rippling o'er

I'm musing and thinking of you, Nellie,
Of the "Songs of former time,"
Of your merry laugh's glad music,
Of the "Choir meeting," and dance,
Of our walk to the "Choir meeting,"
And of much I can not rhyme.

The years that have passed are ten, Nellie,
Since I first met you and knew,
And the stars looked down through the locust-trees
And witnessed our solemn vow—
How will this be, Nellie, when kept, Nellie,
Our hearts can make answer now.

We were sad as we said "Good-by," Nellie,
'Neath the shade at your father's door,
But we vowed we would love for aye, Nellie,
As none ever loved before.
Thus we parted—I to the West, Nellie,
And thou to the sunny South.

Our college days were past, Nellie,
And I buckled Hope's armor on
To shield in the hour of battle,
And guard still the vow done;
So, jostling 'gainst the world, Nellie,
At last the victory won.

The hour of victory came, Nellie,
Alas! too late it came,
The tongue of the slanderer hissed, Nellie,
Plotting a story of shame;
And she laughed when she made you believe, Nellie,
A lie so quite worthy of such.

* * * * * * *

The years that have passed are ten, Nellie,
Each fraught with that bitter pain;
I never have loved but you, Nellie,
And never can love again;
For the love I cherished for you, Nellie,
The frosts of ten winters have slain.

INTERESTING ITEMS!

TALK DARLING.—Some people are great talk-bearers in their families. They are the mischief-makers of the station. They delight to see the amusement which follows the communication of their tales. Sometimes they know nothing which their own brains have produced will interest the hearer; often they do not know that the narrative is to be the centre of attentive listeners; and so instead of it they talk scandal; they mar any way they wish.

But they can speak about the unexpected misfortunes of the neighbor; they can tell of the quarrels of families of the kind are always delighted when they happen to hear it told it. They know exactly how to throw light and shade upon the picture of the unhappy family—and they have the best advantage. They are not satisfied, like some inferior talkers, with the mere relation of facts; they kind of have an artistic instinct for what will be effective. They will not lose the opportunity if there is a death in the neighbor overtaken by an accident, but it is a real comfort to them to know that they are the first to tell it. Not only reflected for a moment they would discover, to their disappointment, that the sad and the unfortunate circumstances of human life have been to them only fresh material for adding to the amusement of their friends, to create and awaken the curiosity of their friends.

IMPOSITION.—Some years ago a gentleman was all repeating a story about an Englishman who has gone over to Paris to get a patent for a new jackpocket keep—a false pocket, made on the plan of an eel-basket. Dishonesty is the fish that gets in, lets out and can't back, and so is caught in fagrante delicto. The inventor sought out Isaac, a young woman, in an omnibus, but he let her off.

SIR MATTHEW HALE SAYS: "Converse not with a liar, a swearer, nor a man of obscene or wanton language; for either he will corrupt you, or at least it will hazard your reputation to be of his making; and, if it doth neither, yet it will be a loss of precious time, and worse than lost, if it will be troublesome to you in after-time; and the returns of the remembrance of such things are bad. Converse with a silent hoard of this nature will haunt you when your thoughts should be better employed."

AMONG the year 14 of the Christian era the annual product of gold and silver was $6,000,000; in 1492 it was only $25,000; in 1850 it was $250,000,000; and, in 1865, $400,000,000. In the year 14 the gold and silver in existence is estimated at $1,275,000,000, and in 1865 at $10,563,000,000. The whole amount of gold and silver obtained from the earth, from the earliest periods to the present time, is estimated at $21,372,000,000.

FEW of us are happy enough to be the members of an unbroken family circle. Some or later death snaps the healthiest home, and a Christmas or a birthday festival is sometimes overcast by recalculating the living of some "vanished hand" or voice that is still forever. Now it is Tim, whose place at the table is empty, and now it is merry nose; or again it is the patriarch of the flock, whose venerable presence is missed to make the silver-corner look sacred. The "full sergeant" will not be filled. There is a vacancy in the most favored interest in his terrible visits; but the inevitable moment will arrive when three times the usual number shutters will gladden to our neighbors that there is Death in our house. What a fearful thought! Every one of us must be prepared for the suit of a beloved friend or relation has departed! Even the most sanctified and light-hearted feel the sacred loftiness of the hour. Silence reigns in the chamber where the dead man lies, and throughout the whole house the feet of the mourner falls softly, the voice naturally sinks into a whisper, and, when we can, we can but bear to part with the well-known form now vacant of its spirit. Then comes the last look, and the last kiss, and the last fare." We dote the brow with flowers. We delay till the last minute that we can delay, and it is only then that we begin really to feel the bitterness of bereavement. At length, and it is often a relief when it comes, all that can be done that tenderness or delicacy can suggest, we carry forth our cold dead to the grave. A horrid funeral is singularly revolting to civilized habits and sensitive dispositions. The jeering boys who run after the hearse, and as they are cold. He still retains in a northern climate a custom which the Greeks of the last perhaps rendered necessary. Yet even in the East some tribes seem to have been influenced by the same instinct as to speedy interment with marks most Christian nations. Herodotus, indeed, tells us of a people among the Arabians who never buried their dead at all. They placed the bodies of their deceased friends within the walls of their towns, where they afterward carried forth to the cemetery near the city. Among this people, at any rate, no one was alone. Among this people, at any rate, there can have been no lonely graves.

A LOTTERY FOR A HUSBAND.—In the Highland parish of Abernethy a most singular scheme figures, chances, etc., proposes to open a lottery under the following conditions: All widows and maidens between the ages of twenty and thirty-two are invited to buy of him a ticket at the price of 10s. 6d. Sterling, and the result at this figure the drawing will take place. There will be only one prize, and it will be the husband which any widow or maid of the above the young gentleman for her husband, and partake with him the profits to be derived from the £300 produced by the lottery.

THERE are two things which are often confounded—charity and economy—which are impossible to be distinct without being compassionate, but many a man is compassionate without being charitable. The reason is, that charity is a principle of the human mind, while compassion is only one of its many instincts. Such a thing as compassion is observed even in animals, and therefore the Power which gave it to them has not to speedy exercise with marks most Christian nations. Herodotus, indeed, tells us of a people among the Arabians who never buried their dead at all. They placed the bodies of their deceased friends within the walls of their towns, where they afterward carried forth to the cemetery near the city. Among this people, at any rate, no one was alone. Among this people, at any rate, there can have been no lonely graves.

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HOW SCOLLARS ARE MADE.—Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have been contrived to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the maker of his fortunes, so he is the maker of his own mind. To the Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by and through effort. Joy in its own action it will most certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, do as Jacob did when he wrestled with the angel—hook and teacher and his help; the work is his. A man is not educated when he has the ability to examine, as an act of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect this particular object. It is not the man who has seen most or has read most who can do this; such a one is in danger of becoming a pedant. He is not a student, for an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is he the student who has only a fair or even average capacity; the greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy was Ajax, whose preeminence became him had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because of his strength he could not have to aim.

"IT MUDDY BE WORSE!"—"Cock-a-doo!—Cock-a-doo! cock! cock! cock! it's utterly impossible; if I had spirits for it this cold weather, I would not say the words to give up my throat and prevent me. No more crowing for me, Sam!" So thought Chanticleer, Cock, as he stood on November morning, a heap of rubbish, dingy feathers, on the top of a rough fence, and looked dejectedly down on a small house in town.

The hens, who were natives, went on quietly picking up the broken potato thrown out to them, and took no notice. But a fine young cock, who had been in the country round at his finely-arched feathers that had a week before graced the tail of a handsome bird—"don't you see how dirty and shabby it is? And my wattles and my comb—they were as red as coral! I'll not crow, I'm resolved!" So he was getting yellow, and no doubt my coat is too. What was my tyranny to the cruel tyranny of these farm-yards, where I was the admiration of so many hens, and where I was sure to have the best of everything? Ah, Sam, I call this the climax of oppression and wrong, and myself the greatest victim of it!"

The hens still picked away, though he looked at them in sympathy; and Chanticleer descended to the ground hearts being but little braver than chickens), but they still kept their distance, and would not notice him.

Half offended, the discomfited cock was about to take himself off, when he observed a little boy who had left in a small cage on the wall began to sing, and went through it in such a way that the astonished cock stood rigorous wing to chant the glories of his own voice.

The Cock listened, and his head began to hang down, puff up, then shook himself, and he began to look quite firm and resolute position; for it stood on the ground, and, with a flourish of extra energy, he had posed throughout!

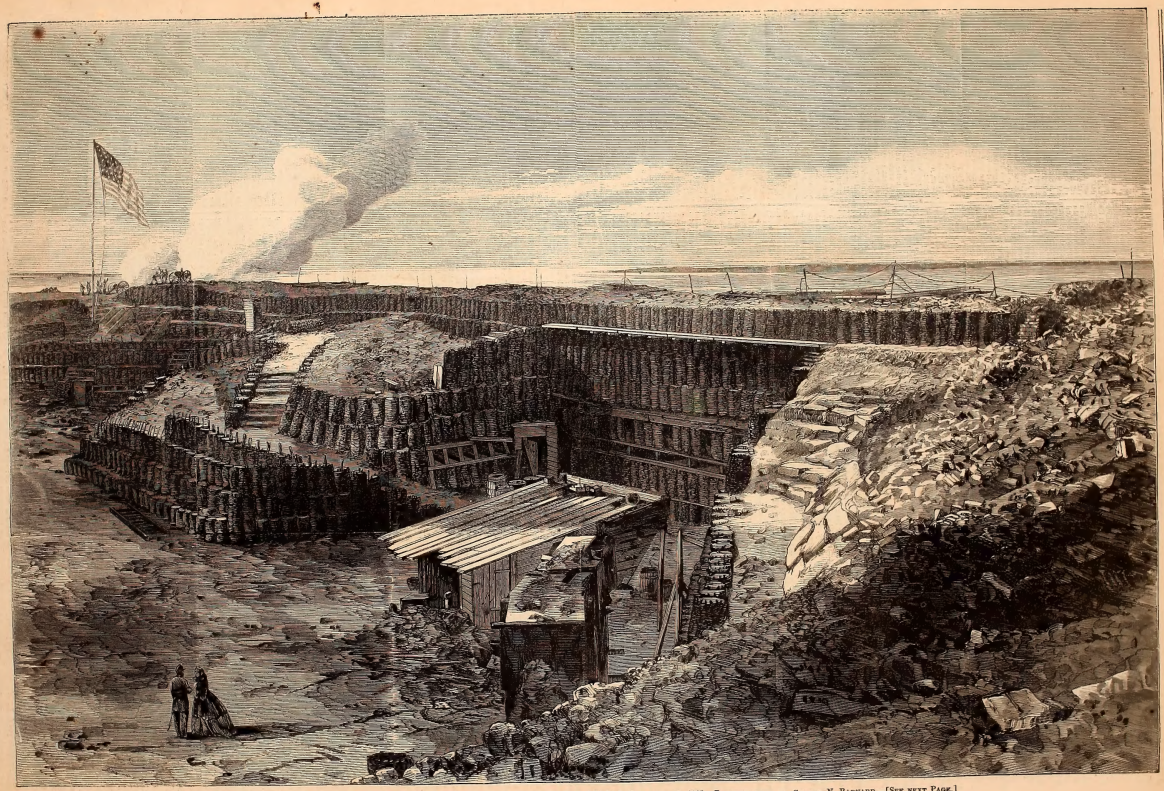
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" if you, whose happiness, every one knows, is to crow, will not crow, I will!" he said.

And the whole family in your humility country home, can sing so sweetly as I can, and I will! Cock-a-doodle-doo! I am no longer captive, I may well put up with my troubles; for I am determined to be free as I was born!"

And with these words he had thought all this he set up as fine a crow as ever came from his dear farm-yard, and began to make the best he could of his breakfast.

INDEMNITIES.—It is common enough to hear people announce that, for their part, they have given up expecting gratitude in this world, and that in such circumstance issues to leave it to Providence to reward them for their personal one. Nobody talks much about ingratitude in the abstract; but nothing is more interesting when brought home in some marked way to ourselves. Now, though it is only too frequent a truth that there is such a thing as ingratitude, we think it will be granted by whoever has listened to this strain that there always arises a misgiving as to the justice, in particular instances, of accusing a censure upon human nature. If we knew the circumstance well enough, we shall be cases of a defective sympathy. The people who are always sending out their parallels are not people to trust without a searching investigation, because they will unfairly be found self-centred, puzzled-headed, or in some way incapacitated for taking a reasonable and impossible view of their own position and relations. They are cases, in short, to be blamed with the rest of the world in their knowledge, starting-point and of their unsympathetic nature, and of their want the conduct of others, in any critical case which greatly concerns themselves there, in the long run, to abandon alone; they can not take in the complicated relations in which they are involved, and they will be sure to be found will bear the mistress of a household rail at the ingratitude of servants who are on every side betrayed by such kindness has left her for her own convenience or to better her lot. As she looks at the deserted premises, she forgets that the delinquent may have the quite as strongly and kindly felt. The trusty damsel on many bad perhaps given a quiet pew one to faithful service; or, if she was not given to look, perhaps stares bad, but kinder; or she forgot that the kindness has the set-off of many a provocation laid by for others' benefit. As a fact, people are never less pleasant than when they are in a temper, and, of course, the world—that is, whatever it is. We feel implicated in some way; though it is no concern of ours, we find ourselves making common cause with the ingrate. The truth is, ingratitude is no serious a charge as we without very grave consideration—without weighing all sides of the question. There are ungrateful people in the world—people with the moulds supplied by the old writer as always acting and never saying grace; who do whatever they may still give thanks and never say "Thank you;" into whom kindness fall as into a dead sea, and are lost and swallowed up. But there are people who think they have a right to every thing, and only feel grateful when that comes as a gift which should have been theirs by ownership.

HELPERS.—We know no set of people who vary more from themselves than those who profess to help us. There is the fussy, Bigsby helper, who gives more trouble than he saves, and who seems to have undertook the company, who is generally in the way, or setting about the wrong thing, or minding what he is about when he is not minded, saying what ought to be left unsaid, and with the most marked expression and utterance of kindness, eyes, and manner, "Don't trouble yourself, my dear sir, to do for you! what can I do next?" and all the while adding trouble to your trouble instead of diminishing it. Again, there is the timid helper, who can not be left to do a thing by himself, who must be told how to do it, and who finds the performance is to be taken up and joined together: who can not be left to be trusted, and because one deals him, but because he doubts himself. When you want any thing done, he is the plainest in the world to give you minute and, saying, "this must be done," and feel sure that no time has been lost to be obtained, when you have long been perplexed and run to every moment for directions. Then there is the helper who, if he has any sense, runs into the opposite extreme. You say you want such and such a thing done, and before you have time to explain yourself he rushes off to a conclusion, and perhaps comes back with the very thing you do not want, and not by the rush way in which he sets about it. Again, there is the helper who, when you have put him in the right road and look back, sits down to the nail sewing and progress with the work, and is going at full speed. There is the helper who is going at full speed. There is the helper who, when you have left him to work, but not to be left, is nervous and relieved: who wants, as it were, to a little independence of his own, and to be left to himself, and to be left to himself, and requires the regulations of his society to call him to account; who requires conditions, and to have them stated



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE REBELS, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE N. BARNARD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



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strength of the work. When it was repossessed by our forces, it was not taken by assault, as Forts Fisher and McAllister were, but by strategy. What Sherman found in his front gave way, and what he left behind him suffered collapse. When he left Fort Sumter in his rear, that work fell without a blow.

THE POTOMAC—1861.

THE light of stars shook through the trees,
The large-eyed moon looked o'er the lawn,
O day, I said, delay thy dawn!
A little whisper stirred the breeze.

A fr[illegible]ened bird thrilled through the place,
A dead leaf fell as my still feet,
And my wild heart, oh lord it beat!
He read my answer in my face.

All night across the moonlit land,
Far southward, where the river runs,
I heard the booming of their guns,
While in his own he held my hand.

Trust God, oh little heart! he said,
And gulloped forth into the light;
That day he rode into the fight,
And there they shot my lover dead.

My stricken soul rose from the dust,
And pushed rebellious hands toward God;
I will not to the earth be trod,
Then art nor wise, nor good, nor just!

And thus it was not sanctified—
My sorrow—and when I did pray:
My end, O God! no more delay,
Now take me to him, Lord, I cried.

One night I dreamed, and he stood by,
Clothed, angel-wise, in love and light.
I durst not touch his robes of white,
He child me with his pitying eye.

Only that look, nor any word,
And I had learned, not all too late,
Had learned to live, and work, and wait,
And my poor faith to life was stirred.

Oh well I knew that not for me
Were robe of white, the palm, the crown,
Till I more worthy them had grown,
Had earned, like him, euthanasy!

[illegible]or sitting still with folded palms,
To nurse my grief through the long years,
But rushed through my bitter tears
Strange mockery in the eternal psalms;

In some far circle from the throne
Content if I, at last, may stand,
He holding in his own my hand,
And our two voices making one—

One voice of praise, prevailing thence
Unto the Lamb, upon the Hill—
The far-off memory of ill,
Crowning the long, long recompense.

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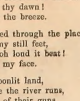
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JAMES B. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
NEW YORK, April 29, 1862.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 448.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FOURTH OF JULY AT ALBANY AND SARATOGA.

THE fact that General GRANT was to be present at Albany on the Fourth rendered that place a great centre of attraction during that day.

The ceremonies of the day took place on the Washington Parade-Ground. Besides the Lieutenant-General, several other distinguished military men were present, among whom were Generals SCHOFIELD, HUNTER, KAUTZ, KILPATRICK, and DODGE. Having arrived on the Parade-Ground, after the prayer and the reading of the Declaration General BUTTERFIELD presented to the Government and people of New York two hundred battle-flags, accompanying the presentation with an eloquent speech. Governor FENTON was too weak to deliver the responsive address, which was read by his private secretary. The oration of the day was pronounced by Dr. E. H. CHAPIN. After the oration, which was one of CHAPIN's finest efforts, there was the usual rush after General GRANT, who with difficulty fought his way to his carriage. We give an illustration of the presentation of the flags on page 468.

Independence Day was celebrated at Saratoga also under brilliant auspices, being made the occasion for a grand reunion of the Army of Tennessee. The most noticeable characteristic of the celebration here was the absence of noise, the city government, frightened by the late fires, having forbidden the ignition of gunpowder in any shape during the day. The reunion of the army took place at LELAND's Union Hotel. Most of the officers who had been at Albany were present at the grand dinner which the LELANDS gave to the army. WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE recited a poem on the occasion. We give an illustration of the dinner on page 468. We publish also on page 469 three other illustrations—one of the ball which took place in the evening in the new Opera House just completed by the Messrs. LELANDS, another of the drive to Saratoga Lake, and the third gives a fine view of the Lake itself. Saratoga Lake is three and one half miles from the town, and has on its borders several hotels. Pickerel, perch, and other fish abound in the Lake, and the disciples of WALTON can here indulge to their heart's content in their favorite amusement. This Lake is the favorite resort of the visitors at the Springs, and is the terminus of the best drives about the town. On the Fourth these drives were frequented by a large number of fashionable turn-outs. It would not tend to diminish the pleasures of Independence Day if it were always and every where celebrated with the quietness which characterized the celebration this year at Saratoga.



PORTIA.—"*Which is the Merchant here, and which the Jew?*"—SHAKSPEARE.

THE GREAT LABOR QUESTION, FROM A SOUTHERN POINT OF VIEW.—[BY JOHN.]

SOLDIERS AT HOME.

THEY come through the green still ways
To their peaceful homes once more,
To lie in the shade through the summer days
Till their weariness is o'er,
And the silence grows a familiar thing
After the battle's roar.

They are strong in limb and look,
And forget to heed the rain;
And drink at every babbling brook,
And sleep on the open plain;
For the night-mists fall in harmless dew
On their oaken bark and grain.

The children count the scars
On their faces one by one;
And the maidens that twinkle out like stars
After the set of sun,
Draw shyly near to hear them tell
How the bloody fight was won.

They are heroes one and all
To these gentle ones they meet;
And the truest of love that to them call
Were never so soft and sweet;
And toward what once was a hopeless dream
They now may turn their feet.

They are a nation's pride,
And its living memory
Of the noble hearts that bravely died
Beside them on land and sea;
And at their feet are the highest gifts
Of a thankful people free.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THERE seems to be a vague public impression that the Monroe doctrine is a restless fury that will not cease to hurry us until we warn France off the continent or drive her away. Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, who is not a very wise man, denounces the Government for its servility to the French Emperor. Mr. HARLAN, the Secretary of the Interior, wishes that it might be the will of God that we should fight for Mexico. A great many other gentlemen also seem to suppose the country to be stepping about in a highly truculent mood, and, like the Irishman, requesting everybody for the love of Heaven to do him the favor of treading upon the tail of his coat. What then is the Monroe doctrine, and to what extent is it binding upon the United States Government?

The Monroe doctrine was an executive declaration never confirmed by Congress. It was made an instance of Mr. CANNING, the British Prime Minister, to meet a certain emergency, which was the suspected intention of the Holy Alliance to restore forcibly to Spain the American colonies which had revolted and had declared their independence. In the course of the message in which President MONROE alluded to the subject, he said that any European interposition to control the destiny of those colonies would be viewed as the sign of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. He also stated in another relation that "the American *continents*" were not to be henceforth considered subjects for European colonization.

This was a declaration which, as a specific measure under the existing circumstances, received the applause of the liberal party throughout the world, but as the assertion of a permanent national policy it was never adopted by Congress, was never allowed by foreign powers, and has never been the ground of any decisive national action. But it is now claimed to be a necessary tradition of our national conduct.

If it be meant by this claim that we are to regulate the internal condition of Mexico and all the other governments upon the North and South American continents, including Brazil, without any treaty with them or application from them, it is simple folly. If it be meant that we are to guard ourselves against evident peril, there is no need of giving a mysterious name to an inevitable and universal policy. Every nation has the right to defend itself against palpable danger. But to assume that the presence of any European power upon these "continents," without regard to the circumstances of the case, is menacing to this country is entirely gratuitous. Do we mean to declare that Mexico or Venezuela may not invite foreigners at their pleasure? And do we mean to decide for ourselves whether they have invited them or not? On the other hand, if the peril be held to lie not in the coming of Europeans, but in the monarchical form of government, do we mean that we will tolerate no monarchies upon the "continents?" In other words, does the Monroe doctrine mean that we will regulate all or any of the nations of North and South America exactly as we choose?

This is really the Monroe doctrine, as it is expounded in popular speeches and journals. The plea is, that our republican institutions are imperiled by the influence of a neighboring monarchy. But is republicanism such a puny system that its influence does not as seriously threaten monarchy? If we wished to see France fatally weakened, we could not more surely secure that result than by encouraging her to make Mexico a French colony. That is the clear perception of the shrewdest French statesmen. That is the instinct of the French people; and the Mexican expedition is, therefore, regarded as a truly imperial blunder. The truth is, that there is no European power that could colonize upon these continents without seriously injuring itself.

The Monroe doctrine, as it is popularly preached, is merely the infamous doctrine of the Ostend Manifesto—that we may do as we please with our neighbors, even to absorbing them. And this is logical. If we have a right to hold that a foreign government in Mexico is dangerous, we have an equal right to believe the same of a domestic government there. If, for our security, we may overthrow the one, we may destroy the other. All the high-wrung steps would be easy; and we naturally find that the advocates of "Manifest Destiny" and of filibustering are ardent friends of the Monroe doctrine. "It is clear that.... Cuba is as necessary to the North American republic," said JAMES BUCHANAN and his fellow-pirates at Ostend, "as any of its present members, and that it belongs naturally to that great family of States of which the Union is the providential nursery." The Ostend Manifesto is the oldest child of the Monroe doctrine.

When the people of the United States are convinced that their institutions are endangered by the condition of Cuba, or Yucatan, or Guatemala, or Caracas, or any other country upon these "continents," they will not hesitate to apply every necessary remedy. But no one believes they are alarmed by any thing that is now occurring; and we are very sure that, after the experience of the last four years, this country will not go to war upon an abstraction.

LETTING ALONE.

A FAMILIAR cry is heard from the unorganized States. It comes from orators and papers which have been heard before. "Just let us alone. That is all we want. As for the negroes we will manage them in any body else, and we must be permitted to manage them."

Except for the seriousness of the situation there could be something entirely humorous in this grave assertion. It is exactly what we have heard for the last twenty years. When it was perfectly evident that the slavery party was at every moment endangering the welfare of the country, a firm and vigorous protest was raised by sagacious citizens who did not mean to conserve, under any pretense whatever, the national ruin. Then came the answering shout from the party of slavery: "Let us alone. It is our affair. We know the negroes and understand how to manage them. Let us alone." And many honest minds were deceived by the appeal.

Then came secession. The men who had cried so lustily "Let us alone" while they were plotting, cried still more solemnly "Let us alone" when they were ready to consummate the crime. Their armed effort has been abortive but bloody. It is necessary for them to recur again to arts and intrigues, and so we hear the same cry, "Let us alone. Let us alone."

And who echo this cry? Those who in 1860 said that the Government had no right to coerce a State; those who in 1861 and 1862 said that the war was really occasioned by the loyal States, and that the Government ought to compromise with treason and disband the rebellion; those who in 1862 said that our erring sisters should be allowed to depart in peace. Those who in 1863 stimulated a counter-revolution, Governor Seymour in Chicago, and who declared the war a failure. Those who at the end of 1864 were politically annihilated by the American people at the polls.

What is the object of the cry? The overthrow of the Administration and the policy which directed the war, and the return to power of that alliance of Northern politicians and Southern followers which brought on the war. That alliance, we are told, secured peace to the country. Yes, it secured peace at the cost of national honor and by delaying a struggle which delay embittered a thousand-fold. It secured peace as a man secures solvency by paying fifty per cent. a day for money. It secured peace as he secured peace as he does who puts his nose into the fingers of a bully and obsequiously succumbs to his kicks. And what was the condition of him who broke it? When war began, who began it? Who justified those who began it? Who hoped and worked for their success? Those who now tell us that while they had the power they kept the peace. Those who we know when they lost the power broke the peace. They gave the country peace in a highwayman gives his victim life, on condition of obedience. "Just give us power again, fellow-citizens," they cry, "and you will see how we will keep the peace." Their fellow-citizens have already seen. Enough is as good as a feast.

The late rebels say that they know the negroes a great deal better than any body else. How have they proved it? By enslaving them with unparalleled barbarity. By outraging every human right and feeling. By making the Government, when the war came, every one of the people they "knew so well" instinctively turned against them, and hailed the enemies of their masters as, for that reason, their own best friends. A society which is so ignorant of human nature, of history, of divine justice, and of the laws of political economy as to suppose it can treat half of its members as brutes without danger to the general welfare, when its foolish assumption has ended in its own blood and ruin, might be held worthy of scorn or opinion if it does not feel it. There was never a class in the world which knew so little of another as the slaveholding class of the South knows of the slaves. Its ignorance has cost us a civil war; but it has also fortunately apprised us that such ignorance is a mortal peril.

And what can the slaveholding class now doing to show us how perfectly they understand the negroes? The Southern States are paralyzed. They can be reinvigorated only by labor. The negroes are the laboring population. They are native to the soil and the climate, and they are free. Common sense indicates the only policy. The inevitable facts of the case should be cordially accepted. Liberal wages should be paid. Honest contracts made. Just measures adopted to provide education and equal rights for the most substantial part of the population. In a word, the public prosperity should be secured and public peril avoided by the simplest and most obvious equity. But, instead of this, farmers are offering five dollars a month to freemen who, as slaves, could hire themselves and make fifteen or twenty. White people are gravely enacting that colored people shall not testify; shall not control their own children; shall not have a right to hold real vest; and are surrounding them with disabilities for which there would seem to be no legal redress. And all the while the class at the South which has made elaborate study a crime protests against the fearful ignorance of the colored people; and those who have disgraced labor and degraded the laborer, and who themselves never lifted a finger to work, now complain that the negro is a dreadfully lazy fellow, and will work only upon compulsion.

The truth is, the class which wished to be "let alone" in its assault upon the Union and Government, unchanged and unsubdued, now wishes to be "let alone" to reorganize itself upon its obsolete, inhuman, and dangerous prejudices and passions. It hates the Union; it hates free labor and freedom; it believes in its interpretation of the Constitution and in State sovereignty as much as ever. The spirit of this class is the cancer of the country. If the country wishes peace it will not let it alone.

THE PREMIUM ON GOLD.

GOLD continues rather to rise than fall. The sanguine people who expected to see it below 120 before midsummer have been disappointed. It is higher now than it was before JOHNSTON surrendered.

A number of theories have been set afloat to account for the firmness of the market. A fluctuation among a certain class of patriotic people is that the gold market is "cornered"—that a prominent operator in Exchange Place has bought up all the gold in market, and is in "carrying" it, as a speculation for the rise, obliging the Bears to pay as much as $\frac{1}{2}$ @ $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. a day for the use of gold for delivery. And this idea of the condition of the market is more than once during the past sixty days is notorious. But it is not the case now. Bailey and Secretary Fox's gold was abundant. Many holders were unable to lend their gold at all. Whatever effort may have been heretofore made by the Bulls in gold to put up the price by artificial scarcity, there is now no such effort at present. The advance in the premium is sustained by other causes.

Much is due to the Bulls, to the accumulation of $26,000,000 of gold in the Sub-treasury. More than half the specie in the city is locked up in the vaults of the Government, and the supply available for importers is thus largely reduced. This, when the duties average $400,000 a day, as at present, will of itself justify considerable firmness in the market. The banks have been parading for some time a specie average of about $20,000,000—last Monday it was $20,400,444—and it seems the State Bank, where the gold brokers keep their accounts, counts all the specie it holds, while other banks count certified checks on the State Bank as coin, the real amount probably not higher than $15,000,000. A drain of $1,000,000 a week upon this small fund will naturally tell, even in the absence of an export demand.

Appeals are daily made to Secretary M'CULLOCH to deplete the Sub-treasury of its gold. Two precedents light his path. His two predecessors, finding the effects of large accumulations of gold in the Sub-treasury, anticipated the payment of the coupons on the Five-Twenty Bonds. But the device failed. People did not want their money before it was due. In our market, bonds with one coupon short were difficult of sale; and foreigners would not remit their coupons before maturity. Less than ten per cent. of the anticipated coupons were presented for payment before the regular day. The other method of reducing the Treasury stock—an open sale of the gold—was tried by Mr. CHASE. Its effect was to produce a sudden stringency in the money market, a panic in stocks, and *a large advance in the premium on gold*. Then, as now, the revenue from customs so slightly exceeded the sum required for the payment of interest at the public debt that Wall Street speculated on the possible necessities of the Government, and foreseeing that Mr. CHASE might have to buy back the gold he had sold, took care that he should not get it back at a profit. The chances are that the operation would be followed by the same results now. With $26,000,000 of gold in hand, Mr. M'CULLOCH holds some sort of check on the speculators. If he lost his specie, he might, in the event of a sudden decrease of importations, find himself at their mercy. These considerations appear, thus far, to have counterbalanced, in the Secretary's mind, the reasons which dictated a depletion of the Treasury vaults.

So far as our foreign trade is concerned it does not at present justify an advance in gold. Notwithstanding large imports and light exports, we are shipping so many stocks and bonds to Europe that the balance of trade inclines in our favor, and bankers' exchange sells considerably below the equivalent of coin. Europe continues to absorb American securities with as much avidity as ever. Not only are Five-Twenties, Sixes, and Illinois Centrals sent out by every steamer, but a German demand has sprung up for Seven-Thirties, of which over a million go out on the average each week. At last accounts, at Frankfort, which is the chief European market for American securities, Seven-Thirties were quoted within one point of Five-Twenties. Even the English, who, led blindly by the London *Times* during the war, missed all the great bargains in Five-Twenties which have still further enriched opulent Amsterdam, are now beginning to try, at 70, bonds which they would not touch at 40 @ 45, and, in the language of one of their circulars, "the most active trades in our (London) markets are American securities." Unless, then, some accident occurs to check this European appetite for American stocks, the export of specie can not become large enough to affect the market—and so far as the influence of our foreign exchanges is concerned, the premium should rather decline than advance.

It is said that gold is going South for the purchase of cotton. It seems that in some localities at the South the planters prefer gold to greenbacks, even when the latter are offered at more than the current rate of depreciation. In South Carolina planters are reported to have preferred ten cents in gold to fifteen in greenbacks. But it will be found, on investigation, that very small amounts of coin have been withdrawn from our banks for Southern shores. Rumors are unsettled in that region for buyers to carry bags of gold about the country. And, really, after all that has been said about the movement of cotton, it is coming forward so slowly that we might pay for all we get in gold without disturbing the specie reserve of the banks.

The true cause, doubtless, of the steady advance in the premium on coin is the continued expansion of paper-money. The National Bank circulation continues to increase at the rate of $3,000,000 a week, or $500,000 a day. It is now $155,000,000, against $125,000,000 on 1st May. Of the addition of $30,000,000 current issues less in known, as the Secretary declined to furnish on 1st July the usual monthly statement of the public debt. But new legal tenders, bearing compound interest, dated in May and June last, have been seen, and it is known that, notwithstanding receipts of $2,000,000 a day from internal revenue and $5,000,000 a day from sales of Seven-Thirties, the public creditors are being paid three-fourths of their claims in debt certificates. The expansion takes every shape. Last week it was suggested to the Boston banks that they might lend their surplus funds on call to Government as the New York banks do. The proposals were at once forthcoming or promised. For this amount deposit certificates were issued, which were declared available for the Treasury loans. Thus at a stroke of the pen ten millions more fictitious capital was created, involving a corresponding expansion.

It can be nothing else than this continued creation of paper-money, in various shapes and under various names, which keeps gold so high. If there were a fair prospect of the return of low currency, merchants might look hopefully for a decline in the premium. But there is no indication that any thing of the kind is even remotely probable. Within a few months, nearly $750,000,000—a sum so enormous that the mind can scarcely grasp it—have been furnished to the Government by the people, and yet Mr. M'CULLOCH is said to be so short of money that he is compelled to pay three-fourths of his debts in debt certificates. Before 15th August the authority under which the Secretary is now borrowing money will expire. How will he pay his way till December? As soon as Congress meets a new loan bill will have to be passed. How will this fresh addition to our debt be viewed by people at home and our creditors abroad?

Large reductions in the army and navy have been made. The curtailment of the latter expe-

cially has been prosecuted with the vigor which has throughout characterized that much abused but really most admirable functionary, Secretary WELLES. But a large army is still required—we are told—in the Southern States. Can not the cost of this army—which is the true source of our financial troubles, and the real secret of the firmness of gold—be made a subject upon the section which requires it?

REPORTING.

FROM the reports in the daily papers of the burning of BARNUM'S Museum it might be supposed that there was something peculiarly cordial in the death-agonies of helpless dumb creatures. The struggles of the poor animals in the fire are described as if they had been a spectacle of the purest hilarity and delight; and the details of suffering are elaborated with the zest with which we may imagine a cannibal contemplating the torture of his victim. It is certainly desirable to have the most accurate and circumstantial accounts of all interesting public events; but we submit to our friends of the daily press that the reportorial style should not add apparent inhumanity to rhetorical extravagance.

PEACE AND WAR.

JUDGE THOMPSON, of Philadelphia, and various other authorities private and public have decided that, as there are no organized armies in the field there was no authority of the Government, we are at peace. The closing of FORD'S theatre by a simple order of the Secretary of War is denounced by those who take this view as a most dangerous law at the liberties of the citizen in a time of peace. The trial of the murderers of the President by a military tribunal is a thing of which it was also vehemently condemned as an enormous crime against the public liberty. Are we at war? exclaim the indignant patriots. No, but we are not at peace.

If the fact of the disbanding of the great armies had restored us to a normal condition, the Government of the United States should at once withdraw its forces from the late insurgent States, and await such steps as those States might choose to take. But if it did that it would surrender to the States those forces to the action of those who have shown that they do not respect oaths, or to those who are practical proficients in Mr. RICHARD JOHNSON'S *Perjury-made-easy*.

A civil war, of course, has not end as a foreign war ends. It is the fierce outbreak of long-gathering political jealousies and hatreds. It has a fury and bitterness unknown to foreign wars: and it closes its active operations by the application upon one side of an overwhelming force which instantly converts the open hostility of the other into sullen opposition. This is now our condition, and it will long remain so. What hearty, cordial support of the Government, what love loyally to the Union have been developed in the recovered States? Virginia has been tolerably racked by the war, but the experiment of reinvestment fails in North Carolina, and it is estimated that an entire army corps will be necessary for the repose of the State.

If, then, we are not wholly at peace, the powers of war may be active so far as they are still necessary, and the Government must be the judge of that necessity. That in every instance it will decide wisely is improbable. Whether it must not be perilously prolonging the military organization—whether it may not plead military necessity too often, are proper matters of argument and warning. But you have no right to accuse it of wanton invasion of private rights—you have no right to say, as the *Tribune* does, that Mr. STANTON unjustly deprives Mr. FORD of the use of his property, unless you declare that the power itself, of which that is a special exercise, is illegal, upon the ground that war having ceased military necessity has ceased also. But upon what other plea are we occupying the late rebel States? And if military necessity exists at all, the Government must determine what it requires. The argument is precisely that of Mr. LINCOLN upon the suspension of the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

The present danger to public liberty does not seem to us to lie in supposing that we are at war, but in supposing that we are entirely at peace. It is very desirable that we should not have our fine sense of freedom dulled by long submission to arbitrary power. It is of the utmost importance that extraordinary precedents should not be multiplied. But it is still more important that the Government of the United States should not fall into the bands of its enemies. And to that end the people who have vanquished those enemies in the field should justify the wise policy of military power until every satisfactory guaranty of public order has been obtained.

Against any mistaken act of such power we shall earnestly protest whenever we know the facts. Thus, as we understand it, the closing of FORD'S theatre was unwise, since if danger were apprehended it would, in our estimation, have been better to repress any riot by force than to prevent it by prohibiting a man from using his own property. But in a city where but three or four days previously the Government had suspended the privilege of the writ, it is clear that the military condition continues, and that, under it, the right of the Government to close the theatre exists. The Government may have known much that was unknown to others; and as it has not shown itself alarmingly despotic in its exercise of the arbitrary power which the Constitution confides to it in times of great public disorder, we have certainly no disposition to assail it now as if it were striking at the public liberty. The sense of liberty is not so easily destroyed as some of our friends seem to imagine; and the people who, to save liberty, have patiently borne with its occasional and necessary restriction during the four years will not justify an intemperate and ill-tempered denunciation of a faithful public officer who has stood so manfully and efficiently by them and their liberties.

THE ARGENTINE WAR.

OUR placid South American neighbors of the Argentine Republic suddenly find themselves at war with Paraguay. It would be more accurate to say that they are at war with LOPEZ, the tyrant of Paraguay. Paraguay is the estate of LOPEZ, which he inherited from his father, who received it from DR. FRANCIA the Dictator. The million inhabitant of Paraguay are the workmen of LOPEZ. He is the only merchant in the country, and every producer must sell to him at his rates under pain of death. And as this highly-protective system LOPEZ is naturally the richest man in Paraguay, which he keeps to himself as much as he can keeps the rest of the people poor.

Paraguay lies at the foot of the peninsula, formed by the rivers Paraguay and Parana, where they branch from the River de la Plata, as the Platte forks at the Nebraska line. LOPEZ, having some difficulty with Brazil, asked the Argentine Republic to allow him to march troops across their territory to attack Brazil. The Republic declined. But Brazil sailed up the River Plate to attack Paraguay. The Republic declared that it could not help it, but that Brazil had always been a friend. But LOPEZ resented what he chose to consider aid to his enemy, and notwithstanding a treaty which forbade the use of Argentine troops, he, before going to war, he has advanced an army into the territory of the Argentine Republic, which he has necessarily declared war, and which is now protecting an army of some forty thousand men, with a contingent of five thousand, from its little neighbor Uruguay, and some forty thousand from Brazil. It asserts that LOPEZ, and not only expel him from the country, but, as the Declaration says, overthrow his government, although the Republic emphatically disclaims all intention of annexing or subduing Paraguay.

Meanwhile LOPEZ, who did a shrewd man of affairs, and who has a standing army of seventy thousand men, has seized the first move and is ready for his enemies. Paraguay, as we said, may be figured as the letter L, the land assailed only along the rivers which bound it on each side; and just above the junction of those rivers, or the point of the V, LOPEZ has erected a very strong fort, stretching from bank to bank, and fully commanding both, which is garrisoned by ten thousand men, and commanded by the skilful Hungarian refugee MEZZAKA. It will be a very difficult task to dislodge him while he has his compact little country so well in hand; and our good Argentine friends are so fond of honorary commissions, that we do not anticipate a very speedy end of the war.

What does MR. MONTGOMERY BLAIR think that the Monroe doctrine demands of us in this state of things?

Those who are interested to know the present social and political condition and promise of the Argentine Republic will find clear and concise statement in a letter of M. LE SARMIENTO, the Argentine Minister in this country, lately addressed to MR. WILLIAM T. DAVISON, the Argentine Consul in New York.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

MUSIC has ceased forever in SCUDDER'S hallcony, not because of rain but of fire. When BARNUM'S Museum was burned, the days since of the few interesting, and from HALLECK'S lines we may say poetic, buildings in New York disappeared. The old Middle Dutch Mansion in Franklin Square, the house in which Citizen GENET married the daughter of Governor GEORGE CLINTON, and which was then a select boardinghouse, and the hotel at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets in which General WASHINGTON parted with his officers, are two of the most noted of the few buildings remaining in the city. They may, indeed, be accounted chief mourners at the departure of their sprightly and more juvenile companions, SCUDDER'S Museum.

There was no building so well known in the city, and no resort so permanently popular as BARNUM'S. It had all the characteristics of "a big show" in the very heart of the metropolis. It was the tent of the village green enlarged, and built in brick instead of canvas. Its music, its attractions, in which ladies and gents, in the strictest sense, popular. As a museum, the wax-work, the stuffed birds and animals, the curiosities collection, the wonderful two-headed calves and lambs, and the pictures, were much the same as in all museums. The menagerie was interesting. The theatre was "moral." The aquaria were truly beautiful and valuable. The temporary "star-attractions," the dwarfs, the Albinoes, the fat women and children, etc., were unfailing. But it was the combination of all, and the advertisement of some specialty, which made the charm.

By an unparalleled genius for advertising MR. BARNUM invented the queer old collection of trumpery and monsters with a kind of glamour. The Museum itself was a perpetual disappointment. It was very shabby. The visitor was haunted from the entrance with a conviction that he was humbugged. But his curiosity had been excited. Was the dwarf really so small? Was the mermaid actually a dried monkey with the tail of a sea cod? Was JOHN HEIR truly made of India rubber? These were questions that excited the popular mind. MR. BARNUM had the knack of making his wares the town talk, and the rest followed. The baby-shows, the dog-shows, the poultry-shows, were advertisements of the same kind. The merit was not in the things themselves, good as they were: it was in the manager, who could make people pay twenty-five cents to ascertain if the things had merit. And enormous attention and consequent profits increase by compound interest. The public was long ago persuaded that what BARNUM thought worth exhibiting was worth seeing—not for itself, but for what it might be thought so.

Besides, there was a certain quality in MR. BARNUM'S management which deserved success, and that was the personality of his invention. If he saw a poor colored idiot in the Bowery, he perceived at once that he could coin money by presenting him as an unknown man, or animal, or What-is-it from Central Africa. If FREMONT went upon an expedition to strange regions, why should not the Museum receive a strange animal from that region? Why not a woolly horse as well as any thing else? Doubtless, if the moon knew of MR. LOCKE had been devised among MR. BARNUM'S career, and a little more time could have been allowed before it was exposed, the American Museum would have contained specimens of "the brown quadrupeds living in the moon" and characteristics of the bison, but more diminutive than any species of the bos genus in our natural history;" and the sheet should have a distinct color about the size of a goat, with a head and beard like him, and a *single horn* slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular." Indeed, as it is, we have always understood that MR. BARNUM never had a specimen of that single horn. His public is generous and confiding. It would have taken the horn without question.

What man has done, the same man may do. MR. BARNUM is sure of the sympathy of the public and of the earnest desire to respond to his future efforts. In a new mission, under fairer auspices, let us count upon "wax figgers" even nobler than are gone; upon taller giants and smaller dwarfs, and a Museum, in short, more marvelous phœnix than any he ever exhibited, will rise resplendent from its own ashes. Already we perceive the untiring manager is twitching

"His nostrils thin,
To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new."

LEFT-HANDED PENMANSHIP.

MR. WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, the indefatigable editor of *The Insurance Monitor*, a neat, handsome, and interesting paper, issued every month, is always devising some fresh pleasure or benefit for the public. Some time ago he offered premiums amounting to five hundred dollars for the four best specimens of penmanship by "left-armed soldiers of the Union." Any man who has lost his right arm in the service may compete. He may write an original or selected article upon a patriotic theme, and he must write on both sides of one more than seven pages upon fine letter paper of ordinary size, leaving an inch margin at the sides, top, and bottom of the paper. The writer may also give his name in full; his regiment, company, and rank; the list of battles in which he has been engaged; how and where he lost his arm, and his post-office address. If enough specimens are forwarded they will be exhibited, and the premiums will probably be decided to the publication of a memorial volume containing the essays, with a list of the contributors; and a copy will be sent to each contributor. The manuscripts must be sent in on or before the 1st of October next, wrapped around a wooden roller; and MR. BOURNE avers that he will have the right of publishing such selections as he may choose.

The following are the Committee of Award: Governor FENTON of New York; Rev. DR. H. W. BELLOWS, President of the Sanitary Commission; WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT; GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; and the Executive Committee of the Bureau of Employment at New York, HOWARD POTTER, WILLIAM E. DODGE, JUN., and THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ARMY.

By order of the War Department of June 27 the limits of the new military divisions are thus defined:

First—The Military Division of the Atlantic, Major-General George G. Meade, with head-quarters at Philadelphia.

Second—The Military Division of the Mississippi, Major-General W. T. Sherman, with head-quarters at St. Louis.

Third—The Military Division of the Gulf, Major-General Philip H. Sheridan, with head-quarters at New Orleans.

Fourth—The Military Division of the Tennessee, Major-General George H. Thomas, with head-quarters at Nashville.

Fifth—The Military Division of the Pacific, Major-General H. W. Halleck, with head-quarters at San Francisco. These divisions are among the subdivided into eighteen military departments, each with a special command.

THE FREEDMEN.

Major-General O. O. Howard, Commissioner of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen, and Abandoned Lands, on the 12th of July issued a circular of general instruction to his subordinate officers throughout the South. The State Commissioners are to report to the Bureau, to assist them in the protection of the freedmen, the adjustment of rates of wages to be paid them by the planters, the establishment and management of schools for the education of the colored people, and the arrangements for supplying their needful needs. On these and various other matters monthly reports are to be rendered. It is particularly charged that no apprenticeship system or other substitute for slavery shall be tolerated. Suffering in any region, General Howard says, may result from this positive regulation, and suffering, he adds, is professional bravery, and is to some extent the necessary consequence of events.

THE WRECK OF THE "WILLIAM NELSON."

On the 26th of June the steamer of the ship Williams Nelson, on her way from Antwerp to New York, ordered all the passengers above, and the ship was thoroughly washed and fumigated. For the purpose of fumigating the vessel coals of fire were taken into the hold, and redhot irons thrown into it. The pitch ignited, boiled over, and set fire to the ship. The captain and other officers, with the cabin passengers, escaped in boats. The ship burned to the waterscape, carrying down four hundred steerage passengers. This disaster happened off the banks of Newfoundland.

NEWS ITEMS.

Judge Merrick, formerly United States District Judge for the Southern District of Florida, has been appointed Provisional Governor of that State by the President. This appointment completes the work of supplying the States lately in rebellion with civil executives.

The Provisional Corps organized June 28 has been mustered out. A large number of the Veteran Reserve Corps of General Augur have been discharged. The number now in the army will probably be reduced from nearly 70,000 to 15,000.

General Sickles has demanded of the Imperialists in Mexico the ordnance given them by the rebel General Slaughter.

The Panama, screw, 35 flag-ship of Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, lying near Washington, received a visit from the President on the 11th. The customary honors were paid him. The Presidential salute was fired. The band played a national air. The yards were manned, and all the ceremonies of the occasion were performed. The President then inspected the ship, and the admiral entertained him and his party with the guns.

Major-General Charles Devens has been assigned to the command of one of the military districts of Virginia, with his head-quarters at Fredericksburg.

Major-General A. E. Foster has resumed command, at his return from the court for the trial of the conspirators, of the District of the Rio Grande, with head-quarters at Brazos Santiago, Texas.

Major-General Terry is about to receive $15,000 in several gold boxes from Connecticut friends, in the degree of LL.D. from Union College.

Major-General Ord has been assigned to the command of one of the military districts of Virginia, with his head-quarters at Petersburg.

By order of Major-General Thomas the forts about Nashville have been named after soldiers of the Union army who have died in the field, or by disease, as follows: Fort Negley—General Lyman D. Negley, who died in the effects of a wound received upon the enemy's parapet, in the assault upon the rebel works at Resaca, Georgia, June 27, 1864. Major-General C. G. Harker, who was killed in the assault upon the enemy's works at Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864. General St. Clair Morton, United States Volunteers, who was killed by a shell from the former Chief Engineer of the Department of the Cumberland, while reconnoitering near Petersburg, June 17, 1864, in the assault upon the enemy by Wilcox's division, with the Second corps. Brigadier-General Negley, U. S. Army, Assistant Adjutant-General United States Volunteers, who was killed at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel Julius P. Garesche, Assistant Adjutant-General United States Army, Assistant Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff to Major-General Rosecrans, commanding the Department of the Cumberland, killed at the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862. Wm. L. Whipple, First-Lieutenant in the First Michigan Infantry and Aide-de-camp with Meritt, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment Michigan Infantry, of the service, who died at Nashville, Tennessee, October 16, 1863, from disease contracted by exposure in the camp. Colonel C. G. Dahl, Fourth Ohio Cavalry, who was killed on the evening of April 1, 1865, in a pursuit upon the rebel wagon train, Talladega, Alabama. Major R. G. G. Reed, One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Ohio Volunteers, who was killed at the head in the battle on the Wilkinson turnpike, near Murfreesboro', Tennessee, December 7, 1864. Major-General E. W. Kirk, United States Volunteers, who died at Chicago, Illinois, from disease contracted in the service, December 31, 1865.

The Secretary of the Navy on Post desire to contradict the statement, made without any authority, that he had left Washington with a large amount of $175,000, in the public institution in Washington. No such bequest was made, and the whole amount of the property received by him was something short of $50,000.

The following appointments in the reconstruction committee—Messrs. Arnold, O'Laughlin, and Spangler—has been revoked. Mr. Arnold, a soldier from the Lincoln Cavalry, is at first designated, to the Dry Tortugas, off the southern coast of Florida.

The log-house in which General Grant had his headquarters at City Point during the late siege and capture of Petersburg and Richmond has been transported to Philadelphia, where, for a fee of 25 cents, it is open to the public squares.

The cannon which he made in Washington on Thursday, the 13th, Secretary of the Interior Harlan hoped that the cannon of the 4th of July, in the city of Washington, that the great American republic should be called upon to fire in honor of the eighty-ninth anniversary of the birth of the soil of her sister republic of Mexico.

The Mexican Minister Romero's number upward of 70,000.

The rebel ex-Governor Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, in an address which he has issued to the people of that State, advises them to submit gracefully to the emancipation of their slaves, to take the oath of allegiance and qualify themselves for voting, to cheerfully join in maintenance of the national Government, to acquiesce in the measures which it may adopt for the future settlement of the Commonwealth, and to give the administration of President Johnson a candid support.

During the eleven months, ending on May 31, the gross receipts at the Philadelphia Mint amounted to $15,000 in gold and eighty thousand three hundred and forty-one dollars in silver. The coinage during the time was about one million and a quarter of visitors for eleven months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

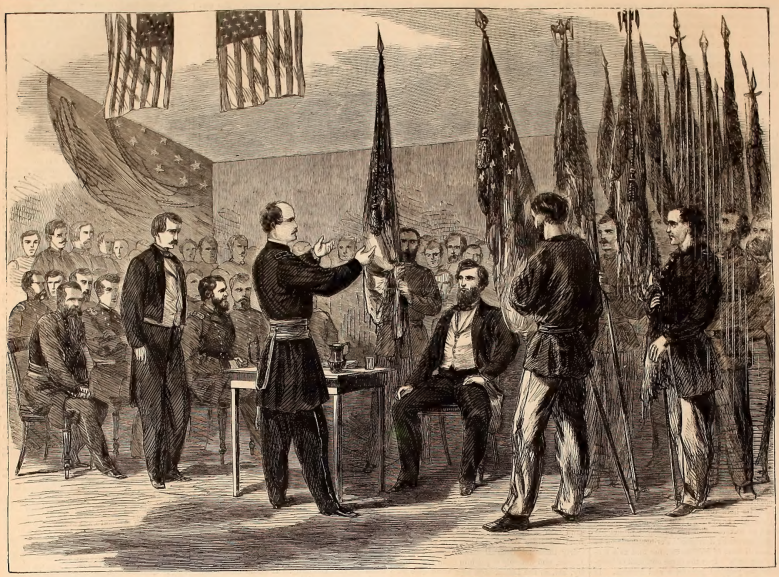
FROM HAVANA we learn that the report that Captain Page, late commander of the *Shenandoah*, entered into service to the Mexican Government is contradicted.

Lord STANLEY of Alderley has succeeded Lord Wrottesley as President of the Royal Society.

The Queen's secretary has resigned his office. His successor is Lord Cranworth.—The Fourth was celebrated with great enthusiasm by American residents in London and Paris.—The Queen's Speech at the dissolution of Parliament congratulates the country on the restoration of the civil war in America, and the hope that prosperity will be restored in the States which have suffered from the contest. The Queen regretted that the Confederation which the United States of America had got been carried out.—American Seven-Thirties were quoted as high as 73.

The British Government has unconditionally placed the war steamer *Stonewall* in the hands of the United States Government.

In Hayti the rebels still hold Cape Haytien, in spite of the bombardment by the French. The plant Port-a-Prince is in a state of siege, but the west of result made is different for the Government to carry out its purpose.



PRESENTATION OF TWO HUNDRED BATTLE-FLAGS TO GOVERNOR FENTON AT ALBANY, NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1865.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



GRAND DINNER GIVEN TO THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE AT THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, JULY 4, 1865.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



ON THE ROAD TO SARATOGA LAKE, JULY 4, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]



SARATOGA LAKE, JULY 4, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]



GRAND BALL AT THE OPENING OF LELAND'S OPERA HOUSE, SARATOGA, JULY 4, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY DAVIS.]

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

WHEN we were at school together, Jack
There was down on neither's cheek!
Now!—if we look back along our track—
Which has gained what he would seek?
For the woman you loved is lying
In a church-yard far away,
And the sunset is swiftly dying,
Seems to you the best of the day.

My picture is in the Academy, Jack,
And they've hung it on the line;
And critics, good Jack, discern a knack
Sublime in this dash of mine.
But the eyes I dreamed should see it,
And the brow praise should be mine,
Have passed from the world. So be it.
But I live when the daylight dies.

For I see over roof and chimney, Jack,
The gold in the western sky.
Though the present's black as the stormy wrack
The hour of release drawn nigh.
For peace will rest when life is done—
Beyond the gloom lies the gold.
Oh, the sunset hour has for us a power
And a charm it lacked of old!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

WHEN Mr. Trefalden arrived at Castletowers, at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, he was somewhat dismayed to find the courtyard crowded with carriages, the terrace full of ladies, and the open, lawn-like space in front of the house all alive with scarlet coats, horses, grooms, and hounds. Having walked across from the station by the field paths, he came upon the noisy scene all at once, and learned from half-a-dozen voices together that it was the last meet of the season.

Fully expecting to find his appointment forgotten, and Saxon among the riders, he passed on to the house, where the first person he met was Miss Cole, who, en amazone, with her riding-whip in her hand, and a drooping feather in her hat.

"Ah, Mr. Trefalden," she said, "we have just been talking of you. You will find none but enemies here."

"I trust that I am not to include Mademoiselle Colonna among that number."

"Of course not," she replied, with a smile that had some little mockery in it. "Is not Mr. Trefalden enrolled among the Friends of Italy? By-the-way, you have not yet seen yourself in our printed report for March. I have placed your name at the head of a column."

The hour bowed, and professed himself infinitely flattered.

"May I ask," said he, "why I am so unfortunate as to have provoked all this enmity to which you refer?"

"Because your presence deprives us of the pleasure of your cousin's society, and prevents him from putting on a scarlet coat, and distinguishing himself as a mighty hunter before the ladies."

"When he would infallibly have broken his neck," said Mr. Trefalden, drily.

"By-the-by, why did you not tell me he was your cousin that day we met at Reichenau?" asked Miss Cole, with provoking directness.

"I really can not tell—unless I supposed the fact could have no kind of interest for you."

"Or you were afraid I should want to enlist him also? But here is my steed."

"May I be permitted to mount you, Mademoiselle Colonna?"

"Many thanks," she said, as, having taken her tiny foot with the reverence of a devotee, Mr. Trefalden lifted her dexterously to the saddle and arranged the folds of her habit.

"I had really no idea, Mr. Trefalden, that you, a devotee of mammon in the law, were also an accomplished cavalier."

"Why not, Signora?"

"Indeed, I can hardly say; but I should as soon have thought of exacting escort duty from the Archbishop of Canterbury. But, see, your friend is here without his foe or six other gentlemen. Seeing Mademoiselle Colonna already in the saddle he bit his lip, and said, with unconcealed disappointment:

"Has Vaughan again anticipated me in my office?"

The proud blood rose to Olimpia's cheek.

"If, sir, you think a lady whose hours are at the door is, I believe, the office of whatever gentleman may be at hand, Lord Castletowers," she replied, haughtily. "Mr. Trefalden was so obliging as to mount me this morning."

The Earl turned, in some confusion, and shook hands with his lawyer.

"I beg your pardon, Trefalden," he said, hastily. "I had not observed you. Won't you take a run with us? Ah no—I forgot. You are here to-day on business; but we shall meet at dinner. You will find your cousin in the dining-room."

And with this he sprang upon his black mare, reined up beside Mademoiselle Colonna, and began speaking in a low earnest tone that was audible to her alone. The lady answered him briefly, bade Mr. Trefalden a courteous good-morning, and rode swiftly out of the court-yard, followed by the red-coats as by a guard of honor. Mr. Trefalden looked after them, and smiled thoughtfully.

"Poor Castletowers!" said he to himself. "She has no heart for any thing but Italy."

And he went into the house, where he found the breakfast over, the dining-room deserted, and every body out with the meeting. It was a large assembly, consisting chiefly of ladies, and the general interest was at that moment centred in a young gentleman who was riding down the way down the green slope and through the checkered shade of the oaks.

When that gleam of scarlet had disappeared Mr. Trefalden went up to Saxon, who was standing somewhat dolefully apart from the rest, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Why so dull and mute, young sinner? Is it so hard a fate to stay indoors and read through a bagful of money documents when others are breaking their necks over five-barred gates?"

Saxon turned with his frank smile and grasped his cousin's hand.

"It did seem hard a minute ago," replied he; "but not that you are come. I don't care any longer. Castletowers said we were to go into the library."

"Then we will go at once, and get our business over. I hope your brains are in good order for such work this morning, Saxon."

But Saxon laughed, and shook his head doubtfully.

"You must be my brains in matters of this kind, cousin William," said he. "I understand nothing about money, except how to spend it."

"True, my boy. That is the only use than I gave you credit for," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Money is a very pleasant and desirable thing, but there are few people who are born connected with it—how to get it, how to keep it, and how to spend it—and I am not at all sure that to do the last is the best way to make the most of it of the three. My business with you to-day, however, concerns the second of those propositions. I want to show you how much you have money for I fear there are only too many who enjoy teaching you the way to spend it."

They had now reached the library, a long low room, paneled and furnished with dark oak, and looking out upon the same quiet garden that was commanded by the widow of Signor Colonna's little study. The recesses at each side of the bay-window, and the whole length of the opposite wall, were fitted with shelves protected at the edges by strips of stamped and gilded leather. These shelves were filled with works, county histories, chronologies, sermons, dictionaries, peerages, and parliamentary records. Here and there in the midst of British essayists, or a few modern books in covers of bright cloth, broke the ponderous monotony but the Castletowers collection, as chiefly made up of those works which it is said no gentleman's library should be without, was but a dull affair upon the whole, and attracted few readers. A stag's skull and antlers presided spectrally above the door, and an elaborate genealogical tree of the Castletowers family, heavily framed in old black oak, hung over the mantelpiece like a hatchment.

"Sit down, William," said Saxon, with an anticipative yawn, "where is the bag of parchments?"

But Mr. Trefalden laid only his pocket-book and a small case-map on the table before him.

"The bag," he replied, "is not but a figure of speech, a legal fiction. I have no parchments whatever to inflict upon you—nothing but a few columns of figures, a letter or two, and a map of Western Asia."

Saxon opened his eyes.

"What in the world have I to do with Western Asia?" said he.

"That is just what I am here to tell you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

"IN the first place, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I dare say you have guessed, I suppose, I would never have thought of doing you a service! I have had your account made up at Drummond's, and confess that the result has somewhat surprised me."

"Why so?"

"Well in part because you have spent a great deal of money in a very short time, for I anticipated that; but because so many of your checks appear to have been drawn in favor of your friends. Here, for instance, is the name of Sir Charles Burgoyne—a name which recurs no fewer than fourteen times within the space of five weeks. The first entry is for five hundred and twenty-five pounds; date, the twenty-first of March."

"That was for the mare and cab," said Saxon, quickly. "I was his own favorite mare, and so he let me have her. He had been offered five hundred and fifty only a day or two before."

Mr. Trefalden smiled incredulously, and glanced back at a memorandum entered in his note-book a few weeks before when sitting behind that morning paper in a window of the Erechtheum club-house. The memorandum told a different tale. He contented himself, however, with repeating the words "mare and cab" against the sum, and then went on.

"Second check—six hundred and ten pounds; date, the twenty-ninth of March."

"My two riding-horses and their equipments," explained Saxon.

"Humph! and were these also Sir Charles Burgoyne's favorites?"

"No, not at all. He was kind enough to buy them for me from a friend who was reducing his establishment."

Mr. Trefalden checked off the six hundred and ten pounds as before.

"Third check—two thousand pounds; date, the first day of March."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Saxon. "That's not spent—it's only borrowed."

"Of Sir Charles Burgoyne?"

"Yes."

"And the next, for two thousand five hundred, dated April the third?"

"I—I rather think that's borrowed also," replied Saxon.

"Then come various smaller checks—four hundred, two hundred and fifteen, fifty-seven, one hundred and five, and so forth; and by-and-by another heavy sum—one thousand and fifty pounds. Do you remember what that was for?"

"Yes, to be sure; that was the thousand guineas for the mail phaeton and pair; and even Castletowers said it was not dear."

Mr. Trefalden turned to another page of his note-book.

"It seems to me," observed he, "that Lord Castletowers is the only young man of your acquaintance whose friendship has not been testified in some kind of pecuniary transaction. Here, then, is the Honorable Edward Brandon. Has he also been generously depopulating his stables in your favor?"

Saxon laughed and shook his head.

"I should think not, indeed!" said he. "Poor Brandon has nothing to sell. He does not own a horse now and then when he has a sovereign to spare—and that is seldom enough."

"What, then, was translated, meant, I presume, that the two thousand and odd pounds paid over at different times to Mr. Brandon are simply loans?"

"Just so."

"And Gus Greville, Esquire—who is he?"

"One of our Erechtheum nuts; but that's a mere trifle."

"You call two hundred and fifty pounds a mere trifle? Then Patrick Fitz Hugh, Esquire—four hundred pounds. Is he another member of your club?"

"Yes, a very pleasant fellow, an Irishman."

"Both loans, of course?"

Saxon nodded.

"Then came a number of miscellaneous checks, evidently payments to tradesmen—one, I see, for fifteen hundred to Hunt and Roskell. How much of that went for the prima donna's bracelet, you young rogue?"

"I never saw the least idea. Gillingwater takes care of the bills."

"There is another little item that must not be forgotten, Saxon," he went on; "namely, that trifle of fifty-nine thousand pounds to one Lawrence Greatorex."

"That is not spent, but deposited," said Saxon, sagely.

"Exactly so, and which might have been deposited to your advantage in the name of Vesuvius. But enough of details. Have you any notion of what the sum total amounts to?"

"None whatever."

"What do you say to seventy-eight thousand six hundred and twelve pounds?"

"I am sorry to hear it," replied Saxon, "but the trifle of fifty-nine thousand pounds to one Lawrence Greatorex—"

most direct course to Palmyra, whence it follows the valley of the Euphrates, and comes out upon the Persian Gulf at the point where the united waters of the Euphrates and Tigris empty themselves into the sea, one hundred and thirty miles below Korna."

"And then it goes straight down the Persian Gulf and over to Bombay," said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden looked up with his finger on the map.

"If," said he, "its line from Sidon to the sea represented a fine railway, in connection with a first-class steam-packet service at either extremity, which route to India do you think you would prefer?"

"This, of course. No man in his senses could do otherwise. The distance, to begin with, must be much less?"

"About twelve or fourteen hundred miles."

"And then there would be far more of the journey performed by land—and through what a land! Palmyra—the plains of Babylon—Bassora— By-love! One would make the journey to India for the mere sake of visiting places so famous in the history of the ancient world!"

"I confess that I regard this project from a less sentimental point of view," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Now hear the practical side of it; and understand that I am giving you only approximate facts—facts in the rough, before they have been squared and smoothed by surveyors and accountants. We calculate that this line of railway will travel over about seven hundred and fifty, or eight hundred miles; that is to say, it will exceed the line now laid down between Calais and Toulon by not more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. It will unquestionably draw to itself the whole merchant traffic of India, China, Persia, and Ceylon. It will be the nearest route to Australia, and it will bring Bombay within twelve or fourteen days of London."

"It takes one's breath away!" said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, a smile of quiet triumph.

"But this is not all," said he. "We have reason to believe that at Hit, where there are mineral springs, we shall find coal; and as Hit lies very nearly half-way between Sidon and the Gulf, we shall be enabled to supply steam-service at both shores, and our whole line of railway from one central source."

"Those must be the bituminous fountains mentioned by Herodotus," said Saxon, quickly; "the fountains of Is that supplied asphalte for cementing the walls of Babylon?"

"If possible, Saxon, oblige me by confining your attention to the nineteenth century," expostulated the lawyer. "Try to think of Babylon as a railway station, and of Palmyra as a place where the royal allows travellers coffee for refreshments. Yes—I knew that would appall you. Now, perhaps you will give me your opinion of the Overland Route."

"My opinion!" repeated Saxon. "You might as well ask my opinion of the geology of Uranus!"

"That is the very consideration which deters me from recommending it to you as an investment."

"Oh, you need not let it do that," laughed Saxon. "I am as ignorant of one business matter as another. Be told you just now that you must be my brains, whenever money came in question!"

But what makes it still more difficult is, that in this case I may not let you benefit by any other person's brains," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"There are interests to be combated in the promotion of such a scheme as this; and it is of importance that we keep it, for the present, profoundly secret. Whether you interest yourself in it or not, I must bind you over, Saxon, to breathe no word of this matter to any living ear."

Saxon gave the promise unhesitatingly, but did not understand why it should be necessary.

"Because we must not rouse opposition before our system is matured," explained Mr. Trefalden.

"But if the new route is so great an improvement," urged Saxon, "who would oppose it?"

"All those persons who are interested in the old one," replied his cousin, smiling. "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company —the shareholders and directors of the Red Sea Railway—the forty thousand English who colonize Alexandria."

"And would all those persons be ruined?"

"Every reformation ruins somebody," observed Mr. Trefalden, philosophically.

"Yes, but the reformer is bound to balance present evil against future good. Would the future good, in this case, outweigh the present evil?"

"Unquestionably."

"Is it large?"

Mr. Trefalden was momentarily puzzled. He had contemplated this subject from all sides except the one presented to him. Saxon's benevolent point of view had never occurred to him.

"Well," he suggested, "it will give employment to [illegible]."

"But it will throw thousands out of employment."

"—It will promote commerce, extend the boundaries of civilization, improve Arabia—"

"I wonder if, by such forty thousand English for the sake of improving Arabia," interrupted Saxon, hastily.

"—and bring the shores of England and Hindostan so near that, were another mutiny to break out, we could land our troops at Bombay within twelve days after receiving the intelligence. The value of that possibility alone is incalculable."

"That is true; but—"

"And of our absolute success," continued Mr. Trefalden, "there can be no kind of doubt. I have been almost unwilling, Saxon, to embark you in an enterprise the advantages of which, however obvious to practical men, are not open to immediate test; but it is my duty to tell you that I have never known so brilliant an opening for the employment of capital."

"But—"

"Seven and a half per cent is merely the rate of interest offered by the company. The profits of the railway will be enormous. The moment it is completed the returns will be enormous. Your seven and a half per cent, my dear fellow, will become twenty-five, perhaps fifty."

"I don't want twenty-five, or fifty," replied Saxon. "I have more money now than I know what to do with."

"I am sure you will always make good use of whatever wealth you possess," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And it would break my heart to injure all those who live by the present route. Why, for instance, should I desire to ruin the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company?"

"We hope to do no such thing," said Mr. Trefalden. "We shall propose a coalition, and probably employ the very same vessels."

"And then the English colony at Alexandria!"

"Sidon will become what Alexandria is now —our rather than a far more important place than Alexandria has ever been since the days of her ancient prosperity. Just as now the empire has its palaces, villas, quays, and churches at Alexandria, we shall then require them at Sidon. The Alexandrian consulates are removed, and entre-pont; they will simply remove to the new port, and in ten years' time will be richer than if they had remained where they were."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do think it; I know it. And the Suez Railway Company will fare no worse than the rest. We shall in all probability take their whole body of debt into our hands, and incorporate the shareholders' interests with our own. But the fact is, Saxon, you know too little of life to be able to judge a question of this kind; and I see you do not take kindly to the idea, so we will say no more about it."

"I could not bear home to do harm," said Saxon; "but now that you explain the matter so fully, I am quite willing—"

"But Mr. Trefalden would not hear of it.

"No, no," he said, coldly, gathering up his papers and folding his map. "I was anxious to do all that was possible for your interests; but it is, perhaps, better that you have nothing to say to the New Route."

"Yet, if you think well of it—"

"I think so well of it, that I am about to invest all I possess in the company's shares; but that need not influence you. In point of fact, Saxon, I would rather leave your money in the funds. You will get only three per cent, but then you can re-invest when you please, and the responsibility of advising you will be mine no longer."

"You are vexed with me, cousin William!"

"I regret that you think me capable of advising you to do what is wrong," said Mr. Trefalden. Mr. Trefalden, somewhat stiffly.

"But I think nothing of the kind. I was in error just now; but, as you said only a moment before, I know nothing of life, so pray do not hold me accountable for the sins of my ignorance."

"Tush! not another word," said the lawyer, kindly. "You have said more than enough."

"And the investment?"

"With regard to the investment, I detest the main share principle, and I look for me to leave your money in government stock, at three per cent. Even so it will bring you one hundred and thirty-five thousand per annum."

"As you please. It will be less trouble to spend, and make me quite so happy!"

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"It will also leave you with less to give, and less power to make others happy," said he.

The cashier's clock struck the half-hour.

"I wish I knew what I ought to do!" he exclaimed, with an impatient sigh. "What do you really think, cousin William?"

"I had rather not say more than I have already said," replied Mr. Trefalden. "You have had my advice."

"So I have—and of course I ought to follow it. You will refuse to help me, then?"

"Certainly not. You need only make your decision, and give me your instructions."

"I have made it," said Saxon, firmly, by all means, and let there be an end of it."

"And how do you wish me to invest it, Saxon?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with his pen in the ink.

"In the New Route, of course."

"In the unlimited number of shares, in the New Overland-Route-Steam-Packet and Railway-Company, Limited," said the lawyer, scribbling rapidly. "Is that your decision?"

"To whatever amount you think proper."

"Shall we say to the extent of two millions?"

"Why only two? What is to be done with the rest?"

Mr. Trefalden stooped over his writing, and a keen observer might have seen that he changed color.

"I do not recommend you," he said, "to invest more at present. As it is, you will be the largest shareholder on the list; and by-and-by, if the company should see fit to raise further capital, you can purchase additional shares. I must trouble you to sign this paper, Saxon—it is a power of attorney, which gives me authority to sell out your two millions."

The cashier followed Mr. Trefalden's pen and scrawled his name as carelessly as if he were signing away a couple of pounds.

"You ought never to subscribe your name to a paper without reading it," said Mr. Trefalden. "Remember that. By-the-way, Saxon, I shall see that you are entered as a director."

"As a director, if you please, then, who is not expected to do any thing," replied Saxon, laughing. "But are you also a director?"

"No; I am only solicitor to the company. But now that the business is settled, would you not like to glance over these tables of estimates? Here, you see, is a plan of the route, and here the probable cost of the works, including—"

"I beg your pardon, cousin William," interrupted Saxon, "but if our business is settled, I prefer not looking at figures. Will you tell me about the route. For pity's sake let us go out and forget all about it!"

"I fear," said Mr. Trefalden, "that you are utterly incorrigible."

"I know I am. Do you ride?"

"Yes, now and then."

"Then we will go in search of the hunting-party."

So Mr. Trefalden put his tables of estimates back into his pocket-book, and business was banished beyond recall. Then they went round to the stables, and Saxon ordered out his two thorough-breds.

The trust must have not forgotten what I said to you at Reichenau on the subject of fetters, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they cantered presently over the level road to Maidenhead. "Success is a dangerous neighbor. Beware of her."

Saxon laughed gayly.

"Fear nothing on my account, cousin William," said he. "I have the advantage of Achilles—there isn't a vulnerable point about me."

"We are all apt to think so till the arrow finds us out. Remember, I shall solicit your support, you will confine yourself to a money contribution, and pledge yourself to nothing foolish."

"Of course not; but what else could I pledge myself to?"

"Heaven knows! She is capable of asking you to take the command of a troop."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE DEATH-BED OF A SCOTCH FARMER.—The old man, on his death-bed, called his son to his bedside. "I'm glad to see ye, dearlie," he said, well without opening his eyes. "I'm glad to see ye, for I'm sure I'll no be here to gie ye better as I was but like to hae myself, gin it had pleased the Lord. Now, I'm sure, I'll no recover, for I feel I'll no care o' his sair."—Here his mind began to wander again.

"Morgie," he said, "is my son steekit, for I think I see angels [—An ye are very close indeed.—Well, that's a' we can do. Morgie, ye'll no forget to feed the mare at noon. Then he reverted to the fancy that Annie was the first woman in the company who was sick, and she was nursed, brokenly, 'Whan ye tak it up, be carefu' hoo ye haud it, for the pain's unco weyk, and the'll no be very clean, and mickel blood the bonnie white hain's o' God's weyes are wayrld, I fear, but there's an awfu' sicht the nicht o' 't, while cam' in an ill word I gied a bairn for brealin' a nest. But I'm sorrie for't, and ask that yeer. And there's anither spot upo' the richt han', while cam' in ower gude a freend, and I'm sair vexed for't.—Morgie, ye Glen fair. And it wud never come out wi' a' the song and sermon.—Morgie, ye'll no forget to tak the hair o' my coat, whaur sage and water can never come. Lord, dight my een that I may see! Is that the man whaa I ask to gang the kingdom, and I'll beg his pardon forbye. But I didna mean to hae spoken that word, and I'll no hae it said frae gi'en for the coit mysel'. And min' ye dinna let nae fat gaird' there be [illegible]."

He can not be called an honest man who speaks with an interest in a subject of which he knows less than he does rigbt. Simplicity and honesty of purpose will detain him, in the midst of his most necessary knowledge has been acquired; and he will in the former case close his lips until he has fully matured his ideas, as it is very unlikely which causes men to hazard opinions, as if they were consoling their self-esteem by uttering truths. It is vanity which makes them controvert such other's statements; and it is a vain man who is ever in a hurry, and is a confession that their words have not the weight and "ring" of true coin. It is the encouragement of silence. It suggests or acts argue about the position of a shoal or a quicksand, for they are the best of unconscious teachers; and those whom no earnest purpose drives on to act. It is man has a truth to communicate, he is comparatively slow. He hesitates either know that it is true, and accept it; or else they do not know it is very foolish. An earnest man in such a case investigates; he seeks knowledge, and zeroes to be certain. Such a man makes a false statement, and it is at once rejected as false, or else disproved after investigation. Such a man is slow to form opinions. For when an earnest man hears an assertion he sifts it until he gets to the bottom of it. Persons' assertions are like weeds in putting the thing clearly before him. Then he is ready to judge if it is a mere fabrication of the brain. Many seen are the schools of other's sayings. The opinion which they entertain is not at all based upon any which it fastened an idle curiosity to hear, it gratifies their egotistic vanity to express it. Such a character can not be questioned to any profit. His meaning can not be drawn out by any skillful inquiry as what he says, and the import of one of his words, and you will find that there is no usage in his mind to which it is due.

A PIG WITH A WOODEN LEG.—A tailor in Coupar-Angus who had a pig which got one of its legs broken, has replaced the injured member by a wooden one. It is curious to see the animal hobbling about, but it is thriving as well as before the accident.

"MARRIED FOR MONEY!"—Every atom of the long procession that now crowds the thoroughfares of life should bear words. Autumn leaves, indeed! Can that weird wind and sober robes of virgin white—of youthful, fresh, and untilled soil, which the mockery of death in the form of a bridegroom that the handsome young craven, who has been tempted by the golden opportunity to wed the fair and tender rose, marries her for her money, and loathes her in his soul? Impossible! And yet, with the hideous beauty of a woman who has not learned that most difficult of all things, how to be old gracefully, she effects to regard as something other and beyond the purely mercantile transaction which in reality it is. As he stands there perjuring himself, and while she grins horribly a smile that she must mistake for love, in the secret heart which had once warmed to the smile of another—ay, that even yet has power to warm—there is a sensation akin to that which her two has our deeper contempt, the man who has sold himself, or the woman who has bought him. But as we can not satisfactorily settle the question, we leave it undetermined, and come out from the opp-osite presence of those who are, with vows before God, contracting a perjured and unholy bargain.

EMIGRATION FROM THE CONTINENT.—An article from a Swedish paper contains a great deal of interesting matter concerning emigration from the Continent in this century. From Germany, between 1840 and 1860, there departed in other lands 1,846,000, nearly all of whom went to America; from Scandinavia, between 1840 and 1865, 240,000 of her citizens, who went to transatlantic countries; in the forty years between 1820 and 1860 less than 200,000 Swedes emigrated to countries on the other side of the Atlantic, between 1851 and 1860 there emigrated from Norway 20,000. North Jutland in Sleben elected 27,000 emigrants from Hamburg and Spain. In the short period of three years more than 35,000 Poles became took up their residence in Brazil; whereas not more than 1,000 had emigrated previously to 1850, and scarcely any to Brazil, including 1850. Of Belgians there left between 1851 and 1865, 100,000, and 50,000 between 1861 and 1865 inclusive 30,000. How many Swiss have quitted their native country is not known with any ascertaining, but in the decade from 1850 to 1860 there were supplied with passports between 100 and 1860 visas from Denmark, from 1850 to 1860, the number of emigrants of German origin was the greater part went to the Morocco.

The poor old old times the kings and queens of England have been auditors in, or managers of, the love-affairs of their subjects. The kings were chiefly managers, in the sense that they were grandfies of marriage-table intrigue, and the queens were auditors to evil at rather easier prices. The queens were of more womanly purpose: there was Henry the Eighth's Anne Boleyn, and there was one with Margaret of Anjou, in her few happy and unbroided days. They for believe written by Monsieur are counted, but for this there is good reason. The York government made the mistake of not keeping a capital diary, and then the queen's letters were destroyed by their timid owners. Since few statesmen in all ages have been a bolder spirit have been discovered, and recently published by the Camden Society, Cecil's love-letters remarkably passed down are those which relate to the love-affairs of some of her household's nobility. These letter are not all sparkle and awaine of high degree; some among them are lowly, indeed, and concern the marriages of the humble people, who implore the queen's good offices in their behalf. Such royal service could not have been hopefully rewarded. Margaret had a high reverence for the honorable estate of matrimony, and from her earliest days she exerted herself to stave reluctant to plied consent, to great presumption to all in forthering the objects of her own group, and one and thus to a coy maiden dallying with "yes," not with "nay to say." And altogether intelligent people can her manly vocey, she has—as she is told—her fair person to worship, and divine beauties in reverence.

A CHURCH bell has been ordered at Troy for Great Salt Lake City. They say it is to call Brigham Young's wives together. Brigham thinks his self-importance is about hundred and sixty-five ladies (one for each day in the calendar).

GOLDEN HAIR.—The Countess de Castiglione was remarkable for the beautiful color of her hair. Golden hair of a shade has been glittered on the head of Lucretia Borgia now the quickly among the descendants of the Visconti. Lord Byron's Harlot Pary's hair was of this rare and splendid hue: Miss Brickbridge, the celebrated actress, takes from her golden head, after she had lain in her grave for more than two hundred years, described as exactly resembling the hair of Sardanapalus's gold; and singularly enough the daughter of Catherine de Medici, who was also remarkable for golden hair—died in undoubtedly was, for, some half dozen years ago, a lock of the queen's golden hair was discovered in a copy of *Sidney's Arcadia* at Wilton. It has been presented to the author of this article, and consists of a small, soft, silky, and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown color, without a trace of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

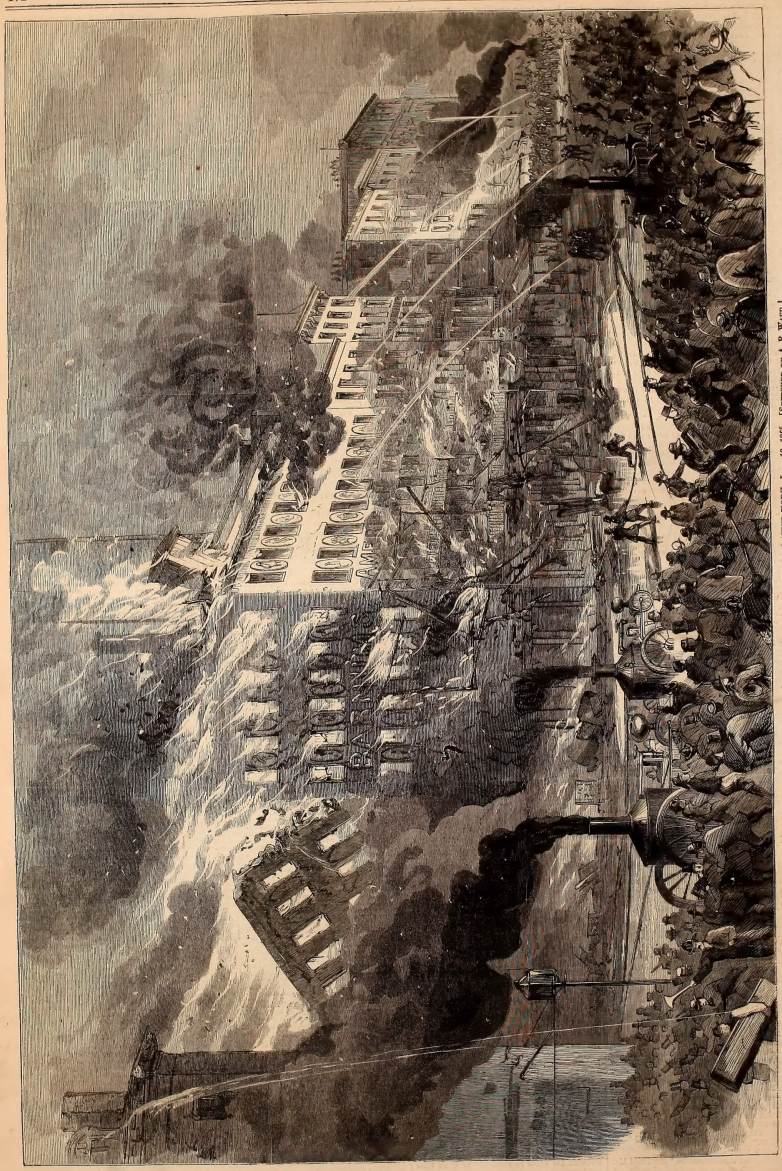
ADVANTAGES OF CLOTHING.—A journeyman butler, a native of Sweden, in Berlin, on receiving his certificate for himself, was anxious to get a handsome sign-board, with a suitable inscription. He accordingly applied to a painter. "John Thompson, butler, makes and sells hats for ready money," was the inscription that was painted. The husband he would submit it to his friends for amendments. The next day he went to get the board, and the inscription ran, because followed by the words "makes hats," which showed he was a butler; it was not worth while. It next observed that the word "makes" might as well be omitted, because the customer would not come to him for the hats; if good, and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He thought that old was also superfluous, and he thought that the words "for ready money" were needless, for he was not going to give credit. He now looked over every one who purchased expected to pay. There, too, were the words "sells hats," which he had no doubt of. Thompson sells hats." "Sells hats!" says his next friend: "why, who would expect you to give hats away?" "Then, what's the use of the word?" It was struck out, and *hats* was altered to *clothing*. Then it read, "John Thompson, clothing." Even this inscription, first of it was, was reduced still more to "John Thompson," and the board was left for the subjoined.

It is a remarkable fact that electricity travels so rapidly that it may be sent through gunpowder without igniting it. A train of powder was laid across the entrance to a tunnel, and the explosion took place. The progress of electricity is swifter than that of light, being about two hundred miles a second.

HOME EDUCATION CONGRESS WITH PUBLIC EDUCATION.—Happily, however, of all if not of all, the best place in whom the advantages of school instruction are combined with the blessings of home education, is found. It is a pertinent inquiry that he can delegate altogether the office which God has himself instituted him, signally of the duties, and retaining its endearments. God has charged him with the responsibility, and will require the account. It matters not how perfect the discipline, how sound the instruction, by which the love of parents can be compensated. These things can not give that train which they constantly effect; nonetheless, that which is something something lofty and admirable, fruitful in practical talents and in manly virtues. Nothing but they can not secure a powerful love such as it ought to be, nor a parents' care such as it ought to be, for the child of his children. It is with, therefore, when the latter are not wholly exchanged for the former—when the influence of home is not wholly suspended, but remains, as it were, in the back-ground, to exert a softening and humanizing power over what is otherwise severe.

THE SEWING SCHOOL.—It is said that a mad-stone, in the possession of Sister Elizabeth, formerly of the Gotham the school in Lebanon, now of Watervliet, has cured fifty persons who had been bitten by mad dogs. The stone sets as a leech, and, applied to the wound, extracts all the poison.

TOO SAFE!—Alas! how many hearts have ceased to beat with the wild pulsation of hope when those cruel, crushing words have fallen on the ear, leaving only the utter blankness of despair! How often have the struggles of love-weary years realized a fortune for life! How often we have all found what we coveted most, *money, power, love—but too late!* How madly happy it would have been could we have given our heart and hand before our spirit broken! It sickens us now, for we loved given up to the struggle and torn from it, and the wasted of dying beggar torne from food, the want of which has killed him.



THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM, IN NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

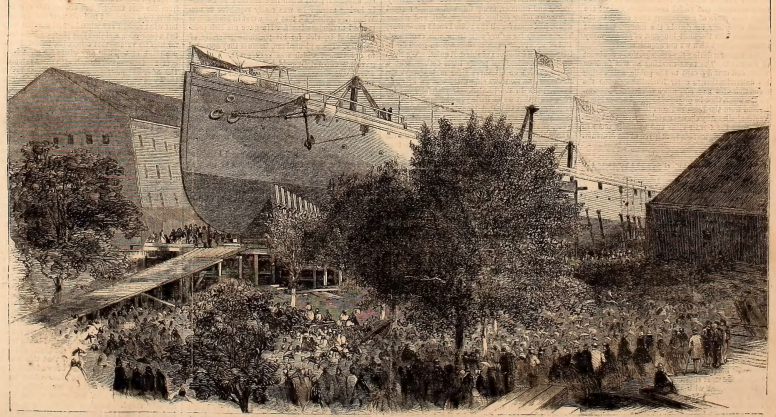


RUINS OF BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM AS SEEN THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM.

THOUGH not the oldest, yet certainly the most notable of the landmarks of our city, has been removed by fire. Last winter, it will be remembered, there was an attempt made by a rebel spy to set fire to BARNUM'S American Museum, on the corner of Park Row and ANN Street. What the plot of the incendiary failed to do accident has successfully accomplished, and the Museum lies in ashes.

The fire broke out in the basement, from the contact of the heated boiler of the engine with dry wood, at about half after 12 o'clock on Thursday, July 13. The hour for such a catastrophe could not have been more ilfly chosen. There were comparatively few persons in the Museum, and these all escaped without injury. Very little of the property in the Museum was rescued—the live seal, a box of rare coins, and a few things of trivial value, were all, we believe, that was saved. In half an hour after the outbreak of the fire the whole building was in flames; and the long serpent tongues of fire pierced the windows, and, lapping the transparencies and painted shields upon the walls, ascended



LAUNCHING OF THE UNITED STATES SHIP "MADAWASKA," JULY 8, 1865.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. A. BERGER, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

high above the roof. The spectacle was one of the most splendid which we ever beheld. There were many valuable trophies consumed upon this massive funeral pyre. There were full uniforms worn by the heroes of the Revolution, the tools and specimens of the handiwork of the American Indian, specimens of the mineral and animal kingdoms, brought from every quarter of the world, and among these the most beautiful collection of tropical fishes ever got together. There, too, was the Egyptian mummy, which had defied decay for three thousand years, but was now compelled to yield to the element of fire. Those things could not be reproduced, and were therefore invaluable. Other curiosities like the wax-figures could easily be replaced. The two men who exhibit Barnum's Baby had just returned from Labrador at great cost were reunited, alive, as were all the members of the Happy Family.

As soon as it became known that Barnum's Museum was on fire thousands of eager and excited spectators—men, women, and children, some of whom were at the breast—rushed to the scene of the fire. They were densely packed together in the Park, and in front of St. Paul's Church and the Astor House, and gazed with eyes intent upon the gigantic building which some unearthly genius seemed to be playing upon the veteran showman, whose name has become a household word. A panic occurred among these spectators at an early stage of the fire, caused by the unearthly scream of one of the steam fire-engines, which was magnified into an occasion of fear. The rush for a few minutes was very violent, though no fatal injuries resulted.

At half past two o'clock the walls of the Museum had fallen and the fire had spread to a large number of the adjacent buildings. These were just enough wind stirring to fan the flames. Eighteen houses were set ablaze, and about half of these were totally destroyed. Among the latter was the KNOX hat store on the corner of Fulton Street.

Mr. BARNUM began his career as showman, in 1835, by exhibiting JOYCE HETH, a decrepit woman reputed to have been the nurse of GEORGE WASHINGTON. This proved a lucky speculation, and out of it he presently AGAIN inaugurated a traveling show. In 1841 he bought SCUDDER'S Museum, for which he paid $15,000, and added to it the contents of PEALE'S Museum. SCUDDER'S Museum had been founded in 1810, and the building has since been known as BARNUM'S, with a considerable addition on the lower side. This Museum was the only place of resort for amusement that could be called strictly moral. Those living in the city used it periodically. The first thing to be done by the sight-seeing visitor to the city was to go to BARNUM'S. Among the many attractions was the Lecture Room, with its dramatic performance three times a day. BARNUM had a magnificent stock, over other theatrical establishments, that of appreciating the value of a name. It was a happy thought of his, that of inaugurating the plan of what he called the "Moral Drama." The difference between the plays and those performed at other theatres was not discernible. The audience who would have deemed it a disgrace to have attended WALLACK'S or NIBLO'S, would sit with a good conscience in the Lecture Room listening to something which was called a moral drama. What will become of these people who support such scrupulous consciences now that the Lecture Room is no more and the curtain closed upon the moral drama?

It is impossible to record this accident without sincere regret for the loss suffered by the whole community. If to presume upon a large measure of credulity designates a humbug, then BARNUM was decidedly one for a humbug. And it is to be considered that he afforded to thousands of visitors more agreeable and useful instruction, and at the same time much of amusement than could be obtained elsewhere for double the money, we must pronounce him the most successful of all the many humbugs with which we are acquainted.

Mr. BARNUM during the conflagration was absent at Hartford. The next morning he was in New York, and issued a card to the public, announcing his determination to enter immediately upon the formation of a new and more attractive Museum. In the mean time he proposes to translate the Moral Drama from the Lecture Room to some other convenient hall. The change certainly seems very desirable from the former close and ungainly room in which the performances were given at the Museum.

LAUNCH OF THE "MADAWASKA."

THE *Madawaska*, screw, 16, was successfully launched on Saturday, July 8, at the Boston Navy-yard, in the presence of many witnesses. The *Madawaska* is the mate of the *Wyoming*, launched at the same place last January. The beauty of design and of workmanship is one of the very finest of our navy-built vessels, or of any vessels of her class that upon any seas are to be met afloat. She was christened by Miss DELANO, the daughter of Naval Constructor T. F. DELANO, her designer and builder. Among the many distinguished persons present at the launch were Rear-Admiral BELL, Rear-Admiral BRADFORD, Rear-Admiral GREGORY, Commodore SELFRIDGE, Chief Engineer WOOD, Naval Constructor DELANO, Captain M'KINSTRY, Captain FOXHALL, Commander WOOD, Paymaster BRIDGE, and Paymaster BENNETT. The principles of the *Madawaska* are designed by Mr. ERICSSON, and called patent-lever engines. They have two cylinders, 100 inches in diameter and 48 inches stroke of piston, to perform 60 revolutions. They are placed amidships of the coal-bunkers, and by making a clear passage for the air to pass through. She will be ready for service in about four months.

A HUSBAND'S EPISODES.

I DREAMT a note in my garden bower;
A note of coming, and kisses of love.
My fair young wife was abroad at that hour:
I saw the cedar branches move.

And two dark shadows, one of a man,
Certainly pass'd across the lawn
Into the glass-roofed conservatory.
When the chamber was still and the curtains drawn.

At last I said, when the morning came
And she was as sleek as a cunning dove,
Shall we go forth, my darling, to-day?
From the languid-nests and the cedar grove,

And seek the open air of the sea,
Where the blue waves gallop and clash the shore,
Just as the heart of a man, set free,
Bounds toward the exalted religion of yore?"

We went; for she did not spy my drift:
She only saw that down by the sea
There would be many a change and shift,
And many a chance of escape from me.

But I was aware of a certain walk,
Close to the edge of the cliffs so tall,
Where ledges and lumps of chalky chalk
Break off to the deep, that swallows them all.

We walk'd there once, and not in vain;
Forever in mind had not slid
But the rock was loosen'd now by rain,
And I thought it would slide that day. It did.

So she went down with its into the foam;
And, the overwary lover was left alone.
I turn'd (with craps on my hat) toward home,
And seated a while till the sad should be.

I had not long to wait for him:
He came, with malice shut up in his eyes,
With his tongue so thin, and his smile so trim,
And gave me comfort, and gave me sighs:

But when I went with him back to the train—
"Just as a friend should do, you know—"
He said she told him to meet me again.
And, whether I let his damp hand go

A little too sharply, who can tell?
I saw him, with a gesture of wrath and grim,
Under the gridiron wheels he fell:
And the train went over him limb by limb.

As I drove home that glorious night
I did not laugh; for you see, my groom
Was sitting behind with his face so white;
And he could tell tales to his mistress' room.

But I gave my leader the lightest touch
Of a whip that would hardly bear control,
And I stifled a few weak sighs very much—
Of the merry tune that fill'd my soul.

Ah well! The work of my life is done;
And I should be rather glad if you knew,
To get away from the shining sun,
And hide my triumph beneath my woe.

JANETTE MURRAY'S LOVER.

THERE is not a valley in all the world so sweet as the valley of the Walcomase, where I was born, and where I lived a happy, careless child's life until I was fifteen. Then my father died, and soon after my mother sank under the burden of life and left me an orphan. I was old enough to go out to service, and found myself a servant-girl, and very much the sum things happened every day. Every spring and summer, every fall and winter seemed like every other spring, summer, fall, and winter which had come for all the years I could remember. That was so far as my eyes could see, however. But of an evening one need not have gone far to have been startled out of this dull quiet. We lived on the hillside, in a group of cottages, among the lower-garden on all three sides of it except the road-side; and on one side there was an arbor of cultivated vine. It followed the line of the road down that way a little you came upon the village hotel, the Old Red House, as it was called. Every, if you were there of a night of the year, you would hear enough of the world's noise. There the farmers gathered together from all the hotels in the valley for miles around. There they drank and sang and gamed till midnight. The Old Red House was the centre of many mischievous, and sometimes criminal, proceedings. It made the valley famous all over the country.

The Walcomase, however, was an open and boisterous kind; but sometimes criminal deeds were done in the neighborhood of which no record was driven beyond the boundaries of Walcomase. No one knew the actors, and the most careful scrutiny of the curious could not penetrate to the heart of the mystery.

I remember in particular a series of such crimes which happened before my eighteenth year, with which my fate afterward seemed to mix.

These terrible events occurred at great intervals apart, but all alike were invested with the same thick mantle of darkness. What sensational novels are nowadays to the minds of young girls the stories of these events were then to mine. The disappearance, evidently by violence, of one of the constables was easily enough accounted for when it happened, for every body forthwith attributed it to the Anti-Renters—there was no mystery about *that*! But it was a very different affair when young Philip Sneider went from his home to the Corners to see a circus performance and never returned. It was another affair when Late Richmond, the keeper of the inn, stepped out one evening and was seen no more in the little village. Quite another affair when the bar-maid of the inn was found strangled to death—this violence having evidently occurred to her as she was in the act of opening the blinds of the bar-room at early daylight—or when Nic Marvin, known as an inveterate old miser, and who lived alone on top of the hill in sight almost of our little cottage, was discovered one morning to have been murdered. In this latter circumstance there appeared to have been a mercenary motive leading to the act, as every board of the floor of the miser's wretched hut was torn up in search of the hoarded treasure which common report had located there. But in these latter cases no such motive could be traced. Young Sneider had nothing about his person more valuable than an old silver watch and a constitutional quarrel. Late Richmond was supposed to have no money about his person, and surely the poor bar-maid had nothing in her possession worth plundering. Nor could it be imagined that the little inn at the village, and the miser's house on the hill, became in my mind, after the performance of these tragedies, centres of indefinable dread. I believe I would sooner have died than have slept for one night in a room of the Old Red House, or have passed alone by Nic Marvin's ruined dwelling-place in the broadest daylight. But these things had no deeper meaning for me—at least so it seemed to me then—than for my sister Jo; and I lived, as I said at the beginning, a happy and careless life at old Farmer Bonesteel's.

II.

I THINK I was still happier though when I became acquainted with Jemmy Boyce. When I first saw him I was quite eighteen years old, and was fully twenty-eight. He had an easy way with him, and was not far from handsome, I thought, with his curly black hair, his slim form, and his thoughtful, careless manner of talking. It was at least a change in my humdrum life, and there were not ever many of these. But in Walcomase that fell in my way—and he put himself in my way with a persistence that I must confess touched my girlish vanity. Naturally something about Jemmy Boyce did not altogether please me. I do not know whether it was an expression which lurked in his dull gray eyes; or if it had been in his face a certain devil-may-care manner. Nor did I think of it much in any way at that time. He was the most unsteady of men, and used to business. For he would be going about mending the farmers' clocks—and it was in this way I first became acquainted with him—and then again he would take to peddling fancy wares about the country. In the summer he generally worked about among farmers, but he was not considered the most reliable of workmen on account of his unconquerable aversion to hard and constant labor. He did not mean to work much which I had formed of my future lover. I had anticipated more of romance and gentle feeling—though I was not sentimental—but Jemmy Boyce though he manifested a great deal of fondness for me, was abrupt in his manner of showing it. Though usually quiet and reserved he was always wild and sometimes moody. But I remembered that for years he had no fixed home, and no mother or sister to love him. And his occupation was unsteady and coarse and brutal men. Indeed I concluded—as I suppose many other girls have done in a similar case—that Jemmy would be more gentle when he might have proved, still he did not seem likely to make his appearance, whereas Jemmy had, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. I certainly made up my mind that I was in love with him.

When Jemmy began to pay attentions to me it was about six months after the old miser was murdered. It was not long before we were betrothed, and he urged a speedy marriage. But I put him off, which vexed him and made him sullen. Finding that I was not easily won by his anger he changed his policy, and tried to persuade me by soft words. Perhaps I might have consented if the persuasive words had been kind, but they were not so. I cannot explain it; but when he assumed a particularly loving manner he was really repulsive to me. And I believe that at that time he would have gladly seemed to disclose itself. He gave me rich presents—that in rich for his position—generally of jewelry. Those presents, because they appealed to my vanity, which was very great. Once he gave me two bright gold-eagles, which I had set in a brooch unconcealed pleasure. But as Jemmy was always a spendthrift with his money I did not take these things from him without a feeling of detachment. At any rate I kept fast to my resolution not to marry him until he obtained some settled and remunerative occupation. In the meantime Farmer Bonesteel and his wife were much opposed to the match, and this perhaps helped me keep to my resolution.

It was now fall summer. Jemmy and I had not been on the best of terms for a week or two; at least he had seemed cross to me. About the time our little village was startled by the news that Judge Thompson had been waylaid at night as he was driving home, that he had been many hours absent narrowly escaped the hands of the marauder. The road from our cottage, down by the Old Red House, and over a short distance, led to the White Bridge, which spanned the Walcomase River. After passing this bridge you came to a road which was almost inclined on either side by dense shrubbery. This shrubbery skirted the Judge's beautiful grounds; and it was through the hedge, that the marauder had made his dastardly attempt.

This sad news filled me with great sorrow; for it now seemed that the whole neighborhood was haunted with the horror of murder; and it seemed singularly sad that this event should have occurred at a place which was the favorite resort of the everyone such on the road-side. Summer after summer I had gathered berries from the shady coverts of that delightful hedge of shrubbery. It was to this dreadful association which had been connected with the place, yet it was hardly a month before I ventured in that direction. I ought not to give myself credit for the venture, though; for in the middle of the afternoon, my work for the day being over, I had nothing to do. And had unconsciously got to the other side of the bridge before I thought of the affair which had previously given me so much uneasiness. It was broad day, and the place was so charming that I lingered. At length, growing bolder, I neared into the miniature thicket. Oh, the bright berries and the cool shade were so tempting! I crept in and ate till my lips and fingers were red, and as I was sitting languidly in the cool shade I fell asleep. I slept for a long time. I remember I was dreaming of the long bridge—I thought I was crossing it, and it seemed so interminably long—and I thought I was on the end. I was reached at last, I came into the shrubbery, and it grew dark suddenly, and I heard a rustling in the bushes. A man sprang forth to seize me, and then I awoke with a scream, and saw full before me Jemmy Boyce, and I did not know whether I was frightened or assured. The sun had gone down and it was quite dark. A thunder-storm was fast coming on, which increased the darkness. Jemmy Boyce's excited and startled face as I first awoke seemed only to add a fearful reality to my dream.

I started up, and my first instinct was to run; but my second thought was to get Jemmy's protection on my way home. As I turned to him he said, in a hurried manner,

"Run, Nettie, run home or you'll be caught. Don't you see the black clouds and hear the thunder? It'll rain dogs and cats in ten minutes. Run for your life!"

I was astounded. Was he going to let me go alone? I plead with him. "Oh, Jemmy, won't you come with me? I shall die—I know I shall die be come that dreadful bridge alone! Oh, you must come!"

"But I can't, Nettie," said he, starkly, his face as ugly as death with some wild-angry excitement. "I'm very sorry. But I can't. My work is—I must go the other way to-night. Good-by!"

I turned away from my gay, but my words sank into my throat before his stern and almost threatening face. I turned and ran, though it seemed as if I must sink at every step. It seemed as if I was running in a dream, under the influence of a torturing nightmare. I had been in the habit of walking rapidly at times with rain, and so weary that I could scarcely draw after me my bedraggled garments. Exhausted and terror-stricken I could not look into a lethargic stupor. For more than a month I was in a raving fever. When I recovered—and I remembered nothing—I was told that I was able to bear it, that the Judge and his wife had been murdered and robbed, and that the murderer had not been captured. It was not known to any one where I had been on that dreadful afternoon; and it was not until long afterward that I knew that the Judge had been murdered about the very afternoon, and while I was sleeping by the road-side.

III.

AFTER my recovery Jemmy's courtship progressed rapidly. He obtained a respectable and lucrative situation in the Iron-works, and worked very industriously at his new occupation. I, for my part, was very happy in the spring. Our wedding was a simple affair. There was no gathering together of friends to the marriage festival of Jemmy and I went quietly together to Parson Jones's and were married, with the Parson's wife and two children as

Jemmy had built a house during the winter on the very spot previously occupied by Nic Marvin's hut. Jemmy, I think, had the taste for the work, and to live. And here I began a life of horror. A loneliness soon began to oppress me, with nothing to relieve it. For Jemmy, though I think he was fond of me at the first, yet seemed to have no fresh or cheerful ways, and lived a very silent and morose life. The thought of happiness proved very idle, and tried to recover his lighter moods by being cheerful myself. But alas! there was no recovery possible, because it had been buried in the dreadful grave secret and sought to penetrate it. I had wondered from the first that he had chosen that spot of all others for a home. I had remonstrated against it; but what could I say when he told me that he was only poor man, and that the house was bought for half its value—that otherwise, indeed, he could not think of building any where for some time to come? I consented, though not with a good grace. But after our marriage I discovered that my husband was growing to be as miserly as he had been a spendthrift before. He would not think of buying the place was that he wanted an opportunity to search for that old miser Marvin's gold. He did not tell me this; but I saw the hateful fever in fact of his own. But I watched him closely. When he thought I was asleep I have seen him revolving about in the yard with his little lantern—unless, indeed, it was a moonlight night. He did not know that his wife was watching, and with what terror!

He left him to his insane search and crept away to bed.

In this way he grew to be an alien in my eyes, and the house grew to be like one that is haunted. I was Fatima shut up in an old Bluebeard's castle. And one day—I think I remember well—I came to know—I unwittingly penetrated into the secret closet of the castle.

My husband had in his desk a box which he always kept carefully locked. He kept all his money in this box with his papers. One day I found this box by some accident open. The desk was in a little room up stairs, which had a window in it overlooking the landscape, that is this view looked the river's course. Seeing the box open, my first impulse was to shut it; but the next was to just take one peep at its contents. Lying down in one corner among some papers, I saw a little roll of bank bills, and upon the top one I noticed a red stain of blood. Thinking more curiously I grew more dizzy—for I read the name of the bank, which was that of Brandon—and I knew that this was the name of the bills which had been advertised just after the Judge's murder as those which he had then in his possession. An overwhelming flood of terror deluged my mind and senses so that I could scarcely stand. Leaning against the window I looked out upon the landscape, following the river's course with my eye down to the White Bridge and over to the little park, in the midst of which nestled Judge Thompson's mansion. It was a year ago

since that dreadful afternoon, but the whole scene came up before me with marvelous freshness. A dark suspicion crossed my mind, which no effort of mine could avert; and, as if in answer to my thoughts, I that moment saw my husband coming up the road. When I met him at the door I could not conceal my agitation, and I think in that moment he read my whole thought as clearly as if it had been written in letters on my pallid features. And I knew that he read it. Ah! these Bluebeards, they know every thing. And that wretched Fortunée Falaise never a mask for her tell-tale face. There were no words between us about the matter. What need of words between those who had read each other perfectly—one through cunning, and the other through the symbols of fear.

I can not tell you, reader, how great was the agony of the few following weeks. I saw a gulf open before me and all around, infinite in its awful depth. I was scarcely sane. Even the fiercest selfish fear of what Jemmy might do to me—gave place to the sense of awe. That which I had previously called my loneliness became now a fearful shadow of horror. Ay, no one can know the full terror of solitude until that solitude has in some way been associated with an awful crime. It was brought close to face this murder—alone of all save him who did it.

Justice walks with stealthy but never-failing footsteps. She stood by me in that little room up stairs when I made that fatal discovery, and communed with me, "Go, proclaim this awful thing!" But I was weak for that. And she, who spareth not, chose other agencies for her purpose. It was not long before Jemmy heard the summons, though his miserable wife had no part in it. One night in August, 18—, Jack was heard just after dark to be looked out of the window and saw two men, and knew that they had come for Jemmy. They took him as he was loitering in the garden and carried him away. He was tried, and the evidence against him was considered sufficient. He had been discovered searching in the shrubbery by the bridge, and had been seen taking money from a box hidden under ground among the bushes—a hiding-place, reader, while I was sleeping on that sunger afternoon. He was convicted and sentenced to suffer death. While in prison he made a full confession, from which it became apparent that he had been the murderer of many others than these two innocent people that he had deluded years before—and, strange to say, he was not the only one of his watch and a few bits of change; that he had made away with the in-keeper and the four others from simple revenge; and that he had murdered old Nic Marvin, though he did not succeed in finding any of his money after a few stray pieces of silver. He was this man whom I had married, and promised to obey and love and honor, which should be my fate! That death should have parted us at the scaffold! But so it was. I had a brief interview with him just before the last. I had to be brief—I could not bear to hear such thoughts, and shrank, half-frightened, away from him. Since then I have only had one wish—that I might be a child again, and live the pleasant valley in which I had first seen the light, and where I had spent so many happy years, might have the same still look once again for me. But that wish was a dream which never came true.

AT MRS. SHODDY'S.

WE were a party of four—two ladies and two gentlemen—who, in consequence of receiving a highly lettered invitation to Mrs. Shoddy's grand reception, had on the appointed evening proceeded in state to her showy residence in the Fifth Avenue, the door of which, by-the-way, is believed by "the Shoddy" to lead to heaven direct.

Our "drawing-room" was a spacious parlor, peculiar, and suggestive of strange scenes to follow; but being, as we believed, well endowed with the wealth of the Vere de Veres, we descended toward the scene of action, with a tranquil consciousness of being in every way equal to the occasion, and not very fout of the stairway we were accosted by no less personages than the hostess herself and her "groom upon" daughter. The latter looked very much anxious; but the mother, gorgeous in an intensely blue silk, and a huge coronet of pink and purple artificial flowers, evidently felt no misgivings. Both stared at us unconditionally. Suddenly a light illumined the countenance of the elder lady, as she broke forth in a loud, emphatic tone:

"*Well*, I declare! Mrs. Davis and *Mr.* Ellis! How do you do?" And Miss Ellis! glad to see you, I'm *sure*; but the lights and every thing dazzles me so I don't hardly *know* people. Miry, my dear, this is Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Davis, both friends of your Pa, and Mr. Ellis's daughter." (Aside to me:) "Who did you say the other gentleman was? Oh yes! Mr. Stevens! Glad to see you, I'm sure you may depend. *Young* gentlemen are so scarce. Couldn't hardly get up the party for it. The war, you see, takes the best of 'em off. Dear me! there—ha! ha! I didn't mean no offense! But every young gentleman at a party counts *one*—don't they, Miry?"

"Lor'! Ma!" simpered Miss Shoddy, blushing resplendently. Here Mr. Stevens, always superbly master of himself, gracefully hastened to the rescue, and in a moment Myra was laughing the girlish laugh which, thank Heaven! even Shoddy can not make unmusical.

"Dear me!" sighed the matron pathetically, without offering to usher us to pass into the drawing-rooms, "they've been pouring in thick as strup all the evening! I'm so exhausted I can't hardly stand up."

Then followed a painful silence. Through the arched rose-wood doorway we could see the gayly-dressed throng within—a sea of blue, pink, and white, in which frantic creatures in black brandished and writhed as the leader seemed to be beating and whirling. Suddenly the music ceased. The waves heaved violently a moment, then parted like a Dead Sea, crested with gauze and gossamer, while an army of Israelites, bearing silver trays laden with ices, passed safely through the temporary opening.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the hostess at last, with an apologetic start, "I ought to take you in. Miry," she added, nodding her head sideways toward us, as she spoke, "you must introduce them."

"Oh, mother," was the *sotto voce* reply, "I can't do it—I feel too used up."

"Yes, you must"—very austerely—"*I* shan't do it."

The refractory daughter was conquered. "Well, mother, *do* you know I'm so nervous. I'll do it all together, but I can't introduce 'em *separate*."

Thus encouraged, we humbly followed the young lady, and, after being presented to the most unremarkable manner to the staring marmalds and mormen, we found ourselves slowly drifting toward an anchorage by the glittering saloon.

Young faces were there, radiant with intense enjoyment; older faces, with a startled, puzzled look upon them, as though the unaccustomed scene wrought more anxiety than pleasure; hard faces varnished with a matte smile; soft, unimperpetable faces, which were either saintly or horribly vicious; and faces without any expression at all.

We had passed on to the most available hostess, and were contemplating a dignified retreat to the dressing-rooms above, when we saw that lady bearing toward us with a fixed smile, her own ceiling faces floating about her expansive shoulders, and glittering bracelets upon her rosseate arms: still there was something in her manner, in her manner and appearance that we were forced to risk the Scylla of an alarming gravity in order not to fall into the Charybdis of a positive laughter. Standing of rebuke smote me, however, when her lady-ship, in a tone of unmistakable displeasure, said:

"You look kind o' lonesome, Mrs. Davis; 'fraid you ain't enjoyin' yourself?"

"Oh, yes!" I hastily answered, with the ardent imbecility with which persons usually perpetrate social fibs.

"Ain't you danced?" (with a look that said, "If people dare to slight you here, just let me know.")

"Thank you! I really would prefer—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Mrs. Shoddy, "going to have no wall-flowers in *this* company. I want to introduce you to a gentleman from Washington—monstrous fine feller, I tell you. Mr. Senator Jasper" made a hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars in the last two months!"

It was in vain to resist. I remember a huge Titan in dancing-master attire—a flabby, villainous countenance—extending himself from the centre of a wall of ruffled linen—an atmosphere heavy with pomade—and an avalanche of "Excuse me, mama" following rapidly upon the heels of a most unpardonable heart-rending desertion and escapades during the progress of "The Lancers." Beyond this my impressions are somewhat confused, though, in fact, there are many things connected with the occasion that I would "willingly let die," not excepting the monstrous supper which followed.

Before the evening was over I found myself in a smaller apartment, gorgeously furnished, and enshared truly enough in a large, gilt-and-velvet-lovely-framed paintings which nearly covered the walls. A human quartette was seated upon the sofa, à la Newbig, and it struck me that it was to escape from me that I saw the four children of our hostess. Feminine bustle and masculine repose were represented there in equal parts; but that effect was purely a matter of faith, as nothing in their faces betrayed that they had ever uttered a sound.

Soon the mother appeared. "Lor'! Mrs. Davis, you here? Well, I *have* got out of the parlors for a minute—it's a suffocation! *This* is our family setting-room. Ellen, stick in your shoulder, miss!" (This last was a dramatic aside, directed to the sole daughter who had the audacity to sit the painting's. Well, we *have* got *lots* of them, that's certain. I tell Mr. Shoddy we'll have a picture gallery before we know it. Ha! ha! that 'ud be a thing—for the man's bound to have every thing that money can buy—"

(Here a radiant, satisfied ripple of expression ran across the quartette upon the sofa.)

I tried to say something, but alas! the allusion to the painting had temporarily paralyzed my gravity to such an extent that I could only cough pathetically.

"This 'ere big picture," pursued Mrs. Shoddy, "it is a landscape—a landscape by—children! who is this landscape by?"

"Mr. Bensen," they all answered in a breath, closing their mouths instantly like four traps.

"Yes, Mr. Bensen. He's a Western man, Mrs. Davis, and don't charge more'n a quarter what these New York painters ask. He paints pretty, tho', don't he? Now you see that there blue danned depicted therein balanced a huge butterfly upon her shoulder, and her youthful companion had the inveterate habit of stripping off the mischievous God of Love.

"*That* picture," broke forth Mrs. Shoddy, standing in superb disdain beside me, "ain't my taste—Mr. Shoddy bought it. It's a fancy piece, you see —Cupid and—children what did your Pa say was the name of this picture?"

"Cupid and Per-*sick*!" answered the two elder ones simultaneously.

"Oh yes, Cupid and Persi*ck*. But, Mrs. Davis, you must look at our portraits. We've had one artist for a year past doing all our family. Here's Mr. Shoddy and me. You may think the yellow gloves in my picture sin't mates—any one might—but they are; the artist was bound to put one of them 'in shadder,' in spite of all *I* could say. This is Dan's picture (air up strait, Dan'd, and let go your sister's scalp); it's like him, all but the hair. The naughty boy" (looking severely at Daniel) "burned off one side of his curls last week, and we had to cut off the rest. Here's our youngest, Tommy—the end one on the sofa there—most beautiful boy! Always just as sassy and lively as you see him in the picture—exactly it like him, Mrs. Davis?"

Shade of Polonius, pity me! Tommy was a blue, moist-skinned little fellow, who looked as if he were in a state of chronic somnambulism. What could I do but falter, "Very like," without venturing to take a second look at the original?

"Mr. Bensen," she went on, never seen a harder child to paint," resumed Mrs. Shoddy; "it was so difficult to get his expression." (Alack! I should think it would have been very difficult.) "He took him at first with only one shoe on, and the other layin' on the carpet; but I wasn't going to have a child of mine looked at in that; so I made Mr. Bensen alter it quick. I told him to just change the shoe on the carpet to the foot, or something of that kind, and then to put good Balmorals on the poor child. It's bad enough to have your own flesh and blood sittin' there for all the house, without having their likeness took all in a mass! This is Katy.

"I had Ellen here," continued Mrs. Shoddy (lashing down the unfortunate child with a speech-lesson of high art), "taken correct in every thing but her chest. I ordered Mr. Bensen to make that back, because the child is so awful flat that it would only worry her father and me to see it hangin' before us all the time. Besides, Ellen's going to be a full-developed child—I *feel* it! Children! what's the name of Dr. Lewises place?"

"Gyms-nas-jum!" replied the sofa, promptly.

"Yes, gymnasium—that's it. Well, she's going there regular like from this, and Dr. Lewis says he'll soon fetch her chest out perfect.

"Here is another picture now that you *must* see" (pointing to an excessively painted waterfall, resembling a cascade-shaped jet of green calves'-foot jelly and gingerbread). "*This* picture is my daughter Miry's work—ain't it beautiful? But do you know that our husband is *dispossitively*—that's her talent! I showed Mr. Bensen (the one that does all our pictures, except the frames—*they* come from Goupil's) what a genius she was, and told him that Miry's teacher said she had great talent for painting, and, says he, 'Madam, if your daughter *has* a talent for art, it *is* in the water-paint line.' And he was right from looking at that waterfall" she added, triumphantly.

"Yes, Mr. Benson being a painter, could put his finger right on Miry's talent:" *it was* he, madam,' says he, 'it must be it's—' Heavens! Ellen Ann! Ellen Davis!"

This startling peroration was caused by an exclusive movement of that child Daniel, who, having fallen asleep upright upon the sofa, was announcing, by a preliminary pantomime, his intention of favor the company with himself upon the floor. Immediately Ellen Ann was equal to the emergency. "Dan's ill;" precious nose was saved, and the youth restored by gentle wakefulness by means of a brisk maternal shaking.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Shoddy, becoming suddenly conscious that, though art may be "long, time is fleeting," "I ought to be in the parlor with the company. What *will* folks think of me? Dear me! what a time I've had! So saying, the lady vanished in a glimmer of blue, purple, and pink.

Those last significant words were echoed in my brain again and again that night, during the wakeful hours that followed my introduction into "Shoddy" society. Mrs. Shoddy! what will folks think of her? What a bother! what a bother!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"THE is quite unbearable," said Brain, at the conflagration of Barnum's Museum, "I'm off for Wall Street!"

WHEN can donkey be spelt with one letter? When it's NOTHING else.

BARNUM was traveling once on board of one of the river steamers, where they feed you for a moderate outlay twenty-five times a day;

very sumptuously, but the portions supplied are usually of microscopic dimensions. He called at one time for a beef-steak. The waiter brought him a thin, almost little, shriveled mite of broiled flesh, evidently not sufficient for more than two mouthfuls. Barnum poised the morsel on a fork, examined it critically, as though it were a couple of steak submitted to his inspection, and then returned it to the waiter, saying, "Yes, that's what I mean. Bring me some of that."

RICH HEIRS. — "Time is money" to a rapid writing. Thyme may be money, but the mint produces it. Shakspeare tells us of "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." A sweet time a man would have had getting money out of that bank! But Time is a very good thing to be allowed when a bill falls due, but after all we would rather have a mint of money, and we should then be sure of having a good time.

COCKNEY ZOOLOGY.—Precocious young lady:—"Law, ma, here's a beast in!" Maternal (suspiciously):—"A beagle! Oh, you impudent hussy! I'll 'ave you to know that 'e's an hon'rable!" Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully):—"Axe pardon, marm, 'tis an ass."

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage, "Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

MIXED METAPHOR.—The following specimen of this failing is taken from the Washington Star:—"The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge the sea of politics with an earthquake of heroism."

AN Irishman and a Yankee met at a tavern, and there was but one bed for them. On entering, the Yankee said he did not care which side of the bed he took. "Then," said Pat, "you may take the under side."

A somewhat juvenile dandy said to a fair partner at a ball, "Miss Mary Ann, may I have the pleasure of dancing?" To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be dancing? To which she replied, "Well, sir, they may be dancing, but they have not yet arrived."

A LUCKY GHOST—The ghost of a chance.

BEGINNINGS.—Nearly all beginnings are difficult and poor. At the opening of the hunt the hound limps.

THE BEND UP A CHILD IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO.—Thwad that way yourself.

IT is said there are 400,000 feathers upon the wing of a full-grown eagle, and that any one of them is the result of the statement can easily satisfy himself by counting them.

SIR William B——, being at a parish meeting, made some proposals that were objected to by a farmer. Highly enraged, "Sir," said he to the farmer, "do you know, Sir, that I have been to the two Universities, and at two colleges in each University?" "Well, Sir," said the farmer, "what of that? I had a calf that sucked two cows, and the observation I made was, the more he sucked the greater calf he grew."

THE Japanese say, "The tongue of woman is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using."

As her pretti nices red tew her, "breaches or faith" occurred in the tor. "Britches of faith," reiterated Widow Bobbins. "The Lord help us! how fashions change, unto-ane! I wunder what the men will ware next?" A cold blush inflamed the cheek of her niece, but she left the kind ant unaffrighted, and continued with what she was readin.

THE DESERT FOR A DWELLING-PLACE.—It is easy enough for a sound man to renounce society and go into the desert: the only difficulty is to find them.

A husband complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *a-dooring* each other.

A gentleman, about whose Teutonic origin there could be but one opinion, was passing along the street a few days since, when he came to a halt before one of the huge square monuments of gingerbread in the confectioner's Parlance Lost. He read this line, "A Rebellion in Heaven," when he broke forth as follows: "A Rebellion in Heaven; mine Got! that lasts not long now.—Unkel Abe leh him."

There is both a Spanish and a French proverb which says, "A melon and a woman are hard to choose."

The editor of a country paper puts a dozen short questions to a correspondent, and concludes with calling him "a *brandy barrel*." Whereupon the "opponent" writes, "If he has that opinion of me he must be very fond of *pumping* us."

An old lady was complaining a few days since, in the market, of the excessive high price of provisions.—"It is market, of the excessive high price of provisions.—"It is not the meat only that is so enormously dear," said she, "but I can not obtain flour for a pudding for less than double the usual price, and they *do not make the eggs half as large as they used to be!*"

Why is a cannibal awaiting after dining off a nineteenth century wife like the finest race-horse of the present year?—Because he's Gone-Beef-Ore.

A New Orleans newspaper contains the advertisement:—"For sale, an excellent young horse; would suit any timid lady or gentleman, with a long silver tail."

GENTLEMEN of the Turf—Doctors.
GENTLEMEN under the Turf—Their patients.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A CROIX.—The Cathedral of Rheims.

Those who are in business the most *sharp*, generally die the most *blunt*.

EPITAPH ON A MUSICIAN.—Here lies a finished artist.

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

A PRETTY PUZZLE.

"NOW, Josiah dear, I bet you any thing you can't tell which is the front of my New Bonnes."



EDMUND RUFFIN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



MISS MARY HARRIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. B. LIEBENRING.]

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

ONCE more the attempt is to be made to link together in the closest amity the two great branches of the Anglo-SAXON race. A previous attempt was made seven years ago, but failed, or rather was but partially successful. But the compliments exchanged by the submarine cable of 1858 between our President and the British Queen, though so soon followed by an obstruction in the line, were, after all, justly regarded as the first-fruits of an enterprise that must in the end be crowned with success.

The *Great Eastern*, in whose capacious hold the precious coil has been stowed away in tanks, is already on her way from Valencia to Newfoundland; and it is expected that within the present month regular telegraphic communication will be established between the two hemispheres; and that shortly the New York journals will commence a daily summary of the London news of the day before. We give on this page an illustration representing the final view taken by visitors of the *Great Eastern*



FINAL VIEW OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" BEFORE HER DEPARTURE TO PAY OUT THE ATLANTIC CABLE—ST PETERNESS HARBOR, JUNE 22, 1865.

on the 224 of June. As this was the last visit allowed to be made to the ship before her departure, great eagerness was shown to be present on the occasion, and a large and most distinguished party assembled. The visitors started soon after twelve, and before two o'clock were alongside the great ship, which, even making allowance for her great depth in the water, now nearly 32 feet, still seems to look even more grand and massive than ever. There is little more than her size, however, just now to attract admiration, for probably at no time during her checkered career has the *Great Eastern* ever been so dirty, or has her expanse of deck worn a more littered and unsightly aspect.

The visitors made the usual rambling inspection of all parts of the vessel—saloons, berths, engine-rooms, and every where. The great attractions were, of course, the cable, and especially that amidships, where the last couple of miles of the wire were being slowly wound inboard. Two short messages were sent through the cable—one through a section 1500 miles long, another through its entire length from end to end. The battery power used was very low, and the signals, though slow, were wonderfully clear and distinct. After these slight experiments had been completed the visitors were conducted to the grand saloon, where a most excellent *déjeuner* had been laid, and to which their journey down enabled them to do substantial justice. At the conclusion of the *déjeuner* Mr. PENDER, M.P., expressed his belief and hope that the cable would be successfully laid, and that it would promote the happiness, the communion, and the peace of Great Britain and the United States, which had already so much in common to unite them. THE DUKE OF SOMERSET proposed "Success to the Atlantic Telegraph," and in a few emphatic words declared that the success of this great enterprise would tend to promote the best interests, political and commercial, of the two great and kindred nations. Mr. PENDER observed that they were honored with the presence of one who had devoted the energies of the last few years of his life in England to preserve the amicable relations between the two countries, at a period of no ordinary difficulty, with singular energy and success. He believed that whatever position Mr. ADAMS, whose father and grandfather had already filled such important offices, might be called on to fill in his own country, he would be followed by the good wishes and respect of all who knew what services he had rendered and what ability he had displayed while he was among us. Mr. ADAMS, who was warmly received, thanked the chairman and the company for the way in which they had expressed their sense of his services and for the manner in which they had alluded to his country. During the recent troubles he confessed he was selfish enough to hope the cable might not be laid, as he well knew he would have been overwhelmed with telegrams; but now that the war which had distracted his country had been put an end to, he wished with all his heart that one of the greatest enterprises that had ever been conceived might be successfully carried through, as he believed it would do more than any other agency to strengthen the bonds of union between the two countries. The interests and objects of the Government of Great Britain had all along been to maintain peace; and now that the contest which had distracted the United States had been put an end to, the sole object they had in view was peace also.

On June 24 the *Great Eastern* was removed from her moorings in Sheerness harbor to the Nore. The greatest precautions had been taken to effect the operation in safety, and it was completed without accident.



THE FASHIONS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THE summer modes are now quite settled in many important points. All through the season, which began on the 21st ult., the whole of the dress—corsage, skirt, and pardessus—should be alike in color and material, and the entire toilet passably simple, with as few ornaments as possible. This simplicity is really the distinguishing characteristic of the fashions at the present moment, but as an indication of a return to moderation in dress it is not worthy of much reliance.

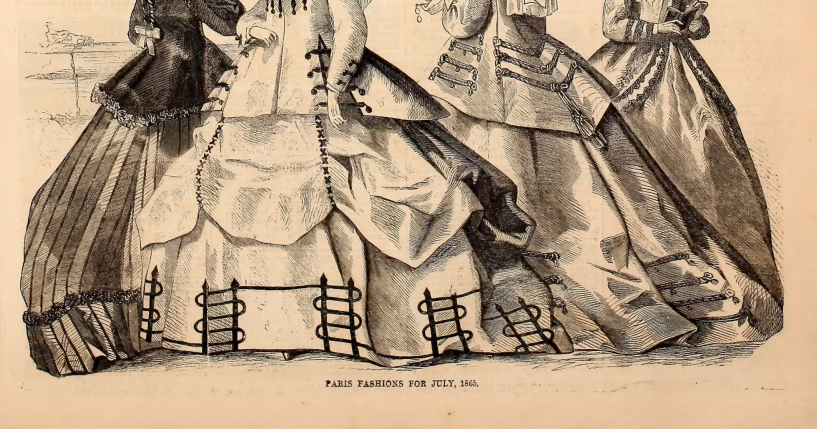
The taste for scarfs seems about to revive, and has particularly received encouragement from the Empress Eugenie, who appeared at the late great race for the Grand Prix de Paris at Longchamps in a magnificent cloth-of-gold scarf presented to her Majesty by the Emperor on his return from Algeria. Some of the scarfs already worn are very elegant; they may be either plain, of the same material as the dress, or striped, and edged with ruching or lace. A muslin scarf over a taffeta robe is extremely becoming, as well as a very agreeable toilet for hot weather; moreover, the shawl and the burnous, especially the former, are almost of necessity put aside during the months of June, July, and August.

One change of consequence has been adopted by many of the Parisiennes élégantes, and that is the abandonment of under jupons of a color different to that of the dress. A serious return to white appears to be generally resolved upon; but having been decided somewhat suddenly, the upon blanc may not yet strictly be considered as *de rigueur*.

For morning or for evening toilet the styles of coiffure are varied. For the evening, ringlets, frizzled hair, and plaits, raised very high upon the top of the head, are perfectly admissible; but the volume of the capillary ornament is not very extensive. For morning, the plait may lie down in front *en couronne*, or the bands be slightly waved. A ringlet or two behind the plaits, and falling on the neck, may also be worn in the day.

Patronage is still shared to an equal extent by the chapeau empire and the chapeau fanchon; both are elegant in their way, and the selection of the one or of the other should be made to depend more upon the style of the face of the intending wearer than upon the special merits of either of the rival bonnets.

Properly speaking there are no Paris fashions for July, for Paris at present is deserted. At the favorite country resorts by the sea-side the fashions are set by Empresses, Princesses, and Grand Duchesses; and the cosmopolitan toilets almost defy detailed description, as may be seen by a reference to the smaller of our engravings, which represents some of those that have attained the greatest favor. It will be seen that the fancy of the wearer is allowed full scope; so much so, indeed, that many of the costumes might well be termed "fancy dresses." The "voiles russes" without sleeves, which appeared in some elegant toilets last winter, but were not much worn, are, now that the summer has set in, almost universally adopted, and form a charming



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1865.

and effective addition to any costume. They may | be either simple or elegant, of black or white lace, with fancy trimmings and ribbons, or of cashmere, bound with a bright-colored band of the same material. These vests are worn over a corsage of the | same, ruched, or nansook, and also with the "chemise russe," which has so long obtained great favor in fashionable circles.

The following is a description of this illustration in our larger engraving:

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Sea-side or for a Watering-place.*—Pearl-gray linen robe, elegantly trimmed round the skirt with three rows of narrow silk black passementerie ornaments. The stripes and the small unstitched bias complete the trimming on the black velvet. Round sleeve-head edged with black velvet and provided with a large cape, a black feather, and a bow behind in white tulle.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Morning Visit.*—Dark violet foulard robe, with blue stripes. There is a deep black silk ruche, big round the skirt and round the edge of the black silk cuirass, which is also similarly trimmed at the cuffs and shoulders. Five tufts chapeau, with pink ribbons in the guise of a bonnet, and a cap of plaited black ribbon gauze round the chignon, and descending behind to the waist. The hair is arranged by a pink bow.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Light blue cloth robe, trimmed with passementerie ornaments of the same color, but a shade darker than the cloth to match. The cloaque is in white tulle, and the veil also. A few violet flowers decorate the front of the bonnet.

Fig. 4. *Another Walking Dress.*—Robe of dark orange-colored foulard, trimmed with elegant black guipure. The cossque of this dress is ornamented in a similar manner. White lace chapeau bonnet, furnished in front with a bouquet of green velvet, several small flowers, and two aigrettes with light green shoots.

THE TRIAL OF MISS HARRIS.

Now that the trial of the conspirators is over, the exciting topic of Washington life is the trial of Miss Mary Harris for the murder last January of Lucrezia Benincasa, a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. We published at the time the details of the murder, which was committed apparently to obtain revenge for Benincasa's falsehood and neglect.

The conduct of the deceased toward Miss Harris was inexcusable in any case, and was especially aggravated if it be true, as is claimed by the defense, that he sought to secure her presence in a house of ill-fame in order to fix a stigma upon her character. But from Miss Harris's own admission it appears that Benincasa's misconduct had not gone so far as to attempt her ruin under cover of a promise of marriage.

There can scarcely be a doubt in the minds of any one but that the provocation was insufficient for the justification of murder. It was necessary, therefore, for the defense to establish a separate plea—that of insanity—in order to secure Miss Harris's acquittal. This is difficult to establish; for in every particular the murder appears to have been a deliberate act. Unless the evidence of insanity should prove more conclusive than at present seems likely, we hope that it will be set aside by the jury. We have had enough of dalliance with murder on such whimsical pleas. It must not be permitted for murderers to escape in cases where no honest juryman would on the same plea let off a thief. The degree of crime must not become its excuse.

EDMUND RUFFIN.

Edmund Ruffin, the father of secession in Virginia, and who fired the first gun on Fort Sumter, committed suicide June 17, 1865. A monomaniac was found anosing his papers stating that he preferred death to living under the United States Government. He was upward of seventy-four years old when he committed this act of self-murder. At the time of his death he was staying in Amelia County, Virginia. The suicide was a deliberate act, the deluded man taking a musket loaded with backshot, and placing the muzzle in his mouth, with the aid of a stick touched the trigger. The first cap failed to explode, when he replaced it with a better one, fired the piece, and was instantly killed. The upper portion of his head was entirely blown off.

Mr. Ruffin was, many years ago, editor of the *Farmers' Register*, which ranked as the ablest agricultural paper of the country, and was a regular contributor to the *American Farmer*, the *Southern Planter*, and other journals of the same class, and was likewise a prolific and many years' reviewer, etc., which have been preserved in book form. He was also noted for his antipathy to the banks—so much so, that he had some of the counties named after him, as expressed by Jefferson, Randolph of Roanoke, and others, stereotyped on blocks and printed on thousand bank-notes, which he caused to be put out to be redeposited, with their own characters painted in no complimentary terms upon their backs. His death was in close to that style of his life which he devoted to rebellion against his Government. He that lets the sword must perish by the sword, even though it be through madness and by his own act.

SHADOWS ON THE STREAM.

Summer evening shadows
Thicken, drawing round;
Summer's beauteous blossoms
Strewing all the ground.

Leaning o'er the buttress,
Ruined, gray, and old;
Looking into waters,
Silent, still, and cold.

When our bright reflections
Dance its surface o'er—
When like ceaseless music
The distant torrents roar;

And the rocks before us
Kiss the water's brim,
Flinging a reflection
Between *myself and him!*

As we stood together,
Whispering soft and low,
Flinging harebell blossoms
On the waves below.

Laurel leaves were gleaming
Round his chaded hair,
While the rocks were frowning
O'er mine, cold and bare!

Seemed they not prophetic
Shadows on the stream?
As when vicious hands us
From a troubled dream.

Many, many summers,
With their wreaths of flowers;
Many, many winters,
With their dreary hours;

Flowing like those waters,
Life's rough pathway down;
Bringing fame's fresh leaflets
For his laurel crown!

By the gray old buttress
Lonely now I dream;
Softly, sadly watching
Shadows on the stream!

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Messrs. Benedict Brothers, "keepers of the city time," No. 171 Broadway, have issued cards containing the Time Tables of each of the railroads leaving that city, and have placed them in the principal hotels and public places. This has been done in response to a paragraph published in the *Evening Post* a short time since, and will prove a great convenience to travelers.—*Evening Post.*

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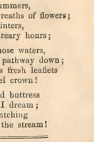
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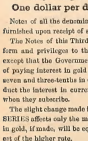
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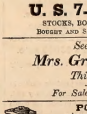
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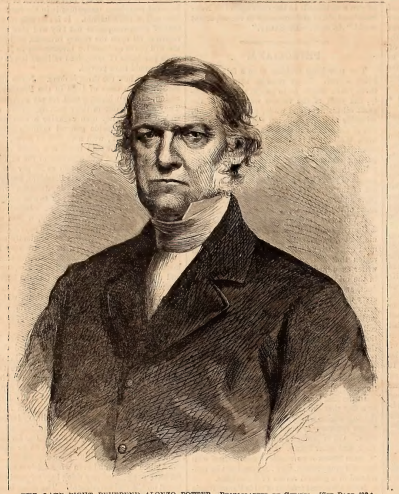
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THE LATE REV. NEWTON HESTON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. A. LEWIS.—[SEE PAGE 490.]



THE BOAT-RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, JULY 19, 1865.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

A PLAIN DANGER.

APPARENTLY we are in some danger of not learning from experience. The spirit of infidelity of popular institutions and of love of liberty in the United States and Government having proved its character and purpose by a war continued with unparalleled ferocity until it failed from sheer exhaustion, it is now gravely proposed that we shall act as if that spirit were no longer dangerous, simply because, for the present, it is exhausted.

Such a theory has no more fatal mistake. Civil war is neither a cure nor a palliative of the spirit from which it springs. The whole training and education of "the South" are what they always were. The dominant class of that section is not less dominant because it is defeated. Its authority is now consecrated in the popular mind of its region by suffering and misfortune. Its haughtiness is supreme. Its hate is unconquerable. It soothes its pride by the conviction that it was only overcome by numbers, and disdainfully awaits the day when it can again try its fortune in the field, or, should that be hopeless, when its sullen passivity of resistance may paralyze all efforts of the Government at reorganization.

Is there any sense in pretending that this is not so? Can there be any folly more signal than that of regarding the feeling of a section as merely the spleen of a few disappointed leaders? How is it always said, and said truly, that the masses of the South were swayed by a dominant class? Do we think they have ceased to be so swayed? Even the Governors provisionally appointed by the United States still speak of "our cause," "our armies," and "the South." Even a paper noted for its "loyal" firmness is impressed for the unconcealed rage and hostility of its tone. We have yet to see in the columns of a single journal, or to hear in the speech of a single orator in the rebel States, the faintest indication of the least fidelity either to the spirit or to the form of the Government of the United States. Governors, regents and editors and orators advise submission to superior force. "We can not help ourselves," is the burden of their strain.

Has any man who has read history or studied human nature any doubt of the inexpressible hatred to this Government which smoulders in the hearts of those whose lips shriek scorn at the oath of allegiance? Let any one who doubts talk with any late rebel, or read the public correspondence from the region lately in rebellion, or the private letters of those who are not slaves of the dominant class, or let him take the testimony of any of our authorities in the South, or compare the editorials written before the close reflect that not one solitary, spontaneous movement of any truly popular or representative body has been made for reorganization through any sincere sympathy with the Government, and he will find some reason to believe that we do not misrepresent the actual condition of affairs. And if by chance some one, or some few, of woman, of that dominant class, standing amidst the total wreck of fortune, in the midst of universal bereavement—homeless and hopeless—should read these words, he would cry, "Yes! thank God, you are right! We hate you and your Government with an undying hatred! We believe your crimes to be colossal, and your guilt not to be described!"

Shall we be told that these are but a disconsolate few? But if they are a few, where are the who are the many? Ten years ago every man who knew any thing in this country of the public situation was perfectly aware of the absolute dismion of division and sympathy, both political and social faith, between the free and slave States. The haughty society that came to the Northern watering-places in the summer, and to the New York hotels in the autumn, mingled chiefly—with notable exceptions—with those who were in obsequious relations to masters or slaves. The great body of representative American society held aloof. This Southern class reviled the American principle, and fiercely protested its devotion to "State rights." It is sickening to remember that swagger after this bloody lapse of four years.

But that class was numerous; it was not small. It represented the wealth, the intelligence, the traditional leadership of its section; and what governs any ignorant multitude but intelligence, wealth, and tradition, when the power of all these forces be paralyzed by the consciousness of a class or a race that such forces have been carefully used to wrong and to ruin? The Southern slave-masters have always controlled the ignorant class of their own color in whose name, as a superior race, they enslaved the colored class. But they could not control human nature. They could not outwit the heart, nor bribe the love of liberty. When the crisis came the master-class carried the overwhelming majority of their own color with them; but their utmost power failed to seduce their slaves. The men who, we are told, have not sense enough to vote with us, had yet sense enough to be true to us against all persuasion of treason. A late letter in the *Herald*, from Alabama, says that the rebel in that State confess the first labor of blacks to have been a success wherever it was directed by Yankees. "They say if a Southern man takes up a newspaper and reads any thing to a negro, he will not believe a single word of it; but let a Yankee pretend to read, and make up the most improbable lie imaginable, and he will take it for gospel truth." Will any body be kind enough to prove why, if the slaves would not fight with their masters, the freedmen will vote with them?

The degree of faith in State Sovereignty and adhesion to Slavery may have varied, but the white population of the rebel States was practically a unit before the war. It is now practically a unit during the war. Who will deny that it is practically a unit now. No gloving or gilding will hide the fact. No amnesties and kindred "brethren" will help us organize the results of the war any more than it prevented the war. Men whose chief point of honor is consistency of the principle of our common Government are not our political brethren. Men and women who have gloried in the torture of our soldiers for defending that Government are not our social brethren. Their fathers were brethren of our fathers, and their children may be of our children. But the generation that hates to the degree our fall does can hope—however free from vindictive feeling our own hearts may be, and it is a fact that they are absolutely so—to be united to us by social "attraction" in a practical sense than any other enemies.

Any steps at reorganization which disregard these plain facts will be futile. The first step in the true philosophy of our policy is a comprehension of the truth, not a statement of the theory. The possibility that this spirit of hostility may regain control of the Government must be strictly and prevented at whatever cost. If there really be no such possibility so much the better. But that must not be assumed. The first presumption is to mistrust the other way. While there is yet a doubt, the force of the United States should be fully maintained every where. Let freedom of speech and freedom of the press be allowed, but personal freedom be established and defended in the rebel States. Let the whole body of the adult male population be registered and authorized to vote, if you will. Let the forms of a truly free republican Government be secured, but do not commit the fatal fault of intrusting them, without supervision, to those who hate the spirit and the republic. Let the people of the United States retain absolute hold of the whole rebel region until they are thoroughly sure that they will co-operate in good faith with the rest of the country. We believe that the principles of the American system are fully adequate to the perfect pacification of the country. But we are quite as firmly persuaded that the loyal white people of the late rebel States are not strong enough, nor united enough, nor sure of the observance of those principles, and that this can be done only by the power of the whole people.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

SOON after this paper is issued the experiment of laying the Atlantic Telegraph will have been again decided. All the preparations have been consulted and are found most favorable. The season of the year which the shrewdest and most experienced operators declare to be the least stormy has been selected. The largest ship in the world carries the cable. The wire itself has been made under the best superintendence, and tested at every step by the most delicate science. The mere marvel of the enterprise can not be renewed, but the actual public interest in it is in a great and a practical sense. The success of the present effort fail, there will be no fatal disappointment. Should it succeed there will be a general satisfaction at the new advance in good neighborhood and mutual trade.

So immediate and intimate a union of American and Europe must be of quite incalculable advantage to the world. Misunderstanding and nations occasions ignorance, and ignorance begets hostility. If the people of the Southern States, for instance, had had the slightest idea how much we have made war upon the Government, and just in the degree that the people of Europe and America know each other will they be disposed to keep the peace. That is the necessity of modern civilization. The clearer the conflict appears between individual welfare and war, the larger the trading interest will be, and will become. Thus, if the people of the Southern States had believed what ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS told them, they would have preferred his advice to that of RONALD COOKE.

There seems to be some objection to the exclusiveness of the company upon the *Great Eastern*, and to the privilege which it possesses for conveying messages. But both these matters appear to be peculiarly the business of the company. If the directors choose to have an authentic account of the process of laying the wire, why should any body object? They can obtain the services of as skilful reporters as the newspapers, and they have nothing to gain by "cooking" the reports. And as for the charges, the managers are practical business men. They know the consequences of prohibitory prices, but they also know the immense value of their monopoly if the experiment succeeds. We must believe that they will not invite and secure a popular pressure. They must be assumed to understand how long they may enjoy a monopoly if they manage it wisely. If they do not, they will be the sufferers. If, however, they count upon competition as, in any case, inevitable, they will naturally make hay while the sun shines.

Meanwhile we await patiently the issue of the great experiment. If it fail this time it will be renewed. There are certain things which are sure to be done. If the present resources of science are found to be elements, or by some cause only to be revealed by the experiment, then science will sharpen its resources and gentle the monster with the impeding cause. Faith has no right to despair, but it saw DR. SAUTY muttering and murmuring ever fainter and fainter and disappearing seven years ago at this end of the line, and hears him now reappearing at the other with a fresh cable and renewed hopes and instruments. We can imagine his impatience. We can figure the excellent satellite-vian chafing and fretting for the moment when he can seat himself in the ooze upon the Newfoundland shore and announce to the expectant world "*All right.*—DE SAUTY."

PETROLIANA.

THE petroleum problem is in a fair way of being solved. Exact records, kept for some three years, enable us to gauge, pretty certainly, the yield of the various wells, and of the great oil district; and while, on the one hand, scientific men are reducing the apparent vagaries of the oil flow to a system governed by fixed laws, Wall Street is forming its judgment on the financial aspect of the subject, and is day by day passing sentence on sham oil companies and letting those stand which have a real value. A couple of years the oil business will have passed out of the domain of speculation, and its prospects and its returns will become as certain as those of the ordinary coal trade.

A work now in the press of MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, "The Oil Regions of Pennsylvania," by Dr. J. P. LESLEY, will probably contain the most exhaustive survey of the great petroleum region that has yet appeared in print. The writer examined every well that has been sunk in the oil region, records the history, product, and present condition of each; studied every method of boring and pumping in use, describes them in detail, criticises each from a scientific as well as from a practical stand-point; collected all the statistics extant on the production of and trade in petroleum, and presents them so intelligently that, with his book in hand, it is easy to generalize, and, within certain limits, to forecast the future of this most important branch of our national production and our national exports.

In the first place, it may be roughly set down as a fact that the yield of Pennsylvania wells is the only region which as yet produces oil in sufficient quantity to enter into general calculations. Oil is produced in Ohio, Virginia, New York, and other States, but as yet the yield of these States is so small, in comparison with that of Pennsylvania, that they need not be considered in a statistical survey of the subject.

Next, the actual product of oil in Pennsylvania is set down at 3,500,000 of barrels of crude oil for the year 1865, worth, taking an average of prices, $15,000,000. This estimate is based on the value of the crude oil at the mouth of the wells. It may thus be said that our product of petroleum is only a quarter as much as our product of wheat, and one-eighth as much as our product of corn or of cotton—taking an average of five years prior to the war as the basis of an estimate of our national cotton crop.

When we try to go further than the facts already ascertained, and to forecast the future, the old mist seems to cloud all reasoning on petroleum again impedes our vision. MR. WRIGHT and other authorities on the subject consider eighteen months the maximum life of a well. Some last longer than this; but the great majority "give out," and refuse to yield, even under the most vigorous pumping, before they are a year old. This may be strictly and successfully, and ever-flowing wells discovered within a few feet of a well which has been exhausted; so that the owner of a productive piece of land may despair as long as he has a square rood of ground unexplored. It may further be remarked that the deepest wells now in operation are but 500 to 600 feet deep, the greatly wells having produced so much oil, and made so many fortunes, were but 300 feet deep. It is now argued by scientific men that the great oil deposits which underlie the earth's surface are not to be reached until a well has been sunk at least 1000 or 1200 feet. This is not the place to discuss the scientific theories which underlie the petroleum belief. Suffice it to say that to many common-sense persons they seem to commend themselves to approval. If they are sound, we shall soon have as many 1200 feet wells as we now have 500 feet wells, and the yield of the past affords no data for gauging the probable yield of the future. Borers for oil have this satisfaction—they cater for a market which can not be glutted. The world will consume, at a price, all the petroleum which can be produced. Europe increased her consumption from 10,000,000 gallons in 1862 to over 30,000,000 gallons in 1864, and will probably use 100,000,000 gallons in 1866 if they can be furnished at a suitable figure. If the oil deposits at 1200 feet depth realize the predictions of professors, Pennsylvania may yet enjoy the proud satisfaction of lubricating and lighting up the world.

To pass from the practical subject of boring in the earth for oil to the consideration of oil stocks as instruments of stock-gambling in Wall Street is an easy descent of Avernus. Yet there are probably many readers of this periodical who are interested in the one as in the other. When, for the punishment of our follies, United States stock, subscribed for at 95 a share, rose to 97, and after falling back to 93 rose again to 830, and paid during a series of months such dividends that it was deemed cheap at the money, and a desirable for investment on any but oil-princes but by sound business men in every branch of trade, and put away with bonds and other "fire-proof" securities, an example was set which has cost a confiding public millions of dollars. It is safe to say that the stock of five hundred petroleum companies is in the market here and at Philadelphia. It is safe to say that of these companies not fifty will give any return at all upon the money invested, and not ten will prove as lucrative investments as yielding moderate-priced railroad bonds or stocks would have proved.

Consider how the thing is done. JONES and BROWN own a piece of land in the petroleum region, with or without a well, for say $10,000. They advance, out of their pockets, $7500 to sink a well. They then organize a company under the admirable general manufacturing law of New York, with a capital of $200,000 (many managers would make it a round million), and transfer to that figure the oil capital is open to public subscription at 50 per cent. See how it works. JONES is President, BROWN Treasurer, and all the little clerks and BROWNS, with a heavy banker or two as decoys (whose stock costs them nothing) are Directors. That $50,000 stock is taken up, a sum of $15,000 is paid in cash, and JONES and BROWN get $17,500 they originally advanced, and leaves $7500 in the treasury to pay salaries. For the $50,000 paid in cash some market value from the subscription of $50,000; and after giving $20,000 thereof to the heavy bankers for the use of their names, JONES and BROWN divide $15,000 between them, which makes both pretty comfortable if a flowing well happens to be struck, and the public happen to fancy the investment.

There are prizes in oil wells as there are in lotteries. But it may safely be assumed that neither in this nor in any other trade will it do to reckon upon exceptional luck. Where the real investment is $25,000 and the nominal investment $250,000 a dividend of one per cent. per annum will be handsome, and a dividend of one per cent. a month may be praise fact set down as fraudulent. Extraordinary luck—as in the case of the United States Company—may lead to extraordinary profits. But for one such case two hundred companies can be mentioned which started with as good prospects as the United States Company, and even when successful it has not yielded any thing beyond good interest on the real investment. The thing is so plain, indeed, that it would hardly be worth while wasting words upon it were it not that the long lists of companies offering stock for subscription in the advertising columns of the papers prove that there must still be gentlemen to be thrown away their money in this oil-gulf.

We say nothing of companies fraudulent on their face. One or two of these concerns are now before the courts, and the public at that the knaves who contrived them will probably escape the Penitentiary. Another company—which we will call the "Hannibal Company" (OF HANNIBAL was a great General too)—has not yet been wound up, or its promoters sent to State Prison. But, patience! The Hannibal of war has come to a capital of nothing. There was a floating rumor that it owned a farm in Kentucky, or a vacant lot in Brooklyn; but nothing was known for certain. The scale was not on the Petroleum Board at $2 a share. The President ordered his broker to buy 100 shares which the Secretary ordered his broker to sell. So a quotation was made. Next day Director A. ordered 100 shares bought at an advance, while Director B. ordered the like lot sold. Day after Director B. was a purchaser, and A. the seller. Then C. and D., also directors, ordered their brokers to buy or sell, as the case was; all the transactions, first to last, being confined to the conspirators, and no outside person having bought or sold a share. Now these are in Wall Street a class of speculators who are called Bears, who are always ready to sell short any stock of which they have a poor opinion. To some of these speculators the conspirators contrived by various ingenious devices to convey the idea that "Hannibal" was in a bad way. Orders to buy were given by officers of the company to speculative brokers, and these orders were canceled again in a great hurry as though the officers had suddenly received bad news. After a time the bait took. Speculators began to sell "Hannibal" short. At first the directors were very obliging. They lent the stock whenever they were asked. But in a short

while, when the short line became large enough to spring the trap, they called their stock in, and began to bid up the price. The stock rose in a few days from $2 a share to $32. To say that the operation was a swindle was no consolation to those who had sold that which they hadn't got and couldn't get. Every share of the "Hasnihad" was owned by the original conspirators, and their game was to make money not by horsing for oil, but by horsing for greenbacks in the pockets of the silly Bears of Wall Street.

Readers who want to speculate in oil stocks go to the fountain-head. Club together half a dozen of you, buy a farm, and sink a well. If you don't "strike oil" you will know, at all events, how much you can lose, and you will have the land, at the worst, to grow hay. But the money you pay for oil stocks is like that which you may set down at once as thrown away. Not one in two hundred of you will ever get it back again.

MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

GENERAL STROTHER, the Adjutant-General of Virginia, is reported to have had an interview lately with the President, in which he said that there might be some foolish old men and worthless young ones left in Virginia, but that the main body of the people were undoubtedly loyal to the Government of the United States and the State of Virginia.

This was an interesting statement. It has not, indeed, been confirmed by a general election in some of the counties, but it doubtless would be at the next election. We wrote on reading it, in an agreeable frame of mind, glad to believe that our apprehensions were incorrect, when lo! upon reaching another column in the same journal, we encountered these remarkable headings: "The Richmond elections. Success of the old rebel candidates. The rebel soldiers do the voting."

It seems that an election had been held in Henrico County, of which the city of Richmond is the county seat, two days before the interesting interview of General STROTHER with the President, and the returns indicated beyond doubt the entire success of the ticket whose candidates and supporters are both still dyed in secession, and who hope by being entrusted with civil power to maintain their treasonable heresies, and again breed war based upon this persistence.... The voting-to-day has been done chiefly by the rebel soldiery of the old Army of Northern Virginia," who are "young and bitter," and were influenced by the late rebel officers and the leading civilians of the exceptedclasses under the amnesty.

How could we expect any thing else? Is it in human nature for the men whom we have forced to surrender by the arms of the United States to turn round and support that Government heartily by their votes? Yet we are not sorry that the election took place. Let it be made as plain as possible to the people of the United States that the reorganization of the rebel States can not be safely intrusted to a special class of the population who are secretly hostile to the Government. That people will then see that if there are not enough truly loyal citizens to organize the States, there will be no harm in waiting. Haste is desirable in the affairs of State; but make haste slowly is a wise maxim.

THE ROPE AND THE RING.

To hang a man at the end of a rope is said to be the worst use you can put him to. But it may certainly be a greater service to society than to suffer him to walk along the same rope stretched over a gulf. If BLONDIN had fallen into the abyss at Niagara the public verdict would have been that he died an ill-fated death. Yet every spectator whose presence encouraged Blondin should have been held an accessory to his death. I think those who by their presence encourage HARRY LESLIE to do what BLONDIN did.

HARRY LESLIE is a follower of the Frenchman's. He walks upon a rope over the Niagara River below the Suspension Bridge, and an enraptured gentleman, having witnessed the edifying feat, proceeds to "put it upon record as one of the grandest feats in funambulism ever attempted." It blew violently. "As it swept through the gorge it seemed as powerful as the noisy waters beneath *which gave it echo*." Heavy bets were made that LESLIE would not attempt to cross. Foolish bettors! The enraptured gentleman knew that HARRY LESLIE "would make the ascension if any man on earth dare attempt it; and he did do it in magnificent style." "He made his appearance in due time on the American side; was shackled hands and feet with heavy iron chains, with barely freedom to grasp the balance pole in the use of his handpole. His handsome wife and pretty child watched the arrangement of the preliminaries with a genuine anxiety, which was only relieved when he had accomplished his marvelous feat. .....We think every body felt relieved when he concluded his return walk and kissed his wife and baby."

If the law lays its hand upon gentlemen who go to Niagara to risk their lives by pommeling each other, why should it refrain from rounding up a gentleman who risks his life by walking in a high wind on a cord over a roaring gulf? And if the reply be, that the law can not undertake to meddle with fools who choose to throw away their lives, may we inquire why it meddles with fools who choose to have their faces beaten to a jelly? Men are not necessarily killed in a boxing-match nor in walking over a whirlpool upon a rope. The character of the crowd also in both cases is similar. The gentry who assemble to see an "acrobat" walk over the Niagara River are quite as reprehensible in their presence as those who meet to encourage eminent champions of the prize ring. There is no good reason why the ring should be prohibited by a law which tolerates the rope.

NEW JERSEY.

THE Union men of New Jersey have spoken in their convention, and will speak again at the polls, as we believe, in the election of MARCUS L. WARD as Governor. The soldiers of New Jersey, from the Copperhead party forbade to vote because they were fighting for the country, are now at home. They know who has been their faithful and unfaltering friend in the hour whose heart and hand have been always open, and full of sympathy and assistance. They will therefore recognize the true friend of the men of New Jersey the one who would especially be called the soldier's friend is MARCUS L. WARD.

The New Jersey Union platform is strong and sound. It condemns the Copperhead Opposition head influence which has controlled the State, and unreservedly supports the Emancipation Amendment. It reaffirms the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, and announces that the doctrine that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is not a "political heresy." The fact is the best principle in national reorganization. In affirming their adhesion to it the Union men of New Jersey place themselves by the side of their brethren in all the other loyal States.

Upon the method of establishing this principle in States where it is denied, and which are to be reorganized on the foundation of it, the resolutions express no opinion. Under the circumstances silence was wise. In a State controlled hitherto by the most violent partisans of parties, and which under that influence rejected the Emancipation Amendment, deliberately choosing to chain itself to a corpse, it is wiser to announce a principle than a policy or a policy. Representatives elected upon a righteous principle are not likely in this emergency to go wrong in practice.

The Union men of New Jersey may be very sure in their canvass of the most earnest sympathy of the friends of liberty, law, and a government founded upon the consent of the governed, throughout the country. Now that the New Jersey soldiers have given their sturdy aid in overthrowing the rebels, let them engage in the same spirit, but with different weapons, upon a similar enemy, the Copperheads at home.

THE FEAST OF SONG.

SPRING brings the birds and the return of peace the singers. The Germans who come to this country fortunately bring with them their tastes, and do not omit to cherish and develop them here; and it is to the Germans that we owe that diffusion of musical knowledge which is becoming universal. The Italian opera remains an exotic, but the German song takes kindly to the soil. The opera is a fashion; but the song is a domestic enjoyment. It is not in the affair of kid gloves, laces, and Champagne. The song is dear to hard hands, to blouses, and linger-hats.

The Chinese feast of lanterns is not so pleasant as the festival of music which the various German vocal societies held in the city of New York a week ago. They came from Philadelphia, from Buffalo, from Albany, from Hartford, from Baltimore, and from many other cities, and devoted the day and night to processions, to concerts, to prize vocal tournaments, to dancing, to sports, to excursions, to jollity. With characteristic geniality the great multitude sang and drank and laughed and played and peacefully parted. There is not the remotest end of a German pleasure-making. Indeed, the German genius for enjoyment transcends that of all other nations. The more we become acquainted with the men we shall enjoy, and the more delightful our enjoyment will be.

The great concert at the Academy was not only delightful by its music, but was very instructive by its manners. There are two parts in a concert—the performing and the hearing. Each is in a great degree responsible for the other. When the performance is poor the attention is wearied; and when the audience is distracted the performance is spoiled. There is a truly fine concert it is unpardonable to whisper and annoy those who, by wishing to hear, have a right to be there, which the whisperer has not. To rise and bustle out before the end and during the concluding performance is as indecent as to flourish out of church during the benediction. "My dear young lady," said an elder dame to a miss, who was giggling and flirting during the performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies, "do not forget that some of us come to hear the music, and not you."

The earnest silence of the listeners at the Academy, the intelligent appreciation, the sincere applause, the mutual respect of singers and hearers, were as instructive as they were unprecedented. The jeweled and perfumed audience of the opera at the Academy would smile at the suggestion that lager-drinking "Dutchers" and "frowzy dowdies" could sit in their seats and teach them manners in an operahouse. But they did it.

It is to remark sympathetic attention of the spectacle. May it be often repeated! May every summer bring the glee-clubs after every spring has brought the choirs of birds!

GOOD SIGN.

WE observe with pleasure that the President is very generally applauding instead of disparaging the officers who have proved their ability and patriotism during the late Administration. By this wise policy the angry excitement of universal office-seeking is allayed, and the animosities that follow universal changes are avoided. More than that, the country secures the services of men who are accustomed to the details of duty, and who have established their fitness for the positions they hold. One of the most important questions in the reorganization of office; and every thing which tends to retain in the public service honest and capable officers is an incalculable advantage. If the great majority of those who hold during good behavior, much of the asperity and corruption of our politics would disappear. The doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils" is another form of the principle that to the victors belong the spoils. They both spring from the most unscrupulously partisan and immoral conception of popular government.

We remark among the reappointments the name of RICHARD H. DANA, JUN., as District Attorney of Massachusetts. Apparently the President is not alarmed by what one of our excellent but a little hasty neighbors contemptuously calls "Dana-ism," "pronouncing," "dictating," and "sectional" tone of the meeting at which MR. DANA made one of the most forcible, temperate, practical, and conclusive speeches ever heard in Faneuil Hall. The truth is, that at the meeting in question MR. DANA and the other orators expressed their sincere views upon a great public question. That is precisely what the President wishes and the country needs. And if all who differ should imitate a bad example and fail to abusing each other, how should we be any nearer the solution of the questions before us?

POLTROONERY.

IT is curious to observe how incredulous is poltroonery. When the Southern leaders were planning the rebellion and preparing to strike at the Union and Government, there was a class of persons and papers in the Free States which was constantly denouncing the "alarmists, croakers and radicals of the North" as exasperating such lambs as DAVIS, SLIDELL, WIGFALL, MASON, and the rest, and goading even those mild and forbearing gentlemen into rebellion. Of course when the lambs were ready and attacked the Government, the same lick-spittles declared that the "wicked" rebels at the North were the guilty party, and that the poor erring lambs were greatly to be pitied and forgiven. Now that their attack is abortive and the States are all in the power of their own old truculent enemy up again, and inform us that "the radical revolutionary faction and secessionists of the North" are at the end of their rope. They are abusing their Southern lambs again. They compelled them to try to get out of the Union, and now they are trying to prevent the innocents from getting in. Of course the fate of the "Northern incendiaries" could be silenced we should hear the soft coo of secession doves and the plaintive bleat of rebel sheep.

Doubtless the people of the loyal free States have much to answer for. But is it not just possible that their accusers who made war upon the country to save slavery are not altogether guiltless? Or, indeed, is it only your shivering poltroon who thinks each side equally guilty and naughty. "Good Lord! Good Devil!" who is truly pious?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SITUATION.

THE political situation presents many grave problems. The reorganization of the civil power of the Southern States for delegates to the several State Conventions. It is expected that the Union sentiment in Virginia has received favorably to secession candidates. It is difficult to see how this can be the case under the conditions imposed upon the voters, and reports of this nature are not to be relied upon until proved. Yet there is only too much ground for apprehension that in many districts the old secession element may be able to control, by the measure of their former influence. In Tennessee Governor BROWNLOW is taking the same line as his head, much to the delight of his Copperhead opponents. The Governor is determined that the laws in regard to the election shall be executed at all hazards. His task is a difficult one. The candidates for Congress are addressing the voters in different parts of the State, the secessionists in their speeches impudently denouncing both the National and State Governments. In addition to the trouble of political agitation, the Governor has to contend against the fact that the country is still infested by bands of guerrilla robbers.

Provisional Governors of South Carolina, has prepared and forwarded to his State from Washington a proclamation appointing an election to be held on the 6th of November next to choose delegates to the State Convention, which is to assemble on the 20th of the same month.

Governor PARSONS, of Alabama, has issued his proclamation announcing the inauguration of measures for the restoration of civil government in that State. The 21st of August is the day appointed for the election of delegates to the State Convention, which is to assemble on the 15th of September. The greater portion of the country and town officers who, under the rebel régime, were elected on the 2d of May last, when rebel authority ceased, are reappointed. The Governor will himself act as Judge during the continuance of the provisional government. Such officers will proceed to take the oath of allegiance to the National Government, and to give new bonds for the performance of their duties. The Governor appeals to the present condition of the South and the ruin and suffering which have been caused, but thinks that there is hope notwithstanding this they have to-day every political right which they possessed before the war, including the right to hold slaves; and slavery, he tells them, is irrecoverably gone, and it is the part of wisdom to make the best they can of the new order of things. Governor PARSONS estimates that 125,000 Alabamians escaped in the war, of which 70,000 are dead or disabled.

Governor JOHNSON, of Georgia, has also issued his proclamation calling a State convention and appointing a day for electing delegates thereto. The election will be held on the 4th of October, and the convention will assemble in Milledgeville on the 25th of the same month.

General PALMER, military commander in Kentucky, has issued an order giving freedom and equal legal rights to all the slaves who will leave the State, and a great exodus of these people to the north side of the Ohio River is in progress.

NEWS ITEMS.

There have been received at Fortress Monroe, during the past two weeks, 193 iron guns, late the property of the rebels, and mounted on the upper line of fortifications at Richmond. There guns are all of large calibre, ranging from 32 to 100 pounders. The latest arrivals were taken from Fort Darling. They are of rebel manufacture, and of the best, having been cast in 1864.

The Paymaster-General Ordnance the following newspaper statements:—The sum of sixteen dollars, late Confederate, (Va.) currency, was ordered by Secretary Stanton: General Ord, in command of the Army of the James, has issued an order prohibiting the sale of cider. General Grant interfered, and the arrest was stayed. The Secretary of War says the whole matter is absurd. No such order was ever issued; and, had it been issued, the order would have been void. The Secretary of War finds in the order itself the inference that it declined to obey an order because it thought it unpleasant to obey it. Major-General Doubleday, is astounded in fact and principle, a severe and unjust criticism upon the act of Congress. The same Secretary Stanton:

The Treasury, during July 1, 1865, the receipts of Captain Wadley on which taxes have been paid amount to $5,000. This represents a large amount of whisky, liable, as recorded in any other weekly paper.

Chief Engineer Benjamin W. Wood, United States Navy, has left Norfolk for New York to take charge of the school of marine engineering which is to be established at Annapolis, Maryland, with the Naval Academy.

Colonel Charles W. Wolcott, of the Massachusetts Sixty-first regiment, has been appointed Brevet Brigadier-General of Volunteers, for gallant and meritorious services during operations, to date date of April 9, 1865.

Brevet Major-General Meadmas has assumed command of the Department of Georgia, and Major-General Brannon of that of Florida.

The Board Preliminary building at Washington is to be pulled down. The prisoners have been removed to the Old Capitol Prison.

Major-General Parker assumed command of the Department of the East, head-quarters at New York, on the 10th of July.

Major Hall, commanding at San Francisco, has made public the sentence of the military commission in the case of the rebel pirates arrested last year in the Pacific Ocean, by order of Secretary Seward, on the charge of attempting to capture the American steamer Commodore, running between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon. They were found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, but Judge Advocate M'Donald recommended to the President to imprisonment for life in the cases of the leaders, and to imprisonment in the case of the remainder.

On the 30th of May last, when the disbanding of our armies was completed, up to and inclusive of the 1st of July, one hundred and eight thousand soldiers were sent from Washington to their homes in the loyal States.

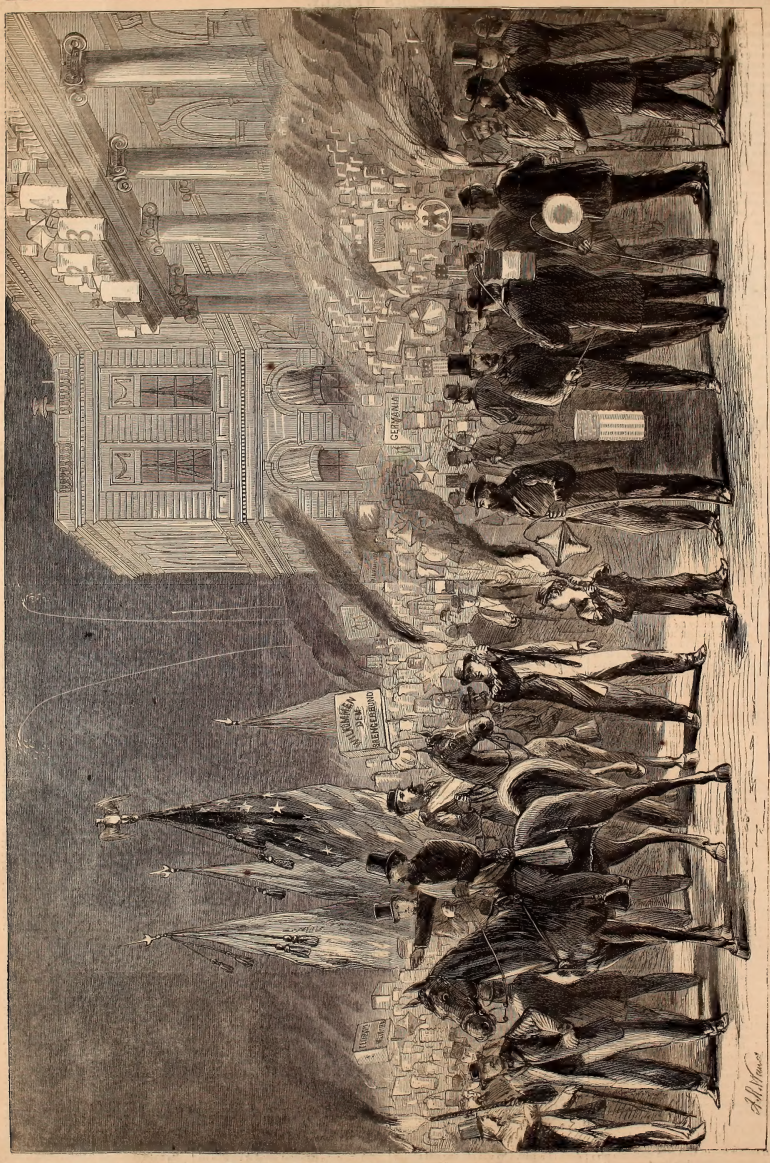
The Secretary of the Navy has directed the reduction of the Atlantic squadron to ten vessels and the Pacific squadron to five.

The Secretary of War has declared null and void all the sentences of military and military commanders in the South imposing restraints or punishments for the exercise by freedmen to which the white citizens are not subjected.

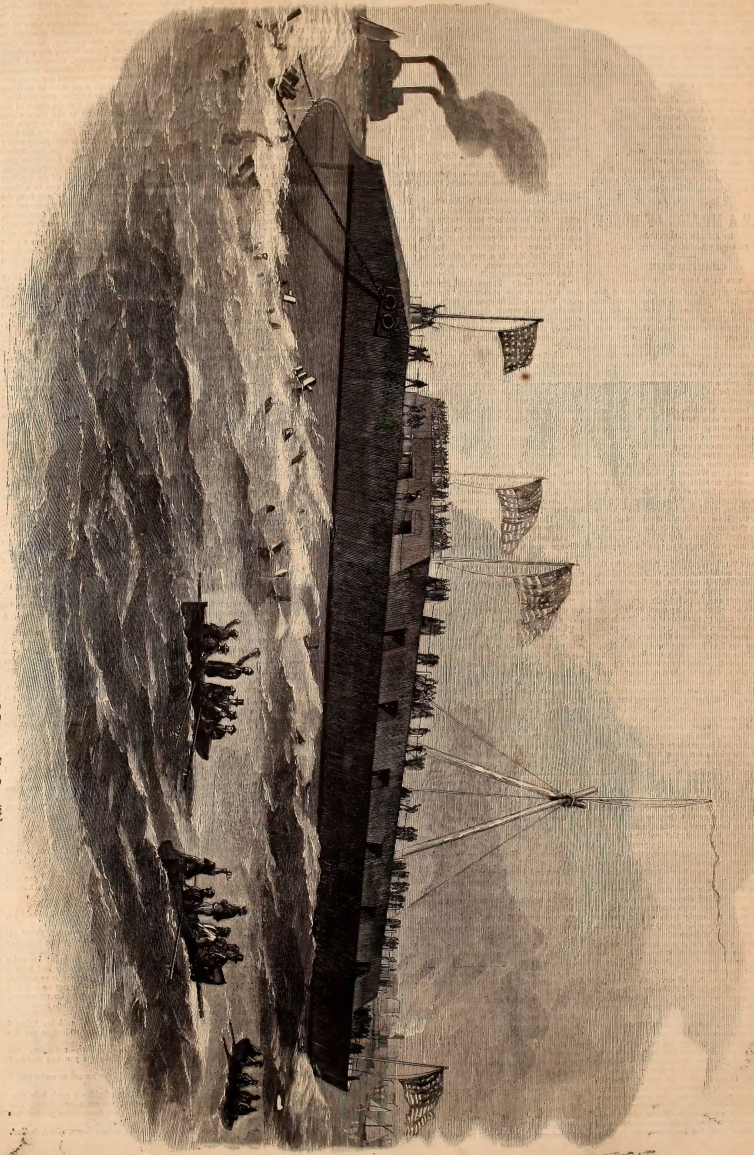
A fire occurred on July 21 on the steamer Commodore, and, owing to the breaking of an engine wheel, the steamer drifted on the rocks, and became a total wreck. Eight soldiers and one civilian were instantly killed.

Major-General Wm. Hoffman, Commissary-General, whose friends who are likely to be taken care of. He has been charged against that Secretary Stanton that the latter would allow Mrs. Surratt no spiritual aid or consolation of any kind, and that this action should add to the severity of opinion as to the prisoner's sentence. On the 20th of July, Rev. Abel Hurd published a full and explicit statement proving that every item of the charge was a falsehood. Secretary Stanton and Hon. Horatio Seymour, the Secretary of War expressly and readily assented to the request of Mrs. Surratt's counsel to have a priest with her as condition as to any conviction of the clergyman as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, and that he might say on the subject." Now Father Walter's letter and statement are proposed for publication to prove with the intention of refuting General Hardie. Father Walter's statement is published in full, and proves the entire falsity of the charge.

The Rebel Archbishop Hughes has addressed a letter to



RECEPTION OF THE GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES AT THE CITY HALL PARK, JULY 15, 1865.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 490.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE IRON-CLAD "DUNDERBERG," JULY 29, 1865.—SKETCHED BY C. PARSONS.—[SEE PAGE 950.]

THE CASTAWAY.

On either hand is the wide, wide sea,
And high overhead the deep blue sky,
And clinging fast to a broken mast
Is one who searches with eager eye
Over the ocean deep and vast.

The sun climbs up to his highest noon
And gazes down from his dizzy height;
The tall waves dance in his terrible glance,
And sparkle and flash with a dazzling light,
Like the sheen on a burnished lance.

After in the distance the white sails shine
And seem for a time to draw more near,
Making his boast with a wild throb inside,
Then leave a pang as they disappear,
Like the sting of a poisoned dart.

Down to his bower in the distant west,
Hour after hour the hot sun slopes,
And the shadowy night veils the lingering light;
And heavy as lead grow the castaway's hopes
As the day fades out to his sight.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RICH MISS HATHERTON.

An evening party at Castletowers was a momentous affair. It involved a good deal of expense and a certain amount of anxiety; for the hereditary coffers were ever but scantily furnished, and the hereditary hospitality had to be kept up at any cost. How some of Lady Castletowers' few but elegant entertainments were paid for was a question never to be put to her son and heir. Sometimes an oak or two was felled in some remote corner of the park; or the Earl denied himself a horse; or the carriage was left unrenovated for half a year longer; or her ladyship magnanimously sacrificed her own best shot-bird to the table in season. Any how, these extra expenses were certain to be honorably met in such a manner that only the givers of the feast were inconvenienced by it.

On the present occasion, however, Lord Castletowers had been compelled to apply to his solicitor for an advance upon his next half-yearly receipts; and when William Trefalden went down that Thursday morning to see his cousin Saxon he brought with him a check for the Earl. The party was fixed for the following evening; but Mr. Trefalden could not be prevailed upon to stay for it. He was obliged, he said, to go back to town that same night by the last train; and he did go after making himself very pleasant (pleasant at dinner) with Saxon's signature in his pocket-book.

It was a very brilliant party, consisting for the most part of county magnates, with a sprinkling of military, and a valuable reinforcement of dancing men from town. Among the latter magnates were Viscount and Lady Esher, a stately couple of the old school, who, being much too dignified to be raved by, raved over with four horses from Esher Court, a distance of eighteen miles, and remained at Castletowers for the night. The Viscount was lord lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county, and had once held office for three weeks as President of the Board of Perquisites; a fact to which he was never weary of alluding. There, too, were Sir Alexander and Lady Hatherton, with their five unmarriageable daughters; the Bishop of Betchworth and Mrs. Bunyon; Mr. Walkingshaw, of Aylsham, one of the richest commoners in England, with Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, his wife, and their distinguished guest, Miss Hatherton, of Penzance, whose father had begun life as a common sailor, and ended it with a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These, together with Lord Dorchester, the responsibility Prince Quarts Pots, the Prussian Envoy; a few local baronets and their families; the ex-secretary of legation; and a number of lesser stars, parliamentary, clerical, and official, made up the bulk of the assembly. There were also three or four notabilities from the lower paradises of arts and letters—Sir Jones de Robinson, the eminent portrait painter; Mr. Sandy Augustin, the great Italian violinist; Mr. Smythe Browne, the profound author of "Transcendental Eclecticism," and Mrs. Sperry Sperry, who wrote fascinating books on "Woman in the Camp, the Council, and the Church"—a very remarkable couple, whose distinguishing characteristics were that Mrs. Smythe Browne wore short hair and shirt-collars, while Mrs. Sperry Sperry let Mr. Smythe Browne hand upon his shoulders, and he displayed no vestige of linen whatsoever.

By nine o'clock the guests began to arrive. By ten the reception-rooms were well filled, and dancing commenced in the great hall. Though rarely thrown open to the light of day, the great hall, with its panelings of dark oak, its carved chimney-piece, its Gothic rafters, and its stands of rusty armor, some of which dated back to the field of Agincourt, was the glory of Castletowers. Brilliantly lighted, decorated with evergreens and flowers, and echoing to the music of a military band, it made such a hall-room as one might vainly seek in any country but our own.

Lady Castletowers received her guests near the door of the first reception-room, looking very stately, and more like Marie Antoinette than ever, in her glitter of old family diamonds. Gracious to all, as a hostess should be, she nevertheless apportioned her civilities according to a complex code of etiquette. The smile with which she greeted Viscount Esher differed by many degrees from that with which she received Sir Jones de Robinson; and the hand extended to Mrs. Smythe Browne was as the hand of an automaton compared with that which met, with a pressure slight yet cordial, the palm of the rich Miss Hatherton.

"But where is the noble savage?" said this latter, surveying the room through her double eye-glass. "I have heard so much about him, my dear Lady Castletowers, and I am dying to see him!"

Miss Hatherton was a tall, handsome young woman of about five and-twenty, with black eyes, white teeth, a somewhat large, good-natured mouth, and a very decisive manner. She made one of a little privileged knot that was posted behind Lady Castletowers; and amused herself by criticising the guests as they came up the stairs.

"The noble savage!" repeated Lady Castletowers. "Whom can you mean, Miss Hatherton?"

"Whom should I mean but this young man who has inherited the famous legacy?"

"Mr. Trefalden? Oh, he was here but a few moments ago. There he stands, by the fireplace."

"The Antinous with the golden curls? But, my dear Lady Castletowers, he's absolutely beautiful! And he doesn't look savage at all. I had expected to see a second Byron—a creature clothed in raiment of camel's hair, or the skins of wild beasts. I declare I am quite disarmed."

"Mr. Trefalden is a very pleasant person," said Lady Castletowers, with a faint smile. "And very much admired."

"Is he indeed? Pleasant and unassuming—dear me, how very charming! And so rich, too! Why, his moderate patrimony, I am told, I used to think myself above the reach of want at one time, but I feel like a pauper beside him. Who is his sister person who is going up the stairs, covered with as many stars as the celestial globe?"

But before Lady Castletowers could reply, the name of His Responsibility, Prince Quartz Pots, was thundered forth by the groom of the chambers, and the Prince himself was heralding profoundly over the fair hand of his hostess.

"What a funny little man it is!" said the heiress, in a loud way, looking after His Responsibility through her glass, as he passed on toward the adjoining room.

His Highness Quartz Pots, my dear Miss Hatherton, is a highly distinguished person," said Lady Castletowers, coldly.

"Oh yes—I know he is."

"He is distantly connected through his maternal grandmother with the Margravine of Saxe Hohenhausen, with our own Royal Family; and the present Grand Duchess of Zollenstrasse is his third cousin once removed."

Miss Hatherton did not seem to be at all impressed by these facts.

"Ah, indeed," was all she said, indifferently. "And this fine man with a head like a lion—who is he?"

"Mr. Thompson, the member for Silvermere," replied Lady Castletowers, when the gentleman had made his bow and drifted on with the throng.

"What, the great Thompson? the Thompson who initiated the famous inquiry into the abuses of the Perquisite Office?"

"I do not know what you imply by 'great,' my dear Miss Hatherton," said her ladyship, coldly; "but I believe Mr. Thompson's politics are very objectionable."

"Ah, I see you don't like him; but I shall implore you to introduce me, notwithstanding. I have no politics at all, and I admire talent wherever I find it. Dear me, how he does stare while, I have lost my heart to Antinous, and am longing to dance with him. Do pray make us known, dear Lady Castletowers."

"Upon whom does Miss Hatherton desire to confer the honor of dancing?" asked Lord Castletowers, who happened to come by at the moment. "Can I be of any service?"

"Yes, papa, you can," said Lucy, addressed to this Mr. Trefalden, about whom all the world has been talking for the last five or six weeks."

"I—I don't know that I am aware, my dear. Will you allow me to hand you to a seat while I go in search of him?"

"Thank you, but be sure you make him dance with me, Lord Castletowers—I want to dance with him above all things. He *can* dance, I suppose?"

"Of course. How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I have been told that he was a perfect wild man of the woods before he inherited his fortune—couldn't write his name, in fact, and never danced and had never seen a sovereign in his life."

"I just mean that he has not yet been presented at St. James's, you are probably right," replied the Earl, smiling.

"What, then, Lord Castletowers? How shocking! I did not believe you capable of such an enormity. But do pray tell me a little more about your ward; for I know he has a very heard plenty of fiction. Was he not really a barbarian, after all?"

"No more than I am."

"Is it possible?"

"Nor is that all. Saxon Trefalden has plenty of solid learning under those yellow locks of his," Miss Hatherton. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal facility; he is a fortunate mathematician; and as for his Greek and Latin scholarship, I have known nothing like it since I bade farewell to the dear old professors at Magdalen College."

"Well, you surprise me very much," said Miss Hatherton, "and I can not deny that I'm disappointed. I had far rather he had been a barbarian, you know. It would have been so very delicious!"

"Perhaps, then, you will be consoled by finding him as unsophisticated as a child. But you shall judge for yourself."

And with this the Earl installed Miss Hatherton in an easy-chair, and went in search of Saxon. The heiress immediately turned to her nearest neighbor, who happened to be the Bishop of Betchworth, and began a conversation. It was Miss Hatherton's way to be always talking—and somewhat loudly, too.

"What have I done, my lord," said she, "that you should never come to me this evening? I have a thousand questions to ask you. I want to know how the renovations are going on—and I am really to have a stained oriel, after all. And what are you going to do about that grand carved old screen? I have been told it is dangerous, and can not be possibly be put up again. I hope that's not true."

"I am happy to say that it is not," replied the bishop, "and that very handsome man, who is much admired by the ladies of his diocese. "I believe we shall be able to restore the worst parts, and that it will keep its old place for the next two or three centuries. About the east window I am less sanguine."

"Why so?" asked the heiress.

"I fear we can not afford it."

"But how is that? I thought there was a large surplus fund in hand."

"There was; but we have found since then that the pipes are in much worse state than we had at first supposed; and to put it into thorough repair will swallow up the whole of our available money."

"Dear, dear, I'm so sorry!" said the heiress. "You really want the stained window. One misses the sunlight terribly in Betchworth Cathedral. How much would it cost?"

"More than we could hope to raise after the liberal subscriptions we have granted. A thousand pounds."

"So large a sum? Ah, bishop, if I were one of your flock I should ask leave to put that window in. However, if you like to open a fresh list, you may put me down for two hundred and fifty."

"My dear lady," said the prelate, "what can I say in acknowledgment of such munificence?"

"Only, I beg, that you will try to get the rest of the thousand as quickly as you can. But here comes my cousin."

And Miss Hatherton turned to Lord Castletowers, who had found and captured Saxon, and now stood with him near her chair.

"Will you permit my friend Mr. Trefalden the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Hatherton?" said he.

"I am delighted to make Mr. Trefalden's acquaintance, and shall be most happy to dance with him," replied the heiress, putting out her hand as cordially and unceremoniously as if Saxon were an old friend already. "What are you doing in the hall now, Lord Castletowers?"

"Finishing a walk—which will be followed by a quadrille."

"Then we shall be just in time for the quadrille. Won't you find us a pleasant vis-à-vis?"

"Will you accept me, if I can find a partner?"

"Delightful! Bishop, we must have another moment's chat with you in the close of the evening."

Saying which Miss Hatherton gathered her ample skirts together, took Saxon's proffered arm, and swept majestically to the room and down the wide old stairs in a very stately fashion.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE HOSPITALER'S GATE.

Mr. Reckwitch sat alone in a little private parlor at the back of the house of the Hospitaler's Gate tavern, with a bottle of brown sherry and a couple of glasses before him, waiting patiently for the arrival of the very tip of the host his employer spent at Castletowers; but he had not, therefore, left Chancery Lane over five minutes before dinner, or during any detail of his regular work. He had, on the contrary, seen his fellow-clerks off the premises, and locked up the office safe, before he allowed himself to remember that for Abel Reckwitch was such a highly respectable man that he would not on any account dine before the usual hour of Mr. Trefalden's absence. He was waiting, as he had just told the "young lady" who presided at the bar-tap, to light his cheroot, and to drink a glass of sherry with a friend. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and although the sun was not yet down, and with dusk, the gas was already lighted; for the Hospitaler's Gate was a queer, old-fashioned, shut-in place, and the twilight always began there at least a point of getting away from it as early as possible. There was, however, a bright fire burning in the grate, and the bar parlor looked all alive with comforters. The tops of the great yellow pinchbeens and the lacquered gas-burners were visible above the blind that screened the half-glass door of the parlor; and now and then some privileged customer would peep over, stare at the back of Mr. Reckewitch's head, and disappear. But this clerk sat, all unconscious, gazing placidly at the fire, and never once looked round.

But for the brisk wrangle going on within the precincts of the Gate itself the place would have been singularly quiet. The people by just the Hospitaler's Gate. Sometimes a cab drove up; sometimes a cart rumbled past, but not often. The great current of traffic flowed wide by, along a neighboring thoroughfare, and was hoarsely audible, like the dull roar of a heavy sea; but the Hospitaler's Gate stood apart, gray and hoary, and stored with strange old memories, spanning the shabby by-street with its battlemented arch, and echoing, in a ghostly way, to the merriment below.

Standing in the very heart of the City, within a few yards of Smithfield Market, and in the midst of the overcrowded parish of Clerkenwell, this rare old medieval fragment was scarcely known even by name to the majority of Londoners. To the Smithfield drover, the cattle-salesman, the purchaser of Christmas beef, and the watchmaking population in general, it was a familiar spot. Archæologists knew of its whereabouts, and held occasional meetings in the oak room over the gateway, at which they talked learnedly of Jordan Brise, the patriarch Heraclius, Thomas Docwray, Stow, and King Harry the Eighth; and others who collected their dry discussions with rare old port from cellars that had once held good store of mailsend malt sack. But the gay young knights are dreaming. Literary men remembered it as the cradle of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and as the place where Samuel Johnson, in his rags and his pride, ate his dinner behind a screen, like a dog fed from its master's table. But these were pretty nearly all who knew or cared about the Hospitaler's Gate. Hundreds of intelligent Londoners passed within fifty yards of it every day of their lives, ignorant of its very existence. Of the dwellers to the west of Temple Bar not one in a thousand knew that scarcely a stone's-throw from the Charter House walls there yet stood some portion of a far more venerable religious foundation, begun in the last year of the eleventh century, and linked with many strange and stirring episodes of English history. Even so true a lover of the past and of picturesque as Leigh Hunt passed it by in his pleasant memories of the town without a word.

But Mr. Reckwitch was thinking neither of the good Knights Hospitalers, nor of Dr. Johnson, nor of any thing nor any one just then, saving and excepting a certain Mr. Ebenezer Kidd, who had promised to meet him there about seven, and who that Thursday evening. And Mr. Kidd was late.

The clock in the bar had struck eight long ago, the bells of St. John's Church had by and struck a quarter past, and then half past, and still Mr. Kidd was not forthcoming. The head clerk looked at his watch, sighed, shook his head, poured out a glass of the brown sherry, and drank it contemplatively. Before he had finished the glass he commenced it a second in the bar, and a noisy hand upon the latch of the glass door, announced his friend's arrival.

Mr. Ebenezer Kidd—a tall, florid, good-humored-looking fellow, with a frank laugh, a loud cheery voice, and a magnificent pair of red whiskers—was a practiced observer, noting his white hat, his showy watchguard, his free and easy bearing, would have pronounced him at first sight to be a commercial traveler, but at the practiced observer would for once have been wrong.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Reckwitch," said he, nodding familiarly to his entertainer, and then he went to the mirror over the fire, and helping himself at once to a glass of wine. "Not my fault, I assure you. Sherry, I see—Capital sherry. Don't know a better cellar in London, and that's saying something."

"I'm very glad you have been able to look in, Mr. Kidd," said the head clerk, deferentially.

"I was particularly anxious to see you."

Mr. Kidd laughed, and helped himself to a second glass.

"It's one of the peculiarities of my profession, Mr. Reckwitch," said he, "that I find the world divided into two classes of people—those who are particularly anxious to see me, and those who are particularly anxious not to see me. Uncommon good sherry, and no mistake!"

Mr. Kidd glanced toward the glass door, edged his chair a little nearer to that of his guest, and said, huskily:

"Time, and time, Mr. Kidd, to think over that little matter we were speaking about the other day?"

"That little matter?" repeated Mr. Kidd, in the same loud, off-hand way as before. "Oh, yes—I've not forgotten it."

He drained the filling his glass for the third time, and holding it in a knowing fashion between his eye and the lamp. The head clerk looked at him for two minutes, and looking forward with his two fat hands upon his knees, ejaculated:

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Reckwitch?"

"What is your opinion?"

Mr. Kidd emptied off the third glass, leaned back in his chair, and, with a smile of delightful candor, said:

"Well, Sir, to be plain with you, I can give no opinion till you and I understand each other a little better."

Mr. Reckwitch breathed hard.

"What do you mean, Mr. Kidd?" said he. "Haven't I spoken plainly enough to understood?"

Mr. Kidd pushed his glass away, thrust his hands into his pockets, and became suddenly grave and business-like.

"Well, Sir," replied he, dropping his noisy voice and jovial smile as if they had been a costume and mask, "this, you see, is an unusual case. It's a sort of case we're not accustomed to. We don't go into things without a motive, and you've given us no motive in point."

The clerk's face darkened.

"I don't quite follow you," said he, "that I want information, and am willing to pay for it?"

"Why, no, Mr. Reckwitch—not quite. We must be satisfied of the use you will make of that information."

"And suppoin' I don't want to make use of it at all?"

"Then, Sir, I'm afraid we can't help you. We are not spies; we are a legal force. Our business is to promote the ends of justice—not to serve private curiosity."

Mr. Reckwitch looked down, silent, baffled, perplexed.

"I should have thought," said he, "that the mere fact of any professional man's keepin' his home and his ways so deadly secret would be motive enough for inquiry. Where there's mystery there's safe to be something wrong. People ain't so close when they've nothin' to hide."

"Some folks are eccentric, you know, Mr. Kockwitch."

"It ain't eccentricity," replied the clerk, promptly.

"What then?"

"I can't say. I may have my suspicions; and my suspicions may be right, or may be wrong. Any how, one can't see far in the dark."

"No, that's true," replied Mr. Kidd.

"If I was a man from the address I'd be satisfied," added Kockwitch, staring hard at the fire.

"Now, I tell you what it is, Sir," said the other, "we must have *your* motive. Why do you want to know a certain person's address? What is it to you where he lives or how he lives?"

"It is a great deal to me," replied Mr. Kockwitch. "I'm a respectable man, and I don't choose to work under any but a respectable employer."

Mr. Kidd nodded, and caressed the red whiskers.

"If, as I suspect, there's somethin' wrong somewhere," the clerk went on to say, "I don't want to be mixed up in it when the day of reck'nin' comes round."

"Of course not."

"And there's my motive."

"Have you always been on good terms, Mr. Kockwitch, with the party in question?"

This was said very sharply and suddenly, but the clerk's face remained solid and inexpressive as ever.

"Well, Mr. Kidd," said he, "I can't say there's ever been much love lost between us. I've done my duty, and I don't deny that he's done his; but we've been neither friends nor enemies."

Mr. Kidd stared hard at Mr. Kockwitch, and Mr. Kockwitch stared at the fire; so one, on scrutiny, on the other all unconsciousness. For some minutes both were silent, and the loud hirth at his chair-back became distinctly audible. Then Mr. Kidd drew a deep breath, pushed his chair back with the air of one who arrives at a sudden resolution, drew a slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket, and said:

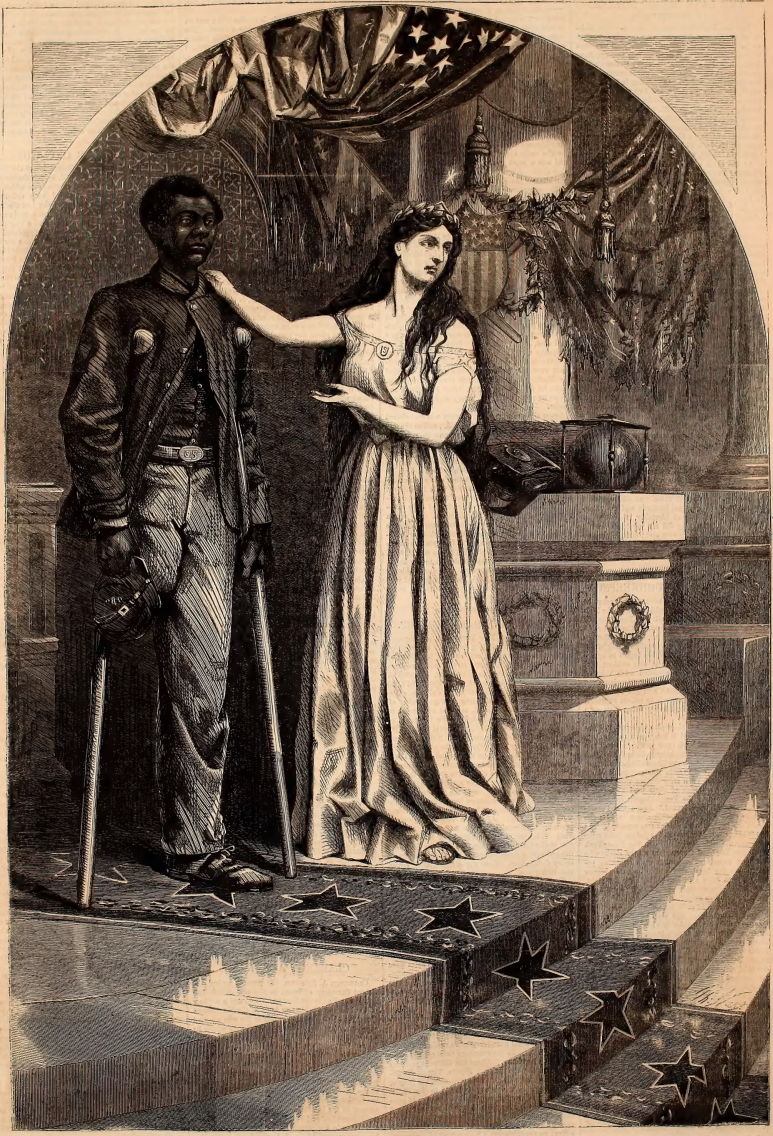
"Well, Sir, if the address is all you require, here it is."

The steely light so rarely seen there flashed into Abel Kockwitch's eyes, and his hand closed on the paper as he had been a tiger-cat trying to fly away. He did not even look at it, but imprisoned it at once in a plethoric pocket-book with a business card case that stopped like a handcuff.



PARDON.

Columbia.—"Shall I trust these men,



FRANCHISE.

AND NOT THIS MAN?"

THE LATE BISHOP POTTER,

OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE late Right Reverend ALONZO POTTER, Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, died at San Francisco July 4. Bishop POTTER was born in the town of Beekman, Dutchess County, New York, July 10, 1800. He entered Union College at the age of fourteen, with a view to entering upon the clerical profession. Graduating in 1818, he the next year became a tutor, and two years later was chosen Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. This was in 1821. During this year he was ordained to the diaconate, and in August, 1824, he took presbyter's orders. In 1825 he was elected President of Union College, but declined the appointment. In 1826 he became rector of St. Paul's Church in Boston, where he remained for five years.

At the end of his connection with St. Paul's Professor POTTER was elected to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy in Union College, which he held until his ascension to the Bishopric of Pennsylvania in 1845. President NOTT was his father-in-law, and Mr. POTTER, as Vice-President of the College, relieved the former of a great measure of his professional burdens.

When Bishop ONDERDONK, in 1845, was deposed, Professor POTTER was elected to the vacant diocese. The duties of this new office were performed with fidelity and dignity. His qualifications especially interested himself in the education of the ministry.

Bishop POTTER was twice married. His first wife, the daughter of Doctor ELIPHALET NOTT, died several years ago. He had married again this year, and was on his marriage tour in search of California, from which he never returned. Bishop POTTER had a brother, the Right Reverend ELIPHALET POTTER, who is Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York. Bishop ALONZO POTTER's contributions to literature have been valuable. He has published a work entitled "The Principle of Science applied to the Domestic and Mechanic Arts;" also has elaborated work on "Political Economy;" and in 1847 the "Hand-Book for Readers and Students," which had a wide circulation. Several volumes of his sermons have been widely read among the members of the Episcopal Church. He also assisted in the preparation of a work—"The School and the Schoolmaster"—a copy of which was placed in the district school libraries of this State, and had a mighty influence in the elevation of the standard of our common schools, which has not ceased to be felt to this day. He was a vigorous writer, and was of the most eloquent pulpit orators in America. Bishop POTTER was distinguished from many of his episcopal brethren, and even from his brother, by his great liberality of religious views. His ideas of Christianity did not limit him within the narrow bounds of his own sect; and previous to his elevation to the bishopric it was a common thing for him to officiate in Methodist and other pulpits.

BOAT-RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

NO affair of the kind has occurred for years so disgraceful as the race at Poughkeepsie on the 18th of July between the New York and Poughkeepsie crews. Both crews were known as the best amateur men in the country, and had made every effort to bring themselves into the most perfect condition for the race. When the conveyances had arrived on the course on the morning of the 18th it was evident that Poughkeepsie was to be crowded with thieves, gamblers, and pickpockets. These characters were in possession of the restaurants, and got up disturbances which occasioned crowds to collect together, when the pickpockets had every thing their own way.

The boat-race began about five o'clock P.M. The whole proceeding is said to have been unfair from the outset, the New York crew getting at least two lengths start of the Poughkeepsie boat-load of men was fairly given. But notwithstanding this it soon appeared that Poughkeepsie was gaining on New York. The New York crew sought foul, it is reported, took advantage of their lead and pulled across the bows of the Poughkeepsie, compelling the latter to slacken speed. Again the Poughkeepsie crew gained, and were about to pass the New York boat, when the trick was repeated. The whole scene was apparent to the judges, who were anxious to decide fairly. When the New York boat came in ahead the rowdies of the crowd had had been amusing themselves with knocking policemen in the head, and indiscriminate plunder and violence, after a furious yell of triumph arose. The judges immediately sought to hide from the crowd where they might decide the race fairly, but in vain. They had only time to enter the Bishop Keepsie House, when the crowd, having busted down the different stakeholders and taken the money from them with pistols levelled, the judges rushed upon the judges, and threatened them with instant death if they did not give "the New York fellows" their money. The decision was given under this violent compulsion, and the ruffians, having finished their little business, returned to their miscellaneous row. The military had just been called out when fifteen car-loads of the rascals left for New York.

Scenes of this sort are coming to be of daily occurrence and must be stopped. On the morning of the 20th a gang of ruffians broke through the gate of the Roosevelt Street Ferry-House, refusing to pay, and when the ferry-master brought men to his assistance the gang set upon them with clubs, bars, and beat several of them, as well as some of the police. Three or four persons were dangerously wounded. It is not long since at a firemen's picnic at Glen Cove a similar disturbance occurred. Certain it is that violence is getting the ascendency, and will continue to increase until some effectual punishment be inflicted upon these disturbers of the public peace.

It is not our intention to convey the impression that the New York boat's crew was at all responsible for the riot at Poughkeepsie. As to the unfairness of the race that has been disputed. We have given the report as it came to us. The whole affair seems to have been injudiciously managed. It is said that the civil authorities at Poughkeepsie were warned of the raid which was to be made. If so, it is very evident that they took very inefficient measures to prevent the disturbance.

THE LATE Rev. NEWTON HESTON.

Rev. NEWTON HESTON, whose portrait we give on our first page, was born in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., November 30, 1823, of Quaker parentage. He received only a common school education, but he often took occasion to speak, in his sermons and in his addresses to children, of his father and mother. At the early age of fourteen years he left school, and was a pupil in no institution of learning after that time. About this time, through the religious influence of the Rev. Abraham Souder, he was led to the acceptance of Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and became a member of the Union Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. The leaving school he became a clerk in a book-store, where he remained for two years, and then entered the store of a company engaged in the tea trade. During his clerkships he prosecuted his studies diligently. He often felt drawn to the ministry, but loved commercial pursuits, and because of his energy and unusual business talent was offered lucrative positions. In his retirement among the mountains he likens he determined that if his life was spared he would devote it to the preaching of the Gospel. He was licensed as an exhorter at the early age of seventeen years, and so acceptably exercised his gift that he was soon placed in charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Allentown, Pennsylvania. It was a hard spot, in a community where threats and not sympathy were the reward of fidelity. A successful revival crowned his efforts, and to his appointment over many such. At this period he visited the Marine Church, Jacksonville, Fla., where he there he was known as the "Boy Preacher," and where he preached nearly every night for thirteen weeks.

Some six years ago Mr. HESTON was transferred from Philadelphia to Newark, N. J.; and at the end of two years, desiring a change, accepted a call from the State Street Congregational Church, Brooklyn, New York, where he preached his last sermon as pastor on the Sabbath, the 5th November, 1864. How faithfully he fulfilled his trust is indicated by the fact that a heavy and already burdened debt of $30,000 has been assumed all in arrears, has been reduced to moderate proportions, and an active membership of only fifty-seven has increased to four hundred. He was a "live" man. Every enterprise connected with the church in which he engaged prospered. Mr. HESTON also took strong grounds in his opinions at the outbreak of the Great Rebellion for its suppression, and performed a very important work in the great public meetings of that period. He died suddenly on Thursday, July 13, 1865, leaving a beloved wife and three children, a sorrowing congregation, and a host of friends.

THE GERMAN SAENGERFEST.

THE Germans of New York have got through with their beautiful singing festival. Great preparations had been made, and many distinguished men invited from all parts of the country—from Connecticut, from Buffalo, Baltimore, Alexandria, Philadelphia, and Richmond. The day fixed upon for their arrival here was Saturday, July 15. Owing to some misunderstanding, a large number of the societies were delayed, and did not arrive in this city until after midnight. We illustrate on page 484 the scene upon the arrival of the Jersey Hall Park. The singing societies of New York were on the ground by nine o'clock in the evening to receive the visitors. Upon the arrival of the guests Mayor GUNTHER made a happy and graceful speech, welcoming them to the city. He thought that the cordial harmony between the Germans and Americans, would be conducive to the advancement of the art which is their common bond. Nearly eighty societies were represented, and all had their banners of this city. After the Mayor's speech a torch-light procession was formed from Jersey Hall. The principal rendezvous of the societies was at the Germania Assembly Rooms, which were crowded with a profusion of the national colors at every description. Here the ceremonies of reception took place.

On Sunday evening, the 16th, the singing societies gave a Grand Concert at the Academy of Music, which was filled from amphitheatre to parquette. The orchestra consisted of two hundred and fifty instrumentalists of the city. Over a thousand voices were in the chorus, which covered the entire stage. An interesting feature of the chorus was the presence of one hundred and fifty ladies dressed in white. The principal piece given was MENDELSSOHN'S "Walpurgisnacht." The solos were given by Mastbn ZIMMERMANN and Messrs. BRIGHAM, STOCKS, and THOMAS. The other pieces were rendered by feminine voices. Another concert was given at the Academy on Monday evening.

On Tuesday the Convention was held, and arrangements were made for the next Saengerfest, which will be celebrated at Baltimore in 1867. On the afternoon several excursions were made by the various societies. In the evening a prize concert came off at the Academy. About ten thousand persons competed for the prizes. Messrs. TIDDS, THEODORE THOMAS, and MEISTERDRUCK were the judges. The first prize, which was awarded to the Philadelphia Maennerchor, consisted of a banner of pure white silk, with heavy gold bullion and curb and tassels to match. On one side was represented an ancient bard with a harp, and a female figure with a lyre; on the other was a harp entwined in flowers, with an appropriate inscription. The Philadelphia Saengerbund got the second prize, which was a richly-chased silver goblet. The third prize—a splendid piano—was awarded to the Buffalo Liederkranz.

There was a gigantic picnic on the 19th; and on the next day the festival came to a close. The Germans show an excellent taste in their unions and festivals. They do not get together for political or literary purposes; they care little for speeches, and still less for essays. But give them music, flowers, and plenty of lager and Rhein wein, and they have an infinite fund of amusement and genuine pleasure. As compared with the Englishman or the Frenchman, the German has pre-eminently the faculty of enjoying himself without knowing it.

LAUNCH OF THE "DUNDERBERG."

ON Saturday, July 22, was launched from the yard of W. H. Webb, Esq., foot of Sixth Street, the largest steam-vessel in the world. The launch was accomplished with perfect success, though the weather was so inauspicious. About two thousand tickets were issued.

The principle on which the *Dunderberg* is constructed is this, namely, that speed and weight of armament are to succeed as invulnerability. The latter, indeed, seems almost unattainable, as no armor is secure against the Armstrong 600-pounder. The plan of the *Dunderberg* was laid by Mr. WEBB, but the vessel has been built under the general superintendence of Rear-Admiral F. H. GREGORY, of the United States Navy. To render the vessel as invulnerable as possible to the missiles of an enemy her surface, so far as it is exposed, is very angular, as will be seen by the illustration on page 485. A great mass of timber is combined with the protection afforded by a solid armor plating of 4½ inches. The plan of the *Dunderberg* was suggested by a huge fort embraced for a score of the heaviest cannons. Twenty knots per hour for 21 guns she will probably receive no more than 16. Her tonnage is 5000 tons.

The bulk-heads of this vessel are so perfect that even if the outer walls were destroyed the inner vessel would keep up the mass. The bow of the *Dunderberg* is fashioned into a huge beak, which constitutes a formidable ram.

Very large and improved magazines and shell-rooms are placed well forward and the fire will be conveniently situated in view of the distance the heavy weights of powder and shell must be hoisted to reach the guns. The weight of shot and shell and powder requisite to prepare the ship for active operations is, of course, very great when the weight of the vessel is taken into consideration.

The iron armor required for the *Dunderberg* will be about 3500 tons. About one-half, or 600 tons, is already in its position on the ship. The sidearmor is of the best hammered iron, manufactured, in slabs from 4 to 15 feet in length by 2 feet in width. These plates are 3½ inches, and are screwbolted to the armor cushion by 1½-inch bolts. The plates are placed vertically, and not horizontally, as is the case with the iron-clad vessels of Europe.

The screw propeller of the *Dunderberg* weighs alone 32,000 pounds, and has a pitch of from 27 to 30 feet.

The casemate or fighting-room of the *Dunderberg* is constructed of square logs, each one foot in thickness, and is built up to the height of seven feet and covered over with a bomb-proof deck, on which it was originally intended to place two turrets similar to those in use on board of the monitors. The casemate will consequently be fourteen hundred feet long and four 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns; making it the heaviest armament of its number ever placed on the deck of a vessel. The *Dunderberg* contract price was one million four hundred thousand dollars—the same as the *Dictator*, which carries only two 15-inch guns.

The length of the vessel is 380 feet, and her depth of hold over 22 feet. She weighs about 2700 tons in the steel block, bomb-proof deck, and turrets. She was originally intended to place two turrets similar to those in use on board of the monitors. The casemate will consequently be fourteen hundred feet long and four 15-inch Rodman smooth-bore guns; making it the heaviest armament of its number ever placed on the deck of a vessel. The *Dunderberg* contract price was one million four hundred thousand dollars—the same as the *Dictator*, which carries only two 15-inch guns.

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MAJOR-GENERAL GRIFFIN.

MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN, who at the battle of Five Forks superseded General WARREN in command of the Fifth Corps, by order of General SHERIDAN, although one of the youngest, is one of the ablest of our Generals. He entered the Military Academy at West Point, from Ohio, in 1843, and graduated in 1847, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Artillery. In June, 1849, he was promoted to the First Lieutenancy. Previous to his assumption of the command of the corps, General GRIFFIN had for a long time been associated with it as commander of the First Brigade—a division which was always in the front rank, courting danger, whether in a gallant defense against great odds, or in an impetuous charge upon the strong position of the enemy. We give a portrait of General GRIFFIN on page 493.

CLARENCE A. SEWARD.

CLARENCE A. SEWARD, the present Acting Assistant Secretary of State, is the son of the late BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SEWARD, Esq., and a nephew of the Secretary. He was born in Florida, Orange County, in this State, and early in life was adopted into the family of his illustrious uncle, by whom he has been ever treated as a son. After a short training at Geneva College he entered on the study of the law in the office of his uncle at Auburn, where he acquired that knowledge of indomitable perseverance and zealous study which have since achieved for him the eminent position which he now holds at the New York bar. Shortly after being admitted to practice he removed to the city of New York as a partner in the law firm of BLATCHFORD, SEWARD, and GRISWOLD, and by earnest devotion and incessant labor in his profession has gradually attained his present enviable rank in the legal fraternity. At the commencement of the late war he was called to the command of the Nineteenth Regiment, New York Volunteers (having previously filled the post of Judge Advocate General of the State), and after having served for a period was compelled to resign his command by a severe attack of sickness induced by the hardships of a life in the field which his constitution was ill by adapted to endure. Upon his recovery he resumed his practice in this city. In the early part of June Mr. SEWARD was invited to fill the position at present occupied by him, and has since devoted himself with marked ability to the arduous duties of his office. His fidelity to the performance of every duty, an expanded and well cultured intellect, and a nature of more than feminine delicacy and refinement, have won him the admiration and warm regard of all with whom he has been thrown in contact either socially or professionally.

THE TREDEGAR IRON-WORKS.

On page 493 we give an illustration of the Tredegar Iron-Works at Richmond, which during the rebellion were the principal source from which the insurgent armies were supplied with ordnance. During the very earliest stage of the war the rolling-mills of the Southern portion of Delaware and small arms rested mainly upon the hope of a European supply. Nor were they entirely disappointed in this expectation, as will be evident from a careful survey of Southern ordnance which has fallen into our hands. But as the war went on it soon became apparent that blockade-running could not supply the rebel armies with arms. Among the armories which sprung up to supply the deficiency none was so important as the Tredegar Works at Richmond. There were other armories at Atlanta and Augusta, but those at Richmond were more especially celebrated for the excellence and facility of production. Recently we find that the Tredegar Works have been confiscated with the $20,000 exception to the amnesty proclamation.

THE LOST PEARL.

On, the flowers still bloom, and the summer-skies blush With the same golden light, when the ringdove's soft hush And the pale lovely moon, when she rises on high, Is still ruling softly her kingdom of sky;

And the fields are as green, and the sun is as bright, But the heart that once loved them is dead from to-night.

Ah! there's no music now to my desolate ear Like his kind, loving voice sung, that night of a year; To a sorrow like mine there's a mockery keen From la Nature's gay heart, and her festive green; And I roll at whatever is fair to the sight, Since the heart that once loved it is dead from to-night.

I can strive to control, for better to hide Neath the guise of a smile and the armor of pride All the hopes I have lost and the pain I endure, And can strive to conceal from the world's cruel view To the touch of a world ever ready to jeer, What wonder I should to sorrow be ever a mate.

Yes, the world is the same—could I ever suppose *One* cry could be heard in its ocean of woes? Or the mighty world stop in its onward to go Still the battle goes on, and we seek to decry But the fortunate victor—successful, unhurt, Never pity for those trampled down in the dirt.

For to love and to lose is the commonest woe That's entailed in the list of our sorrows below. I have loved—I have lost—still, still I must live, Though life has in future no promise to give; Gone, gone are the hopes that gave beauty to the light, And the heart that once loved her is dead from to-night.

Would to God there was left me relief in the Past! But the memories I've cherished are worthless at last, Like the miser who finds in his long-hoarded store But counterfeit jewels and false shining ore. Weak, pensive, and sad, I must journey on the night, And the heart that so loved her is dead from to-night.

DAVID BROWN.

I.—1862.

"NOW Brown," said I, as I turned down the bed-quilt, preparatory to getting into bed, "you've been at it again!"

"At what?" quoth Brown.

"Why, shaking the feathers all over to your side of the bed. I won't stand it, now, that's all." And I gave the bed-clothes a twitch with my feet.

Brown fell back on his chair and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, you may laugh," I growled; "but, by George! it's no fun. You're always up to some such boggish trick, and I say it's no fun. I'll give Mrs. Brown notice to-morrow—I don't. I pay as much board as you do, and I won't be come it over this way any more."

"Oh, you do, that's the use in getting grouty, Pomeroy?" said Brown, as he kicked his boots across the room.

"Grouty? Who wouldn't get grouty? I don't come games on you. A fellow's enough to bear at this miserable boarding-house without you to make it worse."

"Now, Pom, let the boarding-house alone. Boarding-houses are all alike. Mrs. Scowle gives as good as any one else will for the money."

"Oh, you can stand any thing. I never see such a fellow's you are. You'd get along in a cooabin."

"I'd get along as good as I could, Pom, wherever I was. I don't believe in being so all-fired thinskinned. Why don't you take things as you find 'em? do."

"Well, you may take my side of the bed, then. See how you'll take that, after you've chook all the feathers over back."

"You don't mean it, Pommy! What a beast you are getting to be!"

"I don't like the place you fixed for me, do you? You'll sleep there, though, or you'll haul me out of bed."

With that I smuggled myself under the quilts as if determined to die there in defense of my rights. Brown laughed a good-natured laugh as he buttoned his night-shirt.

"I guess we won't fight to-night," said he. "It's too late."

Then he turned off the gas and got into bed.

Brown and I boarded at a cheap boarding-house, where the accommodations were graduated very closely down to the price—which I don't mind telling you was four dollars a week. The same style of board costs about twice as much now, you know. We were fellow-clerks in a railroad office, and our salaries were precious small.

I was a regular plunger. Every thing went wrong with me. Did you ever notice that people who are the hardest to please—people who find fault with every thing—generally get the very worst of every thing? That's my experience in boarding-house and hotel life. I used to think Mrs. Scoavle was a regular skinflintess, and every thing in and about her house at wrong ends. I should have left her a dozen times but for that selfish Brown—as I dubbed him, and as I believed him. I was five years older than Brown, but, somehow or other, he used to do pretty much as he pleased with me. There was something curiously fascinating about the fellow, notwithstanding he was such a hog—always looking out for Number One—a very prince of selfishness—must be, or how could he get along so nicely? He was high in favor with Mrs. Scoavle and the servant-girls, while I was quite the reverse. If you ever boarded out you know what that amounts to. The chamber-maid used to do every thing she could to please Brown and vex me; that matter of the feathers was her work, of course, but how could I know it? Brown never enlightened me. That was the worst of it. When I called him a hog he would laugh in my face as though he actually liked it. The table-girls used to look out for him in just the same way. If there was a knife with a handle that wobbled, you may be sure he never got it. I generally did.

The next morning Brown was out of bed bright and early, for it was a holiday with us, and that was a rare thing. He made his toilet cheerily, humming a little song, and was pulling on his best boots, when I got up and proceeded to make my ablutions.

"Now, then, Brown, where's the soap?" said I, in much vexation.

"I don't know," he replied. "I haven't seen any soap. I got along without."

I looked in my pocket immediately.

"Oh, don't stand there staring at me as if I was a funeral, Fom; I haven't swallowed the soap."

"Then where is it?"

"I say I don't know. It may be in your boots for all I can tell."

I looked in my boots, half expecting to find it there, and then washed myself rebelliously.

"Hang me if I don't give Mrs. Scoavle a piece ever for this," said I, as I took up my patent-leather gaiters to rub them off. I found the soap in one of them. "Now, then," I cried triumphantly, "I have it in! I'd like to know how the soap got into my Sunday gaiters. I presume you'll say you didn't put it there."

"I suppose one of us must have done it there," said he.

"Yes, I dare say one of us did," was my angry response.

At dinner that day we had green peas—the first of the season. I am very fond of green peas. So is Brown. We ate them with a relish, and the dish was all too small; but there were no second dishes of such things at Mrs. Scoavle's, and that I knew very well; so I pushed the empty saucer away with a sigh. Brown pushed his away with a wink, directed at me.

A minute later I noticed Brown's dish had been replenished. New regulations, thought I, and beckoned one of the servant-girls.

"Any more peas?" said I.

"Pease is all out, Mr. Fom'oy," said Maggie.

Of course! And there sat that hoggish Brown eating his second dish.

"Brown," said I, as we strolled out after dinner, "I've eaten my last meal in that house."

"Have you?" said Brown, quietly.

"Yes," said I. "You needn't think I shall back down this time. I'm decided, and there's an end of it."

"Now, Pom—"

"You needn't commence it," I interrupted. "I won't bear a word."

"You won't leave a fellow all alone there, will you, Pom?" said Brown, in mock grief?"

"I guess you'll survive," said I. "I'm going to enlist this very day."

Brown and I had been talking about it for some weeks, but I hadn't much thought of really doing it.

"Pom, old boy, if you go I shall go too, that's flat."

"You don't mean you'll enlist with me, do you Brown?"

"Just so."

"You're joking."

"Not unless you are, Pom."

"Why, Brown, you'll be killed! You like your ease too well. What'll Mrs. Scoavle do?"

"Well, it is rather hard on a fellow," said Brown. "I can give Mrs. Scoavle a lock of my hair, you know. I shall stick by you, old man."

We did it. There was a new call for 300,000 men, and a regiment was rapidly filling up. I put my name down among the privates, and right after came the name, in a bold round hand, "David Brown"—that selfish Brown.

I went to bed in an unvented good humor that night; and Brown said, as he flung his pants over the mirror and his necktie under the table,

"Where do you suppose we'll be a year from this, Pom?"

"Away from Mrs. Scoavle's boarding-house," said I.

II.—1863.

"Brown, you're at your old tricks."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, look at my blanket! It's wet. How's a fellow to sleep on such a blanket as that?"

"Why didn't you dry it?" says Brown. "Mine's as dry as a squirrel's nest."

"Oh, of course it is! How could I dry it when I had to stand guard all the evening? You might have looked after it. You would if you weren't so selfish. That's your style."

"Oh, what's the use growling over a wet blanket? I've slept on one often, and so've you. Take it easy, Pom, and go to sleep."

"You might give me yours after I've been out in the cold the past two hours, and you sitting here by the fire. I believe the blanket would have dried itself if you hadn't shoved it into the furthest corner of the baton. It's like you."

All the answer I got was a snore. Was there ever such a hog?

We were at Chattanooga now. Our quarters were comfortable, for the cold fall rains were kept off entirely by our little red-cotton tents—built the day after we camped. I might say that Brown built it himself, for he certainly did more work than a four-mule team could have done in what way. He never shirked. But when he got his nest made, he sure he was just as ready to enjoy it as he had been to build it. That's healthy work. He could sleep all night in a puddle of water and come out of it next morning as hearty and good-natured as if he had slept in a bed of down.

At breakfast, the morning after the blanket episode, Brown had milk for his coffee.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"Tom Bates caught a cow last night," said Brown; "I thought you had some."

"Well, I didn't. Give me a little of yours, can't you?"

I spoke the fellow was in the act of swallowing it.

Spoke too late, Pom," said he, with a broad grin.

"Oh, of course! You're as big a hog as ever. I believe you'd see a fellow starve before you'd give him any thing you wanted for your own precious stomach."

"You won't starve for want of milk in your coffee, Pom. I like it first-rate without milk."

"Well, I don't. I never can get used to it. It goes against my stomach."

"I'll drink it for you, Pom, if you're afraid it'll make you sick."

"Oh, thank you."

I was disgusted with him.

You know how we fought at Chattanooga. That day we went through fire. I can't describe it, of course. We soldiers don't know much how a battle looks; it's a busy time with us.

Night came down on a bloody field, where I lay with my right leg shattered all to pieces by a shell from Lookout. Wounded and dead and dying lay strewn about me.

The darkness settled thicker and thicker. The stars looked down coldly on us. Ah, how I thought about old home! How I tried to decipher Mrs. Scoavle's bed and board! If I were only there now! I've seen the last of that, thought I.

I wondered where Brown was. You see sight of your friends wonderfully in the smoke and din of battles. No doubt he got off safe, and was sitting by the camp-fire now. He always looked out for Number One.

A hand touched mine in the darkness. It was wet with blood.

"Who's this?" uttered a husky, feeble voice.

"Pom Fomroy," said I. "Who are you?"

"No, Pom, you don't say you're here," said the voice. "Are you hurt much?"

"My leg's split to flinders," said I. "Is this Brown?"

"Ay—Brown," said the feeble voice—feeble and muffled—uttered through rebellious groans. "I'm done for, I think."

"Where are you hurt, old man?"

"All over, Pom. There's a whole limb on me. I think there's a bullet through my left lung. I can hardly speak for the blood in my mouth."

We lay in the silence of exhaustion for some minutes, but I knew by the way the poor fellow pressed my hand that he was busy with thought, perhaps with memory.

"Brown," said I, "it's fourteen months to-day since we enlisted. Do you remember?"

"Ah!" he murmured.

"I brought you here, old friend," said I. "Pom, don't say that!"

It seemed to hurt him.

Another long silence followed. We both spoke only with great effort.

"Oh, for a drink of water!" I cried. I was perishing with thirst.

"Have you got at my canteen?" said Brown. "There's some milk in it. Drink it."

I got the canteen, and held it to him.

"Drink you," said I. "It will revive you."

"Don't waste it, Pom. Drink it up. It may keep you alive till they come for you. It wouldn't help me now."

I could not coax him to drink a drop. With eager, trembling lips I touched the mouth of the canteen. Ah, how it revived me!

"They're coming," said I, as I spied a lantern drawing near.

The color of the lantern drew near. There was another with him. They stopped near by, and bending over a still figure which lay there, badly wounded, but, as it appeared, conscious. The one with the lantern thrust his hands into the rebel's pockets, and drew forth the contents. The poor fellow remonstrated. The other summarily dropped a bayonet through his heart.

"Those are my men—Jim, Jim," said the one with the lantern, "when they don't like it. It's humane to put 'em out o' thar pain, sin't it?—ha, ha!"

Then they came to us, and threw the light of their lantern on our faces. We knew our sable. ty lay in perfect submission only. They robbed Brown, and he never stirred or showed a sign of consciousness. I thought myself that all was over with him. Then they came to me.

"The fellow's shamming possum," said one of them, as he spurned my head with his foot.

"Leave him be!" fiercely uttered Brown, in a voice that would have been a shout but for the death-current through which it struggled.

"Fix that feller, Jim!" said the one with the lantern, looking around.

A pistol cracked, and "Jim" leaped up, uttered "God!" and fell dead.

"Damn you!" said the other, turning upon Brown, "you've done it now!" and he flashed a knife over my old friend's head. Brown struck up with his pistol, and the knife flew from the man's hand. At the same instant I caught his foot and tripped him. He fell headlong upon Brown, and was received in the embrace of my dying comrade, who in his death-agony struggled with the cursing brute.

To my last hour I shall remember that fearful scene—the thief and the blood-covered soldier rolling over and over, in the struggle of death, in the dim starlight of that ghastly field; the one cursing furiously, the other silent, with all his energies centred in the grip with which his teeth were fastened upon the throat of the robber.

The laughing, light-hearted fellow, who loved his ease so well, had become expert of my petty vexations, when a great hour of horror came changed to a ban-dog in the service of his friend! Whether he or the dead thief had the best alliance at the moment when he saw my life endangered I know not, and it does not matter. He gave his life to save me, that I know.

I swooned while the struggle yet progressed. Days after I awoke in hospital. They told me how they found poor Brown and the dead-robber lying—the hero's teeth still in the fellow's throat.

You may have heard about this incident of the field of Chattanooga; but you did not know that the fierce soldier was the dearest, noblest, truest friend of my life—David Brown.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

AND so the door has closed on love,
And closed for me on day,
And I must now take heart and go
Upon my lonely way.
For pride stood in the deadly lists,
A dark, relentless foe,
And stirred the depths of bitterness
To hid my true love go.

And love lies slain upon the field—
His death-deep wound I see—
But surely his sweet shade will come
To mock my pride and me;
To mock us in our wild unrest,
And triumph o'er the foe
That stirred the depths of bitterness
To hid my true love go.

To whisper, "Could thy pride be slain
By me in combat true,
The love-light yet might burn again
Within thine eye's fond blue.
But I am but a ghostly shade,
And he my mortal foe,
That stirred the depths of bitterness
To hid thy true love go."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the morning of the President's death, the following conversation was overheard between a couple of boys about nine or ten years of age who were walking down State Street, New Haven:

"Charley, news has come that President Lincoln has been killed."

"Do you believe it's true?"

"Yes, it's official."

"What does official mean?"

"Why don't you know? *It means that it didn't come from Philadelphia.*"

A Friend has a dog so very serious that even his tail has not the least bit of a wag in it.

SOUND REASONING.

Qooth Rabric, "If the faith be sound,
Its fruits in substance will abound."
Quoth Brief and White, "The world has found,
Substance the less, the more the sound."

Here is a sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious child has constructed with just the letters found in the word maiden: "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Nellie, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."



"OUT OF THE PARISH."—THE POOR MAN IN ENGLAND.
(From Punch.)

SIR GILES OVERREACH. "Now, then, my man! your work's done, so be off out of this parish."
AGRICULTURAL LABORER. "Ah! Sir Giles! it be better nor four mile to t' town."
SIR GILES OVERREACH. "Can't help that! No 'union chargeability' for me."

Old Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very prosy preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried, "Watkins, my Lord Alphinstone." A groan, and then, "I'm no sleepin', sair, intiter." "But we are deeply. I wager ye dinna ken what I said task." "Yeasick, Watkins, my Lord Alphinstone." "What is the text?" "I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yourself."

Why is Barnum's Museum like a good feather-bed? Because it's all down.

Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted that they are always ready to make an advance.

The late Mr. Colden used to tell the following anecdote: "When in Kentucky," said he, "I asked an enthusiastic American lady why her country could not test satisfactorily with the metrical system which it already possessed, but must ever be hankering after the lands of its neighbors, when the somewhat remarkable reply was, 'Oh, the prosperity is a very bad one, I admit; but we prize honestly for it, for we inherited it from England.'"

A LEGAL PUZZLE.—How strange it is that the counsel for the prisoner in criminal law pleases his client most when he acts in direct opposition to that client's convictions.

THE COQUETTE REPROVED.

"Tis true, you swear that I remain a maid,
Though fifty swains have hunted sage!
The reason you have told," says Peggy,
"You just had forty-nine too many!"

A mayor of one of the communes in France lately made the following entry upon his register: "I, mayor of the said township, in the forest of ——, a man, by the name of Rollin, committed a robbery, and set fire to his barn. I commanded him to surrender, whereupon he set upon me, heaped me with insult and contumely; calling me a pragmuffin, a precious old dolt, and an awful and contemptible caricature—all of which I hereby certify to be strictly true."

At Fiehe's facile tears her Lover sighs,
"Dry up, my Dear!" says she, "I'm willing, wipe your eyes!"
Also! he finds his soft Persuasive's force
Has but enlarged and changed the Water-course.
For drops before—to vent her sqeuese mind—
She shows a dreadful Waterfall behind.

There is nothing more damaging than the witness that proves too much. Mr. Edgeworth tells us somewhere of an Irish peer, who, traveling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said, "My master a Frenchman," he always added, "So am I."

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST.

A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone,
For those whom fate has left without,
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out.

We once heard of a rich man who was badly injured by being run over. "It isn't the accident," said he, "that I mind; that isn't the thing, but the idea of being run over by an infernal old swill cart, that's what makes me mad!"

A ROUND NUMBER.—Nought

A RIDDLE BY A BRUTE.—Why is a beard like common sense?—Because no woman possesses it.

A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

"My brudda," said a colored preacher, descanting on the difficulties of the ministry, "I am easy to row a lect cher Niagary Falls, but a tremenjus job to row it back again."

There are no diverse laws in Turkey. When the Turks get jealous of their wives they *trie 'em the sack*, and that's the last of 'em.

To come men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

QUESTION IN ZOOLOGY.—What amount of cats does it require to make a large cat-amount.

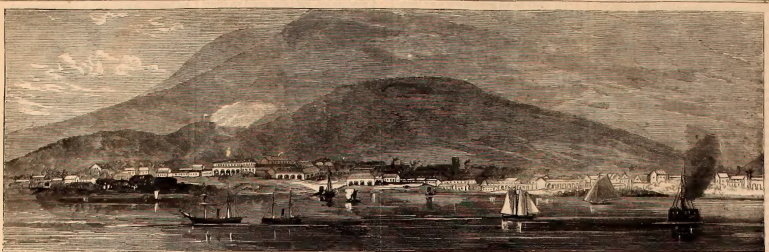
"E pluri-bus unum," as the saucy fellow said when he saw the appearance of half a dozen common kisses into the emphatic smack.

"Pape, why do they plant guns? do they grow and have leaves?" No, my son; but, like plants, they shoot, and then others do the leaving."

Why are undertakers like professional pugilists?—Because they are always beating people.

ADVICE TO DUELISTS.—Go into the fields in July and you will find plenty of *poppies*.

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather-bed?



CAPE HAYTIEN.

THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

FOR several months a revolution has been in progress in the Republic of Hayti against the Government of President GEFFRARD. The revolution was never of very formidable dimensions, and is now almost entirely suppressed. The affair originated outside the jurisdiction of the Haytien Government, having been inaugurated by mercenary troops enlisted in the adjoining republic by a Haytien outlaw. There were very few in Hayti who favored the attempt of the insurgents; and if the latter gained some successes at the first it was by a momentary terrorism, and through treachery, and not because any considerable portion of the population were disaffected with President GEFFRARD'S Government. With the exception of SALNAVE all the chiefs of the conspiracy have fled the country SALNAVE with his adherents, at last accounts, was besieged at Cape Haytien, the insurrection having been every where else overthrown. The port of Cape Haytien was declared in a state of blockade on the 14th of May, and the war-steamers *Geffrard* and *Mariani* were stationed at the entrance of the harbor. In addition to this the Government had chiefly of Dominicans, entirely cut off from succor, having suffered severely from the carbines of the Government sharp-shooters, were being constantly thinned by desertion, and their supplies were nearly exhausted; while the besieging forces, well supplied with provisions, were receiving continual accessions of men and munitions by land and water. Were it not that the commander of the Government forces, General Carié, carrying out the President's desire, wishes to spare the effusion of blood and the horrors attending the taking of the town by assault, the affair might have been terminated sometime ago. The city was on the point of being captured, when, at the request of the foreign Consuls, there was a suspension of hostilities.



A STREET IN CAPE HAYTIEN.

Cape Haytien, during the rebellion, was the headquarters and coal-station for those vessels of our fleet employed for the convoy of California steamers. The town is situated on the north side of the isle of St. Domingo, and contains about 5000 inhabitants, engaged in the shipping of coffee, hides, and logwood, these being the productions of this part of the island. The leading mercantile houses are mostly foreign, and trade is principally carried on with France and this country. From its position and the excellence of its harbor Cape Haytien is second in importance only to Port-au-Prince, the capital. The houses usually are one story in height, though there are now in process of construction some very fine stores, the upper portions of which are designed as residences of the merchants' families. The ruins on every side of what were once fine buildings indicate the devastation occasioned by the earthquake which occurred some years since. Saturday is the great market-day at the Cape, being the only day devoted to that purpose. On that day provision must be made for the whole of the ensuing week. The market-stalls are all full, and every foot of



CORPS D'AFRIQUE, PORT-AU-PRINCE.



A BELLE OF CAPE HAYTIEN.

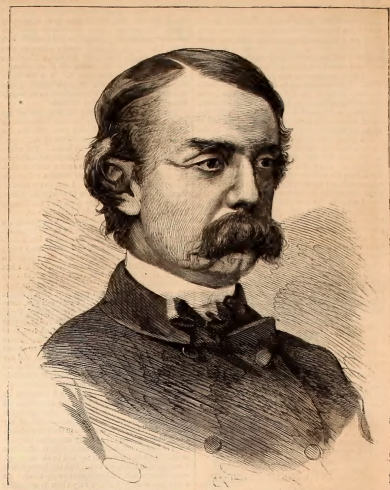


PLACE DU GEFFRARD, PORT-AU-PRINCE.

VIEWS IN HAYTI.—[FROM SKETCHES BY LIEUTENANT M'FARLAND.]



MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES GRIFFIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 490.]



MR. CLARENCE A. SEWARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. ETTNGE.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

ground in the market-place is appropriated, those not fortunate enough to possess a stall sitting upon the ground with their wares spread on boards before them. Tropical fruits abound, and the scene is at once ludicrous and exciting. Piles of lemons strew the ground, while the negro women in their bright-colored turbans vend their wares to the crowd of vociferous negroes and whites collected around them. They speak a sort of patois, or French creole, interspersed with many a grunt—this latter being as expressive among Haytiens as a shrug is among Frenchmen. Their currency is mostly paper, which the natives prefer to specie. Here and there may be seen a Haytien soldier, who lives on sixteen cents per week, strutting about or chaffing with some vendor.

The natives of the island are very ignorant and superstitious. It is not long since twelve were shot at Port-au-Prince for cannibalism. The Roman Catholic religion generally prevails.

Revolutions are not unfrequent. That to which we previously alluded, and which occurred last May, began in Cape Haytien. Twenty-seven determined men marched in, and without opposition took possession of the place and established their government. The national troops, under the influence of fear, and carried over by treachery, joined the conspirators. At the same time a similar uprising took place at Gonaives, and here it was that President GEFFRARD made his first attack, defeating the revolutionists. He then marched on Cape Haytien. Here every thing was in an uproar, and many of the citizens fled to the ships lying in the harbor for refuge. Having driven the conspirators to extremities, President GEFFRARD issued a general amnesty proclamation. There was some difficulty in distributing this proclamation at the Cape, but as soon as the offer of pardon was known there was a reaction against the Provisional Government which had been established under JEAN JOSEPH FRANCOIS.

When GEFFRARD'S army moved against the place the Provisional President took refuge on the United States ship *Galatea*. Many of his confederate officers followed his example.

Says our correspondent: "The scenes in the streets of Cape Haytien during these days beggar description. Bands of women patroled the streets with boxes of broken bottles, stones, etc., on their heads wending their way to the front. Here you could see lines of women, with cannon-balls on their head and one in each hand, bound to the front; several pieces of rusty cannon were dragged through the streets entirely by women, commanded by a colored Colonel; and such yelling could scarcely find its equal any where. Bands of men entered houses seeking powder and fire-arms. All this time



THE TREDEGAR IRON-WORKS, AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 490.]

a party were kept ashore from the *Galatea* to protect the foreign vessels. Officers and men are fairly tired out with ceaseless watching. In the mean time the men-of-war were well crowded with women and children, who the troops of GEFFRARD retreated some three miles and awaited the result.

"Affairs continued in this state until the 20th of June. The Government in the mean while massing their troops at the village of Petit Anse. On this day the rebels having titted out a small schooner, mounting a 9-pounder smithing gun with two small row-boats as tenders, proceeded under sail to make an attack on the GEFFRARD troops in the above place. Every glass in the fleet was turned on the advancing vessel. There was but little wind at the time, but still enough to set the vessel through the water at a fair rate. As she neared Petit Anse the soldiers could be seen flocking down to the beach, not knowing the reception that awaited them. Suddenly she put down her helm, and as the vessel came to the wind the crew of her forecastle was hauled on and a shot delivered fairly into the town. Instantly all was commotion. Several field-pieces were brought down and opened fire.

"The vessel after a short contest returned to the Cape without loss. On the night of the 23d two small steamers arrived from Port-au-Prince and commenced a close blockade of the harbor. Shortly after all supplies, GEFFRARD's troops surrounding the town on all sides and the steamers blocking up the mouth of the harbor. And now they wait only for the starvation to bring the rebels to terms. Eventually SALNAVE must surrender."

PHYLLIS.

THE very first thing that we chanced to meet
She was tossing the new-mown hay,
And the lay-makers turned from their work to look,
And called her their Queen in play.

The very next thing that we chanced to meet
She was seeking a lamb astray,
And the shepherds forgat to fold their flocks,
And followed her all the way.

The very last thing that we chanced to meet
She was weeping.—Ah, wilding!
I whispered, "Shall I be your sweet-heart, love ?"
And she said, "If you like, you may!"

GOING INTO HOUSEKEEPING.

GOING into housekeeping is one of the events in a man's life to be numbered with the first pair of breeches, with cutting off jackets (the shell of boyhood) to assume the tails of virility; with being married; with the becoming a father. It is an era in one's existence, a grand transformation scene, a great consolation!

But I must pause on the threshold of my castle to relate how I summoned up courage to "take" it. I will confess that I walked round it a good deal. I had difficulty in persuading myself that I was in a position to take a house and be the sole master of it. It was much dearer, too much for my pocket. When I called at the agent's office I was almost afraid lest the head clerk might think me too young and inexperienced. I looked through the window for some time, and fancying that the clerk had a very full, I may say overflowing, sense of the responsible character required for taking a house, I had thoughts of approaching him with the ingenious evasion of the Scottish gentleman who said the sulphur was near for himself, but for a friend' ootside. I was haunted by the dread that I was not sufficiently responsible-looking; that I might look good for rent, but not for rent with rates and taxes combined.

Some say that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and the best signals of the character within; others go by the mouth, the nose, and the chin. Give me the voice. I have often been horribly frightened of great personages until I heard them speak, when all my dread vanished in an instant. The voice told me they were human. Now, when I summoned up courage to address the house-agent's clerk, and he replied with a few words of morning greeting, I knew that he was a man. His eyes indicated nothing; his nose and chin were cast in the mould of service. It was his voice that told me about him. And the tones of his voice said, "I am only a clerk, my master doesn't give me much salary, and I like a glass of ale." Ah, that weakness of human nature for a glass of ale! Amiable, but fatal! Then I observed that that clerk had a voice mellowed by malt I knew how to deal with him. There were "lots of parties after the house," he said. In dry weather, I observed; would it be consistent with his duty to borrow, on his own estates, if he were to step round the corner? He was a wonderfully intelligent man, for he only said, "George, mind the office for a minute or two."

"They keep a good glass of ale round the corner," he said, when we got outside. A glass of ale was the open sesame to that clerk's favor. He told me that there were several parties after the house, and that I must conclude the matter at once if I wanted it, as many in that terrace were in great demand. In the warmth of his friendliness he told out a secret usually strictly guarded by house-agents —the name and address of the landlord. His parting advice to me was to see the landlord without an hour's delay, get the preference, and return and sign the agreement. I took the hint, I took the reference, returned and signed the agreement, and, as I was passing out of the office, two of the "parties" who had been after the house were visiting their wrath and disappointment upon the head of my friend the clerk, who had just informed them that the house was let.

A glass of ale did it! It is not that there is much in a glass of ale, but such small acts of largess are regarded as friendly, and they beget friendliness. In this world there are many little treasure boxes of favor and good-will that fly wide open to you if you only drop the smallest piece of coin into them. There are people in your house this worldly philosophy—penny wise and pound foolish folks, who on all occasions sternly refuse to give any one a single penny over his due. They save their pence and lose hundreds. It is not bribery; it is not the money that does it. It is the favor begotten by a good heart. My only regret is, that the mediumship of friendliness should be so largely monopolized by "something to drink."

But I have been standing all this time on my new door-step. Well, it is pleasant to stand on a door-step that you can call your own. No one else can come here with dirty feet, or with an unfluence, and by kind permission of the lessee. The sticks at the door, which I hope they were dispersed—thinly I will confess—over the various back yards and backtop table hiding its raggedness under a velvet-pile cover, looked quite splendid. I was never tired of wandering from room to room to admire my household gods. Yes, they were mine, and the Temple she was mine—at least while I paid my rent.

And then I had a garden. It was, perhaps, a stretch of courtesy to call it so, for it was not much larger than a good-sized mat, but it had a full-grown lime-tree at the end of it. And fancy being the sole lessee of a full-grown tree! It was such a tall, wide-spreading, umbrageous tree, that if I had sent it to an anatomist of means, he would have pronounced this opinion: "Judging from the tree, the proprietor is a man of substance, of a munificent and an extensive domain." I may tell you, however, that it was well the tree grew upward, for if it had been in its nature to lie down, the garden would not have contained it. So much tree to so little garden I never knew before nor since. I took a vast deal of pride in that tree. I used to accost Primrose Hill to gaze on its top from afar, and say to myself, "Behold, and admire, thou lazy loafer-by as you proof." One may indeed think himself somebody when he has a tree that can be seen two miles off.

On the first night of possession I remained up until long past midnight admiring my rooms. I sat down in them all, one after the other, gazing at their proportions—feeling my property in all my sticks, which looked so domestic in their new sphere. I caught myself saying, "They are mine! they are mine!" like a fox among the grapes in the fable. I was perfectly happy. I could not sleep

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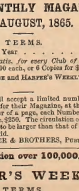
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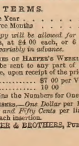
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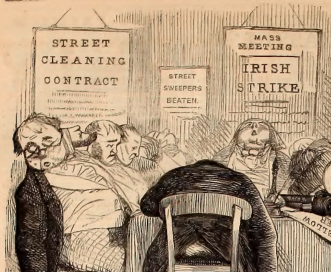
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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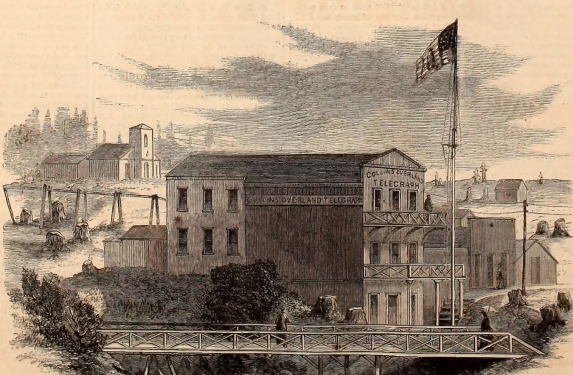
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NEW WESTMINSTER, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.—[SKETCHED BY F. L. POPE.]

THE COLLINS OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

THIS immense enterprise, which is to connect America with Europe by the way of California, Behring Strait, and the Amoor River, is being pushed forward with the utmost energy during the present season, under the auspices of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The wires of the California Telegraph Company have during the past winter been extended through Oregon and Washington Territory, as far as New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, and are now in operation to that point. At New Westminster the Collins Overland Telegraph proper commences, and will extend up Frazer River nearly to its source, and thence nearly parallel with the coast, following the general direction of the valley between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast Range to a point at or near Behring Strait, which will be crossed by a submarine cable. The line will thence extend through the eastern portion of Siberia until it meets the telegraph, now nearly completed by the Russian Government, from St. Petersburg to the mouth of the Amoor River.



TERMINAL STATION OF COLLINS'S OVERLAND TELEGRAPH, NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.—[SKETCHED BY F. L. POPE.]

The whole work is under the general supervision of Colonel CHARLES S. BULKLEY, Engineer-in-Chief, who will be remembered as the late efficient superintendent of the United States military lines in the Department of the Gulf. Colonel B. is a man of great experience in practical telegraphing, having constructed the first range of wires between Washington and New Orleans, in the year 1847.

The construction of the overland line through the colony of British Columbia is proceeding with great rapidity, considering the mountainous and difficult nature of the country. This division is under the immediate charge of Assistant-Engineer EDWARD CONWAY, late of the United States Military Telegraph.

A party, under command of Major F. L. POPE, of Massachusetts, is now engaged in making explorations in the country lying between the heads of Frazer River and Behring Strait, in order to determine the most practicable route for the telegraph. Other exploring parties will also be set at work the present season

long the Asiatic portion of the route. The city of New Westminster, of which we give an illustration, is pleasantly situated on the north bank of the Fraser, about fifteen miles from its mouth. This spot was selected as the capital of the colony in 1859. At that time a dense forest covered the present site of the city. The forest in this portion of British Columbia grew to an astonishing size. Many of the stumps still remaining in the city measure from 15 to 20 feet in diameter. The trees themselves average over 200 feet in height, and one which was recently cut at New Westminster had attained the enormous height of 309 feet!

New Westminster has already become a place of much importance, and owns many substantial and many stores and dwellings, four churches, a bank, the colonial hospital, and the Government buildings. The residence of the Governor is delightfully situated near the river, a mile above the town.

As a port New Westminster is possessed of great advantages, the Fraser being navigable for vessels drawing 18 or 20 feet of water as far as this place. The overland telegraph crosses the river in front of the city by means of a submarine cable 2500 feet in length.

Our other illustration gives a view of the Office and Headquarters of the Telegraph Company at New Westminster. The work of construction was ormally commenced by setting the first pole—which is seen near the right of the engraving—on the 26th of February, 1865.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

GRANDMA.

WILL the "radicals," "fanatics," "secessionalists," and "incendiaries" never give their Grandmother "Conservatism" any peace? Must the poor old lady be kept forever running about trying to hit them with her baggy umbrella and merely losing her balance and her temper together? Will the reprobates never mind her scolding, and go on forever smiling as she calls them hard names in her shrillest tone? Is it not enough that the war is at an end? Must these sturdy fellows clamor to have the results of the war secured? Is it not enough that rebels have been worsted? Must these sentient brawlers insist also that they shall not be trusted? There is a veil in Grandma's nursery, and it has been driven under the bed. Is it not enough to make the nervous old lady forswear her sex to hear these imps crying out to shake an old lady? Isn't she out of sight, you exasperating crew, and won't you shut your mischievous mouths and be quiet?

So the old lady moans and scolds and rocks herself in indicrious wrath. If a pleasant voice says that we had perhaps better consider what is to be done next—"Oh, you abominable radical!" groans the blessed Grandma. If a timid whispers that experience has not taught us to believe every thing which our wayward sisters say—"Oh, you vile sectionalist!" grumpers the bobcap. If a third wonders whether American citizens have equal rights—"Oh, you wretched fanatic!" gasps the buffeted matron. If a fourth mildly suggests that those who have won the victory should organize its results—"Oh, you howling incendiary!" screams the futile virago, shaking her umbrella and ready to fall from her chair in vexation.

Grandmother Conservatism is pretty well known and understood in the family. Her capacity has one rule of action in all possible emergencies—"Shut your mouth and eyes." If you want to be comfortable, she says, don't see any thing and don't say any thing. If the wolf is drinking above the lamb and the wolf accuses his woolly neighbor of muddying the water, shake your fist at the lamb, say that you always call him a vile sectional incendiary for stirring the stream. Suppose he is below the wolf, and can't possibly affect the water where the wolf is drinking—thou fool! is not the wolf the stronger? In any case, will not the wolf make trouble and the lamb submit?

When one of the domestic troubles began our Grandma was an edifying spectacle. Some of the family insisted upon ruling the house exactly as they chose, even to smearing it all over with filth or burning it down. The others protested. The bullies threatened. So we counseled noes, and found that they were those who were bent upon disturbing the household. None of their rights were touched or threatened, but they insisted upon touching those of the rest of the family. It was clear that neither the bullies or the family must surrender. They must rule, or the family must.

Just at the moment Grandmother Conservatism opened her mouth: "Let them have their way," said she to the family, "what have you been squalling them for? Don't you know they are your brethren? Let them have their way, or they'll pull the house down about our ears!"

The family listened to their hearts and their honor, to law and justice, instead of the old woman, and the fight began. The blows—as brothers' blows always are—were deadly. The uproar was tremendous. The din filled the world. And through the whole of it how that old woman did cackle! The young and strong members—those who knew exactly what the quarrel was about, and how all such quarrels must be settled—naturally directed the family in the fight. But whenever they said, "Now, hit 'em here!" they heard the familiar quaver trembling in—"Oh! you wretched fanatics! you vile incendiaries! who brought this horrible struggle upon us!" And whenever the cheery voice of vigor and conviction cried again, "And now, hit 'em there!" once more the shrill scream arose—" Oh, dear me! these radicals will be the death of us! Stop, you sectionalists! I solemnly declare that you are ruining every thing. It is you who are guilty of every thing. Dear me! the floor is shaking; the house is coming down! And you have done it—you factious, incendiary radicals. Oh, those factious radicalism! Oh! oh! oh!" The family put the old lady in the closet, and finished the fight by a general victory.

Now that it is over they have opened the closet and the same Grandmother steps out. She combs her shrills and smooths her disrumpled ribbons and furbelows, she begins at once: "Of course radicalism has no manners. It treats its Grandma without a spark of natural piety. But I give you fair notice, my dears, you suggest any thing I shall use my voice to the utmost. I shall call you names as loud as I can. I shall, you understand, fanatics, radicals, sectionalists, and incendiaries. There!"

The old lady keeps her word. Her tongue rattles like a moving-machine. Her vituperatives with a fluency that is really interesting as a scientific point of view. But her incessant buzz is of exactly the same practical value as during the struggle. These are times for men, not for old women.

MUNICIPAL RIGHTS.

THE city of New York undoubtedly pays more money for a worse government than any city in the world. Its local administration is corrupt and notorious swindle. Its taxes are doubtless three times as large as they need be. Its chief officers are, with few exceptions, the scum of politicians. Neither honesty nor ability, as a rule, are to be found in any department of its civic affairs. Men of character and responsibility instinctively shrink from any direct connection with the persons and processes of the municipal administration as they recoil from pestilence. Every necessary public work is a gigantic public job, for which the tax-payers are enormously fleeced. The "city" is a jest and a by-word at home and a disgrace abroad.

But the city is the source of powers, and they submit to the imposition and cheat. There are periodical protests, but there is no deep, vital, indignant public resolve that the thing cannot shall be abated. When there is it will be. When the tax-payers are determined that their money shall not be stolen they will take the terrible necessary steps to secure it. And the men are willing to be swindled who shall complain? Their submission may disgrace them, as it undoubtedly does. It may show them to be utterly unworthy the institutions under which they live. It may sadly discredit the popular principle. It may encourage by example every public every where, and weaken the majesty of the whole system. It may tend to an ultimate committee of public safety and revolutionary rebellion. But the principles of every city of New York are extremely corrupt, as those of every other city in the world are in various degrees corrupt. There is a reason for suspending entirely its local government when the dangers of local corruption must be even more threatening than they are to justify the total disregard of fundamental principles. And, indeed, the city had followed the advice of FERNANDO WOOD, and had attempted to withdraw from the State, as the Southern States, at the time of WOOD's confederate, ROBERT TOOMBS, and tried to secede from the Union, we should have hoped that the State, having successfully resisted the effort, would also have left the government of the city to be resumed only upon such conditions as it should deem essential to the common safety. But that proposition was denied by every intelligent American, but it would inevitably lead to political alliances between the great city and some of the smaller ones to deprive the other small cities and towns of the same rights. And the power of large cities in such contests is historical.

We hope, therefore, that none of our friends in the country, within the State of New York or beyond it, will suffer from any fear of preposterous issues in our politics. The taste for strong excitement is not extinct with the rebellion, and the purveyors of sensational politics will still hope to startle the nerves of distant readers. Let those readers remember that there are political BARNUMS also, and not hastily agree that every city is sewed to a dried monkey makes a living mermaid.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

GENERAL SHERMAN is making a great many speeches, and they are curiously characteristic. They are trenchant, impetuous, honest, and crude. The crafty managers who thought, when he made his convention with JOHNSTON, that they had now found the man they had been looking for, must watch the daily telegrams with the most painful solicitude. For the General is plainly not a man to be manipulated. He thinks clearly his own views without the least regard to any conceivable party exigency. He has all the traditional honesty and directness of a soldier. In New York he disdained the embraces of the Common Council, to which political aspirants are usually obliged to submit. In Ohio he said that General COX was a good soldier, and he hoped he would be elected Governor. Yet there were persons who thought that the hero of Atlanta would actually receive a nomination from the party that supported VALLANDIGHAM two years ago! In Indianapolis—without the least regret for "the compromises," or the divine rights of States to make beasts of men, so long a cherished "principle" of "the party"—he said that his sea-faring ancestors helped to import slaves, and he felt it to be his duty to atone for the ancestral sins. Alas for the managers! A man with profound moral convictions is not a safe candidate for "the party."

General SHERMAN, indeed, opposes negro suffrage and indiscriminate intercourse with whites. He says that his experience in Mexico and South America led to this conclusion. Did his experience in those countries also persuade him that white suffrage was any more to be trusted? He believes, also, that the whites must have the governing power. But the American doctrine of Liberty means the right of opportunity for all men. It has nothing to do with the color of faces or the equality of races. A professional politician appealing to the grog-shops and partypress may harangue about "white men," and be welcome. But the conceit that men are not to have equal rights because of their color is a foolish figment which will not long be entertained in so masculine a brain and honest a heart as General SHERMAN's. His good sense rallied again in saying that military law was the natural law of self-preservation, and that the moment it was passed he hoped the civil law would resume its sway.

There is a boyish impulsiveness and frankness in all that General SHERMAN says and does which are very winning. His instincts are generous, but his opinions are often immature and hasty. Amazed as we were by the convention which he made with JOHNSTON, we can not praise too highly the manly tone of his letter of the 25th of July to the Secretary of War, in which he said, with noble simplicity, "I admit my folly in embracing in a military convention any civil matter;" and, alluding to the political pride, "I had flattered myself that by four years of patient and unremitting and successful labor I deserved no reminder such as is contained in the last paragraph of your letter to General GRANT."

General SHERMAN's speeches have doubtless imperiled his availability—which he probably despises—with the politicians, but they have not harmed him in the estimation of honest men.

THE CONDITION OF THE PATIENT.

THE New York *Evening Post*, which is inclined to an optimistic view of the situation in the unorganized States, and which thinks that we must expect to see for a long time at the South the evidences of the late terrible convulsion, says, "Will not the old convictions stand?" it asks, "the old feelings awake, the old scores be settled and shot. Even if there had been no civil war to sharpen the acuteness of our jealousies and raise new grounds of contention, it would be hard and difficult to allay these animosities or to correct these reciprocal suspicions and repulsions. But now that the fierce and violent passions of an actual conflict of arms have been superadded to the old causes of estrangement and dislike, it will be still more difficult."

Certainly it will. The feeling of the whole region is morbid. A letter in the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "If the returned rebel officers and soldiers, of whom it has been popular to say 'all the rebellion is whipped out of them,' are so anxious to reconstruct the old Union, why is it that they will not do so?" Is there sufficient reason to establish the fact?" It then quotes several instances of "wicked insubordination," which it says it would not mention if they were isolated and not representative cases. A correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who has traveled for the purpose of observation four thousand miles through the South of the late rebellion in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama, reports that the general feeling is one of sequiescence in the force of superior numbers. "We don't admit that our cause was a bad one, but it has failed." The Raleigh *Progress* says that "the native element, including the aristocracy, are growing more defiant every-day, and now openly threaten to hang Union men and negroes as soon as the troops are withdrawn;" and it declares that every consideration of justice and safety requires their continued presence. The Mobile *News* has a letter from Okolona, in Mississipi, written a month ago, which says that "many of the best citizens hesitate to take the amnesty oath. They say that they thus bind themselves to perfect the ruin of their country." And an intelligent correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Mobile: "I have listened by the hour to the familiar, social, unrestrained talk of Southern people, and I have been sorry to conclude, from all that I have heard, that the damnable heresy of the States Right doctrine, again, with imagined evils threatened to the institution of slavery, they based their acts of secession and rebellion, is as deeply rooted in their convictions as it ever was."

All our private information is in the same strain. The entire testimony is of universal disaffection. That it is the morbid exhibition of chagrin is true, but it is also the sign of actual hostility. That we must not exaggerate it nor be too much concerned at a logical consequence of defeat, is a judicious suggestion, but that it is an occasional or exceptional state of mind and form of expression is an unreasonable assertion. If the condition of sentiment which is indicated in what we have quoted be exceptional, we should be glad to be referred to illustrations of the rule.

And what is the simple moral of the tale? Plainly that, while the system is morbid, it should not be treated as sound. While the old sores still ache and shoot, they should not be considered as healed. The patient has undergone the operation and has survived it, but he is not well yet. He is not strong. He is diseased still, and weak, and his frame is full of ill-humors. It would be wicked folly to treat him as a healthy hearty man who can go unassisted, about his usual business. He is under the physician's hands. He must still submit to the necessary regimen. He must do whatever the physician shall prescribe as essential to cure. It may be disagreeable, but curative processes often are. That the patient is still a man, is undeniable. But that he is a well man, and has either the right or power to do what well men may, is absurd. See what antics he played the other day at the Fredericksburg and Henrico County elections in Virginia! His conduct showed him to be out of his head. Let us, then, provide every means of safe and speedy cure. Let us encourage the kind nurses about to their normal action. But let us take the most vigilant care, meanwhile, that he neither harms himself nor his neighbors.

THE REVENUE COMMISSION.

THE suggestion of a commission to codify our elaborate and confused revenue system, and to report upon the best practical method of raising internal and external revenue, was very wise; and the principle of appointing non-political Commissioners was very sensible. Instead of selecting gentlemen of a general public prominence, which is too much the principle upon which all official appointments are made, the Secretary of the Treasury has named three Commissioners—Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, of Troy; Mr. STEPHEN COLWELL, of Philadelphia; and Mr. S. S. HAYES, of Chicago.

None of these gentlemen are generally known to the public as orators or as writers. Any amount of scientific information is a standard work. But they are all men peculiarly accomplished by study and experience for the special work to which they are called. Such as the questions which they must explore are both of theory and experience, the selection appears to us to be very judicious. Mr. DAVID A. WELLS, called "Our Burden and our Strength," was one of those words which are deeds. It was one of the most effective and most decisive corrosive reasons for the confidence of the country in its ability to pay any debt necessary to a victorious end of the war, and not only fortified our best friends, but silenced our most assiduous foes in Europe. Mr. COLWELL's peculiar ability on all subjects of economical science, derived from the most thorough study and the most extensive and successful experience as a merchant and iron manufacturer, has been long known by the Government, and his advice has been constantly sought. Mr. HAYES is an intelligent merchant of Chicago, whose knowledge and experience of Western trade, resources, and facilities will be of the utmost value.

It is a wise practice, which we trust may be generally adopted, to select for important public trusts and inquiries of this kind simple, upon careful inquiry, are found especially fitted for them, in preference to those who are especially clamorous or anxious to fill them. There is always a vast multitude of pagons, whose names are more or less publicly familiar, who are ready for any thing, from the superintendence of a national laboratory to the command of coast boats or the embassy to Japan; and, without reason, the mere publicity of a name is accepted as a kind of credential of qualification. But in the case of such a commission as this, for the examination of the revenue system, the presumption should be in favor of names not generally known, upon the ground that the appointing power had sought by carefully-directed inquiries to discover the most trusty and capable persons.

With the gentlemen named upon this com-

mission we may be sure that there will be neither bribery, nor ignorance, nor political prejudice to perplex the investigation; but that an arduous, most useful, and thankless task will be thoroughly and satisfactorily accomplished.

DEAD-HEADS.

In a previous article in this journal attention was drawn to the increased traffic of Northern railways since the restoration of peace, and at the same time reference was made to two prominent causes of the unpopularity of railway stocks as investments. Since then the action taken by two prominent boards of railway direction is suggestive of further development of the subject. The directors of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad have "passed" (i. e., failed to pay) their summer dividend on their common stock; while the directors of the Erie Railway Company, on 26th ult., declared a dividend of four per cent. on their common stock.

The cases of these two companies were identical in every point save the last action of the directors. Both had fully earned a dividend. Neither had any money on hand. Both had spent their surplus earnings on new equipment and increased facilities for the transaction of business. The Michigan Southern reported for last year about $1,500,000, only $900,000 of which reached the hands of the treasurer, the balance having been used by the superintendent to pay for new rolling stock. Thus when dividend day came round, last January, the directors had no money on hand; but, unwilling to disappoint their stockholders, they declared a 10 per cent., and borrowed the money to pay it. During the first six months of 1865 the Company earned about $2 per cent. more than in the corresponding period of 1864; yet the directors have not yet been able to pay back the loan of last January. The Erie started in 1864 about $4,000,000 net; yet, when the directors met in January to determine the dividend question, it was found that not only had the Company no money to pay it, though $1,000 shops and 1,000 stock had been sold at above par for new construction, but it owed $1,060,000 to a leading director, and had other liabilities maturing in the ensuing six months which it was clear the income of the road could not meet. The Erie directors, like the directors of the Michigan Southern, were unwilling to disappoint their stockholders, and declared the usual four per cent. dividend, borrowing the money to pay it. This loan has not been paid off. Thus the true position of the two concerns was alike at every stage. Now it begins to differ. The Erie directors, relying on enormous gross earnings, and on the evident increasing popularity of the road, pay another dividend, borrowing the money again for the purpose; the Michigan Southern directors suspend dividends until they can pay off their floating debt.

Without undertaking to canvass the arguments which can be urged in support of either policy, it may be remarked that the embarrassments of both companies have arisen from the fatal error to which we lately drew attention—an attempt to provide out of earnings new construction and keep pace with the rapid development of the country and the increase of local traffic. In this effort—which always has proved in railways will prove suicidal—either the Company or the stockholders must be sacrificed. The Erie directors have sacrificed the Company; the Michigan Southern directors their stockholders.

A traveler passing over each of the two Northern lines of railway is apt to form an exaggerated notion of the prosperity of those companies. He sees train after train crowded to suffocation and limited in length only by the capacity of the locomotive to haul it; long strings of freight cars at every turn-out waiting for an idle engine to draw them forward; merchandise and produce piled on the side of the line for months, merely praying to be moved. He naturally infers that such railroads must be rolling in wealth. And yet, if he inquires, he will find that these same roads can barely pay interest on their debt.

The anomaly is easily explained on lines whose managers insist on defraying new construction out of earnings. But every road upon which avoid this blunder there are vices of administration which suffice to account for unproductiveness. The chief of these is the Dead-head system.

It may seem a remarkable statement, but we believe it is true that on our Western lines there are more free trains paying passengers, in the language of a leading director of a prominent Western road:

"We [meaning the directors] have to pass all the members of the Legislature, editors and politicians, for fear of hostile legislation. Then our freight agents pass all the merchants, in order to get their freight. Finally, the conductors pass all the tavern and hotel keepers, livery-stable keepers, theatrical and fancy people, for obvious reasons. Nobody that I can discover pays his fare on our line except green emigrants, foreign travelers, and a few farmers."

There is no reason to regard the statement as exaggerated. Another railway director states that in Chicago no man who "knows the ropes" and possesses any degree of smartness ever, by any chance, pays any railroad fare to the East. Even when freight offers far in excess of the lines to carry it, the competition between the various agents and touters is so brisk that, for the sake of securing the promise of a merchant's business, free passes for himself, his family, and even his friends are offered—nay, pressed upon him. No business in the world could stand such a tax as this.

Why a man who would scorn not only to beg $5 of his neighbor, but to receive such a sum as a present, should not only be willing to accept a free railroad ticket worth $5, but should sue for it as a favor or demand it as a right, when the least reflection would satisfy him that every dollar used to him is just a dollar taken out of the pocket of some railway shareholder who needs it badly, is one of the anomalies of modern civilization. Here in the East the system does still flourish in some degree, but in the West. But even here, when a gentleman of pretty extensive acquaintance in Wall Street mentioned to a friend that he had some new business to a town on the New York Central, he was told:

"You go by the boat? All right. Ask Mr. Drew; he'll give you a pass. On the Central I'll get you a pass from Mr. ——, one of the freight agents; he's a great friend of mine; we've just had a cocktail together. Then on the Hudson River? Call on old VANDERBILT; he'll give you a season ticket."

Remark that the gentleman who thus seemed to assume that payment was out of the question would have knocked down any man who had proposed to *give* him, as a free donation, three dollars currency, and that he would, for refusing this begging enterprise was to be-set on foot, was perfectly able to pay his way, had no sort of claim on railway officials, never could in any chance help or hurt them. The theory simply was that it is mean to beg money, but not mean to beg its equivalent in railway tickets.

Time was, they say, when editors were notorious dead-heads—not only traveled free, but lived free at hotels, and were got into shows, boots, and breeches free of charge. There was a degree of fairness in this. The editor was expected to give a puff in exchange for the stateroom, dinner, hat, or breeches: and calculating the puff at so much a line according to the current rates of advertising, the dead-head did not always get the best of the bargain. Now, when no respectable newspaper admits puffs on such terms; and it is well understood that editors have "their price" for their influence, there is merely indigent beggars who plead *in forma pauperis*, and have nothing to give in exchange for the alms they receive.

So far as the railroads are concerned the dead-head system is simply ruin to them. It requires good and careful management on the part of all managers to keep down the tide in the face of constantly-increasing charges for repairs, and the fluctuations of crops, and the uncertainties of unseasonable severity of gales, unless it make money unless it be administered with severe economy and close vigilance. Leaks, either in the income or in the outgo, will eventually ruin the best situate road. In our great railroad-building era—from 1848 to 1858—wherever we found business for one line we built two or three, and though the whole trade of the country and the increase of population are helping all the leading lines toward a position of productiveness, the least waste or mismanagement tells rapidly on the dividends.

If the stock of our leading lines—especially in the West—is ever to become as reliable an investment as bank or insurance stocks the dead-head system must be abolished, and people must no more expect to be carried free on railway trains than they expect to get their fire-insurance free of charge, or to have bank facilities extended to them when they have no claim to such accommodation.

PUBLIC PROGRESS.

A new public danger menaces us. An audacious party is organizing for crimes that twenty-five cents he will inclose to any address "the likeness of your future husband," and a prosperous town in Washington has decided that a woman may shoot a man who jilts her. Now if the ingenious youth chooses to send to any curious dame in Buffalo or Milwaukee, or at some remote point on the Pacific coast, the likeness of Joe or Chattahoochie rivers, the likeness of the amiable gentleman who is at this moment pressing these images to his thoughtless bosom as he serve as "the future husband," is it not plain that he has—unwittingly, indeed, but none the less surely—received false hope, for which he must be prepared to suffer? Clearly, if a man, upon intimate acquaintance with a lady, can not change his matrimonial mind without justifying her shooting him, how can he be sure, in the case of he changes his mind without any acquaintance whatever? Why may there not be constructive jilting as well as constructive treason?

There is another interesting aspect of the question. Suppose the jilting to be first upon the woman's side, and the swain in despair betakes himself to another bride. Why, to gratify her wounded pride that a man whom she has rejected should console himself with the smiles of another, should not the indignant lady shoot the old lover at sight, claim that she was jilted, put in his love-letters as evidence, and be triumphantly acquitted amidst enthusiastic applause?

The natural interpretation of the new code of courtship is found in the story that is told in the papers. "CARRIE, dear, will you please send me your revolver, I fear GEORGE will not be true to his promise to-night?" "Why, EMMA, I'm so sorry. I've just lent my revolver to MARY, as she has found a beau with over a million more money than ALFRED; but, dear, I can let you have my ivory-handled stiletto with much pleasure."

The use of the tenderly-made human life less sacred in public estimation, or a jury would hardly have held jilting to be a justification of murder. That a woman should shoot a man who has betrayed and jilted her is accepted by society, for obvious reasons, as a wild justice. But a breach of promise to marry has not hitherto been supposed to excuse assassination; and, wise people, however, will not disdain to learn. Mr. KEVERDY JOHNSON makes perjury a political duty; Mr. HORACE GREELEY would have active treason viewed as a difference of opinion; and a Washington jury finds that a man who breaks his word is justly shot for it.

Meanwhile the question raises a question. A gentleman, discovering the criminal complicity of another with his wife, shoots him dead upon the street. Here is revenge for an actual injury. But if a woman who murders a man for breaking his word is acquitted amidst the tumultuous applause of the audience, ought not a man to murder another for a terrible wrong to be invited to a public dinner?

A subscription has been proposed for Miss HARRIET LANE, Johnston's niece, to be suggested for the wife and child of her victim?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR ARMY ON THE RIO GRANDE.

While every where else our armies are diminishing the number of their troops, they are increasing every week. General Sheridan's cavalry force are on the move from Shreveport to Texas. Reinforcements have been issued to prevent the soldiers from straggling and deserting. General Sheridan's plan in invading Texas "that the cavalry commands on the march in the same sense in which they are used in battle, with the best interests of the people. The troops will be kept in the most exact state of discipline, and the sacredness of the rights of individuals, should any occur, will be severely punished." The soldiers will be says: "The position of the command is called to the fact that the march will be made through a country in open rebellion against the government and laws of the United States. The rights of property and persons must be respected. All will be forbidden to enter the houses of citizens under any pretense whatever, and to commit any depredations. Conduct of the command in all matters of discipline will be such as to give no just cause of complaint."

The head-quarters of Generals Steele and Weitzel were established on the Rio Grande, but will probably be soon removed to Brownsville. Clarksville and White Ranch, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, have been occupied with strong forces. Troops are rapidly arriving. All are marching to the Rio Grande along the Rio Grande. The Fourth Corps was partly in New Orleans and partly at Mobile on the 1st instant. The reputation of Weitzel's artillery was leaving New Orleans, only delayed by the difficulty of procuring transportation for leaving on the Texas coast.

The 25th corps, mostly French, lies off the Rio Grande. Maximilian's forces are estimated at from 16,000 to 20,000. Cortinas is said to be on the Texas side of the river, a few miles above Matamoras.

RECONSTRUCTION.

We make some extracts from Governor in regard to the Richmond election. The result of the election is unfavorable not only as to the number elected but as to the spirit with which it was conducted. A direct issue was made between the loyal men and those who were opposed to secession, and the latter triumphed. It was on that account that Governor PIERPOINT Turner annulled the election by an order issued July 29. The grounds for this order are stated in the following terms:

1. The exclusion of voters on the ground of having lost their residence during the late civil war, was a test which such ground was taken as against citizens absent in rebel lands.

2. With few exceptions all of the officers elected have been prominent rebels.

3. The issue was direct as between rebels and Unionists.

The Richmond *Republic* had before the election warned the people of the "Reign of Terror," urged them to go forward no candidates that had been either Confederate or State officers, because they would be unable to get themselves open to charges of dissatisfaction, if not of disloyalty. The main object of the people ought to be to prove that they were loyal to the Union, now that they have thrown down their arms, and that they make no unusual reservation in taking the oath of allegiance. It was not.

If it is thought Union citizens could be induced to be elected to the military holders, civil government will be restored, and general prosperity will return. Governor PIERPOINT is not of this opinion. On the contrary, gentlemen elected to whom the military authorities have no objection, will be prevented from taking their offices, and the military power will be continued, and a repeated series of "reign of terror" will ensue.

The President, too, has other hand, treated the whole subject with characteristic levity. The people of Richmond acted above their heads in the matter of voting for this man or that man; and, to show that they were not, up comes the President, and tells them to go below or Chattahoochie rivers, the likeness of the amiable gentleman who is at this moment pressing these images to his thoughtless bosom as he serve as "the future husband," is it not plain that he has—unwittingly, indeed, but none the less surely—received false hope, for which he must be prepared to suffer? Clearly, if a man, upon intimate acquaintance with a lady, can not change his matrimonial mind without justifying her shooting him, how can he be sure, in the case of he changes his mind without any acquaintance whatever? Why may there not be constructive jilting as well as constructive treason?

There is another interesting aspect of the question. Suppose the jilting to be first upon the woman's side, and the swain in despair betakes himself to another bride. Why, to gratify her wounded pride that a man whom she has rejected should console himself with the smiles of another, should not the indignant lady shoot the old lover at sight, claim that she was jilted, put in his love-letters as evidence, and be triumphantly acquitted amidst enthusiastic applause?

The natural interpretation of the new code of courtship is found in the story that is told in the papers. "CARRIE, dear, will you please send me your revolver, I fear GEORGE will not be true to his promise to-night?" "Why, EMMA, I'm so sorry. I've just lent my revolver to MARY, as she has found a beau with over a million more money than ALFRED; but, dear, I can let you have my ivory-handled stiletto with much pleasure."

The use of the tenderly-made human life less sacred in public estimation, or a jury would hardly have held jilting to be a justification of murder. That a woman should shoot a man who has betrayed and jilted her is accepted by society, for obvious reasons, as a wild justice. But a breach of promise to marry has not hitherto been supposed to excuse assassination; and, wise people, however, will not disdain to learn. Mr. KEVERDY JOHNSON makes perjury a political duty; Mr. HORACE GREELEY would have active treason viewed as a difference of opinion; and a Washington jury finds that a man who breaks his word is justly shot for it.

Meanwhile the question raises a question. A gentleman, discovering the criminal complicity of another with his wife, shoots him dead upon the street. Here is revenge for an actual injury. But if a woman who murders a man for breaking his word is acquitted amidst the tumultuous applause of the audience, ought not a man to murder another for a terrible wrong to be invited to a public dinner?

A subscription has been proposed for Miss HARRIET LANE, Johnston's niece, to be suggested for the wife and child of her victim?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OUR ARMY ON THE RIO GRANDE.

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The Richmond *Whig* more frankly discloses its rebel proclivities. It discourses upon the election in the following strain:

"Here, at the termination of a war unparalleled in its duration and magnitude, the people have the substance of the State to the General Government can scarcely be found unscathed. Nearly all, in large proportion to the untrammeled power, give expression to their views and feelings in a manner which leaves no doubt or room for doubt. The election of yesterday simply means that the people of Virginia are, as they have been, prepared to be taken as a representative of that people, turn not with the spirit of the times, and the feelings of the masses which their flesh and kin have died for. While no open assertion of political views was made before the election, it is clear that the protestations of a pseudo-Unionism on the one hand, met by a political reticence on the other, gave the voters the true issue upon which they were called upon to decide; and all whose pride and love of State cling to the Old Dominion will rejoice to-day that the decision has been made in favor of good men and true."

THE NAVAL TRIAL.

Immediately upon the reception of the letter of Mr. Dickerson challenging the court of the captain of the *Ironsides*, built under his supervision and direction, with any vessel of a similar class that might be designated, to decide the claim of superiority of his engines in economy of fuel and development of power, Secretary WELLES issued orders designating the *Wyandank* as the competing vessel. The trial so proposed by the Secretary will be simply a test of the machinery of the *Algonquin*, as compared with that of the double-enders now used in the navy. The two things to be considered are the amount of power developed and the cost of fuel. The trial will take place at the New York wharf.

NEWS ITEMS.

The rebel pirate *Shenandoah* has been definitely heard from by the whaling bark *Milo*, which brings to San Francisco several crews of vessels destroyed last month. It seems that the pirate ceased to molest vessels after the surrender, but affected not to believe it. He was also informed of the assassination of President Lincoln, and that he believed readily because he expected it. The Arctic whaling fleet of about 40 vessels will probably be nearly destroyed. The pirate is said to have sailed last from Ochotsk, and to be manned by English and Australian convicts.

General Schofield, commanding the Department of North Carolina, with head-quarters at Raleigh, has issued an order requiring every farmer in the late rebel states to remove all badges, military buttons, braid, cord, or other articles designating rank. All persons having such articles on, five days after receiving notice of the order, are to have the same taken off them by the Provost Marshal.

Major-General H. G. Wright has been assigned to the command of the Department of Texas.

Brigadier-General Joseph A. Cheeseborough, of the First Division, Fifth Army Corps, has been promoted to be Major-General by brevet, the appointment to date back to March 29, the day of the battle of Quaker Road.

Major E. S. Dixon, on duty in the Bureau of Military Justice, has just returned from a tour through the South, where he has been collecting evidence against some of the rebels of the late rebel Government, who are charged with cruelty to our prisoners while confined at Andersonville and other places in the South. The commandant of the Andersonville prison, Captain WIRZ, has been arrested and lodged in the Old Capitol. He is shortly to be put upon the trial for the crimes and barbarities of murder by him upon our prisoners confined at that place. The military commission, of which Major-General Hancock, Brigadier-General A. B. Hinthewood is President, and Colonel N. P. Chipman, of the Judge Advocate Department, is Judge-Advocate, has been directed to try the case. The Government is now engaged in the collection of evidence preparatory to trial.

The Raleigh *Progress* says that the native (rebel) element in that region openly threatens that as soon as the crops are gathered the Yankees will have to fight them and all negroes. Perhaps they will not quite fulfill this sensible intention.

We learn from Texas that on the 12th ult. two companies of the Seventy-eighth Iowa Infantry, from the Red River Station, and captured four of them. The latter has been very much harassed by Texan Rangers.

The Louisville *Democrat* estimates that over 60,000 rebels have crossed over the Ohio River, since General Palmer's peace, since the 1st of May. At this rate the whole slave population of Kentucky will "go over" in less than one year.

A rich correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* having claimed that four-fifths of the Union army during the late war were Democrats, that paper invited the latter to the question of the army-vote will show that not exceeding 50,000 out of 800,000 voted for Mr. WILD. Ten per cent. of the whole 1,500,000 names on the rolls eighty per cent. of those who were in the army gave their votes for Mr. LINCOLN. Chicago Democrats generally sympathized with slavery and the rebellion. Mr. WILD was defeated, and Mr. LINCOLN elected to maintain the Union.

The New Orleans *Delta-Picayune* states that a satisfactory arrangement has been made with Mr. John T. Ford for the occupation of the theatre by the Government.

The City of Hudson was visited July 26 by a gang of thieves and robbers, who accompanied the obsequies of the Emmet Guard from Albany. The most violent outrages were committed in the streets, and the stores and houses were held entire possession of the city, assaulting men, women, and children, and committing outrages unmentionable. Only six arrests were made, and 6 strangely learned Judge let the victims off with a fine of $5 each. The Judge has a premium on rowdyism.

The secretary of War, appreciating the importance of collecting and preserving the records of the war, has issued the following order to the officers of the army: "The Patriot Locher has been appointed chief, with a pay of Cavalry Colonel, for the collection, safe-keeping, and publication of rebel archive that have come into the possession of this War Department."

The last of the 7.30 loan was disposed of July 26. The whole amount of the loan was $830,000,000.

The population of Milwaukee, by the census just completed, is 71,440. Increase in 5 years, 21,440. Increase in the 10 years, 36,000. The city has had but two cases of cholera since its organization.

Harvard in 57 minutes 49½ seconds; Harvard in 18 minutes 30 seconds; Yale in 18 minutes.

A gun 100 hundred and thirty-five years old, which was used in defending Quebec in 1759, is to be set up in Montreal on the Champ de Mars. With one exception, the gun is the oldest piece of ordnance now in that city.

A Paris jury has awarded to Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, of Saint-Admiral Charles Napier, of the British navy, a Philadelphia Irish lady, just after the examination of the case by the British. His original name was Rose Brady, and on the 9th of March, 1858, in that he has been very active, seven years in the service. He is still active and hearty.

The Florida *Times* says that the enlisted father of Payne, the would-be murderer of Secretary Seward, has been working on the railroad at Lake City, Florida. The *Union says*: "The father of Payne called on us one day last week. He called on us in a miserable plight, from Live Oak Station, on the Pensacola and Georgia Railroad, and lost one arm in the service. Subsequently he returned home maimed for life. 'Lewis' was his only hope in the field, and as he enlisted father was a Baptist minister, as has been stated."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news of the fate of the conspirators concerned in the assassination of President Lincoln occasioned no surprise in Europe. The London *Times* says:

"They have been convicted in fact by a court-martial, after a trial as open and complete as the patience of the American public. Whatever may be alleged against the constitution of the military tribunal, the proceedings were certainly not too summary, for they lasted over many days, and were found to be embodied in a huge printed manuscript. No less than 351 witnesses were examined, and it is to be presumed that the evidence of the greater part of these called for the defense has been conveyed out of the country. Of course the cowardly attack on unarmed and defenseless men. The Lincoln and his fellow-conspirators were most justly forfeited. If those who can recognize no crime in rebellion against a tyrannical government are entitled as an appeal to a higher law, it can be justified before a higher tribunal than any earthly judgment-seat."

Among the passengers by the 25th ult. steamer from the Atlantic cable was landed for earth connection, and to take up the cable again in mid-ocean. This steamer will be landed on the 29th if the weather continues fine.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that a liberal gain of 54 members. Gladstone was defeated in Oxford, his seat successfully for Mr. Gladstone. The elections were attended with even more than the usual amount of bribery and corruption.

The chiefs has broken out in Birmingham.—Constance Kent, who recently pleaded guilty to what was known as the Road Murder, which occurred some years ago, is sentenced to suffer death. The court and jury, it seems, were not so gallant as in the case of Miss Harris, the circumstances of whose crime were far less extenuating. The victim of Constance Kent's murder was a little child, and the murderer had been a young girl of fifteen or sixteen when the crime was committed. She was detected through her own confession.

On the 13th of July Richard Hildreth, author of the History of the United States, died at Florence, Italy.



THE INDO-EUROPEAN TELEGRAPH—LANDING THE CABLE IN THE MUD AT FAO, PERSIAN GULF.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

TRIAL OF MOWING-MACHINES.

A TRIAL of mowing-machines as to their efficiency and draft came off on the 25th and 26th of July, on the banks of the little river Bronx, at West Mount Vernon, on the Harlem road. The competition was for the prize of a gold medal offered by the American Institute for the best mowing-machine. Owing to the limited advertisement of the trial, and the short time allowed for preparation, but a few machines were present. About two thousand persons were present to witness the affair, but were kept waiting in the hot sun for hours after the appointed time.

As proving the merits of any one machine over the rest the trial can not be considered at all conclusive. It seems to us that at least a week's time should be given to such a trial, and that, under all the circumstances of various growths of clover and grass, the month of June decidedly offering the most advantages. The horses should be ordinary farm-horses, no great superiority of one team over another being allowed; the wear and tear of machines, the condition of the horses, and the amount of work done all taken into consideration. The best farmers do not believe any thorough test of machines can be made in a day with picked men and horses, and machines much more highly wrought than the average of those kept for sale.

The trial, on the whole, resulted favorably for the mechanical interests concerned. It conclusively proved the superiority of machine over hand labor.



TRIAL OF MOWING-MACHINES, JULY 25 AND 26, AT WEST MOUNT VERNON.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.]

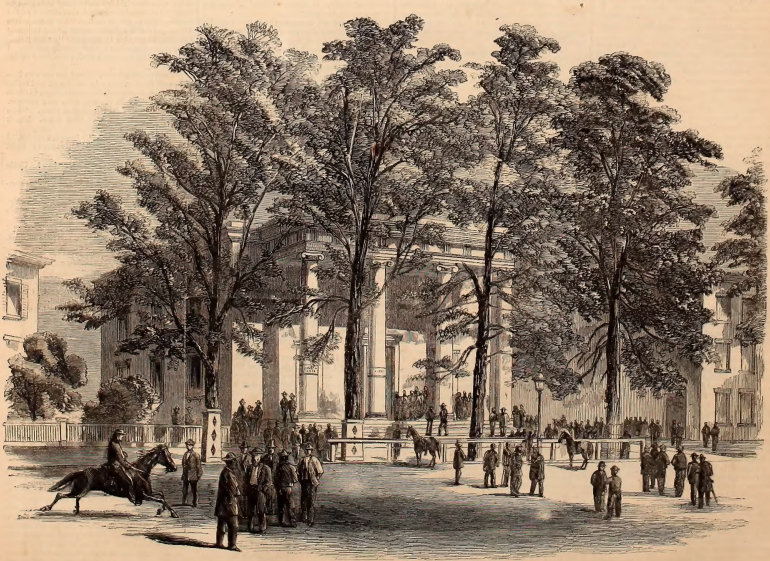


THE RICHMOND ELECTION, JULY 25, 1865—THE POLLING AT THE FIRST MARKET-HOUSE, CORNER OF MAINE AND 17TH STREETS.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

THE RICHMOND ELECTION.

THE various elections now going on in the States recently in rebellion are a cause of deep interest and solicitude throughout the country, for upon the spirit evinced in these elections will very much depend the mode of treatment to be henceforth accorded the Southern States by the Government. We know of no State which is watched with more anxiety than Virginia; for, now as heretofore, her actions form a guide and model for the remaining portion of the South.

The election which took place in Richmond on Tuesday the 25th July was of unusual consequence, and involved the selection of a Mayor and all other municipal officers. The military authorities, with commendable reticence, refrained from taking any steps whatever that could be, directly or indirectly, construed into an attempt at influencing the result. They were determined that it should be a spontaneous exhibition of the feeling existing among the people. That feeling does not appear to have been all that could be desired by the military authorities and the "Unconditional Union" portion of the com-



THE RICHMOND ELECTION, JULY 25, 1865—POLLING AT THE CITY HALL, MADISON WARD.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

munity, as the results showed that a marked preference was given to those who could claim active participation in the insurgent army, and that Mr. TAYLOR, the avowed Union candidate, lost his election by a published card distinctly declaring his sentiments. For these and other inimical symptoms General TERRETT annulled the election.

We give on page 501 two sketches by Mr. J. R. HAMILTON, one representing the City Hall, the place of polling in Madison Ward, and the other the Market-house, Jefferson Ward. The City Hall is a plain building, the facade of which is almost hidden from the street view by luxuriant foliage. It was erected in 1821, after the fire burning of the Richmond Theatre, and afterward remodeled in 1854. Here is held the Mayor's Court, the Court of Hustings, the Superior Common Law Court, and other municipal offices. The new Market-house was erected about 1854, on the site of the old fire Market-house, which had been standing there ever since the early duration of the city. The upper part was used during the war as a rendezvous for Confederate troops, and is now employed as a barrack for our soldiers. There is a third polling-place in the upper part of the city (the Monroe Ward), which is in the old blacksmith shop of THOMAS C. EYRE, and is a very old and dilapidated structure.

GIRDLING THE WORLD BY TELEGRAPH.

IT is now quite certain, in the event of the success of the Atlantic Telegraph, that within the next five years there will be a continuous system of telegraphic communication around the globe. We give this week on our first page, and on pages 500, 501, 505, and 508, a large number of illustrations relating to each of the three important sections or departments of this world-surrounding system. The telegraph map of the world on page 508 will give our readers at a glance the whole of this grand system of intercommunication. The three separate divisions may be thus designated:

I. The Atlantic Telegraph, from Valentia to Heart's Content, connecting Europe with America.

II. The Overland Telegraph, connecting America with Asia.

III. The Indo-European Telegraph, connecting Asia with Europe.

The most important of these three sections, and at the same time the most uncertain, is the Atlantic Telegraph. The cable, which was completed on the 29th of May, has a continuous and uninterrupted circuit of 2300 miles. Every possible precaution has been regarded in its construction, and in paying it out. As the former cable, though not nearly so carefully wrought, was momentarily a success, it seemed to demonstrate the possibility of a telegraphic communication across the Atlantic. The present cable will bear a strain upon it of two tons and three-fourths tons. If successful—and its patrons surely deserve success for their perseverance—it will be the greatest triumph ever achieved by mechanical art over nature. Its success will be something more brilliant than the achievement of the most exciting romance, more poetic than Shakespeare's happiest thought.

The Overland Telegraph, of which we give a separate description elsewhere, is peculiarly important to this country and to Russia; and, in case of any failure or interruption in the great Atlantic cable, will afford communication between Europe and this country across Asia.

Great Britain has granted a charter for the construction of the line through her American possessions, and last July Congress, in chartering the company, directed the Secretary of the Navy to detail, for the use of the surveys and soundings along that portion of the Pacific coast, both of America and Asia, where it is proposed to establish the telegraph, one steam or sailing vessel, in his discretion, to assist in surveys and soundings, laying down submerged cable, and in transporting materials connected therewith. Secretary WELLES's "discretion" has already assigned the steamer Active to the ter, transferred from the Treasury to the Navy Department, which has been refitted and arbed at San Francisco in the service of the company. The other and larger steamer was also sent out from this side. With the vessels already employed, and those that will be engaged in the construction and transport of materials and supplies, the land and naval force of the expedition will number not less than two thousand men.

New Westminster, the Gulf of Georgia, British Columbia, is the immediate base of operations. The first stretch will be from New Westminster to Fort Alexander, thence to Fort Fraser or Fort St. James, and thence to Fort Bulkley, a distance, as the crow flies, of about four hundred miles. The country thus far has been explored and is settled "in spots" by fur-hunters and trappers. But beyond, on a nearly direct line to the Petty River, are forts and stations, here and there, belonging to or built for the Hudson's Bay Company. It is the necessity for supplies and materials will keep the exploring party, and still establish the telegraph line, nearer the coast, and the route proposed now completes an exploration of 3000 miles through wild and heretofore almost untrodden territory from Lake Babine, the centre of British Columbia, to the Yukon River, the extreme limit of the British possessions in America.

From Yukon River to Cape Prince of Wales, the nearest point to the Asiatic coast, the route is easy: and from that cape to Cape East, the distance across Behring Strait requiring a submerged cable, is only thirty-six miles.

On the Asiatic continent the point to be reached is the mouth of the Amoor River. The route may extend by land the entire distance, or only to Penjinsk Gulf, and by cable across the Okhotsk sea. To reach the mouth of the Amoor River will require a period of at least three years, and by that time the Russians will have completed the connecting line from this point to Irkoutsk, which is already connected by telegraph with St. Petersburg. Then, with or without the Atlantic telegraph line, the Puck prophecy of putting a girdle round the earth will be fully realized.

With the mouth of the Amoor River there are in reality two systems of telegraphic communication with Europe—the Indo-European and the line passing through Siberia to St. Petersburg. The Indo-European telegraph extends from England through Turkey and the Persian Gulf, partly by land and partly by sea. The route through the Persian Gulf was established by the latter to establish communication by way of the Red Sea. The line was laid under the direction of Colonel PATRICK ROBINSON, aided by Sir CHARLES BRIGHT and Mr. LATIMER CLARKE. The great difficulty in this work was the manufacture and laying of the enormous mass of cable, nearly 1500 miles, and weighing upward of 5000 tons. On the 3d of February, 1864, the laying of the first section, from Fao, which is a Gwadur and Mussendom, a barren promontory to the entrance of the Persian Gulf on the Arabian Sea, was commenced and was completed in the course of a month. On the 25th of March the section between Mussendom and Bushire was completed. The last section—between Bushire and the head of the Persian Gulf at Fao—was completed April 5. We give on page 500 a sketch of the laying of the shore end of the cable at Fao, which is a small Turkish village at the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates. At this point the extreme shallowness of the water for several miles made it necessary to land the cable in boats over a combination of mud and raise, which, however, was effected both difficult and dangerous. The communication by way of the Persian Gulf, which was recently interrupted, has been restored.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH IN PARIS.

WITH more patriotic fervor than ever before does the American abroad now turn his eyes to his own land. We give on page 509 of this number a view of the fête at Pre-Catelan, in Paris, given in honor of our national anniversary by the American residents at Paris. Four hundred persons were present at it. More than seven hundred persons responded to the generous invitation of our Minister, Mr. BIGELOW. The Diplomatic Corps were represented by the single exception of Prince METTERNICH, who was otherwise engaged. There were likewise at the festival descendants of the Revolutionary and BONCHAMPS—families intimately connected with our revolutionary history. With these exception the fête was, as it was meant to be, purely Americ

The company was received by Mr. BIGELOW, assisted by several American gentlemen residents here, and after a considerable portion of the guests had assembled, the Minister made a short and appropriate address of welcome. Later on, speeches were made by Mr. PEYSAM, United States Consul at Paris, Mr. CURTIS, of New York, and Hon. AMOS TUCK, of Boston.

9 AT 10 o'clock in the evening about sixty gentlemen joined in a commemorative dinner. It was served at supper, accompanied with music and speeches, at the restaurant of DESIRE BEAUJAIS, on the Boulevard Poissonière.

A LIFT IN THE WORLD.

WHEN for days, and even weeks, my eyes had rested every morning regularly on the advertisements of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, indited, indeed, only as regards liability), and read the reckless, flaming way in which the advantages of the new combination of life insurance were introduced to the public—spreading over half columns and columns of newspapers, I little thought the day would come when my whole household would be personally connected with that famous speculation. As I read of the four hundred bads they were to "put up," and of the enormous premiums, where the four hundred guests could be feasted; of the ladies' sitting-room, decorated in the most expensive style by Owen Jones; and of the spacious hall, the telegraphy, the "grand stair," the great pond that I must send up my name to leave at, that the magic "lift" which so mysteriously carried human beings up to the top flight of all—I little dreamed that a theatre would be opened for which was to be the scene of a drama full of the strangest and most absorbing interest to me.

Latterly, business, rich, and what not, had necessitated my absence from home for nearly two years. One of the reasons for this prolonged sojourn I must not conceal—I was "in love." Suddenly from a time preceding early youth—I had never been "strong," as it is called—I found myself one night, long after both these stages had been gone through, I had sat up a whole night on the deck of a steamer, with my feelings and my circumstances. It was a romantic night, and the time passed very sweetly indeed; but toward morning bracy drew down upon me, and settled on my chest. In a week "marked pulmonary symptoms" set in, to use my doctor's phrase; and in a month I had been "brought to death's door," to use other phrases, with the exception of confirmed difficulty of breathing. He said it was a tendency to asthma; it struck me as being entitled to all the honors of that description. It soon became so troublesome that I was recommended to go about and travel—which I did.

I came home by the Bay. The morning on which I got down was a "fifty" one, and the sun did not let day outside the harbor. We had to get on board in boats. We got to the boat—we had to descend a very slippery ladder. I got down safely, and saw that a fresh, gay young lady in screams of laughter was following, in that natural embarrassment about her dress which seems always to attend on the operations of ladies descending ladders or compulsory steps. She had a baby-cage on one hand, a parcel of shawls and cloaks in the other, and she came down facing the audience. I ran —that is, got up—to her assistance, kept the dress well down; and though I was rising and falling like a fisherman's float, owing to the rocking of the boat, I fancy I performed a real service. Her dressing-case was stowed away under a bench; with the assistance of a lunch the young lady herself was settled into her seat with much laughter and enjoyment. A few miserable-looking passengers—chastly by anticipation—looking with disgust on the raw sea and open boat, and accepting the ladder as though it were the ladder of a scaffold, were assisted down like sacks, and, after coiling still, began to swirl and roll through the waves.

The little incident of a dressing-case and the descent of the ladder was quite sufficient to justify a traveling intimacy. We were delightfully pleasant during that little voyage to the steamer. She was a hoyden, and wished the sail to be stretched tightly; so when I, the "old salt," was said, "I can *scull* over." The sailors were inclined to grumble, admiring her spirit and relish for nautical matters. But the elderly passengers, all moody, and whose traveling-caps seemed like the nightcaps of invalids, protested with anger and surliness against such a thing. I "sculled" a little more and more; and when we got to the delicate-looking, airy little steamer which was lying for our use with the huge passenger-ship each other, I thought that she was traveling alone; but it turned out that she was to meet her brother on board, who was to come off with the next open boat with all the luggage. While we waited for him, leaning on the bulwarks of the ship, she with her back turned up, and both of us looking across the sea toward the shore, she told me a few little particulars about her self. Her name was Rosa Darling.

How old was her brother? I asked; that is, Miss Darling's brother?

"Only Rosa," she said. "Scarcely a chaperone," she added, with a burst of laughter; "only a few months from the nursery. There was no harm in it. One could be doing traveling, you know!"

"To be sure," I said. "Darling—Darling!" She started.

"I was repeating your name," I said, smiling. "A charming one—so musical and melodious—Darling! Rosa Darling! I suppose you will change all the way up to town—Darling!" (I put the very slightest phrase of a pause between the two last words.) She was, she looked at me curiously, and burst out laughing.

"You say it so funnily," she said. "I half suspect you are laughing at me. It is not a little fat that I must lose it one day? So they tell me. It's in the natural course of things, you know."

"Incidentally," I said. "You must lose it, Darling—the name, I mean. It would be no more in nature," I added, fervently, "for you to retain that name than for a rose to smell fly backward, or that water to the town over there."

"I wish you had set for a comparison, but this did fairly well.)

"I was very near flying backward down the steps," she said, with a burst of laughter, "only for you."

"Yes," I said. "I believe I had the happiness of saving you, Miss Darling."

"Now," she said, in a grave voice, "I must interdict your using that name of mine, for fear of any mistakes."

"You do me wrong," I said. "Your brother—I was speaking of him. He is a Darling, too, is he not? Of the Darlings, I mean." I added, hastily, amending my speech, for fear she should think I put any one on the same level with herself.

The brother was a boy. He was about as intelligent and as useful as a walking-stick. No better choice could have been made. He might talk all the way up to town if he were silent.

We had a pleasant voyage. The rest of the passengers were very unwell, which contributed a good deal to our pleasantness; for we were both perfectly well, and laughed a good deal at their sufferings. We had a dinner to ourselves in town. To that nice great boat just opened, where they could "put up" four hundred beds, and where there was a "grand staircase" decorated in the most splendid manner by Owen Jones, and where there was a pneumatic hoist which—

"Which you must go down. Had I not heard all this before? and my prospectus-reading of two years occurred to me.

"Yes," I said, "the Grand Metropolitan, Limited, in forty thousand shares of twenty-five dollars each. So much paid up. Why, it was only opened the other day."

"It is a good deal talked of now," said a gentleman who had come down by the plate brother. "It's the finest thing in the city. People go there who don't want to go to a hotel—who are actually at variance with hotels. It is the hotel of the future. It is marvelous the perfection they have brought the thing to. So many thousand tons of water on the roof."

"I think I shall go there too," I said, enthusiastically. "I have a leading second already, but my legacy does not come in such a hurry. Miss Darling—I mean Miss Darling—you to!" She asked me then how long I were to stay in town. I replied, in a indefinite time, that it might stretch from a day to a year. On which she told me that she was going to spend her birthday, until, at least, her uncle came up from the country to fetch her. That would be in a week or ten days, or a fortnight, at the very latest. I said, "Then I, myself, for "in the absence of your excellent uncle, a third person would be of any use to you, or, I should rather say, of you would allow that person to make himself useful to you during your stay in the great metropolis, you would be conferring a favor on him —a real favor, I think," I added, "as the inmate of the same hotel—the probable inmate—he has some claim upon you. In this life, surely we should all help one another a little."

A curious light came into her eyes. She was going to reply favorably, when suddenly she gave a start, half jumped up and clapped her hands. "Why, there he is!" she cried in delight; "Call to him! Stop him! Bring him to me!"

Here was the old uncle. Confusion on him! I went reluctantly to the window, and looked up and down. "I can't see him," I said; "I don't see any one!"

"To be sure there he is," she said, impatiently, and going to the window herself. "There! Mr. Ridley, come here."

A man in a slate-colored tunic, turned up in the worst taste with orange, and carrying a rifle, looked back. He was the planiest creature I ever saw, with quite smooth shaved. He came running up.

"Ah," he said, "is that you? What a surprise!"

"Isn't it?" she said. "And who'd ever have thought of meeting you here? Get in, will you? Of course you will."

"I have got this musket and bag, Government stores, so must be careful, you know; but if you will have us all—"

"I am afraid," I said, "we could scarcely accommodate both you and your weapon. There is a large party coming back, a family—and if they find their seats gone—"

"Stop one, he said; "why didn't they keep them? At all events, you can tell them you did your best to keep them, and that I took them. And as to the rifle, we came pushing in, with his heavy gun and bag, which kept dropping on the ground, to the great risk of our feet.

"There," said he, at last, sitting down between me and her, and fanning his hot tan face with his regimental cap. "There we are, and I'll introduce you nice, I can tell you. Did I ever think, when I turned out of my bed this morning—which, by-the-way, was at five o'clock—that I should be in store for me? I did not, indeed." And he burst into the most objectionable of all laughs, known as the "horse-laugh," or horse-laugh, by reserving his great musket between his knees, and I saw that his fingers were still black with powder.

"Oh," he said, "I am not the last we met—we shall have such fun. And oh, Ridley"—this was the familiar addressing a gentleman by his surname—"Mr. Ridley, I am going to stay with him for a week, at the great new hotel, you know—what do you say to that?"

It will have been observed that all this time I was in a manner passed over; that I had sunk into an inglorious obscurity, being quite ignored by my former prosperity. Feeling this wanton degradation very acutely, I saw an opportunity here, and spoke in:

"You mean the new Metropolitan Hotel Palace Company, Limited, I think?"

"Yes," he said; "it all the same, I believe."

For the first time he looked at me straight, beginning with my sleeves, and so on upward. Presently he whispered to her with a curious smile, and she whispered to him; and when I had finished the whole of the rest of the journey they talked, and chattered, and whispered in this confidential way. Near the end of the journey I had recovered my ungrateful way in which she was behaving to me. After all, I had laid her under some obligation as regards the dressing-case and the descent of the ladder. But it was no matter. When the coarse Ridley got out at stations—which he did at nearly every one to fill what he called his "pockets-full"—we got on again into the old friendly footing. I began to think she was a little intimidated by his presence.

We arrived in the city. I had got my own luggage very quickly, and it lay on the ground beside me. I had also secured the dressing-case, to which I had certainly a little claim from past services. Suddenly the dashed Ridley looked about him. "I needn't," he said. "Here. Give it me. Thank you!"

I resisted this attempt. "I beg your pardon," I said. "I have a sort of claim—have I not?" I said to her, with a half smile.

"Oh, certainly," she said, "how" Uncle bought it for me when I went to school."

"Oh, I don't mean *that*," I said. "I mean coming out of the boat—you recollect."

"What the devil do you mean?" he said, roughly. "Give the lady her case, confound it;" and with a sudden fit he snatched it from me.

She saw the reproachful look in my face. "I am so much obliged to you," she said; "I mistook, you know."

Here was the carriage. They got in. I stood by, waiting, looking with a steamy expression at the seat. "We are all going to the same hotel," I said, "the Metropolitan Palace, Limited—not as regards the accommodation, I hope," I added, "indeed," repeating my little joke to mollify him.

"Exactly," he said; "I think we have ever; but we are full. Would you tell the fellow Metropolitan Hotel?"

"I see there is one vacant place," I said, re proachfully to her.

"Go on," he called; and they did go on.

We went to the same hotel. I was ravishingly with the appearance of the proportions and decorations. But that was only the first feeling. At other, and another of another order, I began to feel uncomfortable immediately. That feeling was be—or she (which should it be?). The fatal dressing-case, and the more fatal descent of the ladder, into the boat had done its work, and had made me more or less indifferent to Going Jones and his splendors. I was far more interested in what had been "put up," and even to that "hoist" or "lift" which moved by hydraulic power.

Ah! The lift. I am coming to that now. I used to meet her constantly. In the morning. In the evening. In the hall. In the great dining-room (where I never could get placed near her). She was always kind and good to me; but she was always with that Ridley. I was inclined to believe now that the odious fellow exercised a terrorism over her, the effect of which she had too much self-respect to show me. He called her Rosa, so was Tommy. She was living there; so was I. I may as well confess it now, I used to lie in wait for her in the hall, on all manner of flimsy pretexts; either

until she came down, or came in, or came up. But whether she came down or came in, somehow that Ridley fellow always contrived to thrust himself upon her. By some intriguing he managed to sit beside her at the dinners. No doubt she rebelled against this tyranny and persecution. Meanwhile, my life was becoming almost intolerable from agitation and struggle, and I felt it must end in some way—not life, but the state of things generally.

I have spoken of coming up and of going down; and I have avoided hitherto coming down to the portion of the narrative. There hangs thereby more than would be conceived—more certainly hangs than the whole chamber which the mysterious agency of science, as manifested in the hydraulic apparatus, raised to so many times its height. But there was yet another meaning in it. *She*, like most other guests, could hold herself of it. Am I following now? And when I was lying in wait, as I may call it, in the hall, I confess to a little artifice. When she had entered the apparatus and was to emerge, feign having forgotten a pocket-handkerchief or some other article, and would be transported in her delightful society up to the top. I was charming; I could have gone up and down from year's end to year's end without ever getting out. But, of course, could not do that. It is all all came to an end, and the lift—accursed invention—was at the bottom of it. I mean morally. Here are the particulars:

The very first journey we had made together he was there too, looking at me with undisguised insolence and baleful joy. She had noticed it, with great laughing and clapping of hands,

"I say, Ridley, Ridley! What a place to make a proposal in! Fancy two people shut up here together!"

He laughed loudly. "A good idea," he said; "worth making a note of."

"Not at all a bad idea," I said from a corner of the "lift."

He looked at me as he always did when I spoke.

"The only difficulty," he said, "is, that under certain circumstances it is absurd to provide for two people to get the opportunity of being alone. There are busy-bodies who will be always sticking themselves in where they are not wanted, and to whom, I think, for the good of the house even, I must give a lesson."

"Ah ha!" I said, smiling, "so despotic a course would scarcely be tolerated. The lift, as we all know, is public. Like a weighing-machine or the apparatus at Reading, any impertinent might was well shut up as introduce any restriction of the kind you allude to." He bowed, acknowledging his defect of my quiet retort. She laughed too. "You see," I said to her, "his plan would scarcely answer."

"I shall think of something that will, though," he said.

In a few days, however, there was a curious change. When she came into the hall with him, and while I was lying in wait until she should have entered the lift, she suddenly turned and said, "Oh, that machine is too troublesome. The stairs are twice as fast. What do you say to a race, Ridley?" And off she bounded, with that person in pursuit. For the moment my instinct was to follow also; but a few steps at a rapid pace soon showed me that I must stop. With a determination of action developed itself in a second, and at the end of the first flight I was panting in deep distress.

I give love to say that, under the instigation of Ridley, she carried out his unworthy tactics steadily on every occasion. They always went up by the stairs, and, as a matter of habit, avoided the lift. I had to make solitary journeys by the hydraulic agency. One evening, however, I found that the lift was no longer. I said to myself that it must come to a crisis one way or the other. Which was the one way or which was the other way I did not know and did not care; but the way should be discovered. As I was brooding over this the idea suddenly flashed upon me. What if the pulley-rope in question were not so confirmed? What if I braved its effects—tried—went into training a little? I might baffle it, and be once more on equal terms with the enemy.

I almost at once began to act on the suggestion; with a little practice I found my power of endurance improving marvelously. I progressed in a steady ratio. To my surprise, I found that shortly I could effect two flights of stairs on one day I could manage three on the following day. This promised well. And, the better to carry out my design, I determined to keep my training, as I might call it, a secret until I was perfect. Just as I was nearly perfect—which was on a Saturday—the news came to me that she was going away, that her uncle had written for her, and that she must leave by the four o'clock train. She did not tell me this herself, but I overheard her telling it to her Ridley friend. No time, therefore, was to be lost. Whatever I had to do had best be done, if it were to be done, done quickly. This is not the precise form of words used by the immortal Wellington; but it conveys his idea pretty accurately. In a moment I had the plan settled. Nearly the whole day I waited in or about the hall for her to come in. I had determined, in a word—barring in mind the remark so disparaging to a faint heart—to be bold and speak. I was in ambuscade, I say, the whole day, in or about the hall, rushing out of concealment whenever I heard any one coming. I believe the young lady who looked after the books and accounts at first thought I had designs on the property under her care, but afterward fancied I was a little "touched in the upper story." I could almost laugh at this notion now, for the upper story had something to do with my troubles.

Two—three—still she did not come. Surely she would pack? At least, if she trusted to a disorderly huddling up of her clothes, "any how," she was scarcely the girl I took her for. Now, of course she had packed already. Ah, she was hurrying in just in time—I ran to her.

"I Could you spare me a few moments—a hurried interview," I said, much agitated, "before you go? Five minutes would be sufficient."

"Bless you, my dear Sir, I haven't five seconds. I must be at the train at four."

"Three minutes, then," I said with reproach, "two—one! how hard you were talked to on latterly, and I did think, after the dressing-case and the lobster—"

"I assure you," she said, "I meant nothing—never intended it, at least."

"No," said I, "it wasn't you. I know perfectly well who put you up—"

She colored a little.

"Poisoned me!"

"Let me," said I, passionately, "let me go up with you, and speak what I have to say as we go up. I can go stairs now. I have learned how—"

"Go up stairs now?" she said, looking at me with wonder.

"Yes," I went on, "I have been training myself secretly, when you little thought what I was about. I began with one flight, then, emboldened by success, two and three.

There was a rush behind me. "Bless you," he said, "you haven't twenty minutes to get to the train. There are the boxes and things!"

"All ready," she said. "I am just going up stairs, and shall be down in a minute."

"Up stairs!" he said; "isn't there the lift? We won't mind it," he added, laughing, "as it is the last time, and, besides, I have something to tell you *privately*."

I looked at her bitterly.

"You'll say you'd take the stairs; but no matter." I turned to go.

"Do come," he said, taking her hand and drawing her to the lift. "I shall be very sorry, Sir, for God's sake keep off, and stop worrying us."

She went with him. Suddenly she turned, and said to me in a kind voice, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but if you have any thing to tell, or any message, you can go round by the stairs, and meet me at the top."

A capital idea. I gave her a look of intelligence to show that I understood the terrorism under which she was acting.

He slammed the door of the apparatus. They began to ascend, and I turned round and began what was literally for me a terrific and daring ascent. I was racing against time. I took three stairs at each stride. I knew there were four hundred in all. When I had done about two-thirds of the way I began to feel signs of distress. I was gasping, and had still half to go. But the lift was going was failing me—my false, faithless, treacherous training. They would be gone—he down even before me. But I kept on.

At last I was at the top, and O joy! there was she waiting patiently on the landing. She saw me come in—panting, blowing, drooping, with my head on one side, and my tongue hanging out. I could not have smiled forward, I suppose, if I would, for a balluster. Her face was all lit up with pleasure and delight and sympathy.

"Now," said she, "I can give you a minute, while Mr. Ridley has gone to see about the trunks. What do you want?"

"You!" I gasped out, with a sort of blow and guggle.

"*Me?*" she said, starting back.

"Yes," I said, "you must have—seen—it—long a-go—O my—(I shall never get over it! Early pulmonary. Deck of a vessel!)—I have a good constitution, and shall make you ha—ha—happy. O, I have no wi-nd—"

She burst out laughing. "My dear Sir, this is so kind and flattering, and I assure you I appreciate it. But it is unfortunate; you are a little bit late; O over so little!"

"Late!" I feebly, holding my side, and gasping.

"Yes," said she, "Mr. Ridley has been a little before you."

"Before me!" I cried, starting back. "When? Where? How?"

"Only two seconds ago," she said, leaning down her head, but from a different cause to that which affected mine. "He has just proposed for me—in the lift."

"In THE LIFT!" I cried, with a stamp. "O infernal hydraulic power! O wretched apparatus!"

"Good by," she said, as she went on; "if I had gone up by the stairs with you, it perhaps might never have occurred. Every hotel should have 'a lift.'"

ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES.

I HAD lately in my hands no less than three live specimens of the crocodile tribe, from South America, which I bought as alligators. They, however, turned out to be not true alligators, but the American crocodile. Any body can procure these little creatures, about as long as a soup-ladle, and as thick as a good-sized carrot. When warm they are very active, and scamper across the floor like elongated rats. I sometimes placed them on the hearth-rug, when they invariably took forty winks. During their nap I used to tickle them on the head, and they would open their mouths and cry "Don't, don't," as plain as possible. I had intended showing them as "talking crocodiles," in opposition to the "talking fish." When caught, they lashed their tails furiously from side to side, and snapped smartly with their long jaws. One of them, indeed, gave me a bite, but it did not hurt much, as their teeth were not very long, though as sharp as needles. They seemed very affectionate, and when one moved away the other looked up, and seeing his friend en route, sounded a march also. When in their cage (an aquarium) they had a fight for the saucer containing warm water (for the saucer would not hold two), and when they had settled this material point, they lay as quiet as "the babes in the wood," with a bit of loose flannel as a coverlet. One morning one of the little creatures died, in spite of every attention and care; for she had seen little bits of minced raw rump-steak for her supper the night before, and a comfortable warm bed before the kitchen fire. A letter had been sent a few days before by an amateur naturalist, to say that "she had a tortoise as her pet, and that the tortoise lately had not been very well, and she thought it was *pining to love*; where could she obtain a mate for it?" Keeping this in mind, I watched to see the gentleman crocodile would pine in love when his wife died. He must have been a hard-hearted brute, for he did not show the least symptoms of sadness; rather, on the contrary, I fancied that sometimes he cast an eye rather of hunger than of grief upon the deceased relict. I am not at all sure but that he was not "in two minds" whether he should not make a sly meal of her in my absence, and so answer to the character given me by "Robinson Crusoe," an old one-armed salt of my acquaintance, who, when describing his travels, with a high relish informed me, "Ah, Sir, there New Zealanders is rum chaps; when they have done with their wives they eats 'em." At the time I write the lizard is still residing alive and well, but I think he is more disagreeable and ill-tempered than he was. There is one great consolation, that he has not to fight with any other saucer every night at bedtime: he has it all to himself. A day or two afterward I learnt that another alligator arrived by the same ship, but I have no means to keep the stranger company; but when I visited him, I saw at once that my pair would do, as the new arrival was much too big to be a companion to my little fellow; for what chance would a fourteen-inch crocodile have against a three-foot crocodile, if they happened to have a row together? The big one would possibly have swallowed up the little one, who doubtless would have "disagreed" with him internally as well as externally. So I resolved to keep him, and try to fatten him, and, when fat, an not sure but that I should be a party of scientific friends and eat him *myself*.

And now, what is the difference between an alligator and a crocodile? I really do not know an answer better than that of the sailor when he said, "About the same difference between an attorney and a solicitor," although, of course, I do not join in the sweeping conclusion of the honest tar's simile, "They are all varmint together!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW-MADE justice of the peace, into whose office some dozen of his neighbors had followed a constable with a warrant in charge, to have the magistrate would fulfill his duty, determined to strike them dumb with awe. He sentenced the prisoners to twenty-one days' imprisonment, and concluded with all possible solemnity: "And the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul!"

A rich Philadelphia contractor, in a severe fit of the gout, said his physician he suffered the pains of the damned. "Not exactly, answered," Whist, sleepy!"

An Irish Presbyterian clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation: "I see, my friends, that we have all got here, but now just half through with my sermon; but, as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have had."

BOY IN GRAMMAR CLASS. — "Of what gender is Thomas?" "Thomas is of the masculine gender." "What gender is Susan?" "Susan is of the crinoline gender, of course."

A clergymen called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly bewailing the loss of an only son, a boy of about four or five years old. "Ah, Sir," said the weeping woman, "I cannot help thinking that 'one so young could not have committed any very grievous sin;' and that he must have gone to heaven!" "O, yes," said the simple-hearted creature, "I feel Tommy was in sin—and they are all struggling to get there!"

THE VALUE OF FAME.—A good story was told by Thackeray, who, while travelling, staid at an inn, and it soon became known to the rest of the company who he was, and in consequence he was frequently pointed out by those who recognized him by those who did not. Upon one occasion he heard the same said by a visitor, "That's the great Thackeray." "Is it?" said the visitor; "what has he done?" "Blessed if I know," said the waiter.

SPEED, THE — A gentleman who had long been subject to the accidental visitation of thieves in his grounds, wishing to preserve his property without the embarrassing agency of one's life, procured from a hospital the arm of a subject, which he placed on a pole, with a steel trap in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce that the owner of the left arm of the late Mr. —'s ground last night might receive it upon application." He was never robbed again.



A GREAT FOOL.—In particular to pronounce your words right. A friend of his used to break down in applying the word *grateful* to a man by emphasizing the last syllable.

MODERN HERALDRY.—Motto for my Uncle's Arms: "It's the spoon."

A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new book or dress without putting his foot in it.

A country girl, in speaking of the polka, says that "the dar-in' was nothin', but the buggin' was heavenly."

What is the merriest Sunday in the year—Wife-Sun day.

A MORAL INSTRUMENT.—An upright piano.

What quadrupeds are students of human nature, and dinner parties?—White kids.

An artist of some eminence has recently given his notions of the characteristics of color. He says white signifies purity, blue, fidelity, etc., etc., but appears to be in certain error in one point. He speaks of yellow as indicative of domestic trouble. We always thought blue the favorite color for the domestic brown of trouble.

A poor woman called at a grocer's the other day and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off and put into her bottle and jug. She then asked for another quart to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon and done with it?" "Oh! I lose more than half of a soul," answered she, "if *a for two* answers."

EPITAPH ON MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone.—Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles.—Why! quite right.
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now quadrupled out, at least Miles long he lies.
His grave, though small, contains a space so wide,
It has Miles in breadth, and Miles in length besides.

A doctor having returned a coat to his tailor, which it declared would not fit, was met by the latter at a future time two days after, and was then addressed: "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man!" "Why so?" replied the other. "Why, because you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands," directing his customer's attention at the same time to the grave.

COMETH CRABB.—Pretty shop girls.

An advertisement appeared in a morning paper requesting a young lady who had eloped, which contained as follows: "She is most earnestly requested to return to her disconsolate parents; but if she does not choose to comply with the foregoing request, she is earnestly desired to send the key of the tea-chest."

A NEW LIGHT FOR DEITIES.—Composition candles.

WANTED.—A button from the coat of the stomach.

When is a barber like something found in every carpenter's shop?—When he is a-shaving.

A young lady who had been severely interrogated a story by an ill-tempered counsel, observed, on leaving the witness-box, that she never before fully understood what was meant by cross-examination.

John B. Gough says: "Cork-screw have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save."

It is conceded that Cain wouldn't have killed his brother if he had not been Abel (able).

Keep thy eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.

The lady who "expressed a wish" is in search of a "husband."

If a person's right hand thinks it is a sign that he will receive a present, he is a fool to explain also to others.

In a negro class-meeting at Richmond, Sam Johnson was called on to pray, and before he had closed his prayer the leader called out: "Sam Johnson, you have your rent and let Brudder Sugden pray; he is better acquainted wid de Lord dan you." Another was called to speak, an after speaking about five minutes was called to order, and told the rain had nothin' to do with it, and he might take his seat.

An avaricious man is like a sandy desert, that ranks in the rain but yields a little when sunshine has appeared.

AN ANTI-BANTING PARADOX.—How often do we see stout man lean when he is fat-tigued.



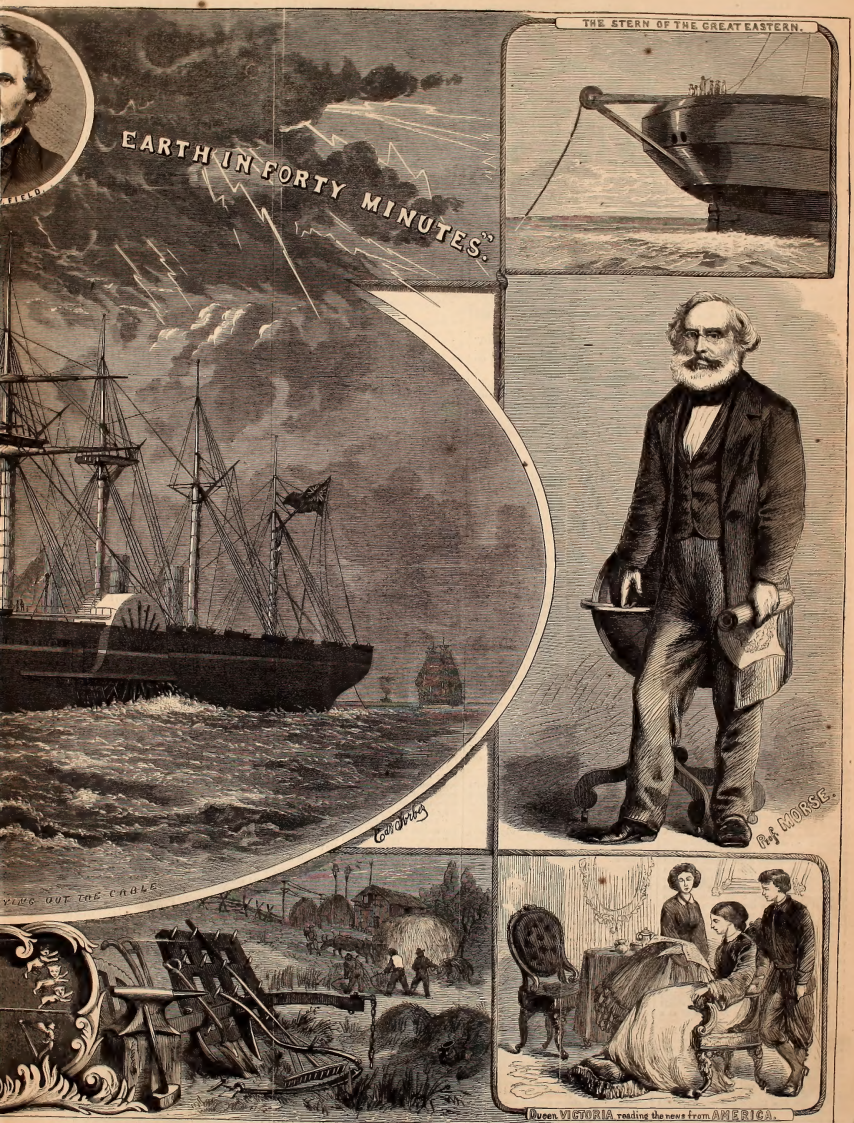
DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

FANNY. "Now, Willie dear, *do* have a little courage.....When *I* have Powder to take, *I* don't like it any more than you do.....but I make up my mind that I *will* take it, and I *do*."

WILLIE. "And when *I* have a Powder to take, I make up my mind that I won't take it, and I *don't!!!*"



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRA



CABLE.—[See Page 502.]

A FAREWELL.

I scorn the transient thought I had
To stand aloof from Life's great fight,
Thy gentle precepts teach me what
Is manly, brave, and right.

Yes! I will to myself "be true,"
Unconquered by my ceaseless pain,
Remembring that, though Joy be gone,
Still Duty doth remain.

How sweet it is to love, my soul
Already known too well, too well;
How sweeter to be loved, alas!
My life will never tell.

But there's a nobler aim for each
Than the poor goal of his desires—
It is to follow out those thoughts
The voice of God inspires:

To bid farewell, with stern resolve,
To every sweet, fond, selfish plan,
And only strive to bring to light
The Godlike in the man.

In this sad, busy March of Life
It is the weakest sink and fall;
"Be up and doing!" ever is
The Leader's bugle-call.

I would not bind thy life to mine;
Thou art too pure, sweet girl, for me;
I ought not wish for bliss that might
Bring wretchedness to thee.

Though love, for me, is nothing but
An unfulfilled and broken dream,
It lights my path so bright I may
Find heaven by its gleam.

And so farewell—If any man
Should win that love denied to me,
I'll try not envy his bright lot,
But only think of thee.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ABOUT SWITZERLAND.

YOUR English match-maker is, for the most part, a comfortable matron, plump, good-natured, kindly, with a turn for sentiment and diplomacy. She has "The Etiquette of Courtship and Love" at her fingers' ends; and gives copies of that invaluable little manual to her young friends as soon as they are engaged. When the storm is dull, she amuses herself by reading the solemnization of matrimony. She delights in novels that have a great deal of love in them, and reads Miss Bremer at least once than Mr. Thackeray. To patch up lovers' quarrels, to pave the way for a proposal, to propitiate reluctant guardians, are offices in which, for very soul rejoices; and, like the death-bed hog in the Bride of Lammermoor who avenged all her fellow-creatures from a professional point of view, seeing "a bonny corpse" in every fine young man about that country-side, she beholds only bridegrooms and brides elect in the very children of her friends, when they come home for the holidays.

Lady Arabella Walkingshaw was an enthusiastic match-maker. She had married off her own daughter with brilliant success; and, being a real lover of the art of matrimony, delighted "to keep her hand in" among the young people of her acquaintance. What wilful woe to Miss Battle match-making was to Lady Arabella Walkingshaw. "It was her business, her duty, what she came into the world to do." She went about it scientifically. She had abstruse theories with respect to eyes, complexions, ages, and Christian names; and even plunged into unknown physiological depths on the subject of races, genealogies, tics of connection, and hereditary characteristics. In short, she constructed her model matches after a private ideal of her own. But here was not altogether a sentimental case even a physiological ideal. She was essentially a woman of the world, and took an interest quite as deep, if not direct, in the pairing of fortunes as of faces. To introduce an income of ten thousand a year to a dowry of fifty thousand pounds, and unite the two sums in the books (and settlements) of wedlock, was to Lady Arabella an enterprise of overpowering interest. She would play for such a result as eagerly and passionately as if her own happiness depended on the cards, and the stakes were for her own winning.

With such a hobby kept perpetually saddled in the chamber of her imagination, it was not surprising that the sight of Saxon Trefalden, leading Miss Hatherton down to dance should have sufficed to send Lady Arabella off at a canter.

"What a charming match that would be!" said she to Mrs. Bunyon. Mrs. Bunyon was the wife of the handsome Bishop, tall, aristocratic-looking, and many years his junior. Both ladies were standing near their hostess, and she was still welcoming the coming guest.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Bunyon, doubtfully. "I don't see why."

"My dear Mrs. Bunyon—two such splendid fortunes!"

"The less reason that either should marry for money," replied the Bishop's wife. "Besides, look at the difference of ages!"

"Not more than five years," said Lady Arabella.

"But it would be five years on the wrong side. What do you say, Lady Castletowers—would they make a desirable couple?"

"I did not hear the names," replied Lady Castletowers, with one of her most gracious smiles.

"We were speaking," said the match-maker, "of Miss Hatherton and Mr. Trefalden."

The smile vanished from Lady Castletowers's lip.

"I should think it a most injudicious connection," she said, coldly. "Mr. Trefalden is a mere boy, and has no prestige beyond that of wealth."

"But fortune *is* position," said Lady Arabella, defending her ground inch by inch, and thinking, perhaps, of her own marriage.

"Miss Hatherton has fortune, and may therefore aspire to more than mere wealth in a matrimonial choice," replied the Countess, with a slightly heightened color, and dropped the conversation.

Mrs. Bunyon and Lady Arabella exchanged glances and a "covert smile. Moving on presently with the stream, they passed out of Lady Castletowers's hearing, and returned to the subject.

"Their united fortunes," pursued Lady Arabella, "would amount to five millions, if not more. Only conceive it—FIVE MILLIONS!"

"You shall meet with no sympathy from Lady Castletowers," said the Bishop's wife, significantly.

"Evidently not. Though, if there were really a coronet in prospect—"

"I think there *is* a coronet in prospect," said Mrs. Bunyon.

Lady Arabella shook her head.

"No more than there is a crown matrimonial," said she. "I am a close observer of young people, and I know quite well what direction the Earl's inclinations take."

"Indeed!"

"He is never head and ears in love with Mademoiselle Colonna, is he? Lady Arabella, confidentially. "And has been for years."

"Does Lady Castletowers know it?"

"I think not."

"And do you suppose they are secretly engaged?"

"Oh dear, no! Mademoiselle Colonna, I believe, discourages his attentions—greatly to her credit."

"It is a marriage that would be highly distasteful to Lady Castletowers," observed Mrs. Bunyon.

"It would break her heart," said Lady Arabella.

"She is ambitious."

"—and poor. Poor as a mouse."

If Lady Castletowers had not been a Countess, a Hôtel-Dieu, and the daughter of an Earl, Lady Arabella Walkingshaw could scarcely have forgiven her this fact. She was one of that large majority to whom poverty is a crime.

In the mean while Miss Hatherton had found excited Saxon could not dance, but, when the first shyness of introduction had worn off, could actually talk as well. So she set herself to draw him out, and his naïveté amused her excessively.

"I don't mean to let you hand me to a seat, and get rid of me, Mr. Trefalden," said she, when the quadrille was over, and the dancers were promenading up and down the hall. "You must sit down in Miss Englefield's place, and talk to me. I want you to tell me ever so much more about Switzerland."

"I am glad to find any one who cares to hear about it," said Saxon. "It is a subject of which I am never weary."

"I dare say not. I only wonder how you can endure this life of tinsel and glitter after the liberty of the mountains. Are you not disgusted with the insipidity and frivolity of fashionable society?"

Saxon looked at her with dismay.

"What do you mean?" said he. "The world here has been very kind to me. I never dreamed that its smiles were false or its kindness insincere."

Miss Hatherton laughed.

"Well, I find it out," said she, "when you've lived in it a little longer."

"I hope not. I should be very unhappy if I thought it."

"Well, then, don't think so. Enjoy your illusions as long as you can. I have outlived mine long ago. But I'm not here to let us talk of something pleasanter—of Switzerland. Have you ever hunted the chamois?"

"Hunted what?"

"How charming! High up, I suppose, among the snows?"

"Among the snows, along the edges of precipices, across the glaciers—wherever the chamois could spring, and the hunter follow!" replied Saxon, with enthusiasm.

"That's really dangerous sport, is it not?" said Miss Hatherton.

"It is less dangerous, of course, to the practiced mountaineer than to one who is new to the work. But there can be no real sport without danger."

"Why so?"

"Because sport without danger is mere slaughter. The risks ought never to be all on the side of a helpless beast."

"That is just and generous," said Miss Hatherton, warmly.

Saxon blushed, and looked uncomfortable.

"I have not only been over a glacier, but down a crevasse after a chamois many a time," said he, hurriedly. "I shot one this very spring, as he stood upon an ice-ridge, between two chasms. I ought not to have done it. I ought to have waited till he was on a more open spot; but, having him well within range, I brought him down. When I reached the spot, however, there was my chamois wedged half-way down a deep, blue, crush-looking crevasse—and I had no alternative but to get him out or leave him."

"So you cut steps in the ice, as one sees in the pictures in the Alpine-club books!"

"No; I simply tied the cord that every mountaineer carries round the stock of my rifle, fixed the gun firmly across the mouth of the chasm, and let myself down. Then I tied another cord round my chamois, and when I had reached the spot again I drew him up after me. Nothing is easier. A child can do it, if he is used to the ice and is not afraid. In all glacier work it is only the rash and the timid who are in danger."

"And what other sport do you get?" asked Miss Hatherton. "Are there any eagles about the mountains of the Grisons?"

"Not so many as there used to be. I have not shot more than five or six within these last three years; but I robbed many an eagle's nest when I was a boy. Then, you know, we have the steinbok, and in winter the wolf; and sometimes we get the chance of a brown bear."

"Here you ever shot a bear, Mr. Trefalden?" said Miss Hatherton, intensely interested.

"I have shot two," replied Saxon, with a flush of boyish pride, "and made sledge-rugs of their skins. You have never been in Switzerland?"

"Oh yes, I have," replied Miss Hatherton; "but only in the beaten tracks, and under the escort of a courier, like a maniac with a keeper."

"Ah, you really know nothing of the country," said Saxon. "Neither of the country nor the people. The Switzerland that the Swiss loves is that wild, free, upper region where there are neither hotels nor hotels, tourists nor guides; but only dark pine forests and open plateaux, the haunt of the marmot, the ptarmigan, and the chamois."

"I never saw but one chamois," said Miss Hatherton, "and that was a poor fat melancholy creature, in a large park."

"Of course you never visited Switzerland in the winter?"

"Oh dear, no."

"And yet that is the most glorious time of all, when the plateaux are all sheeted with snow, and the great peaks rise above them like marble obelisks, and even the pines stand out white against the deep blue sky."

"What an enthusiast you are!" laughed Miss Hatherton.

"I love my country," replied Saxon.

"You need not tell me that. But what can you do in winter, snowed up in those wild valleys?"

"We are not snowed up. We have sledges; and the deeper the snow lies on the roads and passes the better the sledges fly along. You should see the Rheinthal between Chur and Thusis, on a bright day in the depth of winter, when the sledges are going in the sunshine, and the air is full of the music of the bells."

"How delightful!"

"Indeed it is delightful. Then we also skate, practice with the rifle, carve wooden toys, and attend to the winter work of our farms; and sometimes, if there is a wolf or a wild boar about the neighborhood, we have a great hunt by torchlight. Winter is the time for Switzerland! Ask any Swiss who is not a townsman, and he will tell you the same story."

"I suppose you mean to go back there some day?" said Miss Hatherton.

"Go back!" echoed Saxon. "Why, of course I do. It is my—my country—my home!"

"Then if I were to come some Christmas to Chur would you be very kind to me, and show me some of these winter sports?"

"That I would!" exclaimed Saxon. "And I would buy the loveliest Canadian sledge for you that money could purchase; and you should see a boar hunt by torchlight; and a Schützen Fest; and a wrestling match; and I would find you a young chamois to pet. Above all, you would know my dearest father, and if you loved Switzerland for no other reason, you would love it for his sake."

"Your father?" said Miss Hatherton. "I had no idea that he was living."

"He is my uncle," replied the young man; "but my father by adoption. He is a Lutheran pastor—a simple country pastor; but as simple as a child, and as pious as an apostle."

"I hear you are terribly learned yourself, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton, rising abruptly. "But what is this they are going to do—a waltz? Do you waltz?"

"Try and not," said Saxon, merrily. "It is our national dance—the only dance I ever knew, till I learned these hideous quadrilles a few weeks ago."

In another moment he had encircled the heiress's waist with his arm, and was flying round the hall with her in those smooth, swift circles which no dancers, however good, can execute like the Swiss peasants. Miss Hatherton was delighted; for she valued a good partner above all things, and Saxon was the best waltzer in the room.

She would willingly have danced and talked with him all the rest of the evening; for Miss Hatherton's tastes were unusual, and cared very little for the remarks of lookers-on; while Saxon, pleased with her blunt candidity, and with the equal relation they gone on waltzing, and praising a Swiss life, till it was time to hand her to her carriage. But this was not to be. Lady Castletowers, who, in her quality of hostess, always knew what her guests were doing, was by no means disposed to permit any such proceeding; so she dispatched her son to dance with the heiress, and, having sent for Saxon, herself detained him over to Miss Colonna for the next quadrille.

By this time the arrivals were over, and the departures had begun; and after supper was served the rooms cleared rapidly. By two o'clock all were gone, save those guests who remained for the night, and of these there were about a dozen.

Then Viscount and Lady Esher, who had brought valet and maid in their suite, retired to the stately apartments prepared for their reception; and the young men all went down to the Earl's smoking-room; and the Colonnas, instead of going to bed, like the rest of the guests, repaired to the little study in the turret. They had much to talk over. Mr. Thompson, the liberal merchant, had brought them information of Garibaldi, and a packet of letters from friends in London and Turin; Miss Hatherton and Mr. Walkingshaw had promised contributions to the fund; and Mrs. Bunyon had undertaken to distribute some clothes, and fill up a card among her friends. With the Eshers and Lord Rochhill there was, of course, nothing to be done. Like Lady Castletowers, they looked upon liberty as a vulgar institution, and upon patriots in general as doubtful characters.

The quarters read, and such entries made as were necessary, the father and daughter rose to say good-night.

"You have done nothing yet, Olimpia," said the Italian. "Here is the fourth day already gone."

"I know it."

"I have talked with him once or twice about our country's cause, and he listens willingly; but I have purposely abstained from doing more. The work is yours—why do you delay it?"

"I will start directly I can," replied Olimpia, impatiently; "I will begin it to-day."

"He is so rich," said Colonna, "and Italy so poor; and every letter we receive is a prayer for help!"

"You need not urge me. Have I not said to-day? and see—the gray is already in the sky!"

She bade him good-night abruptly, and went along the silent corridors to her own room, far away. But the gray had paled to white, and the white had turned to sunlight, before she took the flowers from her hair, or the bracelets from her arms, or even seemed to remember that it would be well to seek an hour or two of sleep. When she did, then, that which at last she threw herself, half dressed, upon the bed, her eyes looked worn and hollow, and her cheek scarcely less white than the pillow against which it was laid?

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW SAXON IMPROVED THE WEATHER-COCK AT CASTLETOWERS.

"WHAT the deuce can we do to amuse all these people?" said Lord Castletowers to Major Vaughan, as they sat on the terrace before the first morning after the party. "The Eshers, I know, go early, and my mother will take care of the ladies; but how are we to get rid of all the house, none of whom are likely to leave before night. What is to be done?"

"Billiards."

"Well enough for an hour or two; but après?"

"We might ride over to Guildford, and beat up the quarters of those forty-second men who were here last night."

"Impossible. There are only five ridinghorses in the stables, including yours and Trefalden's; and I haven't even guns enough to take them out shooting; if there were any thing to shoot, except rooks—which there isn't!" said the Earl, in desperation.

"Then I don't know what we can do, unless we put on the fire-escape. But here comes the Arcadian; perhaps he can suggest something."

The Arcadian meant Saxon, who, in a subsequent that had befallen him of late, no one knew how. The difficulty was no sooner explained to him than he proposed a new idea.

"Let us organize a Volks-fest in the Swiss fashion," said he. "We can shoot at a mark, sing, and run foot-races; and invite the ladies to award the prizes."

"A famous idea!" exclaimed the Earl. "The very thing! By Jupiter, cool day like this!"

"We must choose a space of level sward to begin with," said the major, "and improvise a grand stand for the ladies."

"And elect an umpire," said Saxon.

And he was up once more, and off the Earl. "I will give the bronze copy in the library—it is an antique from Pompeii."

"And I my gold pistols," said Saxon.

"And I—Bah! I am such a poor devil," said Vaughan. "I possess nothing of any value except my rifle and my horse."

"The best riches of a soldier, Major Vaughan," said Mademoiselle Colonna. "But may I ask why this parliament is being held upon the stairs?"

She had just come, unheard, along the carpeted corridor, and stood waiting a few steps higher than the trio in consultation. She wore a delicate gray dress of some soft material, trimmed with black velvet, and a little linen collar fastened at the throat by a circular brooch of Roman gold. Behind her stood the relic of a once-romantic; while, through the uppermost roses of a huge Gothic window that reached from nearly the top to the bottom of the dark oak staircase, a stream of vivid sunshine poured down upon her head, so that she stood in the midst of it, in her pale, proud beauty, as if inclosed in a pillar of light.

The three men looked up, dazzled, almost breathless, as if in presence of some glorified apparition; and for a moment none replied.

Mademoiselle Colonna, after waiting, with her fine womanly instinct, the spell by which they were bound, moved a step lower out of the sunshine, and said:

"All silent? Nay, then, I fear it is not a parliament but a plot."

"It is a plot, rejoined Vaughan. "We are planning some out-of-door sports for this afternoon's entertainment. Will you be our Queen of Beauty, and graciously condescend to distribute the prizes?"

The Earl colored up, and bit his lip impatiently.

"Vaughan's promptitude," said he, "bears hardly upon those whose wit or audacity is less ready at command. I had myself intended to solicit this grace at Miss Colonna's hands."

"The race, my dear fellow, is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, in the affairs of life," replied Vaughan, carelessly. "But what says our sovereign lady?"

"That the dames not pledge her royal word too hastily. Mine, you know, is not an honorary secretaryship; and I know not well what this morning's post may bring for my pen. Besides, I must hear what arrangements Lady Castlemoves may have in contemplation."

"I don't think my mother will make any that shall deprive us of the light of her countenance on such an important occasion," said the Earl. "But there goes the gong. We must adjourn this debate till after breakfast."

Lady Castlemoves was pleased to approve her son's scheme, and promised not only to honor the course with her presence at half past two o'clock, but to bring with her two young ladies who had slept at the house and were to have been driven home early in the morning. These were the daughters of a poor clergyman who lived about twelve miles off, and, being very young and timid, looked up to the stately Countess as though she were the queen of heaven. Miss Colonna, being urged thereto by Lady Castlemoves herself, was induced to accept the royal office; and, although Viscount and Lady Eslesmere, of course, too magnificent to alter their plans, left the house very early that hour before shortly after breakfast, the patronage of the little fête promised to be quite brilliant enough to stimulate the ambition of the candidates.

It was a happy thought, and gave ample occupation to every body concerned. There were six young men in that day at Castlemoves House: Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Saxon Trefalden, all of these six were Hon. Fulham Hay, of Baliol College, Oxford; the Hon. Edward Brandon; Lieutenant Frank Torrington, of the Fourth Lancers; Lord Greenville, of the Peregrine office; and two brothers named Sydney and Robert Pulteney, belonging, as yet, to no any profession whatever. The last was not "the making" of one really prominent man among the whole half-dozen. These were not, perhaps, more than commonly clever men; but they were, for all that, a by no means indifferent specimen lot of the stuff of which English gentlemen are made. They were all of patrician blood—all honorable, good-natured, good-looking, manly young fellows, who had been brought up to ride, speak the truth, and respect the game-laws. They dressed perfectly, and talked in terms to admiration. They spoke that conventional dialect which passes for good English in good society, and expressed themselves with that epigrammatic neatness that almost sounds like wit, and comes naturally to men who have been educated at a great university and belong to a crack regiment or a government office, or a Pall Mall club. And they were all dancing men, and nearly all members of the Cavendish. Of the whole set the Hon. Edward Brandon was the most indifferent specimen of the genus homo; yet even he, though short-sighted and dull, did his work tolerably, and, however poorly off for muscle, had as much "pluck" as many a better man.

The whole breakfast-party hailed the scheme with enthusiasm, and even Signor Colonna said he would go down to see the running. Prizes were freely subscribed over the breakfast-table. Lady Castlemoves promised a curious yataghan that had belonged to Lord Raglan, and been given to her late husband by a member of the poet's family; Signor Colonna offered an Elzevir Horace, with an autograph of Napoleon on the title-page; and the competitors united in making up a purse of twenty guineas, to be run for in a one-horse chay, and handed over by the winner to Miss Colonna for the Italian fund. After the young men, they dispatched their breakfasts with the rapidity of school-boys on a holiday morning, and were soon hard at work upon the necessary preparations.

To choose and measure a smooth amphitheatre of sward about half a mile from the house, set up a winning-post for the races, a target for the marksmen, and a temporary grand stand for the spectators, was work enough for more than the four hours and a half that lay between ten and half past two; but these amateur workmen, assisted by the village carpenter and his mate, as well as by all the grooms, gardeners, and coachmen that could be got together, worked with so good a will that the ground was ready a full hour and three-quarters before the time. The grand stand alone was a triumph of ingenuity. It consisted of a number of kitchen tables severally lashed together, on which were placed a carpet and some chairs, the whole structure being surmounted by a canopy formed of a brick cloth suspended to a tree and a couple of tall stakes.

Having gone once over the course at a "slinging" pace in the ground, the young men returned to the house at one o'clock, furiously hungry and in tremendous spirits.

Castlemoves had ordered luncheon to be prepared for them in the smoking-room, and there, laughing, talking, eating, and drinking all at once, they made out the programme of the games.

"What shall we begin with?" said the Earl, pencil in hand. "We must end, of course, with the one-mile race, and I think we ought to take the rifle work first, before running has made our hands less steady."

"Of course. Rifles first, by all means," replied three or four voices together.

"Names, then, if you please. Now, gentlemen, who goes in for the bronze cup at eight hundred yards?"

"On what conditions?" asked one of the luncheoners.

"The usual conditions. Five shots each, at eight hundred yards; ordinary Enfield rifle; Wimbledon scoring, that is to say, outer, two; centre, three; bull's-eye, four."

"Eight hundred's rather long practice for outsiders," said another man, immersed at the moment in chicken-pie.

"If we had small bores I should put it down at a thousand," replied the Earl; "but there's only one in the house.

The man with the pie was heard to'd mutter something unintelligible about the abundance of gooseberries; but being instantly choked by his nearest neighbor, relapsed into moody silence. In the mean while the Earl continued to canvass for competitors.

"Count," said he, "this will never do. I have only three names yet—Burgoyne, Torrington, and Vaughan. Whom else? I can't enter myself for the cup, own gallant I must have three more names."

"You may put me down, if you like," said Mr. Guy Greville. "I shall be sure to shoot somebody; but it don't signify."

"And me," said Major Vaughan.

"Thanks. Burgoyne, Torrington, Vaughan, Greville, Fellham Hay—five won't do. I want six at least. Come, gentlemen, who will stand for number six?"

"Why, Trefalden, of course!" exclaimed Vaughan. "Saxon Swiss are born riflemen. Put his name down."

"No, no," said Saxon, hastily. "Not this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you are de la première force, are you not?" asked Castlemoves.

"I used to shoot once," said he; "but I was in practice," said Saxon, with some embarrassment; "but I'd rather not compete now."

The Earl looked surprised, but was too well bred to insist.

"If you won't," said he, "I must find some one who will. Syd Pultney, I shall enter you for my aixth shot, and that settles match number one. Gentlemen, please remember to enter names for the second rifle match; the prize for which will consist of a magnificent pair of elephants' tusks mounted in gold, generously offered by an honorable competitor who declines to compete. I do not mention the honorable competitor's name, because he is a modest young man, and given to blushing. Now, gentlemen, you will please to remember that this is a solemn national occasion, and that I am here upon you!"

And so, rattling on in the gayety of good spirits, the Earl enrolled the second party. Next in order came the long jump of eighteen feet, for Signor Colonna's purse; then the race of one hundred yards, for Lady Castlemove's prize; and, last of all, the one-mile race. This event Castlemoves purely dignified by the name of "the Italian Cup," and entered for by the whole of the athletes.

When the programme was fairly made out Castletowers called Saxon aside, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, led him into the billiard-room, and said:

"Trefalden," said he, "may I ask you a question?"

"Twenty, if you like," replied Saxon.

"No—one will do, if you answer it honestly. Why don't you put in a shot at either of the rifle-matches?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I'd rather not," he said, after a momentary pause.

"But why? You must be a good marksman."

Saxon nodded assent.

"To tell you the truth," said the Earl, "I'm disappointed. I had looked to you for a display of skill, and you have given us none brilliant. I think you should have gone into the field, if only to maintain the honor of the Swiss rifles."

Saxon laughed good-humoredly.

"Do you really want your question answered?" said he.

"Of course."

"Then wait a minute while I fetch my gun." He rose as he spoke, and presently reappeared outside the window, rifle in hand.

"Look there," he said, pointing to the roof of the stables. "A young hawfinch is creeping to it. It was a gift cock, like that which Goethe used to admire, as a child, on the Ober Main. Thor at Frankfort, and just then alighting with the breeze, and flashing in the sunshine like a yellow diamond. The Earl threw up the window and leaned out.

"I should think so," he replied. "I have seen it preen nearly every day of my life ever since I was born."

"How far off is it do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know; perhaps six hundred yards. But you can't hit a thing that blazes like a comet, and is never still for two seconds together."

"It's an ugly bird," said Saxon, bringing his gun to his shoulder. "Do you think he'll look more like a comet if I hit him in the head?"

The words were no sooner out of his lips than he fired. Lord Castlecovers snatched up his hat and bounded down upon the sward.

"You haven't done it!" he exclaimed. "It's impossible!"

"Let us go and see."

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The go-burs blue; it feels thy degradation,
Its sky-dome, only equal, I must have there
More names.'

"You may put me down, if you like," said Mr. Guy Greville. "I shall be sure to shoot somebody; but it don't signify."

"And me," said Major Vaughan.

"Thanks. Burgoyne, Torrington, Vaughan, Greville, Fellham Hay—five won't do. I want six at least. Come, gentlemen, who will stand for number six?"

"Why, Trefalden, of course!" exclaimed Vaughan. "Saxon Swiss are born riflemen. Put his name down."

"No, no," said Saxon, hastily. "Not this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you are de la première force, are you not?" asked Castletowers.

"I used to shoot once," said he; "but I was in practice," said Saxon, with some embarrassment; "but I'd rather not compete now."

The Earl looked surprised, but was too well bred to insist.

"If you won't," said he, "I must find some one who will. Syd Pultney, I shall enter you for my sixth shot, and that settles match number one. Gentlemen, please remember to enter names for the second rifle match; the prize for which will consist of a magnificent pair of elephants' tusks mounted in gold, generously offered by an honorable competitor who declines to compete. I do not mention the honorable competitor's name, because he is a modest young man, and given to blushing. Now, gentlemen, you will please to remember that this is a solemn national occasion, and that I am here upon you!"

And so, rattling on in the gayety of good spirits, the Earl enrolled the second party. Next in order came the long jump of eighteen feet, for Signor Colonna's purse; then the race of one hundred yards, for Lady Castlemove's prize; and, last of all, the one-mile race. This event Castlemoves purely dignified by the name of "the Italian Cup," and entered for by the whole of the athletes.

When the programme was fairly made out Castletowers called Saxon aside, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, led him into the billiard-room, and said:

"Trefalden," said he, "may I ask you a question?"

"Twenty, if you like," replied Saxon.

"No—one will do, if you answer it honestly. Why don't you put in a shot at either of the rifle-matches?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I'd rather not," he said, after a momentary pause.

"But why? You must be a good marksman."

Saxon nodded assent.

"To tell you the truth," said the Earl, "I'm disappointed. I had looked to you for a display of skill, and you have given us none brilliant. I think you should have gone into the field, if only to maintain the honor of the Swiss rifles."

Saxon laughed good-humoredly.

"Do you really want your question answered?" said he.

"Of course."

"Then wait a minute while I fetch my gun." He rose as he spoke, and presently reappeared outside the window, rifle in hand.

"Look there," he said, pointing to the roof of the stables. "A young hawfinch is creeping to it. It was a gift cock, like that which Goethe used to admire, as a child, on the Ober Main. Thor at Frankfort, and just then alighting with the breeze, and flashing in the sunshine like a yellow diamond. The Earl threw up the window and leaned out.

"I should think so," he replied. "I have seen it preen nearly every day of my life ever since I was born."

"How far off is it do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know; perhaps six hundred yards. But you can't hit a thing that blazes like a comet, and is never still for two seconds together."

"It's an ugly bird," said Saxon, bringing his gun to his shoulder. "Do you think he'll look more like a comet if I hit him in the head?"

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More names. Thou'rt not the dame to shrink around thee
Into murky wreaths that dim thy stripes and stars;
Here in thy prison-house, where Fate hath bound thee,
Thou'rt still the same bright flag of Liberty!
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Thine blighted place is at some civic feast:
Thou hear'st the music, but not thine mate:
'Tis not a martial sound, to say the least.
How like thou art to the more thou emblest of powder
Those fumes are all of abdominable chowder.

Dost thou not dream sometimes amid the laughter—
Amid the music's soft, voluptuous strain—
Of those stern nights, the long day's struggle after,
When the brave dead lay round thee on the plain?
Of those who, fighting 'neath thy folds, expiring,
That seemed so full of sadness and of yearning?

Well mayst thou droop, old flag: thy memory hallows
Those hero-graves that now thou dids't win by scars;
Thou'rt not at home 'mid those robustious fellows
Our City Fathers. In their vanity wars
Upon the dead, and trample on their dinner
To thee they are but publicans and sinners.

Hadst thou at once, in days, alas! departed,
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How wouldst thou charge, flag of the noble-hearted!
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Yet 'tis a glorious thing to die in battle column:
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In thou a calm rebuke—a lesson solemn
For those that live, and for those that hope!
All other means have failed: if thou achieve it
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INTERESTING ITEMS.

A WAIF.—One day last week a young gentleman was seen walking slowly through the crowd of pedestrians in the Central Park, with his eyes to the sky at the end of his cane a chignon, as those heavy lumps of hair are technically called, with which the young ladies of the present day disfigure in decorating the nape of their necks. As the chignon-hunter walked along, evidently thoroughly aroused him, it was most suggestive to observe the almost involuntary manner in which he would raise his hat whenever young women pressed raised their hands to the backs of their heads. It was also remarkable that the chignon was all right and tight. Whether the gentleman was merely playing the trick for the fun of the thing, or whether he had really picked up a lump of false hair which somebody had lost accidentally or wilfully, will probably never be known; but the sensation which the incident caused undoubtedly proved that the young ladies were all right as far as strides of concealment.

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A RESPECTABLE CONTRIBUTOR.—A gentleman of Toronto on the road between Scarboro and Pettyroy, might recently have been seen driving a heavy cart-load of building stone to a short walking-stick cane. The train, descending on this, at the rate of forty miles of water, down-hill and under this novel umbrella the inventor walked, as carefully protected from the rain as if the heavens had not been above him. Crowds of people witnessed the occurrence, but very few, very few, it is asserted, M. Dredge will make known his secret.

No man ever felt any thing but irritation at seeing a woman's gown caught in the door of the crowded car-steps, or attached any value to the amusement of open work dinner-parties. Such people can be taught by experience, but will believe it—or rather, perhaps, if they did but attach any importance to it when they go before the jury, we shall be perfectly satisfied with their appearance, or far as these circumstances are concerned, they are particulars we positively clean and their stockings guiltless of a wrinkle. We trust that these further observations will not be to be attended without some expenditure of money; for cleanliness, we are told, is next to godliness, and we should be sorry to see any one of our readers known to make a dress. But, any rate, the proposed machine is a good deal more simple and inexpensive than the spiritless one-horse chay which the Earl had selected for the race, and the whole party could, if they liked, drive back in it. Saxon, who had no money to spend but his own, and was fond of his gun, and of tiring with both hands, was particularly pleased with the scheme, and was the first to change the next time they came to look over their militiamen's kits.

RECREATION.—Recreation is intended to the mind, as whetting is to the scythe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, who spends his whole time in recreation is our whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow, and his stead starve—so, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose. A good medium is to order. Then only doth the work go forward, when the scythe is so reasonably and moderately whetted, that it be not cut, and so cut that it may have the help of sharpening.



[The dotted lines designate portions of the routes not yet completed.]

MAP OF THE WORLD, SHOWING THE TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEMS FOR ENCIRCLING THE ENTIRE GLOBE.



CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY AT THE PRE-CATELAN IN PARIS BY THE AMERICAN RESIDENTS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

THE PRITCHARD MURDERS.

Doctor Edward William Pritchard, who has just been tried in Scotland for poisoning to death his wife and mother-in-law, was born in 1825 at Southsea, Hants, England. His father was a captain in the Royal Navy. In 1840, after the usual preliminary education, Pritchard was apprenticed to two surgeons of considerable practice in Portsmouth. On the completion of his apprenticeship he came to London, and after a course of study at King's College became assistant surgeon in her Majesty's Navy. Not satisfied with the circumstances of his position he proceeded to Glasgow, and began a private practice. He was quite successful, both as a practitioner and as a contributor to several medical journals.

Thus far Dr. Pritchard's life has nothing in it to attract attention. Two years ago an event occurred which, in the minds of many, excited a suspicion in relation to his character. A servant girl in his house was burned to death under circumstances which showed that she was either drunk to insensibility, or had been heavily drugged; and in either case it was hard to account either for the cause of the fire or Dr. Pritchard's ignorance of its existence. An inquest was held in the house, over which the police looked singularly gloomy, and about which very pertinent questions were put to Dr. Pritchard. It was suspected then, and now it is confidently believed, that Dr. Pritchard had some secret reason for silencing this girl—probably her demands for money—drugged her, and then set fire to the room, trusting, as it proved rightly, that the death would be attributed to helpless intoxication.

It was in November last, apparently, when Dr. Pritchard determined to kill his mother-in-law and his wife. For this purpose he resorted to a gradual process of poisoning. He seems to have been puzzled at first what sort of poison to employ, and purchased a most extraordinary array, two ounces of tartar emetic and five and a half of tincture of aconite, and unusual quantities of strychnine, conium (hemlock), tartarum, and digitalin, and at last decided on antimony. The great symptom produced by antimony is sickness, and he had resolved to account for Mrs. Taylor's, his mother-in-law's, death as that of a secret drunkard—an idea suggested by her use of opium—and for the death of his wife by gastric fever during the first months of pregnancy. At this time the Doctor's family consisted of Dr. Pritchard and his wife, four children, two young physicians boarding with the family, and two servants, Catherine Lattimer, the cook, and Mary M'Leod, nurse and house-maid. The history of the tragedy extends from the month of November, 1864, to the death of Mrs. Pritchard, on the 18th of March, 1865. The Doctor began first to poison his wife. The antimony, which was administered in her food, sometimes produced a slight and temporary illness, and then again, confined her to her bed for several days.

Toward the close of November Mrs. Pritchard went to her mother's at Edinburgh, unattended by the Doctor, and remained until Christmas. During her absence she was entirely free from sickness, but very soon after her return to her husband's care

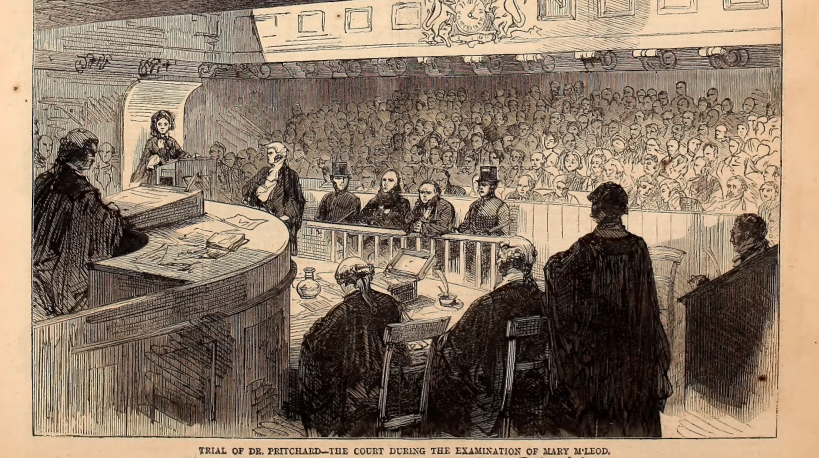


Dr. Pritchard, the Glasgow Poisoner.—[From a Photograph.]

the unfavorable symptoms returned. On the night of the 1st of February the attack was particularly severe. Soon after this, at Dr. Pritchard's suggestion, Dr. Cowan, a distant relative of Mrs. Pritchard, called upon them, and while there Mrs. Pritchard had another violent attack. Dr. Cowan suggested that Mrs. Taylor, her mother, should be at once summoned to take care of her, and this led to the addition to the family of Mrs. Taylor about the middle of February. At the same time Catherine Lattimer, the cook, went away, her place being taken by Mary Paterson. After Mrs. Taylor's arrival Mrs. Pritchard grew worse continually. Her attacks came on usually about half an hour after eating. She was so completely prostrated by the poison that she was now for nearly all the time confined to her bed. But Mrs. Taylor herself was now included in Dr. Pritchard's scheme, and with her quick work was made. Scarcely had she been in the house a week before her case had been made a complete one. She had frequently expressed wonder at the course of her daughter's illness, and toward the last began to think it resembled her own. The night of her death she was about early in the evening, but at length was attacked so violently that Dr. Paterson, a professor in the medical school at Glasgow, was sent for. Dr. Paterson, on his arrival at the house, was taken apart by Pritchard, who informed him that his mother-in-law had been suddenly attacked while writing a letter, and had fallen upon the floor. About an hour and a half had now elapsed since she had been conveyed to her bed up stairs. Dr. Paterson asked Pritchard if he could assign any reason for the suddenness of the attack. He replied that his mother-in-law and Mrs. Pritchard had been partaking of some bitter beer at supper, soon after which they both became sick and vomited, and both complained that the beer was more bitter to the taste than usual. Pritchard also insinuated that Mrs. Taylor was in the habit of occasionally indulging in drink. He stated too that his wife had been suffering a long time from gastric fever.

Upon going up stairs to Mrs. Taylor's bedroom Dr. Paterson found the patient lying upon her right side on the edge of the bed with her clothes on. Mrs. Pritchard had come up on hearing of her mother's danger, and occupied the same bed. Mrs. Taylor appeared like a woman who had been previously in good health. She was rather above the ordinary size, good-looking, well-formed, and altogether, according to Dr. Paterson's judgment, a superior looking person at her time of life. She did not show any indication of being an inebriate. Her face was pale and her skin covered with a clammy perspiration. The predominant symptoms pointed to the influence of some powerful narcotic. She was evidently dying. Her head and shoulders being slightly elevated she showed some signs of recovered consciousness, and Dr. Pritchard slapped the old lady on the shoulder saying: "You are getting better, darling?" While attending to Mrs. Taylor's case, Dr. Paterson observed Mrs. Pritchard very carefully. It appeared to him that she must be suffering from the depressing influence of antimony. Her features were sharp and thin, and there was a hectic flush on her cheeks. Her voice was weak and peculiar—resembling that of a person verging into the collapse state of cholera. In spite of Dr. Pritchard's statement that his wife was suffering from gastric fever, Dr. Paterson could not get rid of the conviction that she was being poisoned by antimony. The next day Mr. Taylor, who had been summoned from Edinburgh, called at Dr. Paterson's for a certificate, Mrs. Taylor having died during the previous night. The doctor refused a certificate, and upon being applied to therefor by the registrar on the 3d of March he refused again, accompanying his refusal with a note which was intended to open that officer's eyes. He wrote that he was surprised at being called upon to certify the cause of death in this case. He only saw the patient for a few minutes before her death. Dr. Pritchard might certify the cause. The death, he said, was certainly sudden, unexpected, and to him mysterious.

While Mary Paterson and the washer-woman



Trial of Dr. Pritchard—The Court during the Examination of Mary M'Leod.

acre dressing MRS. TAYLOR'S body they found in the pocket of her dress a bottle of Buttley's Solution, which MARY PATERSON put under the drawers. Afterward PITCHARD came in and said that he wanted to see the bottle which MARY M'LEOD said had been found. Upon looking at it he exclaimed, "Good Heavens, has she taken all that since Tuesday?" He added that MRS. TAYLOR ought not to have got a girl like that (meaning M'LEOD) to buy it for her—she ought to have told him. He would buy it for her—the nothing of the matter, as it might lead him into trouble.

MRS. TAYLOR having been disposed of, Doctor PITCHARD devoted himself with renewed ardor to his remaining case. It is wonderful that the uniformity with which MRS. PITCHARD'S fits of violent sickness followed upon her meals aroused no suspicion as to the real cause of her difficulty. This is especially remarkable, because the two separate instances a peculiar taste was discovered in the very first servants. A piece of cheese, intended for MRS. PITCHARD'S supper, was tasted by MARY M'LEOD, and the latter experienced a peculiar burning sensation in the throat, which was followed by thirst. On another occasion MARY PATERSON the cook tasted of some egg-flip, which the Doctor had prepared for his wife, and which caused vomiting and violent sickness.

DR. PATERSON'S conduct in the matter was very reprehensible. He was called to visit MRS. PITCHARD one week after MRS. TAYLOR'S death. He found her weak and prostrate; but in her feeble voice she accounted her satisfactory car greatly to date at his visit. Then, in a very earnest manner, she asked him if he had really thought her mother was dying when he saw her. "Most decidedly," he said; and he had told Dr. PITCHARD so. She then clasped her hands, looked up, and fervently exclaimed, "Good God, is it possible!" and burst into a flood of tears. DR. PATERSON entered into conversation with her regarding her mother's peculiar state of health. MRS. PITCHARD said that her mother's health was generally good, but she suffered occasionally from neuralgic headaches. To believe which she had recourse to Buttley's Sedative Solution (of opium). In regard to her own self she told Dr. PATERSON that, for some time past, she had suffered very much from sickness, retching, and vomiting, with severe pains in the stomach and through the back, accompanied with flatulency, great heat, and uneasiness about the mouth and throat, and a constant, urgent thirst. The Doctor examined her tongue, which was very foul and of a light-brown color. Her face was more deeply flushed than before he saw her, and her pulse was weak and rapid, and her skin moist and cold. All these symptoms confirmed DR. PATERSON'S opinion that she was dying slowly poisoned. But what did he do to relieve her? He prescribed Champagne and brandy to recruit the strength, but said not one word to take one step to prevent the continuance of the poisoning. He also prescribed small pieces of ice to relieve thirst, and, when she tired of that, citrate of magnesia. As for the ice, it was to have had reference to nutriment chiefly, prescribing soup, arrow-root, etc.

It was the next day after this interview that DR. PATERSON refused to give the Registrar a certificate of the cause of MRS. TAYLOR'S death. He thought that would be a sufficient hint to the authorities, and would also frighten the murderer from his purpose. That he had succeeded in frightening DR. PITCHARD seemed quite evident to him; for on March 9 the latter called on him and pronounced his wife out of danger under his treatment, although some weakness and irritability remained. This statement of PITCHARD'S was a direct falsehood, as the sufferer's woman was grossly neglected. But DR. PATERSON had spoken right out he would have saved MRS. PITCHARD'S life. Doubtless, if he had been as certain in MRS. TAYLOR'S case as he was in MRS. PITCHARD'S, he would have been bolder, for then he would have been confident that a post-mortem examination in the former case would confirm his statements. But not sure of being thus confirmed he did not feel safe in expressing his opinions openly. He desired suspicion to fall upon DR. PITCHARD, but did not dare himself to make the first movement in that direction.

But the time was at hand when the fact of MRS. PITCHARD'S death would lead the way for a detection of the murder. On the 13th of March DR. PATERSON was called to MRS. PITCHARD for the last time. That lady was then on the verge of death. She recognized the Doctor with a faint smile. The Doctor was struck with her terribly altered appearance since he left her. She could only speak in muttering tones, and these had a wild expression. Her pulse was weaker and more rapid—her tongue of a darker brown. The Doctor prescribed medicine to bring on sleep.

PITCHARD had, a few hours after, the pleasure of seeing his wish, at which he had labored for five months, finally accomplished. He and MARY M'LEOD were with the poor woman until she died. When she breathed her last he was with his wife. He cried over her dead body, exclaiming that she was not dead, and calling upon her to come back to her dear husband. As MARY M'LEOD states, she took, entered the room he asked her to bring a rifle and shoot him. The following entry is found in his diary of that date:

"—11, Friday.—Died here at 1 A.M. Mary Jane, my own beloved wife, aged 33 years: no tetanus surrounded her bedside, but like a calm, peaceful lamb she died. Minute away. Prayer on prayer till nine o'clock, everlasting love. Save me, Lord, for Thy dear Son."

When the body was taken to Edinburgh he was so anxious to look again upon the features of his "own beloved wife" that he had the coffin reopened, and fervently kissed her dead face, which he had been torturing with convulsion and pinching with poison for weeks.

An anonymous letter was soon received by the authorities which led to an investigation. The bodies of both MRS. TAYLOR and MRS. PITCHARD were examined. In both cases it was found that every organ connected with the digestive and digestive systems betrayed the presence of antimony. Upon an examination of the bottle of Buttley's Solution discovered on MRS. TAYLOR'S person after death it was found to contain antimony mingled with aconite. These circumstances led to the arrest of PITCHARD, who was committed to the Glasgow prison, from which he was taken for trial on the 3d of July.

The trial of PITCHARD extended over five days. Before his trial he had made two separate declarations, one on the 23d of March and the other on the 31st of April. In the first of these he denied having given his wife any antimony, but with the intention of making her death appear suicidal he stated that previous to her visit to Edinburgh he had given her a bottle of antimony for outward application, she having troubled him with the glands of the neck. In the second he denied that he was in any way accessory to MRS. TAYLOR'S death, and that he believed she died from paralysis and apoplexy. The principal witnesses on the trial were the servants of PITCHARD'S household, of whom the most prominent was MARY M'LEOD, and the doctors who attended upon MRS. TAYLOR and MRS. PITCHARD. Nearly all the facts elicited by the trial have been given in this narrative. But it is important to dwell more particularly upon the testimony given by the girl M'LEOD.

MARY M'LEOD, when she went to service at PITCHARD'S, was not yet fifteen years old. In the course of the investigation DR. PATTEY, who examined her with great familiarity. She became with child by him, and the Doctor procured a miscarriage. After MRS. PITCHARD saw him kiss her in one of the bedrooms, and the girl told her mistress that she would leave, but the latter would not permit her to go away. After this time the improper intimacy was continued, and PITCHARD promised MARY that if his wife died before him he would marry her. He had got the better of her by means of presenting her with jewelry; he gave her his photograph a few days before MRS. PITCHARD died. MARY M'LEOD'S testimony was given with great hesitation and reluctance.

The argument for the defense was almost entirely negative. The chief stress was laid on the absence of any motive sufficient for the commission of the crime. The jury were unanimous in their verdict against the prisoner, who was sentenced to be hung on the 28th of July.

After the sentence had been passed PITCHARD confessed to the murder of his wife and to criminal intimacy with the girl M'LEOD. He declared that it was in any way instrumental in MRS. TAYLOR'S death. He denied having in any way administered antimony to his wife by drugs during her long illness, but says that at the last he administered chloroform to her at her request, and under the influence of partial insensibility. He refused to give her enough to cause death. He added that since his acquaintance with M'LEOD he had been under the influence of liquor.

The most curious feature of the murders is that no more adequate motive can be alleged for their commission. This is the more remarkable, as it is that DR. PITCHARD was gentle in manner, a man who was somewhat popular, and who was not addictive to ironrant girls. The real motive appears to have been his desire to get possession of a legacy of two thousand pounds bequeathed to MRS. TAYLOR, and which he knew would be inherited by his wife on such conditions as to insure his own possession in case of the death of his wife. This supposition is confirmed by the fact that summary means were taken to rapidly dispose of MRS. TAYLOR, while the decease of the latter was allowed to be wept unto the mother's death. PITCHARD was embarrassed by debt, which would add to the temptation; and the fact that he had insured the life of the latter for nine months before his wife, after seeking than avoiding her presence, shows how little hesitation he felt as to such a murder. The supposition that he committed the murders in order to marry M'LEOD is untenable, for neither his wife nor her mother knew or were an obstacle to their intercourse. Indeed in his confession PITCHARD says that his wife was aware of their intercourse, and that she had forgiven it from the eyes of the world. This fact only aggravates the horror of his crime. The remarkable features which appear in connection with the present day occurrence is the intellectual cruelty of the murderer, the marvelous coldness of heart which could induce him to poison his victims when they

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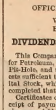
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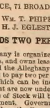
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 451.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE NAVAL APPRENTICE SYSTEM.

As the navy will in future constitute the strong arm of our military power, it is of the first importance that the system for training its seamen should be as perfect as possible. It is not enough that we have at Annapolis an excellent school of instruction even under Admiral PORTER'S supervision. Our best men in the army and navy are usually those who have developed their efficiency rather in the practice than in the merely theoretical study of their profession.

The need of a naval apprentice system, which had been on trial in our service, and failed, owing to a variety of causes, made itself apparent at the commencement of the rebellion. The scarcity of naval seamen, men who were conversant with the routine and duties of men-of-war, gave the department much anxiety, and caused considerable delay in fitting out vessels for the pressing and important demands of that time. It is true the Government has for many years been paying large bounties to fishermen off our northeastern coast; but experience has already proved that these fishermen, though the best material out of which a navy can be made, are not always ready to respond to the calls which may be made upon their services. England has her apprentice system; but in this country it has met with but little approval.

Our apprentice system was formally inaugurated by an act of Congress, dated March 2, 1837, but after many disappointments it was abandoned in 1849, and was not revived until 1864. In May of last year the *Sabine* was ordered to be put in commission as a practice and school ship for naval apprentices, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander R. B. LOWRY, United States Navy, who was specially selected by the Navy Department for the very important and arduous duty of organizing and establishing on a firm basis the nucleus from which the future rank and file of the navy was to emanate, and in such a form as not only to be reliable at all times, but of a character which would place our vessels upon an equal, if not make them superior to those of any naval power. Owing to the piratical visit of the *Tallahassee* and other rebel craft the *Sabine* was sent to the eastern coast to protect our commerce and fishing interests, and her services were considered so valuable in that section the people of Portland induced the Navy Department to retain her at that port until the danger which threatened them was past; so that it was not until October, 1864, that Commander LOWRY was enabled to fairly enter upon the organization of this important system. During her stay, however, about one hundred and thirty boys were enlisted as apprentices.

The first boy enlisted as a naval apprentice under the new organization, was E. CORLEDGE HARRINGTON, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, aged fifteen years and six months. He is now on board, and is one of the most promising boys in the ship. There are now over two hundred boys on board the *Sabine*. The conditions of enlistment are strict as to character, and it is required that the age be not under fourteen nor over eighteen. At fourteen they must measure not less than four feet eight inches in height, and twenty-seven inches around the chest; at fifteen years their height must be four feet ten inches, and twenty-nine inches around the chest. Each candidate must be able to read, write, and spell; be free from physical disabilities, well-grown, healthy, active, and exhibit an aptitude for the ocean and the duties of sea-life.

After passing the examination before the surgeon and instructors, the paymaster furnishes the apprentice for immediate use with the following articles of clothing: One pea-jacket, cloth cap, pair of cloth trousers, flannel over and under shirts, pair of drawers, shoes, neck-tie, socks, white duck pants and frock, comb, knife, pot, pan, and spoon, one bar soap, clothes-bag, and a badge. The boy is then taken to the ship's corporal, who assists him in the transformation from a landsman to a sailor-boy. Next the sailmaker furnishes him with a hammock—his bed until of age. Then the master-at-arms places him in a mess, and, at the same time, gives him a printed form, on which is registered his *number*, that of his bag and hammock, a list of his clothing, and points out the place where he is to swing his hammock. Each boy has a number given to him when he enlists, and he retains *that* number as long as he is an apprentice.

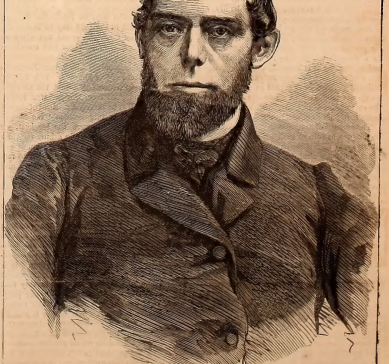
A tailor is allowed for every hundred boys. They



EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF HAWAII.—[SEE PAGE 518.]



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL A. MILES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 518.]



ELISHA KINGSLAND, CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT.—[PHOT. BY LOUD.]

have also their shoemaker, and on the starboard side of the vessel there is a barber-shop and a bath-room. The Rev. Mr. Salter is chaplain of the ship, and divine services are held every Sabbath. There is belonging to the ship an excellent library of about 1000 volumes judiciously selected.

Some of the prominent features of the boys' life on board ship we illustrate on pages 520 and 521. Let us take a single day's experience on board as an example of the workings of the system.

At daylight all the apprentices are turned out of their hammocks, and these are stored in the ratlings. The decks are washed down, and at 7 o'clock the boys are sent over the mast-head to familiarize them with that duty. At 7.30 breakfast is served: twenty minutes are allowed for the meal. At 8 o'clock all hands are ready to begin the exercises of the day. At 9.00 all hands go to muster for inspection, after which the usual exercises are carried on till past 10. At 11 o'clock drill ceases, and at noon is served out. At 1 o'clock the boys are again sent over the mast-heads. This occupies about a quarter of an hour in all the details. At 2 to 3 school begins and is dismissed at 4.20. At 5 supper is served; at 6 the boys again run over the mast-heads. From 6.30 to 7 they are exercised in boating, battalion drills, on in reefing, furling, and loosing sail. After these exercises, recreation is indulged in. At 8 the signal is given to return to their hammocks, and at 9.30 P.M. "silence" is ordered.

In the routine exercises the boys are taught to handle yards and sails, to use the lead and compass, they are drilled in artillery and sword and rifle practice, and in common English branches of a school education. The naval restraints are only so stringent as is necessary to preserve good character and discipline. No tobacco or spirits are allowed, and the greatest stress is laid upon cleanliness. The effect furnished the boys is of the best quality and sufficient in quantity.

Occasional cruises at sea give variety to the life, and increase the interest of all; and become a certain number, varying to the rate of the vessel, will be sent out on all our cruises. In this way these apprentices will be at once ingrafted into regular man-of-war life, and establish a demand for their services. Already one hundred and eighteen have been sent out and are reported as valuable acquisition to the ships upon which they have been placed. The department requires some three or four thousand such apprentices, and is making arrangements for their introduction into the navy.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

When Governor Holden, Provisional Governor of the United States for the State of North Carolina, says that he does not think Union men will be "punished" in that State, what does such an extraordinary expression mean? When the Northern allies of the late rebels declare that, having laid down their arms, every State lately in rebellion has as good a right to send representatives to Congress without condition or inquiry as the loyal States—what do they mean? What does the total absence in the debate of States of any disposition but that of sullen acquiescence signify?

All such things mean simply that the great struggle has merely changed its form, not its essence. It is a contest between the spirit of equal rights and of privilege. The form is a struggle between Nationality and State Sovereignty; and this question is not yet settled. The people of the United States have to meet this year exactly the same spirit that they met last year. They have to fight it now as earnestly as they fought it then. The field only, not the fight, has changed.

Meanwhile we are glad to record the great advantages which the people and the loyal popular government have gained over the enemy. In a struggle which is in its very nature long and fluctuating it is cheering to see always the point of such positive progress as we have now attained. All we ask is that in our exultation we do not recede: that we do not misconceive the real nature of our advantages and fatally assume it to be a final victory.

The doctrine of State Sovereignty, which would be the prostration of the United States, of civil liberty, and of civilization, has been for thirty years and more aiming to engross the Government. It has had more able and astute politicians and a more stupid and superstitious following than any other policy in our history. The ingenuity and persistence with which this dogma of State Sovereignty attacked and undermined to destroy the fundamental principles of the National Government give our political history its profoundest interest. This dogma was pure reaction. It was the protest of aristocracy and the Middle Ages against democracy and a new era. And the struggle was so skillfully conducted that at length the peaceable overthrow of the Union seemed to be a foregone conclusion.

The State Sovereignty leaders, making the discussion of slavery their excuse, felt themselves strong enough in 1860 to force a conclusion. They were sure they could do one of two things: they could either terrify the demoralized country into submission to their terms—by withdrawing from the Union they could compel reconstruction upon their own conditions. By all apparent logic they were right. The condition of the country seemed to justify their conclusion. The doom of the Union was sealed in the estimation of the shrewdest observers.

But great criminals never allow for moral causes. Accustomed to believe men to be governed by the basest selfishness, they found all their calculations upon meanness and cowardice and habit, forgetting those extraordinary impulses which are to nations what the inspirations of mortal peril are to individuals. Counting only upon the selfishness of a controlling majority of the country as it had been revealed in the conduct of such men as Isaac Toucey, James Buchanan, Charles Pinckney Sumner, Lewis Cass, and Jefferson Davis, and upon the Woods, with the party of which they were leaders, and the Pierces, with the party of the same party—relying further and confidently upon the position taken by the New York *Tribune*, the recognized organ of the radical section of the Republican party, that the Union alone opposition was to be feared, and upon the plain terror of the conservative section of the Republicans, represented by the New York *Herald* and *Journal*, the State Sovereignty leaders were perfectly sure of their success, and with appalling rapidity. Drunk and defiant they fired. The shot scattered the dead which had obscured the heart of the nation from itself and from the world. It saw in the flash of the gun all the fearful consequences of treason. It felt such a lifting of noble emotion as this generation had not known. The unexpected and incalculable force of common sympathy with the rebellious regicide to the villagers in the savage skirmish in the Connecticut Valley, and led a nation to victory.

The State Sovereignty leaders made a fearful mistake, and they now see it. They now see that they foolishly abandoned the method by which alone they could have succeeded. And what do they now propose? To return to that method; to continue the effort; to retrieve the disasters of battle by the force of the ballot box and raging with the same fury abroad, if they can, to enter Congress "stanch and true Southern men," and to resume the work within the Union which they attempted in 1860–61 in their attempt to break out of it.

That they are in the least degree in political opinion nobody is fool-hardy enough to contend. They are only saved by the total failure of the war. That they are weakened is true; but their prestige at home is not lost, and a large part in the country is ready to help them to it in their policy as they agree with them in political views. And the exact point of danger is this: Reconstruction will give to the unconstitutional representation of the eleven rebel States in the year 1870 an increase of nineteen members. Let these be elected by the late rebels in those States, and they will control the twenty-eight members from the rest of the country to place the Government of the United States in the hands of the Democratic party. The House of New York alone could supply those members.

This is a very plain and simple purpose. The long training and cherished tradition of an ignorant people whose passions are inflamed by skillful and designing leaders are not extinguished in one unsuccessful struggle. The American people suppose the question to be ended because Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox Court House is as wise as the Englishman who should have supposed the civil war in England ended by the execution of Charles II. We have reached a certain period in the struggle—that is all. It ascends from the battle-field to the ballot-box; but it is the same combat and of the same scope. And what we beg thoughtful men to remember is, that what was gained in the field is lost in the ballot-box. The men who could not shoot us down may wheedle and fatigue and outwit us into submission.

This sunshine twaddle about conciliation is therefore either folly or knavery. It is folly if it springs from a conviction that the Government is in any peril from its own enemies. It is knavery if it be merely a renewal of the old tactics. When the intentions of "the South" —speaking politically—were the blackest, we heard the most of these soothing words for the rights and of the Northern exasperation of our Southern brethren. We were exhorted to forbearance, to conciliation, to magnanimity, and while we were taught to relax our hands they clutched our throats. Is it wise to be twice snared in the same trap?

Conciliation we have no wish to sneer or exult—certainly none to misrepresent. But as we believe much of the guilt of the war rests upon those who prevaricated and equivocated instead of speaking plainly, we hope to avoid any similar responsibility in the future. This paper circulates weekly in the loyal States, and is read by many who do not love the Government or the Union. We say to them frankly that the people of the country have, in our judgment, paid too costly a price for their victory to surrender it easily. We believe it will be found that Congress, frankly representing them, is resolved that no State shall be reorganized except upon conditions which promise peace by intrusting the political power, according to the principle of our Government, to the loyal and national population. To confirm this purpose is our aim. We are for the Union and Government of the United States. We supported them against the arms of their enemies in war. We shall support them against the wiles of their enemies in peace. We have no wish to conciliate those enemies. We hope to conquer them fairly and forever, whether at the cannon's mouth or the ballot-box.

WHAT WE OWE.

Grim Mr. Vandyke sits in his luxurious room in the marble building on the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets at the leaders whom he sees through his plate-glass windows eagerly "shinning" for money at seven per cent. at mid-day, under a blazing sun and in a temperature of 92° in the shade. For Mr. Vandyke is the man who goes to bed with as idle balance of nearly forty millions in greenbacks—because as much as is held by all the banks in New York put together. If you should say to Mr. Vandyke, "Good Mr. Vandyke, why pile up so much money uselessly in your Treasury? Why not let it rest where it was, in places where it could be loaned to people who borrow, until you want it, or, at all events, until the dog-days are past, and you can run about without danger of sun-stroke?" that grim functionary would overwhelm you on the spot in a torrent of figures, of the amount in round numbers of money placed to the credit of disbursing officers, of the sum due for interest on Seven-Thirty Treasury notes, of the million of debtcertificates which mature every day in these times; and at the end would almost convince you that, instead of being the modern Midas, who coined all he had touched, he is in fact the Great-Pauper of the age.

And it is well he has so good a case to show. For, as the people have looked on through Mr. Secretary M'Culloch and his familiar, the grim Vandyke, had once more undertaken to regulate prices after the Chase method. For some time after the enormous increase in the subtreasury at this point mysterious rumors had been afloat touching an intended raid by the Government upon the fortunate class of men known as gold-gamblers. It was known that Government was selling gold—wisely or unwisely; and it was noticed that as soon as the Government withdrew from the market the price usually advanced. In April, 1864, a few millions of gold sold by Government caused a stringency in gold; 1865, sales of larger amounts neither reduced the value of gold nor enhanced the price of money. When, therefore, it was known that large consignments of Government gold did not seem to check the demand, and that immediately after these sales the Sub-treasury at this point began to call in the millions which banks many days and even weeks before the money was needed, the inference was natural that it was the purpose of the Treasury Department to try to reduce the premium by tightening the money market, and so embarrassing speculators who were carrying gold on margins.

The scheme—if any such scheme there were —was defeated, as any well-informed person must have foreseen at the outset, by the instant withdrawal of the gold-gamblers securities. These are in the hands of individuals and corporations in this country not less than $825,000,000 of Seven-Thirty notes. A large proportion of these are held as investments, and are best known as carried by banks on small margins. Another large amount was paid out in the first two weeks of July, 1865, on the condition that in August they should be held out of the market for four months. Mr. Vandyke's accumulation of money was thus increased in time with the expiration of the four months; and these notes coming into the market for sale just at a time when needy banks were realizing on the like security at 1 per cent. and 1½ per cent. in a few days and would have fallen very much more, if Mr. Jay Cooke's friends had not stepped forward to their relief in behalf of their own interests, and induced Mr. Vandyke to disgorge some of his idle greenbacks.

A popular impression now prevails that peace has been secured throughout this country. If this impression be well founded there can be no good reason for persisting in methods of finance which, though temporarily required by success in the agony of the war, are clearly at variance with sound economy. It is clearly no part of the business of Government of the Treasury to regulate prices—even the price of gold. Gold is at a premium because there are $684,000,000 of legal tenders, $165,000,000 of national bank-notes (practically a legal tender), and $120,000,000 of State bank-notes in circulation as money—in all $969,000,000 of paper-money; and because the Treasury daily is issuing, even now, nearly a million of dollars each working day, more paper-money, in national bank-notes and compound legal tenders. So long as those issues continue, gold will stay at a premium, and will rather rise than fall, and sinful efforts to bring down the premium by tampering with the money market or selling odd lots of gold will only aggravate the case. When the time comes at which the receipts of the Treasury Department are greater than its wants, the currency may be retired, canceled, or funded, and then the premium of gold will fall in spite of all the speculators in Christendom. Till then, would it not be best for the Secretary of the Treasury to let the Bears in gold take care of the Bulls, and rule *never?*

The Treasury statement of 1st August is quite satisfactory—more so, in general, than was expected. The increase in the public debt since 1st June was $124,647,524—about $2,000,000 a day. The total debt on 1st August was $2,757,253,276. The following table will show the principal items:

Plain legal tenders.....	$433,160,589
Temporary legal tenders.....	321,078,760
Twenty year 6 per cents, interest in coin....	187,315,000
Twenty-Five 6 per cents, interest in coin....	616,259,850
Ten-Forties 5 per cents, interest in coin....	117,750,000
Seven-Thirty notes, interest in currency.....	830,640,000
Compound 6 per cents.....	98,780,000

Besides the above, Government owes about $99,000,000 to the banks, who can demand payment of the whole sum on call after ten days' notice. Sound finances require that this indebtedness, on the ground that it exposes the Government to be placed in a position of embarrassment whenever, through the vicissitudes of trade, the banks become straitened and acquire money. If, for instance, just now, the banks chose to call upon the Treasury for repayment of this sum, as they have the legal right to do, the call could not be met, and the Treasury would go to protest. Of course there is little likelihood of any thing of the kind. The banks are as deeply interested in maintaining the credit of the Government as Mr. M'Culloch himself. But now that the war is over, and we should be glad to establish a dollar for a sound, safe, peace-administration of the finances, these temporary loans involve a danger to which Government ought not to be unexposed.

The interest charge on the public debt on the 1st of July was just $149,269,497, of which $64,521,837 was payable in coin, and $74,740,630 in currency This is probably quite as large as, if not larger than, the average interest charge that will be a few years hence. For though, when all the legal tenders and fractional currency are funded, and the excess of expenditure over income this year and next is added to the funded debt, a sum of probably $700,000,000 will have to be added to the interest bearing debt, and a sum of not less than $40,000,000 to the interest charge, swelling it to $190,000,000; yet still, as soon as we begin to see daylight in our finances, national bonds bearing 6 per cent. interest will not be worth par, and within a few years the Seven-Thirties, Ten-Forties, Five-Twenties, etc., will be exchanged for such bonds. After per cent. annual interest charge on a debt of $3,400,000,000 would only be $136,000,000, say $5 20 per head on a population of 30,000,000, which is not more than is now the people of the British Islands pay at present.

People generally, do not seem to agree with Mr. Abbott that the national debt is a blessing. Indeed the argument that, if it is a blessing, the more of it the better, is a pretty conclusive *reductio ad absurdum*. The act of prosperity in reducing the debt has been so admirably described in the history of Colonel Rawdon Crawley that there seems nothing to be added to the description. His prospered certainly; but poor Raggles was *"ruinged."* Now this country does not mean to "ruing" its Raggles. We propose to pay our debts in full, to the dollar, principal and interest. But to do this we must have sound and careful management of the finances at Washington, and some decent attention to the elementary principles of political economy.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

The English elections are over. The Liberal party has gained several members of Parliament, and Lord Palmerston for City rule has been engaged in showing that it is not much of a shower after all. But if those members had been returned on the ground by Mr. Disraeli, the clever Mr. Disraeli would have considered it a signal Tory triumph. Mr. Disraeli's political career has been a mistake.

His present mistake is remarkable. The English election, held in a time of profound peace, was distinguished for more rioting and bloodshed of violent character than one election in that of an engrossing civil war. At Sheffield, Chippenham, Carlisle, Cheltenham, Nottingham, and elsewhere, the disturbances were very serious. The mobs were especially "ruffianly." Large quantities of property were destroyed, people were beaten, and lives were lost. In many places the candidates were prevented from speaking. "Does it become us to sneer at America?" asks the London *Star*.

Four thirds of the Liberal members in the English elections springs from our sympathy with the great Liberal party, and from the probability of the feeling of the new Government toward this country. The old party lines are much obliterated at present in England. The political leaders, excepting John Bright and his especial school, seem to be divided into Conservative Liberals and Liberal Conservatives. The chief purpose of political action is, apparently, to maintain the *status quo*. That one of the points made by Mr. Disraeli against Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer,

was that when the Tories were in power in 1858–9 the expenses of the year were under £55,000,000; while under the Liberals, in 1864–5, they were more than £66,000,000. To this MR. GLADSTONE was greatly applauded for replying that the Tories were really spending at the rate of £69,000,000, and that the subsequent increase was owing to plans already undertaken by the Tories. Such a contest was not, in itself, very radical.

The result of the election shows the political sentiment of England to be favorable to moderate liberalism. It has not declared for any distinctive policy. The "rest and be thankful" of Earl ROSSELL. Lord PALMERSTON is not the name of a policy; and his ignoble drifting as a mere cleverly distrusted by the most earnest Liberals as it is politically opposed by the stubbornest Tories. The election, however, places some truly able and dignified members, like JOHN STUART MILL, in Parliament, and retains others like MR. GLADSTONE.

Measured by any standard JOHN STUART MILL is one of the greatest of living Englishmen. Whether as thinker, scholar, or practical man he has no superior. He was chosen for a London district, Westminster, against the most resolute opposition and the most profuse outlay of money, he is a vindication of the value of plain principles in a political contest. "A strong effort is being made," said MR. MILL in his speech on the eve of the election, "to bring in a Tory candidate by an expenditure of money more profuse than of a Tory ever attempted in this city." He said the success of such an effort would be degrading to the constituency. And if he himself were elected, or if he proved to be a failure, the constituency would have triumphed over mere money. He was elected, and they did triumph; while MR. MILL'S record of strict economy, of joy for his election, and of perfect honesty in dealing with the electors, will be of the greatest service to the good cause both in England and America.

MR. GLADSTONE is released by the election from the coils of Oxford necessity, and might now, if he will, resign his position and become, become the leader of England. But he has, with all his sagacity, conviction, and accomplishment, a certain timidity and fastidiousness which have perpetually restrained his freedom. The tie with Oxford has been, of late, his highmarch sympathy and his known scholarship. But his last year's speech upon the franchise showed how radically his political views differed from those of his constituency. In that speech he virtually took the ground of universal suffrage. There was a Tory cry of horror and a Liberal shout of surprise and pleasure. He was obliged to explain, partially explained away. The shock, however, has severed his connection with Oxford, which has lasted for eighteen years, and he is now returned for South Lancashire, with two Conservative colleagues.

If his hesitation in holding firmly to his ground upon the suffrage had proceeded wholly from his official relation to Oxford we might pardon MR. GLADSTONE to ascend at once to a position like that of CANNING and SIR ROBERT PEEL. But with all his great statesmanlike and intellectual qualities he has an undoubted infirmity of temperament which will hold him in check. A man of steener stuff, some COBDEN or BRIGHT, is required to direct the crisis which slowly approaches in England. To popularize her system without too fierce a shock is the positive work of her statesmen. The Palmerstonian era of negation and inaction is passing away. There comes a time when shirking will be impossible. For that time men like JOHN STUART MILL prepare the minds, and men like the late RICHARD COBDEN guide the hands, of their countrymen.

HENRY WERTZ.

THE trial of WERTZ renews the public interest in that most harrowing and ghastly chapter of the war, the history of Union prisoners of Spen at Andersonville. But does the mind and heart of this country yet fully comprehend that incredible and unnatural crime, by comparison with which the Black Hole at Calcutta, the Armory prison ship, the Dartmoor prison, and every historical cruelty is ridiculous?

The trial at Washington was made Commissary-General of all Union prisoners. His son was sent to Andersonville to prepare a pen for the reception of thirty thousand. He chose a spot upon a slightly sloping hill-side of eighteen acres, afterward enlarged to twenty-seven. It was in a thickly wooded region, about nine miles from Americus, the county town of Sumter County, Georgia. A gentleman, who lives at the county town, and who tells us the story, having been taken through Andersonville on seeing Captain WERTZ laying out the ground, asked if any shelter were to be provided. He was laughed at. "Then, had you not better leave some of the trees standing in the inclosure?" The Captain replied that he "was going to make a pen for the d—d Yankees, where they would not faster than they could be sent there."

He kept his word. He stripped the slope, at the bottom of which a stagnant stream five inches deep crept lazily through a fen. He surrounded it with a stockade eighteen feet high, with an outer gallery for the guard. Into this place, the Union soldiers were turned, stripped of every thing valuable, even to their blankets; and there, in the heat and cold and storm, exposed equally by night and day, they sickened, they starved, they rotted, they stormed into madness or sank into idiocy, moaning, shouting, laughing wildly, groaning, panting, happily dying—thirty-seven thousand human beings at one time—and fifteen thousand of the whole number confined were taken out and laid under the ground but not buried. The loathsome stench of this living death infected the air for three miles around. People moved away to avoid the pestilence. They could not sell their money to buy food. The prison rations were but a form. The only water was the stagnant stream, on which floated human excrement. If by any chance some inmate received extra food, as a charitable gift from some friend like our informant, it was snatched from his hands and devoured by his companions maddened into wild beasts!

The hospitals, like the rations, were a form only. Our informant was permitted to visit one patient. He picked his way with difficulty through the filth of the cabin toward the spot where the poor creature lay. The foulness of the air was dreadful. The visitor was sickened and retched. He found the victim lying in a shirt black as it could be. His trousers were stripped away to the knee. He had no shoes. A strip of blanket lay across his middle. His disease was the common army form of chronic diarrhœa; and his body, from the waist of all around him, was rolling himself two or three feet from where he lay and then rolling back again; he and all those nets literally lying in their own filth, and the shanty reeking with the foulest fumes.

In the winter some of the prisoners were sent into neighboring woods in squads under guard to pick up what stray wood they could find. If they overstead the hour allotted them, they were tried by drum-head court-martial and hung. But there are marks of the most brutal treatment of our prisoners too horrible to be told.

Of this pen HENRY WERTZ was keeper. Witness was examined at length. The defense was adjutant. His nephew was commissary and aulter. But the turnkey, the man who immediately had charge of the prisoners of anguish, despair, and death, was HENRY WERTZ. When KILPATRICK was known to be scouring the country with the hope of reaching Andersonville and releasing the prisoners, there was a panic among the rebel officers at the pen. WERTZ posted his batteries upon heights commanding the approaches from the north and west direction; and HENRY WERTZ declared to the prisoners that when KILPATRICK came within seven miles of the stockade he would massacre them all. Not an emotion of pity, regret, or doubt seems to have touched the hearts of the WIRZ-DEAN or of WERTZ. They were the willing and delighted agents of a policy of which the mere conception curdles the heart, and which fiends only could have executed. It was a policy known to Jefferson DAVIS and Robert E. LEE. Before God these two men are responsible for the crimes of Andersonville, as upon our side ABRAHAM LINCOLN and General GRANT would have been responsible had they suffered such a pen to exist within our lines and such torture to be inflicted after the least rumor of them had reached their ears.

And for this incalculable offense HENRY WERTZ is to be tried. Of his guilt there is no doubt, unless he deems it a question whether keeping an Andersonville prison and whether he were the keeper—points which are not denied. His counsel beg the press not to prejudge him. They grant his guilt, but they ask that he be tried at Andersonville. HENRY WERTZ consented to be the agent. How can such an agent be prejudged?

If any man would know the rebellion, its spirit, its method, its honor, its chivalry, its heroism—if he would truly understand the character of that caste which has long governed the plain people of this country and the world as "high-toned," "gentlemanly," and "proud" of it—he would comprehend it in the fact that it sules the rights of men and women under any pretext whatever—let him carefully ponder the revelations which will be made in the trial of HENRY WERTZ. May God have mercy upon his soul!

BLOWN FROM GUNS.

AN Englishwoman sends us from Manchester, in England, an indignant note complaining of the injustice done the English people by our publications in the statement that the blowing of Sepoys from guns by the British troops. "Allow me to say," she writes, "that you know these men who were blown from the mouths of the cannon at Peshawar had been guilty of every crime that human beings are capable of." "MR. DAVIS," she continues, "is a gentleman, and of your country," and has not committed, she adds, nor caused his soldiers to commit the crimes for which the Indian Princes suffered. Our correspondent refers to copious extracts from MR. TREVELYAN'S "Cawnpore," that we may see exactly what those crimes were.

We do not forget the enormities of which we were already fully aware. They were revolting, shocking, indescribable. We are also aware that while Parliament censured the act, it was not disapproved by the indignation of the British people, who felt that a stern and summary justice had been inflicted upon atrocious offenders. We are still farther aware, as an "Englishwoman" intimates, that the sufferers were not the contemporary of those who punished them, but that the avengers were strangers who had subdued by the sharp sword and by monstrous crimes the country of those whom they punished: that they were in the amplest sense invaders, and had exposed themselves to the vengeance of barbaric people, which in its outbreak was as horrible to us as it is to the angry English subject.

But will the Englishwoman "allow us to say" that the revelations of the Cawnpore crimes in MR. TREVELYAN'S book, pitiful as they are, are not more terrible than the ghastly horrors of Andersonville, of Millen, of Salisbury, of Belle Isle—which letter spot the "gentleman" DAVIS could see from his window; and that the atrocities committed by his soldiers with his permission, of deliberate intention and in his personal knowledge, not upon a few women of another country, but upon tens of thousands of his innocent countrymen, pleading upon their own rightful soil, were such as the tongue refuses to utter, or the pen to write.

And when the Englishwoman and English men presume to affect horror that the "gentleman" DAVIS should be solemnly and lawfully punished for such crimes, we shall continue to remind them that they are protesting against the legal trial in this country of greater barbarians than they summarily blew from the mouths of cannon in India.

We have no wish to quarrel with English women or English men. We have no wish to discriminate between them. Whatever is just, reasonable in English institutions, noble in English character, lofty and heroic in English achievement, earnest and humane in English effort, we cordially admire. We love Englishmen themselves. But they must learn that we do not believe them to be wiser nor better nor stronger than we. The follies and the crimes of their history are plainly written in our mother tongue, and we know the English infinitely better than they know us. Do they seriously think that they have assumed any right to advise the people of the United States in the adjustment of their civil difficulties? Do they suppose we are not aware that they have not forgiven our success?

LITERARY.

THE Story of the Great March," from the Diary of a Staff Officer, by Brevet Major GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, Aid-de-camp to General SHERMAN, with a MAP and Illustrations, is just published by HARPER & BROTHERS. The title felicitously describes this animated and entertaining work. It is truly a story, and the Major has spared us all bewildering display of technical military description and the confused rhetoric of battle-pieces, in which the mind is usually hopelessly lost. The book is a simple description of the method and incidents of the March, with sketches of the rebel residents whom the author personally encountered, and with whom his observations are often illustrative and piquant. The careless and fragmentary order of a diary not inapply reproduces the impression of the March itself, and the natural simplicity makes the reader an actual sharer in the great movement. Major NICHOLS writes with a soldier's frankness, in a way; but without pretension he shows himself thoroughly alive to the significance of the stupendous campaign in which he became a part. Toward the close of his work he draws a general but extremely effective picture of the desolating results of the march through Georgia. The reader is reminded of the General's words to the Mayor of Atlanta: "War is cruelty." It is clear from the vivid testimony of Major NICHOLS that the rebellion was subdued only because the country was absolutely harried and devastated. "History," he says, "will be searched in vain for a parallel to the startling and destructive effect of the invasion of the Carolinas." Speaking of the people of North Carolina, he says: "Every one of the inhabitants of a region forty miles in width, stretching from Savannah and Port Royal through South Carolina to Goldsborough in North Carolina, agriculture and commerce, even if peace come speedily, can not be fully revived in our day.....Injury to private dwellings was inevitable and food for present necessities was often left for the women and children; but in all the length and breadth of that broad pathway, the burning of war pressed heavily, blasting and withering where it fell. It was the penalty of treason." Like every candid observer, Major NICHOLS testifies to the steady fidelity of the negroes, who gave all kinds of information, and in the prolonged absence of the war, utterly and instinctively disdaining the incessant lies of the rebels in regard to the Yankees. He also relates the cruel desertion by masters and mistresses of slaves helpless by age and infirmity. Howell COBB, one of the basest and meanest of the rebels, was guilty of this cowardice. Major NICHOLS adds a valuable appendix, containing General SHERMAN'S private testimony before the Committee on the War, and interesting statistics of the Quarter-master's and Commissary's departments. The author's estimate of General SHERMAN is eminently very flattering, and he is inclined to see every officer of whom he speaks through the rosiest glasses. But the whole story is told in a most kindly and humane. The style is at once spirited and simple, and the graphic Story of the Great March comes out in time for reading at the great summer rest by the sea and among the hills.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SOUTH.

GOVERNOR PERRY on the 20th of July issued his proclamation to the people of South Carolina. In the first place, he declares that all civil officers in South Carolina who were in office on May last, when the civil government of the State was suspended, except those arrested or under prosecution for treason, shall, on taking the oath of allegiance prescribed by the President's Amnesty Proclamation, resume the duties of their offices, and hold them during such further appointments are made. He announces it to be the duty of all loyal citizens promptly to take the oath of allegiance. The election for members of a State Convention is appointed for the first Monday in September. As many members will be elected in each district as the district has Members of the House of Representatives. This will give one hundred and twenty-four members to the Convention, which will convene in Columbia on the 13th of September. He admonishes all the former owners of freedmen to look upon them, and to treat them, as children or aged to perish.

On the 7th inst. the Mississippi elected members to the State Convention which will be held on the 14th.

The remaining six States are to hold elections and conventions as follows:

State.	Time of Election.	Time of Convention.
Alabama	Aug. 31, 1865	Sept. 13, 1865.
South Carolina	Sept. 4, 1865	Sept. 13, 1865.
North Carolina	Sept. 4, 1865	
Georgia	Oct. 4, 1865	Oct. 25, 1865.
Louisiana	At an early period as practicable.	
Florida	At as early a period as practicable.	
Texas	Not mentioned in proclamation.	

The Governor of Texas issued proclamation July 21, and on the 26th issued his proclamation to the people of Texas. His proclamation we are sorry to say is not quite so speaking than any other we have noticed. He does not, like Governor PERRY, require those State officers who have acted under the rebel administration. He states plainly that slavery no longer exists, and that the freedmen will be treat the negro as a free man also will in vain seek admission to Congress.

Major-General Palmer, commanding the Department of Kentucky, has issued a communication to Governor Johnson, in which he explains the difficulties he has to contend with in the regulation of affairs in the late State. In consequence of the excitement there regarding slavery, and the different interpretations made to its improper pro-slavery orators the General says that the blacks were forbid by Governor Johnson and others, and to fall those peace of the extraordinary accumulation of this evil and prejudice he has assumed it proper to announce to such of the colored people as will leave the State and cross to the North that they will be free to do so. He considers it impossible, under the existing condition of affairs, to enforce the State laws in relation to slavery. He announces that there are now not more than about fifty thousand slaves remaining in the State, and the number is rapidly lessening, and at the commencement of the war, and says that slavery has no actual existence in the State, and that if the Constitutional Amendment for its abolition fails to receive a majority of the whole number of votes cast for it.

In General Curtis's District of Southwestern Virginia, General Gregg, commanding at Lynchburg, has recently issued an order declaring that the privileges granted by parole conferred only the right to remain unmolested in good behavior. When a paroled prisoner insults any officer of the Government, which grades him, he is liable to all its benefits and becomes a prisoner of war, liable to be ordered to the rear of the captor or punished as a military commission may direct.

LOSS OF THE "GLASGOW."

The steamship Glasgow, of the Inman line, was burned at sea July 31. The vessel took fire at noon, and grand excitement prevailed. The Captain, Thomas Kennedy, by his promptness and courage, restored and maintained such perfect discipline that not a life was lost. The boats were carefully lowered and filled, the women and children being first, while the crew from Captain Kennedy to their mate who endeavored to enter the boats before the women and children, remained at their posts until the last and minute-gun fired, with a coolness remarkable under the circumstances. The situation of the Glasgow was not extracted. On the approach of the vessel the lowered boats of the Dictator, with the crew and passengers, got off from the burning steamer, and were received with every display of sympathy and consolation on board the Rosamond by Captain Wallis. Even the baggage of the passengers was saved. The Rosamond was brought to somewhat short of water, and when the Erin came to at 6 P.M. on the 30 inst., it was determined to transfer the crew and passengers of the Glasgow to this latter vessel. The Erin had already on board 1100 steerage passengers, but willingly conveyed the passengers to New York, which they reached on the 1st inst. The Glasgow arrived in New York for Liverpool July 26. The fire started in some manner unknown on the after part of the vessel occupied by the steerage passengers. It is supposed to have originated from one of the passengers throwing a lighted match in the cotton. The Glasgow makes the twenty-sixth steamer that has while plying between this country and Europe during the past twenty-seven years.

THE MANCHESTER MURDER.

ONE of the most horrible and unusual murders on record was committed on the morning of August 1, at the railway of Guilford, Manchester, Connecticut, and about nine miles from Hartford. The victims were Mrs. Hannah Bidwell and her daughter, Miss Ellen M. Bidwell. The murderer was Albert Starkweather, son of the one woman and friend of the other. The bodies of the daughter were mangled and butchered most cruelly, a log dropped with an axe and then shot with a pistol and a butcher knife. Albert Starkweather, the murderer, is now in custody at Hartford. After being committed to prison he made a full confession.

NEWS ITEMS.

WE learn by the Atlantic that on the 29th July, when the *Great Eastern* was 700 miles out, the insulation of the cable gave out. The electricity escaped, and the line was gone.

It was order, dated July 28, the following general officers were assigned to their Departments, and directed to report to their respective commanders forthwith:

I. Hooker's: Generals Sickles, Parke, Griffin, Potter, Robinson, Ling, Burnside.

II. Howard's: Generals Humphreys, Getty, Ayres, Kenly, Baird, B. C. Ryan, and D. Ferrero.

III. Sheridan's: Generals Crook, Kilpatrick, Ruger, Hardin.

IV. Gillmore's: Generals Ames, Cruxton, Devens.

VI. Steedman's: Generals Wilcox, King, Stevenson.

VII. Canby's: Generals Newton, Ames.

VIII. Slocum's: Generals Osterhaus, Force, Ewing, Dennis.

IX. Wood's: General Grierson, H. E. Davies, De Russy.

X. Canby's: Generals Doolittle, T. W. Sherman.

XI. Pope's: Generals A. J. Smith, Steele, Mowry, Hower, Merritt, Custer, G. A. Smith, Gibbs.

XII. Thomas's: Generals T. T. Wood, Williams, Hunt, Carr, Morgan.

XIII. Grant's: General Edward McCook.

The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon Hon. E. H. Rollins, of New Hampshire, on Colonel Chamberlain and on Brevet-General Grant by Bowdoin College, Maine.

Brevet-General Edward Ord has been assigned to the regular army, to date from March 26.


THE ELECTRIC UNION



COLLEGE REGATTA—BOAT-RACE BETWEEN THE YALE AND HARVARD BOYS ON LAKE QUINSIGAMOND, JULY 26, 1865.



ISAAC PIERSON—WEIGHT 150 POUNDS.



EDMUND COFFIN WEIGHT 146 POUNDS.

THE REGATTA AT WORCESTER.

AT the close of the literary and commemorative celebrations, which have this year been centres of the liveliest interest, at Yale and Harvard, the chosen representatives of the two colleges entered upon the usual exciting competition for the champion flag. The race took place July 28 on Lake Quinsigamond, about three miles distant from Worcester, Massachusetts.

Some years ago, and until 1863, the boat organizations of Yale were separate from each other, and were broken up with the departure of their members from the college. This is the case at Harvard even now. But in 1863 the Yale boys inaugurated perpetual clubs, which swallowed up and absorbed all the petty clubs which had before existed. This navy has representatives from all of the four classes in college, about 20 or 25 Freshmen being elected from the Freshman class every year for each club. There are now two clubs at Yale in the Academic Department, the Glynna and Yarnua.

The scientific school has also its separate organization. All the clubs are united under the title of the Yale Navy, with a Commodore and other officers elected by the votes of all members of the navy.

In Harvard the old system of class-clubs still prevails, and they find it attended with all the inconveniences which attended them at Yale. There is no corporate body called the Harvard Navy, but each club is independent. Instead of one boat-house to accommodate all these, are several small ones for the various associations. It is a custom with them to have the stroke-oar of the University crew select his successor, and he in turn chooses the prize-crew.

On the day of the race all the hotels in Worcester were crowded to their utmost limit. The day was favorable, the lake as suitable a sheet of water as could have been selected; and the Yale boys with their blue ribbons and the Harvard with their red were all on hand and "ready for the fray." There had been six boatmen trained on each side.

For Harvard: CHARLES MACBARNEY, weight 134 pounds; EDWARD H. CLARK, 123 pounds; EDWARD A. FENNO, 143 pounds; WILLIAM BLACKIE, 142 pounds; EDWARD WILKINSON, 146 pounds; FREDERICK CROWNINSHIELD, 137 pounds. The names and weight of the Yale boatmen are given with their portraits.

Yale won the inside, but Harvard got the advantage at the start, and was nearly a quarter of a length ahead when the boats passed the stand. Yale pulled swift strokes and Harvard slow, and it was not long before the former began to gain on the latter and came in ahead at the end of the race. Yale made the most extraordinary time on record in this country, and surpassing even the professional oarsmen of the English Universities; she came in at the end of 17 minutes and 42½ seconds. The time made by Harvard was 18 minutes and 9 seconds. There were three umpires—Mr. WILLIAM WOOD of New York for Yale, Mr. R. H. DERBY for Harvard, and Mr. JOSEPH WARD for referee.

The boatmen representing the two colleges have been under the most careful gymnastic training for several weeks—the Harvard boys under the supervision of Mr. MOLYNEAUX, and those of Yale under Mr. WILLIAM WOOD, Professor of Gymnastics and Physical Education, 101 Fifth Avenue, New York. This gentleman gave instruction to the Yale College crew, as we have said, and the result of the race is certainly a most flattering compliment to his skill and fidelity as a gymnastic teacher.

There has been some dispute as to the time made, but it is now generally agreed to have been as we have stated above.



WILBUR BACON—WEIGHT 153 POUNDS.



EDWARD BENNETT—WEIGHT 158 POUNDS.



W. W. SCRANTON—WEIGHT 148 POUNDS.



LEWIS STOSKOFF—WEIGHT 168 POUNDS.

THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF HAWAII.

THE Queen Dowager EMMA, of Hawaii, whose portrait we give on our first page, arrived in England on 14th July. The Queen Dowager EMMA is partially of white extraction, since, though she belongs on the mother's side to a race of native chieftains, her father was a grandson of JOHN YOUNG, one of the companions of VANCOUVER. She was married in 1856 to her Majesty KAMEHAMEHA IV., who died in 1863. The only son of KAMEHAMEHA and EMMA died in 1862, and the throne was consequently occupied by KAMEHAMEHA V., the brother of the late King, who is the present sovereign of Hawaii.

The Queen Dowager is of very pleasing appearance and graceful and dignified carriage, her manners and habits being those of the aristocracy of Europe. Her education has been adapted to her high station, and her amiability of temper and benevolence of disposition have secured for her the affection of her people. She is a member of the Episcopal Church.

The present King of Hawaii is thirty-five years of age, and is physically a fine example of the native race. Under his reign the affairs of the kingdom have made rapid progress, and he has developed the constitutional Government which was instituted in 1848. There are two Americans in this Kingdom—C. C. HARRIS, the Minister of Justice, and E. H. ALLEN, Keeper of the Seals.

Hawaii is the largest and most southerly of the Sandwich Islands, and is, in fact, twice as large as all the rest put together, being a hundred miles long and above eighty miles wide. It is wholly volcanic, and appears to be an upheaval, with a crater a deposit from the numerous volcanoes of which it forms the base, the southern coasts being composed almost entirely of lava or volcanic cinders, the masses of which are broken into deep caverns, the abode of innumerable wild fowl, or rising into the most perpendicular cliffs, against which the sea dashes in frequent storms.

GENERAL NATHANIEL A. MILES.

AMONG the brilliant lights of the Second Corps General NATHANIEL A. MILES stood almost the first. As Colonel of the Sixty-first New York his record shows the most efficient service, which frequently attracted attention from his superior officers. His regiment belonged to the Second Corps before the consolidation of that corps with the Sixth Third. When Meade moved from the Rapidan May 4, 1864, General MILES commanded the First Brigade of the First Division, Second Corps, Hancow commanded the division, a position which we afterward assumed by MILES during the temporary absence of the latter officer. It is impossible to refer again to the proud history of the Second Corps, but in all the achievements of that corps on the battle-field MILES's brigade or division was in the front ranks. Not many of the West Point students have gained for themselves such fame as justly belongs to General MILES, of the volunteer army.

General MILES now commands Fortress Monroe, in which Davis is incarcerated. It has been necessary for him to be commandant of this post to exercise a severity toward the prisoner which would have been unnecessary if the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy had exhibited a more becoming behavior.

CHIEF ENGINEER KINGSLAND.

MR. ELISHA KINGSLAND, whose portrait we give on our first page, died on Friday, July 28, 1865, by the Commissioners Chief Engineer of the Metropolitan Fire Department. The election took place at FIREMEN'S HALL.

MR. KINGSLAND is an old and tried fireman, having served in the old volunteer organization for nineteen years. He entered the service as a private with Engine Company No. 32 in 1846. The Company was changed to 26, and KINGSLAND was elected its first foreman, which office he held until 1853. He was then elected Assistant Engineer, in which position he served for twenty years. He was also Street Inspector of the Seventeenth Ward for eight years.

MR. KINGSLAND is of the old Knickerbocker stock, and is forty-one years old. He is a man of steady habits, and will no doubt successfully manage the new organization.

THE FLIGHT OF DAVIS.

THOUGH published at a somewhat late period, the illustrations which we give this week relating to JEFF DAVIS will not fail to prove of great interest to our readers. After the capitulation of General JOHNSTON there was virtually no armed force left east of the Mississippi; and JEFF DAVIS, already a fugitive from Richmond, having been driven from the capital of Virginia by the surrender of Lee's army, found himself quite near the border by the wayside, seeking some means of escape from the National colonies, which were gathering upon him in all directions. The artist, whose sketches we engrave, accompanied Mr. DAVIS in his flight to within forty-eight hours of his capture.

The subject of one of the illustrations is the scene presented by a sudden alarm, or stampede, which was a very frequent occurrence, owing to the proximity of the National cavalry, who were frequently within three miles of the camp of the flying President. A scout had only to dash in and give the alarm when every thing went helter skelter along the road—President, ministers, cavalrymen, four-mules wagons, and terrified negro servants, all jumbled up together.

The other illustration shows the farewell of MR. DAVIS to his escort and staff in the square of Washington, Georgia. It was here that he determined to continue his flight almost alone; and, mounting a mule, found him who had sacrificed every thing to the defeated cause, he, with tears in his eyes, begged them to seek their own safety and leave him to meet his fate. Undoubtedly it was an ill-advised arrangement which brought an escort of 1500 men in the train of a man fleeing for his life; and, when too late, DAVIS saw the error of thus attracting the attention of the entire country through which he passed, and disbanded them but forty-eight hours before his capture.

OUR DEAD AT ANDERSONVILLE.

Not in the fierce and frenzied shock of war,
Not in the battle's fiery, deadly league,
And clash of arms, and deafening roar of guns,
Met they their Death.

In foul prison-pens, with stealthy tread,
He came, and took them slowly, one by one;
And they that lingered saw their comrades' eyes
Close softly on the sun—

Saw their pale eyelids close, and felt the hour
Draw nearer to themselves, till Death became
As one of them, and with each suffering day
Familiar grew his name.

Sometimes the sentry's gun, with sharp report,
Would send some poor soul on a braver errand flight.
Who, weary of his prison's gloom, stepp'd forth
Boldly into the light!

Great God, within that hook Thy Angel kept
Are souls that perished—each unknown, yet dear!
O blot them from our memories, and heal
Each sorrow-broken heart that bleeds!

Our land is one vast sepulchre—we rise
The swelling mounds; the dust which in them lies
Is our rich prize—richly cherished Freedom claims,
Our Nation's sacrifice.

There shall not now be nameless! he shall read
His name—whom Love, beyond his woman's bond,
Each hero's name; in future years untold
Mute records they shall stand—

Mute records, they, of valor, courage, love,
Of stern endurance and self-sacrifice ended;
And with each name upon those pillars graved
Here shall be blended.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RIFLE MATCH.

At half past two an open carriage drove up to the ground, and four ladies alighted. They were received by the Committee, conducted to their seats, and presented with written programmes of the games. Miss Colonna was installed in the centre box, Lord Castletowers, who placed a little in advance of the other seats, and dignified with a foot-stool, was styled, somewhat ambiguously, Lady Arabella's chaperon. When taken their places when two more carriages appeared upon the scene, the first of which contained Lady Arabella Walkinghaw, with her son Hatherton, and the second, Mrs. Cadogan, the wife of the Sedgebrook vicar, and her two daughters. The latter, however, drove on to the ring, what was doing in the park, had come over to see the sports; but Lady Arabella's visit was made in exclusive pursuance of her own little game, and bore no kind of reference to any that might be going on by other people. She had therefore, rather put out than otherwise when, instead of finding Lady Castlowers at home, she was informed that "they had gone across to the park to see the gentlemen race, and had left word, if any friends called at the house, that there was to be shooting in the park, and to follow." Miss Hatherton, however, was delighted.

"It's perfectly charming," said she, as they turned down the drive that led to the park and to the park indicated by the servant. "I can not think how pleased I am, Lady Arabella. Will you, my dear, then I am pleased too," rejoiced Lady Arabella, benevolently.

"Of shooting I suppose there is much as contests of this kind," Miss Hatherton went on to say. "Boat-races, horse-races, reviews, any thing, so long as there is a prize to be won and lost. Why, I haven't missed a Derby-day for the last five years; and as for the Roman Carnival, the only thing I care for in it is the horse-race. It always sorry the Jews don't run instead. It would be so much more amusing."

"You are greatly improved, Lady Arabella, with a faint smile. "I wonder if Mr. Trefalden will take part in these games?"

"Of course he will—he will win all before him. He's as fleet as a chamois, depend on it."

"I hope he won't be hurt," said Lady Arabella, with a little lady-like shudder.

"And I hope, above all things, that they will. But then, you know, my dear, I am blessed with no nerves. Why, this is delightful—there's quite a crowd!"

And so there was. News is contagious, and propagates itself as mysteriously as the potato disease. The whole neighborhood had already heard, somehow or another, of what was doing at the park, and every farmer, game-keeper, and idle fellow about the place was on the ground long before the hour appointed. Even the women and children, nothing short of Polygamy would account for their presence.

"Lady Arabella Walkinghaw and Miss Hatherton!" said Lord Castletowers, hastening to the carriage-door as they drove up. "This is indeed a happy accident. You have been to the house, I suppose, to call upon my mother."

"We have; but with no idea that we were coming to a—a fête of this kind," replied Lady Arabella, somewhat at a loss for the most appropriate word, and anxious to avoid any gracious smiles with the ladies on the platform.

"Then I hope you will stay and dine with us this evening, you ely man?" asked Miss Hatherton.

"Because I then knew no more about it than yourself, my dear," replied the Earl. "It is an improvisation."

"And what are you going to do?"

"A little of every thing—rifle-shooting, leaping, running; but you shall have a programme presently, and if you will alight, I can give you seats beside my mother."

With this he gave his arm to Lady Arabella, and conducted both ladies to the place of honor.

"But where are the competitors?" said Miss Hatherton, when the dog greetings had all been exchanged, and they had taken their seats "and above all, where's my friend, the noble savage?"

"Forbidden? Oh, he's in our tent, out-under. This affair was his idea entirely."

"And an admirable idea, too. But he'll beat you, you know."

"He would, if he came forward," replied the Earl, "but he declines to compete."

"Declines to compete?" echoed the heiress.

"Yes—for every thing except the last race—and that we all go in for."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Miss Hatherton, indignantly. "Why, it's as if the favorite were put out of the betting at the moment from the Derby—and I, too, who had intended to back him to any extent! I declare I was never more disappointed in my life. What's his motive?"

"He said he was out of practice," replied Castletowers, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense. That wasn't his real motive. He knew nobody else would have a chance, and he was too good-natured to carry off all the honors."

"Do you really think so?" said Miss Colonna, suddenly. She had listened to the conversation till now with keen interest, but in silence.

"I do, indeed. What does Lord Castletowers say?"

"I say that Miss Hatherton is right, and I know her to be right. Trefalden could write his name in bullets on that target if he chose—but he won't."

Miss Hatherton turned to Miss Colonna in a glow of enthusiasm.

"That's true nobleness!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed it is," said Castletowers. "He's the finest fellow I have ever known, savage or civilized."

But Miss Colonna said nothing.

"I wish you would back him my way, Lord Castletowers," said the heiress. "I like talking to him; he amuses me immensely."

"Does he?" said the Lord-and-by," laughed the Earl; "but he is our judge in the rifle-matches and can't be appealed from. Excuse me—here's another carriage full of ladies. I am master of the ceremonies."

And with this he ran off to receive the Cadogans.

And now the appointed hour being not only come, but considerably before expected, and the audience considerable, it was decided that they should begin.

The first contest was seen to cross the course and enter the cricketing tent at the farther end, whence he presently emerged with his cartridge, and, taking up his rifle in his hand. He was followed by five others similarly equipped; and by Trefalden, who, in his quality of judge, took up a safe position to the right of the target. Miss Hatherton surveyed them through her opera-glass as they came over the ground and placed themselves about a dozen yards off, with their backs to the stand.

"Dear me! they look very near us," said Lady Arabella, with that sort of pretty timidity that is less charming at eight-and-forty than at eighteen. "I hope they are not dangerous."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear friend," said Miss Hatherton. "Gentlemen don't generally fire behind their backs. Look! Mr. Major Vaughan begins—and a very good shot, too—very near the bull's eye. Now it's that remarkably handsome man next to the right?"

The question was addressed to Miss Colonna, but it received no answer. Olimpia heard the words, as she heard the report of the first rifle, without attaching any import to the sound, just as her eyes rested upon the target, but saw nothing. She was absorbed in thought, very painful thought, as it would seem, by the strange dark way in which her brows drawn together, and her fingers were mechanically twisting and tearing the programme which they held.

Miss Hatherton repeated the request the inquiry; but seeing the expression on Olimpia's face, remained silent. It was an expression that startled her, and puzzled her as much as it startled her. An expression such as one sees but seldom in the course of one's busy life; neither selfish, nor resolute, nor hopeless, nor defiant, but a blending, perhaps, of all three, with something else that might have been compunction—or fear.

Curiosity so far prevailed that for some three or four seconds Miss Hatherton continued to look at Olimpia instead of watching the competitors, and thus, to her infinite mortification, lost the thread of the firing. Of course none of the ladies on the platform could help her. They saw the riflemen, and they saw the marks on the target, but they could discern from that the situation of the order in which those marks had been dealt, or of the hands that had bestowed them. The first round, a round of rounds, had been over, having been fired out, the question was set at rest by the announcement that Sir Charles Burgoyne had carried off the first prize. Sir Charles Burgoyne sauntered up accordingly to the front of the platform, and received the cup from Miss Colonna's hand with the best-bred air of indifference in the world.

"You don't share my passion for these contests, Miss Colonna," said the heiress, in the pause that ensued between the first and second match. "If you did you had vanished from Olimpia's face long since; but Miss Hatherton could not forget it—would have given something to know what it portended.

"Indeed you mistake. I think them very interesting," replied Olimpia.

"But of course they can not have so much interest for you as for me. Your sympathies are bound up in a great cause, and you must have fewer small emotions on hand."

"Perhaps," said Olimpia, with a forced smile. "No bad news from Italy, I hope?"

"The news is all present," replied Olimpia, "is neither bad nor good. It is a season of anxious suspense, for all hearts are in the cause."

"You look anxious," said Miss Hatherton, kindly but inquisitively. "Is it, I thought just now I never saw a face look so anxious as yours. You didn't seem to remark the firing at all."

A crimson tide rushed to Olimpia's face, flooded it, and ebbed away, leaving her paler than before.

"I am quite strong enough," she replied, coldly, "to sustain more than one full to my share."

The competitors for the second rifle match were now on the ground, and the conversation ceased. There were but four this time—Lord Castletowers, Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Lieutenant Torrington. Having fired six each, they fired alternately, one shot at a time, in their order as they stood—Vaughan first, Torrington second, Castletowers third, and Burgoyne fourth. It became evident, after the first two rounds, that Vaughan, although a good shot, was much inferior to both Castletowers and Burgoyne, and that Torrington was nowhere. Miss Hatherton and Miss Colonna were the only two ladies who could follow the shots or understand the scoring; and this they did with a degree of interest quite incomprehensible to Lady Arabella, who had drew near the vicar's lay between Burgoyne and the Earl. Miss Hatherton's excitement knew no bounds.

"That is Lord Castletowers," she exclaimed. "See how cool he is! See how steadily he holds up his gun—not to one, given to two guineas. Will nobody take me? In the white, I vow, and all but in the very centre! Beat that, Sir Charles, if you can!"

"He will not beat it," said Olimpia, in a low, earnest voice.

Miss Hatherton glanced at her again, but scarcely for a second. She was too deeply interested in the next shot to care much about Olimpia's agitation. But she saw Olimpia's pastel lips, and the outlooking light in her eyes, and thought of both afterward.

Sir Charles and Lord Castletowers had scored four three times, and three twice, making a total of twenty-one. Major Charles had scored four, and three twice, making a total of fourteen. The next shot would be his fifth and last. If he hit the bull's-eye he would be a dozen points between Castletowers and himself, and they would have to try again for the victory; but if he scored any thing less than the Earl must win.

There was a moment of intense suspense. Sir Charles brought up his gun very slowly, took aim twice before he fired, and delivered an excellent shot just on the line dividing the bull's eye from the centre ring. He had lost by the difference of a hair.

The spectators round the ropes set up a faint response to cheers with their aspirate's but no competitors rushed up to the target in an excited way; and Saxon, too well pleased to care for the moment for the prize-money he heard him or not, shook his friend by both hands, exclaiming:

"I am so glad, Castletowers—so heartily glad! I did wish you to win those pistols!"

Miss Colonna's smile was cold and indifferent enough when she turned and congratulated the receive his prize; but her hand trembled, and Miss Hatherton's sharp eyes saw it.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW A FAIR LADY GAVE HER TRUE KNIGHT A QUERIST.

THE long jump was passed, the hurdle and hundred yards race was run—Mr. Guy Greville winning the first by four inches, and Major Vaughan the second by four seconds; and with the great race remained to be contested. In the mean while, half an hour was allowed for rest and refreshment. The gentlemen repaired to the platform in a mongrel costume compounded of flannel waistcoats, cricketing shoes, pocket-handkerchiefs, and over-coats of various descriptions; so that they looked like cricketing men below and boating men above. Several glided solemnly about with Madeira and biscuits. The ladies congratulated the victors, and the victors congratulated one another, and the platform took up the ropes strolled about respectfully, and did a little subdued betting among themselves; and the conversation on the platform was broken up into coteries. One of these consisted of Lady Arabella Walkinghaw, Lady Castletowers, and Miss Hatherton.

"Vaughan ran well, didn't he?" said the Earl. "I thought at one moment that Greville would have outpaced him; but Vaughan had the most wind, and steady did it."

"He was very well, I dare-say, to reserve your sporting phraseology for your male friends," said Lady Castletowers, coldly. "You forget that I am not a connoisseur of rounds, and wind and vigors."

"I beg your pardon, my dear mother; but it seems so naturally when sport is the topic of conversation," replied her son. "I hope you are amused, Lady Arabella?"

"Oh yes, thank you—when you don't fire."

"There is, at all events, nothing undignified in firing," observed the Countess.

"I hope you do not think our athletic games undignified, mother?" said the Earl.

"Not in general, certainly. For boys or peasants, not at all."

"But a gentleman has as many and as good muscles as a peasant. A gentleman values strength and speed as much, and sometimes more, that he values Greek and Latin; but, like Greek and Latin, strength and speed must be kept up by frequent exercise."

"I have no wish to argue the question," said Lady Castletowers. "It is enough that I set a higher value on skill than force, and that it gives me no gratification to see half a dozen gentlemen racing round a piece of sward for the entertainment of a mob of gamekeepers and plowmen."

"Nay, for our own entertainment and yours, dearest mother," replied the young man, gently, "We have never yet shut our park-gates on these good people; but their presence goes for nothing in what we do to-day."

He spoke very deferentially, but with a faint flush of annoyance on his face, and passed on to where Miss Hatherton was chatting with Saxon Trefalden.

"It will be a long time," she said, "before I can forgive you for my disappointment of this morning. And I know I am right. You could have beaten every body at every thing if you had pleased. It was an absurd piece of Quixotism, and I am very angry with you for it. There—don't attempt to deny it. Lord Castletowers has confessed, and it is of no use for you to plead not guilty."

"Lord Castletowers never saw me leap a foot or even a yard in his life," said Saxon, emphatically. "He knows nothing of what I can, or can not do."

"I am here to answer for myself," said the Earl, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "And I do know that you can put a bullet through a shifting weather-cock at five hundred yards."

"A mere trick."

"Not so. Skill is no more to be confounded with trickery than pocket-picking with legerdemain. I am entirely of Miss Hatherton's opinion, and am certain you could have beaten us all round if you had chosen to take the trouble."

"You will find out your mistake presently when you have all left me in peace," said the Saxon, a little impatiently; "I would recommend no one to bet upon me."

"I mean to bet upon you, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton.

"Pray don't; you will be sure to lose your money."

"I don't believe it, or if I do, I shall call upon you to pay my debts, for I shall be certain you have juggled behind on purpose."

At this moment one or two of the others came up, and the conversation turned upon the preceding contests.

"Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Colonna, "will you be kind enough to tell me how many times you have to make the circuit of the ground in this one-mile race?"

"Exactly six times, Mademoiselle."

"Will you come round to this side, Mr. Trefalden?" said Olimpia, in a low tone, "I have something to say to you."

Not without some vague sense of surprise, the young man passed on behind the second chair, and presented himself at Miss Colonna's left hand.

"You are really going to contest this one-mile race, are you not?" she asked.

"I have entered my name with the rest," replied Saxon.

"Then you mean, of course, to win if you can?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I have entered my name," said he, "but I am not sure that I shall run for all that. Somebody must set an judge; and I prefer not to race if I can help it."

"But I particularly prefer that you should race, Mr. Trefalden," said Olimpia, dropping her voice to a still lower key. "I want you to win me that purse of twenty guineas for my dear Italy."

"It will be yours, and Italy's, Mademoiselle, whoever wins it."

"I know that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Then what difference can it make whether I or another carry off the prize?" said Saxon, wonderingly.

"It does make a difference," replied Olimpia, lifting her eyes suddenly to his.

Saxon felt flustered, without knowing why.

"What difference?" faltered he.

"Must I tell you?"

"If—if you please."

"Will you promise to win for me, if I do?"

"I don't know; I will try."

"I ask no more than that. If you really try I am confident of victory. Will then, I want you to win because—I suppose, because I am a woman; and all women are capricious."

Saxon looked puzzled.

"I don't think you are capricious," he said.

"Do you not? Then I am afraid that is because you are a man; and all men are vain. There is a pair of maxims for you."

"Maxims for which I can discover no application," replied Saxon, laughingly. "Why should I be accused of vanity because I refuse to believe that Mademoiselle Colonna is guilty of caprice?"

"I am afraid you are very dull to-day, Mr. Trefalden, or very subtle."

"I know I am not subtle," said Saxon, "but I must be decidedly dull."

"If your feet do not outstrip your apprehension you will scarcely win the cup; and—what shall it then?"

"It's the signal for assembling," replied Saxon, "I must go now; and you have not told me after all."

"But you have promised me that you will try."

"No, no—my promise was conditional on your explanation."

"But have I not told you that women are capricious?"

"What of that?"

"We sometimes value a cowslip from one hand more than a rose from another; and—and perhaps I am so capricious as to prefer the cowslip from you. Hush! there is the second bell! Now, go, and win the prize."

The tone in which this was said—the gesture, half persuasive, half imperious—the dazzling smile by which it was accompanied, were more than enough to turn all older heads than Saxon Trefalden's. He stammered something, he scarcely knew what; and his heart leaped, he scarcely knew why.

"If you do not go at once," said Miss Colonna, "you will be too late. Shall I give you my glove for a favor? Be a true knight, and deserve it."

Breathless, intoxicated, the young man pressed the glove to his lips, thrust it into his bosom, leaped down upon the course, and flew to take his place among the racers. He felt as if the feet were clad in the winged sandals of Hermes; as if his head touched the clouds, and the very air were sunshine. It was delightful, this sense of exaltation and rapture—and quite new.

Not so, however, felt Olimpia Colonna. Saxon had no sooner jumped from the platform than the color died out suddenly from her face, and the smile from her lips. She leaded back in her chair with a look of intense pain and weariness, and sighed heavily. There were three persons observing her; but her thoughts were very bitter at that moment, and she was quite unconscious of their scrutiny. Those persons were Lady Castletowers, Miss Hatherton, who had but just arrived, and was leaning on the back of her chair; and Miss Hatherton—and neither she nor the Earl saw the sigh was lost on either of the three.

THE TROOPER'S FAREWELL TO HIS STEED.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Who have scorned with me the plain,
O never will we together move
In the fiery charge again;
Never again will the king sound
For us so sweet and so solemn—
Never again o'er the reeking ground
Will we career with the rolling column.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Who will bear me never more
In the dust and heat of the weary march,
Or the maddening battle's roar;
No more for us will the sabres clang,
Or the deadly carbines rattle;
No more will you snort with your nostrils wide
The smoke of the distant battle.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
No more shall we scour the plain,
No more at dawn shall the trumpets call
Awaken us both again;
No more o'er the battle's winding way
The trail of the foe we'll follow,
While far over river and field and hill
Sound the bugle clear and hollow.

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Farewell, for never again
Will we scour along in the serried ranks,
And the light wind lift your mane;
O never again on the dashing raid
Will we move in the crowded column—
O never again will we hail at night
'Neath the starlight pale and solemn!

Farewell, farewell, O my gallant steed!
Who will bear me never more
In the dust and heat of the weary march
Or the maddening battle's roar;
Farewell, farewell, for at last we part
Who have comrades been in battle,
Mid the sabre's clash and the cannon's roar
And the deadly rifle's rattle.

FALSE STEPS.

IT would be very interesting to know how many even sensible men ever are free from a conviction that, at some point in the road of their lives, they have taken a wrong turning, and in how many cases the grounds of self-reproach would be found to be quite baseless. People often are fond of attributing to a false step a want of success that is really due to incapacity. A man persuades himself, for instance, that he might have been at the head of his profession had only adopted some other course than the one he actually followed at a certain stage in his career; when the truth is that, whatever course he had adopted, he could never have risen beyond the level of mediocrity. The reflection soothes his vanity and restores his self-esteem. For although the fact of having taken a wrong turning indicates in itself a deficiency of judgment, still every body is ready to pardon himself for a weakness which he thinks is only temporary. To be able to trace the failure of a life to a single blunder permits one to believe that on all other occasions every thing has been done to insure success that mortal could do. We are naturally very lenient to ourselves if we can think that we have not lost our way more than once or twice, and that afterward no pains or discretion have been spared in endeavoring to recover the lost ground. Ill-fortune bears the blame for all the rest. We did wrong, it is true; but then, if luck had not been incorrigibly hostile, the error would speedily have been repaired, and all would have gone on well. And, after a certain time, a man gets into the way of looking back even upon the false step to which he pleads guilty as something for which he was not altogether responsible. Just as people can go on telling an untrue story until they believe it to be true, they can in the same way go on ascribing all their ills to some one mistake, until at last they begin to forget that the mistake was their own, and to talk of it as they might be expected to talk of a knight that had descended upon them from the clouds.

There is a rather striking circumstance that the matter in which men and women most commonly take a serious false step is that which is least readily forgiven by society. Probably about the most fatal blunder that any body can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest. It is almost within the parties to it most carefully conceal from themselves. The reluctance which people feel to recognize, even in their own minds, the most palpable mistake such as this, is a measure of the sincerity with which they are willing to attribute ill-fortune to their mistakes in other pieces of conduct. Certainly nobody can blame them for making the best of what is irretrievable. If a man finds that his wife is shamefully extravagant, or a great fool, or a shrew, he may be more than pardoned for trying not to see what a fearful burden he has undertaken to bear to the end of his neck. And when a woman finds that her husband is a tyrant, or intolerably self-opinionated, or openly unfaithful to her, she is right in making the best of her bargain. Where a real false step has been taken, every body does all he can to make it as little of a false step as he can. When people are found bemoaning some one blunder as the cause of all their ills, instead of leaving the blunder to itself, they usually prove either that they do not mean what they say, or else that their ills have been the inevitable results, not of one false step, but of a confirmed habit of mental staggering and stumbling. It is not so easy for a man to ruin his life by a single act. Marriage, however, is the most decisive and the easiest of such acts, if we may also include under the term those clandestine connections which can only be described negatively as not marriages. The man who marries without knowing more than the mere surface of his wife's character, or without having ascertained the cost of bringing up a family, takes almost the one step in ordinary life which there is no power of retracing, and which may lead him hopelessly away from the kind and amount of success which he might otherwise have reached.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FATHER-IN-LAW.—What is the legal relation in which a tenant stands to his landlord?—*To love pay-rent-is.*

AN Irish lad, having been asked if the man who had just flogged him was his father, replied, "Faith, he's the parent he is; but he trates me as if I was his son by another father and mother, bad luck to him."

AN ECONOMICAL RIDER.—An Irishman observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would I be wanting with another?" said the postilion; "if one side of the horse goes the other can't stand still."

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the latter observed that he had one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "Oh, that is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually vear away."

AN Irish car-driver, in his list of journey expenses, charged "sixpence for the horse, Sir." On inquiry it turned out that the rogue meant a whip-cord.

AN awkward, ill-dressed countryman, who was strolling about the streets of Paris, on the other day, attracted considerable attention on account of his absurd appearance. Becoming conscious of the fact, he turned to a gentleman who was looking at him with open-mouthed surprise, and exclaimed,

"Hallo, mister, if you keep your mouth so wide open you'll soon burn your teeth!" and walked away triumphant amidst the laughter his sally called forth.

RATHER THIN.—A ludicrous incident occurred at a small theatre in North Berlin read not long since. The hotel at which the piece is ornamented with a looker-glass that is so fearless as its face is ugly. One night, while twenty or thirty last gentlemen were standing at the front lobby of the house, an individual rode up to the door on little Rosinante, and, with a quick look at the looker-glass, mistook his own eyes for looked upon. Leaping from his phantom steed the equestrian said, turning to the hostler,

"Here, John, give my horse some water."

"Sir?" said John, with a look of astonishment.

"Give my horse some water!" thundered the stranger.

"Your horse!" ejaculated John, with more surprise.

"Yes, you fool, my horse!" said the stranger, looking savagely at John.

John walked toward him to ignore the would demand an explanation, and took down on the step, when he suddenly stopped like one surprised beyond expression.

"Bless my soul!" said he, "I ask your pardon, Sir; but your animal stood on a line with that looking-glass, and I didn't see him."

The owner of the spectral beast tried to frown, but a tear from the looker may made him change his mind.

PASSING STRANGE.—A lady passing a bonnet shop without stopping.

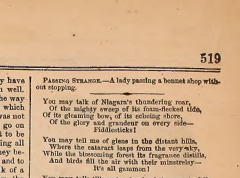
You may talk of Niagara's thundering roar,
Of the mighty sweep of its foam-flecked tide,
Of its gleaming bow, of its echoing shore,
Of the glory and grandeur on every side—
Fiddlesticks!

You may tell me of pines in the distant hills,
Where the sunset leaps from the western sky,
While the blooming forest its fragrance distills,
And the soft air the sir with their minstrelsy—
It's all gammon!

You may talk till you're dumb of these waterfalls,
Where nymphs and naiads perchance may dwell;
But I know a place where four bits walk
Contain another I like as well—
And better too! Just listen.

Oh, the gushing clusters of dancing curls,
Where rosy Cupids may bask in glee,
On the banks of lovely looping girls!
Oh, them's the waterfalls for me!

AND THEM'S HIM!



THEOLOGICAL HOROLOGY.

There's this to say about the Welch,
So bother bannocks, brose, and bicks;
They don't pretend to depict Watch,
For Calvinists despise good works.

IN New Zealand the boys swim rivers and climb hills for the sake of going to school. In this vicinity they frequently stay away from school to swim rivers and climb hills.

What beams often fall on men's backs without hurting them?—Sunbeams.

Why is an astræa waiter like a race-horse?—Because it runs for the plate.

A POWERFUL BUSTER.—"I say, Mr. Johnson, did you hear 'bout de catalepsy dat befell Phillies?" "*Of course I didn't*—what was it?" "Why, he was de doctor ordered a blister on her chist; well, as she hadn't no chist, no how, she jist pit it on de butcher, and it burned her nice pink bonnet out de shape, and spile un entirely."

What is that which every one wishes to possess, and which every one wishes to get rid of as soon as they have got it?—A good appetite.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them. Probably they don't look well from behind.

A young and gallant captain, on receiving a note from a lady "requesting the pleasure of his company" at a party to be given at her house on the evening designated, took his men and marched them to the young lady's residence. When it was explained to him that it was himself alone who had been invited, he said, "By Jove, the letter said company, and I thought the lady wanted to see all my boys!"

A French gentleman who was caressing a dog one day remarked, "I love the dog, he eats, he sleeps, he digs, in short any thing vat is beastly."

The officiating clergyman at the marriage of a deaf and dumb couple wittily and gallantly wished them empeaksable bliss.



ON THE—WELL, WE WON'T SAY WHAT—LINE.

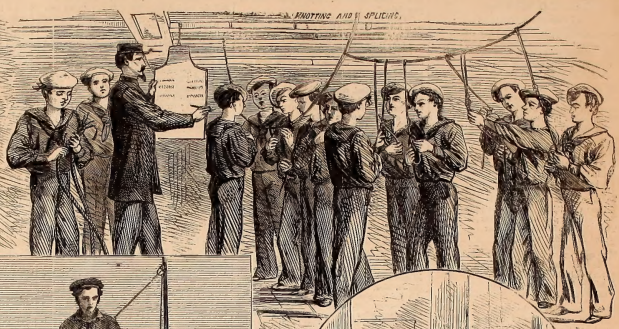
OLD GENT. "Well, George, what sort of a Journey have you had?" GEORGE. "Oh, very quiet; only off the Track twice, and ran into three Freight Trains!"



SKETCHES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES NAVAL SCH



SABINE.



KNOTTING AND SPLICING.



SABINE. GROUP OF THE CADETS.



A YOUNG TAILOR.



RIFLE DRILL.





SINGLESTICK.

L-SHIP "SABINE."—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

OLD RELICS.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

A WILD, wet night! The driving sleet
Blurs all the lamps along the quay;
The windows shake; the busy street
Is yet alive with hurrying feet;
The wind raves from the sea!

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;
My long day's work is almost done;
I curtain out each sound and sight—
Of all nights in the year, to-night
I choose to be alone.

Alone, with doors and windows fast,
Before my open desk I stand—
Alas! can twelve long months be past,
My hidden, lifelong wealth, since last
I held thee in my hand?

So, there it lies! From year to year
I see the ribbon change; the page
Turn yellower; and the very tear
That blots the writing, grow clear
And fade away with age!

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold
The precious trifles hoarded there—
A ring of golden hair, I wold
A withered harebell, and a fold
Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,
Could buy me back the treasures I own my hearth;
And yet the secret of their worth
Must live and die with me.

THE FIT OF ALISIE'S SHOE.

On a certain mellow August afternoon an old woman was sitting in the kitchen of Jamie's, a little cottage smothered in fuchsia-trees.

"God save all here!" said the visitor, pushing in her head at the door. "An' is this Jamie MacQuillan's?"

"As sure as my name's Jamie," said the weakly man, taking off his spectacles. "Take a seat, ma'am. You'd be a thraveler maybe, comin' home from the fair?"

The old woman had dropped into a chair, panting with fatigue.

"It 's no shame for ye," she gasped, "that ye don't know me, seein' that ye never set eyes on me before; but I'm wan o' the M'Cumbridges, from beyond Loughgill, an' I 'm a walked every foot of the road to see you an' yours."

"Why, you don't name to say that?" cried Jamie, his pale face lighting up. "You don't mane to say you're Shaun M'Cambridge's sister Penny, own cousin to my father's second wife, that was to have stood for our Alisie at her christenin', only she took a pain in her heal and couldn't stir from home? Faith, an' I might have known you by the fine look o' your nose, always an' ever the sign o' the rale ould blood. Throth that same blood's thicker nor wather! Mary, mavourneen, it's Penny M'Cumbridge, from Lough Neagh side!"

A great head-shaking followed this speech, and then the visitor began to explain for Alisie, her goddaughter that was to have been, only for the unfortunate pain in the heal.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," said the father; "she'll be in from the fair by-an'-by, an' then if ye don't give her the name of her godmother girl and her namesig-r that ever stepped about a house, I'll give ye lave to go back to Lough Neagh an' spend the rest o' your days waitin' for her acquials."

"Whisht, Jamie," said the mother; "self praise is no praise, no more is praise o' yer own flesh an' blood. All I 'll say is, that while Alisie was in the cousin Penny the cup o' tay after her thravels. She was to bring a name but yet green from Minther M'Shane's, in Portrush, as well as all the news from Castle Craigie, an' of the doin's of ould Lady Betty MacQuillan, that has the power to her!"

"Is that the ould lady that's come home from Ingia!" asked she who was called Penny M'Cambridge.

"Ay, sy," said the wife of Jamie, eagerly. "I've passed through Portrush, an' 'yell maybe have the throw-away with the tay-cup in the sass, that are they saying in the town?"

"Well, you see, Mary Kenny, "bein' a sthranger, and spakin' to few, I heard but little. But they do say that her husband was the last of the MacQuillains of Castle Craigie, an' that as she has no child of her own, all the MacQuillans in the country are claimin' kin with her, an' fightin' among them about who 'll be her heir."

"An' is that all ye know, Penny dear?" said Mary. "Why, I have more nor that myself. Sure she's written a letther all round to every MacQuillan o' them all, biddin' them to a grand house-warnin' on Wesday next, an' sure the whole town 'll saddle it all an' name who's to come after her. An' though she's in London now, she'll be at Castle Craigie afore it seen since the day Sir Archie MacQuillan brought home his fairy bride, an' then it wasn't paisters an' brickla yers, but the 'good people' themselves that laid hand to the work."

"She must be a queer sort of a body," said Penny. "But I hope, Jamie, that you, as Alisie's **man, an' as good a MacQuillan as ever a wan among** them, I hope you haven't been shy of seedin' in your claim."

"There's richer nor us, and there's poorer, but we're not so mane yet as to go crawin' for what we're not likely to get. It's not to MacQuillans like us that Lady Betty has sent her invite."

All the three pair of eyes were now turned to the doorway, whose sunny space was obscured for a moment by a pretty a figure as any lover of fresh and pleasant sights could wish to see. This was a ripe, flexed, dark-haired, country girl, with her coarse straw-bonnet tipped over her forehead to save her eyes from the sun, and her neat print gown tucked tidily up over her white petticoat.

"Come in, Alisie!" cried Jamie, "come in an' see your cousin, Penny M'Cambridge, from Lough Neagh side, that was to have been your godmother, an' has come every fut o' the road from that to this to see what sort Mary has turned out."

"An' now you'll tell us the news, Alisie," said Mary the mother. "What's doin' an' sayin' in Portrush ahout Lady Betty?"

"Oh throth, mother!" said Alisie, tossing her head, "throth I'm sick, sore, an' tired, heatin' in the quare ole house she's pulled down to her sack, poor body! Sich greasin' an' compairin' you never heard since the day you were born. The whole town was MacQuillan, wan frien's or another, at it bank an' fast for which 'll have the best chance o' comin' in for the ould lady's fortune. An' sich preparations! Mrs. Quinn, the housekeeper, took me all through the castle to see the new grandoor; an' such curtains, an' chairs, an' a big looking-glass, an' sich lookin'-glasses! feth, when I went to the dhrawin-room door, I thought I'd gone crazy, for half a dozen other Alisies stepped up in the corners an' all over the walls, an' come to meet me with their baskets on their arms. I'm in the sarvice for all this, said I, an' if they hadn't put her an' themselves her to it, she would never be for doin' the quare thing she's goin' to do on Wesday night. An' what do you think she is goin' to do, father?" said Alisie, turning to Jamie, "but she's to have a tay-cake made, an' sent in in it, an' every MacQuillan at the feast gets a piece o' the cake, an' whoever finds the ring, as sure as he's there he's to have it, an' he's to be Lady Betty's fortune, an' come after her in Castle Craigie!"

Here Mary the mother began to groan and rock herself, and some of the cheerfulness left Penny's face. It would not stretch out their hands for a piece of that lucky cake, when it might be theirs for the asking. Jamie was getting very red in the face, and was observing his paper very fiercely, when Penny, who had been laughing, wiped away a tear and looked up. Then the others took back hand with her kinsfolk, and trotted away down the lonan as she had come.

It was a gay and pleasant scene at this final Alisie was sitting on the end of the kitchen-table, reading the newspaper to her father.

"Ay-e—ay," said Jamie, stumbling at a word, y i—vi, g a—ga— Och, my blessin' to the word, I can't make head or tail o't. Ye'll read it bether yerself, father, an' it's time I was goin' down to Jane, any how!"

Alisie," said Jamie, putting his spectacles, in a fearful way, over the room out a bad dark after all the throuble Minther Dewish has taken wi' you. Ye'r gettin' a big woman, Alisie, an' there's not a thing to'r bad at but the clarkin'. Go off to school now this very evenin' an' give my respects to Hughie Dewish, an' tell him I'll be obliged to him to spell navigation afore you come back."

Alisie colored, and her thick black lashes rested on her round cheeks a while she took off her bonnet and kneaded the wet meal for the hens with her spare hands. But as she left the house she looked back with a smile a little too full of fun for Jamie.

"Then you an' Hughie Devnish may put it out o' yer hands that ye'll ever make a clark o' Alisie," she said; "for ye may be sure I'll make a one of the larnin'-books that ever cracked a schoolmaster's skull, an' feel me not be the better for it. An' mind ye learn ye wouldn't have her wan bit the larnder at the hinder end!"

So saying she stepped out into the sun, and was busy feeding her hens under the shelter of the golden haycock, when she saw a servant in a showy livery coming trolling up the lonan.

"Can you tell me where Miss MacQuillan lives about here, my good girl?" he asked, with a supercilious glance at Alisie's working dress.

"No," said Alisie, looking at him with her head thrown back. "That's Jamie MacQuillan's house" pointing to the gable-end. "He 's a MacQuillan, Alisie, but there's no Miss MacQuillan here; none nearer by this road nor Belly Scuffling."

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the man, with an altered manner, "but I believe this must be for you." And then he rode off, leaving her standing staring at a dainty pink note which she held by one corner between two mealy fingers. "Miss Alisie MacQuillan," said the ink on the back of the narrow envelope, "Castle Craigie."

"That's me!" said Alisie with a gasp. "The name o' them's all writ down in the big book at the ministys. An', as struse as I'm a livin' girl, it's the Castle Craigie liveries you fine fellow was dressed up so grand in! Here's the Castle Craigie crest on this purty little seal."

It was a note of invitation to Lady Betty's ball, and, in spite of her humble station in life, Alisie had to read it, spelling it out word after word, turning it back and forward and upside-down, and feeling sure all the time that she was making a fool of herself on her by writing to Lady Betty in her name. She sat on a stone and thought this terrible matter out, then all the while burning her cheeks and making them more and more outh to appear in a ball-room.

"An' she thinks I'm some fine young lady in a low neck an' satin shoes, waitin' all ready to step into her ball-room an' make her a courtesy. Good luck to her! What 'd she say if she heard Alisie's brogues haunnerin' away on yon fine slippy floor o' hers?" And Alisie, as she spoke, stamped on the roughest foot and kicked at it critically. "Then thank you, Lady Betty! but I'm not goin' to make myself a 'nghin'-stook for the country yet!"

"Who came ridin' up the lonan a bit ago, Ailsie?" said the mother, when she went in with the note safely hidden in her pocket.

"Ridin' up the lonan is it?" said Alisie.

"Ay, sy," said Mary, "I thought I heard a barse's fut on the road, but it be to been yer father smirin'."

"Me smirin'!" cried Jamie, starting and rubbing his eyes. "Ivy dhramin' yersel, Mary. Alisie, ye witch, are ye not gone to school yet?"

"Well, I'll go, father," said Alisie. "Mayhe," she thought, "Hughie 'll tell me what to do with that letter afore I come back."

"Where's your word, Alisie MacQuillan?" asked the schoolmaster, taking her book with a severe and business-like air, as she entered the school-room.

"Invitation, Sir—navigation, I mane," said Alisie, demurely, studying her folded hands.

The master looked very haughty, and afterward frowned severely, when, on going the rounds of the desks, he found Miss Betty MacQuillan, "Castle Craigie," and other foolish and meaningless words, scrawled profusely over the page which was to have been scored in navigation alone. Alisie was "kept in" for bad conduct, and locked up alone in the school after the other pupils had gone home. But when the schoolmaster came to release her, she was found plucking the roses that hung in at the window, and sticking them in the holes that had been made for hanging the desks. A crumpled note lay open before her.

She should hardly have said the schoolmaster came in, for, instead of Hughie Devnish, he appeared in a new character. This punished girl was his wildest and least creditable pupil, and yet, when she walked up to the bar of disgrace, he was trembling and blushing like his own youngest "schoolma'am" at home. He took up the note, looked at the crumpled note, and he picked it up and read it.

"I guessed how 'twas," he said, "but you're nately to thinkin' of going."

Now Alisie had intended to ask his advice, but the mischief that was in her would come out.

"Sir, I wouldn't not go as well as another?" she asked, pettishly.

"Arroon, you know I would not like it," he said. "An' then it's not proper," said Alisie, tossing her head, and beginning to pick a rose to pieces.

"Alisie," said the young man, vehemently, "I was only the other day thinking I'd ask you that very question. No matter what it came of," said Hughie; "you promise me, and I'll do the same promise me as well that you wouldn't go thrustin' yourself among these people that would only laugh at you for your pains."

"I don't know why you should think I'd be laughed at," said Alisie, "barrin' you're ashamed o' me!"

The schoolmaster's face blazed up, and with all his heart in his love he told her of where she sat with her ripe face half-turned from the sun coming through the lattice, and her dark head framed in the roses.

"Ashamed o' you, mavourneen?" he said, tenderly. "No; but there might be some there that we wouldn't like to see you among, and that's dared an' unprotected. MacQuillan o' the Reek—"

"I slapped his face sore!" cried Alisie, firing up again, "an' it's not a lady he'll come anin' me to do 't again."

"And then 'll be others there," he went on, that 'd fall in love wi' you, maybe, an' snatch you up from Hughie before he has enough earned to marry you and keep you."

"An' what if they did?" said Alisie, with wicked coolness.

"What if they did?" repeated Devnish, slowly, looking at her with a pained, appealing look, as if expecting her to retract the cruel words. "I tell you what it is, Alisie," he broke out, passionately, drawing his left hand from its concealment, "I believe it's this that's workin' at the bottom o' all your coldness. I'm still already of a deformed lover. Go to Lady Betty's ball then, an' find a husband for yourself that you'll not be ashamed of. I'll not."

Just as Alisie was getting pale and the tears began to rise under her long dark lashes, and the Widow Devnish came into the school-room and called Hughie to supper.

The next evening bright Alisie was dressed out in a yellow silk skirt and cherry-colored bodice, with a fine pair of stockings of Mary's own knitting, and shoes borrowed from the sides. The Mucklehorn, of the Windy Gap, was to take her to Castle Craigie in his new spring-cart.

As her cousin stood to set her down at a little distance from the entrance gates, out and in of which the carriages were rolling at such a rate as would have Alisie's heart thump against her side till it was like to burst through Pat the weaver's tabinet.

She arrived at the ball-room just in time to see a flash of crystals and white robes float gracefully over the threshold, and the absurdity of her own costume came over her in its terrible reality. Covered with confusion she looked about to see if she could escape among the trees, and hide there till morning; but one of the grand servants had espied her, and under his eyes Alisie scorned to beat a retreat.

"What is your business here, young woman?" asked this awful person, as she stepped into the glare of the hall lights.

"I am one of Lady Betty's guests," said Alisie, lifting her head. But a horrible tittering greeted this announcement, and a crowd of other servants, who were all vying her curiously from head to foot.

A servant at length conducted Alisie to the ball-room. He opened the door wide, and Alisie herself swallowed up in a blaze of light and color, with a hum in her ears as of a thousand bees all buzzing round her head at once. When she recovered from her first stunned sensation, and regained consciousness of her own identity, she found herself seated side by side with the five Miss MacQuillans from Bally Scuffling, all dressed in their grass-colored satin, all with their noses redder than ever, all eying her askance from their corner to her brooches, and tittering just as the servants had done in the hall.

A band was playing, and a crowd of people were dancing, but it seemed to Alisie, whenever she looked up, that nobody had got ready to ask her to dance to stare at her. When she saw the elegant slippers of the dancers she was afraid to stir lest the "navigation" in her shoes should be heard all over the room; and when MacQuillan of the Reek came up to her, and, making a low bow, begged the honor of dancing with her, Alisie's ears began to sing with confusion, and her teeth to chatter with fright. But as she did not know how to refuse, she got up and accompanied him to where there was an empty space on the floor. The band was playing a lively air in quick time, and Alisie, thinking any thing better than standing still, set to dancing her familiar jig with energy. She had once slapped this gentleman's face for his impertinence, and she believed that he had now led her out to avenge himself for her confusion. So Alisie danced her jig, and finding the clatter of her tongues was drowned by the music, she gained courage and looked round with interest, and met with encouraged laughter, till the lookers-on cried "Brava!" and the laugh was turned against MacQuillan of the Reek, who, after all, very good-naturedly, had made him her courtesy, and allowed him to take her back again to the Bally Scuffling maidens, who had not danced at all, and who held up their fans to fence before their five faces in disgust at Alisie's performance.

A magic word, *supper*, acted like a charm on all there. The crowd thinned and disappeared, and nobody noticed Alisie. Every gentleman had his own partner to attend to, and as no one knew the little peasant girl, Alisie was very glad, for she would rather endure hunger than be laughed at. She was just beginning to feel sadly, when in came MacQuillan of the Reek, saying that Lady Betty had sent him to conduct her to the supper-room.

Lady Betty was sitting at the head of the most distant table, and Alisie took in her hand a huge cake before her. The more substantial eatables seemed to have been already discussed, for every guest had a slice of this cake on a plate before him or her. They were nibbling it, and mincing it up with knives. All were silent, and all looked remarkable and distasteful. Alisie thought the silence and the dissatisfaction was all on account of her audacious presence.

"This way!" said Lady Betty MacQuillan, in a voice that made Alisie start, and the august hostess beamed upon her last side for out-blushing herself. The wax-lights blazed on Lady Betty's golden turban, and Alisie did not dare to look at her face, though she thought Lady Betty with the long bright helped her to a small cut of the wonderful cake. Alisie was very hungry, and the cake was very sweet. She devoured a few morsels eagerly; then she ceased eating.

"Why don't you eat, child?" said Lady Betty, in a voice that made Alisie start; and this time she ventured to look up.

She looked up, and stared at her. A cloak had opened down the front. There was a little white-and yellow face, with twinkling black eyes, looking down on her—a face that she had seen before. It was Penny M'Cambridge, from Lough Neagh side, who was to have been her godmother only for the unfortunate pain in her heal, who was stiffly dressed up in purple velvet and a cloth of gold turban. Oh, murther! What would be the end of this? Penny M'Cambridge telling all the grandeyed folks of the country round, pretending to be the lady of Castle Craigie! Or, stay! Whether was Penny M'Cambridge acting Lady Betty MacQuillan, or had Lady Betty MacQuillan been acting Penny M'Cambridge?

"Why don't you eat, child?" repeated Lady Betty, as Alisie sat turning her piece of cake about on her plate.

"I 'm hungry enough," said Alisie, "but I can not ate this, my lady, barrin' you want me to choke myself!"

And Alisie held up her bit of cake in which was wedged the ring that declared her the heiress of Castle Craigie.

Well, I need not tell how after supper some of the guests who were spiteful ordered their carriages and whirled away in disgust; how others, who were not spiteful, staid and danced the morning in; how some, who were good-natured, congratulated Alisie on her good luck; how others, who were quite the reverse, yet fawned on the bewildered heroine of the evening. Her head was turned by the flattery, and Lady Betty all the rest of the time; how, in the end, she was conducted to a splendid bed-chamber, where she was frightened out of her senses at the grandeur of the furniture, and could not get a wink of sleep for the softness of the bounty bed.

The news was not long in traveling over the country, and next day, when a carriage dashed up to the door of Jamie's cottage, Jamie and his wife thought they were prepared to receive their fortunate daughter with dignity. But when Alisie walked in to them in a white pelisse and spangled slippers, her bonnie dark eyes looking sat at them from under the shade of a pink satin hat and feathers, the delusion of theirs was dispelled. Mary's exultation knew no bounds, and Jamie said, "Can this fine lady be my daughter?" nervously, and with tears in his eyes. And Alisie sat on a chair in the middle of the floor she had swept so often, and pulled off her fine hat, and threw it to the furthest corner of the kitchen, rowing she would never

leave her father and mother to go and live with Lady Betty. And Lady Betty, who was present, was not a bit angry, although the beautiful hat was spoiled; but began telling how she would educate Alisie, and take her to see the distant world, and how she would dress her like a princess, and marry her to some grand gentleman, who should either bear the name of MacQuillan, or adopt it.

Then Alisie's heart seemed to break with one loud sob, and she rushed out of the cottage and down the lonan, bareheaded and weeping. Midway she stopped on the road, and, pulling off one of her pretty shoes, she flung it from her with all her might till it struck the trunk of a far tree growing on the hill that led to Hughie's.

"That's the slipper to you, for good luck, Hughie Dervish!" she said; "an' if ever I forget you to marry a fine gentleman, may the last bit I ever put my gowns into rage again, an' the bit that I ate into sand in my mouth!"

So Alisie said good-by to home. The next day Lady Betty and Miss MacQuillan departed from Castle Craigie for the Continent, where Lady Betty intended to finish Alisie's education and accomplishments.

Four years passed away, and Jamie and Mary had grown accustomed to their improved circumstances. Lady Betty having proved as good as her word in bestowing on them all those benefits which she had enumerated when coaxing Alisie away with her. Whether they were quite satisfied with the fresh benefits thus forced with them, they themselves knew best. When a neighbor went in to see them, Mary had always some grand talk about "my daughter, Miss MacQuillan;" but the Widow Dervish often shook her head, saying they were dull enough when nobody was by, and feared Alisie had forgotten them.

Alisie's education being finished, Lady Betty at her best as an accomplished marriage for her favorite. She introduced her to society in Paris, and saw her making conquests right and left at the most fashionable balls given to the Continental Allies. Alisie's sparkling eyes were enchantingly foiled by her diamonds, and proposals in plenty were laid at her feet. But Alisie, though enjoying right merrily the homage so freely paid her, only laughed at the offers of marriage, as though it were quite impossible to regard such a trifling thing but as mere very capital jokes. Lady Betty did not join in this view of the matter, but she had patience with her protégée for a considerable time, as Alisie always milked her displeasure by saying, on her refusal of each "good match," "I will marry a better man still, Lady Betty."

After four years, Lady Betty, who was a willful old lady, and very much used to have everything prepared with her about it, and before she recovered her temper she took ill and died, and Alisie found herself one day all alone and solitary in Paris, without the protection of her kind indulgent friend.

Tears would not mend the matter now, nor would they shake the dead Lady Betty back to life; so, having her, the conditions of which were fair enough, said Alisie's suitors, when the contents of the important document became known. One was the impatient old lady given her chosen heiress, in the space of time she chose to become a wife. And at the end of that year she was still found to be a spinster, not a penny bad she, but might go back to the cottage on the top of the lonan, and talk with her her father and mother to work for them as before, to milk her cows, and feed her bees; and persuade herself, if she liked, that her silk and her diamonds, and her beauty, and her lovers, had all had their existence in a tantalizing dream, which had visited her during the morning-time in the evening and cock-crow of a charming morning. But, should she remain single, then the year was not over before her husband the name of MacQuillan, then would the shade of Lady Betty be appeased, and the Indies thousand pounds, the gift of that Irish female, lord the old ancestral halls of Castle Craigie, would all belong to Alisie and the fortunate possessor of her wealthy hand.

Very fair conditions, said the suitors, and propositions poured in on Alisie. But lo and behold! the flint-hearted maiden proved as obstinate as ever; and, in the midst of wonderment and disappointment, having attained the age of twenty-one, and being altogether her own mistress, she wrote to her retainers at Castle Craigie to announce her arrival there upon a certain day. Great was the joy and glory of Mary MacQuillan when she received a letter from her daughter, desiring that her father and mother should come to take up their abode at the castle, being there to receive her at her arrival. Great indeed was her triumph when Miss O'Trinmine and many a score of lovers with cards, and a lace cap with lappets, in which to meet her child, and when Jamie's blue coat with the bright gold buttons came out.

Alisie brought a whole horde of foreigners with her, brilliant ladies of rank, who called her pet and darling in broken English—and many gentlemen—and counts with slender names, who were sweethearts, very sentimental persons, and still more with the Irish charmer. Balls, plays, and sports of all kinds went on at the Castle, and those of the gentry—Alisie, from curiosity, or a latent regard, came to visit Alisie, found her in the midst of a roomful of glittering company, dressed in a blue satin sack and pearl ear-rings, with her hair coming into her eyes in very bewitching little tendril curls, and seated between Mary in the brown velvet and lappets, and a dress of the new cut on the left elbow. They went away saying she was wonderful indeed, considering delightfully old and pretty, and they wondered which of those flaunting foreigners she was going to marry in the end. Meantime the year was flying away, and old neighbors of her mother's began to shake their heads over the fire, of nights, and to say that if Alisie did not take care she might be a penniless lass yet.

Things were in this position when, one fine morning, Miss MacQuillan, driving out with some of her grand friends, thought proper to stop at the door of Hughie Dervish's school-house. The schoolmaster turned red and then pale as he saw Alisie's feathers coming nodding in to him through the doorway, followed by a brilliant party of grandees, and two footmen dragging a huge parcel of presents for his girls and boys. Alisie coolly set her ladies and gentlemen unpacking the parcel and distributing its contents, while she questioned the schoolmaster upon many subjects on this the air of a little duchess, whose humor it was to make inquiries, and who never, certainly, had seen that place, much less conversed with that person before.

Hughie endured her whim with great patience, till, just before the party left, he begged he desk to restore a book to its place, she demanded to see a certain little dark thing which was peeping out from under some papers. Then, with a silent emergency, he produced a little black kid shoe. So the story runs:

"Why, it's only a slipper!" said Alisie, turning it about and looking at it just as the Widow Dervish had defended Hughie by doing. "What on old thing to keep a shoe in a desk! But it looked like the cover of a book. Good-morning!"

As the party drove off in that one of the gentlemen remarked that the schoolmaster was a fine-looking, intelligent fellow, fit for a better station than that which he filled. And it is further said that next day Alisie made a present to this gentleman of a snuff-box worth a hundred guineas.

When Alisie returned to her own dear return home on this August afternoon, she walked over to the pretty old casket which contained her tabby, a handsome gold casket which was a little kid slipper which looked as if she must have stolen it out of Hughie's desk. It was the very slipper which she had flung at him on that never-to-be-forgotten day.

One day the lady of the castle sent a message to the schoolmaster (who had meanwhile taken to and picked up a few pretty words), from the host, and must beg them to excuse her absence from among them for the rest of the day.

It was on this very evening that Hughie Dervish was walking up and down his school-room floor, musing, when Jamie, the schoolmaster's son, his enduring in the future to have Alisie coming into the school at any hour she pleased, to play the mischief with the children, and to be a heartsore among his boys and girls. He had just come to the point of resolving to give up his labors here, and to go off to the Indies, or to Australia, when click! went the latch of the door, and (of course, thinks he, it must be a dream) in walked Alisie. Not the lady Beautiful of the drawing-room, all gown and nodding feathers, but the veritable old Alisie, in her shabby old bonnet and cloak, cotton dress, brogues, straw-bonnet tipped over her nose, and all (where on earth did she get them?) in which she had left the place on that first after August evening, of which this was the anniversary, when she had shown him her invitation to Lady Betty's ball.

Now the gloaming was just putting out the glare of the sunset behind the latticed windows, and when Hughie had persuaded himself that he was not dreaming at all he next became very sure that he had gone out of his senses with trouble, and that he was looking at an object created by Alisie his eyes by his own diseased imagination. However, the apparition spoke, and Hughie knew that it approached, and sitting down on the end of one of the forms it displayed a paper which it unfolded in its hands—hands that were not those of a lady, and making the only difference between this and the old Alisie.

"I've got a letther here, Misther Dervish," said Alisie's old voice, speaking with Alisie's old brogue, and in the sly, mischievous tone that Hughie remembered well as a boy, "an' I'm afeard I don't aiswer it for me. I'm a bad clark myself, 'a know."

Not knowing what to say to be he took the letter out of the hands of the apparition, and, at the proposal of marriage from Alisie's old tormentor, MacQuillan burst out laughing.

The schoolmaster was trembling, you may believe, with many confused ideas and sensations when he finished the letter, and looked up, but he inked his pen manfully, and produced a sheet of paper, then sat waiting with much patience for his visitor's reply. She, for her part, sat with her two eyes upon the floor, and so there was a cruel pause.

"Well," says Hughie at last, with a bewitched feeling, as if he were talking to Alisie herself of old days, "what am I to say in the answer?"

"Fath I don't know," says Alisie.

"But what am I going to give?" asked Hughie, striving, we are assured, to command himself.

"Am I to have the letther or the letter?"

"I tell ye I don't know, Hughie Dervish," said Alisie, crossly. "I gave a promise to another, so he never fired from the beginning. Do I 'lieve ye'll know best what to put in the letther versel."

"Alisie!" cried Hughie, rising to his feet, "did you come here for a thing but to drive me mad with your airs? Or, avourneen, is it possible you would marry me yet?"

"Fath it is, Hughie," said Alisie.

And after the letter was written they went in and had tea with the Widow Dervish.

The next morning Miss MacQuillan appeared among her guests as if nothing had happened, but before night a whisper flew from ear to ear that the heiress was engaged, while the lady herself did not contradict the report. Every man looked darkly at his neighbor, and "Who is he?" was the question on every lip. At last it is said, in a most noble dream, that one of the party took heart of grace and "It is not I," said the others, one by one, and followed his example; and by-and-by Alisie was left peacefully in possession of her castle; whereupon there was a quiet wedding, at which Mary, Jamie, and the Widow Dervish were the only guests.

A nine days' wonder expires on the tenth, and after a week or two Hughie Dervish MacQuillan, Esq., was looked upon as no despicable person by many who thought it their duty to sneer on his wedding-day.

THE HAUNTING PAST.

He came to-day. He brought his bride;
And through the wood they went with me—
We passed them, silent, trysting tree;
I saw him turn his head aside.

And wondered if his glance would fall
On letters carved by him of yore,
In days that he regrets no more—
That I with burning thoughts recall.

The golden Past, that haunts me yet,
Whose faded glory no gleam can bring to bliss
Like twilight distance, cold and dim—
Oh, strange it is we hem forget!

Yet through those hours my will was strong
To school my heart to stifle pain—
To hide the throbbing, to endure again!
But night came, though the day was long.

Night came; they went. His farewell tone
Rings in my ear. 'Twill be the last!
My heart's fierce ordeal is past;
Beneath the stars I stand alone.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

GREATNESS OF MIND.—The President of A——— was arrested at Ale during the reign of Robespierre. Upon being interrogated as to the number of hogsheads of claret he had concealed in his cellar, he replied that he had been buried by his wife, he was discharged; but, when the servant was taken up and confined, it being proved that he was privy to the transaction, he was thrown into prison, and the utmost pains taken to discover the place where this treasure was deposited, and he was threatened with the loss of his head on that account. The President himself repaired to the prison, released him from his confinement, took off his chains, and commanded him to disclose the particulars of the transaction. "Sir," answered the honest domestic, "your refusal is followed." When I was intrusted with the secret both by my wife and master, I thought it would be unjust and improper to confide it to you, and my firmness will here afford you matter for admiration." Having said this he walked forward to the scaffold, prepared for the stroke, and was immediately executed.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT POMPEII.—Abundant details have been received from Naples respecting the freshly uncovered Temple of Isis at Pompeii, and the extraordinary finds in Pompeii. Three hundred skeletons were found crowded within that edifice, whose extraordinary sacrifice being evidently held in the hour they were overwhelmed. The statue of Isis (the goddess of Egypt) remains intact, but tripod in front of the altar, the golden censer, the jewels on the person of the priestess, the vessels holding a deposit of animal blood, are the main particulars dwelt on, no chapter in the history of the buried city could be more interesting. The eyes of Jove were of the most vivid emerald, and six wonderful statuettes richly decorated with gold trinkets, her gravity bird resplendent with a cluster of glittering gems, and numerous articles were enclosed within the censer, while gorgeous lamps and bronze ornaments stood on the altar's pavements.

THE SMOOTH FOOT-TIME planted a thousand years ago by the Emperor Charlemagne, in honor of the eastern wall of the cathedral at Hildersheim, has been in particularly good condition, and the trees look fresher and greener than ever. Two shoots, which sprung up from the knotty mid-musical root of the tree in 1865, have attained already the height of the roof.

SINGULAR REMEMBRANCE.—It is no new thing to say that twins are more known to the actuated by the same impulses, tastes, and desires, but it is a rare thing to hear this asserted of a set of twins of the kind, however, occurred in a French Court of Justice quite recently. Four children, Arthur Bernard, Jules Bernard, Adolphe Bernard, aged thirteen, and two twin brothers, aged eleven years and six months, were brought before the magistrate for stealing sundry articles from the stalls on which they were exhibited. Each of the four prisoners, on being interrogated, gave the same answer to the question, "Why did you steal?" "I was hungry." The whole of the twins had been without employment for some months, and, as their parents, all of them honest workpeople, begged the magistrate to give them up to them, and not to send them to a house of correction. The mother of the twins made the following curious observation concerning them: "My two children are twins, and, strange to say, whatever one does the other does also. If one is hungry, the other is; the same holds, the same thoughts, good or bad; they are not sisters, but brothers; yet they have been born after each follows him. Since last January we have kept them shut up indoors from fear of the cholera, and they never played in the streets, and getting into mischief. My husband had no work to employ them at, for we had found out that they had robbed us of some small coins which happened to be left lying, and, as we had not much to lose, we had not had thefts out of doors. We sent them to the national school, but, as they could not have got on there, for the several months' boy nearest Persin corrupted one of them, and the rest followed his example." The magistrate said: "You say," said the magistrate, "that your children are twins, and that they commit the same mischievous tricks?" "Yes, Sir; and there is a singular resemblance in their actions, inasmuch as, should one of them be punished by the other, who may be in another room, drinks also. Un the same occasion, should one put a finger in his mouth the other does likewise. If at any time one should happen to run over and fall down, the other will do the same. Finding him, for the father has only to take hold of the one, and all the rest come close to the place where the runaway may choose to be."

THE INVASION OF RUSSIA.—A French soldier who accompanied the armies of Russia concealed a small treasure at his entrance into Moscow, and returned to Paris after undertaking it with him on his return. After the defeat of Moscow he made a second visit to Russia, and found not only reopened his liberty a few years before his death. On reaching Paris he remembered his hidden treasure, and after tracing out the spot where he had hid it he went to take it away. He was successful in finding the spot, in the place of his money, a small tin box containing a letter addressed to himself. In the letter a comrade, who had mentioned at Nazare, where he might receive the as to applied, with the money, and begged that he would not suppose this was all a hoax. He went, however, to the house pointed out, and received his money, to the infinite twelve years' interest. With this sum he established a small business at Nazare, which enabled him to live comfortably; but he was never able, though he has taken some pains, to ascertain how his money was taken away and restored to him.

MEMORY OF A DEAF MAN.—Who is dead in the street, and knocked down at midnight?—The man who, when he came home broke open at midnight?—The man who has his pockets cut out and his coat spoiled in a crowd?—The rich man? No. Who adds to the misery people are laughing at him in their sleeves when they are eating his dinner?—The rich man. Who adds to his trouble by every story which he adds to his house?—The rich man; for the higher he ascends the colder is the atmosphere. A man breaks, and who suffers?—The rich stockholder and depositor. Wear blows his horn, and who trembles? Death approaches, and who dare to look him in the face?—Why, the rich man; and yet all the world envies the rich. Depend upon it, the length of your face will always be proportioned to the length of your purse. If you live in a two-story house be thankful, and not crave the loftier mansion of your neighbor. You but disclose yourself and bring your destiny by pining and repining.

ONE MINUTE wrote a strange little book in Honor of the Gout, with the avowed object of proving that it was a blessing to mankind, and should rank as the fourth cardinal. He sets about his difficult task so heartily that it is somewhat difficult to guess whether he is in earnest or satirical; and the reader is in doubt whether he should laugh at or with him. After enumerating the catalogue of his subject, as something younger than the fall of Adam, sent down from heaven indiscriminately to be a perpetual curse to man's transgression, our author proceeds to give six good reasons why gout should be ranked among the blessings of earth. Firstly, it gives a man pain without danger. Secondly, it is the most consistent companion of the friends Intill intervals, in which they experience a delicious enjoyment of health, and are known to throw to pass through life without an ailment. Thirdly, it is a perpetual weather-glass, and can tell by the state of its patient's limbs your barometers and thermometers are worthless instruments; and our gentle physician goes on to say, that in proper study studied, the time would come when no ship-owner would consider his vessel safe unless commanded by a gouty captain. Fourthly and fifthly, gouty people are unprejudiced, and honest, and invulnerable to envy; and lastly, gout is incurable. P. M. does not go so far as to assert that gout will be a permanent blessing to mankind, although it often keeps a man alive till all his friends are weary of him. He maintains that it is a proof of the power of making man proof against the shafts of death; and concludes his consistent eulogy by saying that the gout is the glorious gouty people do to the service they do to their country, and to the present book we owe it that we think we are well off, but must soon be seized the gout, and therefore deal with Death's factor, the pig-nata. "I am very glad," he concludes, "that my gout has nothing to do with the carnage of the dotter."

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The effects of a shock of artificial lightning on a gentleman of this city, somewhat, who is very sensitive to the electric discharge, may be here described. Professor Chauncey Grosvenor, of Geneva, from a small Leyden jar is exceedingly unpleasant to him. Some years ago he was exposed to the shock repeated numerous audience with a battery of fifteen large Leyden jars, charged by a Holtz machine. Through some unknown cause his gut he touched a wire which he had no right to touch. The shock was severe, and he fell upon the floor like a log. Here life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval without any sense of pain. In regard to the unconscious returned: the recipient of the shock saw himself in the presence of a number of persons whom, with the help of them external facts, immediately convinced that he had received the battery discharge. His intellectual consciousness of his position was restored with extraordinary clearness, but he was entirely powerless. To prevent the audience from being alarmed he observed that he would like the electric device to receive a second such a shock, and that he wish had at length been fulfilled. But while making the request he was unconscious that the body presented to him was that of a number of separate pieces. The arms, the legs, the trunk, were detached from the trunk, and seemed suspended in the air. In fact, memory and sight were the only senses which were left unimpaired. Before the optic nerve was restored to healthy action. But what was only to be dwelt upon was the most absolute palsiveness of the shock; and there can not be a doubt that the sense of pain was entirely lost in the passage from life to death occurs without consciousness being in the slightest degree affected. It is an abrupt stoppage of consciousness unaccompanied by a pang.

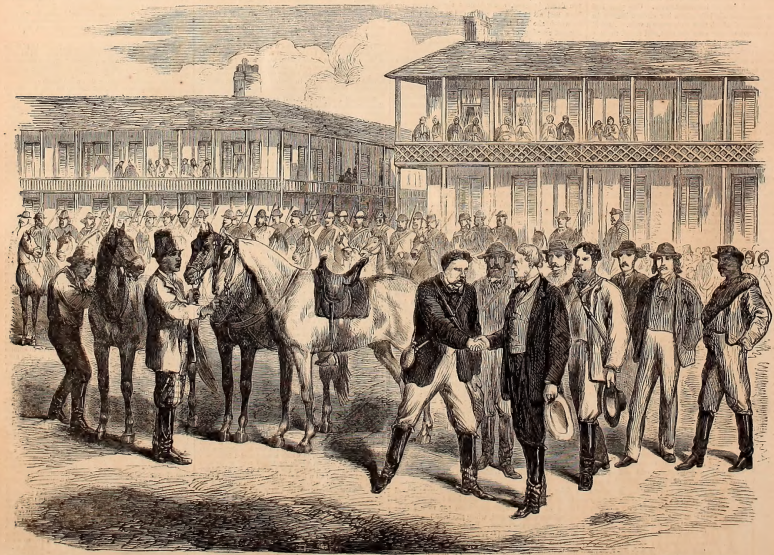
In 1854 a trial took place in Connecticut, under the customary forms of law, between Phineas Wilson, the defendant, were Sarah Tuttle and Jacob Sexton. It appears that the plaintiff was the owner of a lot of land, which When Sarah asked for them Jacob demanded a kiss for his pay. and as the conditions had been complied with he objected it forthwith. The facts were clearly proved, and the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

"PETER" are lost in California in other ways besides the gambling-table. A very singular affair occurred in connection with the loss of one of these "Peters" in one of the mining season, and we had all pretty heavy purses. They, we know not by what means, had become the good-dust safely at the mines, it was usual, when one's purse was full, to take it to a merchant and have it "Peterized," or "coche" or hide it, only reserving a small quantity of dust into circulation. Well, a gentleman had his "Peter" explain what one occurred. Our Irish comrade had gone to the mines, and had been very successful in digging, for he since we moved our tent to a more eligible spot about a mile off. Our tent was now kept four days and nights by camping-ground, we were carefully tied our canvas to the trees, and, leaving a couple of our shoppers, when our comrade was his appearance, we left him in charge of our property and went off to the diggings. Then, like one described, under the influence of a spade and natural law others had struck gold and left to the utter detriment of the comrade, who, on his return, exclaimed, "The rascals have made me mad!" we shouted. Not he; with a few hasty strokes of his spade he had discovered a "pocket" and exclaimed *Ils ne by sold deal!* In a word, by one of the most extraordinary coincidences, the very spot we had left, we had, of course unknowingly, lighted our camp-fire exactly on the top of the "pocket" we kept four thousand pounds worth of gold. Something similar, but more wonderful, befell another party of Irish, who had left their tent to visit Spanish doubtoons. Finding that the weight of his treasure greatly encumbered his efforts in the mountains, the owner determined to "coche" it. Now this miner was a very poor man, and could not read or write. He intended a plan to hide his doubtoons that still a great deal for his movements. Accordingly, on one night, he carried the neighboring wood one evening, and, selecting a tree, he cut off a piece of bark, and, with his knife, made a hole about the size of a crown piece from the trunk, and then stowed away his doubtoons into this hole. He then fitted close to a nicety, he thrust his doubtoons, and over them he replaced the bit of bark. Then, with a few more appropriate performed that the most prizer eye could not detect the fracture. Now all was over with gloom, the owner went home convinced that a "coche" so original and so easy looking for his treasure could not be invented. It was safe, very; in fact so safe that, when he went to admire it the next day, he could not find it. Nor the next day, nor the next. In fine, this clever man at last gave up looking for it. Meanwhile, the rainy season came on, and now came the climax of the story, sounding, I must confess, a little incredible. The gentleman miner was digging one evening by his camp-fire brooding over his misfortune, when suddenly his spade struck a hollow substance. Going to the wood-heap near at hand, he selected a log, and with a few strokes of the axe split it in two, when a peculiar appearance about it startled him. With a wild cry he rushed to his companions, and fell down in a fit. It was the piece of the tree in which was concealed his doubtoons!

SAYINGS AND LITERATURE.—One of the anomalies of literary history is, that it has often been the case that men who have been most distinguished by their wit or invention of others to endure a more than ordinary share of misery and misfortune. Many of the most delightful and inspiring portions of literature have been written by men strong hearts have been bowed down by the heaviest misfortune. Cervantes was a prisoner and a bankrupt. It was in the gloom of a mother's grief, darkened by his own poverty, that Goldsmith poured out the charming tale of "Rasselas;" it was in the desolation of a home and feelings parted that poor Goldsmith, the vagrant of literature, sketched the brightest pictures of domestic happiness the world has ever seen. It was in the days of his darkness, and in the remembrance of his own sorrows, that Tom Hood shook all England with laughter. The unfortunate author of the Ingoldsby Legends, half the gems of English wit and humor have been thrown out by genius in its most sorrowful moments.



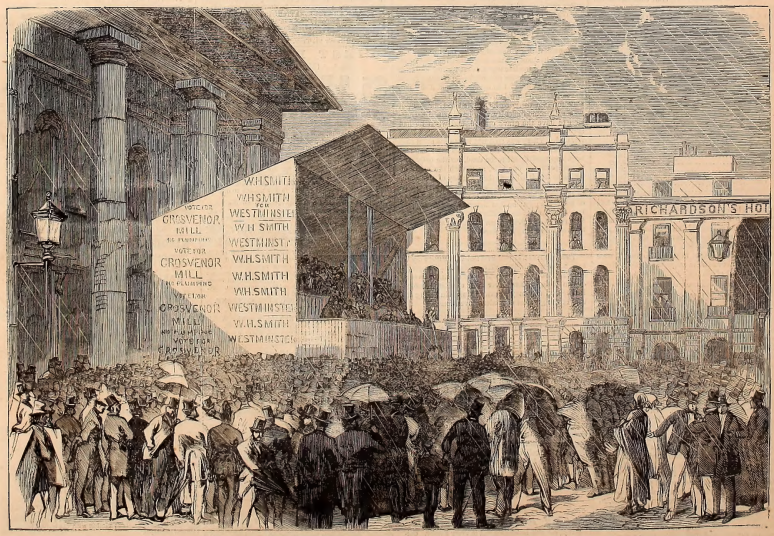
THE FLIGHT OF JEFF DAVIS—A SUDDEN ALARM AND STAMPEDE.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 518.]



JEFF DAVIS BIDDING FAREWELL TO HIS ESCORT TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS CAPTURE.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 518.]



THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS—THE RIOT IN THE GREAT MARKET-PLACE AT NOTTINGHAM.—[SEE PAGE 514.]



THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS—NOMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR WESTMINSTER.—[SEE PAGE 514.]

ARMY STATISTICS.

THE Report of the Secretary of War for the year 1864, which has been recently made public, presents some valuable statistics relating to the composition of the army. During the year ending November 1, 1864, there were raised and mustered into service:

Volunteers (white and colored) in loyal States	402,239
Volunteers colored) in rebel States	93,743
Recruits for Regular Army	13,971
Veterans re-enlisting before expiration of term of service	136,502
Drafted men, and substitutes	172,004
Total	820,749

The first draft (1863) was for 194,962 men, with fifty per cent. added. Of this number 117 failed to appear, 26,180 were exempted, 52,287 paid commutation, 26,092 furnished substitutes, and 9846 were held to service. The second draft (May 14, 1864) was for 50,367 men, with the following result:

Number reported and examined	38,861
Of these exempted for physical disability	11,446
Of these exempt for other causes	19,418
Of the drafted substitutes	3,966
Of these paid commutation	23,446
Of these held to service	4,015
	86,861

The third draft (September 19, 1864,) resulted as follows, the right of commutation by payment having been abolished:

Number reported and examined	72,492
Of these exempted for physical disability	39,332
Of these exempt for other causes	19,027
Of these furnished substitutes	13,345
Of these held to service	10,058
	72,492

Several Governors of loyal States sent agents to procure recruits in the rebel States, with very unsatisfactory results. In all, 1146 agents were appointed, and they secured 2853 recruits—not quite three recruits for one agent. The total amount paid for commutations up to the time when the system was abolished was $25,584,000. It will be seen that of the whole army of a million of men only 75,000—about one in thirteen—were drafted or substitutes, and these probably weakened rather than strengthened the army. Considerably more than nine-tenths of the numerical, and the entire actual, force of the army of the Union consisted of volunteers. The colored soldiers, on the 30th of October, 1864, numbered 101,350 men of all arms; and they had previously lost by battle, diseases, and desertions 68,178 men. Three weeks later (November 7, 1864) it stated in the Report that General Thomas had organized on the Mississippi River colored troops, and that it added that "the number of soldiers would have been larger but for the pressing need for the negroes in the quartermaster and commissary departments." The Report only enables us to guess at the nativity of the troops. The best data to be found in the statement of the death at the hospitals in the vicinity of Washington. In these, from August, 1861, to August, 1864, 32,706 men died. Of these the nativity of only 4871 is given: 4910 were born in the United States; 962 in foreign countries, as follows: Ireland, 444; Germany, 304; England, 112; Scotland, 60; France, 22; Wales, 7. These figures indicate that out of six soldiers five were born in the United States and one abroad.

The Report presents some vital statistics which could be gathered in no other way. Thus, in the first draft, 314 out of every 1000 were rejected for physical or mental disability; in the second draft, 257 out of every 1000. In France, Great Britain, and Belgium the exemptions from these causes range from 314 to 320 in 1000, showing a striking uniformity throughout the civilized world. In some States a record was kept of the height and chestmeasure of recruits, substitutes, and drafted men. The following is the result, the measurement being given in inches and decimals of inches:

	Height.	Chest.
New Hampshire	68.78	34.62
Connecticut, 1000	67.73	34.09
Massachusetts	66.74	34.83
New York	68.36	35.36
New Jersey	66.86	34.31
Pennsylvania	67.89	34.99
Delaware	66.05	33.09
Maryland	66.19	33.42
Minnesota	65.55	36.10
Kentucky	65.07	33.56
Ohio	66.64	35.79
Michigan	66.09	35.00

The average height was a trifle under 5 feet 6½ inches. The men from Michigan were the tallest, averaging 5 feet 8 inches: those from Vermont came next, averaging 5 feet 8 and an inch less. Men from Vermont had the fullest chests, followed closely by those from Minnesota and Michigan. It is noticeable that while the men from Kentucky were considerably above the average height their chests were narrowest of all.

A TRUE STORY.

MY two cousins, Charles and Frank Livingston, twenty years ago fell in love with two sisters, whose names were Mary and Florence Arden. As the progress of their love affairs has not much to do with the gist of my story, it is enough for me to say that every thing went on very satisfactorily, except that in due course, and on the same day, Mary and Florence became the wives of my two cousins, Charles and Frank respectively. Mary was the eldest sister, though at the time of their marriage she was barely nineteen, and to my mind the most taking and lovable of the two. Of course I have thought differently, and perhaps it was as well he did so.

The marriages happened in the spring of the year, and in the following autumn, much to the delight of the two ladies, it was determined that a yacht should be chartered for a few months, and the winter spent in cruising about from place to place. Their ideas chiefly pointed toward the Mediterranean, as they one and all had a great desire to visit Malta and Gibraltar, and moreover, if possible, to land in Africa. My father, I believe, thought that they might have the satisfaction of saying that they had once been there. Gibraltar was to be the first place on the list, and accordingly, after experiencing a rather rough voyage, which tested their capabilities as sailors to a considerable extent, they found themselves anchored off that huge rock. They saw all that was to be seen in the shape of the fortifications, etc., and among other places that they were taken to visit was the burying-ground set apart for strangers who were not Roman Catholics. Mary Livingston, who had been deeply affected by recollected, silent and apparently preoccupied all that day, when she first caught sight of the cemetery started, and seemed surprised. After they had looked about them, and lamented the general untidiness that prevailed, she suddenly exclaimed that all by walking to one corner of the ground more elevated than the rest, where she stopped, and, planting her foot on a certain spot, said that she was going to relate a curious dream she had had the previous night.

She dreamed, she said, first that she was lying in the cabin of the yacht sick almost unto death; that her husband and sister, standing by, seemed, by their actions and gestures, to imagine that she was dead; but though she was all this time conscious of what was taking place, yet she was utterly unable to move hand or foot, or to make any sound to attract their attention. In the second part of her dream she seemed to be carried on men's shoulders, still perfectly conscious, along the road they had just traversed, that she passed by their side into the cemetery, and that she was deposited their burden on that very spot where she then stood. A grave had been dug, apparently for her, she supposed, and she felt herself laid and turned to her last dream—alive, but motionless, and powerless to help herself in any way. The horror of her situation, as she was being lowered into the earth, seemed to give her strength, and in the act of striving to cry out she awoke. She then seemed to awake and to see that, though she had never seen the burial-ground before, or the road that led to it, yet, when she came to visit them on the day after the dream, she found that the reality was exactly like the dream.

Her husband and her friends laughed at Mary for her credulity in the matter, and ascribed the whole circumstance to indigestion. They did not, however, stay much longer in the cemetery, but returned to the yacht.

Two days afterward, and on the evening before that on which they had purposed leaving Gibraltar, Mary Livingston was seized with an ill. A doctor was at once sent for, who pronounced her attack to be a slight one of cholera, assuring her friends at the same time that there was to be under any apprehension of danger. Next day, however, her symptoms altered for the worse, and it quickly that before evening it was evident that she was sinking fast, and that no hopes could be retained of her recovery. She died in the arms of her husband, as you may imagine, was overcome with grief, but he had to stifle his feelings, and settle all things connected with the funeral. Which was obliged to take place on the evening of the very day after she died.

All, as I was told afterward, happened according to that dream of hers; she was carried along that steep road, and her grave had been dug on the very spot where she had stood, and on which she had been then full of life and beauty. But strange to say, and almost incredible, as it may appear, neither her sister rendered the circumstance of her relating her dream to them; and it was not till some six or seven months after the event, in the course of a twilight of their Yorkshire home, the memory of the stroll through the burial-ground, and the event connected with it, flashed across the mind of the widowed husband. Remorse at the thought of its being now all too late was his first feeling, and then an irrepressible longing to be doing something to rescue if his darling's dream had come true, and if she had, in reality, been buried alive. He made up his mind, while for that night, to be hurried to Gibraltar; it was with some difficulty that he obtained permission to have the grave opened, but when he had succeeded he found that his worst fears had been realized. There was no doubt left in his mind that his wife had recovered consciousness after she had been supposed by all to be dead, for the body was turned partly on one side, as if with the effort of trying to free herself from the cramp of the grave. From the date of the discovery he has never ceased to reproach himself for being in some part the cause of her death by his unwillingness to wonder how it was that the recollection of that dream of hers passed so quickly from his mind, and was not revived till so long afterward.

THE DUBLIN FAIR.—At the International Fair, Dublin, WHEELER & WILSON are exhibiting their Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine. It is most beautifully ornamented with the nation al coat of arms.

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With a Gurr to every Purchaser worth from
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By Mail, free, on receipt of $1.90.
No. 1. Business Pen. 3. Popular Pen. 5. Ladies' Pen.
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SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
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Will cure the Itch in 48 hours.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

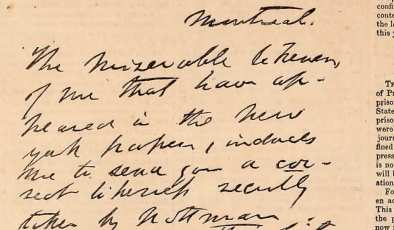
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 452.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GEORGE N. SANDERS.

GEORGE N SANDERS, the notorious rebel who across our northern border has been so long conspiring against the Government, was born in Kentucky, which was also the native State of JEFF DAVIS. He is between forty-five and fifty years of age, and has been for many years engaged in visionary political schemes. Under PIERCE and BUCHANAN he was happy enough to gain a brief official authority. The former appointed him Navy Agent at New York, and the latter Consul to London. In 1861 he returned to this country and embraced the rebel cause. He was engaged in several schemes for increasing the rebel navy, all of which failed. His supposed connection with the plot to murder President LINCOLN, and with other infamous schemes against the peaceable citizens of the North, is too well known to require any comment. Within the last fortnight his name has again come prominently before the public. It has been reported that some dangerous fellows from the United States have been engaged in a plot for the abduction of the rebel agent. It is probable, however, as the *Times* remarks, that the "dangerous fellows" were only thieves who had designs on SANDERS'S silver spoons or Confederate gold chest.


Montreal.
The miserable believers
I me that have ap-
peared in the New
York papers, induces
me to send you a cor-
rect likeness recently
taken by a Scotsman
should you think it
worth while to give me
a call, I ask
the favor to be put
into the hands of a
good artist
Geo. N. Sanders

FAC-SIMILE OF GEORGE N. SANDERS'S HANDWRITING.

HORSE-RACING AT SARATOGA.

THE second annual meeting of the Saratoga Association was the occasion of a series of horse-races the most splendid ever witnessed on this continent. Saratoga was all alive with excitement during the entire week beginning August 7. Every hotel and boarding-house and almost every private house was crowded. Imagine 1200 persons seated at dinner at the Union Hotel, a thousand at Congress Hall, and a proportionate number at the other hotels. The inn-keepers were compelled to use every sort of ingenuity to furnish room to their visitors. Who can estimate the number of bottles of Congress Water drunk in Saratoga during this exciting week, or the amount of money won or lost in betting? The weather was as favorable as could have been desired, and the racing was without precedent. We shall not attempt to record the triumphs of that magnificent horse "Kentucky," nor of her extraordinary companions in glory—*proximi sed non secundi*—but confine ourselves to one great fact, namely, that no contest of the kind has ever excited in the minds of the lovers of sports of the turf an equal interest with this year's races at Saratoga.

THE ASSASSINS AT FORT JEFFERSON.

THOSE of the assassins concerned in the murder of President LINCOLN who were condemned to imprisonment arrived at Dry Tortugas in the United States steamer *Florida* on the 25th of July. The prisoners when they went on board the *Florida* were ignorant of the altered destination of their journey, still supposing that they were to be confined in the Penitentiary at Albany. They expressed great disappointment at the change, but it is not unlikely that their confinement at Tortugas will be far more pleasant than would their incarceration at Albany.

Fort Jefferson extends over an area of about seven acres, and its guns command the inner harbor. This fort will during the greater part of the time be the prisoners' place of confinement. There are now five hundred and fifty persons confined here, mostly for political offenses. The island on which the fort is situated is thirteen acres in extent, and is barren and covered with sand, without any vegetation. The One Hundred and Tenth New York performs garrison duty, and Colonel HAMILTON is at the head of that regiment is commandant of the fort.

The prisoners acknowledged the justice of the sentence which condemned them to punishment, and although they claim that much of the evidence was malicious and false, they consider that, so far as the Government was concerned, they had a perfectly fair trial. It is most certain that in the infliction of its penalties against them the Government treats them far better than they deserve. Dr. MUDD, it is reported, is to act as assistant-surgeon in the fort. ARNOLD is to be made a clerk among the prisoners, and SPANGLER is to return to his trade as a carpenter. SPANGLER, it will be remembered, is the only one of the four who is not imprisoned for life. His term will be completed in six years. Thus begins the last chapter in the history of the assassination.


GEORGE N. SANDERS.


CONSTANCE KENT, THE MIDNIGHT MURDERESS.—[SEE PAGE 556.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

MILITARY OCCUPATION.

WE have received a long and most interesting letter from the interior of Alabama, from a gentleman who has studied the rebellion from its inception, and whose views of the present situation are worthy of the most careful consideration. The point that he especially urges is, that there is little danger of a renewal of the war for a century, *provided that the Government is wise in the distribution of its military forces*; to which we add, and in the use of them.

Our correspondent repeats and confirms the universal testimony as to the actual condition of public sentiment in the rebel region. It is precisely what every attentive observer will find confirmed by every late rebel he meets among us. A Georgian who has taken the oath of allegiance, said in a public stage-coach in New England, within a week: "Our people, Sir, are not cowed, they are overwhelmed by numbers." And although he was carefully moderate in his remarks, it was plain enough that he regarded the Government of the United States—which he invariably called "your" Government—very much as a Pole regards that of Russia.

Our Alabama correspondent says that the characteristic sentiment of our wayward sisters is this: "The war just closed has settled one thing but the material power of our enemies. It has not proved us wrong in any moral or Constitutional principle. The problem of free or slave labor, the sinfulness or pernicious character of enforced servitude, and the paramount authority of State or National Government, these are points as to our own constitution of which we will always believe that we are right, and to which we will adhere until they are settled in our favor. What though for the sake of bread we swear allegiance, it is by constraint; it is a forced oath, and we are not bound by it further than suits our convenience. Therefore our soldiers should not commit themselves in this way if they can avoid it; but whether or no, we shall hold ourselves ready to disregard such obligations, and to take advantage of the first difficulty in which our conquerors are involved.——And so sure as there is among men the decree of retribution, that day will be one of revenge no less than of Southern independence." Our correspondent then forcibly urges that the military force of the United States should remain to keep a firm hand "on those who sneak falsely, and who, by secret plots, nurse the elements of insurrection.——Conciliation, engagement, must be on hand; but the sword and the pen should mutually sustain each other."

Such is the universal testimony of all witnesses whose letters are unaffected by mad upon Union and the Government, and the copehism is inevitable. It is, that the national authority must be maintained by force of arms in the whole region lately in rebellion until the testimony is equally universal that that force may be relaxed with perfect security to the national authority. That the entire people are prostrated and exhausted there can be no doubt. That the war was prolonged by a terrible tension of every moral and material resource is beyond question. That, as a private letter from South Carolina avers, "the only struggle here now is a struggle to live," is evident. But no part of the rebel region was more utterly stranded than Virginia, none was more entirely exhausted. Yet who would withdraw the United States army from Virginia? What man in his senses would assume that, active operations in the field being over, the people of Virginia should at once be intrusted with the uncontrolled political conduct of the State? There have been several local elections in Virginia since the surrender of LEE. In almost every instance they have resulted in the choice of men who are known to hold the views stated by our Alabama correspondent. What would be the consequence of recognizing such elections? Plainly, the election by Congress of men of the WADE HAMPTON school; and by the alliance of such men with Copperheads, the Government of the United States would be in the hands of its enemies, and the first act of their power would be the repudiation of the national debt.

This is a result to be avoided at all hazards. But it can be avoided only by the action, not by the passivity, of the Government; and, to that end, the maintenance of adequate military power in the Southern States is indispensable. The disadvantages of such occupation are obvious, but not so obvious as its absolute necessity. It is very desirable that the people of Alabama and Georgia and Mississippi should immediately choose their Union men for their State officers and for representatives. But if they do not, they can not expect the country to suffer the consequences of their action. They must themselves endure them.

We do not, of course, exclude from the category of Union men all who have submitted to the inexorable rule of the rebellion. There are men in the South who do not call the United States Government "your" Government. There are men who do not say "our people," meaning rebels. There are men who do not excuse the crimes of LEE and DAVIS, of WERTZ and WINDER. There are men who were formerly opposed to abolitionism, and by their acquiescence in the Southern policy really fomented the war, yet who are, and have always been, faithful to the Union, and acquiesce in emancipation as a natural result of the war to preserve the Union. Such men, of the white race, are not many. Even now they are not strong enough nor bold enough to hold hourly friendly converse and speak collectively against rebel chiefs like WADE HAMPTON. They are not numerous enough to carry local elections. Nobody knows that they will be strong enough to control the State Conventions which are about to assemble. But until the political power of their States is indisputably in the hands, not of yesterday's rebels, but of to-day who have taken an oath which they despise, but of the true Union population, whether they were coerced into acquiescence in the rebellion or not, so long those States must be quietly held by the Government.

While all means are tried and every opportunity is given for the peaceful operation of the civil law, yet the loyal people of the State and the Union must know that the State and the country are not at the mercy of their enemies. MR. WADE HAMPTON advises his confederates not to emigrate, but to remain and attempt to achieve by political methods what military effort has failed to accomplish. The people of the United States are fools for not having surrendered to BEAUREGARD's cannon at Fort Sumter if they mean to surrender to WADE HAMPTON's oaths and votes. But if they do not mean to surrender, they must use the victory they have won so as to make his vote as futile as his sabre. This can be done in one way only: by occupying them, not offensively but firmly, and maintaining military power in every rebel State to the whole loyal population, white or colored. The loyal white population is now politically friendly to the colored; but we believe that even they will ally themselves with black patriots rather than intrust themselves to white traitors.

OUR CONTINENTAL DUTY.

GENERAL GRANT is reported to have said in FOSTER'S hearing that he did not care if Mexico or she would be driven out. Whatever GENERAL GRANT may think, it is probable that he says and thinks differently since he is a man of supreme discretion, and because he knows that the one desperate, lingering hope of the rebellion is that the United States may be induced in a foreign war to do for it what would be the rebels' opportunity. Probably no man in the country so earnestly wishes for such a war as WADE HAMPTON. But the moment if a foreign war should unhappily be forced upon us, we could not decline it, it is very important that we should prepare for it by very vague defiance and declamation. Let us fight, if our safety or our honor demand. But, for the sake of decency, let us have done with swagger.

We ventured to suggest some time since that the MONROE doctrine was popularly supposed to mean the right or the resolution of the United States to regulate the governments of this continent. But we can not see what right this Government has which every other independent Government has not. WASHINGTON's warning against entangling alliances was the sagacious advice that we should severely mind our own business, and not interpret our own business too rashly. GENERAL GRANT may be right in the time he suggested to MR. MONROE, through MR. RUSH, the declaration of a policy toward the Spanish colonies on this continent, founded upon the principle that the interest of constitutional governments every where was the interest of England; and situated as England and the Continent then were, the welfare of the British empire required the policy he pursued. A formidable and triumphant coalition of despotisms threatened free governments—of England equally and in the nature of things, but with arms; and it was imperatively necessary that those governments should be ready to withstand the shock.

It is undoubtedly true that a similar exigency would be equally menacing, and that the United States are always ready to provide for their own safety. If the various governments upon this continent choose to unite and forbid any European colonization here, they have the power of doing it. If they should decide that they will always retain a republican form, they may of course do that. If any one among them, or any combination, declare that no other form shall be tolerated, then, if the single government or the alliance be sufficiently strong, declaration can be enforced. But you, United States, as the chief power on this continent, but the people of Mexico to establish an empire, upon the ground that the immediate neighborhood of imperial institutions is threatening to a republic? Or ought we to guarantee the people of Mexico or of any neighboring country against all foreign powers, under all circumstances, and whatever provocation may have been offered?

If our safety and interest require that we regulate our neighbors, they certainly require that we absorb them, as the surest and least costly method of regulation. And if the presence of European powers upon this side of the ocean be offensive and dangerous, why is Spain suffered to hold Cuba, or England Jamaica? Abstractly, it would be difficult to prove that Mexico as a French colony would be more dangerous to our peace and security than Cuba and Jamaica as English or Spanish colonies, except that Mexico is upon the main land. If we may assume the dictatorship of the continent, we ought certainly to control the islands upon its coasts and within its waters.

President MONROE, indeed, in his message declaring what is called the Monroe Doctrine, expressly excepted "the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power." But any European purpose of "oppressing or controlling" the Governments which had declared and maintained their independence would be considered, substantially, by the United States; and "the American continents" were not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power. Now this last declaration is absolute. But suppose some of our neighbors should invite colonization, should we feel at liberty to forbid it?

We submit the following test of the French operations in Mexico. They were undertaken in the day of our division and weakness. But we do not believe that the most thirsty thousand French soldiers in a hostile country, separated by three or four thousand miles from France, threaten the "safety or peace," the "rights or the interests," of the United States. What they do it will be proper to warn them to leave. But until they do it is enough to say to France, as the Government has already said and repeated, that the United States watch with interest and sympathy the fortunes of their neighbors. France had the right to declare what that means.

There is no occasion for the American people or for American generals to threaten or defy. We have long indulged the bad habit of loud boasting. The answer of the wise man was pointed at us in scorn for our fatal inconsistency of principle and practice. But now that from the Rio Grande to the Penobscot, peace and with irresistible power, our truest honor and dignity demand that we put away childish things.

CROTON WATER.

THE capacity of the aqueduct for bringing water to the city was intended to be, and we suppose is, equal to sixty million gallons *per diem*. While the population of one million inhabitants, gives sixty gallons a day to each person. This supply is much greater than that furnished to the inhabitants of London or Paris, or indeed to any of the principal cities of the world, and for domestic purposes is not only ample but liberal.

There are times, however, in dry seasons, when the flow of the Croton River into the dam which supplies the aqueduct is not equal to the carrying power of the aqueduct, at which times —generally in July and August—the water stored in reservoirs and dams is called upon with a view to furnish the maximum supply to the city of sixty million gallons per day, but the Commissioners of the Water Department well know that all the means for storing water yet provided (from the reservoir in the Central Park included) have proved wholly insufficient for this purpose, and that the safety of the city, in this respect, is due not only to its health but also to fires, makes it necessary to provide additional means for storing water. To accomplish this purpose an Act was applied for by the Water Department, and passed by the late Legislature, authorizing the Commissioners to purchase voluntarily, or take by assessment, such lands in the Valley of the Croton River, Croton Valley as they might think needful, for building dams to "store and impound" the waters of the river, so as to furnish, even in seasons of the greatest drought, the grand maximum of sixty million gallons per day. But although the surveys for over fifteen of such dams were made as early as 1862, and the Act of the Legislature was accompanied by an appropriation of three hundred thousand dollars for an expenditure to that extent, the season is nearly past without the commencement of any dam, or even the definite selection of any spot for this necessary work. The Board has consequently been condemned for this object. The well-known difficulties in the Department, resulting from the illegal appointment of two Commissioners of three to constitute the Board, or the illegal holding over of the two sought to be displaced, account in part for this delay; but we have also seen the recent decision of the Supreme Court in favor of the Commissioners sought to be displaced, the Board is acting as Commissioners, and we can conceive of no duty of greater importance to the city, or which should sooner engage their prompt and careful attention, than that of constructing immediately one or more of these impounding dams.

The capacity of the Valley of the Croton for supplying water is but little known to the community, but it is ample for whatever number of inhabitants may be congregated hereafter upon the island which defines the city's limits. The area of supply contains $338\frac{4}{10}$ square miles, embracing parts of Westchester, Putnam, and Duchess Counties, and a small portion of the high ground of Connecticut. With in this area the Croton has three branches—the east, middle, and west, which unite together near Croton Falls, about eight miles above the dam, after which union the Croton receives numerous tributaries. The mountain region on the Hudson River which commences at Peekskill and extends with a width of about fifteen miles to a point nearly opposite Newburgh, proceeds with that width east of the river across Westchester and Putnam Counties, forming the Highlands, or the mountain range which the city depends for water. The height of this region varies from one hundred and fifty to about fifteen hundred feet above tide-water, consisting mainly of the primary formation, and of a formation quite near to it in character, named by Professor EMMONS the Taconic, both of which contain no soft rock or soil but such as is suitable for water of high purity. In this mountain region numerous lakes are dotted about, which constitute natural reservoirs of considerable extent, but the main supply is of course from the copious rains which are poured upon these elevated lands in greater quantity than upon any other portion of the State.

The city has but to exercise due diligence to keep the aqueduct supplied to its full extent from these inexhaustible sources, and we hope to learn that the Board will be enabled to go forward with this work without delay. The time will undoubtedly arrive when not an additional or a larger aqueduct will be required for the wants of the city, to be supplied from artificial lakes, constructed in the high mountain valleys of Westchester and Putnam Counties. Provident circumspection and foresight will be exhibited by procuring the lands needed for this purpose before they become too high in price to justify their purchase. The population of New York and vicinity are destined to a growth of which history affords no parallel. Its future is announced to us by the ample provision which nature has made for eclipsing all other cities of the land. It has water sufficiently deep for all purposes of commerce out to the sea. While other Atlantic rivers degenerate into falls at the first step of the land upward from the ocean, the Hudson sweeps through this barrier at the Highlands without impediment, furnishing one hundred and sixty miles of tidal navigation. While other Atlantic cities have high mountains, varying from one thousand to four thousand feet, between them and the vast agricultural riches of the great West, the Alleghany dips at Little Falls to three hundred and thirteen feet above tide water (lower than Lake Erie), enabling us to reach mighty regions of earth with no difficulty resulting from intervening elevations. The avenues to Canada are equally to our advantage, and the disadvantage of other cities. The power of the city to grow is also indicated by its surroundings. The primary system, with its high and level table land, extends to the very coast at New York; while southward, all the way to Texas, the coast is flat—the flat lands varying in width from thirty to one hundred and fifty miles of coast, or, if not, of easily impoverished soil, not favorable to health. Near to us is abundant material for building of the most durable, and, at least, the means of an ample supply of water from Croton Valley. The necessity for obtaining the latter in the event needed for the full capacity of the aqueduct, is so apparent to guard against loss from fire and serious danger to health that the Commissioners will be held to a performance of duty in this matter equal to that of the exigency demands. The selection of ground for the first dam should be made with a view to obtaining the largest capacity as well as ultimately and frequently, leaving inferior dams to be constructed as from time to time the wants of the city call for additional water.

BUTTON, DAVENPORT, AND HOYT.

A RESPECTABLE man named DAVENPORT married a respectable woman, and they lived honorably and decently together in the town of Greenwich, Connecticut, working hard and eating the honest fruit of their toil. Some of their neighbors did not like that MR. DAVENPORT should be the husband of his wife, and they zealously assailed his house. Rocks were thrown by his mother they refused to retire, and she fired from the window, killing the ringleader. The coroner's jury pronounced it justice.

But a certain PHILANDER BUTTON read DAVENPORT a lecture upon the occasion, telling him that, although there was no law to prevent his marrying the wife, yet his conduct so to doing was most improper, and that he was in imminent danger in Greenwich, and had better go away. That he was about to remove with his family in his own house had done any thing improper MR. PHILANDER BUTTON did not say. That they, and all other ruthless breakers of the peace, had better leave the town of Greenwich, he did not advise. But that an industrious man who had offended no law, and who was living peaceably with all men, should depart if his ignorant neighbors took a prejudice against him, MR. PHILANDER BUTTON was very clear.

Mr. or Dr. J. H. HOYT said he had nothing to say but ditto to MR. BUTTON, and hoped the prisoner would avoid quarreling. To which MR.

DAVENPORT very conclusively replied: "Why, Sir, I never had any quarrel with any of them till they attacked me."

Now if the ignorant people of the town of Greenwich should be displeased with the domestic circumstances of Mr. PHILANDER BUTTON or Dr. or Mr. J. H. HOYT, and attack the houses of those gentlemen, what would be their opinion of a fellow-citizen of theirs who should say: "Here, you, BUTTON, you have violated no law, and your life is decent and orderly; but some people don't like you, and my duty to me as a friend is to leave; and you, HOYT, let me solemnly advise you not to quarrel with your neighbors."

Let them ask themselves what they would think of such a fellow-citizen, and reflect that it is precisely what every honorable man in the country thinks of their treatment of JEFFERSON. If the town of Greenwich in Connecticut can not protect its peaceable citizens against ruffians, let it say so. But if its reputable citizens virtually take the part of the ruffians against decent men, they cover themselves with the shame of complicity in dastardly offenses.

GOVERNOR HAMILTON OF TEXAS.

In the letter in which he advises the rebel leaders to surrender to the country "which alone has so little of hope," Mr. WADE HAMPTON speaks of the United States Provisional Governor of South Carolina, Mr. PERRY, as "an honest man and a true patriot." As he had just mentioned the Union men of the State as those "who forsook her in the hour of need, and who now gladly pull her down to irretrievable ruin," he evidently does not consider Mr. PERRY to be one of them. We are sorry that Governor PERRY should have received such praise from such a man.

But there is one Provisional Governor whom WADE HAMPTON will not praise. That is ANDREW J. HAMILTON of TEXAS. His proclamation to the people of that State is just what is should be. It spoke soberly, emphatically, and faithfully, what we believe to be the intention of the people of this country. It does not affect in any way to palliate the rebellion, nor to identify the writer with it. It neither calls it "our" armies, meaning rebels; nor of "our" cause, meaning treason. It informs the Texans that slavery is dead because it challenged a fight to mortal combat, and he begs to assure his fellow-citizens that the Government will protect the freedmen. It recommends the former slaves to engage with their former masters until the end of harvest; but he warns the employers that all combinations to coerce the laborers or to extract from those who have the right to vote any favor. He adds: "And candor compels me to say to the people of Texas, that, if in the action of the general convention the rights are characterized or treated as less than a freeman, our Senators and Representatives will seek in vain admission to the halls of Congress."

If the other Provisional Governors had spoken as truly and plainly the task of reorganization would have been much easier. Governor HAMILTON was one of the Union men of Texas who proved his faith by his works and was driven from the State. He knows the awful fate of his friends who could not escape. He knows what the spirit of the rebellion was. He knows that it is not extinct. He has learned by constant contact with loyal Americans during his visit what they think and mean; and he does not look for permanent pacification either to men like WADE HAMPTON or to those who think HAMPTON praises, but to those who believe that the country has been saved and not ruined by the war.

ON THE ROBBING OF BANKS.

IT is but the other day that the city was startled by the news that WINDSOR, a teller in the MECHANICS' BANK, had run away with gold and currency belonging to the bank to the amount of $200,000; and now it transpires that HENRY B. JENKINS, a teller in the Phenix Bank, has made away with the money of his institution—as to what amount no one knows, though the cashier—easy soul—protests that not over $300,000 has been stolen. Some fortunate bills, it appears, JENKINS did not run away, has been arrested, and has made a partial confession; one of his friends, known as his alleged accomplice, has likewise arrested, but settled his account with justice by cutting his throat with a penknife—which he had succeeded in his mouth—during his first night's imprisonment in a cell. JENKINS'S case lacks none of the elements of a cause *célèbre*. There is a fair but frail woman in it—once, it seems, a very pretty waiter girl, who wears impalpable hats, and gems of purest rays serene on her fingers—whether paid for, unconsciously, by unsuspecting stockholders in the Phenix Bank remains to be seen. And there is a "Butcher," cold and base, who, possessor of the poor defaulter's secret, used it to rob him remorselessly, and fed a bank account of his own with blood-money extorted from his victim. There is not even wanting a fair and virtuous lady who supplies the culprit with fragrant bouquets to perfume the fetid air of the Police Justice's Court. If JENKINS were but young and handsome, he would have the material of a thrilling romance made ready to our hand.

Unfortunately, he is an old man, half bald, seedy, threadbare, and altogether unromantic of aspect. He will not even be able to plead that the intoxicating delight of early love betrayed him to his fall; for he has a wife and children.

The late Mr. BUCKLE assured us that occult laws govern even the most seemingly accidental events of life, such as suicides and robberies; that the same number of persons commit suicide every year, and about the same number are robbed. Another deponent, Mr. HENRY THOMAS, of Brooklyn, had, by prodigious labor, constructed a table which proved that for ever so many years exactly seventy-one persons had been killed annually in the United States by lightning. But we are inclined to question the soundness of this theory of averages so far as bank robberies are concerned.

The natural tendency of every person who has character and training enough to become teller of a bank is not to steal. To overcome this tendency unusual temptation must be held out. A naturally honest young man will find this unusual temptation in a desperate love affair with a frail woman, or in the seductions of the gambling-table. A man who is not young will find it in eras of excessive speculation in stocks. In ordinary times, when the bank against defalcations, a cashier or president will only need to watch the private lives of his tellers, and to keep himself free from evil gamblers and not involved in disreputable intrigues. But in extraordinary periods of general speculation, when every man's ideas of certain rate life will warrant the conviction that they are not dabbling in stocks. JENKINS and WINDSOR had both been bank clerks for many years. If ever a person had proved by a long term of age and experience gave any title to trust he had it. Yet when the terrible speculative situation of 1861-'64 was at its height, and right away his principles, his long-tried fidelity, his regard for his family, even his self-interest, fell, it is reasonable to suppose that he, like other thousand bank tellers and cashiers throughout the country resisted the temptation, and that the number of bank defalcations which will be brought to light in 1865 and 1866 will be no larger than in 1862 and 1863?

Consider the position of a paying teller. He has so much money under his charge—from $100,000 to $1,000,000, as the business of the bank requires. This money at night is locked in the vault, of which the cashier has the theory, the book-keeper of the bank checks his balance every night, or, in this city, every morning, when the exchanges are made at the "clearing-house;" and the cashier examines the balance, as shown by the books of both, and counts the notes. In practice, book-keeper and teller combine to balance and count the money together. In order to ascertain the amount of "overs" and "unders," in other words, the sums which the bank has overpaid and underpaid. Even the most accurate tellers make mistakes daily, but generally they are found to balance each other. If the teller enjoys the confidence of the cashier and directors, his notes may pass current for days at a time intervals. If he says that the trunk or tray contains $400,000, they accept the statement as a fact, though it may contain only $300,000. Even tellers of different banks accept from each other $1,000 packages without counting them. This is the theory; practice, is the practice, not the theory, of modern banking.

Under this practice it is clear that a smart bank teller can always manage to abstract a certain percentage of the money placed in his charge, and keep it outside of the bank for long periods of time. If his average amount of notes on hand is $500,000, he can make his balance will never run below $200,000, and he can use half that sum without much risk of detection, if he is trusted by his superiors. Under these circumstances he sees men around him making fortunes by speculation. A friend of this man JENKINS once made $400,000 in a week. He sees his dividends, as the stockholder of his bank, gambling furiously in stocks and gold, and notes their profits. He is told by brokers what enormous sums he keeps for he is a cent cash, and that if he had but $10,000 he could double it in less than a fortnight. He resists the temptation for a long time, but, as we said, the natural tendency of every man in his position is to be honest. But he has so often seen the pretty-faced girl of his friend realized, so often seen Erie rise when he was told to sell out, so often met Old Southern fall when he was warned it would fall, that at last he yields. It is but a temporary loan from the bank, he says to himself—or more truly the bank's money—staked, he plays, the inexorable law of fate comes into operation and he loses. Then the bank's own money carries its curse. He has taken the plunge, however, and the sequel comes easier. The question for him is, how can he avoid the surrender himself a thief, or by further thefts endeavor to make good his losses, restore what he has stolen, and regain his self-respect. In short a dilemma no shrewd man could hesitate for an instant. He steals more, plays again, and again loses. Are there any instances of money made on stolen capital? But why pursue a tale that has been worn threadbare by the publishers of the "Washerwoman of Finchley Common?"

There is a point in bank defalcations by tellers at which the aid of accomplices becomes requisite, and this is perhaps the point to which public attention may be most carefully directed. To buy or sell stocks, the intervention of a broker is essential. How about a broker who receives ten or twenty or fifty thousand dollars from a bank teller as margin on speculative operations? Should he not be presumptively held to have been cognizant of the felonious source of his margins? If he did not know, ought he not to have suspected? Again, while a paying teller is absorbed in balancing and keeping upon the confidence of his employers, divert ten or twenty per cent. of his stock of notes, it is quite clear that he could make away with half his stock without accomplices in the bank. We do not pretend to know the details of JENKINS'S case. But it seems quite improbable that he could have abstracted even so large a sum as $300,000 from the bank without the connivance of other clerks. Days must have occurred when his stock of money was too small to discharge the debt of the bank at the Clearing-house—if his own accounts were the only ones that were falsified. On this head the suicide of EARLE, who had been book-keeper in the bank, is suggestive. But the investigation by the bank authorities and the courts should still be thorough.

An engineer and fireman declare that, on the whole, he doubts whether certain forms of vice are restrained in any perceptible degree by severe penalty. But, as defalcations concern us concerned, the axiom may perhaps be accepted. No teller robs a bank deliberately. He acts from sudden impulse, and generally regrets its commission. Nothing would repair the damage at once if he could. It is wholesome, probably, to peruse the homilies which JENKINS'S friends are preparing to the daily papers: it is well to read in clear print that rogguery is wrong, and honesty on the whole the best policy; but the bank officers, bank-holders and bank directors will do well, whenever stock speculation is lively, to inspect their accounts closely, and not to trust to any teller's report of his cash without counting the notes.

THE KETCHUM FRAUDS.

In an article, printed a few weeks since in these columns, some notice was made of a Wall street operation, which was sold and very profitably in Erie, and "a young banker of preternatural sagacity." The old and wary operator won—was a million dollars. The young banker of preternatural sagacity is now a fugitive from justice, having robbed the street so thoroughly that the SCHUYLER frauds appear trifling by the side of his. Can we tell him. EDWARD KETCHUM.

A mere narrative of the facts is more instructive than comment.

The great firm of KETCHUM, SON, & CO. has been for years the clearing-house for the Connecticut banks, and a number of other banks throughout the country. Its deposits have been usually over five million dollars. In the crisis of 1857 KETCHUM, SON, & CO. never suspended specie payments, and paid gold to those to whom they had to do so. When the suspension of 1861-'62 took place KETCHUM, SON, & CO. paid specie long after the banks were on a legal-tender basis. And for a long time after the currency began to depreciate they were the heaviest holders of gold in New York. When gold, after rising to 173, began to fall, they were still large holders. It was currently supposed they had made as much on the fall as they had previously made on the rise. When stocks began to advance in gold, they were large holders, and took the lion's share of the great harvest that was garnered in that year, and in the next quarter of a century fortune never denied them till April, 1864, when it was reported that they lost heavily during the panic.

By to that time the house had the credit of all the operations for which were made in its name, whether this theory was well founded or no, it seems that after April 1864, the house did not operate. But the two members, EDWARD and KETCHUM, did. He undertook, by a bold Bear campaign, to repair his April losses, and in the autumn and winter of 1864 he succeeded to a marvelous extent. Every one who has operated in Wall Street knows how quickly profits, or losses, accumulate in active times, when prices are large. Between June 1864 and January 1865, EDWARD KETCHUM must have made near a million dollars. He became infatuated with his success. He knew of the decisive victories won by GRANT, SHERIDAN, and SHERMAN, he sold stocks short, to an amount far exceeding the operations of JACOB CUYLER and FISK. His theory was that with peace would come collapse, prostration of business, decline of railroad receipts, contraction of currency, and general stagnation. It is an axiom in Wall Street that what every one expects never comes true. Every one agreed with EDWARD KETCHUM, and were enough every one was disappointed. There was no collapse, no prostration, no decline in railway traffic, no contraction of currency. The Bear movement failed, a Bull movement was inaugurated and was successful, and EDWARD KETCHUM lost all his previous gains, and probably all the money he could draw from his friends besides.

He was not discouraged. He paid his debts, preserved his credit, preserved his credit, revered his policy, and bought as many stocks for the rise as he had previously sold for the fall. Bought more—how many more no one knows; probably, in all, five times as many as JACOB LITTLE in his boldest days had ever dared to handle. Throughout he managed matters with admirable dexterity: always claiming to have little or no personal interest in the market, but to be merely the broker of a powerful and wealthy clique whose names remained concealed. He was believed. His purchases were commonly talked of as purchases by "the KETCHUM party." He was the party; he alone, by way of twenty-six—cold, serene, self-possessed; never, in any state of the market, hurried or excited; always a model financier.

Then the $1,000,000 were worth of stocks—and rumor estimates EDWARD KETCHUM'S purchases as high as this—money as well as credit was exhausted. People are apt to call up deposits on speculative contracts or even loans by the houses. Now EDWARD KETCHUM had lost his money. To what extent the house of KETCHUM, SON, & CO. were implicated with him, and to what amount he could use their capital, are questions which can not as yet be determined: it is clear, however, that in June and July of this year EDWARD KETCHUM needed money badly, and his brokers, GRAHAM & CO., must have pressed him for margins. He was not at a loss.

A few months since, with a view of facilitating transactions in gold, the gold brokers agreed to keep gold accounts in the Bank of the State of New York, and to transfer gold from one to the other by means of certified checks instead of carting the gold from office to office in bulk. The plan was apparent all the while gold in market in the city lay in the vaults of the State Bank; and deliveries among brokers were made by checks certified by the certified. The plan, lured to its customers check-books to be used exclusively for gold transactions. One of these checkbooks, issued in the name of CHARLES GRAHAM & CO., was stolen by EDWARD KETCHUM.

A few days afterward it became rumored that the gold market was to be "cornered." Large sums of money had been withdrawn by and left, of banks, bankers, and merchants, on gold, i.e. gold checks, at a high rate of interest, *as the special contracts for that check should specify to be used in the market.* Financial pundits in the daily papers declared that KETCHUM was trying to put gold up by creating a scarcity, and gave in practice how unwillingness to sell gold, i.e. gold checks, loaned out on the street. They little dreamed of the real reason of his policy.

On the 15th of August a bank-note engraving to be in a friend's office while the friend was examining his "collaterals," noticed a certificate of deposit among them. He knew the features of the check. He knew their signature. Seizing the piece of paper, he examined it. "Counterfeit gold," said he, "that MESSRS. SON and So don't know how to spell their own name." The "friend" was at once alarmed. The JENKINS defalcation had created uneasiness. He had called attention to the fact that a forgery had been, and asked if it was good. He was promptly told that it was a forgery. Within an hour messages to the number of $200,000, bearing the names of leading houses, were produced from safes and trunks, and were all pronounced to be checks forged. In every instance the checks had been used by GRAHAM & CO., or KETCHUM & CO., as collateral for loans.

Who was the forger? was now the question. This question was very simply answered. The State Bank, in assuming the monopoly of the issue of gold check-books, had a motive. It issued books of checks from 1 to 10,000, no matter to whom they were issued. Thus Jones got Numbers 54,000 to 54,100, SMITH 100,000 to 100,100, ROBINSON 9,000 to 9,100, and so forth. By noting the number of the forged checks, therefore, it was a matter of an instant to find out to whom the blank checks had been issued. By a clock P.M. on the 14th August, the bank knew that all the forged checks came out of the book sent to EDWARD KETCHUM & CO. The book had been sent to August six CHARLES GRAHAM, who had been in ill health and absent from his office for two months, was said to assure the bank that the check-book had never been seen in his office and had never departed from the possession of EDWARD KETCHUM.

Events thickened quickly. On the afternoon of 14th EDWARD KETCHUM, who had discounted the market with several brokers with his usual composure, sent a clerk, at four P.M., to the City Bank for $100,000 in bills for $70,000. It was past bank hours, but there was nothing unusual in the fact that KETCHUM, SON, & CO., who had so many transactions engaged in the purchase of grain and cotton, required that amount of currency at that late hour. The money was counted out, a receipt for it taken, and KETCHUM, SON, & CO. being in bills of small denominations. The money procured, EDWARD KETCHUM wrote a letter to his partners, acknowledging his crime and advising them what to do, walked up Broadway, with a bundle of bank-notes under his arm, bought a traveling-bag to hold his currency, and departed.

On the following morning CHARLES GRAHAM & Co., leading brokers, and KETCHUM, SON, & CO., unquestionably the first private banking-house in the city, stopped payment, and a frightful panic in Wall Street ensued. Over two millions of forged checks came to light during the day.



OUR WATERING-PLACES—THE EMPTY SLEEVE AT NEWPORT.—[SEE PAGE 534.]



OUR WATERING-PLACES—HORSE-RACING AT SARATOGA—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See First Page.]

USELESS GRIEF.

Don't grieve for dead roses—a useless employment
That never was known to do any one good;
The future is sure to have food for enjoyment,
But grieving would spoil it if any thing would.

Look back, if you like, and muse over the beauty
Of hours that are gone; but pray do not forget
That they can not return, and it's every one's duty
To look on the bright hope without a regret.

Perhaps there's a voice, somewhere in the vista
Of life's retrospect, of sweet love and delight;
Now what is the use, because once you have kissed a
Dear girl that you loved, to think life is all night

Unless you can once more rejoice in the meeting
With those lips, to call them forever your own?
No doubt, could you find them, the very first greeting
Would show you that somehow their sweetness had flown.

There's the "Pleasures of Childhood"—or sweet to remember.
So careless, so bright, and all that sort of thing;
But what good can put on his cap for a December
With a flood of salt tears o'er the beauties of Spring?

When Spring is upon you rejoice in its sunrise:
When Summer is due do the same thing in shade:
But never forget it's nothing but moonshine
To think that the Winter for mourning was made.

Whatever the time, make the most of your pleasure:
Look forward, not backward, true courage to win:
There's a land we're invited to store with our treasure,
And that's where the dead, whatever you say,

Past joy and past sorrow have perished together,
And neither need shadow one hour of to-day.
If there's nothing in the future there's also no weather;
Bear one, greet the other, throw nothing away.

Don't grieve o'er the past, with its lovely dead hours;
It never was given to do any one good.
The future has music, and beauty, and flowers,
And grieving will spoil them if any thing would.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE AT NEWPORT;

OR, WHY EDNA ACKLAND LEARNED TO DRIVE.

THE first time Captain Harry Ash saw Love, purport, when, for the sake of the new life and strength the sea-breeze would give him, he had been ordered there with his left sleeve pinned across his left breast, and his whole frame feeble as that of any child, was Edna Ackland driving. She sat in one of those perfect basket-work affairs in vogue at Untertendom, behind a handsome pair of ponies, handling the reins skillfully, with her sister nestled at her side, and Mrs. Ackland, in the silver hat-band, bolt upright behind her.

The new feminine accomplishment has taken mightily at Newport, as well as on the gorgeous New York avenues of palatial residences and the drives of Central Park. And she was but one of fifty girlish drivers. But a battery of eyes rained upon her and glasses and whispers of admiration were profuse. Harry Ash heard some of them.

Fitzfoodle's simper.

"Veway fine gal, and knows how to dwive."

And the "By George, what a beauty!" of young Tiptop.

It was a pretty picture. Never did face look so bonnily beneath the shade of hat and plume. Never did white fingers handle the reins so deftly.

The only face that frowned was that poor, warworn face of Captain Harry Ash. He looked glum her, flushing and paling by turns. The sight was an unlovely one to him. Heaven knows.

He had, young as he was, old-fashioned principles. He liked womanly women. The girls of society, in their pronounced toilets, with their loud laughter and bold eyes, and ambition to be "fast," often shocked him. And this new freak of driving had seemed to him out of all. She knew it was right so. She whom he had so often driven over that Newport beach (ah, he should never so drive any one again), she whom he had loved because she seemed so womanly and gentle—a darling thing to be watched over and guarded from harm—driving with the daring eyes of fops and roués turned upon her, eager for their praise and admiration, forgetful of him and his wounds.

Ay, that was it, after all—not the mere fact of her driving on Newport beach, but that she should be there on the day of his return, merry and forgetful.

He had hoped to find her watching for him—to meet her sooner than by quite alone. It not more vanity than fails fairly to the lot of handsome men, but he had thought she loved him. In his saddest hour that belief had given him a little gleam of comfort, and he had dreamed of a fireside with Edna by it always. It was over now. And she loved him she would not have been here. And the poor fellow groaned involuntarily, and hid his face, worn from pain, under transparent hand.

While he languished on the hospital cot, fanned by the black wing of the Death Angel hovering over him, and Love's lucid lineaments blacking-of her, she had been learning to drive for the sake of Fitzfoodle's praise and young Tiptop's complimentary.

The dancing-hall and the billiard-room—filled as they were with handsome fops and fortune-hunters—had been her world, and he was quite forgotten.

Well, she owed him no duty. They were not betrothed. He was less—a helpless, crippled fellow, shut off from manly sports for life at twenty-six!—an invalid to be nursed and tended, who needed what only could give so little. She should fancy a mere flirtation bound that bright young beauty, with every advantage wealth and position could give a handsome girl, to her.

Yet even while he spoke he felt that he had thought her all his own; and called to mind a parting hour in which, though not a word was spoken, a kiss had been stolen and not resented.

A moment's pressure of two little hands by a two-year-old eyes met his own. A moment never to be forgotten by the young soldier while life should last. Other girls had been constant to their warworn lovers—other maimed men returned to find tender bosom ready to pillow their weary heads—fond hearts more fond for any ill that might have fallen on them.

So had he hoped and dreamed to find Edna; and he met her driving on the crowded beach, so eager to mark the applause of the loungers that she had driven past him without knowing it. Past him, who would have known the very sound of her voice in any throng. For a few moments the soldier battled with hot tears and swallowed choking sobs. Then he was calm.

"So be it," he said. "I have borne much; I can bear more. I have given my left arm to my country. My heart's best love must follow it, let me accept my fate as a man and a soldier should."

And a stern look came over his face, and he leaned back among his pillows, and lay like one dead outward.

But a little while he had himself driven back to the hotel, and there fatigue was a sufficient excuse for keeping his own room and avoiding Edna Ackland, and all the rest of fashion.

At best he hated the endless questioning and commiseration—the answering of inquiries as to his health, and how and where and when that sleeve became empty. He did not enjoy the role of hero, nor the admiring pity of simpering misses and stout mammas. Edna Ackland's sympathy was the only sympathy he craved, and that he had not. So, shut in his own room, while the world of Newport was abroad, taking the air or dining with each other over at dinner, Captain Ash lived quite as much alone as he might in a desert island, and was quite content at raid of masculine friends, who came to "cheer him up," and failed signally in that praiseworthy endeavor.

The sea air was doing the convalescent very little good. In fact he was weaker than when he came to Newport.

A happy heart is the best medicine, and hope better for the invalid than the balmiest breezes ever blown. "Hope, Harry!" Ah, he did. But not even wish to live.

Sometimes on the nights of the renowned Newport "hops," when music came stealing on the balmy air to his very window, and the sound of dancing feet, and the rustle of silken robes, and memory of hours when he was the merriest of the throng, the poor young soldier would sit with his aching head and heart alone, and fancy believing that he could see Edna among the dancers—Edna, in the white dress he loved to see her wear, with pearls about her throat and in her hair.

Ay, and with young Fitzfoodle for a partner, and a throng of brainless boys about her when she drew away for a little breathing space, while Fitzfoodle pirated a fan of shell with whip and rein.

Perhaps she looked and spoke as other girls did now, not with the distant glance and tone of Edna of old, and yet he longed unseen to see and hear her.

One night the longing grew so strong that to get out of it he left his room, and crawled forth out into the open air, and down a romantic path where he hoped he should not hear the music and the tinkle of dancing feet. But it came. He could see it there. The lights flashed through the dark foliage of the noble oaks that overhung the cliffs on the edge of the sea. That music was like his memory, he could not escape it. For he had walked too far already, and was too sick down and rest—he who had been once so strong. He flung himself on a garden-seat and wiped the damp drops from his brow.

"I am getting no stronger," he thought. "I shall never live to see the flowers die. Will she weep, I wonder?"

Even as he spoke a soft sobbing broke upon his ear—the note a dove mourning for her mate might make. It seemed so close to him, though he looked. The garden seat rested with its back against a great tree, and on the left was a hedge, and other walk, was a like seat. On this a lady sat—her head bent down—the moonlight lying on great folds of tender blue silk, and falling in broken gleams and sobs, suppressed but audible to the young soldier, heaving her bosom. That wealth of hair, that peculiar form, could be Edna's alone. He rose from ward to be certain, and a branch rustled, and the lady started up in affright. It was Edna Ackland. And she was not for the world to know that he had upon his face. For a moment both remained motionless. Then she arose and came around the tree and sat down beside him.

Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and she held out her hand out to him. What could he do but take it?

"You are better?" she said. "I feared you were very ill. You have been here a week and never been near us. Was that right?"

"You forget I am an invalid and not equal to society yet," he said, coldly.

"Forgot—oh no!" and her glance took in his empty sleeve—"I could not forget."

"How could you, indeed! I am sadly altered—neither useful nor ornamental to the world. The next thing I can do is to sit it, as I expect to soon."

She stretched her hand to—and with a sudden impulse her face followed—and kissed like a caress, and drew it back blushing scarlet.

"Nay, you are better. The doctor told mamma so. All you need is exercise. You shall drive out, or go upon the water more."

"I am not strong enough yet. He answered curtly: "Driving is very pleasant to one who possesses Miss Ackland's new accomplishment. It is also an charming lesson who can never handle whip or rein again. The same with boating. Perhaps you are also mistress of the oar?"

"Yes, I am very well, I believe."

So she boasted of it. His lip curled.

"Were Miss Ackland a gentleman I should compliment her. As it is—"

"Well, Captain Ash?"

"I can but regret it."

"Why?"

"I grieve to see a woman unwomanly."

Edna Ackland sat gazing upward for her ideal about her. She intended to sail away in dignified silence, but her eyes grew blind with tears. Despite all she could do they escaped from beneath her lashes, and she had no resource but to wipe them away with her kerchief. Of late she had been in the habit of crying, and was not mistress of her eyes.

Harry Ash had had his fling. Now he regretted it. He arose and stepped forward.

"I was ungentlemanly—brutal," he said; "forgive me. I am a very child—I am as weak and worn. Miss Ackland, surely / have not power to bring tears to your eyes. My opinion is not so much to you?"

But she sobbed on softly, and he stood looking at her abashed and grieved.

"It was an old prejudice," he pleaded, "quite out of date, I know. Forgive me, Oh Edna, Edna!" The name broke from him unawares. He took another step forward. The parting hour came back to him—the touch of those little lips. Had he been mistaken? Did she love him after all?

If so, what had he done? And he almost sobbed: "Edna, do not hate me for my brutal words! Edna, forgive me, pity me, love me; for in my maimed body dwells a heart all yours to its last beat!"

And then his one arm stole about her waist and drew her close to him.

"Are you really angry that I have learned to drive?" she said, after a few minutes. "No—don't answer; I must tell you first why I learned. I knew you loved me; I felt sure that you would tell me so when you returned; and, Harry, if you had lost both arms it would have made only one difference—I should have loved you more. So I when they told me you had lost an arm, the first thought that came to me—and was there any first thought after the shock was over, I mean—He will be so helpless! There will be so many things he can not do for himself. I must be his hand and right hand also, should it be God's pleasure. And that thought staid in my mind, and will stay there forever."

"So, old Mark taught me to drive; and I learned, as I have learned many things, for love of you. You are not angry with me, Harry?"

Angry! It was strange anger then. It flashed brightly in his eyes, and he raised in his eye, and told itself in a soft shower of kisses.

They are married now, and you may see them any day driving upon the Newport beach in the pleasant August afternoons. Her hands guide the reins, and he sits with empty sleeve tucked in. Yet, for all that, his eye is on the road and his voice guides her; so that, in reality, she is only his left hand, and he, the husband, drives.

THE CRACK IN THE CHURCH FLOOR.

OCRS was a quaint old church, built of rough stone, with a peaked roof, and an odd little steeple, where a set of sweet bells hung. It had the queerest little organ-loft, with carven balustrades, on about which cherubims seemed to flutter, and a birdnest of a pulpit hung in mid air. Once the Church Huguenots had held here Rochelle and worshiped there, but it was an Episcopal church now, and most of the members belonged to it. But that they always attended regularly; for once it was said, driven to madness by the beggarly array of empty pews, the Rev. Edna Dunbury had begun his sermon thus: "Dearly beloved Mr. and Mrs. Norroway and Mr. Parmelyea"—addressing the only churchwes present—"and the seats awake. But it was of a rainy day, and before the organ came—the new organ, bright and loud of voice, which the Church Huguenots had bought out by sermons, came to hear. When this became an attraction, and good Dr. Dunbury Germon organist, he formed a choir, there was, on pleasant mornings, quite a display of best bonnets within, and of waggons, gig, and saddle-horses without. The sexton bunchbacked Timothy Brown, parish clerk and cordwainer, tip-toe out during service time, and close himself into the leather boots and shoes, made or mended through the week; under the seats of his customers' wagons, that they might take their boots home dry, and returning, drop a cobweb until charitably awakened by the head of the house of Adair, occupying the front pew, who poked at him across pews and bundrells or waiting-chair, and caused him to start to consciousness with a solemn "Amen" that frightened soundly out of a doze but sometimes as ridiculously in the nick of time.

I sang in the church choir, and when it was needed I sang in the new seventeen.

One October day, the last of the month, which chanced to fall on a Thursday, we went, according to custom, to practice some new music in the church. Early as it was, it was Christmas music, for we intended to make a musical display of our accomplishments on that day, when the church was always full of strangers. And I suppose no one had the thought that on Christmas day old Dr. Hine would sit at the organ, and we fill each a place behind the red curtain of the choir. That afternoon was delightful for practice, and we walked over together. She had the soprano voice. I sang contralto. There were maple leaves thick about the church, and many fell in the quiet of them rustled under our feet. Some had blown into the church itself, and as Miss Sophy stepped in she stooped and began picking them up. "You are the first this time, Isaac," he said.

"The first—then Mr. Hess has not come yet?"

"Ah! *he's* come, Miss Sophy; warrant him for that. The first *ladies* I meant. But he's not playing."

We ran up the steps of the organ-gallery, Abby first. At the head of them she paused, and I, neither of us knew why—stood still also. The loft, just coming from such a bright October sunlight, was dim. Only a single window threw out what Mr. Hess was doing. He was on his knees, his head bent down.

"Is he praying?" whispered Abby.

We crept forward a step. I said, "Mr. Hess." There was no answer. I said it louder. No answer still. Then Abby and I, instead of going forward, ran back and screamed together, and brought old Timothy from the aisles below.

Our prayer organist knelt there *dead!*

We fancied he must have felt death stealing over him, and knelt down to pray. There was a sweet smile on his face, and one hand was in his broom clutching a locks, to which lay coiled a mass of flaxen hair. We buried it with him, for we all felt it must be some relic of the past life of which he knew nothing. After that the organ stood dumb, and we missed the dear old German face and the kindly voice. It was of foreign accent, which we knew so well, and without him we had a heart to sing. Not even at Christmas time.

In the spring, when violets were on his grave, we heard that a new organist had been engaged, and that the Thursday and Saturday afternoon inquisitive were to commence. I was together once more in the church. The old minister was there, and with him a gentleman who looked about thirty years old. He had a fine, tall figure, an olive complexion, and eyes never seen save when the complexion is pure olive; Spanish eyes, shaded by jet-black lashes. When he stepped forward to speak to us I saw that he was very slightly lame, I said old Mr. Danbury introduced us in a sort of impromptu sermon. Under the head of "firstly" he informed our organist that we were the most remarkable choir, to whose liberality all those dissensions peculiar to such institutions had been utterly unknown. Secondly, he let us know that Mr. Andrew Dalton did us a favor in the engaging us, and that he was a wondrous organist. Thirdly, he hoped our amity would continue, and increase if possible, and then sat down, with his face beaming with smiles, to listen to our first afternoon's performance.

At the first touch we knew Mr. Hudson was master of the instrument; but whether we should like him personally remained to be proved. I thought him very handsome; Abby Adair did not—and he was certainly grave and silent to a fault.

We were not cautioned to spoil Mr. Hess, and his fatherly interest in each and all of us, that even a genial stranger would have seemed very different—his gentleness more particular—to us, for a peculiar manner.

But I walked home that evening with our pastor, and on the way he told me quite a romantic story of our new organist. How, at twenty, he had saved a child from being crushed by the overturning of a wagon driven by a drunken man, and, in the act, been so injured that it was for a time thought he would never walk again except on crutches. How, at this, the girl he loved—a giddy butterfly, with neither heart nor soul—had jilted him, and married some one else; and how, even while suffering great agony at intervals, the young man began to study music as a profession, by which in his crippled state he could support his mother and himself.

"He had genius, and succeeded wonderfully," continued the clergyman. "And God has given him health and energy again, almost miraculously—and as for the girl, I believe, but for these few long days which have been given to him to know and grave him so much time to think, he would have quite forgotten her. And sometimes I believe, and the old brother said, that if he ever should another woman he can love he will become his old, lighthearted self again."

I nodded at me as he spoke. He was very old, and often uttered his thoughts aloud without intending to do so.

"Pretty, very pretty," he muttered. "Golden hair and blue eyes—colored just as she was—and a sweet voice. Yes. Then, with a start at me, "Eh, awakened look—There's the parsonage, Sophy; won't you come in and see Mrs. Danbury?"

And I was glad of the excuse—and went. Besides, I wanted to think. The new organist was a different person already in my eyes. I felt sorry for him that he was acquainted with the girl—sorrier that he was no longer very lame—as though I had known him all my life; and I hoped that he would soon come to love. Love—I knew that she was could not understand him. Ruth Maitland or Bess Hilarold?—any, such had a suitor.

And then, at home, I went to the glass and looked at Sophy Norroway!

Was Dr. Danbury right—was I? I had golden hair and blue eyes. Perhaps I was pretty; and I was sure that if I had been that girl I never, never—

There the folly of my thoughts overcame me: I laughed aloud. Silly, silly girl! I cared nothing for that dark, sad stranger; and he had not even looked at me.

Not *then*; but I could not say the same afterward. There came a time when, lift my eyes when I would, I met his fixed upon me. Eyes that I could not learn: a quiet, earnest look, as though he were trying to read me through. He used to listen when others, even though he very seldom conversed with me; and once, I fancied, changed my seat without some purpose, to have an excuse that I could see better. At last, as I sat sewing at home one day, near the window, I lifted my eyes and saw him going up the minister's garden path.

We talked that day. Shy people can only really converse on *tête-à-tête*. And when he went away I felt that I loved him.

The first time I ever saw him smile was when he held out his hand to me on the last week in May.

It was a very sweet smile, brimful of kindliness.

I was just eighteen, he nearly thirty. I fell in love with his smile—I, no sooner for the first time out. A few of those visits, half a dozen of those long quiet chats, and I loved him fondly. I believed he loved me. I could not have known. Not that he ever said any thing, but looks and tones are better signs than words sometimes. I was young and inexperienced. I trusted to them, perhaps, more than I should. I never told Sophy so. I never told anybody. I never told Mr. Hess. When Thursdays came I knew I should see him, and the sky seemed brighter than that of any other morning, and Sundays were days of nobly hope and joy to me; and whenever at home in the still evening, with grandpa asleep in his easy-chair, I heard

coming up the garden path that well known step, with the little halt it had not quite lost yet, my heart began to beat and my cheek to flush.

Oh, I loved him so! I loved him so! Words can not tell how well I loved him.

So, in those lonely days at home, when I had little to do but think, I built castles in the air, womanly castles, with his face in every scene, and almost without knowing it I was waiting for him to ask me to be his wife.

I was quite my own mistress, old grandpa would never say me nay, and he loved Andrew almost as well as I did, and grandma always humored me.

The happiest memories of my life are of that choir in the old church. Some day I may be old and blind and deaf to outward things, but I shall always be able to see that organ. The olive face and Italian Spanish eyes here over the screen, and the golden sunlight falling over the sweet picture through the narrow window over head, and burnishing the glimmering organ and the waves of jet black hair. I shall always, until earthly music is drowned by that of heaven, hear Andrew Hudson playing as he played in those happy hours.

One Thursday I went earlier than usual to find only the clerk in the church sailing down on carpets on the aisles. As I paused to look at them he put his hand in his pocket. "A letter for you," he said, and stretched toward me a little white note and spotless, with one drop of green wax in its midst.

We girls had a sentimental habit of writing notes, and this was nothing new. I took it carelessly in my hand and slipped it in my pocket to read at home. I had seen a form I knew moving among the grave-stones in the church-yard, and could think of nothing else.

Just then the clerk, flinging away a bit of old carpet, called me.

"See, Miss Sophy, what a crack. They'll be sorry they don't heed me about this floor some day." There, just at the foot of the altar, where the large gallery winter singers sat was indeed a crack, wide and deep, leaving full four inches between the floor and the new step at that corner. "It is a pity the setting, Miss," said he. "The church is getting old, you see; I reckon it'll last my time, though," and he measured away fathomly, making a note in a packet that neither of us heard any one approaching until a voice cried:

"Ah! my carpets. The church will be smart next Sunday."

It was Andrew Hudson. He stood looking down upon us with his great eyes.

"Not before we needed 'em, Sir," said Timothy. "But what's the use o' carpets when the folks won't wearing 'em out? Beg pardon—want to pass, Sir?"

Andrew gave me a look. It said "Come." I felt my cheek flushing. I longed to be near him, for he loved me, and yet the fancy that he might be going to speak now frightened me.

"I have a note I ought to read," I said, taking it from my pocket.

"No matter; let the note alone; read it at home. Come sit in the gallery with me until the rest come."

He said it in such a pleading whisper, under cover of the old clerk's hammering, that I could not refuse. We went up together, I not daring to look at him.

There was a pile of new music on the stand, and in my confusion I sought refuge in that. As I bent over the paper he bent over me, the ball in a moment he had caught me about my waist and kissed me. Such a kiss, I feel it yet burning on my forehead.

I was not angry. I will not tell a falsehood, I was *glad*. I bent then Abby Allen's head, instead of ringing up the gallery stairs, and I wrenched myself away from him. In a moment she was with us, and half a dozen more followed, and I was thankful not alone again that day. How many mistakes I made in my music, with the memory of that kiss driving every other thought from my mind, I am afraid to tell.

That evening I watched and waited for Andrew at home. I felt sure he would come—sure that he would speak at last; but though I listened all the evening I did not hear his step upon the gravel. At last I went to bed, feeling sad and disappointed, and forgetting all about the little note until I was fairly undressed. Then I looked in the pocket of the dress I had taken off for it. It was not there.

It was such a singular thing that it should be gone that I suddenly became intensely alert. I dressed myself in a shawl and went all over the house with a candle, but in vain. *Here* I had lost the note I could not guess, but it was lost undoubtedly, and somehow the loss began to trouble me, unimportant as I believed the epistle must be.

Well, my trouble began that night. Andrew Hudson never came near the house, and when Saturday afternoon came I went to the church to practice, feeling sure I should hear he was ill; but there he sat at the organ, and never so much as looked at me when I came in. Why, I could not guession to speak to me it was in an altered voice, and there were great rings about his dark eyes which made them look hollow.

"What could it all mean, was he ill or angry with me?" I longed to ask him.

But he gave me no opportunity. As soon as the hour was over he hastened away, saying something about "an engagement."

I looked over the balustrade after him and saw him descending the stairs very slowly, with a spiritless, weary look upon his face that brought hot tears to my eyes.

Why did he look so? He had been happy and bright-eyed and eager when we last met. Why did he neither look at nor speak to me? He had kissed me then.

I asked these questions of myself a thousand times, but found no answer. He never gave me one. Week after week passed and he did not look near our house. Time after time I sang in the choir and he never even spoke to me; and the troubled look was ever on his face, and he had grown older in this short space of time.

At last I could bear it no more.

To love him so and be so utterly separated from him, even while I could have touched him with my hand. To feel to my heart's core the coldness of his look and tone when he was forced to speak to me. Oh, my heart was rung in those days!

It ached as young hearts only can ache, and the worst was, it was a grief I could share with no one. So, finding there was no explanation coming, I left the choir. I had a cold, and my voice was weak. There was a real reason to give, and I gave it. And Emily Allen took my place, and sat on the seat between grandpa and grandma in the old church below. I could hear him there, but I could not see him.

I think grandpa guessed something was wrong. But she thought me such a child that she could hardly think of any reason for my grief.

A week after I had left the choir the organ was dumb again. Andrew Hudson's engagement had expired and he refused to renew it.

He left New Rochelle without even bidding me good-by. I never knew how much hope was left in my heart until I heard that he was gone.

That day I staid in my own room. And ill enough I really was, Heaven knows.

There is no ail of the body like that of the heart. Though grandma's pills and potions I flung out of the window by stealth when the doors shut.

The next day I dressed myself and went down to breakfast. As I stood before the glass I said to myself: "Sophy Norroway, time has come when you must play the woman. The only man you have ever loved or ever can love has no love for you. He has not spoken to you, but we are to blame at first, for he gave you cause to think he was fond of you, you would be to blame now to withhold love in your heart for him, or, if you can't crush it, hide it. Look as well and be as merry as you can, and let nobody guess cause to point at you and say, Sophy Norroway was disappointed in love, and that is why she never married, when you are the truest friend to old and young a woman should ever love. For we can be sure of nothing in this earth, and life is worthless to her for love who she loves dies or forsakes her. A man can love twenty women. But a woman never truly loves more than one. Love is love, and often and often that I had never met Andrew Hudson.

Fighting down the love that was trying to wreck me, and trying to crush it, I laughed and hope, doing it in some measure, I lived through the long years. At the end of the tenth grandpa died, and grandma followed him in a few months.

"I couldn't live without him," she said. "You see we'd been together fifty years, husband and I, and Jane were the first baby that ever parted her speak; for an hour after she died, with her cheek lying softly on her hand and her eyes wide open.

I could not grieve for them—it seemed so selfish. But I was all alone in the world. I lived alone in the old house and let the rooms be empty, and sat alone in the pew with grandpa's name upon the back, where it had been for fifty years. I heard the new organist—a lady—play, and I heard her sing, and thought, despite myself, of the hands which had once touched the keys.

There were many changes in the church. Old Mr. Danbury had been gathered to his fathers. The girls who had sung with me were mostly married, and as I might have been had I loved as I would give no man a heart with another's name written on it, and I was left to live my own life—one who would have made my lonely life pleasanter. I was nearly thirty, and the young folks called me "old maid Sophy."

I knew, but I was well content, for none had ever found my secret out.

My thirtieth birthday fell on the first Sunday of October. It was eleven years since the first Sabbath Andrew Hudson had played upon that organ to which I listened absently as Miss Phillips sang (as she styled it) the people in—a strain he had been fond of; and as I listened the old memories swept over me thick and fast. I lost my footing upon the front of my pew, and prayed that God might bless him and love wherever he might be; for, after all these years, and my long battle with myself, there was no change in my love.

When I lifted my head a stranger was passing up the aisle. A man of forty, with an olive skin and Spanish eyes—with crisp black hair flecked with silver, and lines about the crow's-feet, finely formed, but walking with a slight limp—Andrew Hudson, ten years older than when I had last seen him, but Andrew Hudson yet.

I never hoped to look upon him again with living eyes. I fainted then, and I do not quite sure I could live through that hour. The suppressed agitation seemed to be killing me; yet the very sight of him was joy. He sat above me in the side-aisle, and could not see me without turning his head.

Even then, with my mourning veil down, he might not know me, and I could hardly be the same at thirty I was at eighteen.

I looked and looked, great tears welling into my eyes. I was not conscious of any thing going on about me. I only knew I saw Andrew.

Suddenly there was the sound of a crash—a rumbling shaking of the church and screams from female voice. The whole congregation started to their feet at once and pushed doorward, the old clerk trying his best to stop them.

"If there's any danger at all," he made them hear at last, "it's just by the door. The floor has given way. I've said it would these twenty years."

At that the crowd huddled back and found themselves at a stand-still.

I had then a hand touched my shoulder. A voice said:

"Do not be alarmed. The church will not tumble about our ears yet. The only danger is a rush over the weak spot of the floor."

It was Andrew's voice, and I did not dare to look at him.

I stood quite still. Some of the bolder souls had leaped the chasm; others had clambered through the windows. The ladies were being handed over by way of an improvised bridge, and the place was almost empty.

The new clergyman had come down from the pulpit, and, finding that I was with no one, was near me. The clerk and Deacon Blauvelt peered into the aperture.

"The beams have been dry-rotting a long while," said the latter. "One of 'em is in two, and the sidebeam—I've written a letter!"

He interrupted himself by kneeling down and thrusting his arm into the chasm. There, on the ledge formed by the lock rail, rested a letter—a dirty, cobweb-covered, but with the seal unbroken.

"Miss—Sophy—Norroway," he read, slowly.

"Why, Sophy, that's yours!"

I saw Andrew Hudson start violently and turn his eyes upon me with a new look in them, and I stretched out my hand. How it trembled!

"An old letter," I said. "I lost one before I read it ten years ago. It must have slipped through that crack in the floor we all know of." And I spoke calmly, though my heart was beating so that I could hear it.

I crossed the bridge with a laugh the next moment, chatted a while with the clergyman's wife, and then walked home. Half-way I heard a step following me—a step I knew so well. I tried to go on and could not. I paused. He gained upon me. He was beside me. I waited, with its rounded fingertips, caught mine.

"Miss Norroway—Sophy," he almost gasped.

"Stop—listen to me—I beseech you. Sit down *here*, under these maples, and read that note—read and answer it, and then take you, but with a word or a smile—a look. Life seems within my grasp once more!"

I sat down upon the grass under the maples, and drew me down beside him.

In a sort of dream I broke the seal and glanced over the first words of the page before me. It bore the date of eleven years before, and read thus:

"DEAR SOPHY:

I tried to read on, but the letters danced before my eyes. I glanced at the signature and saw his name. I looked at the first line, and read:

"Sophy," he pleaded, "read *all*, and answer me."

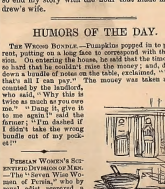
But there was no need. The truth had flashed upon me. The letter had been from him, and given me to be his wife, and he had taken silence for rejection of his suit. Oh the ten long years of hidden sorrow! Oh, if he had changed me from a girl to a woman, that had sprinkled silver in his ebon locks! What bitter payment for one careless act! He drew nearer to me.

My eyes met his, my hand was stretched toward him. "O, Andrew!" I cried.

"You never could have been so dear to me had you not loved me all the while."

And the next moment I was clasped to his breast, and our lips met in their first kiss.

Have I told you enough? I will not sadden the story now by going back into those weary years of separation—I will not weary you with the chain of events which brought him on that day to New York, storming the church porch. But I will tell you how, on one sunny morn, Queen Anne's bells in that old church steeple rang a wedding chime, and so end my story with the hour that made me Andrew's wife.



PERILOUS WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—The Chinese say: "The Seven Wise Women of Persia" was a royal edict prepared a deal of care, governing domestic matters in that land, as it does in fact that "there are three kinds of people in the world—men; but which of the three is the most miserable? A proper man always does as he pleases whatever the wife says; but a man of no spirit, unwilling wretch, who grins for fear of a little; and your hopeless is a despicable, jealous creature, who gives his wife nothing but makes her do her own work, and is so suspicious that, if she stays away all day, he is sure to ask her where she has been."

SMOKING DISTURBED.—A young ox was observed the other day, in the neighborhood of the Cattle Market, playing at pitch and toss in the open meadows. Such if the progress of civilization!

"I'm not so strong as I used to be," as the lion remarked after it was bolted.

A BAD DRAWING.

Why is the British Government like a bad drawing?—Because it's *not a Reform*ing policy public.

A GRAVE-DIGGERS' STRIKE.—The *Courrier de Saône et Loire* says: "Sagalchal news reaches us from Autun. The grave-diggers have struck! The people of Autun must not, therefore, die, unless they wish their bodies to remain unburied. We can see no other way of opposing the pretensions of men who live by other people's deaths."

JOHN G. SAXE has put forth the following epigram:

Saratoga and Newport—you've seen 'em,
Said Charley, one morning, to Jon;
Pray tell me the difference between 'em,
For bother my wig if I know."
Both Jo, "'Tis the same matter
At once to distinguish the two;
At one, you go into the water,
At the other, it goes into you."

ARE NOTE.—We have been favored with a private view of a picture of despair. Without accumulating the details, we may observe that the banking sentiment is considerably overdone, and that the money displays a sad want of keeping.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION.

I love thee for thy *chignon*, for the bees of purchased hair
Which thou hast so thine exploit the charming taste to bear;
Oh, what a grace that ornament unto thy poll doth lend,
Wound on what seems a curtain-rod with knobs at either end.

I love thee for the roses, purchased too, thy cheeks that deck,
The lilies likewise that adorn thy pearly-powdered neck,
And all that ever I discover'd, that, o'er thy features spread,
Improves the poor reality of Nature's white and red.

I love thee for the mouths and the gazes about thee bound,
Like endive that in salad doth a lobster's tail surround;
And I love thee for the crowds of suitors that attend,
So proper to the mouth style young ladies now affect.

Move thee for thy figure not; these may, for aught I see,
Be clothes-horse it adapted for the display of dress to be.
I do not love thee for thy face, do but thy surface know,
The picture tho' it value, not the canvas laid below.

I love thee for thine happiness, thy vanity, and pride;
But oh! too lovely, far too dear, art thou to be my bride.
So while as thou wouldst prove, to marry me, slow art,
How very rich I ought to be, and should be—what an ass!

TWOPOLD ILLUSTRATIONS.—Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial rights, the counsel made use of the word "cock-shut-time." "Pray, sir," said the judge in a tone of mingled surprise and irritation in my opinion; I myself have no little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

FURNISHED RATES.—A servant-girl in that uncertain region known as "Out West" recently tried whisky to kill the rats, and made it seem quite convincing by her friend, and set the dish in the cellar. A few hours after she went down and found several rats intoxicated. "Fiddled," engaged in throwing potato parings and hashing one another with the dish. These were mostly disposed of; those who killed left the premises immediately, undoubtedly suffering with a severe headache.

CHRONOLOGY OF ENGLAND'S CROWN.

Two Williams, Henry, Stephen, Harry, Dick,
John, Hal, three Edwards, Richard, Mary, Bess Dick quick.
Two Edwards, Dick, two Harrys, and a Ned,
Mary Bess, James, and Charles, who lost his head.
Charles, James, Will, Anne, four Georges, and a Will,
And Queen Victoria, who is reigning still.

The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a korner's jury to sit on de body of de nigger Sambo, found dead and gone, do say dat de said nigger as dead as said nigger aforesaid, and he did on de night ob de fourteenth of November, come to def by fallin' from de bridge ober de river in so said river, what we find he was a nigger Sambo aforesaid, and afterwards washed on de ribber side, what we s'pose he was frase to def."

APPOSE DE I'APPROBATE.—Why does *Solon* remind you of a doorway?—Because she is an ostrea.

AN EREOR.—"Of she goes!" said Mr. Smith to his spouse, as they entered the railway carriage for Hastings. "You are wrong, said Mrs. Smith, "for she is the 'mail' train."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "But," returned the artist, "this board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected answer. "That's a bad job," said he; "but, look'ee, Sir, ye can do as he has long done—cover the edges."

The reason why those astute people the French call a chorus a *refrain* is that it is generally better left out.

MEDICAL PERIL. "Do you feel any better now? I've got it almost half out?"



ARRIVING.



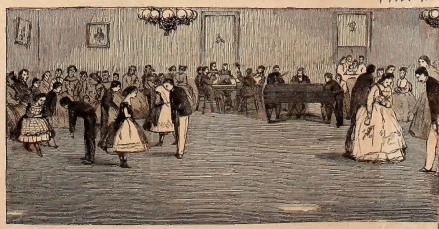
MUSIC ON T



THE S



MONTAGUE AND CAPULET.



EVENING IN



HE LAWN.



THEY LOVE IT SO!



A SIDE.

Th. Nast.



THE PARLOR.



ROMEO AND JULIET.

NG BRANCH.—[Drawn by Thomas Nast.]

JULY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

THE heavy twilight closes round;
The church clocks their old tale repeat;
Dulled is the hoarse, unresting sound
Of traffic in the sultry street;
Languid the ebbing tide of feet;
Languid the leaves of the one tree
From my attic-window see.

A poor, unlovely, stunted thing,
With crippled stem and scanty leaves;
And yet it tells me tales of spring,
And legends of the summer eves.
Alas! the dusty wind bereaves
My life of its one grace, what day
It rends the last dead leaf away.

For weary hands and eyes are free
To steal a moment's rest at times,
And when I look, to ponder tree
I dream of sunny, southern climes,
And weave my fancies into rhymes
That rise and fall, like summer airs
As bend those branches to the breeze.

Then dreaming, I once more behold
The little home where I was born,
The purple blaze, the rippling gold
Of hill-sides rich with July corn;
And then, ah me! I wake forlorn
To want and work; and all I see
Are roofs, and spires, and my one tree!

The toilsome wheels, the restless feet,
The murmur in the stagnant air,
The dull length of the city street,
The dull round of the city wares,
Oppress me with a vague despair;
And still I weep, and work, and weep,
Sleep, half-awake—wake, half-asleep!

But when I think of fields and lanes
Warm with the perfumes of July:
And wooded slopes, and waving plains—
Then, for one glimpse of God's blue sky
I feel that I would gladly die—
Gladly lie down to rest and pray,
And with the sunset pass away.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BRAVO ANTINOUS!

THE two Pallenoys staid out, the one to act as judge, the other as time-keeper; and the time-keeper was to give the starting signal by firing a pistol.

In the mean while the eight competitors were ranged side by side, close under the ladies' platform, with the sleeves of their jerseys rolled up above the elbows, their arms drawn close to their bodies, and their clenched fists pressed against their chests—all lithe and eager-looking, like a pack of greyhounds. Of these, the two tallest and fairest were Saxon Trefalden and Sir Charles Burgoyne. Sir Charles was the handsomer man; but SAXON was a shade the taller, and something more than a shade broader across the shoulders.

Well might Miss Hatherton call him the golden-haired Antinous; only that he was Antinous on a grander scale than the famous Antinous of the Capitol—Antinous with Herculean possibilities of strength and speed.

With the exception of Lord Castletowers, whose jersey was of a creamy white, just the tint of his beard, the competitors drawn up, were each distinguished by the colors of their shirts. Saxon's was striped pink and white; Burgoyne's light blue and white; Vaughan's mauve and white; and so on.

All was ready. The course was clear; the spectators silent; the competitors drawn up, and waiting. Suddenly the time-keeper threw up his hand and fired in the air. At the same instant, as if shot from a bow, the eight runners sprang forward, and the race began.

They had not even started than Saxon took the lead, running lightly and steadily, with his head well up, and his curls dancing in the sun. He was observed during but little before and his running, and yet, at the first three or four bounds, he had gained a good ten feet on his companions. Next to come Castletowers, Vaughan, and Burgoyne, almost level with each other; and close after them, Edward Brandon, whose slightness of make and length of limb enabled him to run tolerably well for a short distance; but whose usual loose, lax style of movement knocked him up at the end of the first three hundred yards. Torrington, Greville, and Pelham Hay brought up the rear. In this order they ran the first round. At the second turn, however, just as they neared the ladies' platform, Castletowers made a rush to the front, and passed Saxon by some three or four feet. At the same instant Vaughan and Burgoyne perceptibly increased their pace, widening the space between themselves and the four last at every stride.

And now Brandon, who had for some seconds begun to show symptoms of distress, came suddenly to a stand-still; and, being passed by those in the rear, fell, pale and panting, to the earth.

In the mean while Saxon had in nowise quickened his pace when prompted to regain his lead; but kept on at precisely the same rate through out the whole of the second round. Just as they were beginning the third, however, and as the very point where Castletowers had made his rush, Saxon, without any apparent effort, bounded ahead, and again left his friend some three yards behind.

Torrington, Greville, and Hay now dropped out of the ranks, one by one, and gave up the contest; leaving only Saxon and Castletowers, Vaughan and Burgoyne on the ground. Presently the two latter came into collision, and went down as if they had been shot, but were on their feet again in the twinkling of an eye and flying on as before.

At the fourth round Castletowers brought himself up abreast with Saxon. At the fifth Burgoyne gave in, and Vaughan flagged obviously; but Castletowers again dashed forward, and again secured the lead.

A subdued murmur, that broke now and then into a cheer, ran round the course. Every eye was riveted upon the runners. Every head turned as they came, and was outstretched to follow them. The ladies rose on the platform and watched them through their glasses. There were only three now—a white shirt, a pink shirt, and a mauve; but white and pink divided the suffrages of the lookers-on, and nobody cared a straw for mauve.

Again the circuit was nearly completed, and they were approaching the finish. The next round would be the sixth and last. The interest of the moment became intense. The murmur swelled again, and became a shout; cheers were waved, handkerchiefs fluttered—even Lady Castletowers leaned forward with a glow of real excitement on her face.

On they came—the Earl first, in his white jersey, just as he had started, and without losing gasps, lips quivering, brows closely knitted, keeping up his lead gallantly, but keeping it by dint of sheer pluck and endurance alone. Saxon next—a little flushed, but light of foot and self-possessed as ever, as fresh apparently as when he first started, and capable of running on at the same steady rate for any number of miles that might be set before him. Vaughan last—coming up very fast, but twenty yards behind even the rear.

"I Good Heavens!" cried Miss Hatherton, half bewitched with impatience, "how can he let Lord Castletowers keep the lead?"

"Because can not help it," said Olimpia, scornfully triumphant. She had forgotten that Saxon was her chosen knight, and all her sympathies were with the Earl.

"Absurd! he has but to put out a little more speed and he must win. The Earl is nearly—There! there! there! will you tell you or? Bravo Antinous!"

They passed the platform; and as they passed Saxon leaded up with an ardent smile, waved his hand to Olimpia, threw up his head like a young war-horse, bounded forward as if the wings were really on his feet, and passed the Earl as easily as a man on horseback passes a man on foot. Till the moment arrived at the finishing-post for the rest, had been mere play to him. Till this moment he had not attempted to "put out his speed," and now that he did put it out, he flashed past the astonished spectators like a meteor. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the turf, his body seemed as if borne upward by a great roar of admiration burst from the crowd; and in the midst of the roar, before Lord Castletowers had got over a dozen yards of the distance, he had made the sixth round, and passed the winning post by several feet.

"Won by a hundred and eighty yards," said Pulteney, time-keeper. "Last round thirty-one seconds and a half. By Gad, though I've seen it myself, I can scarcely believe it!"

Saxon laughed, joyously.

"I could have done it almost as easily," said he, "if it had been up hill all the way."

And what did Olimpia Colonna say to her chosen knight when he received the prize from her hands, only to lay it the next moment at her feet? Doubtless she remembered in good time that Saxon was a Trefalden, and would forgot how disloyally her sympathies had strayed from him in the race. Doubtless her greeting had in it something poisonously sweet, subtle, intoxicating—to judge, at least, by the light in his face, as he bowed and turned away.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

MR. ABEL KECKWITCH, with William Trefalden's private address in his pocket-book, felt much at disadvantage in the midst of the gilt with haughty Barbarossa prostrate at his feet. He took it for granted that there was some dark secret at the bottom of the mysterious affair. He knew quite well that a practical man like William Trefalden would never take the trouble to surround himself with mystery unless he had something to hide, and to that something Abel Keckwitch felt himself to be possessed the key. It never occurred to him that William Trefalden might possibly object to letting such loquacious drones as surveying clerks prate of his whereabouts for other than criminal reasons. If such an idea had been suggested to him he would have laughed it to scorn. To his own private astuteness would Mr. Kidd. Both the detective and the lawyer's clerk were too familiar with the dark side of human nature to allow for the moment that systematic mystery meant any thing less than undiscovered crime.

So Abel Keckwitch took his master's address home with him, fairly written out in Mr. Nicodemus Kidd's clear business hand, and exulted therein. He was in no haste to act upon the information folded up in that little slip of paper. It was not in the least his way to do any thing in any thing, least of all about so sweet a dish as revenge. It must be prepared slowly, tasted a little at a time, and made to last as long as possible. Above all, it must be carefully considered beforehand from every point of view, and be spoiled by no blunder at starting. So he copied the address into his commonplace book, committed it to memory, pondered over it, gloated over it, and fed his imagination on it for days before he proceeded to take any fresh steps in the matter.

"ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON."

Such was the address given to him by Mr. Nicodemus Kidd. "Elton House, Kensington;" and a word more—only a word less. It was an address that told nothing—suggested nothing. "Elton Villa" would have bespoken a neat, stuccoed establishment. The Grace-Gothic style. "Elton Lodge," a prim modern residence, with gardens, gates, and a carriage-drive; "Elton Cottage, an ivy-covered little place, shrinking back from the high-road, in a screen of lilacs and laburnums; but "Elton House" represented none of these to the mind's eye. "Elton House" might be ancient or modern, large or small, a cockney palace or a relic of the old court days. There was nothing in its name to assist conjecture in any way. Thus again, the query unsolved, and perplexing. Of all districts round about London there is none so diverse in its characteristics as Kensington—none so old in part, so new in part; so stately here, so squalid there; so of the country countrified in one direction, so of the town townly in another. Elton House might be any of these sorts of habitations for aught that one could gather from its name.

In short, Mr. Abel Keckwitch turned the address over in his mind much as some people turn their letters—holding them against their curiosity instead of gratifying it, and spelling out the motto on the seal instead of breaking it.

At length he made up his mind to go over to Kensington and reconnoitre the ground. Having come to this determination one Saturday afternoon (on which day, as practicable, Mr. Trefalden dismissed his clerks at five o'clock), Abel Keckwitch pushed forward with his work; closed the office precisely at five; and, Saxon's clock was striking, and instead of trudging as usual direct to Hemstead, he turned his face westward and hailed the first Hammersmith omnibus that came by.

It was a lovely afternoon; warm, sunny, summerlike. In the City's head clerk knew that the park trees were in all the beauty of their early leafage, and that the air beyond Charing Cross would be delicious; and he was sorely tempted to take a seat on the roof. But prudence prevailed. To risk observation would be to imperil the very end for which he was moving; so, with a sigh, he gave up the air and the sunshine, and took an inside place next the door.

The omnibus was filled, and, once closely packed, rattled merrily on till it drew up for the accustomed five minutes' rest at the White Horse Cellar. Then, of course, came the well-known wea-reader with the evening papers; and the unfortunate lady who will not go outside to oblige a lady—would prefer, in fact, to see a dozen ladies boiled first.

This interval over, off went out, the omnibus rattled on again to the corner of Sloane Street, where several passengers alighted; and thence proceeded at a leisurely pace down along the Kensington Road, with the green, broad park lying all along to the right, and row after row of stately terraces to the left.

"Put me down, conductor," said Mr. Keckwitch, "at the first turning beyond Elton House."

He had weighed every word of this apparently simple enough request, and purposely waited till the omnibus was less crowded before delivering it. He knew that the Kensington Road, taken from this point, with Kensington village in advance to end, up to that other point where Hammersmith is supposed to begin, covers a fair three miles of ground; and he wished to be set down as near as possible to the spot of which he was in search. But then it was necessary that he should not seem to be looking for Elton House, or going to Elton House, or inquiring about Elton House in any way; so he made a little speech with an ingenuity that was quite masterly as far as it went.

"Elton House, Sir?" said the conductor. "Don't know it. Never heard the name of the Street?"

Mr. Keckwitch took a letter from his pocket and affected to look for the address.

"Ah!" he replied, refolding it with a disappointed air, "I've lost the number. My directions only say, 'the first turning beyond Elton House.' I am a stranger to this part of London myself."

The conductor scratched his ear, looked puzzled, and applied to the driver.

"Any Elton House over Elton House?"

"Elton House?" repeated the driver. "Can't say I do."

"I think I have heard the name," observed a young man on the box.

"You may, for seen it somewhere," said another on the roof.

And this was all the information to be had on the subject.

Mr. Keckwitch's ingenious artifice had failed. Elton House was evidently not to be found with any inquiries—cherished though it must be made. It was annoying, but there was no help for it. Just as he had made up his mind to this alternative the omnibus reached Kensington gate, and the conductor put the same question to the toll-taker that he had put to the driver.

"Davy—know Elton House?"

The toll-taker—a shaggy fellow, with a fur cap on his head and a cigar in his mouth—pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and replied,

"Somewhere down by Slade's Lane, beyond the westry."

On hearing which Mr. Keckwitch's countenance brightened, and he requested to be set down at Slade's Lane, wherever that might be.

Slade's Lane proved to be a narrow, winding, irregular by-street, leading out from the high-road, and opening at the farther end upon fields and market gardens. There were houses on only one side, and on the other high walls, with tree-tops peeping over, and here and there a side door.

The dwellings in Slade's Lane were of different degrees of smallness; scarcely two of the same height; and all approached by little slips of front gardens, more or less cultivated. There were lodgings to let, evidences of humble trades, and children playing about the gardens and doorsteps of many of them. Altogether, a more unlikely spot for William Trefalden to reside in could scarcely have been selected.

Having alighted from the omnibus at the top of this street, Mr. Keckwitch, after a hurried glance to left and right, chose the wall side and walked very composedly along, taking rapid note of each door that he passed, but looking as stolid and unobservant as possible.

The side doors were mostly painted of a dull green, with white numerals, and were evidently mere garden entrances to houses facing in an opposite direction.

All at once, just at that point where the lane made a sudden bend to the right, and turned off toward the market gardens, Mr. Keckwitch found himself under the shadow of a wall considerably higher than the rest, and close against a gateway flanked by a couple of stone pillars. His gaze encountered exactly the same when he turned turned, so that it blunted the angle, as it were, and commanded the lane in both directions. It was a high, massive wall, pointroyne, and studded with iron bosses, just wide enough, apparently, for a carriage to drive through, and many feet higher than it was wide. As it was a small wicket door. The stone pillars were time-stained and battered, and looked as if they might have been there ever since the days when William of Orange brought his Dutch court to Kensington. In one of them was a plain brass bell-handle. On both were painted, in faded and half illegible letters, the words, "ELTON HOUSE."

CONSTANCE KENT.

FIVE years ago the English public was startled from its usual quiet by a murder which appeared to be as mysterious as it was horrible. A young boy of four years old—FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT—was cut on the night of June 29, 1860, taken from his bed some distance down passages of stairs, and across the yard to a closet, where he was smothered and stabbed, and discovered the next morning wrapped in a blanket from his bed. The scene was laid at Road-hill House, Wiltshire, near Frome. Road-hill House was at one time inhabited by MR. KENT, who held the office of factory inspector. Including three servants, his family consisted of twelve persons. He had been married twice. By his first wife and her three children, there were in the house three daughters and a son by a former wife. The murdered child, FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT, belonged to the second family, and was four years old. CONSTANCE EMILIE KENT, the youngest daughter of the first family, was about fifteen. Why she should have possibly had any motive for so horrible a crime was beyond comprehension. An inquest was held upon the body two days after the murder.

It was found that on the night of the murder FRANCIS was sleeping as usual in a cot by the side of his nurse's bed, in a room on the second-floor. Early in the morning the servant discovered that he had been taken away, and that one of the pockets of his cot was also missing. According to her own statement she thought that her mistress must have fetched him, and it is certain that about half past seven o'clock she knocked at the door of Mr. and Mrs. KENT'S bedroom on the first-floor, and raised the boy. He was not there, however, and, although search was immediately made, it was some time before the body, wrapped in a blanket taken from the cot, was found in the privy opening from the garden. The throat was cut from ear to ear; there were two of the wounds on the body, and there were also marks of strangulation on the throat. There was nothing to show where the strangling or the stabbing respectively took place; but the wounds had obviously been inflicted in the privy, because a large quantity of blood was found there, and nowhere else. As one of the windows of the drawing-room on the ground-floor was open it was the last room of the child was discovered in. At first supposed that some one might have entered from without, and so have committed the crime. Most evidently the murder must have been committed by some one intimately acquainted with the house, else how could the murderer have found the way in the dark from the passage and through the yard to the outhouse? Besides, there was a fierce watch-dog in the yard, which would have given the alarm on the approach of a stranger. It was generally agreed that a girl or woman must have been concerned in the affair, because after the blanket in which the child's body was wrapped had been taken from between the sheet and counterpane, the latter had been folded down with a neatness and care that a man was unlikely to exhibit. The nurse-maid, out of whose room deceased was abstracted; the governess, who sometimes took the drawing-room fastenings the night before the murder, and found them undone; and the persons who discovered the dead body in the shed, were examined; but no facts throwing any fresh light upon the murder were elicited, and the barbarous affair still remained in inexplicable obscurity. After a five hours' inquiry the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

At this stage the inquiry was placed in the hands of Inspector WHICHER, of the London detective force, and a reward of two hundred pounds was of-

fered for the detection of the murderer. No evidence was discovered throwing any suspicion on the house-maid or nurse-maid, and the latter, ELIZABETH GOUGH, who had been arrested, was released. Those who held that GOUGH was concerned in the murder made her an accomplice with MR. KENT. They supposed that a criminal intercourse existed between these two persons: that they had been disturbed by the cries of the child; that they had accidentally smothered it while simply trying to stifle the noise; and that they, or one of them, had afterward inflicted the wounds in order to throw the suspicion upon some one out of the house. But although ELIZABETH GOUGH was taken before the magistrates, only one item of evidence which affected her in the slightest degree could be produced. It was said that a piece of flannel found with the child exactly fitted the nurse's chest, and that the bore marks leading to the conclusion that it belonged to her. But, even assuming that this was so, the presence of the flannel near the body of the child by no means proved that it had been carried there by its owner. As far as the prosecution point of this theory—the alleged intimacy between the nurse and MR. KENT, it rested from first to last upon mere supposition, without any substantial proof.

In INSPECTOR WHICHER'S hands this mysterious murder entered upon a fearful and somewhat unexpected phase. Suspicion was now directed against CONSTANCE KENT, the half-sister of the murdered child. She was officially charged with the crime. The amount of direct proof was, however, very slight, that the charge was immediately dismissed. Still, what legal evidence there was tended more to exculpate the sister than the nurse. It was proved that she had surreptitiously abstracted her nightgown worn on the night of the murder from the weekly basket of linen prepared for the laundress. And some amount of motive was suggested. The girl CONSTANCE, mother by a child of sixteen, was known to be jealous of the children of the second marriage; and on an occasion—a recent one some domestic slight, real or fancied—she had run away from home disguised in boy's clothes, and in company with a younger brother. Other wild rumors, founded chiefly on her cool, low-voiced demeanor, scarcely presented sufficient solidity to divert legal attention from the nurse and sister. Public opinion, the general balance of sensible and public suspicion was rather against the father, while, as recorded CONSTANCE KENT—although in a measure made from the first little secret of their strong suspicions, amounting almost to certainty, against her—it pleased the latter sometimes to act in a generally evidence which existed, entirely to exonerate this interesting young lady. One so young and so fair, and so full of will stood the public gaze for the first of a witness in the charge against the nurse, and then of a principal in her own case, could not possibly be guilty.

The interest in the investigation was about this time diverted by the self-accusation of a domestic fellow. After his depositions had been taken the self-accuser began to seek for, and really succeeded in establishing, alibis. But this, of course, was, of course, only momentary; and it remained pretty certain that either CONSTANCE or her father committed the murder. Throughout the investigation one feature is prominent—an evident desire on the part of the legal and judicial authorities not to push the matter as against CONSTANCE. No pains were taken to find the missing night-dress; and although Inspector WHICHER, who was a very lengthy paper writing quite conclusively that CONSTANCE must have done the deed, yet no allusion was made to this document, which is given to-day for the first time made public. Much of the sympathy for the girl rested upon a belief that, if she had committed the crime at all, she had been induced on to it by unkindness and oppressive treatment at home—a belief which is now discredited by CONSTANCE'S own letter. The most important witnesses in the case—some of CONSTANCE'S school-companions—who might have disclosed the character of her feelings at her half-brother and the threats which they had heard her utter, were very partial in their testimony, telling not one half of what they knew. The father himself, without any doubt, was convinced of his daughter's guilt; but notwithstanding the fact that suspicion rested in a great weight, though unjustly, against himself, he preferred to sacrifice his own reputation rather than take any step to screen the convicted child from justice. He doubtless was instrumental in hiding the material evidence of her guilt. Counsel was also self protected to her own innocence, although she knew that her guilt was attributed to her father. In the examination of ELIZABETH GOUGH, on the preliminary examination, she exhibited a wonderful self-possession. Serene and calm, she stood amidst the wreck of the happiness of all belonging to her. She went through the terrible ordeal of her own accusation, and what ought to have been the more perilous charge of a father against a mother, without wincing; and, worst of all, she allowed the clouds of odious suspicion to gather and thicken around her father till he became a by-word and a loathed object of all but general suspicion. She permitted him to fall into contempt, and partially into hate, as made no sign. She was the poor victim of circumstances; she attracted love and sympathy, and the religious care of almost all. All this, which one would have thought might have stirred the heart of the coarsest and vilest profligate, she, the simple maiden of fifteen years, refused to do. It is enough to say that she would have been callously unmoved had EDWARD committed or her own father stood on the gallows. What she was on the morning of the murder she continued to be for five long years. With an iron will, and iron nerves, and an iron wrist, she lifted her own brother from the happy sleep of innocence—the brother whom she had fondled and played with a few hours before—and almost hacked his head off. Having disposed of her victim, and of every vestige of her crime, she quietly retired to bed, and stood the next morning among the horrified household with just that happy simulation of unconscious terror and pity which looked so natural. The line taken at that dreadful hour has been persistently and consistently maintained. Having succeeded so completely at the first start, she was not going to spoil her success by betraying the very slightest sense of human sympathy or remorse. We could almost believe that CONSTANCE KENT had studied DE QUINCY'S grim jest when he mused murder as one of the fine arts; for her crime may be set down as the very triumph and model of murders. Not a single indication can be unindered at all, still more that it should be murdered by its sister, still more that that sister should be found at all like the young CONSTANCE, and escaping, is a monstrous solecism in nature and mind; but that the circumstances should all long and most profoundly considered, and which no human being of the eating sister who strike, as the world says, should be found to fasten the guilt on her, when all make the name of CONSTANCE KENT infamous to all time.

On the 10th of August, 1863, CONSTANCE KENT a friendless girl, came to St. Mary's Hospital in Queen's Square, Brighton. Here she came under the care of MISS GREIG and FATHER GARDNER. In the course of their spiritual conversations with her they made her confess her crime. "I had been up," they made her confess her crime. "I had been up," said MISS GREIG, "first of all to speak to her on religious subjects, and something in the conversation made her tell me that she carried the child out of the house while it was sleeping, that she had left the house through the drawing-room window, and that she had returned to the house without aid of her crime. She said it was not from any dislike to the child, but it was revenge on her step-mother."

CONSTANCE KENT'S confession was necessarily to her trial, which took place on the 31st of July, 1865, at the Salisbury Assizes. The court was thronged to suffocation. In less than half an hour it was concluded. The proceedings were to commence at 10 o'clock, but at 9 o'clock the doors to the court was crowded in every part, many persons being utterly unable to gain admission. The Rev. A. WAGNER (Rector, Great Bedwyn, Wiltshire, and the institution at Brighton) occupied two conspicuous seats in court, and they were naturally objects of much attention. Great delay occurred in getting up to the last moment as to what particular course would be taken in the matter, and, indeed, when the prisoner was placed at the bar her plea of guilty, or had yielded to the solicitation of some friends to withdraw that plea, and to plead not guilty, there was a pause, very, were matters of uncertainty to most persons until within a few minutes of the prisoner being placed at the bar.

Mr. Justice WILLES having taken his seat on the bench, MISS CONSTANCE KENT was called into the dock. She was dressed in black, with a small black gauntlet gloves. The face was hidden by a black worsted veil, which she raised on being called upon to plead. She wore a dark straw hat, but her bonnet was adorned with a black bugle trimming. There was nothing striking about her personal appearance, and she would probably she be considered in ordinary society particularly lady-like, for her manners were quiet. Directly after she entered the dock MR. RODWAY, the solicitor of the family, stepped up to her, and entered into a short but apparently earnest conversation of a minute or two's duration.

Having been formally given in charge by the Governor of the county jail to the court the proceedings were commenced by the Clerk, who, addressing the prisoner, said: "CONSTANCE MARIE KENT, you stand charged with having willfully murdered FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT, at Road-hill House, on the 30th of June, 1860. How say you? are you guilty or not guilty?" She answered, in a low tone of voice, "Guilty." Judge WILLES asked her if she was sure that she understood what in having willfully, intentionally, and with malice, killed her brother. She answered that she was.

And you plead guilty to that?" asked the Judge. CONSTANCE hesitated.

"What is your answer?" asked the Judge.

Still she remained silent.

Repeating the charge as made in the indictment the Judge again asked, "Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty," answered CONSTANCE.

Then said the Judge, "Let the plea be recorded."

The silence which followed was broken by MR. COLERIDGE, Queen's counsel, who said: "My lord, as counsel for the prisoner, acting on the prisoner's behalf, before your lordship passes sentence, I desire to say two things—first, solemnly in the presence of Almighty God, and before you, my lord, and on your own soul, she wishes me to say that the guilt is hers and that her father is entirely innocent; and, secondly, which I entreat your lordship to consider, that she was entirely instrumental at home, as she not with nothing there but tender and forbearing love; and I hope the knowledge that she has confessed, and it gives me a melancholy pleasure to be the organ of these statements for her, because on my honor I believe them to be true."

After that she had declared that she had nothing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon her, Justice WILLES assumed the black cap and thus addressed the prisoner:

"CONSTANCE MARIE KENT, you have pleaded guilty to an indictment charging you with the willful murder of your brother FRANCIS SAVILLE KENT on the 30th of June, 1860. You have by this exercise that plea which you have deliberately put forward, and it is a satisfaction to me to know that it was not done until after having had the advice of counsel who would have freed you from this dreadful charge if you should have been freed thereof. I consequently, no doubt after having read the evidence in the depositions, and considering this is your first appearance in a criminal court, that you are the author of a really guilty person. The murder was one committed under circumstances of great deliberation. You left your bed, you must have removed your feelings of jealousy and anger to have worked in your breast until at last they assumed over you the influence and the power of the Evil One."

Mr. Justice WILLES here became deeply affected, and literally burst into tears, which prevented him from proceeding with his remarks for some minutes.

The prisoner at the bar, who up to this time had maintained the greatest composure, could no longer witness the proceedings with apparent indifference. As the Judge spoke of her having been influenced by "jealousy and anger" she exclaimed, "Not jealousy!" and, suddenly turning her head from the Judge she burst into a flood of tears, which were audible in every part of the court, and produced the most profound sensation upon all who were witnesses of this most affecting scene.

Mr. Justice WILLES continued:

"Whether that feeling, by which alone the aggravative of mercy rests, may be advised to consider the long time which has elapsed since when the murder was committed, and the fact that you were convicted chiefly upon your own confession, which I never suspicion of others, is a question which it would be presumption for me to answer here. It well behooves you to live what is left of your life as one who is about to die, and to seek a more enduring mercy, by sincere and deep contrition, and by a reliance upon the only redemption and satisfaction for all the sins of the world. It only remains for me to discharge the duty which the law imposes upon the court which I represent, and that is to pass upon you the sentence which the law adjudges to be the punishment for willful murder: That you be taken from the place where you now stand to the place whence you came, from thence to the place of execution, and that you be hanged by the neck until your body be dead, and that your body be dead it be buried within the precincts of the jail in which you were last confined; and may God have mercy on your soul!"

When the concluding words of the awful sentence were being pronounced a profound impression was manifested. A limb, not a muscle, quivered, and though there was not a dry eye in the assembly the prisoner at the bar was the only person who received her sentence in a manner which was perfectly astounding, and which caused the greatest sensation in the court. MR. JUSTICE WILLES had concluded, and the prisoner turned round to the female warder who had accompanied her into the dock, and who was behind it, and with such an unfaltering step she descended the flight of stairs into the cell below.

Many were disappointed because the prisoner plead guilty, having hoped to satisfy a natural curiosity to hear the details of the murder. MARY HOLE, the lad who think that the plea ought not to have been accepted as conclusive. It is known that in capital cases in Ireland the plea of would not be improbable thing that she should have been led by some strange impulse to make a false confession. Still the evidence was strong against CONSTANCE KENT, possible for the Judge to set aside the plea. Nor is it there any reason to doubt the guilt of CONSTANCE KENT.

QUEEN VICTORIA, at the advice of the Home Secretary, has commuted the sentence of CONSTANCE KENT to transportation for life. There are certainly features connected with this girl's history which in fiction would hardly be considered probable. It would also appear to us that the Road-hill murder has become any the less mysterious even now that CONSTANCE KENT has confessed and has come under the penalty of the law.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

GEORGE THIEVES.—Darkness as an ore pickpockets in finding pocket handkerchiefs, stealing purses, and practising other delicate manipulations, and as a cover to bold and ingenious, and, strange to say, there is seldom any interference with them by the seizure of a watch or robbed or the capture of the robber. A shop-keeper will have his pocket picked in the midst of the most imposing depredations at his very door, but will probably laugh at and encourage the thief instead of summoning the police who, unmolested, carries off his prey. A single thief has been known to steal a dozen watches in the day, having conveyed within it, the bearers (they but being accomplices) of the stolen goods, and so secure an interest in the shopping and looking on while the nefarious deed was done. Such a thief will not steal a watch in the hand of a stranger. It was seized upon many delicacies, and, as usual, there was an unfailing supply of fruit. The sun had gone down, the wax-candles were lighted, the windows left open for the admission of air, and the entertainment, a great number of bankers were seen to enter on all sides of the house. The whole of the ground-floor was thrown into one apartment, and from the bunches of grapes, and the pine-apples which hung from the bamboo hollow tubes. The apartment was filled with the most delicious fragrance, issued or to the main land of China, no trace was ever found of the unfortunate Miss Waldron.

If, in the hand which you aspire to, the fingers are long, tapering, and delicate, without knobbiness, then they will play you Mozart or Beethoven, arrange your flower-vases in graceful forms, or write a sensation novel —but certainly not mend your shirts; their owner will have the vagrant propensities of the artistic and beautiful bibs, or of the capabilities of the magic $100 a year in the kitchen. If the fingers are coarse you may marry a happy ever afterward." If on the contrary, they are short and fleshy, with a tendency to dimpling order, arrangement" you must indulge no visions of highly refined taste, but you will become one to wear out the buttons, to exercise a strict regimen over the domestic economy, and subsist for many years on little else than the strictest rules of arithmetic.

THE RISE.—The epoch of Louis Quatorze was the epoch of great men, great ideas, great things, because it was also the epoch of large noses. The epoch of the Regency, on the contrary, was the epoch of little men, little art, little things, because it was the epoch of little noses, of snub-noses, of turned-up noses. All great times, all great epochs, all great things, have had a tendency to long noses. The nose is the ladder of the human frame only that leads to the brain. The snub-nose is a nose put forward direct to his goal without looking to the right hand or to the left. It is the nose of the man who, when he has once turned up, use advances by tacking in a zigzag line, fluttering to and fro like a butterfly. This is the reason why children, apostates, and sinners, have no stability of character, in fact have no character at all, but laugh and cry and slay without cause, and just as chance directs them. All the generals of the Order of Jesuits have been long-nosed to a man. The order indeed is only remitted from men with long noses. All founders of empires and systems have been remarkable for their long straight noses, such as Alexander the Macedonian, Augustus Cæsar, Napoleon, Aristotle, Moses, Mohammed, and Ignatius Loyola. Socrates, indeed, had little to boast of in this respect, but Plato, Aristotle, Hegel, Plato, made up for his deficiency, and had nose enough for both.

A CASE is recorded in books on forensic medicine of most singular disease. The swallowed a piece of sponge root, which, from its horizontality, and had occasion to sit down, absorbed the surrounding moisture so much that it swelled to such an extent that the nose from the part it could no longer feel; and when the sponge was taken out it was found to be completely decomposed. In the course of time, however, the patient was cured by the operation, greater was their surprise to discover feeling to have departed from their palms and fingers also.

CONCERNING MARRIAGE.—In England, at the year 1860, eleven men married who were neither bachelors nor widowers, and eleven women who were neither spinsters nor widows. Half of these twenty marriages of divorced persons took place in London. The second state the exact age of nearly two-thirds of the couples married in the year, but the information is nothing remarkable in the disclosure. More than three-fourths, both of the men and the women were under thirty. But there were nine entries that certainly are rather remarkable. For instance, two of the women were married spinsters who were not thirty-five; and a girl of sixteen was married to a man between sixty and seventy. Two hundred and forty-eight men married who were only sixteen years old, and thirty-three women under the same age—sixteen. Eighty youths of sixteen must seeks take to themselves wives, all rather wishes to marry women. The days of our years are twelve years and ten; but this return shows us one hundred and twenty-seven men of forty-two years and upwards what is called a new start in life after they had reached the age of forty. Eight of these men married women who were under twenty. Eight of the women married, and three of the women were under fourteen of the men. Four eighty-two years of age. Two of the women may be noted as instances of ninety-two marrying a woman of eighty-one.

THE FIREBRANDS.—When a gentleman of irregular habits, of ill-governed mind, and inclinations not governed at all, marries a lady of a pretty face and fine complexion, and can not gain possession of these treasures except by submitting to the yoke which he can not shake off, and the influence of his old loose ways returns upon him there is no hope for him which he can call his own. He is the who, from being an object of attraction, has become an object of indifference, and finally forty-by treats with neglect, respect, and cherishing, he has only to display his natural character, dislike, and positive hatred. The transition is not difficult to such a nature, and the lapse of a few months will generally suffice to put on the complete mask of life. The indignant wife, insulted, wronged, treated with cruelty, cruelty, and ignominy, has no redress for the discredition of her marriage. The cause is generally attributed to incompatibility of temper, and what the husband wants. He is freed from his bond. If the wife is a woman, she has a more pleasing form for his wife's, and finds the new lady willing, he has no need to be at the trouble of a divorce, or to go to the Continent. He has only to wear out his wife's patience, and supply the fuel which causes one to go to the Divorce Court. The number of husbands who have been alive to this advantage is very great. It is a fine thing for them.

THE COWS AND MILKMAIDS OF HOLLAND.—The most important branch of production of the cause is the dairy of cattle. These are of a native breed peculiar to the country, and from the richness of the pasture they yield the milk so from the laudable propensity of the beef to accumulate on their sides. Cows are worth a handsome price per pound, are greatly valued by the people. They are generally of a dun color, with white spots, are seen about the kitchens, and far nearer than some of them. The majority of the peasantry, in our own country, are more accommodated with such good quarters. When they are taken to pasture they are tied to stakes with long ropes, which, in the dampness of the soil should cause disease of that part; but they are so carefully carried and brushed and watched, while in summer they are covered with cotton cloths, that they may not suffer from the flies, that they rarely do. winged Zouaves that despoil us of one of our night's rest. The cows are protected from the cold by wooden sheds. On their way to the fields they are attended by milkmaids or peasant women, sometimes by the men, and are that their tempers are not ruffled, and show the most affectionate regard for their welfare. The milkmaids have not suffered the race of milkmaids to die out as we have; and one can hardly imagine a prettier or more picturesque person between the present time and the old in this respect in our own country. Her great fault seems to be between those who, in the days of our ancestors, used to sing about her, and the days of our ancestors, used to be beads, and after their day's labors were over did nothing with dance with the rustic swain to the rustic music tricks around flower-crowned May-poles, and that grusty fellow the village curmudgeon, who has not yet quite disappeared light, as if he were ashamed of himself, and leaves a wisdom heart of wood and of stalk, after the manner of the Dutch in order to mix it!

HERRING.—For a bright night twenty minutes nearly pass at any part of the earth's surface without the appearance of an aerial meteor. Between the 9th and 13th of August and the 14th of November they appear in enormous numbers. The ancient Greeks knew that they were described as falling as thick as snow-flakes, two hundred and fifty thousand meteors were counted in this. The number falling in a very night, perhaps, be estimated at hundreds of thousands. Humboldt says that the world constitute but a small portion of the total crowd of meteoric dust circulating around the sun. The phenomenon of light and heat, and by direct observations on Ericke's observe, we learn that the zodiacal light is the existing meteium ithe ether, through the friction of which all the bodies of our system are gradually retarded in their motion. And though the larger planets show, in historic times, no diminution of their velocity, yet the smaller ones, by interaction with the smaller bodies in the time required for the mean distance of the earth to alter a thousand miles, a small asteroid may have approached thousands of miles nearer to the sun.

BARKING OF DOGS.—Dogs in a state of nature never bark; they only howl. The bark of the dog is an artificial noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Spanish pointers, which were brought from the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs of the islands previously carried to discovers to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this fact, Xenophon says that dogs are the kind watchmen of forest to these animals: "They are dumb—for any of them to bark in the enemies' camp." Pliny assigns the noise of his enemies to the "dogs round about the city." Cicero the Greeks and Romans had no barking dogs. The art to speak which he derives from his associating with man.

THERE is no part of creation where freedom and happiness would appear to be enjoyed so perfectly as in the world of air—as life so enviable, considered on the whole, as the life of a bird. The motion of flight must be itself a sensation of exquisite pleasure, conferring as it does the power of rapid and unimpeded and almost unlimited motion on those creatures who possess it—a sensation in which all animals admit, including man, appear to delight. The life of a bird must be as a fairy tale, which one has only dreamed of, but never realized, and never will. A pang of disappointment to find himself still bound to the earth, and to all the trammels of the earth, must be something almost Divine in its enjoyment.

BABELS AND CABLES.

WHEN men of old so vainly tried
To build a tower unto heaven,
A monument of human pride
To all posterity was given.

No Babel sounds, at present day,
Attest the force of God's decree;
But Silence sits upon the way
That man would build across the sea.

REAR-ADMIRAL BELL.

ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY H. BELL, about to assume the command of the United States naval forces in the East Indies, is a native of North Carolina, from which State he entered the naval service August 4, 1823. Passing through the grades of Midshipman, Passed-Midshipman, and Lieutenant, he was made a Commander in 1854, and was soon after ordered to the United States ship *San Jacinto*, destined for the East Indies, as the flag-ship of Commodore JAMES ARMSTRONG.

During the service of the *San Jacinto* on the China station the English managed to improvise a quarrel with the Chinese authorities, and in conjunction with their French allies were waging war upon that people. Pending these vexatious and irritating hostilities, a boat from the United States ship *Portsmouth*, proceeding up the Canton River, was fired upon from the barrier forts. Commodore Armstrong determined very promptly to punish this insult to our flag, and an attack was made upon the forts by the United States sloops of war *Portsmouth* and *Levant*, Commanders FOOTE and SMITH, and the boats of the *San Jacinto*, Commander BELL. Considering the strength of the works, the number of guns and of the garrison, and the smallness of the assailing party, the result was almost incredible. After long and obstinate fighting the Chinese troops were routed, their works captured and thoroughly destroyed.

A modest granite shaft at the Brooklyn Navy-yard commemorates the event and the names of the brave men who were slain in the contest.—Throughout this operation Commander BELL, as testified to by the lamented FOOTE, was conspicuous for his cool, deliberate gallantry, exhibiting always the sterling qualities of an accomplished officer.



REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY H. BELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

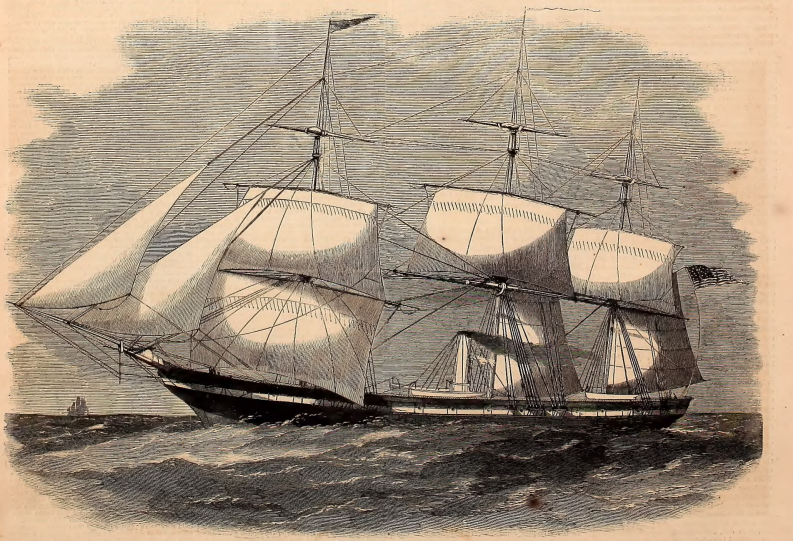
When the rebellion broke out Commander BELL, although a Southerner, promptly offered his services to the National Government, and sought active duty. When Admiral (then Commodore) FARRAGUT was ordered to the command of the West Gulf squadron, he selected Commodore BELL as his Fleet Captain. In this confidential and responsible position he was a prominent participant in the grand and thrilling events which culminated in the destruction of the rebel fleet, the capture of New Orleans, and the opening of the Mississippi. When Admiral FARRAGUT came North to recruit his health and prepare for the next and final struggle with the enemy in Mobile Bay, he left the command of the West Gulf squadron with Commodore BELL. A brave, modest man, a patriotic and accomplished officer, a courteous and conscientious gentleman, few can show and none deserve a better record.

The *Hartford*, which is to be the flag-ship of the East India squadron, and in which Admiral BELL set sail, has a history of which she may well be proud. She was the flag-ship of Admiral FARRAGUT in the celebrated fight in Mobile Bay. Every beam in her is loyal and true. May her future be as fortunate as her past is glorious!

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FOR dress at bathing and watering places the summer toilets of the present season have undergone but little modification, and in all their principal features remain the same as last year. The most fashionable materials are the light silks and the spotted muslins generally employed for the complete costume. For the sake of variety, a black or blue silk casaque may be worn with advantage; the blue casaque is especially charming for young or fair persons.

Among the host of bonnets invented by the inexhaustible ingenuity of the Parisian modistes, the *chapeau Empire*, for ceremonial purposes, are the adopted favorites. They are simply ornamented with a swallow, a colibri, or a bird's wing placed upon corn or upon a little verdure; as for gold and steel ornaments and spangles, they are no longer patronized. In the way of fancy hats, round black straw chapeaux with white or blue



THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "HARTFORD," FLAG-SHIP OF THE EAST INDIA SQUADRON.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1865.

feathers, and yellow straw with black feathers, are the most *distingué*.

An agreeable innovation is the general adoption of white, blue, or green gauze veils for all descriptions of bonnets. They should be very long, and be thrown on one side, so as to drape gracefully, and not be turned over the bonnet, when desired to be removed while in conversation, or for greater freedom of respiration. Even with fancy hats we have seen many of these graceful veils, a yard long, worn with much advantage, particularly by youthful ladies.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Plain slate-colored foulard robe. Blue silk casaque, open at the sides and trimmed round the edge and on the corsage with black passementerie. The small and simple bonnet is in blue crape, ruched, but without any other ornament.

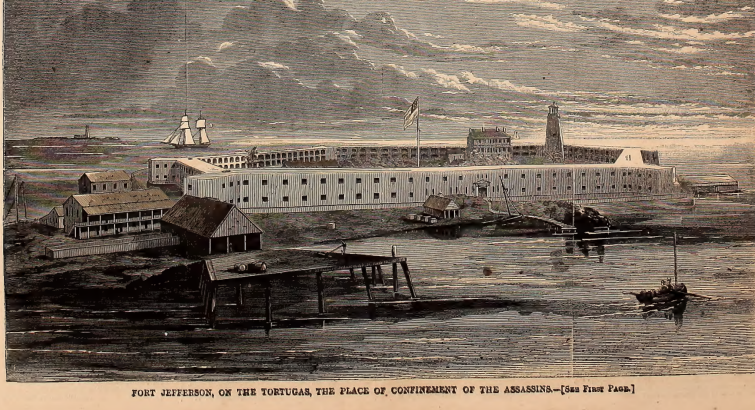
Fig. 2. *Morning Dress.*—Nankeen-colored taffeta robe, ornamented over the seams and round the bottom of the skirt with black silk pinked ruching; the *corsage à basques* is trimmed over the seams in a corss-pealing manner. Rice-chip bonnet, ornamented with black lace and ears of Indian corn.

Fig. 3. *Dress for the Sea-side.*—The whole of this toilet is in very light gray muslin. The skirt is drawn up, and ornamented on each width by blue silk cording, finishing with tassels. The lower *jupe*, as well as the simple capucin scarf, are also trimmed with blue silk cording. Pale rose-colored parasol, with carved wooden handle.

Fig. 4. *Dress for a Little Boy.*—All this costume is in gray jean, the long vest and the trousers being ornamented with stripes of red worsted. The double-pointed waistcoat is fastened with coral buttons. The cravat and the band round the black straw Derby hat are both in scarlet silk.

ON LOOSENESS IN DRESS.

FIVE years ago what mother, with any the least pretension to moral character, would have allowed a daughter to expose herself to the public gaze, dressed, etc., after the fashion which has of late prevailed? and yet how many a mother has so put forth her daughters! There is no little lamentation, year after year, over the habits and principles of the men of the day. It is not only a subject of maternal woe that they don't care to marry—that they care not to have it seen and known that they have ties which go far to explain the fact; but there is also a growing indisposition on their part to seek the society of the young of their own rank. It is hard work now to obtain the presence of young men at any of the social assemblies which, in former days, were the great fields of matrimonial enterprise. There is no denying that the young men of these days have been either lured out of their love for the balls and assemblies to which of old they used to flock, to the satisfaction of mothers and the enjoyment of daughters, or they have been in some way disgusted with the prevailing habits of such scenes. If ladies choose to follow a fashion in dress which outrages all decency, from its liberal exposure in young and old of so much which, in the case of the latter, is disgusting to the observer, and in the former can only attract the eye to pain the mind—if young and old are alike to be got up for public exhibition, with all the aid the arts of the Rachel profession can afford, it is easy to under-



FORT JEFFERSON, ON THE TORTUGAS, THE PLACE OF CONFINEMENT OF THE ASSASSINS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

stand why it is that, after all, the performance falls of its lofty artistic aim—attraction. Such modesty affects the millinery and sacks all the cunning aid which the immodest use to attract we are left to one or other of two conclusions. The victim of such folly either thinks men will admire in a wife what they only endure in a mistress, or are so weak as to believe that one desirable as a wife, by nature and education, can continue so after adopting the outward character of what should be an abhorrence to her true self as opposed to every principle her education ever afforded. We have many follies, and there is no one in which we can afford to be foolish. But the modest heart of one sister and daughter is a matter in which all have an interest. It is one which can yield to no other in national importance. The wanton extravagance originating in the love of personal decoration is in itself an evil of no little magnitude; it is crippling the resources of many a family, laying the foundation for the ruin of many a home. But, however, is a minor evil compared with that degradation of inward purity and refinement which this offensive attention to personal display produces. It is bad enough to expose the young daughters of our highest educated and wealthy classes to the temptation of moral danger to which they must be liable when we take them out, day after day and night after night, on the World's great errand—seeking their settlement as wives. It was scarcely needed that we should have them carefully impressed with the duty of personal display and so artificially equipping themselves that, just out of the school-room, they are to appear in public got up to attract attention, after the pernicious habits of the world—a moral degradation they are as yet happily incapable of understanding.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

A LETTER has been published, addressed by General J. D. Cox, July 25, to Messrs. B. H. Fairchild and Samuel Plumb, of Oberlin, on the subject of negro suffrage. General Cox is one of the candidates for Governor in the State of Ohio, and his views on the subject are of great importance. Mr. Fairchild and Mr. Plumb question the strongest language. Their questions are: "Do you say that the right to vote is allowed to the late enemies of the country by the President?" "Do you say that the people on the subject that they could not be trusted to determine it for themselves, but are to be opposed to it." General Cox, in his reply, states his views very briefly, although he has given the most action on that subject premature. He says, moreover, that if these views prevailed in the next Legislature to which he belonged he should consider it his own duty to yield to the opinion of the majority in the spirit of harmonious action on more vital points. General Cox, in the same letter, expresses himself in favor of some general principles, asserted in the "Fennell Hall Address," as principles which would in any case be relied upon by the entire party:

First—That the political power must be put beyond all question that the republic has a direct claim upon the allegiance of every citizen, which no States can discharge him from, and to his obedience to the laws of the republic, any thing in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

Second—The public faith is pledged to every person of color in the rebel States to secure to them and to their posterity freedom and equitable civil rights; and that having provided them their freedom, secured their aid on the faith of this pledge, and by a sanctioned act of war, every military occupation of the country having obtained the power to secure to them, we are dishonored if we do not make it good to them.

Third—That the system of slavery must be abolished and prohibited by paramount and irreversible law. Throughout the rebel States there have been in the past but two ways, "the supposed upon the will itself as inability to bear up for freedom."

Fourth—The systems of the States must be truly republican.

The application made of the last principle to the Administration of Cox does not consider enough. General Cox makes issue with many of his party on the mutual relation of the black and white races to each other. He says: "You judging from the distance say, 'Deliver the four millions of negroes into the hands of their former oppressors, now embittered by their defeat, and they will make their condition worse than before.' I, without using the same principles, and after four years of close and thoughtful observation of the race myself, say no; I am unwillingly forced to this conviction that the effort of war has not changed the negro's condition for the worse, to develop a rooted antagonism which makes their permanent fusion in the political community an impossibility. The General, therefore, advocates the peaceable separation of the two races by the antagonistic elements of color. The master hates the slave from pride, and fixes upon him all the bitterness which the war has engendered; and the slave hates the master from distrust and from the remembrance of past wrongs.

There must, says General Cox, be a struggle for the supremacy, in which one race or the other must go to the wall. But how is the separation to be provided for? General Cox does not deem it necessary to touch upon the organization of any State. He suggests that we take contiguous territory in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, and organize the freedmen in a dependency of the Union under, as the Western Territories, a free-living benefit, he claims, would result from the scheme:

1. The slave would have his political rights freedom without onerous terms.

2. The representation of the Southern States would be reduced to a proper basis—their own numbers.

3. The jurisdiction of the Government and the administration of the people.

4. The Provisional Provisional Governor Marvin of Florida issued his proclamation to the people of that State. He does not resign the officials who served under the rebel régime.

THE COLLISION ON LAKE HURON.

On the evening of August 9, the propeller *Pewabic*, Captain McKay, on her down trip, about six miles from shore, came in collision with the propeller *Meteor*, Captain Wilson, on her up trip. The *Meteor* struck the *Pewabic* just under the funnel, literally passing through her. The boats were running at the rate of about twelve miles per hour. The result was several killed and injured, the latter unable to go down in the short space of three or four hours. The *Meteor* was not much damaged, however, and but few passengers of the *Pewabic* were induced to jump from her decks on to those of the *Meteor* on the dash of the *Pewabic* sank entirely out of sight, disappearing under. It was raining when the collision occurred, and very dark. About one hundred were lost. It is thought that the accident resulted from criminal carelessness.

ON THE RIO GRANDE.

Scarcely any event since the close of the war has caused greater surprise than the recent order of the War Department reducing the numbers of Sheridan's army. Steadily for weeks that army had been increasing, and had become the centre of all eyes and the occasion of much speculation. Suddenly the order came to muster out—and that hardly be less than half of the army that got together. Has the Government secured its object peaceably, and has harmony been restored between France and this country on the basis of the Monroe Doctrine?

THE FORT OF NEW YORK.

The Hon. Simeon Draper will, on September 1, be appointed in his office as Collector of the Fort of New York in the Hon. Preston King, one of President Johnson's most intimate friends and influential advisers.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

On the Housatonic Railroad a distressing calamity occurred August 15. A passenger train was run into by a locomotive near Bridgeport, Connecticut. One car was split in two and the rear half was thrown down a precipice, when there was added to the disaster already incurred a terrific conflagration, by which fifty passengers outright and mortally wounding eleven others.

NEWS ITEMS.

The death of Captain Percival Drayton having left vacant the office of Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Detail of the Navy Department, Rear-Admiral Davis has been appointed Chief, *ad interim*, of that Bureau.

Mr. Lincoln's widow has had the question given her members of Congress in favor of the abolition of slavery by the gallery element out of the white house.

Those army corps which have already been discontinued, with the date of their discontinuance, are as follows: Second corps, from June 28, 1865; Fourth corps, from August 1, 1865; Fifth corps, from July 28, 1865; Sixth corps, from June 28, 1865; Seventh corps, from August 1, 1865; Eighth corps, from August 1, 1865; Ninth corps, from July 27, 1865; Tenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Fourteenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Fifteenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Seventeenth corps, from August 1, 1865; Twentieth corps, from July 27, 1865; Twenty-third corps, from August 1, 1865; Twenty-fourth corps, from August 1, 1865.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

The *First Fruit* has arrived at Harbor Grace. On August 3, at 4 o'clock A.M., she left Valentia, Ireland, and the *Terrible*. Two hours later she saw a beacon buoy with a flag-pole and cross-trees. On August 4, at 7 A.M., the *Terrible* discovered she learned from the captain that his cable parted August 2. This intelligence is hopeful. It indicates that leaving ill weather the cable had been put on board, and that the captain had no reason to sing about in order at the first favorable opportunity to take up the cable and continue the cable after the fault. At the time of parting two-thirds of the cable had been payed out. The *Terrible* was to be at Valentia again in due course.

The result of the municipal elections in France are thought on the whole to have been favorable to the Government.

A new Austrian cabinet has been formed, with Count Belcredi at its head, as minister of the interior. There is also appear to be unable to come to an agreement on the old subject of Venetia. Meanwhile, the Austrian army there is being daily reduced.

July 31 the government of Italy received an official dispatch from the Spanish Cabinet in which Spain recognizes the Kingdom of Italy. More than this diplomatic protests against the recognition had been addressed to the Courts of Spain.

The cholera, which has almost disappeared at Alexandria and Cairo, has appeared somewhat severely in Egypt.

On the 28th of July Dr. Pritchard was executed at Glasgow. Before his death he confessed to the whole charge of poisoning his wife and mother.

The war between Brazil and Paraguay still continues to the government of Brazil has issued a decree declaring a blockade of the Paraguayan ports on the Paraguay River, which takes effect on the 1st of that month on the Paraná River, by which Buenos Ayres, one of the United States, on both sides, the Brazilians claiming the victory. The Paraguayans had captured the town of San Borgia, on the Uruguay River, and it is reported that they put to death the Brazilian prisoners. The forces of the Allies, 50,000 Brazilians strong, and the Paraguayans at Corrientes, and after a long and bloody engagement the Paraguayans defeated. They were immediately after compelled to retire, in consequence of ascertaining that the reinforcements of the allied armies were near at hand. In the mean time large bodies of troops on both sides were hurried to the scene of hostilities, and other severe battles have no doubt already been fought. The Brazilian army, numbering 50,000 men, is under the Confederation, and Uruguay was definitively ratified on the 14th of June.

ANOTHER SEWING MACHINE ESTABLISHMENT.—

The advent of ELIAS HOWE, JR.'s, Sewing Machine Establishment on Broadway, corner of 14th, is an advent of interest, inasmuch as he is known to the public as the originator of the first sewing machine. His machine comes with the prestige of the maker's name and its established excellence. He is a thoroughly practical mechanic, and has passed all his long and necessary familiarity with the business peculiarly qualifies him to judge of the public wants, and how far they can be supplied. His manufactory is established at Bridgeport, Connecticut, near that of WHEELER & WILSON, which it rivals in size, and surpasses in completeness of all the arts of management. The machine itself has merited and received the highest awards at other fairs, including the World's Fair at London, in 1862, and in advantageous comparison with any of its class. For leather work, or for the heaviest manufacturing purposes, it is unsurpassed, and we predict for it a success second to none of its kind.—[*Communicated.*]

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FOR SEPTEMBER, 1865.

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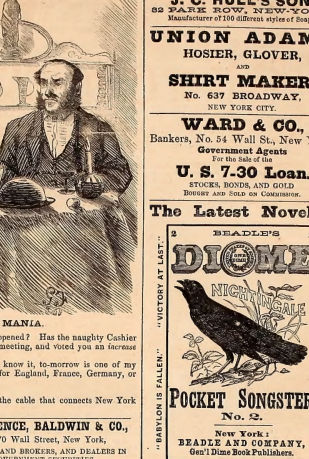
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 453.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

AGAIN we have to record a railroad accident, involving the wholesale slaughter of passengers, and caused by the carelessness of the railroad officers.

On the 14th of August the passenger train of the Housatonic Railroad left Bridgeport about fifteen minutes after 10 o'clock, a little behind time. An extra freight train had been sent out in the morning. This latter train broke down, and was overtaken by the passenger train about six miles from Bridgeport. The passenger train was backed down slowly. The conductor, H. L. PECKH, went to the rear end of the train, and, standing on the platform, saw an engine approaching and within ten rods of the train. Pulling the bell for the engineer to stop, PECKH and the President, Mr HOYT, who was with him, jumped from the train, and had scarcely got off before the collision. The car struck by the engine was nearly annihilated. It was full, having forty or forty-five passengers on board. The conductor went round, and went in at the front door of the rear car, but found the heat so intense that he could not remain. The engine had penetrated to about the centre of the car, and the escape of steam was so great as to suffocate and scald many of the unfortunate passengers.

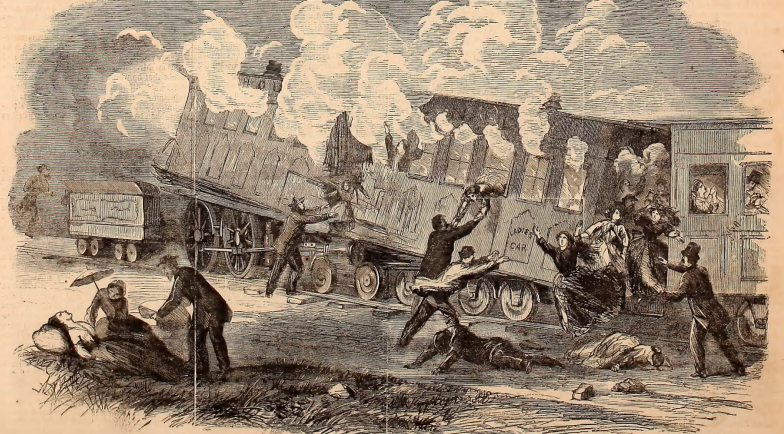
By this accident five persons were killed outright, and some others died soon after. One of these was a little boy ten years old, who was on his way home from a visit, having been recalled by his mother's death. Another—an old lady of 73—had just been visiting her son. Over twenty passengers were wounded more or less seriously. The regulations of the road in regard to the use of red flags were not complied with, and hence the accident. Is it not worth while to save half a score of lives by taking the simplest precautions laid down for such case, even if it does require a little painstaking on the part of railroad officers?



HOUSATONIC RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.—HOUSE TO WHICH THE WOUNDED WERE CONVEYED.—[SKETCHED BY J. F. HOYT.]

CANNIBALS IN HAYTI.

WE print on page 557 an illustration of the execution in Hayti of several cannibals—an event which took place last year. MR. REDPATH, in an interesting article which we publish this week on the Revolution in Hayti, speaks of the barbarous character of SOULOUQUE and his followers of to-day. As an instance of this inherent barbarity, it is sufficient to state the fact that when SOULOUQUE ascended the throne he accorded protection to that most monstrous and unnatural sect of superstitious fanatics known as the devotees of Vaudioux, or Snake-worshipers. One of the rites of their religion is that of human sacrifice. TOUSSAINT, DESSALINES, and later PETION and BOYER, opposed this sect. SOULOUQUE was as superstitious as he was cruel, and believed that he had gained his empire by the aid of the snake. After his expulsion the sect was prudently suppressed. But last year it gave a most bloody token of its existence. The devotees began their horrid festival by an act of cannibalism. The monsters, after having stuffed and devoured one unfortunate child, were about to commit the same outrage upon a second victim when justice overtook them. As an example several of the cannibals were executed, February 7, 1864.



COLLISION ON THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD, NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, AUGUST 14, 1865.

[SKETCHED BY J. F. HOYT.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

THE COLLECTOR OF NEW YORK.

THE appointment of PRESTON KING as Collector of the port of New York, one of the most politically significant national appointments in the State, shows that President JOHNSON has no intention of separating his administration from the great national Union party which nominated and elected him. As we remarked some time ago, Mr. KING was one of the most strenuous and persistent supporters of Mr. JOHNSON in the Baltimore Convention; and since Mr. JOHNSON'S accession to the Presidency he has had no reason to believe that he could have had no more patriotic counsellor than PRESTON KING.

Mr. KING in the old distribution of parties was a Democrat. But when it became clear to sagacious and honest men of that party that its name and prestige and organization were to be prostituted to the destruction of the Democratic principle by an alliance between the advocates of State sovereignty and slavery on the one hand, and Northern spoilsmen on the other, PRESTON KING followed the Democratic principle out of the Democratic party, and by his proved conviction, his honesty of character, and political experience and sagacity, became a leader in the organization which, under another name than that of his old party, maintained the Democratic American principle of equal rights. For the present overwhelming triumph of true national ideas no man has worked more assiduously and unwearingly than he. Among the many true and good he richly deserves the national gratitude. Mild and urbane, but unwavering, his voice and vote, his time and talents, have been consecrated to the task of withstanding that spirit of caste, exclusiveness, secionalism, and aristocracy, which, under the name of Democracy, has long striven to demoralize the national conscience, and which, by the grace of God and the will of the American people, has been thus far baffled.

What the special influences of Mr. KING'S appointment were we do not know. That it indicates the ascendency of this or that politician is a mere speculation. The important point is, that his elevation to so marked a political position—for such the collectorship of New York necessarily is—signifies the President's approval of his views and course, and the harmony of the President with his party.

This party, composed of the great body of unswerving Unionists—men who never doubted the justice of the war; who never believed, with the supporters of the Chicago nominations, that the war was a failure; who never refused to recognize the rebel debt, nor to repudiate that of the country; men who believe in the natural right of every man to life, liberty, and the fruits of his own labor; who hold to the sovereignty of the Union and not of the States; and who do not regard the Constitution as a contract between certain independent States, but as a fundamental law adopted by the people of the United States, establishing a nation;—this party will usually have different views as to the best methods of securing the permanent ascendency of th ir principles. But they will still remain practically a unit.

There there is no difference among them as to the fact of emancipation. They all hold that the slaves are free, nor will they permit them to be re-enslaved by any legislative or judicial action. What the United States have done, no single State will be suffered to undo. Again they are, with a unanimous voice in the election, that a republican government is justly founded upon the consent of the governed, and, consequently, that the electoral qualifications should be the same for every citizen. Arbitrary exclusion from political power they oppose as unjust, and therefore dangerous. The color of the skin they believe should no more debar a man from his political rights than the color of his hair. An American citizen of African descent has precisely the same political rights as an American citizen of European descent. As a party, therefore, although with many individual exceptions, they are unalterably in favor of what is called colored suffrage. But they differ as to the immediate necessity and the practical methods of giving the franchise to the colored citizens of the late rebel States; while they are probably agreed that it would be best if it were given by the white citizens of those States. They differ, too, as to the theories as to the present exact condition of the unorganized States.

There is, therefore, no serious practical difference in the great Union party. And the President, whom they elected, manifests no serious difference with them. The expectation of the supporters of Mr. PENDLETON and the Chicago platform that they can manipulate Mr. JOHNSON to their purposes is a delusion. If upon the point of the admission of Southern representatives to Congress the Union party should divide, one part of it will go with the President; and if the Chicago party, which is merely the remains of the old Southern party, —choose to unite with them they will do so; but in that case they will go to the President, he will not come to them. Whether it be desirable for the best interests of the country that the administration should confide itself to such a coalition rather than to the party welded together by common conviction and co-operation during the war, and which is now the vast majority of the country, is not a question. There can be no doubt as to the supreme sovereignty of the States—who repudiate equal rights by justifying local majorities in destroying them, as Mr. NICHOLAS did—who would justify the rebellion, and are willing to pay the rebel debt or repudiate our own, by way of brotherly kindness and conciliation, are the natural allies and alliance with those who elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON. Parties ultimately spring from real differences. Liberal and Tory are not the names of a policy merely, but of a principle, which controls policy.

We regard the appointment of Mr. KING, therefore, as a good omen of the continued harmony of the Union party, which is and must hereafter be the party of the country. The national prestige of the Democratic name is gone. The name of Democracy is indissolubly associated with treason, rebellion, and civil war. Under Democratic supremacy the country was overwhelmed in anarchy. Under a Democratic Administration it perished. By Democratic chiefs it was divided and exercised. By a Democratic Convention it was declared triumphant. By Democratic organs and orators as far as they dared, the theories from which the rebellion sprung are still justified. The Democratic party has forced its best men from its ranks. It has prostituted a noble name to the basest purposes. Among those that name may become again respectable, but for the present the American people have had quite enough of "the Democracy."

PUBLIC MORALS.

THE reaction from the tension of the war shows itself in a certain public frenzy. Enormous speculations, losses, and consequent frauds; an increase of wealth and luxury; tragical recklessness in the management of railroads and steamers; a fury of extravagance as public watering-places, are all observable in these first months of peace. There has been a more fearful and careless slaughter of travelers, more losses of money by frauds, more splendid and costly display, than ever before in the same period of time. The enormous issue of paper-money creating fictitious wealth; another lays it to the rapid and wonderful development of Petroleum; a third has a theory that we are probably deteriorates public morals; a fourth denies that the state of things is exceptional, but declares that the nation for centuries has been in the habit periodically now to be satisfied with startling sensations, and that therefore the events which were formerly passed by as notable are no more peculiar now paraded as especial enormities. The public must have its startling headings, its excitement points, its heavy type; and if there are no battles to report, then the fire, the railroad, their use, a murder, or a defalcation, or a riot must suffice for their employment.

The truth is, that all these theories are parts of the explanation. The public condition is not due to any one, but to all, of such secondary causes. A great civil commotion is always followed by a demoralized society. That it is not the currency only that is inflated, but every normal condition of society is somewhat distorted. Things have left their just relation. Military force has supplanted the slower, peaceful process of law, and men have become familiar with sudden and startling results. Huge fortunes rapidly amassed from lucky contracts; vast sales of property out of the ordinary course of society; the reaction from the excitement of the war; the sudden cessation of the tension and constant strain upon an absorbing interest—these influences the whole tone of society, and every bad effect in such phenomena as we behold.

But such phenomena are mainly local, and are most frequent at the great centres of population. In a strictly centralized country they may become, in their extent, very dangerous. But with us they will be corrected by the sturdy good sense of that vast rural population which includes the great bulk of American citizens, and which has a healthful and half-contemptuous mistrust of the city. The remedy for cities, as it is understood in history and in other countries, is quite unknown here. A revolution in Paris overturns France. A revolution in New York would be merely a nuisance to the neighbors.

It is dangerous, therefore, to generalize too broadly. A reaction from the peculiar excitement of the war was inevitable. It is showing itself in many ways; but they are transitory, while the steady progress of the people is plain. The war is itself the great proof of the moral force of the nation. That might have been justly doubted ten years or even five years ago. But it is indisputable now.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

THERE is a great deal said about the President's policy of reconstruction; and in some quarters there is a very liberal and ludicrous denunciation of those who oppose it. One paper especially, which was very anxious in the early spring of 1861 that the Montgomery Constitution should be accepted by the loyal citizens of the country, now lustily exhorts the President to strike out right and left and crush Jacobins and disorganizers, and all who withstand his policy. Who these terrible Jacobin fellows are, neither the virtuous patriot who calls for their destruction nor any body else knows. Neither do they know the President's policy. And that for the very simple reason that it is not, and has not, determined. It must, from the necessity of the case, depend upon circumstances.

The President has announced that in his opinion no State has seceded, but that every one which attempted secession is now to be reorganized. For that purpose he has named Provisional Governors, has authorized them to call Conventions, and has prescribed the conditions upon which those who were formerly voters in those States may vote. He has also stated certain changes which must be made in the State Constitutions, and has invited the Conventions to submit their work to Congress when it is done.

This is his policy as far as it can be at present known, either to himself or to any one else. Has he resisted a single measure of Congress? Certainly not; and that is the simple reason that if it is to be opposed it has not yet advanced to a point at which opposition is practicable. It is thus far preliminary, experimental.

Suppose, now, that the Convention of Mississippi cleanses the State Constitution of slavery, but provides that the colored freemen shall neither bear arms, nor testify in courts of justice, nor marry except under peculiar conditions—shall, in fact, while they cease to be chattel slaves, become a purely parish class—and having done this, the Convention should appoint an election at which notorious secessionists like HOWELL COBB or WADE HAMPTON, or their tools, should be elected to Congress—does the President's policy require the necessary assent of the United States to these performances?

If the elections in the late rebel States should result in the election of men who have supported and such representatives should be received by Congress, their effort would be, of course, to prevent their constituents being taxed to pay the expenses of the war for the Union;—in other words, to repudiate the national debt. Does the President's policy require that the national debt of the rebel States shall be paid?

These are questions that the most truculent rhodomontade about Jacobins and disorganizers does not answer. Yet it is only when these questions become practical that party divisions can take place. If, when they arise, the United States should be summoned to recognize such debts as fully and justly created, a powerful and formidable opposition would undoubtedly at once arise, taking the ground that a nation which was just suddenly saved and prolonged rebellion of a part of its citizens, is not bound by any written law or abstract theory of right or justice to admit those citizens to a share in its government, except upon conditions which seem to it compatible with the existence of the government.

There is nothing in the acts or words of the President to justify the insinuation that he wishes to intrust the political power of the late rebel States exclusively to the class to which for his whole life he has been bitterly opposed. If that be Jacobinism—make the most of it.

TREATMENT OF THE PATIENT.

A WRITER in the *Evening Post*, in reply to our quotation from its columns to the effect that the late war was not well-affected to the National Government, and our consequent conclusion that it would therefore be necessary for the country to protect itself by prescribing the terms of reorganization, says:

"We are republicans; we believe that men are capable of governing themselves; that, lurids of a direct and vivid sentiment of their government, they have a right to think as they please and act as they please; and that so long as they do not plot treason, they have nobody again to interfere with their freedom. They may be wrong in many of their opinions; they may be full of prejudices, conceits, absurdities, and nonsense; they may commit a thousand blunders and run smack in the face of their own best interests. Well, we deplore their folly and ignorance, but we leave them to themselves to learn better. We say, leave them alone, and they will do well enough. Let their own responsibilities; let them exercise their own limbs and minds. They will find out the connection between right and wrong from the results of their own experience; and this insane, unwholesome suspicion of danger will soon give place to the most vigorous health, to the most rational powers of understanding."

This the writer declares: to be the "optimism" upon which all our institutions are founded.

It is true. Upon the principle that men are capable of governing themselves our Government is entirely founded.

But how does this truth bear upon the question of reorganization? Does the writer mean that, as the towns have ceased from "a direct and violent resistance of the Government," the people of the United States are bound immediately to relax their hold upon the disaffected States until they shall again "pass the limits of order?" If he means this, will he permit us to remark, in a friendly spirit, that he indulges in "prejudice, conceit, absurdity, and nonsense?" If he does not mean this, will he allow us to say that he agrees with us that the whole people should continue their direct control of those States until they are convinced that the public safety is assured?

THE TRUTH OF THE NIAGARA PEACE MUDDLE.

THE publication in Mr. RAYMOND'S Life of LINCOLN of the President's correspondence with Mr. GREELEY at the time of the Niagara peace muddle of last year entirely clears any obscurity which rested upon Mr. LINCOLN'S action.

The facts are simply these: Mr. GREELEY heard that CLAY, SANDERS, and Co. were at Niagara, and were empowered to negotiate. He informed the President, and urged him to see the agents. The President replied that, if there were any persons authorized to speak for the rebel authorities for peace upon the basis of union and emancipation, they should have safe-conduct to and from Washington. Mr. GREELEY, whose heart had died within him at the unchristian spirit of what seemed to him the hopeless peril of the country, wrote to the agents that if they did wish to negotiate, he was authorized to say that the President would give them safe-conduct to Washington; but he did not mention the conditions absolutely imposed by Mr. LINCOLN. Of course, when the agents afterward discovered that there were conditions which had not previously been named, they accused the President of duplicity, and Mr. GREELEY did not defend them.

The difficulty arose from the fact that Mr. GREELEY concealed the conditions which the President demanded, and consequently put both parties at cross purposes.

His explanation does not change the facts. If he thought, as he undoubtedly did, that no precedent conditions should be insisted on, he should have tried to persuade the President to agree with him. If he could not do so, he should have refused to act as agent. Mr. GREELEY, by his own account, was very much of the mind of the Chicago Convention, that the war was a failure, and that we should beg for the best terms we could get. Indeed from the fatal moment in the early winter of 1860, when he said what was at once interpreted by the rebels to be the justification of the right of secession upon the principles of the revolution, down to his obsequious description of CLAY, THOMPSON, and SANDERS, as "distinguished American citizens," the only way to see the truth of Mr. GREELEY'S faith in the final triumph of the Union was apparently very flickering. Certainly a man who doubted and despaired and despaired was not a proper agent for a man like Mr. LINCOLN, whose tranquil faith never faltered.

It is pleasant to have the facts in this case clearly and conclusively stated as they now are. That the country would have been relieved and gratified if the whole correspondence had been published at the time is undeniable. Nobody had ever so little reason to fear the ridicule publicity for all he wrote and said as Mr. LINCOLN. And we have little doubt that he would have preferred the immediate publication of all the facts, except for his reluctance to pain and possibly depress the country by the disheartening view of the situation taken by one so well known and trusted as Mr. GREELEY.

ALL WRONG, DE SAUTY.

THE Atlantic cable is broken, and the great experiment pauses again for some years. That it will be finally relinquished is no more probable than that the attempt at submarine telegraphing would have been abandoned had all the earlier voyages failed. It must be tried under new auspices, doubtless, and with fresh hawsings. Either a new company will be formed and a new route selected is possible. Perhaps a line to the western islands will be adopted.

The catastrophe is doubtless final for the present. Yet the voyage is only a lesson in the art. The cable was not made, was ill-considered, and new methods of obviating them will follow. There were two interruptions before that of the 1st of August, and both were corrected. The mechanical difficulties will undoubtedly be surmounted, and they are the chief. The fact that an electric current can pass from a submarine village of men is prima facie evidence that it will not be disturbed by a distance of two thousand or more. The texture of the wire and the casing, the details of coiling and paying out and of shore connections, the calculation of strains and avoidance of friction, these are the practical practical questions—and these will be satisfactorily answered.

But poor De Sauty! We almost fear to hear that he has hanged himself with the elaborate cable. Or we can imagine him bend-

ing over the lofty stern of the *Great Eastern* gazing down forever into the ocean toward which his thinned and whitening hair hastens. When the signals ceased at Valentia, and only a succession of vague and confused shocks were detected, growing fainter and fainter until they wholly ceased, that very expiring indistinctness was the most emphatic message. The accomplished Fine Ear who presided at that end doubtless bent his assiduity over. Profound silence fell upon the appalled attendants. The hush of the midsummer noon grew ghostly around them. They watched their chief intently as he listened to the dying click; and as the final and all but imperceptible sound ceased, the phantom light in his eyes grew to be turned and whispered the last sigh of the Atlantic cable—"All wrong, De Sauty."

THE WALL STREET SCANDALS.

THE Wall Street storm is subsiding, and the wreckers are busy over the craft which went to pieces in the gale. A few small defalcations and frauds have been brought to light by the general and thorough examination of accounts which followed the failure of Jennings and Dodge, and developments; but there has been no revulsion, and the prophets of evil who likened the Ketchum explosion to the collapse of the Ohio Life and Trust Company in 1857, have thus far proved false augurs. So far as can be judged at present, the liabilities are no larger than another. Even Ketchum and Graham will pay substantial dividends to their creditors, and by singular good fortune, the losses caused by their failure will fall on people well able to bear them.

It is now important that the lesson taught by these frauds and disasters should not be thrown away. There are three cases before the courts, each of which should convey instruction to Wall Street.

In Andrews's case the lawyers seem to be devoting their wits to a wrangle over a "pretty, waiter girl," and her friend the butcher-boy—a insignificant brands of the case. By-and-bye it is to be hoped, they will let us know through whom, and through whose guilty knowledge or culpable indifference, this Andrews was enabled to lose $300,000 of the money of the Phenix Bank in stocks. This is the real "joint" of the matter. We may add a reminder about the way of litigation. Two days before the discovery of the great Schuyler frauds which convulsed Wall Street and ruined ever so many widows and orphans, Kyle, Schuyler's factotum, met a broker whom he knew.

"——," said he, cheerily, "how do you do? I haven't given you an order for some time. Let's see. Well, you may sell 500 Harlem for me for cash at the board."

The order was executed, the broker's check duly certified tendered to Mr. Kyle, and the certificate of stock received in exchange.

Here, apparently, the transaction ended. But it chanced that the broker was one of those wary, conscientious men who scented difficulties afar off. To be sure Mr. Kyle had as good a right to sell Harlem as any other man. But he had the power of *creating* stock by a mere stroke of his pen. And so, for fear of trouble, the broker thought he would let Mr. Schuyler know that his subordinate, Kyle, was selling Harlem. Mr. Schuyler had the best of reasons for saying that it was all right. Not satisfied, the broker determined the circumstance to two other directors in the Harlem. They were surprised, and promised an investigation; the consequence of which was that Kyle's operations ran away, and his frauds were brought to light. Had this broker been less wary and less suspicious they might have gone on much longer, and ruined many more people.

The Mumford case is a repetition of the famous case of Tompkins. Patrick H. Mumford, a gold broker, bought gold, and gave in payment checks which were not good when he gave them, and have not since been good. In Ray Tompkins's case, the court held that Tompkins had not been guilty of crime though he received stocks, paid for them with worthless checks, and refused afterward to return either the money or the stocks. The principle evolved was that a broker who receives a check in payment for property takes the risk of the check proving worthless. If the check proves bad, he has his claim against the maker. But the latter is not liable if he committed an offense against society, and can not be punished as a swindler. In Mumford's case, it is alleged that he sold the gold he had paid for with his worthless checks, deposited the money in the Tradesmen's Bank, where he had kept a trifling account, and afterward drew it out and absconded. If these facts could only be proved, and the courts should hold that they do not constitute crime, or misdemeanor, it will follow that no man in Wall Street will hereafter deliver property of any kind except for a certified check. Business may be hindered by the general adoption of this rule, but it will be rendered safer.

Ketchum's case was thoroughly described in our last number. But few additional facts have come to light, though many theories are current. One paper, which has often abused dealers in gold as traitors, insists that Ketchum went to prices in buying to "bull" gold; whereas, the fact is, he had latterly but little interest in the gold market, and only dealt in gold for the purpose of accounting for his being possessed of such quantities of gold checks. His arena was the stock market. Another paper solicits sympathy for Ketchum on the ground of his alleged loyalty. The fact is, the house was a bitter opponent of Mr. Chase, no friend to Mr. M'Culloch, and a firm foe to investments in United States securities. Still another paper lays the blame of Ketchum's forgeries on the Legal Tender Act. It might just as fairly be laid on the discovery of America. True, if there had been no Legal Tender Act Ketchum's forged gold checks would not have been good collateral. But if America had never been discovered there would have been also no Ketchum to cheat, and no Wall Street to be cheated. Why not abuse Columbus as well as Mr. Chase? A villain or two remains, no double-dyed, so ingenious as Edward B. Ketchum would have robbed people any where, and under any circumstances.

Two hours before he died a broker visited him with the weekly bank statement. He examined it with his usual languid interest, and discussed its effect on the money market coolly. To a confidential suggestion with regard to his policy in the market he replied, with a lie that was familiar to his lips, that his interest was trifling.

He was marvelous as a deceiver. A gentleman who traveled with him observed to a friend that he seemed to have none of the faults of a young man. He never drank, his language was always decorous, he did not gamble, and among women he was a Joseph. Yet it seems now that, with a wife only lately married to him, he kept a mistress in style not far from his own house. His delight for his father seemed exemplary; yet he did not scruple to plunge that father—who had labored forty years to accumulate a fortune—into the depths of poverty and disgrace.

Some of his idiosyncrasies seem inexplicable. He not only kept accounts with a dozen or more brokers—some of them under feigned names—but actually kept as many as twenty different accounts with one house. These accounts were generally distinguished by letters, A B C, D E F, G H I, J K L, and various combinations of letters. Edward B. Ketchum furnished the margins for all these cabalistic operators, and issued checks against their vouchers by the variety and seeming contrariety of his orders. What his object was, unless to gratify his inordinate appetite for mysterious combinations, it were hard to say. It was no joke to be his broker. To one house he would send a slip of paper at 10 A.M. saying simply, "I have sold you Gold—Ketchum." Another, "Buy me to-day." Or again: "Borrow 10,000 Erie for me before 2 P.M." But his business was so profitable to his agents that they did not object to working hard for him.

He is said to have robbed the firm of which he was a member of the bulk of their securities. They were so sound a house, so universally trusted, that many persons, especially in New England, used to leave their stocks and bonds in their custody for safe or for sale-keeping. A large proportion of these stocks and bonds young Ketchum is said to have abstracted. A question will arise, in connection with the branch of the subject touching the responsibility and the duties of copartners. There were four partners in the house of Ketchum, Son, & Co. Were each of Edward B. Ketchum's partners these securities without their knowledge? There is in law a degree of neglect, known as *culpa supinissima*, which differs but infinitesimally from felonious intent.

The house has published a card disclaiming complicity in Edward B. Ketchum's operations. This has been generally received with derision. People can not comprehend how so shrewd a man as Morris Ketchum can have been "completely hoodwinked by Edward B. Ketchum party"—as his son was called—when all the Wall Street operators and all the newspapers talked of nothing else. If the street gains nothing else by Ketchum *versus* Ketchum, it ought to derive the lesson that in every banking firm each partner must assume his share of responsibility for the dealings of the firm as a whole, and of his copartners individually.

A question has arisen as to the disposal of the securities deposited with the defaulting firm. Ketchum seems to have made away. In gold and stocks, in 1863 and 1864, he must have made over a million. He seems to have obtained over a million and a half by the issue of forged gold checks. And from his father's house he is said to have purloined some two hundred thousand more. Only a few days' youth of twenty-five must have had a capital of $4,500,000 to trade upon. What has become of it? How much he lost on his short sales of stocks in January, February, and March of this year no one can tell. In last number we set down the gains of his opponents in Erie at a million. Further inquiry leads us to estimate them at more than that figure. In other stocks he lost proportionate sums. There is reason to believe that he had purchased of Scatogo, and not a few of the blood-horses which have run there this summer, were really paid for by Edward B. Ketchum, whose losses to their owners furnished the means for these flights of extravagance. It is supposed in some quarters that he went away with less than $50,000 of money. It will probably be found, if he is caught and tells the truth, that he had $70,000 when he ran away—neither more nor less.

To tell the truth, there is not much sympathy felt for his victims. Some of them were careless, others imprudent. What can be said of a broker who, knowing Edward B. Ketchum's means and his position as a junior partner in a house trusted by all men, speculated for him to the extent of ten and twenty million dollars? And that money-lenders who advanced money on his forged gold checks—receiving them in a bundle in a sealed envelope, and never examining them to any scrutiny—is any body surprised or much grieved at their losses? *Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*

PLEASING POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

Mr. S. S. Cox, a former member of Congress from Ohio, and an ardent supporter of Vallandigham when the latter was Ohio gave a hundred thousand majority against him, was defeated at the last Congressional election, and has left the State of Ohio to reside in the City of New York. Mr. Cox has in press, as we learn from some extracts published in the New York rebel organ, a volume of political reminiscences. The book is one reminiscence which we suppose will hardly be included in the work, and we subjoin it as an interesting supplement. Mr. Cox was one of the managers from the Chicago peace and surrender Convention a year ago, and in the course of a speech in that city remarked, as reported at the time:

> "For *less* offenses than Mr. Lincoln had been guilty of the English people had chopped off the head of the first Charles. In his private character and duties ought to be brought to the same block together. The other day they arrested a man in Washington for uttering treason. Treason, for saying, in private conversation, that Lincoln was no better than Jeff Davis. He was ready to say the same here or anywhere. Let the minister of the Administration object, if they dare."

Mr. James Buchanan, also, has a history of his political life, of his Administration, in press. He will of course quote the confidential letter of Howell Cobb, in which that worthy gentleman advised President Buchanan to appoint Secretary of the Treasury, and in that capacity did what he could to ruin the credit of the United States. But I repeat to you, that the Administration of Mr. Buchanan is the most thoroughly identified with our principles and our rights of any that has ever preceded it, and I am willing to stand or fall upon the issue. When Sherman came through Georgia this Cobb, a consummate "Southern gentleman," drove away all his negroes, handed slaves, leaving the old and helpless to starve to death.

Mr. Buchanan, also, will naturally quote the utterance from his last message, when he knew that a conspiracy was organized to destroy the Government and ruin the country, and that the chief conspirators were his own confidential advisers. It was then he said that if the Personal Liberty bills—bills to prevent Howell Cobb and Company from kidnapping the citizens of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and other States—were not repealed, "the injured States, after having first used all peaceful and constitutional means to obtain redress, would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the Government of the Union." This is well called, in a little pamphlet which has fallen under our observation, a "Buchanan defense to rebellion."

Why does James Buchanan refuse the charity of contemptuous forgetfulness into which he has fallen? Why should he strive to revive the national consciousness of his imbecility?

THE VOICE OF "THE SOUTH."

We have seen a letter, too long for publication, from an octogenarian who was born before the Constitution was adopted, upon whose head Washington laid his hand, and who is a South Carolina Unionist. The letter is a curious and most involuntary indictment of that policy in our country which hesitated to grapple boldly with the idea of the unity of State sovereignty. It shows that profound and unalterable conviction which welded the sentiment of the Southern slave States into a unit, and enabled them with such tenacity and sacrifice to prolong the war.

The writer dates from "Where Columbia was." Every line reveals a mind stored with the traditions of a section, and confused with the hair-splitting sophistries of Calhoun. "I was born and reared a worthy of citizenship," says the writer, "because I have followed in the footsteps of my ancestors, and served South Carolina and the United States." He does not believe that the Constitution created "a vast, consolidated, and irresponsible empire;" yet he believes South Carolina to be a little empire of that kind. He holds the right of revolution to be consecrated in every line of the Constitution, yet declares that "nullification, secession, or anything like it, has been sovereignly condemned, were but this right of revolution "in disguise." He has opposed such measures for more than forty years, yet believes that right could not be denied without destroying the instrument. It is "consolidation that I, a Union man, most fear." He has always been a slaveholder, looking for "the termination of slavery," and believed, from "the good sense and good feeling of the Southern people," it was gradually disappearing. The President's proclamation of emancipation was "the most sinful act ever committed." The slave was lately "an orderly member of society." He is now becoming a robber and a murderer. "Does a servile massacre of the whites in South Carolina necessarily reconstruct the Union?" Without a high respect for the writer this letter might be meant to reconstruct the Union; he is sure Lee did. "I am sure it was uppermost in the heart of Mr. Lincoln." The letter concludes by asking, "Can the North believe that we are traitors *per se*? that we (those who favored secession, which I did not) have no idea of a constitutional right peaceably to withdraw? If such is their conviction we must remain their prisoners, but can never hope to be their countrymen. We have fought them upon a principle. We have done our best, and our best has not been sufficient. Can the victors neither forgive nor relent? We are thoroughly humbled. Is there a necessary we should be as thoroughly degraded?" He explains that he says "we," not because he doubted the wisdom of the Union, but because no honorable man will abandon his kindred; "and the miserable cowards who are doing so in Charleston will be the first to lose the confidence which they never deserved."

Such a letter is a perfect transcript of the pitiable mental condition of honest rebels. Such men are not to be insulted. Their conduct in the right of "peaceable secession" is as steadfast as our faith in the supreme national authority. The war was not the inevitable result between these convictions. But those who are defeated are not persuaded. They can not, therefore, honorably ask to be allowed to administer a government of which they frankly own that they are not faithful. The exquisite folly of asking whether we have no idea of a government which provides for its own self-destruction can not be perceived by a mind which thinks the same provision is the right of revolution. Indeed the letter is as pitiful and painful as it is absurd, yet it speaks for those who have so long controlled "the South" and the country.

MONUMENT TO GEN. M'PHERSON.

The Army of the Tennessee propose to erect a suitable monument over the grave of their former commander, Major-General James B. M'Pherson, one of the most accomplished soldiers and truest heroes of the war. Under the Presidency of Major-General John A. Logan a Committee of Correspondence has been appointed, consisting of Major-General W. B. Hazen, Cleveland, Ohio; Brevet Major-General M. D. Leggett, Zanesville, Ohio; Brevet Brigadier-General A. Hickenlooper, Cincinnati. Those who have fought beside him will know how to honor worthily him who knew most nobly.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SOUTH.

A most important speech was made by General Schenck in the 10th of July, at Chillicothe, Ohio. The spirit of the rebellion, according to General Schenck, has not been extinguished. The idea, he says, that one or more States of the Union has the right to break up the whole Government and destroy the blessings upon all who are or have just passed through, still prevails. The President might have held the rebellion to be a matter in dispute only as a conquered people until satisfied of their entire loyalty, and until retaining for the future guarantees of perfect acquiescence; or he might have withdrawn the military force altogether, and left those who control the States therein locally and in their relations to the other States. From the former he found objections to each of these courses, and the President combined them, holding a military force over them at the same time that he was willing to reinstate these civil powers, and begin again the exercise of their loyal functions. This latter policy, however, was only an experiment, and the speaker assured his hearers that the President was willing to-day, or any two days ago, in a full and free interview with him, the President said he would withdraw the last guard—not up in the rebellious States as temporary experiments, simply to give the people an opportunity to show whether they will develop the right spirit and policy necessary for a full restoration to their rights and position in the Government. While regarding their as experiments, he intends that the military power of the Government shall be kept fully up to the line, so that if they be found straying back into rebellious ways the military will be there to prevent them from again making the trouble they have heretofore caused.

The President, in this connection, referred to the course that had just been pursued in reference to the Richmond Fair, and to the extreme manifestation of that rebellious spirit by electing to office the very men who had led the rebellion, and against their protest, and in the face with his assertion that the military authorities had set aside the State election, he gave this as an example of what might be expected in other cases of a similar kind.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Maine Democratic State Convention met in Portland August 16. There were present five hundred and seventy-four delegates. Mr. E. F. Pillsbury, the temperance reformer, was nominated for Governor by acclamation on the platform of State Sovereignty, which the Democrats have always contended for. The resolutions adopted were greatly pure and patriotic. The resolutions adopted were in consistency with the spirit of these remarks. Hon. James Howard, of Portland, was unanimously nominated for Attorney-General.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens and Gordon Granger are at Mobile, Alabama.

Major-General Mower succeeds General Granger in command at Galveston, Texas.

Judge A. R. Lochrane, of Macon, Georgia, died in that city recently.

A Sunday said to be the only one now in Texas, has been lately opened at Galveston.

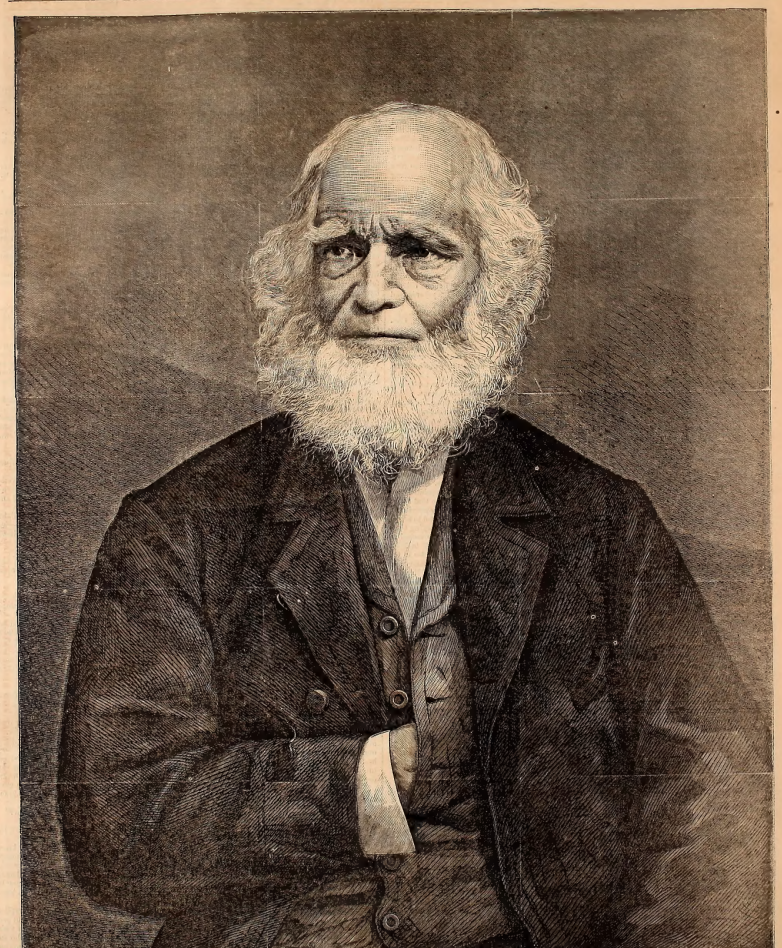
Nothing further has been heard from Edward Ketchum, the defaulter.

The three-sixth anniversary of the birth of Napoleon the Great occurred on the 15th of August.

Gen. Cobb has been appointed Naval Officer of this port, relieving Mr. Dennison.



WALL STREET AND BROADWAY—WAYS OF GETTING AND SPENDING MONEY.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"A poem having been intimated in the *Monthly Anthology* of June last whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem—in justice to the merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact, from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. . . . They therefore assure the public that Mr. BRYANT, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, Massachusetts, and by the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts so authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place."

These are the words of an "advertisement," dated February, 1809, and prefixed to a slight, old-fashioned pamphlet, of thirty-six pages, containing "The Embargo, or, Sketches of the Times.—A Satire. The Second Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Together with the Spanish Revolution, and other Poems." The other poems are but six in number, and one of them is a translation from Horace. None have been reproduced in the later collections of Mr. BRYANT's works. Five years afterward, in his nineteenth year, he wrote "Thanatopsis," the best known and the most celebrated of American poems.

From that time to this Mr. BRYANT's name has been one of the most conspicuous and most honored among American authors and citizens. His robust and manly genius has not only created our literature with the peculiar inspiration of the American landscape, but, in his constant fidelity to political duty, he has elevated the ideal of American life. Shy and reserved in temperament, and with the austere tastes of an earnest scholar, he has yet declined to live secluded in his library, and, with a kind of woodland independence and coolness, has moved in the thickest throng of men and the hottest conflicts of opinion.

It is this mingled austerity and independence which gives the characteristic tone to his poetry as to his life. The stock criticism of Mr. BRYANT is that he is cold. His genius is described as a clear, full of exquisite hues and of a towering majesty, but not to the core. Yet, when the critic has said or written the word, if he would but look through the three small volumes that contain the poems of Mr. BRYANT'S sixty years of authorship, he will be amazed at the fond tones and pathos of deep tone—a tenderness like that of the Juan landscape, and a pathos like the sighing of winds among the pines.

The spirit of his works and of his life is in a static harmonium. They are both marked by the healthiness, freshness, and sober cheerfulness of American nature. His poetry is not only faithfully pictorial of our scenery, but it is full of its inward character. The solemn, shadowy, warm-scented forest aisles; "the hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun;" "the new leaved trees;" the "amber air;" the yellow violet and the fringed gentian; the singing birds and the humming bees; the cliff and the mountain peak, with their sharp, sparkling line above—all breathe in and forever fix the simple melody of his verse. Familiar with the nomenclature and literature of all known tongues in tropical languor, no fire in passion, but he always preserves the native temperature and . . . to read him is to walk meditating in a pine wood of New England, not of Old England, nor in the hot wine-shrub of Sherwood and Ardenne, nor in the voluptuous gold of Homer or German Black Forest. But as AMERICAN as CHAUCER is English or BOCCACCIO Italian.

Essentially a contemplative poet, he yet never

preaches or proses, and is never prolix, like the good bard of Eydal; and his "Song of Marion's Men" has the true lyrical ring. Free from conceit and rhetoric, the thought never glimmers—seeming vast because it is vague—but its native grandeur ennobles his verse with perfect simplicity. There is a calm, clear, daylight effect in all he writes. The broad sympathy, the lofty tone, are like an elixir of mountain air.

In his conduct of the *Evening Post*—in which he has been faithfully supported by WILLIAM LEGGETT, JOHN BIGELOW, CHARLES NORDHOFF, and for many years by the accomplished DENNIS KEARNEY—Mr. BRYANT'S characteristics are as apparent as in his poetry. The *Post* has always advocated the most practicable freedom in social politics, in religion, in commercial and productive industry. It opposes class legislation; and enforces, with trenchant eloquence and often with rich and scholarly satire, that popular self-reliance without which any government may, in corrupt hands, endanger the most vital national interests. Yet, amidst the fierce party conflicts of forty years, the editor's character, assaulted often by innuendo and implication, has remained as spotless as that of the youth of thirteen years who wrote the Embargo among the Hampshire hills. During all that time the editor has incessantly defended and explained the principles that are truly American, as the poet has sung the characteristic charm of the scenery of his native land.

That the heart of the poet has often enough yearned for escape from the unclean turmoil of political life is constantly shown in his songs. But the overpowering Puritan conscience would not suffer Milton to steal away from the battle for moral and political liberty, has held BRYANT firmly to the same duty. In the golden evening-time of a life which, while working with and for others, has always preserved its serene independence, Mr. BRYANT may say with his sixty-seventh birthday a prayer to which every true American heart will say Amen!

"Gentians are the weeds, in that latest gold and crimson,
Yet on full-leaved willows are in their freshest green.
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the sad years of summer, I never yet have seen.

"Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me;
Past is manhood's sombre, the frosty months are near;
Yet be genial airs and a pleasant sunshine left me,
Load and fruit and blossom, to bind the sheaf and cheer.

"Dreary are the years when the eye can look no longer
With delight on nature or hope on human kind;
Oh may those that whiten my temples, as they pass me,
Leave the heart unbroken, and spare the cheerful mind!"

NEW YORK EMIGRANT DEPÔT.

CASTLE GARDEN, at the Battery, was formerly a theatre. It was leased by the Commissioners of Emigration in 1855 and converted into an emigrant depôt. Up to that time the newly-arrived emigrants were victimized without mercy by thieves and scoundrels. The Garden has remedied the old evil, and has for years afforded a shelter of security to emigrants. The benefits of the depôt are numerous, both to emigrants and to the other parties concerned. Besides having a place provided for the landing of his effects the emigrant is also relieved from the extortion of runners and the harbors of bogus railway tickets. There is an office connected with the depôt where tickets may be bought at the lowest rates directly from the various transporting companies. If the emigrant desires to stay in the city his baggage is transported for him to the desired locality. The depôt also affords facilities for relieving the emigrant ship immediately of its passengers, which is a great convenience to shipping.

MR. BERNARD CASSERLY is the chief agent and superintendent of the depôt, and is assisted by an efficient staff of clerks. Among the subdepartments of the establishment is an inquiry department, where parties call for friends who have arrived, and where they have to satisfy the officer in charge that they are not impostors. The sick, to the number of about ten every day, are sent to Ward's Island. There is an intelligence-office at the garden, where citizens may procure male or female help. There is also a letter-writing department, where the emigrants can write to their friends or have letters written for them.

Since 1855 about three millions of emigrants have arrived at this port. Last year the number of these was 185,915, being an increase of 30,000 over the previous year. The largest number on record is 319,223—the number of arrivals in 1854. If we take the number of emigrants arriving at this port in 1864 we shall find that 90,000 were from Ireland, nearly 60,000 from Germany, and about 24,000 from England. These three countries are the chief sources of emigration. The prospect is that the new impulse which will now be given to every department of labor in the country will draw from Europe a larger tide of emigration than for previous years.

ACCIDENT IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

DURING the month of July several English gentlemen, members of an Alpine Club, came to Zermatt, with the intention of climbing the colossal cliffs of Mount Cervin, hitherto pronounced inaccessible. These were EDWARD WHYMPER, CHARLES HUDSON, MR. HADDO, and Lord FRANCIS DOUGLAS. MR. HUDSON had brought with him cables of new wire to facilitate the ascent, but left them behind at his hotel. He and his companions procured three guides from Zermatt, and with seven bottles of wine began the ascent. Having passed through the snow at the foot of Cervin, Lord FRANCIS DOUGLAS, who was only nineteen years old, took some rest, during, while the others slept. They awoke. This was on the night of July 13–14. On the morning they resumed their ascent, and found the ascent more easy than they had expected. By two o'clock P.M. they reached the summit; and after a short rest they began to retrace their course. CROZ, one of the guides, went ahead; after him came DOUGLAS, HADDO, HUDSON, and WHYMPER; then came the other two guides, LUCHER and his son. All of them were attached to a single cord, and were proceeding down the jagged way, with great excitation over their success, when DOUGLAS slipped and gave the cord a violent pull that tumbled HADDO, HUDSON, and the whole company over the cliff. CROZ, DOUGLAS, the father, who was last in the line, did not lose his presence of mind. He passed his end of the cord through a crack in the rock, and believed for a moment that he had arrested the fall of his fellow-travelers, but suddenly the rope broke between WHYMPER and HUDSON; and CROZ, Lord DOUGLAS, HADDO, and HUDSON bounded down from rock to rock for thousands of feet. The next morning their bodies were found where they fell.

REAR-ADMIRAL F. H. GREGORY.

AMONG the naval heroes who have come down to us from a comparatively recent date, REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS H. GREGORY must be recognized as one of the foremost. When this war was begun Admiral GREGORY was commanding the Boston Navy-Yard. Notwithstanding his age, he was eager to be sent to sea. Secretary WELLES, however, deeming that he would be of more service on shore, ordered him to take charge of one of our navy-yards, and subsequently appointed him general superintendent of the depôts, a position which he still retains.

Admiral GREGORY was born at Norwalk, Connecticut, October 9, 1787, and was therefore seventy-seven in March, 1802, and after having escaped from British imprisonment, was warranted as a Midshipman in the navy of the United States on January 16, 1809. His first service was on board the schooner *Revenge*, commanded by Lieutenant D. H. PORTER. In March, 1810, he was transferred to the *Vesuvius*, and went to New Orleans. Here he signalized himself by two or three heroic exploits directed against pirates and smugglers.

The next year Admiral GREGORY was ordered to a Northern station; and at the commencement of the War of 1812 was transferred to Commodore CHAUNCEY'S command on Lake Ontario. He was engaged in the attack on Sackett's Harbor in that year, and the next March was appointed Flag-Lieutenant. He was at the capture of Fort George, and in all the actions on Lake Ontario.

In 1821 Lieutenant GREGORY was appointed commander of the *Grampus*, and cruised in that vessel throughout the West Indies in the suppression of piracy. Four years later he was selected to fit out the *Brandywine* for the purpose of conveying General LAFAYETTE to France. He was attached to the Navy-yard at New York from 1828 to 1831, when he was sent in the *Falmouth* to cruise in the Pacific; in 1838 was promoted to Captain; in 1845 was employed in the blockade of Mexican ports; in 1854 was placed in command of the Navy-yard at Boston.

Admiral GREGORY has rendered the country inestimable service during the late war. We are indebted to him for the introduction of torpedoes into our navy. He superintended the construction of the machinery invented by Chief-Engineer WOOD for the destruction of the *Albemarle*; and Mr. WOOD asserts that but for the kind appreciation of the Admiral his inventions might not have been tested until too late to be of practical service. Admiral GREGORY is a man of spotless integrity, and has always been beloved by the men under his command.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MR. KECKWITCH PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A MAN OF ORIGINAL GENIUS.

A THRILL of virtuous satisfaction pervaded Mr. Keckwitch's respectable bosom at this discovery. He had gained the day, after all, and gained it easily. The rest would be more difficult; but it was sure to follow. Besides, he was not the man to be daunted by such obstacles as were likely to present themselves in an undertaking of this kind. They were obstacles of detail, not principle. Which being acknowledged, cautious temperament was best fitted to deal with; and he knew his. Perhaps, on the whole, he rather liked what there would be some difficulties in the way that might have the satisfaction of overcoming them. At all events they gave an additional zest to the pursuit that he had in hand; and though his habitual caution was stimulated by success, like most phlegmatic men, was not displeased to be stimulated.

Sufficient, however, for the day was the triumph thereof. Here was the gate of Elton House; and only to have penetrated so far into William Trefalden's confidence was to achieve ment of no slight importance. But the head of the house was constantly only to see the gate. He would not have a glimpse of the house as well; and so walked on to the bottom of the square, crossed over, and looked back from the other side. The lane, however, was narrow, and the walls were high; so that, take it from what point he would, the house remained invisible. He could see the tops of two or three somberlooking trees, and a faint column of smoke mounting away as it rose against the back-ground of blue sky; but that was all, and he was none the wiser for the sight. So, knowing that he risked observation every moment he lingered in Slade's Lane, he turned quickly back again, pulled out the bell-handle, and, when a door and through a little turnstile leading to a footway shut in by thick green hedges on either side.

He could not tell in the least where this path would lead him; but seeing a net-work of similar walks intersecting the inclosures in various directions, he hoped to double back somehow or another into the main road. In the mean while he hurried on till a bend in the path carried him well out of sight of the entrance to Slade's Lane, and there paused to rest in the shade of an appleorchard.

It was now about half past six o'clock. The sun was still shining; the evening was still warm; the apple-blossoms filled the air with a delicious perfume. All around and before him, occupying the whole space of ground between Kensington and Brompton, lay nothing but meadows, and fruit-gardens, and orchards heavy with blossom white and pink. A pleasant, peaceful scene, not without some kind of vernal beauty for appreciative eyes!

But Mr. Keckwitch's dull orbs, however, were appreciative they might be at other times, were blind just now to every impression of beauty. Waiting there in the shade he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, recovered his breath as he best could, and thought only of how he might turn his journey to some farther account before getting back to town. It was much to have discovered Elton House: but he had yet to learn what manner of life it was led in it by William Trefalden. It would have been something only to have caught a glimpse through an open gate—to have seen where the house was large or small, cheerful or dismal. He had expected to find it dull and dilapidated, with half the windows shuttered up, and the rest all black with the smoke of many years; and he did not feel inclined to go away in as much ignorance of these points as when he left Nunscery Lane. Possibly an idea occurred to him—a very bright, ingenious idea, which gave him so much satisfaction that he rubbed it in a little inadvertently, and started forward again quite briskly to find his way out of this labyrinth of hedgerows and cabbage gardens.

He had not gone many yards before he came to a cross-road with green paths branching off in every direction. Here, however, like a large blue spider in the midst of his web, stood a portly policeman, from whom Mr. Keckwitch at once learned his nearest way to Palace Gardens, and followed it. He asked for Palace Gardens this time, being anxious to emerge upon the High Street without again traversing Slade's Lane in broad daylight.

Having done so at this point, Mr. Keckwitch went into the first stationer's shop that he could see, and bought a ledger. The stationer had some difficulty in supplying him, for the ledger he required was of a somewhat unusual shape and size. "Large foolscap," he said, "ruled, ruled, and bound in red leather." He would not have it ruled off in columns for accounts, and the stationer to none that were not ruled in that manner. At last he found one that was quite plain—a mere oblong book of flash-post paper bound in red cloth, with sealed leather back and corners; and with this, although it was not exactly what he wanted, Mr. Trefalden's head clerk was forced to content himself. He also bought a parallel ruler, a small bottle of ink, and a couple of quill pens, saying that he preferred to write with them.

It was now striking seven by Kensington church clock; and Mr. Keckwitch, who was not used to going without his tea, inquired his way to the nearest coffee-house, which proved to be in Church Street, Soho. It was a modest little place enough; but he made himself very comfortable there, establishing himself at a table at the farther end of the room, calling for lights and a substantial tea, and setting to work at once upon the ruling of his ledger. When he had done ruling the pages he divided each into three parts by a couple of vertical lines, and desired the waiter to bring him the London Post. Other literature he did not look for, and not for Elton House. He had searched for that some days back and found no mention of it. He simply opened it at KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, page four hundred and forty-nine, and proceeded patiently and methodically to copy out its contents under the several titles of Name, Address, and Occupation. By the time that he had thus finished one page or five pages, and and finished his tea, it was half past eight o'clock, and quite dark.

That is to say, it was quite dark in the sky overhead, but quite brilliant in Kensington High Street. That picturesque thoroughfares was lighted with gas, and the shops blazed with gas; the pavements were crowded; there was a brass band playing at the Horse Guards at one corner, and the very fruit and oyster-stalls in front of the church were bright with lanterns. The place, in short, was as light as at noonday; and Mr. Keckwitch, who wished to avoid observation, was naturally somewhat disturbed and a good deal disappointed. He had, however, made up his mind to do a certain thing, and he was determined to go through with it; so he pulled his hat a little more over his eyes, put his ink-bottle and pens in the breast-pocket of his coat, tucked his ledger under his arm, and went out into the street in the direction of Slade's Lane.

He had observed a baker's shop within a few paces of the corner, where the omnibus had set him down, and this shop was his present destination. He went in with the assured step of a man who is about his regular work, touched his hat to a pleasant-looking woman behind the counter, and said—

"I am going round, ma'am, for the new Directory. There's been no change here, I suppose, since last year."

No. 39 had undergone whatever," she replied.

Mr. Keckwitch opened his ledger on the counter, pulled out one of his quill pens, and drew his fat forefinger down a certain column of names.

"Wilson, Emma, baker and confectioner," said he, reading one of the entries. "Is that quite right, ma'am?"

"Fancy bread and biscuit baker, if you please, Sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, "not confectioner."

"Thank you, ma'am. Fancy bread and biscuit baker."

And Mr. Keckwitch drew his pen through "confectioner" and substituted Mrs. Wilson's emendation with a business-like gravity that did him credit.

"I thought the Post-Office Directory for this year was out already, Sir," observed Mrs. Wilson, as he blotted off the entry and closed his ledger.

"This is not the Post-office Directory, ma'am," said Mr. Keckwitch, calmly. "This is a new Directory of the Western and Southwestern districts."

"Oh, indeed! a sort of new Court Guide, I suppose?"

"Just so, ma'am. A sort of new Court Guide. Wish you good-evening."

"Good-evening, Sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, as he again raised his finger half-way to the brim of his hat, and left the shop; he had scarcely passed the threshold, however, when he paused and turned back.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, for troubling you again," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me who lives at Elton House?"

"Elton House?"

"Yes; Elton House in Slade's Lane. I've been knocking and ringing there till I'm tired, and can get no one to open to the gate. Is it uninhabited?"

Mr. Keckwitch said this so naturally, and with such an air of ill-used respectability, that detective Kidd himself would scarcely have doubted the truth of his statement. As for Mrs. Wilson, she accepted every word of it in perfect good faith.

"Oh no," she replied, "it is not uninhabited. The name is Duvernay."

"Duvernay," repeated Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, incorporating the bridge and dipping his pen in Mrs. Wilson's ink. "With your leave, ma'am. A foreign family, I suppose?"

"I think so—a French."

"And Mr. Duvernay—can you tell me what profession to enter?"

"There is no Mr. Duvernay," said Mrs. Wilson, with an odd little cough and a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "At least, not that I am aware of."

Mr. Keckwitch looked up with that dull light in his eyes which only came in the rarest circumstances of strong excitement. Mrs. Wilson looked down and coughed again.

"Is the lady a widow?" he asked. bluntly.

"I believe she calls herself a widow," replied Mrs. Wilson; "but indeed, Sir, I can't say what she is."

"And there's no gentleman?"

"I didn't say that, Sir."

"I beg your pardon, I thought I understood so."

"I said there was no Mr. Duvernay; and no more there is. But I don't desire to speak ill of my neighbors, and Madame's a customer."

Mr. Keckwitch shook his head solemnly.

"Dear, dear!" said he. "Very sad, very sad indeed. A wicked world, ma'am! So little real respectability in it."

"Very true, Sir."

"Then I suppose I must simply put down *Madame Duvernay, three*, adding no name to the house?"

"I suppose so, Sir. There is no master that I know of; at least, no acknowledged master."

"Still, if there is a gentleman, and he lives in the house, as I think you implied just now—"

"Oh, dear, I imply nothing," said the mistress of the shop, somewhat impatiently, as if she had been worried on the subject. "Madame Duvernay's doings are nothing to me; and the gentleman may be her husband for aught I know to the contrary."

"You can not give me his name, ma'am?"

"No, Sir."

"I am sorry for that. I ought to have his name if he really lives in the house."

"I can not give it to you because I don't know it," said Mrs. Wilson, rather more graciously. "I can not even take it upon myself to say that he lives at Elton House. I have seen no woman there, I believe, very constantly; but he may be a visitor. I really can't tell; and it's no business of mine."

"Nor of mine, if he is only a visitor," replied Mr. Keckwitch, again closing his ledger and preparing to be off. "I have no desire to annoy visitors, but we're bound to take note of regular inhabitants. I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am —very much indeed, I'm sure."

"I'm sure, Sir, you're very welcome."

"Thank you. And a little help goes a long way in matters of this kind; and it isn't pleasant to stand at a gate knocking and ringing for half an hour together."

"No, indeed; far from it, Sir. I can't think what all the servants were about to let you do so."

"Good-evenin' once more, ma'am."

"Good-evening, Sir."

And Mr. Keckwitch walked out of the shop this time without turning back again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DISPATCHES FROM ITALY.

"I LOVE this terrace," said Miss Colonna, "it is so like the terrace of an Italian house."

"I am very glad, for that reason, when the summer is sufficiently advanced to let us put out the orange-trees," replied Lord Castletowers.

It was shortly after breakfast on the next day and all strolled out through the open windows. The tide of guests had ebbed away some days since,

and the party was once more reduced to its former numbers.

"Ye," said Olimpia, "the clear old orange-trees and the terra cotta vases go far to heighten the illusion—so long as one avoids looking back at the house."

"Or round upon the landscape," suggested Saxon, smiling; "for these park trees are as English as the architecture of the house. What is the style, Castletowers?"

"Oh, I don't know. Elizabethan—Tudor—English-Gothic. I suppose they all mean the same thing. Shall I cut down my poor old oaks, Miss Colonna, and plant olives and poplars in their place?"

"Yes, if you will give me the Sabine for the Surrey hills, and an Italian sky instead of ours."

"I would if I could—I wish it were possible," said Castletowers, earnestly.

"No, I always see them," replied Olimpia, with a sigh. "I see them wow—so plainly!"

"But you Italians never have the mal de pays," said Saxon.

"How can you tell that, Mr. Trefalden? I think we have."

"No, no. You love your Italy; but you do not suffer in absence as we suffer. The true mal de pays runs in no blood but the Celtic."

"You will not persuade me that you love Switzerland better than we love Italy," said Olimpia.

"But I believe we do," replied Saxon. "Your amor patria is, perhaps, a more intellectual passion than ours. It is bound up with your wonderful history, your pride of blood and pride of place; but I can not help believing that we Swiss do actually cherish a more animal feeling for our native soil."

"For the soil?" repeated Castletowers.

"Yes, for the clay beneath our feet and the peaks above our heads. Our mountains are as dear to us as if they were living things, and could love us back again. They enter into our inner consciousness. They exercise a subtle influence upon our minds, and upon our bodies through our minds. They are a part of ourselves."

"Metaphorically speaking," said the Earl.

"Their effects are not metaphorical," replied Saxon.

"What are their effects?"

"What we were speaking of just now—the mal de pays; the sickness in banishment."

"But that is a sickness of the mind," said Olimpia.

"Not at all. It is a physical malady."

"May one inquire how it attacks the patient?" asked the Earl, incredulously.

Saxon was suddenly stricken down, as if by a coup de soleil. Some fade slowly away. In either case it is the inexpressible longing, for which there is no cure save Switzerland."

"And supposing that your invalid can not get away—what then?"

"I don't—he would die."

The Earl laughed aloud.

"And I fear he would do nothing of the kind," said he. "Depend on it, Trefalden, this is one of those pretty fictions that every body believes and nobody can prove."

"My dear Gervase," said Lady Castletowers, passing the little group as she returned to the house, "Signor Colonna is waiting to speak to you."

Colonna was leaning over the balustrade at the farther end of the terrace, reading a letter. He looked up as the Earl approached, and said, eagerly,

"A dispatch from Baldiseroti! Garibaldi has sailed from Genoa in the Piemonte, and Bixio in the Lombardo. The word is drawn at last, and the scabbard thrown away!"

The Earl's face flushed with excitement.

"This is great news," said he. "When did it come?"

"With the other letters; but I waited to tell it to you when your mother was not present."

"Does Vaughan know?"

"Not yet. He went to his room when he left the breakfast-table, and I have not seen him since."

"What is the strength of the expedition?"

"One thousand and sixty-seven."

"No more?"

"Thousands more; but they have at present no means of transport. This is but an advanced guard of tried men; chiefly old Cacciatori. Genoa is full of volunteers, all eager to embark."

"I would give ten years from my life to be among them," said Castletowers, earnestly.

The Italian laid his hand caressingly upon the young man's arm.

"Fazienza caro," he replied. "You do good service here. Come with me to my room. There is work for us this morning."

The Earl glanced toward Olimpia and Saxon, opened his lips, as if to speak; checked himself, and followed somewhat reluctantly.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BROKEN PROMISE.

It must be conceded that Miss Colonna had not made the most of her opportunities. She had not actually withdrawn from the field, but she had failed to follow up her first great move so closely as a less reluctant player might have done. And yet she meant to act this part which she had undertaken. She knew that, if she did so, it must be at the sacrifice of her own peace of her own womanly self-respect. She was quite aware, too, that it involved a cruel injustice to Saxon Trefalden. But with her, as with all enthusiasts, the greater duty included the less; and she believed that, although it would be morally wrong to do these things for any other end, it would be practically right to do them for Italy.

If she could not bring herself to heal this generous heart utterly without a struggle—if she pitied the lad's fate and loathed her own, and shrunk from the path that she was pledged to tread—she did so by reason of the finer part of her nature, but contrary to her convictions of duty. For, to her, Italy was duty; and when her instinctive sense of right stepped in, as it had stepped in now, she blamed herself bitterly.

But this morning's post had brought matters to a crisis. Her father's face, as he handed her the dispatch marked with Red Cross, told her that; and she knew that if she was ever to act decisively, she must act so now. When, therefore, she found herself alone with Saxon on the terrace she scarcely paused to think how she should begin, but plunged at once into her task.

"You *must* not think we love our country less passionately than the Swiss, Mr. Trefalden," she said, quickly. "I am sure that you pay to prove the heart of a people; and when you know us better, you will, I am sure, be one of the first to acknowledge that the Italian race while I can not be happy till I convince you."

"I am glad you think me worth the trouble of convincing," replied Saxon.

"How should I not? You are a patriot and a republican."

"That I am, heart and soul!" said Saxon, with sparkling eyes.

"We ought to have many sympathies in common."

"Why, so we have. The love of country and the love of true liberty should unite in common."

"They should be," replied Olimpia; "but, alas! between prosperity and adversity there can be little real fellowship. Yours, Mr. Trefalden, is the happiest land in Europe, and mine is the most miserable."

"I wish yours were not so," said Saxon.

"I wish with all my heart it may not remain so! Wish that women's tears and brave men's blood may not be shed in vain; nor a whole people be trodden back from the verge of the grave by a fitfully timely help in the moment of their utmost need!"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, catching something of her excitement, without knowing why or wherefore.

"I mean that the work to which my father's whole life has been given is at last begun. You know—all the world knows—that Italy is in arms; but you have not yet been told that an army of liberation is assembling in the north."

"In the north? Then the King of Sardinia—"

"Victor Emanuel is willing enough to reap the harvest we have sowed for him," replied Miss Colonna, impetuously; "but he will not offer us even a hearty 'God-speed' at present. No, Mr. Trefalden, we are left to rely on volunteers and patriots only—an army of young, brave, and generous hearts that love Italy and liberty, and are ready to die for what they love."

Beautiful as she was at all times, Saxon had never seen Olimpia Colonna look so beautiful as when she spoke these words. He almost lost the sense of what she was saying in thinking of how she looked while saying it. He stammered something unintelligible, and she went on.

"Garibaldi has gone to Genoa, England, as advanced-guard. Volunteers are pouring into Genoa from Venice and Milan. Subscriptions are being raised in Germany, England, in France, in Belgium, in America. A month hence and South Italy will be free or doubly chained. In the mean while we need help; and for that help we look to every lover of liberty. You are a lover of liberty, and you have not been a model republic. What will you do for us?"

"Tell me what to do, and I will do it," said Saxon.

"Nay; I might ask too much."

"You can not ask more than I will gladly grant."

Olimpia turned her dazzling smile upon him.

"Beware!" said she. "I may take you at your word. Tell me—remember, this is a *prepaid* personal, and does not belong to the ordinary list of applications—what is the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen, or coined from the brain oblivion?"

Finding he made no answer, she spoke again, in a soft, tremulous tone that would have turned the head of St. Kevan himself.

"Why for me? What am I that you should do more for me than for my country?"

"I—I would do any thing for you," faltered Saxon.

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I—"

The lad checked himself. He wonna have said, "as that I live," but he lacked courage to pronounce the words. Miss Colonna knew it, however, as well as if he had said it.

"Would you jump into the sea for me, like Schiller's diver?" she asked, with a sudden change of mood, and a laugh like a peal of silver bells.

"That I would!"

"Or in among the fighting lions, like the Count de Lorge?"

"I know nothing about the Count de Lorge, but I would do for you all that a brave man dare do for a fair lady," replied Saxon, hotly.

"Thanks," she said, and her smile became graver as she spoke. "I think you mean what you say."

"I do. Indeed I do!"

"I believe it. Some day, perhaps, I shall put you to the proof."

With this she gave him her hand, and hastily withdrew before he did, but feeling that he would cheerfully march up to a battery, or jump out of a balloon, or lie down in the path of an express train, for her sake—kissed it!

And then he was so overwhelmed by the knowledge of what he had done that he scarcely noticed how gently Miss Colonna withdrew her hand from his, and turned away.

He watched her across the terrace. She did not look back. She went thoughtfully forward, thoughtfully and slowly, with her hands clasped loosely together and her head a little bent; but her bearing was not that of a person in anger. When she had passed into the house Saxon drew a deep breath, paused for a moment irresolute, and presently swung himself lightly over the parapet and plunged into the park.

He had need to run a while, and he wandered about for the first half hour or so in a tumult of rapturous wonder and exultation—and then he suddenly remembered that he had broken his promise to William Trefalden!

In the mean while Olimpia went up to her father's study in the turret, and stood before him, pale and silent, like a marble statue of herself.

Colonna looked up, and pushed his papers aside.

"Well!" he said, eagerly, "what speed?"

"This."

Saying which she took a pen, deliberately filled in Saxon's name penciled on the majority, and laid Saxon's check before him on the table.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

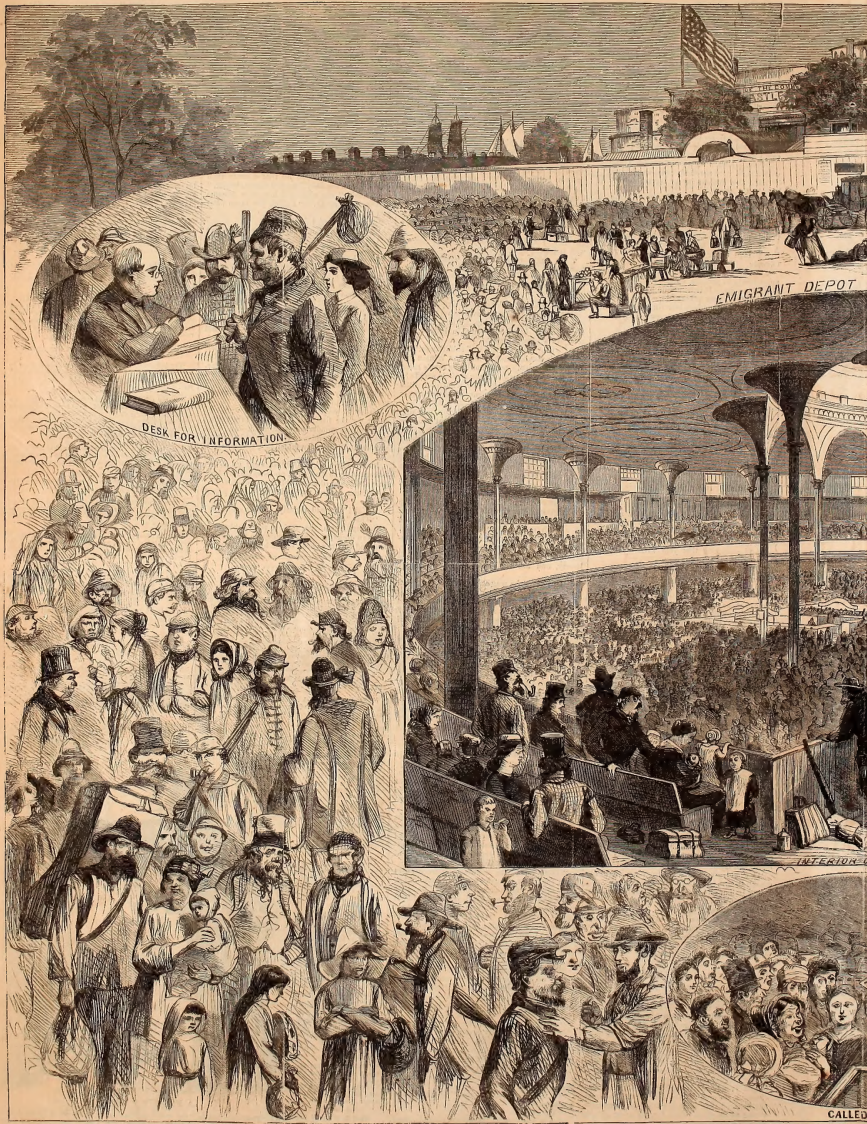
TABLE OF INTEREST.—The dinner-table.

Not long ago the rector of a parish in ——shire was surprised by a request from an old woman in his village, that he would give her a seat in the church quite close to the pulpit. "Why, Mary," said he, "you're not deaf enough yet by can hear my sermons very well where you now sit." "No, Sir," said the old woman, "that be true enough; but you see there be Betty Stubbs, and Bill Jones, and Mary Ann sitting right in front of me with their mouths all wide open, and taking it all in, and by the time it comes to me there's very little left."

Which is the oldest tree known to man?—*The elder tree*, of course.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.—A Western paper gives the following notice of the marriage of marriages, where no fashion is cent, will be set up in small type, and poked into some outlandish corner of the paper.

"Married, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Jones, Mr. Mary Ann Smith, all of this county. That is true enough; but you see there be Betty Stubbs, and Bill Jones, and



NEWLY-ARRIVED EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW



YORK CITY.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 550.]

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

'Twas a beautiful dream of the ancient time,
Of the wondrous minds of old;
That fountain that could renew the prime,
The beauty, the purple light enshrine,
That defies mortal mould.

But, alas! though fresh as the dewy dawn
The bowl o'ers from may be
And though crowned with such light as might have shone
From the bow when hail through the stream passed on
To immortality;

Yet it blooms and dies, with sure decay,
For there's nought as sure as change;
Ay, mortal! thy spirit is flitting away
As then poured out from the cup of thy short day,
With thy reason's shorter range.

But the poets, who lived, and hoped, and dreamed,
In that old fabling age,
'Neath the sprit of the fountain may have deemed
It a water of life, for its baptism seemed
Of a higher life to shine.

And this telling, travelling world still clings,
In each round, to this self-same truth;
And each generation hopes better things—
More yearnin' for swift, earth-spurning wings,
And the crown of immortal youth.

MY AUNT DAGON'S MISSION.

I HAD come to Newport, as my Aunt Dagon expressed it, to see a little of the world; but I knew perfectly well that my business there was to get married. Aunt Dagon had already married off two of my sisters, and now she had taken me in hand. It promised to be her most difficult achievement, for I was not beautiful like the others. To make amends they had accomplished me to the last degree. They went operas and I—knew you had them. Ballads?—I sang all the tenderest ones. Was it reading?—An elocutionist of note had pronounced me a very rapid. Dancing?—had not danced ever since I was as tall as a violin? I had some genius, and that helped. I had tastes certainly—feelings, probably; should have had a heart if circumstances had admitted of it; and yet I had come to Newport with Aunt Dagon to get married.

On our way from my quiet country home to the scene of action we had stopped at my aunt's house in New York, and made ready our armor—weapons of offense and defense, in the shape of round hats, hats à la mousquetaire, veils, dresses for each hour in the day, and all the lesser matters of sashes, gloves, furs, and handkerchiefs. Aunt Dagon was not married herself, nor other people, but she knew things thoroughly well, and was determined her nieces should not fail for want of ammunition, though she grumbled a little at war prices.

She was a childless widow, and very rich; or as I used to say, her annual income from a very large property, which after her death would revert to Dagon heirs; so all she could do for her own kin must be done in her lifetime. She regarded it as her mission in life to marry off the daughters of her only sister, my mother, who had wedded on the love-in-a-cottage principle, and then killed that cottage full of girls. Already, by means of Aunt Dagon's skillful management, Katie was Mrs. Lorlird, with a house in Madison Square as handsome as Aunt Dagon's own, and only the slight encumbrance of a husband, bland, unprincipled, selfish, and a dozen years older than herself. Margaret was Mrs. Minturn, and *her* husband was a man of whom no one could find fault with other endowments besides wealth. The only trouble was that Margaret did not love him, and had loved, ever since her days of pinafores and pantalets, a certain never-to-wed lad at home. But she had too much sense to make a romantic marriage; and if Mr. Minturn found her a student's sort of wife, he had an ample ground for complaint in her cool self-possession, and the sublime but icy grace with which she did the honors of his establishment. She appeared, certainly, the very last woman in the world to be sentimental over a moonlight scene. Still, truth to tell, I don't know that either of my sisters was happy enough to make me desire to change places with her; yet I was sure I had been Dagonized into a belief that I must marry money and position, or my career would be a failure.

Before I left home in Newport a week I had ceased to speculate about people in general, though, of course, I could and did hush and drive and flirt with whoever came in my way, after the manner of Newport society; and succeeded, too, quite beyond the expectations of my kinswomen in rendering myself generally agreeable. But my real interest was confined to two men, of whom I was making a study, as no one had been recommended to my attention by my aunt—the other had unconsciously recommended himself by some words I had heard him say one evening. Of course Mr. Vandervoort deserves first mention. He was worth more than half a million of money. His name was an old one, his family thoroughbred, all things—a gentleman by education and inheritance. The cultured manner, and polished courtesy which dominated in him, the only Vandervoort of his family in this generation. It was no wonder that Aunt Dagon's eyes were dazzled, or that she enlarged with enthusiasm upon his good points.

"If you only could win him, Marcia," she had said, during our first week. "If he had been only handsome as Kate or Margaret I should have had some hope; but now it is so desperately impossible that—"

"That perhaps I had better try where there is a more reasonable prospect of success?" I suggested, coolly finishing for her the sentence at which she had hesitated.

Maurice Tréjeler was a man of a different type; younger, not handsomer, perhaps, unless to those who judge a face by its expression. He was—what shall I call him?—decidedly an author, for he had published no books—*literateur*, perhaps. He had nothing to depend on in life but his own brains, and so he was making his way slowly. He had put himself through college, what with teaching and economizing, and now he had engagements with one or two papers, and as many magazines, for which he wrote regularly. On the proceeds he lived in a manner not beneath the dignity of a gentleman; though all he earned in a year would not have been enough to buy the amount of feminine fineries my aunt had provided for my summer expedition. You see no one could possibly have been more ineligible.

He was at Newport as the guest of a great politician, whose wife was a cousin of Aunt Dagon's, and I should have been more than woman not to appreciate the compliment it conveyed. There was something very fascinating about him. He was handsomer at thirty-five than he could have been when ten years younger—handsome, with a mature beauty which was common enough to attract any bovish grace. Yet something was wanting—a subtle something which I felt but could not have expressed. Mr. Vandervoort I married Mr. Vandervoort—handsome, gracious, courtly, worthy even of respect as he undoubtedly was—there would be hours and months in which I should be most utterly alone. I knew that one part of my nature would be entirely unwedded; that for me earth and sea and sky had a language which he would never hear. These thoughts passed through my mind rapidly; and then I began to wonder whether it was not so in marriages; whether the difference that troubled me was not the essential and integral difference between man and woman? If only one loved deeply, was dearly loved—that, after all, was the great thing! It would be selfish sentiment merely to expect every thing to be adored, every thought understood. So I walked on, under the full moon, and in sight of the great, glorious, shifting sea, with Ignatius Valdevron.

There was witchery in the hour—in the scene. The sparkling dark eyes, the dusky olive cheek and sea; the low rime of the tide coming in; the melancholy, murmurous voices of the summer night; if there was a time of poetry or sentiment in the heart of a man—any thing which claimed kinship with all that was lofty, all that was tender in the soul of a woman—surely this hour must bring it to the surface. Under its influence we fell into silence; but still, as two in a dream, we walked on. Mr. Vandervoort stopped, and looked by the moonlight into my eyes.

"What is this spell you have for me, Miss Ayrault?" he said. "Is it your influence over me so curious. I have never felt the same before. I must see more of you, and try to understand it."

He had spoken with singular transparency, of which I think he had hardly been conscious. I knew his heart as well as well as he himself did —knew that he was mentally saying:

"How curiously this girl, whom I have known as a short acquaintance, affects me. Is it possible that I am in love with her? If I am, I might as well marry her. But I must be cautious—make sure; it will not do to commit a blunder. I must be certain that I shall be happier as a married man before I give up my freedom."

Just as far as that, his speculations went. That I would accept him if he asked me he had not the shadow of a doubt. How should he have, when all his women had been educated into considering it flatter him?—when he had become accustomed to be angled for?

I thought he had gone far enough for that night —that I could trust him not to forget me before the next day—at all events, I meant to get it.

When I bade Aunt Dagon good-night in her own room, as was my habit, she said nothing of Mr. Vandervoort, thought, no doubt, younger that she was knowing when to let well enough alone. She only kissed me with what I fully understood to be a kiss of approval.

My sister Kate—have I mentioned that Mrs. Lorlard and Mrs. Minturn were both at Newport?—met me on the piazza. I went up, and stopped to whisper gayly, "Bravo, brown-eyed Marcia! You will be better than any of us, in spite of your *sex retrousse*!"

Last of all, Margaret came into my room while I was undressing, and looked as I had never seen her look before—strangely moved and excited. She watched me while my aunt's maid brushed out my hair and put it in curling-pins, with a tender, eager glitter in her blue eyes and a color feverishly bright on her cheeks. Then, when we were alone, she said, abruptly:

"Marcia, it would be very easy for you to make that man love you. I have never seen him so much interested in any woman."

"What man?" I asked, with an affectation of carelessness.

"Don't tride, Marcia! You know I mean Mr. Vandervoort. Don't marry him unless you love him. Don't let Aunt Dagon persuade you. I know what her powers are. A woman who marries a man she does not love sins against her own soul. That's you all. I tell you if you do you will repent it all your life. If you love him, very well. If you don't, remember the whole world won't profit you if, to gain it, you lose your own soul."

I looked at my sister in amazement. I had never before at all understood the depth and passion of her nature. All three years that she had married so cold had this wild fire burned at her heart? Had the early love-dream for her—her married life no hold- Her sheltered my thoughts.

"Yes," she said, sadly: "I know that I at once reveal and humiliate myself; but that is nothing if I can save you."

Then she kissed me with burning, feverish lips, and went away.

When she was gone I threw open my window and sat down before it. In the distance rolled the moon, toward that sea, I had walked with Mr. Vandervoort. Did I—could I ever—love him? I thought I could. If there were a little less power in the magnetism of Maurice Tréjeler. Why had my evil fate brought him to Newport—a man whom I could never marry? Why had I seen that night before, and spoken with an irony under which I winced, and who yet perversely occupied my fancy, and remained in my mind as a standard of comparison by which I tried other men and found them wanting? After all, did I not like better the gracious dignity of Mr. Vandervoort? Then I tried to decide what I should think of them if they were both rich, or both poor—found the result of my musings unsatisfactory, shut my window, and went to bed.

The next day Mr. Vandervoort seemed resolved to pursue his investigations—to understand the secret of my influence over him. He asked me to ride with him. I went down with my long black habit, my black hat and scarlet feather, and stopped on the way to say good-by to Aunt Dagon.

"You look well, niece," she said, after a critical survey, "and you ride well, too. You somehow you need not be afraid of a comparison with either Kate or Margaret."

On the piazza Margaret stood, waiting to see me off. She had regained all her usual calm dignity. She looked perfectly happy and self-possessed, as she stood there in her dove-colored blue silk, listening to her husband as he talked politics with Mr. Tréjeler.

But she turned away with a whisper in my ear a sentence which no one else heard:

"Marcia, what shall it profit a woman if she gain the whole world and lose herself?"

In spite of her warning, however, I took pleasure in my ride. My horse was splendid, as was every thing that belonged to Mr. Vandervoort. Riding was one of the society accomplishments in which I had been trained, and I enjoyed it excessively. There was no uncertainty for strangers, but I perceived a tender deference in Mr. Vandervoort's manner, as he took me from one point to our return, which convinced me that my morning had not been thrown away.

That evening Mr. Tréjeler approached me gravely.

"The moon rises later to-night, Miss Ayrault—as not quite so full. The night will be less splendid, and more suitable, therefore, for a walk for Mr. Vandervoort. Will you give me a little of it?"

I was not in the humor to deny myself the pleasure I could not help taking in his society. As a matter of policy, moreover, it was just as well to let Mr. Vandervoort see that I was not all his own. So even Aunt Dagon did not frown when I walked out with Mr. Tréjeler. Her two years' stay in common-sense was of course too great for her to imagine any danger.

I can hardly tell what we talked about—the night, at first, I think, and the sea. Then from the sea's immensity, I know, we got to speaking about the immensity of unknown worlds, the future in which all this life's factitious glory and greatness would be as nothing, and only the "real I am" could comprehend the solemn grandeur of Heaven. And, as we talked, the conviction stole slowly into my mind that for me nothing was waiting in Madison Square—that he would see thoroughly, and lecture our natures was no jar or discordance. I could not fancy myself in love with him. I still looked upon that as a thing that must not, and therefore could not be—I only knew that, if Fate had ordained either of us for the other, I could have found in him the answer to all my heart's needs.

The hour with its beauty and mystery, the talk about the things most sacred to us both—eternal verities of which it was impossible to speak lightly —had brought us strangely near to each other; made us better acquainted than weeks of ordinary intercourse would have done. It was a strange coincidence that he spoke at last almost the same words which Mr. Vandervoort had used.

"What is this spell you have for me—spell which no woman ever had before?"

Then there was silence—a silence in which we heard only the murmuring sea, and the still, solemn voices of the night—a silence which at length he broke.

"Miss Ayrault, I know what the spell is. It is the harmony between your soul and mine. I could love you, I know, with all the force of my being. If I were not a poor man I should ask you for my wife. I made scarcely twelve hundred dollars last year—what would that do for us?"

"It would be half the stories, perhaps, with which Aunt Dagon provided me for this Newport campaign," I said then, impelled by the perfect harmony in our natures, I went on as if I had been thinking aloud, with a frankness at which I wondered myself after as much as he could.

"No, it would never do. I too believe that we could love each other well, but we must not. If you were self-constituted afterward my critic. I have been educated all my life with a view to making a rich marriage, as my sisters have. It is to Aunt Dagon's mission brought me here. I should only hamper you if we came together. You, too, ought to marry money, or at least to be free to make your own way in the world—unfettered."

"I should have no fears," he said, with that calm self-reliance which had so much charm for me, "but I can well be discontented afterward it is another matter. I must not urge you. Only we shall speak know of our lives that a full, perfect happiness just missed us."

Then we went in.

At the door he asked me for the bunch of English violets which I wore. They were my favorite flower, and I put on a fresh bunch every evening.

"They are not worth giving," I said. "Don't you know that fragrance is the greatest fraud in the world? To-morrow, no matter what care you take of them, they will be scentless as withered leaves."

"All the fitter reminder they will be, then, of a dream too sweet to last," he said; and then I gave them to him.

The next day Mr. Vandervoort—having at length, I suppose, satisfied himself that my attraction for him was in reality—asked me to marry him. His words, though calm, were very earnest and tender, and—if they failed utterly to touch my heart. Whatever spell / had not Mr. Vandervoort he had none for me. Still I had not the present

strength decidedly to refuse him. Here lay, right within my grasp, the prize for which my whole life had been a preparatory struggle. I had made up my mind that to marry Maurice Tripier was out of the question, and I certainly did not intend to live single. What could I ask, then, more or better than Mr. Vandervoort? A man rich by inheritance, well-born, well-bred, of a handsome character, and honestly in love with me! I must be blind indeed to my own interest to let such a prize slip through my fingers. Yet I was not quite prepared to wear the glittering diamond fetter which I knew was ready for me. I put off my decision for a week, and took that time to reconcile myself to my destiny.

Meanwhile I kept my own counsel. Neither Aunt Dagon nor either of my sisters knew that he had proposed to me. But they saw my attentions and fondness, and my aunt's manner grew blander than ever. I was in a state of utter indecision myself. I liked Mr. Vandervoort thoroughly — as well as ever since that I might not have loved him a little if I had not seen another whom I knew I could love a great deal. Then I was ambitious—it was impossible from such a rearing as I had had. I loved luxury and ease—of self-denial and privation I was not fond. I had seen enough of them in my own family, where a large family had been brought up on small means, though each of us had our turn, at eighteen, of flowering into splendor under Aunt Dagon's auspices. As Mr. Vandervoort's wife I could have the delight of feeling free regardless of expense. What a temptation it was! I very nearly made up my mind to that destiny.

At length came the very last night of my week of probation. The next morning I thought I was going to say yes to Mr. Vandervoort. Meantime I had one evening of freedom, and that I meant to rejoice.

Some one asked me to sing, and I gave them an old song — and I was in no mood then for tender love-songs from Tennyson. When I rose from the piano Maurice Tripier was beside me.

"I am going to leave Newport to-morrow," he said. "Shall I infringe on any one's right if I ask you to indulge me with one last little walk?"

For the whole week past he had seemed to avoid me. He had been resolved, evidently, that he would not interfere with my ambition. I could not resist his pleading eyes, now—or my own heart, which pleaded as well. So we went out.

This night, too, was no moon—only the stars shone with a clear, far-off, unsympathizing light. Silence and mystery were on the waters, and so hence was I myself. It seemed as if I could or if I had any thing to say, in the shadow of that near parting which was to separate us for years, if not for ever. Who knew if any wave of Time would ever strand us again on the same shore? He spoke at length, when we had reached a little knoll, where we stood still, and looked off over the dark, ever-murmuring waters.

"I loved you well, Marcia," he said; "will you remember it?"

I answered his question with another.

"Do you know my utterly poor I am?"

"Poor in purse, yes; rich in what I most value."

"Are you sorry I had married you, and you had to struggle on for us both, you would never have regretted it?"

"Regretted it! Oh, Marcia, if you would have tried me!"

What tenderness, what longing, thrilled in his voice!

"I think I will," I said, softly.

"Mr. Vandervoort! Are you not engaged to him?"

"No. I have been laboring to make up my mind to it," was to give him his answer to-morrow. I think I will give it to him to-night—instead."

"And you mean it, Marcia? Mean that you will try life with me, poverty and all?"

"Yes, I mean it."

What we said in the next half hour I will not repeat, for I seem to be the reputation of a woman of sense. By the end of it we had begun to plan out our future, and were gay and happy as two children.

"I suppose all your fineries, put together, Marcia, did not cost Aunt Dagon above two thousand dollars, did they?" he asked, gravely, as we were going in.

"Just about that, I imagine."

"Well, we'll pay her—I have just that sum saved up—and you'll feel independent, and she'll have no bills to ever accuse her disagreeably of."

"Why, she wouldn't take it, you foolish fellow!" and I laughed at his earnestness. You shall keep it, instead, to settle the little Pardies where I'm to play Eve to your Adam."

"And where, please God, the serpent shall never come," he said, his merriment replaced by his seriousness.

I went in and chanced to meet Mr. Vandervoort who had been looking for me, I think. "May I speak to you a moment?" I asked.

He turned and went out on the piazza with me, evidently wondering at my manner.

"I would not wait till to-morrow," I said, as soon as we were alone. "I thought it wrong to keep you a moment in suspense, after I knew my own heart. I honor you so truly, and care for you so much, that it is a real pain to have to say that I do not also love you."

He looked absolutely struck dumb with surprise. The idea of refusal in vain had evidently never been familiar to his imagination.

"You mean that you will not marry me?" he asked, after a moment.

"That I can not," I said, "because I do not love you as a wife ought."

Then he suggested something about time; and I told him frankly of my engagement to Mr. Tripier.

His manner changed instantly.

"I am glad you told me that," he said, with real warmth. "I have convinced me that there is one woman whom gold can not win. Tripier has nothing but himself, and I—"

"You are the rich Mr. Vandervoort," I said, "but I never could have married you without loving you. Believe me I did not mean to trifle. I thought I could love you at last."

"At last," he answered, "you have taught me to honor you, and we can be friends."

That night, too, I told Aunt Dagon. I knew I should feel better if I had it all well over.

"I am ready to leave Newport to-morrow, if you please," I said to her.

"Is your work done? Are you engaged?" she asked, with an eagerness which for once made her thoroughly human.

"Yes, to Maurice Tripier."

She looked steadily into my eyes. She read there, I imagine, a resolution with which she knew it would be of no use to contend. She was not a woman given to much feeling, but I am afraid I had told Mr. Vandervoort, and when I answered yes, she said, grimly:

"Well, then, your work is done. But we may as well stay our time out. You will never see Newport again, probably."

The next day Mr. Tripier went away; and the next week Mr. Vandervoort. After that we staid nearly two months longer. Aunt Dagon was not paramount to know the failure of her mission in my behalf troubled her.

But it was unpleasant enough for all. This summer she has spent the money which would have bought a bridal offering of plate or jewels for Mr. Vandervoort's wife in giving a dinner and carriages for our house—Maurice's and mine. So we shall have his two thousand dollars to keep, as my aunt says, "for a nest-egg—small one, but it will be a touch of the old grimness. But I shall never envy Kate or Margaret.

PUBLIC LOCOMOTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM DR. DALPEE'S "Thoughts on American Civil Policy," shortly to be published by Ticknor & Brothers.

TALLEYRAND, when speaking of the United States to the Emperor Napoleon, made this remark: "It is a giant without bones." That was before there were any railroads; but since the latter the bones have begun to grow, and they are bones of iron.

Now, since there is an unceasing tendency to the modification of the human race by the operation of climate, and evils ensue both by a community existing too long in one locality, and by living into a stagnant condition, and by the antagonisms that arise between contentious communities that have been separated into different states, it is very plain that the thing of primary importance to be accomplished is, as far as may be possible, to prevent such climatic evils and such their effect. This can only be done by promoting locomotion.

It is therefore unwise to give legislative encouragement to any thing that tends to isolate communities, or even families, too stationary. Fortunately, the instinctive disposition, in this respect, are greatly facilitated by the established usages respecting the inheritance of property and the universal breaking up of families. As a fact, factual is the system of agriculture, if such it can be called, that we pursue—our practice of killing land, and that the most undergoes deterioration of its essential ingredients, as bone-earth, potash, or the like, can not be economically restored. It is much cheaper to abandon the former waste and move to the virgin lands of the West. That love of the homestead, so characteristic of the settled population of Europe, can scarcely be said to exist among us. The children leave their father's hearth without reluctance, for he is perpetually anticipating leaving it himself. It might have been feared—perhaps was feared by many observant persons—that the loss of local attachments, and even the loss of national sentiment, but the experience of the civil war has shown the incorrectness of such a foreboding. The history of it can not be further cited here, but it can not be forgotten that we furnish a more splendid example of unwavering fortitude, unshrinking self-sacrifice, in vindication of national life. The sense of loss has not been a compensation to be eye-witnesses, will by future generations of historians be quoted as the point in the greatest glory of their history—an incentive in their inevitable march to imperial greatness, a firm support in their dark hours.

The customs and usages of American domestic life have, therefore, to a certain extent, made us a locomotive people. Not unfrequently, even many foreign travelers affirmed that we are essentially a nomadic race. It is well for our future that we are so.

It should be a settled principle of American legislation to encourage in every possible manner facilities for intercourse between the remotest of the most effectual way any thing that might possibly act as a restraint.

From the results of the policy that has been pursued in the case of the Post-office system very valuable suggestions may be derived. By reducing the cost of the transmission of letters and newspapers to the smallest possible amount conspicuous benefits have been the result. Since the family tie has been knit in spite of separation, the public intellect has been enlarged by the diffusion of general information. That mental activity which arises from the concentration of masses of men in great cities is felt sympathetically in the most sparsely peopled and distant country places. During the civil war metropolitan journalism has very where been a powerful auxiliary to the cause.

But it is not enough that there should be free movement for thought; free movement for the people themselves is of equal importance. Both act in the closest relation of cause and effect. The Southern States for the last few years have had a most amazing stream of Northern travel in every direction the civil war would not have occurred.

Experience shows that travel increases as it cost diminishes. Whatever, therefore, operates as a tax on locomotion is inconsistent with the highest principles of State policy. No community should be permitted to take advantage of the geographical position it may happen to occupy for the purpose of exacting a toll for its own profit. Such practices may suit an Arab sheik or other Asiatic chieftain, who levies a contribution on the passing caravan, but is altogether inadmissible in a modernized society. A community can not perpetrate this act without becoming politically debauched and demoralized. It is an offense against the highest public interests.

When the railway system was first being developed in England measures were taken to give to the Government an eventual and thorough control over it. Already in that country it is agitated to consummate those measures by the State assuming the proprietorship of the roads, equalizing their rates of charges, and reducing those rates to a minimum. There can be no doubt that such a consummation would produce very powerful social effects. In its direction as to the time of the consummation of that the changes in the postal system have done, those social effects being all of an advantageous kind. But England, her comparatively restricted geographical extent being considered, is not pressed by those climate considerations that are of such paramount interest in America. Her reasons for action in the matter are therefore, it may be said, of a very subordinate kind compared with those that concern us. In America transportation at the lowest possible cost assumes the attitude of an affair of the highest political necessity.

In view of that state necessity all local and individual interests must be compelled to give way. How far in future generations these problems are publicly better understood than at present, it may be found politically expedient to give to the general government control over the whole subject of carrying the principles here indicated into effect, it is needless at present to consider.

PATIENCE.

"What is long sought
Comes when unsought."

I LAUNCHED my bark upon the little bay.
And sailed out to the dark and lonely sea.
The sea that murmure to itself all day.
And seemed, I thought, to murmur unto me:

"Cease hither to my bread and heaving breast,
For I have treasures deep and manifold;
Inglorious sailor, cease, and rest with me,
Come hither to my jewels and my gold!"

I sailed out to the dark and lonely sea,
And heard the tempest's melancholy wail;
The spirits of the storm-fiends passed by me,
And distant vessels quivered in the gale.

I found no treasure; but an empty wreck—
Sad wreck of the departed and the lost—
Placed the shell to my ear, and heard
And voyaged homeward sad and tempest-tost.

Long, long, I watched upon the sea-girt height,
And lower down I watched upon the sand;
The anxious watching night and day and night,
And yet my treasure never came to land.

At last mine eyes were lifted to the skies,
Forgetting hopes and longings once so sweet,
When lo! the treasure that I sought met my eyes,
And laid the longed-for treasure at my feet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

WOLFE AND BRAG.—The country people of the Low Countries have a fashion of boasting their prowess and valiant exploits with apparently twice as much straw as needs be; but the stories which they tell are often too true to need any additions of making more. Many, when they don't go hereabouts, sport wonderful tales of their feats of coolness. Hill pastures are short class, as in Switzerland, the hay in many cases being so fine as to necessitate it to be gathered and tied up in sheets for transport home. The following is the way to reap a cornfield on a hill-side in this place. Not to leave their sheep to the attacks of wolves, they have them with them, and, mixed on stakes, and during the night in an apartment of similar shape and material to that in which they live, are the sheep's guards. Many speak only Russian, a language which no Christian stranger would ever learn, though the natives are very commonly proud of it. When they talk French they talk it with a Russian accent, and the latter is distinguished by words which are usually allowed to drop unheard; for instance, "Bonjour, Monsieur," is spoken as "Bonjour, Monsieur." As a trait of simple honesty, a traveler who slept at Orlow by village name Pogodi, left his watch behind him, and was very far from the frontier, sent out for the day, leaving his portmanteau open, when the landlords sent money on his invisible table. On his return the people of the inn put the watch into his hand, and he left the house free of molestation than if they had had his night-cap in its proper place. Such is the honesty of the country, and young people are in some few people's households, in the course of training for other countries, as in the case of Peter Pigeau, out on an official tour, passed through a village where the inhabitants, with the usual hospitality, recommended to his charity a poor woman, whose husband, as they said, had been killed in the wars. "Is she a widow?" asked the traveler. "Not exactly," was the reply; "she is a widow, but her husband is not dead." "Then why do you call her a widow?" asked the astonished Peter. "Why, you see," was the reply, "we are poor people, and we don't like to be Poles, indeed I do. It's all the poor dear man left me to remember him by."

THE LATE EMPEROR'S WILL.—There is a certain testamentary paper, scarcely to be called a will, among the records of Doctors' Commons, which is entitled simply "The last act" of a great drama played on the broad stage of the world by one of its principal actors; now fifty-seventy years have rolled away, lives, and will live, in the memory of neighbors, friends, and foes. This is the only document prepared by an eminent firm, comprised in twenty lines. The testator, a man nearly bound together, evidently executed while the testator was in the heyday of his fame and fortune, and while the world was at his feet. A sheet of the coarse white paper then in vogue, interlined and indented, the final directions of a broken-spirited, penniless, dying man. A strange anomaly. Here was a man who had "enjoyed the rod of empire," telling his old friend, when he urged him to make a will, that it was of no use, he had nothing to leave. Never, before that, had died a Prince Minister so poor. The will, an exact copy of which, so far as the writing is concerned, we can now read in Lord Stanhope's Memoirs, is in these little sentences, each paragraph of a line. The handwriting is that of the Bishop of Lincoln; but it appears, from a sentence in weak, struggling characters, difficult to read, that he corrected and abandoned, that the testator once attempted to write himself, but was compelled to resign the pen. Could the paper speak, what a touching tale it might unfold of that last scene at Putney! In forty-seven years Pitt's race was run; in thirty-six that of his friend and Wolfe Canning's designate "the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century"! but a world of emotion, excitement, and event their brief span in other cases embraced! Such men, in both, exhaust more life in one decade than the commoner clay in five.

THE *Paris Journal* publishes the following anecdote, which our readers may please themselves about believing: "A quarrel took place about some trifle between Sir Edward K——, an English gentleman, very well known in Paris, and Count Alfred de Grammont, of the Horse Guards. The seconds had in vain endeavored to reconcile them, and it was decided to have recourse to arms; but as both the principals were first-rate shots and swordsmen, it was agreed that the duel should be a sabre fight. The sleeves, similar in every external respect, had one of them prepared in such a manner that it should scratch and prove mortal to the smoker, were placed on the table. The combatants threw off their coats, and, after a weapon of war were then lighted, and after a few puffs on either side the cigars were lit forward till on his lips. He, however, immediately got up and was surrounded by his friends, while his adversary stood at one side. 'Gentlemen,' said one of the seconds, 'you have both of you shown the greatest courage, since you were both of you ignorant of the effects of the explosion.' M. ——, the other second, then informed them that the cigars were lighted on one of the cigars; and now let us to dinner. My friend, he is the best of every duel!' The meeting is said to have taken place on the Belgian frontier."

FREEDOM will have their offspring should teach them, whether they be rich or poor, to early subject to the river and buffet the briny wave. Let eggs and bright coins glitter for them in the bottom of the lake, and reward their diving feats. While they think only of the brother and the sister, they will be gaining those sinewy muscles and health and courage, of suppleness and strength of limb. When they are grown at sea they will be calm when others tremble, knowing that they have power over the water, and the confidence which the earth's fixity gives. Let those who give the swim suppose that their education is completed. They will be the most pliable of seamen, and the most expert in boarding, getting to shore or joining their ship over the smallest hawser, and the most daring in climbing the rigging. Let them hurt, and laugh their hook-beam, and the sea is cold round his waist the rope which his comrades have thrown out to save and welcome him on board.

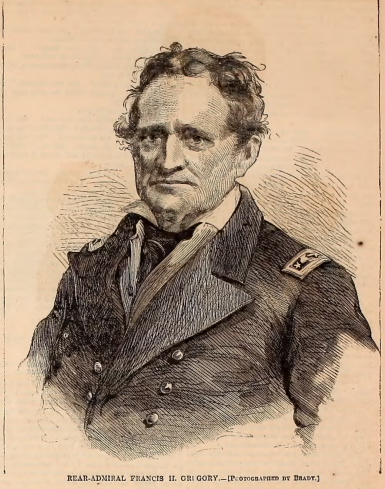
ANDREA FERRARA was a Spanish artist, and in the height of his celebrity. He was so appreciative, who was an excellent workman, and possessed a high spirit of emulation to perfect his skill in the exercise of so great a master. In solitude, however, was disappointed by a habitude of Andrea Bisai, whom he looked on as his rival and envied by envy, he excelled the workmen, and locked the door of the atelier while he performed some unknown operation, after which he again admitted the assistants to finish the blades which were in preparation. The common report was current that this reclusion concealed some occult process which essentially affected the perfection of his arms. Anxious to possess this important secret, upon the first absence of the master he broke into the room. He found a furnace, and at the next occasion when he and his fellows were excluded returned under the smithy, and, applying fire to the prepared orifice, discovered his master in the act of drawing a bowl full of liquid fire, in which he quenched with unpunched breath. Future laid the red steel on the anvil, which he beat into shape in a small form. The privilege, rapidly covered the glowing metal with a coat of white powder, which he then immediately fixed in a vessel until it was cold, when he again returned it to the fire, and, having given the last degree of heat, repeated the same operation of pounding and hammering on the other side of the blade. The process was then completed. Andreas upon all the weapons then in progress, until the whole being completed, he had done his best moment all turned toward the door. The artist perceived that the mystery was at an end. Avoiding to be surprised, he substituted his eyelet-hole and fled to his companions, with whom he now immediately recalled to caution their vengeance.

DEATH OF A PARISIAN NOTABILITY.—"The Armenian," as well known to all frequenters of the Bibliothèque at Paris, has died in the middle of the present year, at the estimated age of ninety years. His proper name was the Rev. Father Aucher. He was a native of Armenia, but in early life he went to Egypt, and while there Egypt in 1801. He was to be seen every day in the reading-room of the library with white hair and beard flowing, his head surmounted with a little green cap. Some years ago he was made the subject of a humorous paragraph by the *Figaro*, which was "got up" in exactly the style of the Abbé, and the grave learning of the Bibliothèque, without a moment's hesitation, more than the attention usually given to the Armenian. Nothing daunted, himself in a few days wrote to that individual, and was deep in the pursuit of a large folio, when the messenger were accredited with the apparent second entrance of the venerable Abbé, who was himself so astonished at the sight of his own name printed in his own seat, perusing, with his own hugs spectacles, some of his own writings. The incident gave rise to all of the attendants with as much gravity as they could muster, and the delivered monarch was restored to his unspiral throne.

SOCIAL SALAMANDERS.—Considering the amount of attention which is paid to fools, in social circles, every body help has to go through in his passage through life, it would obviously be a boon to all if we could discover the sexes of those most remarkable people who seem to pass through life without the slightest trace of intellectual power suffering a pang. The man of ordinary sensibility may secure his feelings from the effects of the ridicule or reprimand, but still the effect also in a very perceptible fashion. The man of sense, and his privilege is charged before the public, or to be humiliated in society by the folly of a fool, or a fool's choice, or in his business, his bins with a vexation which he scarcely care to unveal, but there are those who are not to be thus disturbed by the pervious to all feelings of this sort. Like Shadrach and Meshach, they are protected by a miraculous power from the usual effects of the heated furnace. When they come out—the one from the pulpit, the other from the bar—no power, nor is a heir of their head singed, nor are their coats changed, nor has the smell of fire passed on them. Instead of courting retirement, they seek as much society as possible, and, like the fish in their native element, they are happiest when they are in the midst of it. Their offenses are naturally indented to the common lot of mortals, and they are consequently the most unpardonable of this kind are too plain to need enumeration. Such a question as the above, instead of a mere theoretical one, has a practical bearing upon the choice of a husband. The fool is a fool, and the fool is a fool, and the fool is a fool, and the



HON. PRESTON KING.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



REAR-ADMIRAL FRANCIS H. GREGORY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESTON KING.

We give on this page a portrait of the Honorable PRESTON KING, who from the 1st of September next will perform the duties of the Collector of the port of New York. PRESTON KING holds to-day an important relation to the politics of this country. He has been nearly all his life engaged in politics. Born at Ogdensburg, St. Lawrence County, New York, October 4, 1806, he graduated at Union College, and devoted himself to the profession of the Law. For several years he was a member of the New York Legislature; and from 1843 to 1847 he represented that State in Congress. Again, in 1849, he was elected to Congress from New York, holding his seat until 1853. He was afterward elected to the United States Senate, where he served on important committees. During the war Mr. KING'S record was clear and unmistakable. He was chosen, with HORACE GREELEY, to represent the Union party in this State in the Electoral College which re-elected President LINCOLN. Since the death of LINCOLN he has been in constant companionship with President JOHNSON, and was held to be one of the most influential of his advisers.

THE BUFORD MONUMENT.

AMONG the many beautiful monuments at the West Point Cemetery is one recently erected to the memory of Major-General JOHN BUFORD, the celebrated cavalry officer of the Army of the Potomac, who died December 16, 1863. The monument is 25 feet high above the ground. The lower base is of Maine granite, above which is the massive moulded marble base. On the front of this are sculptured two cavalry swords in bas-relief. The die is of one large solid block, upon which is the inscription.

The cap of the die is heavily moulded, and on the four corners are eagles. The shaft—a solid piece of marble—is ten feet high and two feet square. The monument was constructed by FISHER & BIRD, of New York.

General BUFORD was at the time of his death the most promising of our cavalry officers. His skill was only equaled by his marvelous coolness. His horse was always at the point of peril: he never asked his men to go, but always called to them "Come on, boys!" He was kind as he was brave; he has been seen to shield his sleeping aid-de-camp by throwing over him his own cloak, while he himself walked about to keep off the chill of the night air. It is not wonderful that with these characteristics he was so ardently loved by his men, who have raised this monument as a token of their admiration.



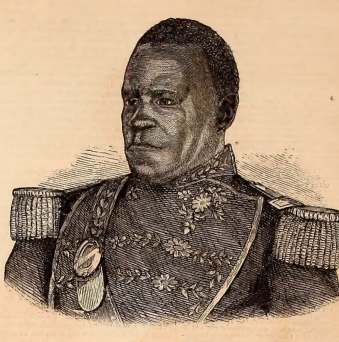
MONUMENT TO GENERAL BUFORD AT WEST POINT.



ACCIDENT ON MOUNT CERVIN, AMONG THE ITALIAN ALPS, JULY 14, 1865.



FABRE GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.



FRANCOIS JEAN JOSEPH, THE REBEL PRESIDENT.

THE CIVIL WAR IN HAYTI.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

HAYTI was the first country in the New World to imitate the example of the United States in throwing off all political allegiance to the Old World. It is following our example again. It has a Civil War. The North and South are arrayed against each other. But, in Hayti, it is the North that is in revolt; while the South talks of "loyalty," and "union," and "sustaining the Government."

The accounts that have reached us have been vague and contradictory. But I have before me a file of the *Opinion Nationale* of Port-au-Prince, from which the Government version of the rebellion can be readily enough gleaned. It does not flatter the armed Opposition. It does not recognize them as patriots. It publishes none of the multitudinous manifestoes which undoubtedly have been issued at the head-quarters of "the enemy." It characterizes the leader of the rebellion, or one of them, as an assassin.

FABRE GEFFRARD, the President of Hayti, is a man of iron nerve; an eloquent orator, a statesman fully alive to the needs of his people, a friend of progress, humane, affable, polished, and tolerably well educated. He was the man of all others to succeed the ignorant and brutal barbarian SOULOUQUE. It was necessary, in order that the castes of Hayti should be united, that a mulatto, with such qualifications, should appear as ruler, to soften, if not obliterate, their mutual prejudices. For the blacks and mulattoes in Hayti have been at enmity from time immemorial. It began before slavery disappeared. The mulattoes were free, wealthy, and slaveholders. Their fathers flung treasures at them, but kept them at arm's-length. They left them estates, but would not suffer them to dine with them. They sent them to Paris to be educated, but ostracized them. This prejudice created that extraordinary feeling in the breasts of the mulatto which caused HUMBOLDT to say that they had of their father and despised their mother.

The French Revolution developed these sentiments into martial action; for the educated mulattoes demanded the political rights *for themselves* which the National Assembly proclaimed. The St. Domingo planters showed precisely the same spirit, which is manifested in South Carolina today. They resolutely declared that they would never share their privileges with "an inferior and bastard race." This coarse answer enraged the sensitive mulattoes, who had acted thus far precisely as our Republican party act at the beginning of our own civil war—they had never asked any right for the slave, and resented the accusation that they desired to interfere with "the domestic institution." But the logic of events, there as here, quickly called the blacks to arms; and their rebellion was promptly suppressed, at the price of the abolition of slavery. SONTHONAX, the Free Commissioner, has the sublime honor of being the first man in history to conceive and execute the idea of immediate emancipation.

It would take too much of your space to tell how, during the Revolutionary War and after, the whites disappeared, and the half-way between the blacks and the mulattoes rapidly developed itself and brought on most disastrous conflicts. It is enough to say that it was suppressed only during the vigorous administration of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE and the brief and bloody reign of the Emperor DESSALINES; but burst out again with fresh fury in 1806, when the founder of Haytian nationality fell dead beneath the dagger of a band of assassins—one of them the grandfather of President GEFFRARD. He had become a very cruel and remorseless despot.

At his death CHRISTOPHE, a black, became King of the North, and PETION, a mulatto, President of the South. CHRISTOPHE was the PETER THE GREAT of Hayti—a wonderful man, but a ferocious tyrant. PETION was more like our MADISON—he was calculated for an era of good feeling than stormy times. This territorial division existed until the death of PETION and the suicide of CHRISTOPHE, in 1820, when not the North only, but the Spanish part also, were united under President BOYER, who held sway for twenty-five years. He was a mulatto, and favored his caste. After four Presidencies of one year each SOULOUQUE succeeded to the supreme power, and established a black man's Government; but, unfortunately, he represented the bar sinister rather than the good qualities of the race. He was overthrown on the 22d of December, 1858, by President GEFFRARD.

GEFFRARD set to work in the right spirit to reform all abuses. He reduced the army and reorganized it; he encouraged education, and established, for the first time, a school for girls; he appealed to the Pope for decent priests, who would have a very great novelty in Hayti; he tried to remodel the courts and to reform the Executive; he urged the sanctity of marriage to the country folks; he did his best to abolish the prejudices of the two great classes of his countrymen, and to invite a large emigration. He did a great deal of good. But he lack d firmness—he did not *dare*; he was a gentle conciliator—not an unyielding reformer; he had in me faith in persuasion when authority was wanted. Long ago—in 1860—I predicted that his work would be accomplished in a few years, and that the situation would demand as his successor a bold black man, inspired with the spirit of progress, to drive the country ahead. That reformer must be a pure negro, because he alone could command the confidence of the blacks, who would not tolerate the semi-tigerous rule from a mulatto that they would applaud in one of their own color.

There have been several attempts to overthrow GEFFRARD, most of them from the Soulouque faction—the barbarous element. But each one was one effort to inaugurate a revolution originated by the enlightened class; and when it was recorded that MR. DUVAL and MR. ANDRE GERMAINE had been imprisoned as conspirators I believed what I had only feared before, that the love of office and the poisonous lips of flatterers had made the good GEFFRARD false to his great mission.

I read now that GEFFRARD has released ANDRE GERMAINE, but I hear also that the Revolutionists are gaining ground. If HORACE GREELEY or MR. SUMNER had been imprisoned for conspiracy, and released only when a revolution was rapidly increasing in strength, we would rejoice at the fact, but we would hardly thank the Government. The celebrated sentence would leap to the lips of the hearer. "*C'est un tort!*"

On the 10th of May last the President of Hayti



VOTARIES OF THE GOD VAUDOUX (SNAKE-WORSHIPERS), EXECUTED FOR THE CRIME OF CANNIBALISM AT HAYTI.—[SEE PAGE 565.]

issued an Order of the Day, two Decrees (*Arrêtés*), and a Proclamation to the People—in all of which it was announced that a condemned criminal, named Tirès Salnave, had "fomented a sedition" in the North. The Proclamation bears the marks of Geffrard's own style, and therefore I translate it, as a statement of his view of the insurrection:

PROCLAMATION.

Fassie Geffrard, *President of Hayti*.

Haytians!—A sedition, fomented on Dominican territory by a band of fugitives, outcasts, and assassins, on the 7th of May instant, the town of Ouanaminthe, whose commandant I installed. This band threatened to invade the neighboring localities, and to throw them into anarchy. Its criminal enterprises and infamous projects I defeated in easy to divine: it is the satisfaction of odious ambitions, of blind rancors, of the most—ha! it is horrible to say—Expiration that the innocuous dream of. Their chief: it is the said Tirès Salnave, condemned by contumacy, hardly eight months ago, by the verdict of the Court Martial of Cape Haytien, for the penalty of death for attempt and assassination.

Haytians! In these circumstances I need only say to you, Remain faithful to the Government of the 22d of December, to the head of which I have been called by the unanimity of your suffrages. I call you to the defense of the immortal integrity of your territory; I call you to the defense of your Republican institutions: I call you, in brief, to play your chiefs in order, at any cost, to maintain this Union which was the strength of your fathers, and on which should rest your future, our independence, our nationality!

The civic and the bitter trial which have been imposed on the inhabitants of the Eastern Part, are not they a lesson? Will you not profit by them? Will you abandon the flag of the Union, the flag under which your fathers fought, to the ruin and the misery of an unknown future, under the guidance of a man condemned for assassination?

No! You will not hesitate; you will not sacrifice the welfare and the destinies of your country; you will never permit yourselves to be led into a path at the end of which there are but ruins and disasters.

Citizens! the Government will not fail under the new trials which are preparing for it. I engage on it, therefore in its patriotism. The most energetic measures will be taken to crush out this rebellion and to maintain public tranquillity.

Soldiers! your fidelity and your loyalty are known to me: these sentiments, I am certain of it, will be as great as the pride which animates the country.

Citizens and Soldiers! let us express the unanimity of our sentiments in the following watchwords:

Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!

Long live the Constitution!

Done at the National Palaces, at Port-au-Prince, May 10, 1865, the seventy-second year of Independence.

Geffrard.

The Order of the Day decreed that each Haytian Dominican found on Haytian territory should be regarded as a foreign enemy and shot. The Decrees outlawed Salnave and every rebel soldier who should aid him, directly or indirectly; and authorized any citizen to "*à lui courir sus*!" which means, in homely English, to hunt him as he would the cat. Further put the Department of the North under martial law.

On the 15th and 17th of May Geffrard issued two additional Orders of the Day, which are so characteristic of Haytian military or revolutionary literature that I will give them, also, without abridgment:

Fassie Geffrard, President of Hayti.

To the National Guards of the Republic:

National Guards! The National unity is menaced! The Union of the Haytian people—the only source of security in danger! A handful of factionists insulted together at Cape Haytien, under the leadership of the perfidious and treacherous General, François Jean Jeune (*sic Portrait*), and of Tirès Salnave, the murderer of Colonel Philippeaux, have raised the flag of civil war, have declared that Northern People separate and withdraw from the legitimate Government of the Republic.

The insurrection is circumscribed in the North: Gonaïves, St. Mark, and the populations of the Artibonite herald its faith in the National flag.

I call you to rally to sustain the army for the defense of that which is your own—the inviolable soil of your territory, our independence, and our nationality!

Let us not submit to a handful of rebels to impose on you and to the opinion of a King of Europe, who has taken the side of the Republic of Hayti, and who has manifested to her that they may impose on you involuntary labor, and profit by your weak to wretch themselves, as under the old King Christophe.

Our father did not wish you to bear the shame of this *réclame*.

Let us imitate their example; let us remain united. Let us fight the hydra of anarchy; let us defend our revolutionary institutions!

Gather, then, from all parts of the Republic; range yourselves around your chiefs and under your flag!

May the unanimity of your sentiments prove to our enemies our invincible resolution to oppose them than to suffer any dishonor, from whatever part it come to us!

National Guards of the Republic! it belongs to you to set the example of fidelity and loyalty. I have confidence in you, and I count upon you.

Long live the National Unity!—Long live the Constitution!—Long live Liberty!

Done, etc., etc. Geffrard.

The next Order was addressed

To the Generals in command and to the Officers of all grades of the Department of the North:

Officers! The General-in-Chief-in, President of Hayti, the chief whom you spontaneously acclaimed on the 22d of December, 1858, has just come finally to the end of his endurance, in the face of God and of the glorious National flag, and who has just come to the help of the Republic—Long live your welfare and the country!

In this critical moments, in which the country makes an appeal to all its children to preserve it from the great evils which threaten it, the handful of traitors, of perjurers, of factionists threaten it—before the blood shed at Fallhorse cries and to the vengeance against the crime which before Haytian blood is poured out here, I appeal, *for the last time*, to your honor and to your loyalty. Return, then, to return, to range yourselves under the flag of the Republic, to reveal the sentiments of the legitimate Government. Geffrard.

You will be welcomed with joy there, and at brothers who, for a moment fallen and misled, return to reason and to honor.

Listen to the voice of your conscience, the voice of honor, and of duty and of love!

Listen! Throw down the fratricidal arms that are in your hands, and range your swords for the defense of the country, shouting

"Long live the Union!

"Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!"

Done at the National Palaces, etc. Geffrard.

Whatever the pretenses of the rebels may be, the name of their leader, François Jean Jeune, and the omission of the word Equality from the National device, stamps the "secessionist movement" (*sic* the *Opinion Nationale* terms it) as a revival of barbarian against civilization. I send you a portrait of Jeune, which he presented to me a few years ago, as a token of his regard for my "sentiments philanthropiques!" He was a General at Cape Haytien under the Emperor Soulouque, and was the first to declare in favor of Geffrard. He is a pure black—a man of great brutal force, of barbarous energy; and all his instincts are antagonistic to liberal ideas and a high civilization. He was made a member of Geffrard's Cabinet, as Minister of the Interior, and he might then have been seen at his Bureau any day in a faultless uniform, basking himself on the lalustrade; while behind him, in the room, toiling at his desk, sat the real Secretary—the intelligent and industrious Auguste Elie. Geffrard's duty as Minister was to sign the papers that Mons. Elie brought to him. He was simply a figure-head. Jeune is a man of ferocious, fine blacks. There was another pure negro in Geffrard's Cabinet, but he was a man of real force—Lamothe, who is now dead, and who, I fear, will be the escape from condemnation for conspiracy.

This revolt is simply an insurrection of the Soulouque party—of the pure Dominican blacks, against the mulattoes, or the Geffrard party; and all our sympathies and wishes should go with the legitimate Government.

Perhaps the objection that the friends of Hayti have against Geffrard may be made more intelligible by saying that they regard him as the McClellan of Hayti, while the times call out for a Grant. The country needs a man who can push on and hold on, and dare and dare and always dare; while Geffrard, it has been seen, has contented himself with a few feeble and timorous advances against the spiritual Richmond of his people. He lacks audacity. But as between McClellan and Mr. Lincoln, or the Abby Prince, no Northern man would have hesitated a moment, so the Haytian friends of Geffrard and Jean Jeune and his horde of semi-barbarians we "shout," with "the order of the day" just quoted, "Long live the Republic, one and indivisible!"

Joseph's design is to make "the North"—Christophe's kingdom—an independent, retrogressive, black State. Geffrard is the head of the progressive party of Hayti seek is to unite the whole island under one intelligent Government.

It is the duty of N. Hepburn, the Wendell Phillips of the Negro Republic:

We are in the midst of events which only affect all the interests of the world, but the principles of life, the future the prosperity, the fair fame of our nationality. Instead of uniting ourselves in the presence of the enemy in our power, to effect the interior improvements which our society need, but by an incredible fatality we have to understand, hard to excess, forgetting the holy ties of fraternity which unite all the children of the soil, we are ready to run against each other, we are preparing to rush into combat. Why? How do I say? Go to fight between ourselves? The strife has commenced! Blood has flowed. . . . Citizens of the North, Artibonite, Gonaïves, the interests of the country, the interests of our race, demand that we should remain united. All the divisions among ourselves will but colosthe and finally compromise our nationality. Our country, our nationality, our security, not sufficiently peopled, in order to maintain unity ought not to stray from any one of them. The Republic must remain one and indivisible. To the end that liberal and progressive ideas may receive every day a more decided development, and enable us to secure the prosperity of our Republic, the Republic, the unity of our citizenship—it is of the first necessity that we put a stop to conspiracies and revolutions. Succession has been a curse, it is, at any country, been favorable to a good fructification of liberal ideas. The final consolidation of Haytian nationalities has always been to obliterate the moral sense of the people, to corrupt the public conscience, to stifle, in fine, to tyranny. . . . In the actual state of the Republic, we say, in the interest of liberty, of the dignity of man, to whatever party they belong, in to gather around the head of the Republic, around the flag of the Union, the secessionist movement which is making us the object of contempt of the world. The public Ideal which we pursue it is not, certainly, liberty, civilization, but restoration. Union of the blacks and the people of color, dominated by the guarantees of continued prosperity, of peace, of security, of liberty, such is the ideal we offer to our brethren in the East.

I had intended to give a record of the rebellion in Hayti, but I find that it would read, after our Titanic strife, as a caricature, or but needlessly recall that strange period of history, when all was quiet along the Potomac. There have been skirmishes in Hayti, in which a few persons—a very few—have killed or wounded; but why chronicle such small deeds in the land where Grant and Sherman have hardly yet washed themselves of the blood of battle?

The last news is that the rebels still hold the North, but that the Government is active and that Geffrard has been worsted in every engagement, and has been advised to resign. That is to say, the Haytian intelligence is in sympathy with everything in and from Hayti is and has always been during my recollection. The official news, of course, is favorable to the Government, and we have no means of obtaining the rebel version of the situation. But a private letter contains this intelligence:

The government troops have been worsted in almost every encounter, and are rapidly deserting to the insurgents. The Haytian Government is now making its way in Dominica fighting against Spain. He was under ominous circumstances. He is now in the hands of the Commissioner of Cape Haytien with about five hundred Dominicans and a few Haytians. The Spanish Consul at Cape Haytien has received upward of a thousand Dominicans more, and has declared himself ready to receive any others who have been badly stripped, and a great many deserted, one night, from the ranks of the Haytian Government.

Salnave has also succeeded in enlisting a considerable number of Haytians in his cause, and has gone with them to Gonaïves, where he has declared himself President, and has issued his proclamation, and has sent out his aid and home nearly into mine-mast.

I am informed Geffrard has been advised to leave as soon as possible, as his troops are not to be relied upon, and because the strong party who have espoused as that they get their pay. Salnave pays his soldiers twenty-five gourds a month, and promises them land as a subsistence. Geffrard pays four gourds a month, and four gourds a day for rations—that is, when he can get words about seven American cents. The result is easily seen. Foreigners have always been well treated in Haytian revolutions.

Salnave, the present Minister of Public Instruction, will probably be elected by the Senate as President, should Salnave succeed. Under the new order of things greater privileges are promised to whites, a treaty of commerce will be made with Dominica, and improvements receive liberal encouragement.

This letter was dated Port-au-Prince, June 26, and it appears that Salnave was then in possession of no official war bulletin. It is possible, therefore, that Geffrard may be compelled to abdicate.

Daniel Fanshaw & Co., Dominica block. He is not a man of remarkable energy, but I think he is a man of good heart. He talks English fluently. He was Haytian embassador at the court of St. James when the James Buchanan was the American plenipotentiary there. Three incidents are told in Hayti of these two representatives of the American republics. The old gray-haired public functionary twice evaded a recognition of equality—once by staying away from a banquet when the Haytian embassador was ticketed to be placed next to him; and once, on being introduced, by dropping a handkerchief and stooping to pick it up instead of shaking hands. Some one also asked the O. G. H. P. F. what he thought of the Haytian embassador. "I think," said he, that he would be worth $1500 in New Orleans."

If Geffrard falls, and is succeded by Jeune, it will be a triumph of barbarism; if he succeeds by Damier, it will be but a change of Administration—for the Minister of Instruction is a friend of progress. But if no change occurs, let us hope that Geffrard will learn these lessons from the insurrection: That barbarism is not a thing to be conciliated or bribed, but to be crushed under and exterminated; and that, whatever flattering lips in the Northern States of Port-au-Prince may say, there is no lasting renown to be gained by benevolent views and able rhetoric merely, but only by a wise and iron-willed and fearless statesmanship.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS.

THE illustration on page 572 is copied from a painting by Mr. CROWE, a young English artist, who has now taken a distinguished place as a historical painter. No better explanation can be given of the situation chosen by the artist than the following quotation from PHILIPS'S "Life and Times of WHITEFIELD:" "The merry-andrew—attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching—got up upon a man's shoulders; and, advancing, attempted to slash me with a long, heavy whip several times, but always, with the violence of his motion, tumbled down. They got a recruiting-sergeant with his drum to pass through the congregation. . . Others, having got a large pole for their standard, advanced from the opposite side with steady and formidable steps; but just as they approached us they quarreled among themselves, threw down their staff, and went their way. . . . My pockets were full of notes from persons who sought under concern. Boys and girls who were fond of sitting round me while I preached handed me these people's notes, though often pelted with eggs, dirt, etc., and they never once gave way."

The picture so closely illustrates this passage that to offer further merely descriptive remarks would be entirely supererogatory. All the incidents of the quotation are given, or suggested as likely to follow, together with some others which the reader can not fail to observe for himself. We may add, however, that WHITEFIELD says that the scene described in the quotation occurred on a Whit-Monday. "For many years, from one end of Moorfields to the other, booths of all kinds had been erected for mountebanks, players, puppet-shows, and such like." At such a resort for amusement the concourse on the most popular holiday of the year would, of course, be enormous. WHITEFIELD estimates that there could not have been less than twenty or thirty thousand people present. Three times did he preach to them during the day; the incidents of the picture occurring during his third sermon in the evening. It will be remembered that the Moorfields district was often the scene of the missionary labors of WHITEFIELD'S contemporary revivalist WESLEY, that similar persecution from the mob attended his preaching, and that still more permanent and wide-spread results have followed his ministry. These two remarkable men began their apostolic labors in concert, but disagreed on doctrinal points, WHITEFIELD adopting Calvinism and WESLEY Arminianism. Moorfields, where WHITEFIELD preached, is now far within the limits of London. But though Moorfields is changed the power of WHITEFIELD'S bold and almost inspired utterances still remains and works among men. WHITEFIELD and WESLEY commenced the work—



"IN THE WOODS."—[FROM A PAINTING BY W. F. C. DOBSON.]

but the end is beyond human contemplation in its grandeur and extent. The Episcopal Church of England owes its purity from the corruptions which beholded it in their day very much to their influence and that of their disciples. It was demonstrated once and forever by these men that the gospel belongs to the poor and the weak and the lowly as well as to the rich and the intellectual. They taught that Christianity might exist apart from the formularies of churchmen, and without the prestige of Apostolic descent. They did in their time for the Church what Luther did in his: they protested against mechanical faith, which manifests itself in elaborate devices and made an evil hypocrisy, and against that error, which killeth, to the Spirit, which maketh alive. Like the reformers of Luther's time, they were persecuted and reviled, until their work assumed its true proportions and relations in the eyes of men, when they commanded the most profound respect even of the learned and the aristocratic.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

HOW shall we vote in the autumn elections? Every honest man will ask himself this question, and he will answer it by determining to which party, in so important a matter, attaches as this, political power ought to be intrusted. For although no issue is as yet distinctly made, in a very grave one soon will be, that of reorganization—and he must look to the antecedents and composition of parties to infer what their probable action will be.

The Union party comprises the great body of enlightened American citizens who have always faithfully striven for greater justice, for universal liberty regulated by law, and for the freedom of speech and the press every where in the country. They have unhesitatingly asserted the rights of the whole people against any party and aristocracy in every form, and have claimed fair play for all men, rich or poor, foreigner or native, whatever their complexion and condition, and to that end have been constantly anxious for popular education and every method of enlightenment. They hold that the Constitution is not a compact between sovereign governments, but is a fundamental national law established by the people of the United States; and that the Union is not a confederation but a nation. They believe that this National Government is supreme, that the States are properly subordinated to it, and that State rights are purely local and secondary. Therefore they have been steadily faithful in the great and successful struggle. They have never tampered with rebellion. They have never sought to reason nor excused traitors; and in the deathgrapple with rebellion they have wisely used every power of the Government, conscious that all extraordinary powers were exercised by magistrates under the immediate supervision of the people, and whose acts merely recorded the popular will, as the election of 1864 triumphantly proved.

This is the faith, and these are the men who compose the great Union party. Who they forfeited the confidence of the country?

On the other hand, the Democratic party is composed of those who have always excused the most appalling crime against human rights, and the most fatal treason to the American principle of equal rights, under the pretense of State rights, and persistently contended that the extension and perpetuity of that injustice which has soaked the land in blood and necessitated the debt. They have been the assailants of free speech and free press, and have defended the murder and maltreatment of citizens who claimed to exercise those rights in the Southern States. Their influence has been adverse to general education and wise progress and reform; and their predominance has been and is always disastrous. And among the most debased part of the population, and in the least intelligent portions of the country. Even now their Conventions, vaguely as in Maine, distinctly and openly as in Ohio, reaffirm the principles of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98, which are and always have been pleaded by the rebels as justification, as they were by South Carolina for nullification in 1833, and which will always afford an excuse for treason until they are utterly and expressly overthrown; or, as in Pennsylvania, their Conventions deliberately declare that the practical recognition of the truths of the Declaration of Independence is a high crime against the Constitution of the United States. They are those from whose ranks came the chiefs of the rebellion; who denounced the principle of the loyal leagues as really responsible for the war; who incessantly thwarted the Government in its efforts to subdue it; who incited riots and directed mobs; for whose support at the polls the rebel chiefs and editors openly prayed in the midst of the war; who solicited through a foreign Minister foreign interference in our contest; who a year ago, in their National Convention, declared the soldiers conquered and the war a failure, and who nominated as President Lincoln as helplessly weak, or denounced him as a murderer, tyrant, and harlequin.

These are they who compose the Democratic party. They are now busily engaged in praising the soldiers, whom last year they slandered, and in celebrating the re-establishment of the Union. They are even engaged in the pleasing process of eating the Chicago platform. But what has this party, in whose Ohio Convention VALLANDIGHAM was a leader, and in whose Pennsylvania Convention Judge BLACK was an applauded teacher, who said, as Buchanan's Chief-Governor, that the people would legalize secession and dissolve the Union—what has this party done to be intrusted with power by the American people who condemned it overwhelmingly last November? We speak of a party, not of individuals. We do not forget with what absolute sacrifice, with what blood and money, and with success, it was cursed by the country. But neither do we forget that as a party the Democrats voted against emancipation, and that in the States which they controlled the amendment was defeated. We do not forget that if the Democratic party had retained power in 1860 they would have compromised the basis of the country without permanently avoiding the war; and we remember, nor will the American people soon forget, that in 1862 they solemnly proposed acquiescence in national disgrace and ruin.

These are the two parties who now solicit your votes. Of every one who loves a Union unobscured by "the resolutions of '98," who loves his country and believes that equal rights for all men before the law are essential to her permanent peace and prosperity, ask himself which of these parties ought to have his vote.

THE PRISON-PEN AT ANDERSONVILLE.

THE new correspondent of the London *Times* in this country has evidently been where we are much reason to believe the revolting stories of the Andersonville tortures. Thereupon Colonel RICHARD MURRAY, an English colonel who for some time in the rebel army, and afterward published a book upon the war, wrote that he had heard and seen nothing of the kind, and did not believe the story. The innocence of the Colonel is like that of Miss MURRAY, the Queen's companion, and other ladies who travel in the South. Miss MURRAY in the early days when people were driven out of those States and lynched and ridden on rails for doubting the entangled alliance and the cause. The good ladies were passed softly along from parlor to parlor, and were carefully prevented from seeing the hopeless misery which MRS. MCRAEL, the widow of a Union officer, describes, and saw only the high-bred smile of contempt at the idea of suffering among "the people," or at the severest. Like Colonel MURRAY they did not see prisoners starving and literally rotting. He did not hear, in the select society of Richmond, that captive Yankees were tortured by design. The "chivalric Southern gentlemen" in the head-quarters of General LEE did not allude to the nuisance pen at Andersonville and Salisbury and Millen. Of course, therefore, the stories were vile Yankee lies.

The innocent Colonel FREEMANTLE and the rest of the gentlemanly rebel men in this country letter of HENRY WIRZ, who kept the pen, and who probably knows more of the truth than young gentlemen upon General LEE's staff, or young women in Richmond drawing-rooms. On the 7th of May, after the surrender of LEE and JOHNSTON, when it was plain that the rebellion was hopeless, he wrote to General WILSON, commanding at Macon. He says in his letter: "The duties I had to perform were arduous and unpleasant." I am satisfied that no man can or will unjustly blame me for the things that happened here, and which were beyond my power to control. *I do not think I ought to be held responsible for the absence of rations; for the overcrowded state of the prison, which was in itself a prolific source of the fearful mortality; for the adequate supplies of clothing, want of shelter, etc., etc.*"

This is the fullest confession by the keeper of the Andersonville pen of all the horrors that were ever charged upon him. He admits that the prisoners were starved; that they were naked and shelterless; that they were so closely packed as to die standing; and he adds the "et cetera, et cetera!" He states it naturally as gently as possible, and this is his statement. The sickening details, with which we are all familiar, are not more appalling than this summary. WIRZ concludes by saying that his life is in danger from those who suffered, and who wrongfully hold him responsible. He was only "the tool in the hands of my superiors;" and he asks General WILSON for a guard to preserve him and his family from violence until he can escape to Europe.

DR. JOHN C. BATES, a surgeon in the rebel service, detailed for duty at Andersonville, was "utterly shocked" upon arriving in the hospital, to find the sick prisoners "lying, partially naked, dirty, and lousy, in the sand: others were crowded together in small tents, the latter unserviceable at the best." The patients "would gather round me and ask for a bone. Of clothing we had none. The living were supplied with the clothing of those who died. There was a prolific crop of vermin and lice. ..... I found the men, as a general thing, naked, sick, and diseased. Their disposition was only to get something to eat." DR. BATES was not well chosen for the service. Humanity was not utterly extinguished in that breast. He reported the actual condition of the hospital. "Being a novice, for some of the things I said I received a written reprimand." In his charge there was a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age. He had the scurvy and gangrene. He begged DR. BATES to bring him a potato or a biscuit. The Doctor smuggled them to him in his pocket. But the boy became more and more emaciated; his sores gangrened, and he died from lice and for want of food. "The effects from the hospital was very offensive," testifies the Doctor. The sick prisoners were confined "like sardines in a box." "I feel safe in saying seventy-five per cent. of those who died might have been saved had they been properly cared for."

Meanwhile "Colonel FREEMANTLE of the Guards" airily writes that the stories of illtreatment are all common and slander.

WIRZ was first confined in the military prison at Washington, but after conferences with ROBERT EDMUND LEE and JAMES A. SEDDON in a conspiracy to destroy the prisoners. Then the names of LEE and SEDDON were dropped. It was alleged that General GRANT requested that they should be omitted. But we are informed by WIRZ'S counsel it was done because if WIRZ were convicted there could be no excuse for suffering LEE and SEDDON to escape.

Undoubtedly it could not be proved that DAVIS or LEE issued direct orders that Union prisoners should be starved to death. But they knew that in the Andersonville pen there were thirty thousand of them collected, and that there was a universal rumor of their horrible treatment. It was no wretched detail with which they could not encumber themselves. It was the case in which a general rumor created a sacred duty of inquiry and remedy. Did ROBERT E. LEE ever make that inquiry? Is it possible that it should be made? If in the interior of Minnesota MR. STANTON had ordered a stockade to be built for the passing rebel prisoners, if they had been confined there by scores of thousands; if the rebel States had been thrilled by stories of the tortures inflicted and ample reports based upon the testimony of released sufferers and spectators had been published and disseminated, and half of the country rung with a cry of indignation, and if, under the circumstances neither President LINCOLN, nor Secretary STANTON, nor General GRANT had deigned to inquire, and all the while the frightful tales were true, then those cities of Minnesota would be justly execrated by all honorable and humane men.

This is the precise case with DAVIS, SEDDON, and LEE. Their counsel can acquit them of the moral guilt of the crimes against humanity perpetrated in those prisons. We naturally recoil from believing charges like these, who have been accounted honorable, who have sat with us at table, with whom we have shared all social amenities, and who have filled responsible public positions. But we truly accomplices of men like WIRZ in crimes so revolting. But we have yet to learn that the spirit of caste which militates against rebel men in this country and in this age to acquiesce in human slavery and defend it, involves a contempt for human nature which barbarizes and degrades men beyond belief.

MILITARY OCCUPATION.

ALTHOUGH it will be a long time before the military force of the United States can be altogether removed from the unorganized States, yet it is very essential that its presence there should be subordinated to the civil power as fast as a truly loyal civil power is established. This precedent would seem to be the relation which exists between the two authorities in the territories of the United States. There is always military force enough there to second the civil arm in maintaining order, which, in a normal state of affairs, is properly the military function.

In the present condition of the unorganized States, however, when there is no authority of any kind but that of the United States, and when the Provisional Governors are appointed not to govern the State, but to take steps to prove whether the State is sufficiently pacified safely to establish a civil government, the case is different. The military Governor is the chief officer charged with public order, and he governs by military authority. If the former practice and present prejudice of the State lead to palpable injustice, it is his duty to apply a summary remedy.

This course has been instituted in which the testimony of colored witnesses is taken and respected. And wherever a plain offense is brought to the notice of an upright and fearless military officer he will, under military rules, undoubtedly correct it, and in the speediest way. Military processes are direct and effective. To military force the law's delay is unknown.

And from this very fact springs an obvious danger. The efficiency of military justice is fascinating—but the law's delay in the long-run better secures justice. Military rule is despotic rule. It is often inevitable and necessary. It is better than anarchy. It is a rising step from anarchy to tranquil order. But the effort should constantly be to dispense with it, and to prevent the development of a taste for it. Thus, while in the unorganized States it is impossible immediately to establish a civil order, it is very important that the military authority should be reasonably and steadily, not whimsically, enforced. Then all experiments for a safe restoration of normal condition should be honestly tried, as they are now to be tried. If, for instance, the citizens who have been in insurrection against the government of the whole people, show by the spirit of their deliberations and by the character of the laws they propose, that the people can, with a proper regard for the security of the whole, intrust them to resume their local Government, the military rule can be rapidly relaxed. If, on the other hand, they explicitly show that they are not to be safely trusted, the military rule will be continued. The essential point is not State rights but National rights: not State sovereignty but National sovereignty: not a local authority but the security of the government of the people.

It is not the fault of the loyal people of the country if a subjugation or the military presence in the unorganized States becomes necessary. They proffer the opportunity of a truly loyal and honorable reorganization. If the inhabitants to whom the offer is made decline, those inhabitants are responsible. It will then be for the country to determine whether it will still maintain its military system in the applicable peril and expense, or whether it will establish civil order upon the basis of the whole free population.

CIVIC JEALOUSY.

THE city of Boston is quite as orderly, patriotic, intelligent, and moral as any city of the same size in the country. The State of Massachusetts, indeed, in the economical comfort, intelligence, and good conduct does not compare unfavorably with its sister States. The inhabitants of Massachusetts and the citizens of Boston, so far as we know, have not forfeited the common rights of the American people. But no sooner do they assemble in open public convention, and after a careful consultation express their views upon public affairs, than a cry is raised elsewhere as if such a braneh-ed faction of legendary foreigners were hitherto unheard of in history.

That the opinions of American citizens are valuable according to the part of the country in which they live is a rather foolish supposition. But if it is to be made, and adopted as a principle of the politic estimate of the weight of counsel, Massachusetts and Boston will probably not shrink from the test. If that part of the country which has furnished the deepest and most truly American influences in the development of national character is to be most carefully heeded, the claims of New England will probably not yield to those of any part of the country. Intelligence and moral force are tolerably sure influences. We do not remember that Florida or South Carolina were ever marked with an overbearing morality, or accused of moulding the mind of the country. Dwarfs are not accused of supercilious height.

The people of New England, and among them the citizens of Boston, take the liberty of holding and expressing their opinions upon public questions. They do so temperately and with dignity. They address themselves, if they think fit, to their fellow-citizens of the country or to the Chief Magistrate; and they do so with perfect respect. Such expressions do not justify themselves to the country the country will not agree with them. If they fail to satisfy the Administration they will not shape its policy. But the citizen, or city, or section should evince impatience of another for doing his plain duty is supremely silly. The Executive naturally and necessarily wishes to know the tendency of public opinion; he wishes to take counsel with the people whose views he esteems. If the people of Iowa and of the Northwest, or those of Maryland and the Middle States, of Georgia and the Southern States, of Massachusetts and the New England States were to say, they will honestly express the views they honestly hold.

As for comparative values, as we said, that is a matter not to be decided by the law but by intrinsic weight. The city of New York is a large and imposing seat of trade. But its voice in great public questions is not very decisive. No other city would have been insulted by such a person as FERNANDO WOOD with a proposition to secede. In February, 1861, the city of New York would undoubtedly have voted for the Montgomery Constitution by a large majority. In 1864 it voted against the overwhelming voice of the American people. The truth is, that the city of New York is too full of the most ignorant foreigners to be a representative American community. The great ideas that lead American civilization neither spring from the city of New York, nor are they favored there. Suppose the men whom the city sends to the State Legislature are politicians, or the people whom the city elects to the mayoralty and Common Council, should permanently control the Governments of the State and

country. Our history would end in utter shame and disgrace.

By all means let New York express its opinion with the rest. It is the right of its citizens. But let us all carefully remember that one is our greatness; and that we are a metropolis, as the most populous, not as the most truly American city.

A DEFUNCT INSTITUTION.

THANK God, the Evening Exchange is a thing of the past! That pestilent institution, which was the source of so much gambling, beguiled so many men from their homes to spend their nights in dealing in gold and stocks, unsettled so many minds, and led directly to so many defalcations, frauds, failures, forgeries, and other casualties, is numbered among the dead. The Stock Exchange has unanimously agreed to suspend any member who attends the Evening Exchange, or gives credit to one who is cuted there, and by very large majorities a like resolution has been adopted by the open Board of Brokers and by the Gold Room.

The Evening Exchange was a natural outgrowth of the war and of the paper-money era. The day was not long enough for speculators who saw fit to once realized in a single afternoon by a lucky operator. Avarice stretched its skinny fingers for forward into the night. Nor could operators spend their evenings with their families at home when the telegraph was hourly bearing tidings of events which boded ruin or fortune. Many a time during the last four years the most important news of the day was received after six in the evening, when offices were closed, and Wall Street was as quiet and dull as Persepolis. Such a state was because a fall or a rise of ten per cent. in gold, and a scarcely less violent fluctuation in stocks. It was natural that the thousand operators who in both should desire to act at once, and not wait for further developments on the morrow. Some months since, before the surrender of Richmond, an attempt was made to get up the Evening Exchange. It met with no response among the very men who have now almost unanimously placed the institution under the ban. So long as the telegraph was altering values at every hour of the day and night, speculation sat up with it and refused to be put to bed.

But now that we are returning to normal conditions of existence, the evils of an Evening Exchange are revealed in their utter deformity, and the argument of necessity no longer applies. It is notorious that the existence of this establishment suggested gambling to many who would never otherwise have fallen in its way, and that speculation in its turn suggested defalcation, robbery, forgery, and fraud. Merchants, banks, bank men, brokers, and others, who were too busy in the day to watch the course of gold and stocks, found the Evening Exchange an agreeable place in which to spend an evening hour, were easily led, partly by avarice, partly by love of excitement, to "take a flyer," and become gamblers, with the usual disastrous results, almost unconsciously. Men who began by visiting the Evening Exchange for an hour once a week soon became regular *habitués*, and never spent an evening elsewhere. The brokers, of course, were compelled to follow their customers. Two hundred of them were separately to attend the Evening Exchange regularly, under penalty of loss of business. Yet these men had wives and daughters, who were doomed by this decree either to spend long dull evenings alone, or to seek in society a solace which involved danger to their happiness and their honor. The living motto of the institution was: There is nothing in the world better than cash and superior to dollars; happiness, honor, family fame, comfort, and life itself, are well sacrificed if cash can be got and dollars secured.

There is an Evening Exchange in Paris, one in Vienna, one in Berlin. At Antwerp there is not only an Evening Exchange, but a Sunday Bourse, where operators in Five-Twenties meet, while their children are at mass, and gamble on the course of gold in New York. But the city stock speculators never disturbed the quiet of the evening until 1862. In the excited times of 1857 occasional operations for Call used to hang around the corner of William Street and Exchange Place in the late afternoons until most of the brokers had gone home, and would then make fictitious quotations for the purpose of influencing the market on the following morning. But they never gambled after dinner. In 1862, when the issue of paper-money began to tell on current values, a similar class of operators, driven by darkness from William Street, used to repair to the corner of Avenue Hotel. For a time the landlord tolerated them, in view of the large number of cocktails they consumed. But they soon became a nuisance, and received notice to quit. A room was then hired on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; this, after a time, was exchanged for a room lower down in Fifth Avenue; and this, again, gave way to a long, wide, and low room on the upper story of a building on the east side of Broadway, two doors below Twenty-third Street. This, finally, was vacated a few months since, and the Evening Exchange was transferred to a grand building erected expressly for it in Twenty-fourth Street, by two brothers named Gallagher. This establishment was perfect of its kind. There were cushioned seats, let at $250 each per annum, for brokers; there was a gallery, and outside rows of seats for speculators and spectators. The ceiling was lofty, the atmosphere not intolerable. In the basement were billiard-tables; and Rumor whispered that a faro-table, coy card-rooms, and other still more objectionable modern improvements were accessible within a block—if not nearer. Such was the Evening Exchange at the time when public opinion crushed it out in a day.

But its glories, as they shall be told by the historian of our follies and our sorrows, will cling to this long, low room in Broadway, midway between Madison Square. It was here that the Evening Exchange won its name, and coerced the unwilling editors of the daily press to publish its reports. It was here that newspapers. It was here that the giants of 1863 showed a gogroi crowd how to make and how to lose fortunes. It was here that the wily Erie director spread his toils, and swept the money of the street into his capacious pockets. It was here that a street broker sold two millions of gold, with a falling fact, in fifteen seconds of time. It was here that KETCHUM whittled his soft pine stick, and dallied with millions, knowing that the nation's credit depended on a fence a face as if he had been playing cats cradles with his baby. To this room thousands of gentlemen every night in the week rely upon meeting there every body who was any body in Wall Street. It was a fearful place. The heat, in the depth of winter, even windows wide open, was suffocating. Every body smoked. The ceiling was very low, and, through an oversight of the proprietors, applications for subscriptions were not received in their use of the bath. To an untrained ear the din was deafening. Shouts of bidders for gold mingled with shouts of bidders for stocks, and through both you caught at intervals the shrill scream of telegraph boys bearing messages for brokers. On active nights every one was earnest, anxious, excited, and half-dreaded; quarrels were frequent, and from more than one nose "the ruby was drawn." On still nights songs were sung in chorus (rather than musical accuracy; hats were knocked off and kicked round the room with the energy which is characteristic of idle and excited stock brokers without orders. Few who visited the place will be likely to forget it.

Again, let us thank God that this shameful sight is vanished, and that out of that this pitiful for the weak and the unwary is at last filled up and covered over. As there is no business in the country more safe than the conduct of traffic in securities which represent public credit or corporate enterprise; and as there are no kinds of men as well informed, intelligent, and strictly honest, and more large-hearted than the regular brokers of Wall Street; it is well that they and their business—which command the respect of all who know them—the confidence of financial credit—should be severed once and forever from the men who spend their lives in trying to make a living by dealing secretly in stocks and gold, and from traffic which is undertaken with no other motive than to make a profit upon the fluctuations of the market. It is well that every facility should be given for the sale and exchange of all kinds of legitimate securities; but when these facilities are so watched and guarded as to exclude speculative temptations to weak and greedy men to gamble in stocks in the hope of making a rapid fortune, it is then that society should take up arms in its own defense.

THE HOUSATONIC SLAUGHTER.

THE verdict of the jury in the case of the sad slaughter upon the Housatonic Railroad is a great public humiliation. Accidents such as in this country has become so sure a risk of life that, if some legal steps are not taken for the public safety, the passengers will soonte or else privilege the directors on those who may prove not to be the responsible agents.

On the 15th of August the morning passenger train from Bridgeport to Canaan, at New Trumbull church—a distance of several miles—it overtook a disabled freight train. It was impossible to stop in time, and the engineer were backed toward Bridgeport. Fifteen minutes after the passenger train left Bridgeport a new locomotive was sent up the road upon a coal train. No signals were displayed, no messages were sent—and a frightful collision and massacre were the necessary result. If the rules of the road were always observed, under all circumstances, as of course they should have done, then those who did not follow the rules were directly responsible for the slaughter. If the rules did not require signaling, those who made them were as plainly responsible.

The jury found that the regulations of the road provided for such an emergency, and that for disregarding them CHARLES HUNT, President and Superintendent of the Company, who was on the train, HENRY L. PLUMB, Conductor, ANDREW WINSLOW, master-mechanic, who gave the order to run the new locomotive up the road, and EDWARD R. LYMAN, the engineer, were responsible. And they also found that the passengers came to their deaths by "the culpable negligence and want of proper care and caution" upon the part of those agents.

It is a verdict which the public conscience will approve: and the same conscience will demand that the accused be put upon trial for their offenses. In Connecticut the coroner's jury merely inquire into the cause of the death. The verdict is recorded in the Superior Court, and the District Attorney decides whether the offenders shall be prosecuted. If ever a case demanded prosecution it is the one under consideration. It seems to us to have been a needless slaughter. To correct such enormities the indignation of newspapers is of no avail. The enormities must be forced to pay damages which will imperil their dividends, and be plainly and immediately culpable agents should be imprisoned.

HOW TO PAY OUR DEBT TO THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

ONE of the national debts, that due to our financial creditors, is very constantly remembered, and the fertile Yankee brain is busy in suggesting methods of facilitating its payment and lessening its burden. But the other, a debt of honor and gratitude, and therefore none the less binding, because a generous and noble people, is in great danger of being forgotten. We mean the debt of proper care for the soldiers and sailors who have served honorably in the war, and who have saved the country by the offer of their lives.

One of the most shameful passages in our history was the treatment of the soldiers after the Revolution at the close of the war. The details forcibly narrated by Mr. G. W. GREEN, in his late valuable lectures upon the Revolution, are such as to make every honest American blush. The veterans were suffered to fall into the greatest neglect. They were reluctantly paid, or not paid at all, and apparently there was no public sense of duty toward those who had earned the most thoughtful care.

In other countries there are noble great institutions, supported at vast public expense, as a home for retired soldiers and sailors. But not only does the number of our veterans at this time forbid any expenditure for such foundations, but the national honor prevents us from willingly regarding American volunteers as paupers.

Yet a very large body existing as must be ended necessarily leaves thousands of men who can not resume their old occupations, and who remain idle or are constantly become confirmed paupers if some large measures of relief are not provided. It is at once, therefore, the public interest as well as duty to guard against the existence of such a class of paupers, and demoralized by enforced idleness. And it is every man's business to do what he can, even at some sacrifice, to find the work.

With this view the Protective War-claim Association of the Seminary Commission has lately established a Bureau. SCOTT is President, ROBERT B. MINTURN is Treasurer. SENATOR MORGAN, J. W. BEEKMAN, DR. BELLOWS, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, JAMES BROWN, W. B. ASTINGALL, W. E. DODGE, JR., and THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JAMES GALLATIN, PETER COOPER, GEORGE BANCROFT, DANIEL LORD, W. H. HURLBURT, R. B. STORRS, and ALFRED PELL are Directors; and of these, three gentlemen whose names are identified with the most successful efforts during the war, HOWARD POTTER, W. E. DODGE, JUN., and THEODORE ROOSEVELT—are the Executive Committee.

It has opened a Bureau or Intelligence-office at No. 35 Chambers Street in the City of New York. Its services are given gratuitously to employers and seekers, and it keeps a register of the applicants in all the various trades and occupations, and all the applicants are honorably discharged disabled soldiers and sailors.

There are men to whom we are all under peculiar and incalculable obligations. Our personal knowledge, so far as it goes, assures us that they are steady and faithful. They are men somewhat disabled, but hating the bread of idleness and longing to work. The Bureau has accompanied a character to many of these instances besides the certificate of honorable discharge. We make, therefore, no appeal to charity, but to a sense of honorable duty, of which every generous American is conscious. If any man wishes a hand for any employment let him first apply at this Bureau. Let him say that he comes from the Bureau of Intelligence. Let him describe the first chance. They have done every thing for us. Let us, in the name of the Liberty and Union which they have maintained, do something for them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SOUTH.

The State of Mississippi takes the lead in the work of self-reconstruction. On the 23d of August the Convention convened by the call of Governor Sharkey passed an ordinance repealing the ordinance of secession. The laws passed by the rebel Legislature, except in so far as they conflicted with the United States Constitution, were confirmed and declared valid. On the 24th Governor Sharkey communicated to the Convention a telegraphic dispatch received by him from President Johnson, congratulating the Convention on the progress made by it in having the way for the readmission of Mississippi into the Union, and declaring the President's resolution to re-establish the federal relations as to withdraw the soldiers from the State as soon as the evident loyalty of the State would permit—also his hope that other States might rapidly follow the example set by Mississippi. The same day the Convention elected, by a majority of 1 vote, Judge B. S. Fisher for governor in the forthcoming election, and approved of a memorial to President Johnson petitioning him to grant pardon to Jeff Davis.

MORE RAILWAY MURDERS.

On the 8th of August an express train returning from a picnic at Old Orchard, Maine, was thrown from the track with a bang, and the engine, baggage, and express cars were completely torn to pieces. Owing to the interposition of Providence no one was killed.

On the 10th of the above week a collision occurred on the Old Creek Railroad, near Titusville, Pennsylvania, through which several persons lost their lives. The accident was followed up by another accident of a similar character on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Railroad, in the loss of life is estimated to be nearly forty, while the number injured is very large.

August 17, the Raleigh train ran off the track near Petersburg, killing two men.

On the 28th of August a disaster occurred on the Long Island Railroad, which was occasioned by the most criminal carelessness. It appears to be the rule on this road for conductors to be out of time. On the morning of the 28th the mail train going eastward left Winfield for Jamaica, at 9 o'clock and 9 minutes, and 9 20 A. M. a train going westward started from Jamaica for Winfield, according to the conductor's statement, at 8 55 A. M. This latter train had been out ten minutes when it came into collision with the mail train. Of course Providence is responsible for the awful scene, and wounding twenty or thirty persons. But there was cause, evidently, for the carelessness of the conductor of the mail train, who was personally responsible for the human beings behind him, who knew that the express train would start from Jamaica at 8 55 A. M. He therefore right to suppose that it was the way from Winfield to Jamaica. His watch was a minute too slow, but even by that he had 14 minutes to spare when the collision occurred. Knowing that he was out of time, he should have sent a flag ahead to warn the opposite train, as the rules of the Company prescribe. But he drove on with the express. Of course Providence is merely responsible for the murder, by his negligence and his mad irregularity is the driving of trains.

WRECK OF THE "BROTHER JONATHAN."

The steamer *Brother Jonathan* struck a sunken rock off the Table Islands, near New Mexico, on the 30th of July 31. Intelligence of the disaster reached this city on August 7. The vessel was not lost, and all on board, at last except seventeen passengers. Brigadier-General STEELE and family were among those missing. It is reported that when last seen the General had a life-preserver on. The name of Steele is not to be confounded with Major-General H. G. Wright.

AN ELASTIC CABLE.

Dr. Russell's *Story* of the events connected with the unsuccessful voyage of the *Great Eastern* is now published. Mr. Russell is a writer who is well known as having had possession of all newspaper rosters. But he makes some very important revelations in his story. It has been said that on the 24th of July, when the first fault was discovered, the paying-out of the fault was delayed by the refusal of the second board the *Great Eastern*. The fact is that the electricians, who were on board the steamer, had discovered on the morning that the fault was from 40 to 60 miles distant from the *Great Eastern*, which had paid out that much cable.

After this all went on well for some time, and the insulation of the cable was improved to the highest degree. A little after noon on the 29th there was a total loss of insulation. The paying of over 600 miles from Valentia. This fault was also remedied, and there was no suspicion that the injury done to it was the work of a human hand. Two of the gentlemen on board the ship threaded a corps of marvelous, who undertook to watch the cable on board, and to report any suspicious thing they saw.

On the 3d of August, when 1150 miles had been paid out, the cable, it was discovered, was parting in nearly 2000 fathoms of water. What followed Dr. Russell describes as follows:

"The picking up was, as usual, exceedingly tedious, and one hour and forty-six minutes elapsed before the cable was got on board; then one of the engine's eccentric gear broke, and it took half an hour to stand by and get it on hand-spikes, aided by a wedge of wood and an elastic band, to work the engine. Meanwhile the cable was being coiled, and when the steam was got up it was found that the cable was not working in the water, and was in the act of being up caused altogether. Then occurred the great misfortune. Before we got over, Canada had left us, and the others were about leaving. The scientific gentlemen had been watching the cable with the greatest care, and making a prediction: they believed the fault was only six miles off, and that if we did not hurriedly we should have to have the fault on board, make a new splice, and proceed again. We had paid out 1186 miles, accordingly 1186 and 6 miles away. Suddenly Mr. Canning appeared in the engine-room, and announced which had all said, 'It is all over —it is gone,' then hastened onward to his cabin. Mr. Canning is a man of iron nerve and great resources, but those words had passed away, come from the companion of his youth, his friend, and, with exaggerated calmness under the circumstances, though his lips quivered and his face was pallid, he coolly said, 'Then we must get it on board ourselves.' All were on deck in a moment, and there instantly was revealed the task.

Then followed the desperate operation of grappling for the lost cable, with what results is already well known.

ARREST OF KETCHUM.

The defaulter, Edward B. Ketchum, was arrested at No. 222 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, on the morning of August 30, by Deputy Sheriff Hall, on a warrant issued at the house occupied by two sisters ladies. He had assumed the name of Edward B. Kent, and passed as a man of independent means. He was not very careful about keeping close, and was recognized by a person acquainted with him, and information being given he was arrested, and has been committed to the Tombs to await examination.

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DEATH OF GOVERNOR BROUGH.

After a long and severe illness, caused by gangrene in the throat, Governor BROUGH died at Odin, Logan County, on the 29th of August, at Cleveland. Governor Brough was the Democratic candidate for Governor in 1863, and since he was born was signalized by honor and patriotism. His administration would have terminated this fall.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE CHOLERA.

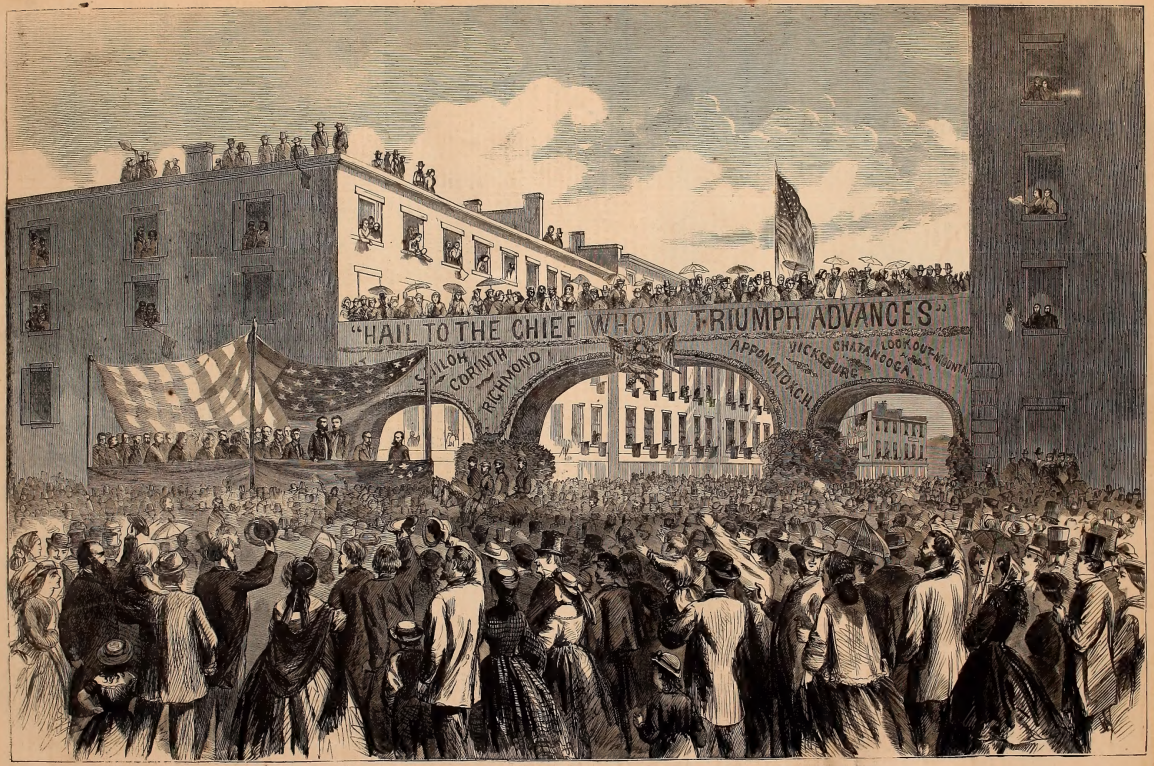
The cholera at Constantinople has been steadily increasing. Many refugees on the Bosphorus have been converted. Every steamer carries away large numbers from Constantinople. On July 31 the cases of attack numbered 800 daily, and the mortality was from 50 to 60 per cent. It is still raging in the lower classes. On the 1st August, 4, the cholera showed no signs of abatement. It continues to prevail at Smyrna. On the 3d August 90 cases were reported for one day, of which 63 proved fatal.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

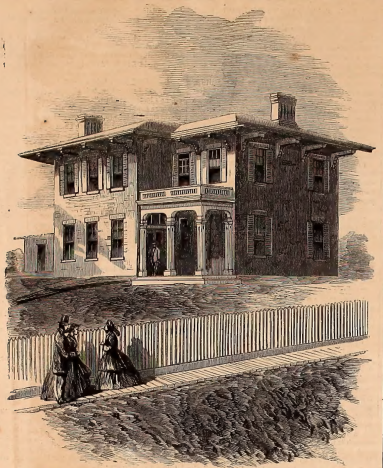
The *Great Eastern* arrived at Crookhaven August 17. The Atlantic cable prospects were considered hopeful, and it was thought that an attempt would be made to recover the cable.

Prince Alfred is the presumptive heir to the throne of Saxe-Coburg. He attained his majority on the 6th of August, a formal declaration of which was made to him in Ehrenberg Castle.

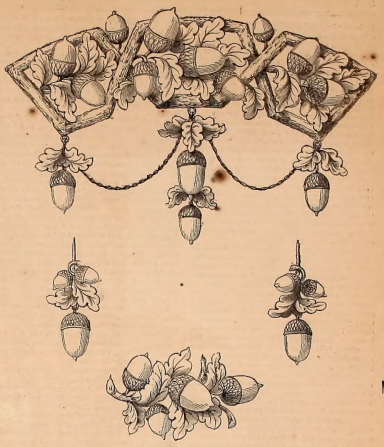
The English Channel fleet, consisting of about a dozen vessels, including iron-clads and wooden frigates, arrived at Cherbourg August 14. On the 15th the French fleet left Toulon for Brest.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT'S RECEPTION AT GALENA, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 16, 1865.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 565.]



HOUSE PRESENTED TO GENERAL GRANT BY THE CITIZENS OF GALENA, ILLINOIS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAMBERSON & JAMES, GALENA.]

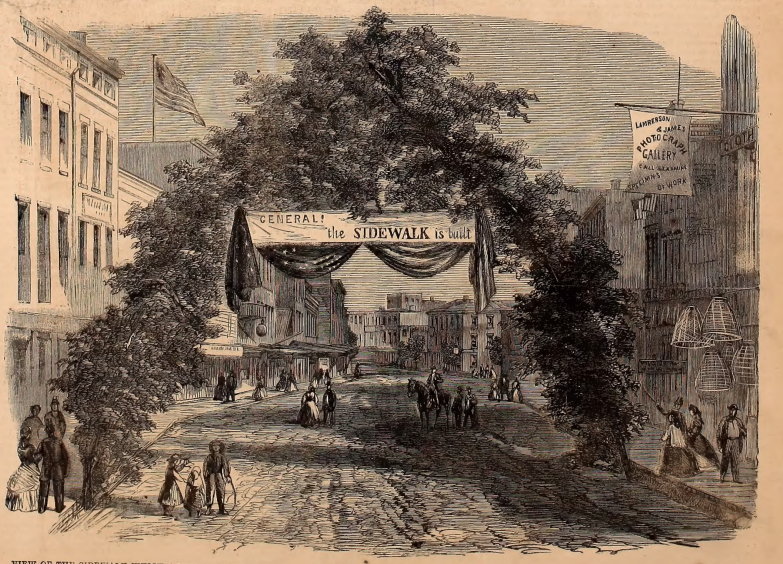


ORNAMENTS PRESENTED TO MRS. GENERAL GRANT BY MESSRS. BROWNE & SPAULDING, JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS, NEW YORK.

GENERAL GRANT AT GALENA.

USUALLY a great man wins his honors slowly, and is moving about in the mean time among those who do him honor. The case is different with a great general who has within the space of a few years, or a few months, it may be, achieved his immortality, and who returns home after a protracted absence in the field. The Scriptural passage is often quoted that "no man is without honor save in his own country, and among his own kindred." But the maxim is certainly inapplicable to the case of one who has first won his fame on the distant battle-field, whose first coronet has been placed upon his brow by those who were strangers to his youth, and who, already resplendent with this blaze of glory, returns to his home only to have the honors repeated which he has elsewhere received, and the praises reiterated which he has heard from stranger lips.

When Galena welcomes home the Lieutenant-General it is with a pride which has a peculiar element in addition to the pride with which the rest of the nation looks upon him—just as the emotion of the mother receiving to her arms her hero-son has something in it more intense than the emotion with which the world accords its worship. There is in this added sentiment an almost selfish feature—a desire to appropriate that which, if it could be appropriated, would lose its chief value. The grandest praise is that which is most nearly world-wide. The worship which the hero's wife or child or native village gives him passes through the mould of



VIEW OF THE SIDEWALK WHICH GENERAL GRANT DESIGNED BUILDING WHEN HE SHOULD BECOME MAYOR OF GALENA.—[PHOTS. BY LAMBERSON & JAMES, GALENA.]

instinct and natural affection, and thereby becomes a lesser thing—more intense, it may be, but lower in the scale of feeling; and narrower. Hero-worship can not maintain its height and grandeur in connection with domestic or merely neighborly relations. A man be the greatest of heroes, and he must in this way suffer debasement in the hearts most nearly allied to his by personal friendship or natural association. General Grant can never be to Galena just what he is to the rest of the world. But while Galena, in the violence of her affection, almost drags the General off from his high pedestal, the General has nearly given honor to Galena. When a suggestion was made to him, over a year ago, in connection with the future Presidency, that he should like some time to be President, but he should like some time to become Mayor of Galena, when he would see to the building a trifling sidewalk in that town, the absence of which had very much exercised him. The sidewalk has been repaired, and forms a prominent feature in the view the illustration which we give on page 569. We believe the General is said to read no paper but the Galena Gazette, and that he quotes the opinions of that sheet as infallible truths.

At half past eight o'clock, August 18, the special train carrying General Grant to Galena started from Wells Street Dépôt at Chicago. The engine bore a portrait of the General, and the tenders and stations on the route were crowded with people. At Marengo a triumphal arch covered with wreaths of flowers was erected across the track, and from it was a tablet bearing the following inscription: "Illinois gave to the country her best President and greatest General." The crowd cheered, and bonfires. Guns were fired as the train passed, and the church bells of the village were ringing with a merry chime. The General stepped upon the platform, and hundreds of bouquets fell at his feet.

Galena was reached about the middle of the afternoon. The city was decorated with the national colors, displayed in every shape and from nearly every window. At the De Soto House a splendid arch, tastefully planned and decorated, spanned the street. On its sides were inscriptions, "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances," "Welcome to our Union," and the names of many of Grant's battles. Farther down the street was another arch resembling General, the sidewalk in front of the streets were crowded with citizens and visitors, prominent among whom were the soldiers. Galena has sent to the field hundreds of officers and two generals.

Hon. E. B. Washburn welcomed the General home in an appropriate speech, to which General Grant replied as follows:

"Gentlemen and Fellow-citizens,—Rev. Mr. Vincent's church was not on the train from Chicago, but kindly consented to return my thanks for this hearty welcome which you have given me."

After Mr. Vincent's speech the Galena Glee Club sang and the Galena band played, and after a grand procession General Grant went to his home, which, shining over the sidewalk above referred to, which he was going to build when elected Mayor of Galena. The General has a beautiful residence in Galena, the gift of his townspeople, the cost of which was about $16,000. In the evening there was a splendid illumination, and the ended the most glorious day ever known at Galena.

We give on page 565 an illustration of a set of magnificently jewelry which Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, of this city, have prepared for a present to Mrs. General Grant. The centre-piece of the set is a diamond cross, beautifully chased, and wrought in imitation of two cabun branches intertwined, and exhibiting discretely the knots and stumps of the trees bark. Acorns, fourteen in number, and set in caps of gold exquisitely enameled, are depending from the two main arms; one of them attached by twigs and others suspended by chains. The leaf-work, setting, etc., are inimitable. The ear-rings have each a large acorn as a pendent, with two leaves and miniature acorns above. The brooch is after the same general style, but the pendant is larger, and a leafy twig is wrought like the ear-rings and cross. On the back are the words inscribed: "Mrs. General Grant, from Browne & Spaulding." The jewels are inclosed in a fine purple velvet case, lined with white velvet and satin. This bears the inscription, in letters of gold: "Presented to Mrs. General U. S. Grant, by Browne & Spaulding, 370 Broadway, N. Y." Also, inscribed in golden words: "The wood used in this set was cut from the apple-tree under which General Grant's officers met General Lee on the morning of the surrender, April 9th, 1865, Appomattox C. H., Va."

WHAT DICK BLAIZE FOUND AT CHURCH.

"I'd bean to church. I'm not a man to sail under false colors, and pretend I went regular, for I didn't; but when it has been on a three-year cruise to and through no end o' gales, and come home safe and sound at last, it's only right he should go and thank himself and Providence for't, but I had a good old mother once, and she taught me a great deal that I've forgotten now (more shame to me), and some things I remember. So, feeling that the Lord's hand had been in my coming home alive, I went to where they say he comes oftenest, and that's to church.

It was a grand sort of place; but I had my longshore togs on, and my new silver watch, and a collar as white as old sail—and in I walked, bold as brass. It was evening, almost over—and the lights were all alight. Chaplain, he was there in the wheel-house, and all the passengers aboard. I sailed up the straits, looking for a pew to haul, but I sailed up the straits, looking for a pew to haul, but I sailed up the straits, looking for a pew to haul, but

down beside the bed, and began to overhaul the various masquerading dresses which his son had left out upon his chair. There was a neat suit of green and gold, intended as a forester's dress; there was a costume of the time of Francis I., covered with spangles; and last, but not least, there was a bear-skin suit, so contrived that the wearer of it was covered with fur from head to feet, and looked precisely like a black bear escaped from a traveling caravan. M. Oudle turned this dress over and over, and its subject attracted his interest. He thought he should like to see whether it would fit its person; he therefore arrayed himself in the bear-skin, and found that it suited him to a T. Just then the idea entered his head that the opportunity of disobeying Madame Oudle was very tempting, and he presented itself. Madame Oudle was nearly as great a fool as her husband, and that is saying a good deal. She was fearful of the vulgar belief in witchcraft and demonology, and believed implicitly that warlocks could transform themselves into wild beasts for the purpose of devouring children.

"Now," mused M. Oudle, "is a chance for me to eradicate these baneful superstitions from my nature. If she sees me in this dress, and takes me to be a were-wolf, and when I show her the deception, she will never believe in the supernatural any more."

Accordingly he walked to his wife's door and listened. The servant was still with her mistress, as M. Oudle ascertained down the kitchen-chimney, intending to wait till his good lady was alone; and that he might know when the maid was dismissed he placed the door ajar.

Then taking up a book he seated himself before the fire. The book happened to be Grimm's "Domestic Stories," and M. Oudle opened it at the chapter on Lycanthropy.

He read on, and the tales of were-wolves floated in strange colors through his brain till he fell asleep with his head on the table and the book on his lap. And as he slumbered he dreamed of a supper being provided by the Evil One with wolf-skins which they were condemned to wear for seven years, and of cyclops contested by Ogres with an alout in bestial form, till a piercing shriek and a crash brought him with a start to his feet.

The lady's maid, after having pinned her mistress's back hair into a heap and fitted over it the night-cap, had left the chamber and had come down stairs. As she passed the dining-room she saw that there was still a light in it, and thinking that the candles had not been extinguished, she entered it immediately to put them out.

There in the dead of night she stood, and saw before her a monstrous black beast that sat asleep before the fire, snoring loudly, with its head on the table and its snout up in the air, its hind paws on the fender, a silk pocket-handkerchief over one knee, and a book on the lap. No wonder that she dropped her candle and screamed.

But the shriek which testified to her fear frightened M. Oudle out of the few senses he did possess. He sprang up, bewildered with his dreadful dream and with the assumption of the bear-skin, and with the last impressions produced by Bedlo, and by the dream stamped upon his brain, he jumped to the conclusion that he was bewitched, and that he had been changed into a were-wolf. For this evil he had been changed into a were-wolf. For this evil he had been changed into a were-wolf. For this evil



J.A.KENNEDY, SUPT.



A BROADWAY SQUAD.



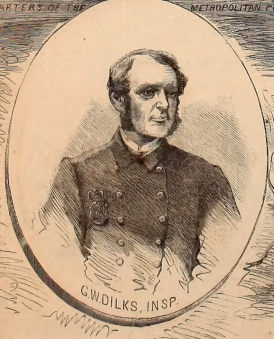
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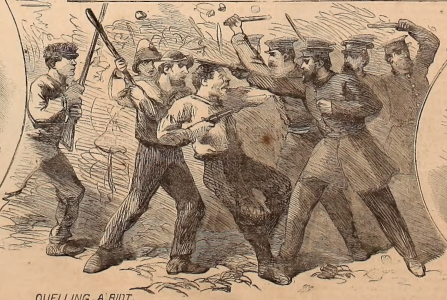
H^QUARTERS OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



NIGHT ARRESTS ON THEIR WAY FROM T



G.W.DILKS, INSP.



QUELLING A RIOT.



POLICE STATIO

THE METROPOLITAN PO



ON.



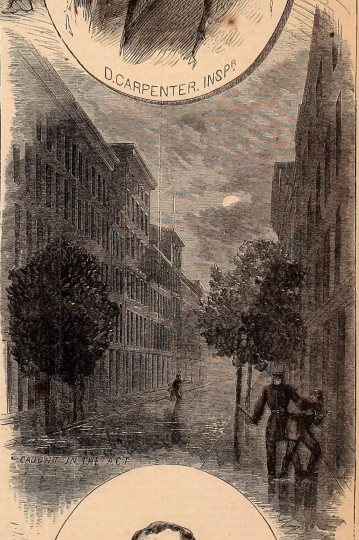
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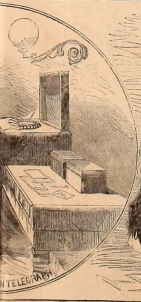
D. CARPENTER. INSP.



F STATION HOUSE TO THE POLICE COURT.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.



NTELEGRAPH



ESCORTING THE LADIES



J. LEONARD. INSP.

LICE.—[See Page 570.]

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

No city has greater occasion to be proud of her police than New York. Numbering but two thousand men, our policemen—several of the interesting features of whose life we illustrate on pages 568 and 569—work as hard and suffer more from exposure than almost any other class of men. Their life is in great measure like that of the soldier in the field. Their discipline is as strict as that of an army corps; they are out on duty at all seasons of the year, at all hours of the day and night, and in all sorts of weather. Not unfrequently they lose their lives in the performance of their duty. When a riot breaks forth and the community is panic-stricken, their place is in the front of the fight, and on their positions they take blows as well as give them. Every precinct has its one police-station, but has a score of lip-service forces, from which proceed thousands of men with crazed brains, and fully equipped for wrong-doing and misery sort. Against these men and against others who lead a more secret career, plotting more deliberate crimes in the dark, and defiant the vagrants and abandoned women of this city, do this gallant two thousand daily contend with wonderful success. Only the strictest discipline and the most untiring vigilance make it possible for so small a body of men to maintain order in so large a city. The care which the policemen take to keep the streets in healthy shape is much in the accomplishment of this end. So square of suspicious-looking men is allowed to gather on the street corners. No disreputable establishment is allowed to offend beyond a certain point without receiving a "downing from the police." Much too is accomplished through fear, on account of the immunity with which, in a serious disturbance, the police are allowed to break heads and arms.

The Metropolitan Police District comprises New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond counties, and the towns of Newtown, Flushing, and Jamaica, in Queens County. Mr. THOMAS C. ACTON is President of the Board of Police Commissioners, to the chief executive officer of the department is Mr. JOHN A. KENNEDY, who has commanded the police force during the most perilous periods the metropolis ever experienced. He gives his orders through the Inspectors, of whom there are four. They are JOHN CARPENTER, GEORGE W. DILKS, JAMES LEONARD, and JOHN S. FOLK. Of the first three Inspectors we give portraits in the page above mentioned. Connected with the department there is a board of ten surgeons and six assistants.

The preliminary examination of the candidates for the office of policeman is no joke. The candidate is the subject of personal scrutiny, to be certain that there is no trace of a consumptive tendency or other weakness in his constitution. Once a member, however, he is subject to no further personal supervisor. No one can become a member who is not a citizen of the United States, or who has ever been convicted of crime, or who can not read and write English understandingly. The city is divided into thirty-two precincts, to each of which belongs a captain, four sergeants (usually), and from forty to fifty patrolmen.

All the members are, after their admission, instructed in military drill and baton exercise. Captain COPELAND, chief of the Broadway squad, is drill-officer of the force.

The Sanitary Company of the police consists of a captain, one sergeant, and thirty-six men. Twelve more of these are occupied in the examination of tenement houses, yards, sinks, and nuisances of all descriptions. The number of reports made by the squad during the year ending October 31, 1864, was 27,631. Seven men are detailed as truant officers, five of whom visit our public schools daily, and ascertain if the teachers have lists of truants and absentees, who are visited at their respective residences, and the cause of absence inquired into. The number reported by the teachers to this squad for the year ending October 31, 1864, was 6838. Of this number 2078 were found truant, but cause, 1750 were referred so as to attend school regularly, 83 arrested and taken to school, and 145 were committed to the Juvenile Asylum. The duties of two of these men consist in attending especially to the Juvenile Asylum and the Roman Catholic Asylum. This department is of the greatest importance. Our streets are full of vagrant and destitute children. There are a great number of asylums for children of this class, and they are all full, but the streets are just as full. "Never," said the Rev. Edward Thurston last year, "in the history of our city has infant wretchedness stalked forth in such multiplied and such humiliating forms. I speak not from hearsay, but of what my own eyes have seen and my own heart felt. For the last ten years have I been a close observer of what has passed around me. The rising generation of this great metropolis, and I can not suppress the humiliating confession that even upon Rome, in the corrupt age of Augustus, never witnessed a more open and frightful declension in morals, nor witnessed among certain classes of the young a more total abandonment of honor, of truth, and piety, and even the commonest decencies of life."

The annals of crime in the city, as given in President Acton's last annual report, are interesting. The total number of arrests in all the precincts for the year was 54,752. Of these over one-half were arrests of persons born in Ireland. Not quite one-third of all the persons arrested were born in this country, and a large proportion of these were of foreign descent.

There were arrested by the Metropolitan Police, for crimes of violence of a serious character, in 1863 and 1864 respectively, as follows:

	1863.	1864.
For felonious assault	538	467
For assault on policemen	13	16
For attempt at rape	15	10
For insulting females in the street	18	31
For murder	70	80
For manslaughter	7	10
For rape	11	8
For threatening life	11	20
	683	643

During the year ending the 30th November last five members of the police force met their deaths by violence at the hands of desperate ruffians. The names of the policemen killed were GEORGE W. DEAVEA, JOHN O'BRIEN, JOSEPH NUTEY, CHARLES CURREN, and ASHER ESTERBROOK. Thirteen were seriously injured and wounded in the same way. This is caused in great measure by the immunity with which persons are allowed to carry about concealed weapons.

Of the arrests made over one-ninth were for assault and battery; one-sixth were for disorderly conduct, and almost one-seventh for intemperance and to the comparative degree of criminality of the two sexes, we find that, as nearly as possible, the number of men arrested doubles that of the women. In both cases here given the ratio holds. The crime is attained is about the same. Between the ages of 10 and 20 there were arrested of males 6775, of females 3117—total 9892. This at this early period it seems that the masculine tendency toward crime is to the feminine as two to one. Between the ages of 20 and 30 the feminine tendency toward crime increases more in proportion than the masculine. Thus, between these years, 14,147 males were arrested, and 8057 females. As compared with the period from 10 to 20 years we find that, while the male ratio has become little more than twice as many, the female arrests number nearly four times as many. From the age of 30 up to 60 the amount of crime is distributed in both sexes and in about the same proportion, being reduced about one-half in either case. Thus, during the term of 30 years 14,147 males arrested were 8057, and of females 5038. During the next decade 7000 males were the number in either case is again reduced one-half, being for males 4709, and for females 2479. After fifty the decrease is very rapid—the ratio of males to females that age being, of males 2127, and of females 787.

The numbers and ratios above given do not exactly represent the number of persons who were finally arrested after the age of 30 so much as the diminution of *actual crime*. For it must be remembered that the number of persons arrested after the age of 30 is but a very trifle more than half the number living between 30 and 40; and that the whole number of persons living over 50 years of age is but two-fifths the number living between the ages of 40 and 50. Thus, in New York county, there were living between the ages of 30 and 40 in the year 1855, 83,305 persons; between 40 and 50 there were 52,403; over 50 there were 41,135. Now we estimate that the number of arrests between the ages of 40 and 50 was just about half the number of arrests between 30 and 40, so we find the diminution in the number of persons living to be in the same ratio. The conclusion, therefore, is that the criminal tendency is about the same in the two decades considered.

If we compare the two decades 20–30 and 30–40, we find that while in the former there were two-thirds as many persons living as in the former, there are only about half as many arrests. Here there is a decided diminution in the criminal tendency. This tendency appears to reach its maximum between the ages of 20 and 30. After 30 years of age there are four-fifths as many persons living as in the decade 40–50; the number of arrests after 50 are three-fifths, or less than one-half as many as between 40 and 50.

Another consideration also should be taken into the account, and that is that the arrests made in any year represents rather the *amount of actual crime* than the *number of criminals*. Those addicted to irregular and disorderly habits are more than those habits before the age of twenty—the majority of them before fifteen; and it is well known that after the latter age the men are more frequently arrested. The 54,000 arrests may not involve over 20,000 persons. In fact, the annual reports of police reports do not give the number of persons arrested as well as the number of arrests.

Among the occupations of those in the arrests made during the year we find some curious statistics. Forty arrests were made of actors and actresses; two of auctioneers; 1215 of bakers; 1176 clerks come in for a goodly number (1336), also the carmen (1215). There were 2562 arrests of peddlers, 167 of bartenders, 1435 of laborers, 1176 of blacksmiths 856, of carpenters 591, of expressmen 240, of machinists 462, of seamstresses 592, of tailors 619, and of waiters 1307. Of the whole number of arrests 23,432 were of married and 31,319 of single persons. Of those who could not read or write there were 16,297.

Among the suggestions made by President Acton in the more important is the following, since there is one of very great importance, namely, that the police should have a wider range of inspection. He says:

"The duties of health wardens, street inspection, every form of sanitary inspection, including inspection of weights and measures, and those of the markets, should be under very active police duties. The police could, without injury, be charged with the duty of inspection and supervision of places of amusement, houses of entertainment, houses of refreshment and prostitution, gambling-houses, lottery or policy offices, and pawnbrokers. There is a large class of occupations, which from their nature furnish opportunities for practices so injurious to the public welfare when prosecuted by unworthy persons, or in an improper manner, that the law has made their pursuits the subject of licenses from municipal authorities, as for instance, those of keepers of hotels, restaurants, circus-shows, theatres, and places of amusement, pawnbrokers, junkshop keepers, venders, auctioneers, carmen, hackmen, and omnibus drivers. The police could, from their duties, be the arm relied on to shield the public from the improper and depredatious low as to be practiced in these several callings."

THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

Out among the sunny meadows
With the sunshine in her hair,
Bending, into sheaves the shadows
That are falling here and there.
Singing through the dusky valleys,
Chasing echoes up and down,
Goes the little maiden Lucy,
With her locks of shadowy brown.

Four sweet summer-times have risen
From the green lap of the spring,
And the beauty of her garments
Has been over every thing;
Four times have the autumn meadows
Been with golden glory hung,
Since the angels left her lying
'Neath the pearly gate of life.

Down and down the sunny future
Lies the way that she must tread,
Very fair it seems and radiant,
With the sunshine overhead;
May the white hands of the angels
Guide her steps to where the light
Reaches to the far-off glory
That is never dim with night!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XL.

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY.

HAD SAXON been suddenly plunged into a cold bath it could scarcely have brought him to his senses more rapidly than did the remembrance of Vaughan and Colonna. The thought of what his lawyer cousin would say to him.

"It isn't as if he hadn't cautioned me, either," said he, half aloud, as he set himself down, "quite chop-fallen," at the foot of a great oak in an unfrequented hollow of the park. And then one unpleasant recollection evoked another, and he remembered how William Trefalden had joked with him about fetters of flowers, and made him promise to "let no go doing; and how he had boasted of himself as more invulnerable than Achilles. He also remembered that his cousin had especially inquired whether he had not yet been called upon to subscribe to the Italian fund, and had given him much good advice as to what his answer should be when that emergency might arise. To put his name down for a moderate sum, and commit himself to nothing further—those were William Trefalden's instructions to him; but how had he observed them? He had not only signed that other promise of signing no more large checks without consulting his cousin; and wiser reliance would his actions place upon his words in the future. But Saxon groaned in spirit as he thought of these things; and the more he thought of them the more intensely he disliked himself.

He did not care in the least about the money, although he had, in truth, been mulcted of an enormous sum; but he cared a great deal about breaking his word, and he saw that it must be broken to one and all by the other. He also saw on which hand it was to be.

He had given the check to Miss Colonna, and Miss Colonna must return the money; there was clearly no help for that. But then he entertained misgivings as to the check itself, and began to devise some means of making any thing like reliance enough at his banker's to meet it. In this case what was to be done? The money, of course, must be paid, but who was to get it, and how was the getting of it to be achieved? Would that mysterious process called "selling out" have to be undergone?

Saxon puzzled his brains over these abstruse financial questions for half an hour, but could make nothing of them. At last he came to the very disagreeable conclusion that William Trefalden was the proper person of solving the difficulty, and must be consulted without delay; but at the same time he did not feel at all sure that his cousin might not refuse to help him in the matter. This was a fearful supposition, and almost drove the young fellow to despair. For Saxon might refuse to help him in a simple, honest way—not so much, perhaps, for any lovable quantities that he might imagine him to possess, as for the mere fact that his cousin was his cousin, and he trusted him. He had also a vague idea that William Trefalden was under the debt to serve him, and that he owed him a profound debt of gratitude. Any how, he would not offend him by any unnecessary reticence. He quite resolved that Miss Colonna should have the full benefit of her check.

Thinking this, he remembered that he had authorized her to double the amount. What if she should take him at his word?

"By Jove, then," said he, addressing a plump rabbit that had been gravely watching him from a convenient distance for some minutes past, "I don't help it if she does! The money's my own, after all, and I have the right to give it away if I choose. Besides, I've given it in the cause of liberty!"

But his heart told him that liberty had played a very unimportant part in the transaction.

CHAPTER XLI.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

In the mean while a general council was being held in the octagon turret. The councilors were Signor Colonna, Lord Castlestowers, and Major Vaughan, and the subjects under discussion were Baldisseroni's dispatch and Saxon Trefalden's check.

The dispatch was undoubtedly an important one, and contained more stirring news than any which had transpired from Italy since the Napoleonic campaign; but that other document, with its startling array of numerals, was certainly no less momentous. In Major Vaughan's opinion it was the more momentous of the two; and yet his brow darkened over it, and it seemed to the two others that he was not altogether so well pleased as he might have been.

Castlestowers was genuinely delighted, and as much surprised as delighted.

"It is a noble gift," said he. "I had not dreamed that Trefalden was so stanch a friend to the cause."

"I was not aware that Mr. Trefalden had hitherto interested himself about Italy in any way," observed Major Vaughan, coldly.

"Well, he has interested himself now to some purpose. Besides, he has but just come into his fortune."

Signor Colonna smoothed the check as it lay before him on the desk, filled in the date, crossed it, and inserted his own name as that of the person to whom it was payable.

"I wonder what I had better do with it," said he, thoughtfully.

"With what?" asked the Earl.

Colonna pointed to the check with the feather end of his pen.

"Why, cash it, of course, and send the money off without delay."

The Italian smiled and shook his head. He was a better man of business than his host, and he foresaw some of those very difficulties which were the cause of so much perplexity to Saxon himself.

"It is not always easy to cash large sums," said he. "I must speak to Mr. Trefalden before I do any thing with his check. Is he in the house?"

To which the Earl replied that he would see and left the room.

While he was gone Vaughan and Colonna went back to the dispatch and discussed the position of affairs in Sicily. Thence they passed on to the question of the Anglican, and consulted about the best means of bestowing Saxon's donation. At last they agreed that the larger share should be sent out at once, and that it was expedient in munitions of war.

"It's a heavy sum," said the dragoon. "If you want a messenger to take it over I am at your service."

"Thanks. Can you go the day after to-morrow?"

"To-night, if you like. My time is all my own until Monday. By-the-way, who is Mr. Trefalden's banker?"

He put out his hand for the check as he said this, that Colonna could see the name than pass it to him. After examining it for some moments in silence he gave it back, and said:

"I don't like his figure, Signor Colonna? see they are not yours."

To which the Italian replied very composedly,

"No, they are Olimpia's."

Saxon's name was added, and walked over to the window.

"I shall ask Bertaldi to give me something to do, when I am out there," he said, after a moment's pause. "I have had no fighting since I came back from India, and I am tired to death of this do-nothing life."

"Bertaldi will be only too glad," replied Colonna. "One experienced officer is worth more to us now than a squadron of recruits."

The dragoon replied impatiently, and pulled at the ends of his mustache. It was a habit he had when he was ill at ease.

"I'm sorry for Castlestowers," he said, presently. "He'd give his right hand to go over with me himself, on a shot at Francis Joseph."

"I know he would; but it can not be—it must not be. I would not countenance his going for the world," replied the Italian, quickly. "It would break his mother's heart."

"I never entered into the spheres of my relations' hearts," said Castlestowers, turning to Saxon, said Major Vaughan. "But you have enjoyed the advantage of her acquaintance longer than I have, so I leave you to your theology."

At this moment the door opened, and the Earl came in alone.

"I can't find Trefalden any where," said he. "I have looked for him all over the house, in the stables, and all through the grounds. He was last seen on the terrace, talking to Miss Colonna, and nobody knows what has become of him since."

"He's somewhere in the park, of course," said Colonna.

"I don't think so. I met my mother as I came in. She has been wandering about the park all the morning, and has not seen him."

"If I were you, Castlestowers, I'd have the Slane dragged," said Major Vaughan, with a short, harsh laugh. "He has repented of that check, and drowned himself in a paroxysm of despair."

"That nonsense!" said Colonna, almost angrily; but he thought it odd for all that, and so did the Earl.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

THERE was a very curious object in Castlestowers park, the shape of which was like a watchman's lantern, and the material blue granite. It stood on a little eminence in a retired corner of the domain, was surrounded by a double row of dwarf cypresses, about three feet and a half in height, and enshrined the last mortal remains of a favorite hunter belonging to the late Earl. It was called "the mausoleum."

Any one more hopelessly edifice it would be difficult to conceive; but the late Earl had intended it to be a model of elegant simplicity,

and had wasted some hundreds upon it. Being abroad when his old horse died, he sawhead a rough outline of the Temple of Vesta on a sheet of foreign note-paper, and sent it up to his steward, with instructions to hand it over for execution to a Guildford stone-mason. But the mason was no draughtsman, and the stone-mason, who had never heard of the Temple of Vesta in his life, was no genius; and thus it happened that the park at Castletowers came to be disfigured by an architectural phenomenon compared with which the wildest vagaries of Waterloo Bridge were chaste and classic structures. The Earl, however, died at Naples, in happy ignorance of the dread that had been done, and his successor had not thought it worth while to pull the building down.

When Saxon rose from his seat under the great oak, it was yet so early that he was tempted to prolong his walk. So he struck backling on among the ferns, watching the rabbits, and thinking of Miss Colonna, till he found himself, quite unwittingly, at the foot of the little eminence on which the mausoleum was built.

It so happened that, although he had been more than ten days at Castletowers, he had never before strayed into this particular corner of the park. The phenomenon was consequently a novelty in his eyes, and he walked round it wonderingly, contemplating its ugliness from every point of view. He even went so far as to try the door, which was painted to look like green bronze, and studded all over with great sexagonal bosses. It swung back, however, quite easily, and Saxon walked in.

The place was so dark, and the day outside was so brilliant, that for the first few moments he could see nothing distinctly. At length a dumpy pillar on a massive square pedestal came in view in the centre of the building, and Saxon saw by the inscription carved upon it (in very indifferent English) that the object of the edifice was by enmity was a horse. And then he sat down on the base of the column, and contemplated the mausoleum from within.

It was, if possible, uglier inside than outside; that is to say, the resemblance to a lantern was more perfect. The dumpy column was carried exactly like a gigantic candle, and the very walls were paneled in granite in a way that suggested glass to the fanciful imaginative observer. Had the stone-mason possessed but a single grain of original genius, he would have added a little brass handle in solid granite to the outside, and made the thing complete.

While Saxon was thinking thus, and lazily criticising the late Earl's Latin, he suddenly became aware of a lady coming slowly up between the cypresses.

He thought at first that the lady was Miss Colonna, and was on the point of stepping out to meet her; but in almost the same instant he saw that she was a stranger. She was looking down as she walked, with her face so bowed that he was almost as if he were counting the daisies in the grass as she came along.

Saxon scarcely knew what to do. He had risen from his seat, and now stood a little way back in the deep shadow of the mausoleum. While he was yet hesitating whether to come forward or remain where he was, the young lady paused and looked round, as if expecting some one.

She had no sooner lifted up her face than Saxon remembered to have seen it before. He could not for the life of him tell when or where; but he was as confident of the fact as if every circumstance connected with it were fresh in his memory.

She was very fair of complexion, with soft brown hair, and large childlike gray-blue eyes with just that sort of startled, pathetic expression about them which one sees in the eyes of a caged animal. Saxon remembered even that look in them—remembered how that image of the caged chamois had presented itself to him when he saw them first—and then all at once, there flashed upon him the picture of a railway station, an empty train, and a group of three persons standing beside the open door of a second-class carriage.

Yes; he remembered all about it now, even to the amount he had paid for her fare, and the fact that the lost ticket had been taken from Sedgebrook Junction. Involuntarily he put his still further into the gloom of the mausoleum. He would not have shown himself, or have put himself in the way of being thanked, for all the world.

Then she sighed, as if she were weary or disappointed, and turned a few steps nearer; and as she continued to advance Saxon continued to retreat, till she was nearly at the door of the mausoleum, and he had got quite round behind the pillar. It was like a scene upon a stage; only that in this instance the actors were not comprising their parts, and there were no spectators to see them.

Just as he was speculating upon what he should do if she came in, and asking himself whether it would not be better, even then, to walk boldly out and risk the chances of recognition, the young lady decided the question for him by sitting down on the threshold of the building.

Saxon was out of his perplexity now. He was a gentleman, it was true; but his time was all his own, and he could afford to waste it in peeping from behind a pillar at the back of a young lady's bonnet. Besides, there was an air of adventure about the proceeding that was quite delightful, as far as it went.

So he stood quite quiet, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of alarming her, and amused himself by conjecturing what misfortune could

this particular corner of Castletowers park. What it possible, for instance, that the Earl had been insane enough to have the phenomenon photographed, and was she about to color the photograph on the spot? The idea was too monstrous to be entertained for a moment! And then the young lady sighed again—such a deep-drawn, profound, melancholy sigh, that Saxon's heart ached to hear it.

It was no sigh of mere fatigue. Unlearned as he was in the mysteries of feminine woe, he knew at once that such a sigh could only come from a heart heavily laden. And then he fell to wondering what that burden could be, and whether he could help, in any anonymous way, to lighten it for her. What if he could save a hundred-pound note in a blank envelope? She looked poor, and even ill.

But at this point his meditations were broken in upon. A shadow darkened the doorway. Miss Riviere rose from her seat upon the threshold; and Saxon Somerset's heart stood suddenly before Saxon's astonished eyes.

CHAPTER XLIII.

WHAT SAXON HEARD IN THE MAUSOLEUM.

LADY CASTLETOWERS was the first to speak; and her voice, when she spoke, was measured and haughty.

"You have requested to see me again, Miss Riviere," she said.

"I have been compelled to do so," was the almost inaudible reply.

"And I have come here at your request."

Lady Castletowers paused, as if for some acknowledgment of her condescension in having done so; but no such acknowledgment came.

"I must, however, beg you to understand quite distinctly that it is for the last time," she said, presently. "It is impossible that I should hold any future communication with you otherwise than by letter, and then only at stated periods, as heretofore."

The young lady murmured something of which Saxon could not distinguish a syllable.

"Then you will oblige me by saying it at once, and as briefly as possible," replied Lady Castletowers.

Saxon felt very uncomfortable. He knew that he ought not to be there. He knew this to be a strictly private conversation, and was quite aware that he ought not to overhear it; and yet what was he to do? He could still walk out, it was true; and explain his unintentional eavesdropping; but he had an instinctive feeling that Lady Castletowers would not have come to the mausoleum to confer in the park if she had not wished to keep the meeting secret, and that his presence there, however well it might explain itself, would only cause her ladyship a very disagreeable surprise. Or he might stop his ears, and so be, virtually, deaf and dumb to all that was passing around him; but then he felt certain that this young girl whom he had assisted once before was now in some great trouble, and that he could help her again if only he was that he might assist her again. So, as these thoughts flashed through his mind, Saxon considered that he was justified in not trying to stop his ears—at least for the present.

Miss Riviere, however, answered Miss Riviere to state her business at once, and also to state it briefly; but it seemed as if the task were strangely difficult, for the girl hesitated.

At length she said, with a kind of sob:

"Lady Castletowers, my mother is very ill."

And then Saxon could see that she was weeping.

"Do you mean that your mother is dying?" asked her relentless, coldly.

"No; but that she must die if she does not receive the means to save her."

"What do you call the necessary means?"

"Doctor Fisher says that she must go to some place on the Italian lakes, and that Mentone, many women are in the habit of bleaching their dark hair in order to produce the effect of the fashionable golden red. I am informed, too—and I can ask my personal testimony to the fact—that individual girls who have been on the shelf until they are no longer young, are now taking off in the shape of wigs and false hair.

GIANTS.—In the time of Augustus Cæsar there were two persons living in Rome who were each nine feet high. Their bodies, however, were not ten feet in height. Their bodies, after death, were kept and preserved at enormous cost, and were placed within the tallisting gardens. Pliny in reply to a question from the Emperor Claudius as to the manner a certain Gabbara lived to the age of 150 years, brought out a book, and says he was nine feet nine inches high. Pompey had a Spanish slave who was eight feet, and Posidonius measured eight feet and a half. He writes of barbarians seven feet high. Pliny also mentions a race of Ethiopians who lived entirely upon the flesh of serpents, and the bones of their parents formed the principal part of their domestic chair. He could draw a loaded wagon without the assistance of oxen. Gabbara took a ship in his hand as a plaything for a child. He also crushed the hardest stones in his hand. Augustus had a tooth of this giant, which was five inches long. Pliny and Valerius Maximus speak of Polydamus, a celebrated athlete, who had the strength of a lion. He slew a lion of Cithæron, and with one stroke of his fist killed a bull. Another bull, which he held by the hind foot, could not disengage himself, notwithstanding his struggles to escape, grasped him with such strength that he could not move his hind foot.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.—The Jockey Club says *Galignani's Messenger* has just lost one of its most amiable members, M. Scudo, the well-known critic. The following anecdote is related of him: "Perceiving one day, after a heavy fall of rain, a man in the middle of the road endeavoring to get the edge of the wide pavement of the Boulevard, he politely begged him to step upon his back instead of running the risk of soon before, he gallantly advanced, and the lady got to his relief. Scudo was a heavy man, and the lady made no objection to the mode of transit. As she passed down, expressed her gratitude as a lady only can, the amiable critic replied: 'Thereupon, Mademoiselle, I beg you, I repaired the wrong by again transporting her, with the same precaution, to the very spot where he had first met her, and took his leave with a profound salutation."

LAUGHTER AND LONGITUDE OF SUNDAY.—Between the 30th and 31st degrees of north latitude—that is to say, between John o' Groat's House and the boundary line which separates England from Scotland—is situated a country of good morals and religion to play musical instruments on Sunday, and to sing songs. You will perceive that in these parallels of latitude whistling on Sunday is down right impiety. Get into a train bound for the south, and in two hours' time you will have left the whistling parts behind you, and you may whistle now on Sunday. You may sing what songs you please, you may play the fiddle; say, you may even dance, and few will challenge your pleasure. It is but a twelve-hours' journey from Edinburgh to London. At six o'clock in the morning you are whistling over your breakfast in Princes Street, and the South hotels in attendance is horrified. At six o'clock in the evening you are listening to the band in Regent's Park; and thousands of persons are dancing around, and in all their best, promenading up and down to the time. If you were in Edinburgh the Scots' hands and arms in this scene—horns blowing, drums beating, and 20,000 persons dancing—would be in a state of fearful dread over in her breath and exclaim, "Eh, gude be here! Did ever ony body see the like o' this? Surely the end of the warld is nae far whear they expect to gang to!" But now, in turn, take one of these Scots to the Crystal Palace on Sunday; more fun where the laughter is to be heard. Let him go and see, and she will be astonished. Let him go to Peckham going to the theatre on Sunday evening as the sun is setting, and see the Londoners promenading in Regent's Park and listening to polkas. A few degrees of latitude make a wonderful difference in the habits of people make a difference another. Go north, and you mount; which is the more south, and you go to the fidlers' more sideways, a little toward the east, and you may be whistling on Sunday, and go to the devil. No policeman rules the right morality in this matter I will not presume to say.

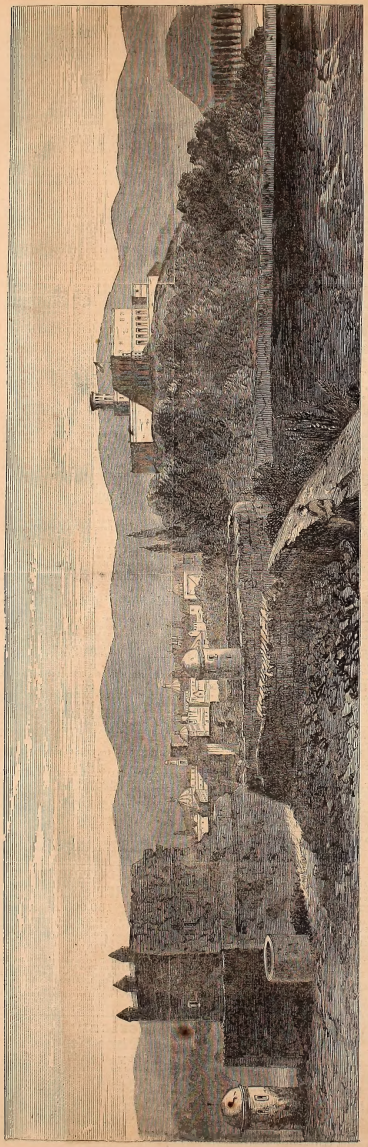
A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to a city—the corner-stone on which he erects a happy life; it is one well built with entire integrity, and all who behold it will have confidence in its stability, and all who behold it will have confidence in its stability, and all who behold it will admire and respect it. Such is the building of this defective and you can see it will tumble down at the slightest touch. Such is one it will tumble down at the slightest touch. Such is one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built upon it with it. Without a good character no man can be happy. Society is a curse; with it, scarcely can a well. Happiness is the result of the love of virtue, and the love of virtue is the result of the hope of truth, all that is truth and all that is false exist together in the world, but in resisting in the vein of years, centres in and is derived from a good character. Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

THE SWORDS are a gay race. Balls, soirées, and carnivals are their delight. Dancing is their favorite kind of music, and sing well. One of the heros to which a stranger has to submit on his first visit to Spain is, that he enters a shop or public house, and keeping it of as long as he stays. A Spaniard will not do this, from mere acquaintance, so that it is almost as much off the hand as the ass. Gambling is a vice most common to Spaniards. The carpeted floors are as clean as a man-of-war's deck. As and cigarettes are smoked, and drunkenness is a vice from which they slip off before entering the room, in vet or many women, also, than their men. The Spanish ladies should leave its mark in little pools on the floor. Touch, ing the balcony in the evening, at 9 o'clock, the performers it to begin at six p. m. on Saturday, and end at six p. m. on Sunday! On the latter, the entertainment begins at 3 p. m. as secular as the morning; while the evening of Sunday is the fashionable resort of the rich and poor alike. The people are hard drinkers; the consumption of native brandy being almost as great as that of water. Smoking is common, and cold in the country. Yet they are rarely seen drunk, for the habit is considered disreputable.

THE RAVEN possesses the power of imitating the human voice, and, if taught, is as visible as the parrot, remarkable for its sagacity with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's sentences with tenfold the gravity of Poll. A raven's sentences



WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS, A.D. 1742.—FROM A PAINTING BY E. CROWE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN'S PALACE AT CHAPULTEPEC.



MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

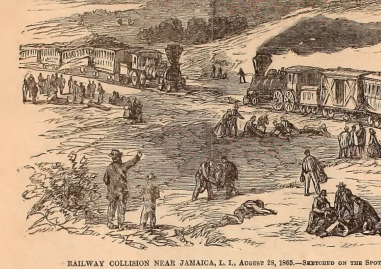
MAXIMILIAN AND CARLOTTA.

Few persons in the political world occupy a more conspicuous place than the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, who has now reigned a year and a half in the "Halls of the Montezumas." The illustrations accompanying this sketch have recently arrived from Mexico. The Emperor is represented in his full imperial array, and sat for the picture only a few weeks since at the palace.

A brother of FRANCIS JOSEPH of Austria, and for some time Governor of the Lombardo Venete under the Austrian sway, the young prince has had no little experience as a ruler, and enters his new sphere in Mexico with a thorough knowledge of men, and with the reputation in Europe for abilities which his career thus far (however much it conflicts with the traditional policy of the Great Republic) seems amply to have warranted. MAXIMILIAN is thirty-four years of age, somewhat over six feet in height, large in proportion, and has the air and bearing of a man of great cultivation and intelligence. His manner is characterized by consideration and kindness to all; and with a just appreciation of the requirements of Mexico he surrounds himself with able and experienced advisers. None of his ministers can keep pace with his active industry, which reaches to every part of the Empire, and he seems to be quite equal to the vast amount of labor which his novel position demands. The earlier part of his



THE EMPRESS CARLOTTA.



RAILWAY COLLISION NEAR JAMAICA, L. I. AUGUST 28, 1865.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY MICHAEL J. PERLAN.—[SEE NEWS COLUMN.]

life was passed in the Austrian navy, where—as was the case in Italy—his gleaming address, his gracious character, and active habits made him every where popular. This has given him the name, in Europe and Mexico, of the "Italian gentleman;" both in Europe and Mexico MAXIMILIAN is remarkably agreeable. He speaks six languages perfectly, and is the author of several German works on scientific subjects, as well as on those of belles-lettres. His personal address is earnest, prompt, and ready, and his intellectual German face beams with genuine benevolence, tempered by a gentleness, dignity and the highest type of culture, intelligence, and humanity. These qualities have been constantly seen even by his friends into a want of due severity as firmness; but the criticism can not stand in view of the remarkable position with the Church party in Mexico, his resolute confronting of the Pope, he himself being a devout Catholic, and the singular wisdom with which, in cases requiring great judgment, he has from the first mingled determination with forbearance. He fully understands that Mexico requires the infusion of a new blood into her listless, apathetic population, and for that reason he encourages the immigration of foreigners, whether from Europe or America, to throw open the resources of the superb country he is trying to regenerate. He wants about him men of energy, activity, and ideas; and no one going to Mexico with plans for the development of its resources need fear being neglected by this energetic, far-seeing ruler.

On being introduced to him the stranger is at once placed at his ease, and in every way encouraged to freely advance his ideas, and to explain whatever theories or inventions he may have for the improvement of Mexico. In a few minutes the applicant finds that he is conversing with one who can appreciate worth and who knows the value of men.

The Empress CHARLOTTE (or CARLOTTA, as she is called in Mexico) is not yet twenty-four years of age. She is tall, graceful, well dignified, and eminently *distingue* in appearance. A cousin of Queen VICTORIA, daughter of LEOPOLD King of Belgium, and grand-daughter of LOUIS PHILIPPE, she has moved from childhood among the most illustrious persons and cultivated intellects of Europe. These opportunities, added to a high order of natural talent for art and study, have developed a truly beautiful woman—a lady of splendid attainments, educated to the realization of all the ennobling sentiments which should befit a princess, and imbued with a fervent sense of the responsibilities of the position she has come to fill. Her numberless charities, extending into the humblest walks of life, have endeared her name to thousands of the recipients of her bounty, poured with munificent hand not from the imperial treasury, but from her own resources.

The expression of the face of the Empress is exceedingly winning and amiable, but with a slight trace of haughtiness not unbecoming her exalted position. The idea of ambition and the aspiration to noble deeds is plainly conveyed in the countenance, and this is in keeping with the real character of CARLOTTA; for not MAXIMILIAN himself, with all his energy and enthusiasm, exceeds his talented consort in the desire to be the agent of placing Mexico politically on a level with the vast resources of the country.

The residence of the Emperor is divided between the palace in the capital fronting the great plaza and the castle (now palace) of Chapultepec. This latter is two hour miles from the city, and near the town of Tacubaya. Long before the era of that wonderful civilization which CORTEZ found flourishing in the sixteenth century, Chapultepec was the palace and burial-place of the kings of the still more ancient Toltecs—that mysterious race whom the Aztecs, descending from the north, found and conquered in the Middle Ages, and whose vast monuments are still the marvel of the traveler.

The Aztec kings, of whom the unhappy MONTEZUMA was the last, made this one of their favorite places of resort. The descendants of the Spanish conquerors, destroying these Indian structures, erected the present castle of Chapultepec, which served a variety of purposes through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, until, in 1847, in our Mexican war, it was made a stand-point against the invaders. The glorious victories of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey, near by, will always rank among the most splendid achievements of American arms. In both instances the Mexican forces, far outnumbering ours, were safely ensconced behind stone-walls, and within apparently impregnable intrenchments, but they could not resist the impetuous onset of the Anglo-Saxon. MAXIMILIAN has greatly improved and beautified Chapultepec, where a large number of workmen, gardeners, and builders are constantly employed.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE MEETING IN RICHMOND.

We publish on page 580 a sketch, by Mr. J. R. HAMILTON, of the mass meeting of the citizens of Richmond, held on August 29, in the beautiful Capitol grounds of that city. The object of the meeting was ostensibly to give a denial to the imputations so frequently made, in the press of the North, that the loyalty of the people of Virginia, in spite of their protestations, is but of a sullen, discontented, and ephemeral nature. Judge WILLIAM H. LYONS presided at the meeting, which adopted a series of resolutions expressive of the people's unfeigned loyalty and devotion to the Union; and speeches were made by Judge LYONS, R. T. DANIEL, late Prosecuting-Attorney for the Commonwealth, W. H. MACFARLAND, President of the late Farmers's Bank, and the Hon. JAMES LYONS, member of the late Confederate Congress.

The meeting, although large (there may have been some 500 or 600 present, a large number of whom were colored), was not by any means either as numerous or enthusiastic as might have been desired, considering that the occasion was one of the most important that ever convened the citizens of Richmond together; and, looking to the objects proposed, it was a circumstance to be regretted. On the platform, however, were many of the most prominent men of the city and State, and nearly all the leading members of the press, under whose auspices the whole movement may be said to have been inaugurated. At the conclusion of the meeting a committee of three—Messrs. W. H. MACFARLAND, ROBERT RIDGWAY, and CHARLES PALMER—were appointed to present the resolutions to President JOHNSON, and to request him to visit the city of Richmond.

The large central building against which the speaker's platform was erected is the celebrated Capitol, containing the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives, and all the various offices so recently occupied by the Confederate Government. The view presented being from the beautifully wooded grounds of the Governor's mansion, the latter is, of course, not visible. To the right of the picture is seen CRAWFORD'S celebrated bronze statue of WASHINGTON, with its base surrounded by some of Virginia's great men, also in bronze. The church beyond with the tall steeple is St. Paul's, the Episcopal church which JEFFERSON DAVIS usually attended, and where he was seated when he received the telegram from General LEE, announcing that all further resistance was useless. Down in the hollow, to the left of the picture, is seen the upper part of the Custom-house, in which is also at present located the Post-office, the National Bank of Virginia, and the First National Bank of Richmond. Although the Capitol grounds are not spacious, and are not at present in the fine order in which they were formerly kept, few cities in the world possess a spot in their midst more attractive and full of natural beauty.

The meeting at Richmond, while it shows that many prominent citizens of Virginia have sufficient common-sense to see the folly of secession, does not materially alter the situation as presented in the late election. We can not expect that the ideas of Virginians or of the citizens of any other Southern State are to be reversed by their defeat on the battle-field. We have now to oppose in politics the very heresy which we have defeated in a hundred severe battles. We have settled conclusively the question whether the union of States shall be maintained. But there remains much yet to be settled in regard to the prerogatives of the several States as related to the General Government. The English Revolution was not consummated by the victories of Cromwell and the decapitation of Charles the First, but in the peaceful victory of the English people forty years later, when William of Orange succeeded James the Second. Fortunately for us the Slave Power can have no restoration: with the removal of the cause of our troubles our future is ultimately secure.



THE COURT-ROOM IN WHICH CAPTAIN WIRZ, THE ANDERSONVILLE JAILER, IS BEING TRIED AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1865.

CONCILIATION.

A MEETING of certain citizens of Richmond lately adopted a resolution severely censuring the efforts made by some persons at the North "to brand the people of the South with perfidy and insincerity." In the same strain Mr. R. A. ALSTON, of Georgia, who frankly declares himself to have been "an earnest rebel," and "under the same circumstances would feel in honour and duty bound to act as I have done," but who has now taken the oath "with an honest purpose to keep it," writes to the New York *Tribune* denouncing as cruel, false, and pernicious the public correspondence which the late rebel States, which represents the late rebels as sulking or meditating further trouble. The Southern man who writes as Mr. ALSTON declares to be probably mean or malignant; the Northern man who does it is either duped or hired. Mr. ALSTON gives these facts, the truth, as he claims, of wide and general knowledge, upon his sacred honor. We find similar statements in many journals in our own neighborhood. There is declared to be a spirit among somewhat loyal men averse to conciliation; and the Democratic Conventions, whose regard for humanity is recorded in our political history of the last thirty years, have taken brotherly love under their especial protection.

In some cases this paper has been signalized as the chief of sinners in this matter. Thus the Mobile *Daily News*, a "Union" paper established in that city upon its occupation by the national forces, is quite certain that we are not more "conciliatory," calls *Harper's Weekly* "a vile print," declares that it "outHerods Herod in its efforts to make the white man to a social equality with the negro;" and in the ancient style of the days when "Union man" was a political crime in the city of Mobile, and every faithful citizen in the land was expected to shudder at the crack of the chivalric whip, it concludes: "This infamous miscegenation print is doing every thing in its power to nourish and perpetuate whatever bad feeling may still exist between the North and South, and a spirit of agreement among Southern news-dealers not to sell it nor have any thing to do with it would be a most excellent step."

The New Orleans *Picayune* is also implied to denounce our paper as "an incendiary publication," while the New Orleans *South*, a new journal of "Unionism" like that of the Mobile *News*, declares that "the infamy of this sheet [*Harper's Weekly*] culminates in its issue of the 5th instant [August]." The excellent *South* proceeds to describe a wood-cut in that number, and characterizes General LEE as "great and good," and speaks of the late rebel citizens of the United States as "a people" whom the brave and good and noble every where respect and admire for their "sacrifices, endurance, and heroism." The *South* concludes in unison with the Mobile *News*: "This vile, negro-equality, miscegenating sheet should never again be received into any respectable Southern family. We trust our newsmen will repudiate it." And with the *News* the *South* calls upon the news-dealers not to send it any longer. "It sinks on the table."

This kind of thing is ludicrously stale. We have heard exactly the same phrases for the last twenty years when any profession of faith was made in the principles of the Declaratory Government. But while this is familiar enough in the quarter from which it comes there is something else not so familiar in that quarter, and which shows one of the radical and irreclaimable results achieved by the war. In the same city of New Orleans there is actually a perfectly free press and free speech. If they are maintained the future is secure. That they may be maintained is our present hope and effort. And because of that effort and effort this journal is distasteful to the courteous and conciliatory Mobile *News* and New Orleans *Picayune* and *South*.

The New Orleans *Tribune* replies to the *South*, and quietly remarks: "Legal publications like *Harper's Weekly*, battling for the cause of justice and equal rights, now circulate all over the South. The 'incendiary publications' of former days are now the recognized, proper, and patriotic publications which the masses seek, and are found in every good household. But there are also in circulation many disloyal, incendiary papers edited by secessionists, which keep up a spirit of mischief. They should be looked after by the authorities. [We hope the authorities are not trouble them.—*Ed. H. W.*] So long as they refuse to recognize the result of the late war, and are permitted to be published in the interests of slavery and treason, there is no peace." Let them say their say, say we. But let perfect freedom of speech be protected at every cost.

This is rather a long text for a short sermon upon this matter of conciliation. "Do you wish to grind us in the dust?" asks Mr. ALSTON. "Are we to drink the bitter dregs of defeat and humiliation?" demands somebody else. Certainly not, if we can help it; but are we? Has this war—we ask Mr. ALSTON or any other intelligent, honest rebel—been a friendly tilt or tournament? Has it been a pleasant feat of arms, and, the Queen of Beauty having awarded the crown, are we now to seat ourselves at the fragrant feast, each outdoing the other in mannerly self-sacrifice? What are the facts? The people of the United States, by a tremendous struggle, have saved their Government and their national existence from a prolonged and bloody rebellion. They have now but one, although a very comprehensive question to answer—how to secure the results of their victory? The citizens who are defeated—Mr. ALSTON, for instance—believed in the right of secession; believed that the separation was a sovereign; that the Constitution is a mere treaty between independent powers. That is to say, they held views incompatible with the peaceful existence of the Government. Mr. ALSTON says that they still hold them, every jot and tittle, but have been unable in this contest to maintain them.

Is it not then the business of the people of the United States to take care that they never can be maintained? Is it not our duty to the defeated citizens as well as to ourselves to prevent any future delusion that the attempt to maintain them will be crowned with better success? If a man who really believed Mr. ALSTON to be an assassin, who long lay in wait for him, and at last sprang upon him, and was thrown off only after a fierce struggle, should say as he fell, "I can't help it, I submit because you are stronger, but I do still think you an assassin," Mr. ALSTON would smile as if it were only a merry bout, and say, "Well, my friend, get ready and try it again;" or would he say, "By Heaven, I do justice to your feeling and your strength. I have had hard tussle, and I should be a fool not to take some security for your good behavior." Then if the aggressor should say, "You scoundrel, why don't you conciliate me? If you want to have peace, just let me alone;" would not Mr. ALSTON reply, "By all means, and suppose it naturally not of the sweetest just now. I don't wonder at it. I don't blame you for it. But for all that I must have my rights"?

The Richmond resolutions, Mr. ALSTON himself, and others, thus say, "But we have accepted the results of the war!" Is that true? If you have, we shall be the happiest nation on earth before New-Year. The bells rang and Wall Street sang psalms when Richmond fell. But if you have accepted the results in no way, as you say, such a Thanksgiving was never dreamed of as we shall have in November. What are the results of the war? Reconstruction; the destruction of the doctrine of State sovereignty; and perfect liberty of speech and press throughout the country. Have you accepted them? Mr. JOHNSON says that the Government has fought the doctrine of State sovereignty, has conquered it, has made itself supreme, and the slave free. But he adds in italics, "*This is not our end, our will, our belief.*" He then says that the late rebels "never will" mean to disturb the Government. Why not, if they believe it wrong? And if they really wish not to disturb it, will they not willingly join us in making disturbance impossible? Their presence, with a heartily professed hostility still existing, is not acceptance.

Where do we find proof of acceptance? The Southern Methodist Episcopal Church on the Northern Church on the ground of slavery Slavery is abolished by the war. Does the Southern Church accept the result? On the contrary it refuses specifically to ask and if we expect men to renounce in a day the cherished convictions of years? Certainly not. It is precisely what we not only do not expect, but what we know to be impossible, and there fore we ask in turn why we should be expected to act as the Southern Church? The hostility of the United States is no longer openly resisted by arms in the late rebel States. Those States are exhausted. Their people are struggling to live. Our own sense of justice prompts us all to sympathize with the sorrows of others. But we still ask whether this passivity can be regarded as acceptance of the result of the war, as the Richmond resolutions claim, without which there will be endless trouble? Because the pity our fellow-citizens feel for them is simso terrible a war, and who have suffered so bitterly, we must not assume that all danger is forever past. There is surely no vindictiveness in demanding the plighted word even of common sense. There is certainly no disposition to humiliate fellow-citizens into the dust in exacting of them plain words of peace, loyal and humane. Surely we have the right to defend ourselves against those who declare that they hold views which are subversive of whatever the Government, when they are still panting with the fierce effort to inforce those views by arms. It would be the very madness of folly to offer them the political means of securing a result to which their military power was inadequate.

Must oaths be accepted as a sufficient pledge? But what more solemn oaths are possible than those which the leaders of the rebellion have violated, a violation which they justified by doctrines which they still hold? The first question is the last: have we no right to secure the results of our victory? Because rebels have surrendered, has all our authority to prevent the ill consequences of rebellion ceased? If so, the President had no right to appoint a single Provisional Governor, nor to demand emancipation as a precedent condition of reorganization. If, in the present condition of the State of Georgia, that State alone has the right of Regulating Suffrage, the President has assumed powers utterly unwarranted, for he has forbidden thirteen classes of persons to vote who are permitted to vote in the State. He was guided in his action by his convictions of the requirements of the public safety. If in his judgment that safety would permit him to authorize the colored citizens to vote, he would have had exactly the same right to do it. If it shall prove that those whom he empowered exclusively to vote can not be trusted to do so compatibly with the national security, he will take such further steps as that security demands.

That is the whole question of the case. Resolutions about State rights do not change it. If our defeated fellow-citizens spontaneously offer the pledges of security every honest man will rejoice. If they do not, those pledges are none the less essential to the settlement of the country, and will none the less rigorously be required.

HOW SHALL WE SAVE OUR SELVES?

MR. OLIVER CHARLICK, the President of the Long Island Railroad, upon which a frightful and wonderful accident to a person was recently committed, says that the Company do not station a signal-man at the curve where the slaughter took place because they do not think it necessary to do so. We trust that the public will let Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK understand, in the most emphatic manner, that it does think a signal-man necessary at that point. The fearful and bloody experience of the last year shows that railroad presidents and directors will spend money if they think it necessary to take the most common and obvious precautions to insure the safety of travelers; and it also shows that travelers are a weakly good-humored way of submitting to the most perilous irregularities, to the most filthy and wretched accommodations, and often to the most insolent manners.

It is clear that if the law and public opinion do nothing to right railway passengers they will right themselves. We are a tame public in such matters, but at last people will not consent to have their wives and children and friends cruelly mangled by Mr. OLIVER CHARLICKS who do not think it necessary to take plain precautions. The passengers by a railroad train will constitute themselves a Committee for their own safety. The officers of the law should lose no time in bringing these railroad offenders to justice. There have been at least twelve or fifteen railroad passengers killed and wounded upon the railroads in this country during the last eight months, and not a single offender for any of them is known, has been made to answer. People open their papers every morning with the wonder, "Who has been killed now?" There is a species of newspaper despatch which appears to be composed of railroad slaughters. Let every reader bring it home to himself. Let him imagine that he sees his wife's, his son's, his child's name in the list of massacred—and then reads that upon the inquest over the ravaged body some Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK announces that he does not take precautions because he does not consider them to be necessary.

Let the responsibility be brought home to the officers of the road. Let proper information be instructed by public indignation that when they buy roads, or are put into presidencies and directorships, they have assumed duties which they will be compelled to fulfill. When a catastrophe occurs let us have the names of the chief officers of the road printed throughout the country. Public and respectable men will be averse to having their names associated with reckless murders. Let the Legislature require that the safety rules of all roads shall be conspicuously posted in every car and at every station, so that in case of delay or accident passengers may know exactly how what to expect and what provision has been made for the contingency. In case of delay at stations let the fact and the name of the conductor, if he can give no satisfactory explanation, be reported to the Company and to the newspapers. For every limb broken, for every life lost, let a heavy pecuniary settlement be required. Money will not restore the dead, nor cure deformity, nor console lingering and mortal injury; but it will diminish dividends, and when they stop stockholders will snarl. Damaged can ruin profits, and Mr. OLIVER CHARLICKS buy and run railroads, or preside over their reckless management, because they find that money is to be made out of them.

The truth is, that the great public thoroughfares of this country need a thorough reorganization. Their first and obvious purpose is the safe transport of passengers, and that is the last consideration in the minds of the managers. The consequence is, that in no civilized country is travel so dangerous as in this. A man shall go from London to Rome with less peril than from New York to Boston, or Washington, or Chicago. Our daily slaughter-roll justifies the sneer, that the model republic holds human life cheap; and while it proclaims human rights, manifests the most sublime indifference to the fundamental right of all.

This is entirely unnecessary. Disorder and disregard of life should be no more characteristic of a republic than of a despotism; and they would cease if public opinion should be arrayed indignantly against such horrible events as those with which all hearts are now aching. Let the Mr. OLIVER CHARLICKS, who do not think it necessary to station flagmen at dangerous places, learn from the treatment they receive from those who are brought in daily contact with them that they are held utterly responsible for all avoidable accidents upon the roads they direct, and for such fatal and criminal irregularity as now appears to have long prevailed upon the Long Island Railroad.

THE FALL TRADE.

We are in September, and it is now safe to say that the fall trade of the city of New York will be the largest ever known. The country is buying goods in unprecedented quantities, at prices not far below those of the period when gold was at par. Payment is being generally made in cash; where credits are given they are short. Western men, from every State, arrive in the city with wallets stuffed with greenbacks and national currency. Even the latter such large amounts have been brought to town that the banks are inconvenienced, and are pushing up in bundles and sending it west for redemption. There is hardly a branch of general trade that is not unusually active and prosperous. The dry-goods and hardware dealers are not keep any stock on hand; though the importations and the product of the factories are unprecedented; the produce men are as busy as bees; there is a demand for all the paper, cotton, sugars, and spices that can be pushed through the custom-house, without once going to look for a purchaser. Not even in the height of the war, when any thing was deemed better than money, was the trade of New York city more active or more profitable.

Nor is the South far behind the West in our markets. Notwithstanding all that has been said about the poverty of the South, purchasers from that section are arriving every day, and all seem able to pay for what they want. Of course, merchants are not over-anxious to sell on credit to those who made the rebellion an excuse for cheating their Northern creditors. But every one is willing to sell for cash; and this, or cotton, which amounts to the same thing, Southern buyers seem to possess to an amount entirely unexpected. Even to places which were overrun by SHERMAN, in his great march, goods have been sent and for cash within the past months for hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the money paid in greenbacks. One little store at Wilmington, North Carolina, established by Northern men, is selling $3000 of goods a day—all for cash or cotton.

A curious illustration of the effect of the war is afforded by the names of the purchasers which are making trade for the South. Before the war the chief commodities required for the South were luxuries, such as wines, silks, wines, jewels, etc., on the one hand, and the coarser kind of dry goods and farm implements on the other. Now the South is taking no jewels, no silks or wines, and but small quantities of the class of dry goods formerly used for the wear of slaves; but there is no limit to the Southern demand for the quality of dry goods such as Northern mechanics use, for groceries, and for every description of tools and machinery. The entire stock of the New York jobbers, who are making themselves felt in the market, say planter and slave *removed*.

When we last spoke of the probable quantity of cotton to come forward from the South, we mentioned that the best-informed men estimated the stock on hand at 1,500,000 bales. It is now clear that this estimate was considerably short of the truth. But it was so generally received that the price has been maintained; and if the South have only that quantity, this quantity will not its owners more money than was ever before realized for a single crop. A bale of cotton will now buy fifteen barrels of flour instead of five as formerly; five barrels of sugar instead of 1½; twice as much dry goods and three as much hard or tin ware as it used.

No one is drawing attention to the emigration from the North to the South. Yet it is a very remarkable feature of the times. Before the war the Charleston and Savannah steamers charged $15 and $20 for cabin passages, and did a light business. Now, the charge is $50 for cabin and $25 for steerage, and the steamers sail so full that to secure a passage application must be made several days beforehand. A similar increase of business is reported on the railroads running south through Ohio and Kentucky.

Nor is this at all to be wondered at. A com-

potent mechanic—printer, bricklayer, carpenter, mason, engineer, weaver, shoemaker, tailor, baker, blacksmith, tinsmith, or miller—are now command wages in the South more than double the average of past years. We risk nothing in saying that competent carpenters, shipwrights, blacksmiths, masons, and millers can obtain steady employment in any Southern State at not less than $10 a day. Common day laborers are not wanted. Negroes abound to do work which requires no preliminary education. But skilled labor is in such demand that the laborers can dictate terms. Every railroad-bridge, culvert, and station at the South requires rebuilding. Many towns are in the same condition. And the people stand in no position of timy which will labor can produce; and have the means, in the shape of cotton, to pay for what they want.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE war in South America seems to be very imperfectly understood. Even the London *Spectator*, one of the best of the Liberal journals, speaks as if the Dictator of Paraguay were probably very much abused; and in other quarters we remark appeals to the sympathy of republicans for the same personage, who is doubtless the most absolutely despotic ruler in any country on the globe which claims to be civilized.

A gentleman who knows well the history and actual conditions of those regions, of which the world is generally very ignorant, writes that, during the last fifty-four years, Paraguay has had three absolute despots. Its House of Representatives meets *four days out of five*. The Dictator LOPEZ is the sole foreign trader in the country. Paraguay is his plantation. It is a penal offense to undertake commerce or to sell produce to any buyer but the Government, which is LOPEZ. Foreigners are excluded almost as rigorously as from Japan. And in a population of about a million the Dictator maintains a standing army of some sixty thousand men, effected in part by skilful forcing of native youth. The country is virtually inaccessible by land, and is flanked by the Paraguay and Parana rivers.

There is naturally no love lost between such a country and its neighbors, the most powerful of which is Brazil. Brazil is a monarchy, but "it is republicanism itself compared with Paraguay." A Government of Paraguay is the irresponsible will of one man. The representatives of Brazil meet annually. There are local Legislatures in the provinces. The executive of the Empire are regulated by the representatives, and there is perfect liberty of the press. The Argentine Republic is the next most important neighbor of Paraguay. It lies below it upon the River De la Plata, and is a mild and liberal and progressive state. Its institutions are modeled upon those of the United States, including entire freedom of speech and the press. Uruguay, at the mouth of the River De la Plata, is the third and smallest neighbor—a province which was freely relinquished by the Argentine Republic, to which it formerly belonged.

These three States are now leagued in a war with Paraguay. The facts of its beginning are very simple. Brazil and Paraguay were at peace, when a Brazilian steamer was seized in the port of Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. This outrage was followed by an invasion of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso. Paraguay asked leave to cross the territory of the Argentine Republic to attack Brazil, which was at peace with the republic. The request was necessarily refused. Paraguay then seized two Argentine men-of-war and invaded the Argentine province of Corrientes, driving from it its Paraguay a million head of cattle, which are the riches of the republic, and declaring it annexed to Paraguay. The war thus begun by LOPEZ was then accepted by Brazil and the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay has joined the alliance with a small contingent. The first advantage was naturally with Paraguay. But the great result of the struggle has been the annihilation of the Paraguayan navy by the Brazilian fleet.

Upon such facts it is folly to claim the sympathy of civilization for the stern and solitary despotism of Paraguay; and it is unpardonable to represent the war as a struggle between monarchy and republicanism. Paraguay is actually and in spirit the least republican State upon the continent, while Brazil and the Argentine Republic, upon all the world, are constantly advancing in liberal civilization.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

WHEN the papers announce each morning that the United States Sub-treasury at New York has a balance of sixty millions, few readers realize the financial revolution whose accomplishment those figures indicate. In the old times—we call them old times, though they are only five years ago—a balance of $25,000,000 in the Sub-treasury was deemed so enormous that Congress was called upon to legislate for the relief of the community, and the Treasury Department was actually authorized to buy up United States bonds at 126 in order to deplete the Treasury vaults. Now, Mr. VAN DYKE steps quietly on a balance of thirty millions in gold and as much in currency, and nobody troubles his head about it.

In the old times, when paper-money—not a legal tender—reached $200,000,000, financial authorities warned us that we were going headlong to destruction, and that such an inflation must lead to a collapse. Now, we have $1,000,000,000 of paper-money afloat, and yet the money market tightens up periodically; the TREASURY DEPARTMENT more legal tenders; and Congress is going to be asked to authorize a further issue of $300,000,000 national currency for the benefit of our Southern brethren.

In the old times, when Government or the Erie Railroad wanted a loan of five or ten millions, the money market and Wall Street went into convulsions at the announcement, and for days and weeks every body was busy calling in loans, realizing on stocks, and preparing for the terrible "liquidation." Now, Government borrows twelve to fifteen millions a week for months together, and nobody is disturbed by the operation.

In the old times, when the Secretary of the Treasury drew a check in favor of the Mexican Minister for seven or eight dollars in payment of the Mexican indemnity claim, the newspapers were full of nothing else, and the descriptions of Mr. ALEXANDER and the way he presented his check and was blandly asked by Mr. CISCO whether "his carts were at the door to carry off the money" were very amusing. Newspaper Secretaries of the Treasury check for ten millions several times a week, and nobody asks when or how the checks are paid.

In the old times specie was in Wall Street bought or sold fifty shares of stock, and when a broker had an order for 1000 shares his *confrères* gained over him, and he was the lion of the day. Now, it is almost impossible to buy fifty shares of any thing, as even the smallest operators deal in hundred-share lots; and many a street broker has a desk and no standing, buys and sells 10,000 shares in a morning without attracting any remark.

If the last five years have made such changes, what may be expected of the next five?

HAYTI.

WE trust that our readers did not fail to ponder the article in one of our latest Numbers upon HAYTI. It was written by Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, whose official relations and private acquaintance and residence in the island peculiarly fit him for the task. Upon the whole, the country has been the object of more passionate criticism or of falser representation. Especially in our own country during the long and fierce dominance of the slave-power, its history was perverted to the basest purpose. As the Saracen mothers were accustomed to subdue their children to docility by telling them the English King Richard, so the fears of peaceful citizens were aroused by allusions to the horrors of St. Domingo. That was always the last desperate appeal against the incontrovertible argument of the anti-slavery movement. "These fanatics are preparing the way for the horrors of St. Domingo," was the cry raised against intelligent, peaceful, and sagacious citizens by those who were plotting a bloody rebellion, and who were preparing the way for the horrors of Andersonville.

The truth is, that "the horrors o' St. Domingo" were a natural uprising of the slave to re-enslave an emancipated class. They were the terrible protest against the treachery of the race that called itself superior. They were another form of the protest that nothing is so dangerous as plain injustice. If the whites had kept faith with the blacks those horrors would have been impossible.

The history of Hayti has been profoundly sad. The descent from the sagacious administration of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE to the brutal and stupid tyranny of SOULOUQUE was full of tragedy and cruelty. In the empire of SOULOUQUE, as Mr. REDPATH remarks, pure barbarism and civilization met face to face. Since 1858, GEFFRARD, the present President, overthrew the savage element and succeeded to power. He ordered and organized an army. He encouraged education. He established, for the first time, a school for girls, and asked the Pope to send whom he would select to enjoy the sanctity of marriage, and aimed at a modeling of the courts and of the administration of the laws. In short, GEFFRARD did all that he could, and not doing, could not attempt to reconcile the mulattoes and blacks, who are ancient enemies in Hayti. During his Presidency the educational system was more established with the United States, and GEFFRARD sent his personal friend, Colonel ROMAIN, as minister to Washington, a gentleman of liberal education and of the most polished and agreeable manners. Mr. REDPATH describes GEFFRARD as too gentle a ruler to deal with the savage opposition which he must necessarily encounter, and which has now taken arms and plunged into revolution.

The insurrection is led by TURNB SALNAVE and FRANÇOIS JEAN JOSEPH, and is a revolt of barbarism against civilization—of the spirit and purpose of SOULOUQUE against those of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE. Thus far the rebels have made little progress. There are frequent rumors of their success; but so far as appears they are still confined to Cape Haytien, where they are besieged by the national forces. It is possible that GEFFRARD may be compelled to resign, and that a stronger hand and more iron will-power will be summoned to lead the party of progress and civilization. Or the event of war may throw the supreme power again into the hands of SOULOUQUE. If the latter should be the result, it can be merely temporary, and will last only until the sims of intelligent and civilized Haytiens find an adequate leader.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

WE received a few days since an account of the solemn obsequies in memory of Mr. LINCOLN performed by the Archbishop of Buenos Ayres in Alexandria, in Egypt, and we are now informed that M. DE SARMIENTO, the Minister in this country of the Argentine Republic, an accomplished gentleman, a correspondent and friend of the late HORACE MANN, is preparing a Life of President LINCOLN in the Spanish language. M. BARTOLOMÉ MITRE, the son of the President of the Argentine Republic and an attaché of the Legation, has translated the poem by WHITTIER, "In Memoriam Mr. LINCOLN was so fond and which he repeated to Mr. CARPENTER—"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" We should be glad to reproduce it here did not our limited space absolutely forbid. But those who are familiar with the language will appreciate how the spirit of the translation from these two stanzas:

> "Debil mortal! en qué fundas
> Con tu orgullo!
> Cuál es la causa ostensible
> De tu mente vanidosa,
> Será que ignoras acaso
> Que todas las grandezas
> O cual veloz mudable
> Sombra ó la eternidad?

> "Del roble y sauce las hojas
> Mustias se ven y abatidas;
> Van por el aire esparcidas
> Y undas a tierra van!
> Así de los mortales el destino!
> Pobre, rico, débil, fuerte,
> Todos han de caer,
> Igual tumba cubrirá."

It is an interesting fact for us just now that M. MITRE was for some time a private in a company of the Buenos Ayres National Guard, of which the Captain was a Mr. ANDERSON, formerly a servant in the house of M. MITRE's father. Under this Captain he took part in the gallant action at Cepeda, which was a battle of liberation. In the service of the Argentine Republic there are two battalions composed almost entirely of colored soldiers, and a colored Colonel, who is also a member of the National House of Representatives.

The "inexplicable" fancy of an educated South American for brave and honorable men of a different race seems in this instance to have disappeared altogether. Apparently the honorable Spanish Americans, also, we shall not be surprised if it becomes likewise extinct.

LITERARY.

"Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" (HARPER & BROTHERS) is just issued for the fourth year. The great throng of American travelers should not leave home without it; for in the space of six hundred well-printed pages they will find an itinerary of travel through Europe and the East corrected to 1865, and logically and clearly arranged to give the utmost information in the smallest compass. There is no other yearly issue of any European work upon it, and the publishers intend to issue this every year as complete as it can be made. The great advantage of a book of this kind, covering the whole ground, giving the essential information and advice founded upon experience, and thus conveniently bound in flexible covers, is obvious. It saves the traveler a library of hand-books. There is a short skeleton tour added of travel in the Holy Land, with a brief description of the chief cities and places of interest. But we can not say that it is a fact deserving a place in such a Hand-Book that the lovely village on Mount Washington upon the Hudson is the property of JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Esq.—or as we agree with the London *Times*, "the masterly genius of LEE, who controlled the destinies of the Confederate armies," will help to make West Point "forever famous in history," except as the same region is made famous by the "traitor ARNOLD," as the author calls the last General, who had doubtless a much more masterly military genius than LEE. ROBERT E. LEE will not be remembered by West Point but by Andersonville. The slanderous thrust against his name mentioned in the same sentence and with higher praise than GRANT and MEADE. These, however, are puffs which do not destroy the intrinsic value of the Hand-Book, which is written with express reference to the wants of American travelers, and whose great popularity is the highest practical proof of its value.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW JERSEY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

THE Democratic Convention of New Jersey met at Trenton August 30. General RONGON was chosen candidate for Governor. Resolutions were adopted declaring the failure of the rebellion to Northern citizens, strongly favoring State rights, opposing negro suffrage, military arrests and trials, and pronouncing the national debt a national disgrace.

PROSTRATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston *Daily News* thus depicts the commercial prostration of South Carolina and Charleston:

"It will not be surprising to our readers, in and out of the state, to learn that the assessed valuation of the city is record now. Of $18,000,000 in bank stock all is lost. Of $5,000,000 in railroads the market value is not more than twenty per cent. Of three hundred companies not ther can evaluate hundred, $20,000,000 in interests no dividends can be expected. Of five thousand houses in Charleston fifteen hundred have been burned, and others almost irreparably damaged. Of estates of slaves and miners, and of property in litigation, four-fifths are represented by Confederate securities, and are therefore valueless. Of our many merchants, lately of large capital and unblemished credit, few have assets to pay the small debts against them at the beginning of the war, of the many large and valuable estates in Beaufort district and the adjacent islands all have been confiscated, and many have been sold for taxes. Of the large cotton estates still further from the coast, few have been abandoned. Of the cotton on hand at the beginning, and during the war, every one possessing it is now at least $20,000,000, the larger portion has been taken or destroyed. Of the household furniture, plate, pictures, elements, utensils, and furniture, and silverware, all but an inconsiderable amount have been consumed, damaged, or taken. Of the money in the hands of our citizens at the commencement of the war, or accruing from the sale or property, or the practice of professions, or the payment of debts, all has been invested in securities of the rejected States. Of the whole population of the State not one-fifth has ever possessed a dollar. Of the funds of the colleges, charitable institutions, and societies, all else, or nearly all, have been sunk. Of the bank of the State not held by the Government little has any market value. Of the State Capitol and of ruin has also been made the value of four hundred thousand slaves, estimated a few years since at $400,000,000. And there, therefore, of the $490,000,000 worth of property in this State in 1860 but little more than $50,000,000 are remain."

NEWS ITEMS.

Major-General Meade left Washington, August 24, on an inspection tour through the Department of Virginia, North and South Carolina.

Brevet Major-General Charles Devens has left Boston to report at Charleston, South Carolina.

It is now said that Mr. DAVIS will be tried before a United States Circuit Court. It is probable that the trial will commence at North Anna Station, Virginia, about Miles, in command at Fortress Monroe, telegraphs that DAVIS has been and is still attended with every comfort and attention to his legs.

In eight months there have been 138 railroad accidents, by which 266 persons have been killed and 1189 wounded.

The Governor of Georgia has issued the case of the Long Island Railroad slaughter have attributed the murder to the conductor of the train, and to the engineer of the express train. They censure President Clarick for the careless management of the road.

Commodore John Collins, of the United States navy, died at South Carney, New Hampshire, on the 1st inst.

The British steamship *Queen*, which arrived at this port from Liverpool on the 7th instant, brought fifty-three cabin passengers, the largest number of persons that ever crossed the Atlantic in a single vessel.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Directors of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company are so confident of being able to lay successfully a submarine cable from Ireland to Newfoundland, and of recovering the end of the present cable, that they have offered to transfer to the new Atlantic Telegraph Company, to make and lay, during the summer of 1866, an entirely new cable and to complete the line on or to leave, next year, two efficient telegraph lines between Europe and America. All who have observe, a servant in the house have unabated confidence in complete success next year.

The English Government, after being fully informed in a manner corresponding with the previous proceedings at Charleston, which the Fenians have expressed their hostility to the United States.

The Italian Minister of the Interior, in order to prevent disturbances, has ordered that religious processions shall not in future take place in the streets without previous previous authorization of the authorities, the latter being empowered to prohibit them if necessary.

The Schleswig-Holstein difficulty has for the present resolved itself into a dispute between Prussia, Austria, Austria's pecuniary indemnity, while a joint provisional government is established by the two Governments. The Paris *Presse*, in an article on the Austro-Prussian Convention, says: "It is now no longer a question of possibility, but of expression and confirmation, which authorize every reader to look forward to the definitive settlement on the Rhine may suit France, and France might appreciate it with moderation."

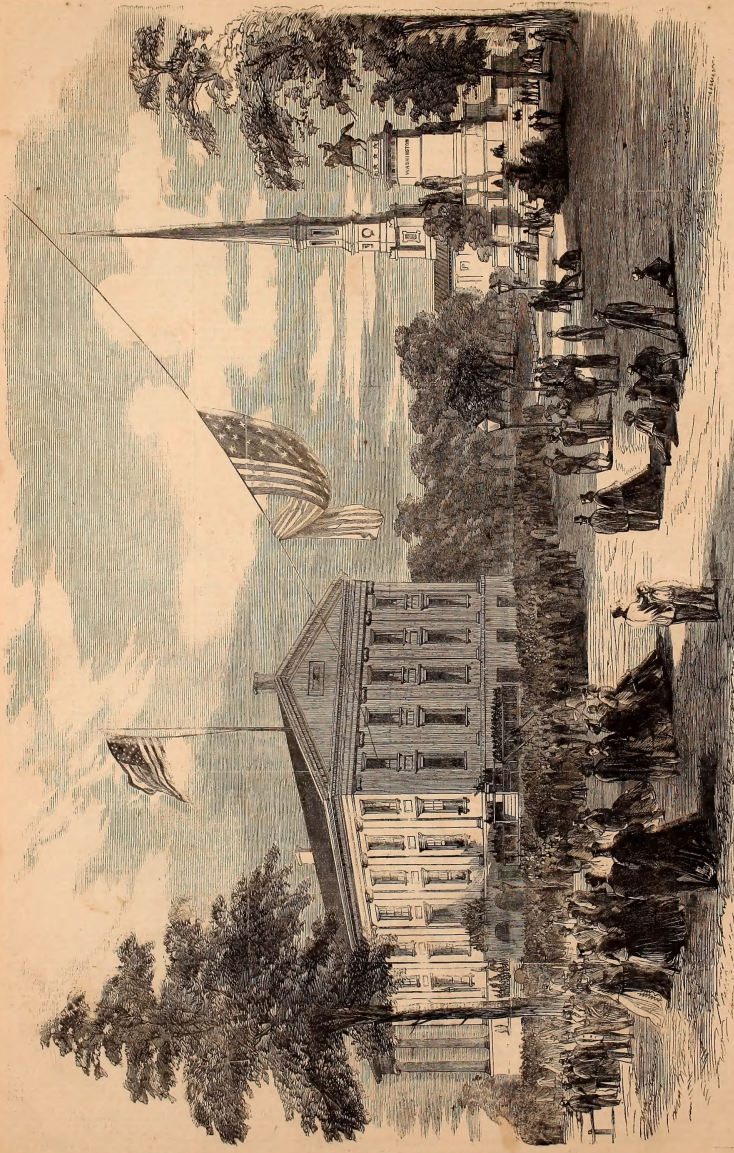
The cholera is diminishing at Constantinople. There was at last accounts 3000 deaths from the epidemic in England. It is noticed by the London Times, however, that the epidemic differs in its character from those of 1832, 1849, and 1854. Then its line of progress was from India to Persia, and thence through Persia, Asia Minor, Turkey, Russia, Austria, Prussia, North Germany, and England. But this time it appears to have found England its choice as on its route from India. It was first reported, in the strength, in Egypt, and then it raged terribly, spreading along the coast to Damietta, and running up the Nile to Cairo. It was not heard of in the interior of the Isle of Cyprus, at Constantinople, and in the villages on the Bosphorus, but it was reported from Arcona, from Bombay, and Madras, from Malta, from the Ionian Islands and New Orleans. But in no one of these instances had it advanced so far as it has now reached in Europe. In the case of Cairo can hardly be considered an exception. It is but ten years since Lord Aberdeen, then Premier, declared it was very intense. Once there was a story of its appearance in Marseilles, but it was found subsequently to have not advanced beyond Marseilles, or beyond any of the inland ports on the coast of France. In Southern Italy it has been attacked, but only under similar conditions. Where it had appeared it had been found in the cities and—the former a town close upon the coast, the latter a little further inland. Naples, the results of a visit, it can say up to the present moment. The only exception is a report of the mission to Rome, but even there the precautionary measures is reduced to "cholerine," and is apparently only such as should be observed in most southern cities. In short, upon a summary of the evidence, we come to this, that has not appeared in the Mediterranean ports of Europe, but that there has been an extraordinary outbreak of cholera in the valley of the Mediterranean.

Advices regarding the progress of the rebellion in the republic of Hayti are very favorable to the revolutionists, who had taken Fort St. Michael, opposite the town of Cape Haytien, after a compelling of cannon for the bombardment of the latter and the evacuation of Petite Anse by the forces of President GEFFRARD. Reinforcements for the rebels in Cape Haytien are reported, and it is said that those persons are being harassed with the rebels to expand on the streets.

The war in South America progresses slowly. At last accounts there were three grand divisions of the Paraguayan army, each of them advancing and meeting any serious impediment. Each of the three countries of the allies has taken the field. Meanwhile the Argentine Corrientes has been almost laid waste by the invaders. The General in command of Brazil, has been appointed and one of his chief towns taken, and Uruguay has been invaded by a wing of the same force. The war-steamer has been sustained by the Paraguayans in the province of Rio Grande, and has been blockaded on the river by the great naval battle of the 11th ult. was a sad blow to them. As they are so completely cut off from the outside world their naval fall for want of ammunition. They are already beginning to serve in their land service.

Professor Agassiz's scientific expedition in Brazil promises interesting results. The Professor is an old friend of the Emperor of Brazil, Don Pedro II., and he has met with great favor from his Majesty. The Emperor placed a fine steamer at the service of the expedition, and the Professor gave a course of lectures in French before the court.

A telegram of the 13th of July from Shanghai says: "The Nipponese rebels are encamped in the neighborhood of Hakodadi. The Japanese Princes taken the city, and the report is generally believed to be correct. The Tycoon's Government Minister has again demanded his release, with the intimation that a refusal will be considered a declaration of war.



THE MASS MEETING HELD AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AUGUST 29, 1865.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



OUR BABY-SHOW.—[From Photographs furnished mainly by A. Gardner, Washington.]

THE TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WIRZ.

THE case of Captain WIRZ, charged with the indictment of wanton cruelties upon our soldiers confined under his charge at Andersonville, was opened in the Court of Claims office before the Military Commission at Washington, August 21.

The room of the Court of Claims is large and well furnished. At the end of the room is occupied with a long table, at which sit the members of the Military Commission, with the tables for the counsel and the reporters at the right of the reporter of the Court; while in the other end of the room are a dozen very handsome lounge seats. The room looks out through two large windows into the lively and pleasant park west of the Capitol. At the head of the long table sits Major-General LEW WALLACE, President of the Commission. Next him sits Major-General GERSHAM MOTT, with a prompt, business-like air. Next in order is Brigadier-General LORENZO THOMAS, our Adjutant-General. Still lower down on the right is Brigadier-General E. D. BABCOCK. Last on that side of the table sits Brevet Colonel THOMAS ALCOCK. Next to the President on the left side of the table is General Grant. Then in order sit Brigadier-General FRANCIS FESSENDEN, Brigadier-General BALLIER, and Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. STIBBS. At the foot, and facing General WALLACE, sits the Judge Advocate, Colonel N. P. CHIPMAN. We give an illustration of the court-room on our first page. On page 586 will be found illustrations of the distressing features of our prisoners' life at Andersonville.

At half past 10 A.M. on the 23d, HENRY WIRZ, the prisoner, was brought before the Court. He is a native of Switzerland, about forty years of age, five feet seven inches in height, slender in form, with stooping shoulders and pinched features. His eyes are gray and restless. His counsel were Ex-Judge HUMPHREYS, Governor DENNISON of Florida, CHARLES J. PECK of Illinois, and LOUIS SCHADE of Washington.

The charges and specifications against Captain WIRZ were: 1. Conspiring with ROBERT E. LEE, JAMES A. SEDDON, JOHN H. WINDER, LUCIUS D. NORTHROP, RICHARD B. RHETT, GEORGE WHITE, W. S. WINDER, R. R. STEVENSON, — MOORE, and others to injure the health and destroy the lives of United States soldiers held as prisoners of war by the Confederate States; 2. Murder, in violation of the laws and customs of war.

Under the second charge there are thirteen several specifications.

The trial of the Commission was dissolved, but was again called together on the 24th. The President had ordered that WIRZ alone should be tried, and a new indictment had been made out, having out of the first charge the names of General LEE, JAMES A. SEDDON, LUCIUS D. NORTHROP, and MOORE. Judge ADVOCATE CHIPMAN and Colonel HUGHES gave up his position as counsel. Mr. PECK followed the Judge's example. This produced a sensation in the Court, and the prisoner remonstrated with Mr. PECK, who replied that he could be of no service to the accused, as Judge-Advocate was attorney for the prisoner by law.

On the 24th LOUIS SCHADE and O. H. BAKER appeared as counsel for the prisoner. The prisoner plead "Not guilty." Then the case began for the prosecution. A letter written by the prisoner at Andersonville, May 7, 1865, to General WILSON was offered in evidence. The prisoner, in this letter, plead that, in all that was done at Andersonville, he was only a tool in the hands of his superiors. He says:

I do not think I ought to be held responsible for the shortness of rations, or the overcrowded state of the prison, which was in itself a prolific source of the fearful mortality; for the same reasons applies of clothing, want of shelter, etc., etc. Still I now bear the odium, and not those who were placed there by order of Gen. LEE, and vengeance upon me for what they have suffered, who up until the middle of April kept better care for them in the hands of my superiors.

C. C. GIBBS, once commandant of the post of Camp Sumter at Andersonville, testified to the crowded state of the prison; "it was more like an ant-hill than anything else." At an early period there were only 6000 or 7000 prisoners there; subsequently there were 33,000. He testified to the existence of a "dead line," and to the fact that hounds were employed to track escaped prisoners.

DR. JOHN E. BATES, an assistant rebel surgeon at Andersonville, arrived for duty at that post September 22, 1864, and remained until March 26. On going into a ward of the hospital he "was nathe absolutely. He saw a number of men lying, partially naked, dirty and lousy, in the sand; others were crowded together in small but inconceivable tents. They often asked him for a tea-spoonful of salt, or for some of the siftings from the meal, or for a bone. He perceived the destitute of many destitute, as also of clothing and bedding. There was little fuel. He narrated the story of a young prisoner of fifteen or sixteen years of age, to whom he occasionally brought a potato or a biscuit, and who finally died of gangrene and scurvy; "his sores gangrened, and, from want of food and fuel, he died." It was against the orders to give any thing to the prisoners to help their condition. DR. BATES testified that there were 20,000 or 25,000 prisoners crowded together, of whom from 2000 to 3200 were sick. Many had made holes, or burrows in the earth. The Doctor "saw but little shelter, excepting what ingenuity had devised. He says:

I found them suffering with scurvy, diarrhœa, dysentery, gangrene, pneumonia, and other diseases. When prisoners died they were put in the ground, naked, frequently, I carried off. I don't know how they were buried. The shelters from the hospital was very offensive; if by accident my hands were shrinked I could not go into the hospital without putting a plaster over the affected part. If persons whose systems were reduced by inactive health, purchasing, during a few or scratch the hand, the scurvy put to me was gangrene, so much as to make me

A HYMN.

To Thee, Eternal One,
Ancient of Days,
For this that Thou hast done,
For this time arm has won,
Be endless praise!
Sweet Peace is here; bend from Thy Throne and see
A Nation smiling through her tears at Thee.

America bemoans
Her dead! bleed shed
Above all victor tones
She hears their dying groans—
Her deathless dead!
She hails the dawn of day; but by its light
She sees the wretched havoc of the night.

And yet we praise Thy name,
Father above;
Thou art—though cities flame
And battles rage—the same,
O God of Love!
Rods war awakened us; the noble strife
Aroused us from deep lethargy to life.

Thy fierce north smote this land
Low in the dust;
And now we do not stand,
But kneel, and bless that Hand—
God of our trust!
For henceforth to a nobler life we're called,
"Redeemed, regenerated, disinthralled."

HOW TIME WAS KILLED FOR ME.

My greatest trouble is that I have too much money. My greatest virtue, in one view of it, is that I don't want any more. If the latter fact accounts for my being so lazy, let it go at that.

I am lazy, surely; and *ennuied*, most of the time, and *blasé*, and all that sort of thing. I've been the round of the amusements until nothing in that way gives me any satisfaction. It has been suggested to me that it might be a good idea if I would go to work. I may do that yet out of sheer despair.

I go to theatres, and yawn all through the play. I go to balls and *soirées*, and am disgusted; these girls all know I'm rich. I lolled away a week at Newport in July and bathed once or twice, but what a bore it is to bathe! There's no taking your ease in the water, the surf knocks a fellow about so.

One day last week I had been taking a drive in the Park, and toward evening strolled down Broadway, a thing I never ventured upon, usually. What should I do to kill the time? As I reached Taylor's I glanced in, and remembered with a sigh the delights which I had looked upon the gaudy glories of that big saloon, one evening six or eight years ago, when I was making my first visit to New York, with a party of school-boy friends. That was about a year before I came into my property, you know, and I was as fresh as a daisy.

Stirred by the sweet memory of that happy, impecunious time, I strolled into the saloon and sat down, ordering something to eat and a bottle of wine. While engaged in poking a piece of chicken with a fork, and trying to pretend I enjoyed the wine, I was suddenly surprised at beholding a good-looking middle-aged lady, in a black silk dress, come up to me and sit down opposite at my table.

"This is Mr. Smith, I believe. Isn't it?" said she.

"Not at all," said I; "my name is Jones."

"I say, however," it is St. Clair," but I did not deem it necessary that the woman should know my name.

"Why, I was sure this was Mr. Smith," said she.

"It's all the same," said I; "it's very near it—Jones is. Will you have a glass of wine with me?"

"Sir!" said she, with some asperity.

"I asked you—a glass of wine, you know. It's not the best, but such as it is—"

"Your impertinence will not avail you, Mr. Smith," said the woman; and she gathered up her black silk skirts and left me.

I raised my eyes a trifle, and languidly watched her cross the room as I sipped my wine. She approached a couple of her ladies and one gentleman, and exchanged some observations with them, upon which they all bent an earnest gaze me-ward.

Then they left.

A minute after I strolled out also, and there they all were in a group on the sidewalk, evidently waiting for me. The gentleman—quite a well-appearing chap he was, too—came up to me and said:

"I think Mr. Smith, I will not trouble you."

"It is not," said I; "I am familiar with the name of Smith, but I do not own it."

Then I stepped into the street and lit a cigar. I had just come across a lot of the prettiest Havanas, up town, and had put a whole bunch of them in my pocket.

My friends remained at the door, and I offered the gentleman a cigar, which he courteously declined. The whole group then approached me more closely.

"Certainly, it is Mr. Smith," said a gushing little creature in a blue silk.

"Of course it is," said another gushing little creature in a green silk.

"It is useless for you to deny your name, Mr. Smith; you see we all recognize you perfectly."

"And in case my name was Smith, Sir, why I ask what Smith could do to serve you and your fair companions?"

"A good deal, Sir," said the gentleman; "as much, I believe, Mr. Jones, as two hundred dollars, is it not?"

The lady in the black silk nodded.

"That's not a good deal," said I.

"Then perhaps you'll pay it at once, Mr. Smith, and save further trouble."

"Assuredly I will," said I, "when I owe it."

"Then you mean to deny, Sir," said the gentleman, very deliberately, "that you owe Mrs. Jones here that sum for board; that you left her house on Thursday night last; and carried off besides—quite by mistake, I dare say—a valuable ring belonging to this young lady, Miss Julia Jones?"

I raised my hat to Miss Julia Jones.

"Then I judge," said I, "that I must have been on agreeably intimate terms with this young lady at the time my name was Smith?"

"Was there ever such impertinence!" ejaculated Miss Julia Jones.

"Really, about the hardest case of check I ever saw in my life," said the gentleman, staring curiously at me.

"I beg you good-day, ladies," said I, "and you, Sir."

I strolled up street smoking. They followed me, and presently I felt a policeman's hand laid on my shoulder.

"Beg'r pardon, Sir," said the protector of innocence, "this gentleman directs your arrest."

"Arrest!" said I. "Well, this is interesting. On what charge, pray?"

"Grand larceny," said the gentleman, nodding to the officer.

I blew my cigar nervously. At first I had half a notion to pay these people what they demanded, but on second thought I concluded that would be a little too refreshing.

"These people," said I, "are mistaken in the man. My name is not Smith. It is St. Clair. You may have heard it of."

"Yes, I've heard it often," said the policeman, "it's a werry nice sort o' a name, an' quite a favorite with women—not the sharpest sort, though. It's a gittin' wore out."

"If all the lions was Jones," said the lady in the black silk.

"Oh, be did?" remarked the policeman. "Well, Jones is a mighty common name, too. Don't want him shut up, Sir? It's too late to take him afore the judge now, you know."

"No," said the gentleman; "give him every chance. It is about dinner-time now. We will go to the house and confront him with the other boarders. He can't deny it."

"Since you will have it so, Sir, and ladies," said I, "I suppose I may as well go with you. Especially as I have plenty of leisure. But I prefer to take a carriage, if you do not object—at my expense, of course."

So the policeman, the gentleman, and myself rode to Mrs. Jones's boarding-house in Blanque Street.

We shall take no unfair advantage of you, Mr. Smith," said the gentleman. "You shall enter the dining-room alone. The officer will remain in the hall and listen. If the boarders receive you as a stranger, very well; if not, otherwise."

I obeyed—and entered the dining-room and took a seat at the table.

"I told you so, Sir," said Mr. Smith," said a gentleman in spectacles at my left.

And then the boarders all about the table looked and nodded their acknowledgments.

"It's all right," said the policeman, entering. "Nothing could be snugger. Come on, my man."

"Our mistake," said I, "not yours. Good-by."

I appeal to the ladies and gentlemen here present to scrutinize me with careful eyes. I am not Mr. Smith. There is some mistake. My name is Edward L. St. Clair. Here is my card. I reside at No. — Avenue, and will prove my identity to the most stubborn appreciation."

The male boarders shook their heads. The ladies simpered, and exchanged glances that said, "I did my very best to plainly as you ever did.

"Come along, my gentleman," said the policeman, "you've got to all intents of thing, you know. It won't work. I want you now."

He took me. Nothing easier.

In vain I declared that I had been to my residence—that one or any of my friends be sent for—Judge Carmel, the Reverend Percy Fitzpoot, the Honorable Alsatian Montgomery—all were in vain.

"Don't you want to see Barnum, or Fernando Wood?" queried the officer, sarcastically. "You must think I'm a fool, if you don't. I tell you—"

In the shadow of the falling night he led me away to the Tombs.

I felt quite a chill run over me as I was ushered into the long corridor of that cheerful abode of mirth and festivities. The first thing I found was that there was a man's hand in my pantaloons pocket. He was an officer. He "went through me" with great celerity, took away my pocket-book and watch, scrutinized keenly a ring of keys he found in one pocket, and demanded sharply, "What's this?" concerning a small bottle of morphine, which I had received from Paris, and which he clearly thought was some burglarious utensil. They put my name and address down in a book, and then brought a grated opening in the door, there being lamps burning in the corridor.

I soon became accustomed to the light and surveyed my cell. The dirt there was astounding. There were many names written on the already opening the apartment, and the soles of their bare feet were crusted with the dirt from the stone-floor, but made a narrow bed, with a mean little mattress and a hideous flannel blanket, for us three to go on.

"Hi there! *Ohe jam satis!*

One of us was a sailor. He was in, he said, on a charge of robbing a mess-mate.

"And did you?" I asked.

"Do I look like or thief?" he asked, with proud scorn.

I certainly thought he did, but I didn't say so. I offered him a cigar instead.

The other of us was in for an attempted burglary.

"And did you?"

"Who? Me! No! It's a damn conspiracy."

He took a cigar also.

Fortune never quite forsakes us. That lucky package of Havanas became my spar in this wide ocean of distress. I kept myself awake with them through all the long night, during which I never once left my feet. The bed was too nasty to even sit on, of course, and the only other seat in the cell was still nastier. So I paced the stone-floor till my brain, I can't say I was especially disturbed in a morbid sense. I rather—upon my word—I rather liked the idea of it, viewed as an idea. But it was very tiresome, I must say.

They stuck three tin dishes full of some nauseating mess through the door somewhere about seven o'clock, I guessed (I hadn't my watch, you know), one mess for each of us. My companions ate their messes with greedy relish. Then they ate mine; and relieved me very much by doing so, as I was not entirely certain but that prison discipline would compel me to eat it, and I feared it was a little too rich for my stomach. I should certainly have thrown it up if I had ever got it down.

Of course, when I was taken before the magistrate, it was a simple matter to establish my identity.

There was great indignation in our set for a few days about it, and all sorts of vengeful threats were made, principally by young fellows like Parkes Porter, Jun., who would run from a caterpillar with its back up.

One was going to have Action discharge that policeman off the force.

"Let him alone," said I; "he did his duty. It was no fault of his."

Another was going to cowhide that young gentleman—Harris his name was. He was engaged to him now, you know; apologized in the handsomest manner about it.

"Pooh!" said I; "let him alone too. It was not his fault either."

Then whose fault was it, St. Clair?" demanded Perkins Porter, Jun.

"Mine," said I.

And this is to warn Smith, in a friendly manner, to keep away, unless he is prepared to settle with Mrs. Jones, and Miss Julia Jones in the bargain. I wouldn't mind lending him the money for the board-bill if he stands ready to do the entirely fair thing by Miss Julia, and will settle down.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FASHIONS.—The Egyptians shaved their heads as a mark of distinction. Wigs composed of rough-haired and long-bearded Asiatic nations. They also shaved their beards, which were allowed to grow when in mourning, and looked upon in any other circumstances as a sign of low and unfashionable life. The beard grew over their chosen poles wigs made of curled hair, with a series of plaits at the back. Children, who could not afford the expense of real hair, had theirs made of black sheep's wool. By a rather singular taste, they also wore false artificial beards, which they likewise ordered to be inspected at their pleasure. The latter were generally made very short and square; that of a king equally square, but much longer, and in all cases the end was curled and turned up at the end. Ladies wore their hair long, and rolled in front by means of pomatum, part of which they used to plaster back, and the remainder descended on each side of the face in two large curls. Their dress was generally had an ornamental fillet round the head, with a lotus bud in front by way of ornament. Some of the ornaments of the *ureus* included in a head-dress representing a peculiar kind of serpent, supposed to be the deity of the asps; and princesses were usually distinguished by a coiffure of ex-traordinary height, surmounted by the riches of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.—There were two Hanoverian horses which died a few days ago during the same day during the whole Peninsular war, in the German Brigade of artillery. Any One of these horses had been engaged, after which the survivor was picked to assist, and in this way it happened that it refused to eat, and was constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes to neigh for him. Every one was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted to induce it to take nourishment, but these were surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them. He would not touch corn, and his strength scarcely, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the day his companion died.

A FLOWER STORY.—We are told that the Duke of Tuscany was the first gentleman who wore a bunch of jasmine, and he was so jealously fearful lest others should enjoy the sight of it that he issued a decree that strict injunctions were given to his gardener not to give a slip, not so much as a single branch, to any one. The command that the gardener would have been faithful had not love wounded the heart of a beautiful girl, the daughter of a fair but penniless lord, whose want of a dowery and his own poverty alone kept them apart. She contrived to get by bribing one of his minions he procured her with a nosegay, and, to reward the man, she presented it with a kiss. The poor girl, wishing to preserve the bloom of this nosegay, put it in water, and the water in a few minutes grew all the year. In the following spring it grew and blossomed, and in the following autumn produced and ripened seed under the fair nymphs cultivation that she was able to amass a little fortune by selling the produce of which love had made her, when, with a sprig of jasmine in her bosom, she was married to the object of her love, the gardener of her heart. And the Tuscan girls to this time wear the jasmine flower in their hair, wearing a nosegay of jasmine on their wedding-day; and they have a proverb, which is, "Happy is the bride the jasmine sees," rich enough to make the fortune of a poor husband.

STRANGE COINCIDENCES.—On the 16th of April Ovrid, Emperor of Russia, died, both occasions remarked that crimes; and William III., Anne, George I., George II., George III., Queen Victoria, Napoleon, and Louis Napoleon have all died on a Saturday.

PRECAUTION.—The best way to be "Wealth of Nations," shows, in a few simple words, the value of the diamond. Every guarantee it will afford for the very worst of which the diamond receives its best name and recommendation. In other words, a diamond, nothing is so useful as water, it will purchase scarcely any thing. It will purchase very little money and a small amount of any other commodity can be had in exchange for it. On the other hand, a diamond, although only value in itself, a great quantity of coin or other goods may be had in exchange for it. Hence, a diamond of the same size as water value in exchange could not be more richly explained to the very simplest capacity.

But the diamond belongs as much to the poet as to the philosopher or the political economist. Poets have chosen to draw his contrast, too—not between the diamond and water, but between the gem and a flower:

Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,

We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
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This judgment, however unquestioned it may have been in the schools of the "great Anne" and "great Brunswicks" probably, in the present day, would be the strongest effort of the sun in giving brilliancy to the diamond than there is in giving fragrance to the rose. The "blush" of the one and the "blaze" of the other are equal as the result of effort, for each is of God's work and of God's will. Whatever may be the difference of their value in exchange, we know that a single rose is the best of a fair young girl adds more to the adornment of her person than a string of diamonds. It is the touch of an innocent, happy girl a more delicious thing to see than the glare of the most profusely diamonded woman? And then, chemists now are said to be able to reduce the diamond to its primitive charcoal; but none know as yet how to have it though dead, their side is a delicious memory of the by-gone. "Time of roses," it has been said, "it is not those that adorn them—pure to the sight and sweet in memory. Bright, but unsubstantial, hard, diamonds never yet perfumed their wearers. There is a charm in them, St. Andrews says, which is not known to those who have their own. Women who wear diamonds, said the saint, may be as pure and charitable as she genus, but this quality assuredly, will grow as hard.

THE WAR DOGS OF NORMANDY.—"The Count de Gisi up in a narrow bag and then buried in a hole in the ground for twenty-five hours. At the end of that time it forms a hard mass, which it brokes up with a wooden mallet, whereupon it finds a very small though not entirely certain but that prison discipline would compel me to eat it, and I feared it was a little too rich for my stomach. I should certainly have thrown it up if I had ever got it down.

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DOGS TEARING A PRISONER.



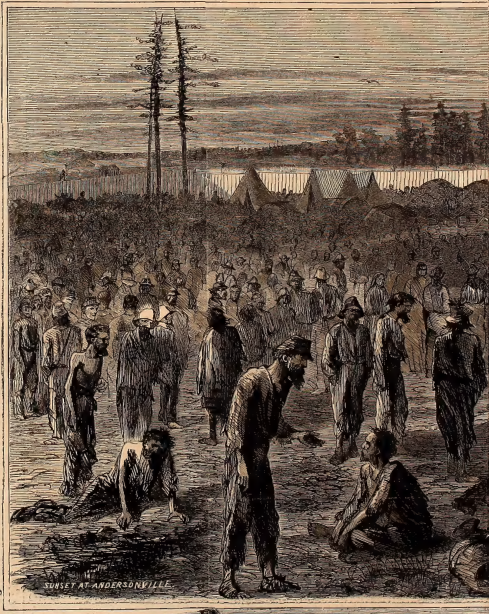
CHAIN GANG AND IRON COLLARS.



CAPT.



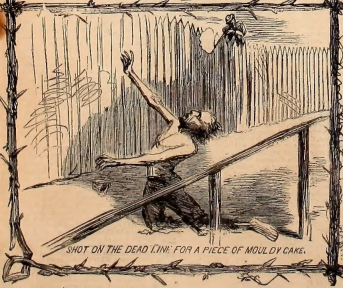
FIGHTING FOR BONES.



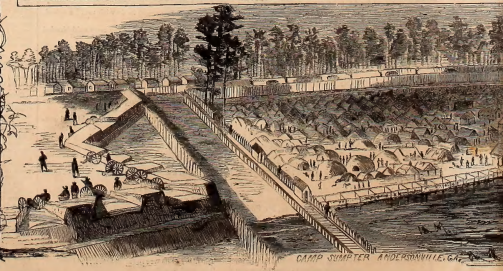
SUNSET AT ANDERSONVILLE.



BALL & CHAIN.



SHOT ON THE DEAD LINE FOR A PIECE OF MOULDY CAKE.



CAMP SUMPTER ANDERSONVILLE, GA.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON SCENES, ILLUSTRAT



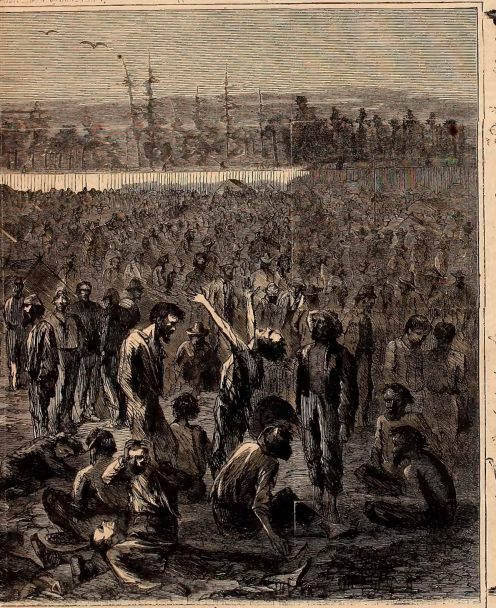
IRZ.



DRIVEN TO MADNESS



WIRZ STAMPING ON A PRISONER.

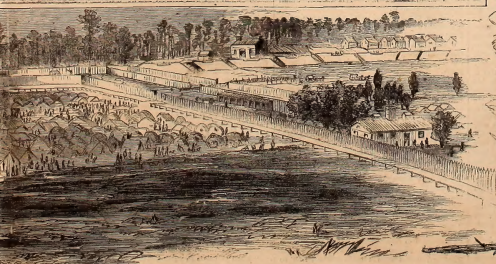




HOW THEY ROBBED PRISONERS.



CRAWLING TO THE SWAMP FOR WATER.





MUD BURROW.

TING CAPTAIN WIRZ'S TRIAL.—[See Page 582.]

EARLY AUTUMN.

Across the brook the yellow golden rods,
With nodding plumes, and tidy swaying there;
Above the stream the summer's flying seeds,
Like tinsken lances, fill the balmy air.

A golden light upon the mountain slopes,
His feet are hid in valley vapors wet,
The highland blackberry on the wooded steeps
Wears its ripe berries of enameled jet.

The pearly clouds, bestained within the sky,
Edged with pale gold, like summer castles stand,
Seen in a vision by some dreamer's eye,
Crowning the misty slopes of fairy-land.

The gentle winds scarce stir the fading leaves.
Scarce move the brown and withered clover heads;
And undisturbed the hairy spider weaves,
From bough to bough, her web of filmy threads.

Warm on the grass the brooding sunbeam lies;
The wandering airs are filled with faint perfumes;
The grave's-ire shoots each ridge decries
The upland sumach's crimson painted plumes.

Upon the topmost spray the blackbird sings,
With ruffled throat, his silvery-threaded song;
The drowsy bee, with gossamer wings,
Hums his low, rusty hymn the whole day long.

Idly I lie with half-shut, dreamful eyes,
And listen to the sounds that fill the air—
The bee's low hum; the wind's melodious sighs;
The various bleatings—floating blithely there.

Oh, soon will come the melancholy days,
When Nature seems to wear a hidden grief,
And black and bare the boss pleasant ways,
Where moaning winds shall whirl the faded leaf!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE ART OF SELLING OUT.

IF was no wonder that Saxon could not be found when he was wanted, or that it was late before he returned to the house. His imprisonment lasted altogether more than an hour; and when Michael Vaughan at last rose and went away, he took a long walk round to another direction, in order that he might be able to account for his absence.

He had no sooner made his appearance, however, in the drawing-room than the Earl carried him off to Signor Colonna's study, and there left him. The Italian met him with outstretched hands; and Olimpia, who was writing busily, looked up and smiled at the same time.

"What am I to say to you, Mr. Trefalden?" exclaimed Colonna. "How shall I thank you?"

"Pray don't mention it," said Saxon, shyly.

"How can I help mentioning it? An act of such munificence—"

"I should be so much obliged to you," interrupted Saxon, "if you would say nothing about it."

"You may compel me to silence, Mr. Trefalden; but every true heart in Italy will thank you."

"I hope not, because I don't deserve it. I did it to—to please Miss Colonna."

"Then you please me, at least permitted her to thank you as you deserve to be thanked, Mr. Trefalden," said the Italian, as he glanced smilingly from the one to the other. "And now will you pardon me if I ask you a question?"

"I shall be happy to answer a thousand."

"You have given us your check for a very large sum," said Colonna, taking the paper from his desk, and glancing at it as he spoke. "For so large a sum that I have almost doubted whether your banker will cash it on presentation. It is unusual, at all events, for even millionaires like yourself, Mr. Trefalden, to keep so many loose thousands at their banker's. May I ask if you have any idea as to the thought?"

Saxon stared hard at the check across the table, and wondered whether Olimpia had really doubled it or not; but the slope of the desk prevented him from seeing the figures distinctly.

"I have no idea of it," he replied, with a troubled look, "and—and I am really afraid—"

"That your balance will be found insufficient to cover it?" added Colonna, entering a brief memorandum on the margin of the check. "It is fortunate that I asked the question."

"I am sorry—" stammered Saxon.

"Why so? It is a matter of no importance. I am afraid—"

"I do not know, of course, how your money is placed," said Signor Colonna, "but I should suppose myself, in your place, no difficulty in transferring to Drummond's whatever amount may be necessary."

"It is in Government stock—that is, a great part of it," replied Saxon, mindful of the great Overland Route Railway and Steam Packet Company.

"Oh, then you will only have to sell out. Nothing easier."

Nothing easier, indeed! Poor Saxon!

"You may have to go up to town, however," added Colonna. "By-the-way, who is your stock-broker?"

But Saxon did not even know what a stock-broker was.

"My cousin manages my money for me," said he, "and I must go to him about it."

"Mr. Trefalden of Chancery Lane?"

"Yes."

Signor Colonna and his daughter exchanged glances.

"I do not see that you need trouble your cousin this time," said the Italian, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why not?"

"Because a lawyer has nothing to do with the transfer of stock. He can only employ a stock-broker for you; and why should you not employ a stock-broker for yourself? It is more simple."

"I don't think my cousin William would like it," said Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Pray pardon me, but is it well that you should defer so much to his opinion? Might it not lead him to think himself privileged to set foolish some sort of censorship over your action?"

Saxon was silent. He knew that his cousin had already established that censorship, and that he had submitted to it. But he did not feel inclined to acknowledge it.

"The present," said Signor Colonna, "is a case in point. Your cousin is no hearty friend to our cause. He never gave sixpence to Italy in his life, and he will be grudged this noble gift of yours from an adverse point of view. Why then place the matter before him. If he disapproved you would not withdraw your donation—"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Saxon, hastily.

"And you would offend him by your interference. Be advised by me, my dear Mr. Trefalden, and act for yourself."

"But I do not know how to act for myself," said Saxon.

"I will put you in the way of all that. I will introduce you to my friend Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars. He is an Italian Jew—a stockbroker by profession—and you may do whatever confidence you may be disposed to place in him."

Saxon thanked him, but his mind was ill at ease, and his face betrayed it. He was sorely tempted by Signor Colonna's proposition. He shrunk from telling his cousin that he had done, and he knew that William Trefalden would be ten times more annoyed than he was by the treatrexx transaction; but, on the other hand, he abhorred secrecy and double-dealing.

"But won't it seemly to William?" he said, presently. "I won't do what's sly, you know. I'd put up with any thing sooner."

Signor Colonna, who had been writing his counterpart's address on a slip of paper, looked up at this and laid his pen aside.

"My dear Sir," he said, "I but advise you to do as other gentlemen do in your position. No lawyer does stock-broker's work."

"That may be, and yet—"

"I am not ashamed to send for your lawyer if you were ill. He could but call in a physician to cure you, as he would now call in a stock-broker to sell your stock."

"I wish I knew what I ought to do!" ejaculated Saxon.

The Italian glanced impatiently toward his daughter; but Olimpia went on writing, and would not look up. She knew well what that her father wanted her to throw in the weight of her influence, but she had resolved to say nothing. The thing was hers to do, and she had done it; but she would not stoop to the less. So Colonna went back, unaided, to the charge, and argued till Saxon was, if not convinced, at least persuaded.

And then it was arranged that Saxon and Vaughan should go up to town together on the following day—the millionaire to draw out his money, and the dragoon to dispose of it as Signor Colonna might direct.

CHAPTER XLV.

WHAT HAPPENED THE EVENING BEFORE.

THE morning after the ball was, quite unlike the glowing golden mornings by which it had been preceded for the last fortnight, as Saxon and Vaughan left the house together in the London by the fast train that left Sedgebrook station at 9.45.

They were alone in the compartment, sitting silently face to face, each busy with his own thoughts. The landscape was dull outside, the low mist shrouded the plain and the Surrey hills, the steam hung in the damp air for a quarter of a mile behind the train, and the plump elms that came in places almost to the edge of the line looked ghost-like and shadowy. It was such a day as Saxon had often described to me when they write of England and the English—a day when the air is heavy and the sky is gray, and the whole world is full of melancholy. (I am provided with the spleen) goes out and cuts his throat on Primrose Hill.

During the day was, however, these two travelers were no less dreary. Saxon's thoughts were troubled enough, and Vaughan's were all gloom and bitterness. As he sat there, knitting his brows, gnawing the ends of his long mustache, and staring down at the mat between his feet, he was going over scenes in that foreground the evening before in Lady Castletowers's drawing-room—going over them, one by one, to look for look, just as it happened—going over to the hundredth time, and biting it into his memory deeper and sharper with every repetition.

This was what it was, and how it happened:

Dinner was over, coffee had been handed round, and Major Vaughan had made his way to a quiet corner under a lamp, where Olimpia sat reading. He remembered that she took how the light fell on her face from above, and how she looked up with a pleasant smile as he sat down beside her.

They fell into conversation. He asked first if he might be forgiven for dancing when she refused him, and then if she had any commands for Italy. To which she replied that her only commands concerned himself; that he should fight bravely, as, indeed, she had no need to tell so daring a soldier, and come back safe when the cause was won. Whereupon the thing that he had resolved never to say rose all at once to his lips, and he asked if there would be any hope for him when this had come to pass.

"Hope?" she repeated. "Hope of what, Major Vaughan?"

And then, in a few strong, earnest words, he told her how he loved her, and how, to win her, she would endure and dare all things; but she, looking at him with a sort of sad surprise, replied that it could never be.

He had never dreamed that it could be. He had told himself a thousand times that he was mad to love her; that he should be ten times mad to avow it; that his love; and yet, now that the words were spoken, he could not bring himself to believe that they had been spoken in vain.

So, with an eager trembling of the voice that he could not keep down, he strove hard to do so, he asked if time would make no difference; and she answered, very gently and sadly, but very firmly, that it would not.

None! He remembered the very tone in which she said it—the dropping of her voice at the close of the sentence—the sigh that followed it. He remembered, also, how he sat looking at her hands as they rested, lightly clasped together, on the volume of Dante that lay on her white and slender they showed against the purple binding—and how, when all was said, he longed to take them in his own, and kiss them once at parting.

Well, it was said, and done, and over now —all over!

And then he looked out into the gray mists and thought of Italy and the stirring life before him. He thought of it as much for the "cause," and he now cared for it less than ever. Olimpia's eyes had been the "cause" to him, and, like many another, he had attached himself to it for her sake alone. But that mattered little now. He needed excitement; and any cause for which he could be said to be done and danger to be encountered would have been welcome to him.

In the mean while, Saxon, sitting in the opposite corner, had his own troubles to think about. He was not at all satisfied with himself, in the first place, for the part he was playing toward his cousin. He could not divest himself of the idea that he was doing something "sly"; and that idea was intolerable to him. In the second place, he was not quite comfortable with regard to Miss Colonna. He had no reason exactly to question himself about the nature of his admiration for her, or even to speculate upon the probable result of that admiration; but he had become suddenly aware of the extent of her power, and was startled as finding to what lengths he might be carried by his desire to please her. William Trefalden had said that she was capable of asking him to take the command of a troop; and the unconsciousness of how Olimpia was capable of asking him to do a great deal more than that had dawned by this time upon Saxon's apprehension.

And then, besides all this, he could not help thinking of Lady Castletowers's sorrowful young face in the shadow of the monument, and the mysterious interest between Lady Castletowers and Miss Rivers. He had no sorrowful young face of her claim on Lady Castletowers. He would have given any thing to have been able to talk those things over with the Earl; but that, after what he had heard, was, of course, impossible. So he pondered and puzzled, and at last made up his mind that he would consult his cousin on the subject while he was up in town.

Thus, absorbed in their own thoughts, the two men sped on, face to face, without exchanging a syllable. They might probably have continued blind to each other's silence to the end, if somewhere about half-way between Sedgebrook Station and Waterloo Bridge, Saxon had not chanced to look up, and find his companion's eyes fixed gloomily upon him.

"Well," said he, with a surprised laugh, "why do you look at me in that portentous way? What have I done?"

Nothing particularly useful that I am aware of, replied Vaughan, with the dragoon. "The question is not what you have done, but what you may have done. I was wondering whether you mean to follow my example."

"In what respect?"

"In opening your eyes, of course. Are you intending to join Garibaldi's army?"

"No—that is, I have not thought about it," replied Saxon. "Castletowers going for?"

"I should think not. His mother would never consent to it."

"If he could, I would go," said Saxon, after a moment's pause. "There's camp-life to see, I suppose; and fighting to be done?"

"Fighting enough in the camp-life, I can tell you nothing about that. I fancy the work out there will be rough enough for some time to come."

"I shouldn't mind how rough it was," said Saxon, his imagination warming rapidly to this new idea.

"How would you like to march a whole day without food, then camp on the bare ground in a soaking rain, with only a knapsack under your head, and get up at dawn to fight a battle before breakfast?" asked Vaughan.

"I should like it no better than others, I dare say," laughed the young man; "but I shouldn't mind trying it, and Castletowers could go. We've been planning to make a tour together by-and-by; but an Italian campaign would be a hundred times better."

"If he were as free as yourself, Castletowers would be off with me to-morrow morning," said Vaughan; and then his brow darkened again as he remembered how not only Saxon, whom he suspected of admiring Olimpia Colonna, but the Earl, of whose admiration he had no doubt whatever, would both remain behind, free to woo or win her, if they could, when he was far away.

It was no pleasant humor that Vaughan was in; and when, at the end of the journey, Saxon proposed that they should dine together, he declined, on the plea that he had business to attend to.

"Which route do you take?" asked Saxon, all unconscious of what was passing in his companion's mind.

"The most direct, of course—Dover, Calais, and Marseilles. I shall be in Genoa by eight or nine o'clock on Sunday evening."

"And I at Castletowers!"

"How is that?" said Vaughan, sharply, "I thought you said your time was up yesterday?"

"So it was; but Castletowers has insisted that I shall prolong my visit by another week, and so I go back this evening. How we shall miss your set dance!"

But to this civility the Major responded only by a growl.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WILLIAM TREFALDEN EXPLAINS THE THEORY OF LEGAL FICTIONS.

SIGNOR NAZZARI was a tall, spare, spider-like Italian, who exercised the calling of a stock and share broker, and rented a tiny office under a dark arch in the midst of that curious web of passages known as Austin Friars. He had been prepared for Saxon's visit by a note from Colonna, and met him in a manner of voluble servility, punctuating his conversation with bows, and all his prostrating himself in the dust of his office. Files were not plentiful in Signor Nazzari's web, and such a golden fly as Saxon was not merely very glad.

It was surprising what a short time the transaction took. Colonna might well say nothing was easier. At first of all they went to the Bank of England, where Saxon signed his name in a great book, after which they returned to Austin Friars and waited while Signor Nazzari went somewhere to fetch the money; and then he came back with a pocket-book full of bank-notes and crossed his neck by a steel chain—and the thing was done.

Thereupon Major Vaughan solemnly tore up Saxon's check in the stock-broker's presence, and received the value thereof in crisp new Bank of England paper.

"And now, Trefalden," said he, "fare you well till we meet in Italy."

"I've made up my mind yet, remember," replied Saxon, smiling.

"Make it up at once and go with me in the morning."

"No, no; that is out of the question."

"Well, at all events, don't put it off till the fun is all over. If you come, come while there's something to be done."

"Trust me for that," replied Saxon, with a somewhat heightened color. "I will not miss the feasting if I haven't shared the fighting. Good-by."

"Good-by."

And with this, having traversed together the mazes of Austin Friars and emerged upon the great space in front of the Exchange, they shook hands and parted.

Saxon turned his face westward and went down Cheapside on foot—he was going to Chancery Lane, but he was in no hurry to reach his destination. He walked slowly, paused every now and then to look in a shop-window, and took a turn round St. Paul's. He pretended to himself that he was in no hurry to get Nelson's monument; but he had seen Nelson's monument twice before, and he knew in his heart that he cared very little about it. At length inexorable fate brought him to his cousin's door; so he went up the dingy staircase, knocking very gently, and hoping not to find the lawyer at home. On the first landing he met Mr. Reckwitch with his hat on. He was just coming out, and that respectable man was going to his dinner.

"Mr. Trefalden is engaged, Sir, with a client," said the head clerk, to Saxon's immense relief.

"Oh, then you can say that I called, if you please," replied he, turning slowly and languidly, and not to find the lawyer at home. On the first landing he met Mr. Reckwitch with his hat on. He was just coming out, and that respectable man was going to his dinner.

"Mr. Trefalden is engaged, Sir, with a client," said the head clerk, to Saxon's immense relief.

"Oh, then you can say that I called, if you please," replied he, turning slowly and languidly.

"But I think the gentleman will be going directly, Sir, if you wouldn't mind taking a seat in the office," added Mr. Reckwitch.

"I—I—don't like to trouble you to come by-and-by," said Saxon, reluctantly.

"As you please, Sir, but I'm confident you wouldn't have to wait five minutes."

So Saxon resigned himself to circumstances, and waited.

The clerks were all gone to dinner, with the exception of Gorkin the red-headed, whom Saxon surprised in the act of balancing a tobacco-pipe upon his nose.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," laughed he, as Gorkin, overwhelmed with confusion, lifted the bit of his head and disappeared behind it as if he had been shot. "I should like to see you do that again."

The boy emerged cautiously, till his eyes just cleared the lid, but he made no reply.

"It must be very difficult," added Saxon goodnaturedly trying to put him at his ease.

"It ain't so difficult as standing on your head to drink a pint of porter," said the boy, mysteriously.

"Why, no—I should suppose not. Can you do that also?"

The boy nodded.

"I can put half a crown in my mouth and bring it out of my ears in small change," said he. "If I'd half a crown handy I'd show you the trick."

Saxon's fingers were instantly in his waistcoat pockets, and the half-crown would have changed owners on the spot, but for the sudden opening of William Trefalden's private door.

"Then you will write to me, if you please," said a deep voice; and the owner of the voice, who seemed to be holding the door on the other side, remained out of sight.

"You may expect to hear from me, Mr. Behrens, the day after to-morrow," replied the lawyer.

"And Lord Castletowers quite understands that the mortgage *must* be foreclosed on the tenth of next month?"

"I have informed him so."

"*Must*, Mr. Trefalden. Remember that. I can afford no grace. Twenty thousand of the money will have to go direct to the Worcestershire agent, as you know; and the odd five will be wanted for repairs, building, and so forth. It's imperative—quite imperative."

"I am fully aware of your necessity for the money, Mr. Behrens," was the reply, uttered in William Trefalden's quietest tone; "and I have duly impressed that fact upon his lordship. I have no doubt that you will be promptly paid."

"Well, I hope so, for his sake. Good-morning, Mr. Trefalden."

"Good-morning."

And with this Mr. Behrens came out into the office, followed by his lawyer, who almost startled at the sight of his cousin.

"You here, Saxon?" he said, having seen his client to the top of the stairs. "I thought you were at Castletowers."

It would have taken a keener observer than Saxon to discover that the wish was father to Mr. Trefalden's thought; but there could be no doubt of the reflection.

"Well, so I am, in one sense," replied the young man. "I'm only in town for the day."

"And what brings you to town only for the day? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh no—nothing at all. I—that is, you—" And Saxon commenced in the art of equivocation, floundered helplessly about in search of a reason that should be true, and yet not the truth.

"You want to consult me about something, I suppose," said the lawyer, observant of his perplexity. "Come into my room and tell me all about it."

So they went into the private room, and William Trefalden closed the double doors.

"First of all, Saxon," said he, laying his hand impressively on the young man's shoulder, "I must ask you a question. You saw that client of mine just now, and you heard him allude to certain matters of business as he went out?"

"I did," replied Saxon; "and I was sorry—"

"One moment, if you please. You heard him mention the name of Lord Castletowers?"

"Yes."

"Then I must request you on no account to mention that circumstance to the Earl. It is a matter in which he is not concerned, and of which there is no need to inform him."

"But it seemed to me that he owed twenty-five thousand—"

William Trefalden smiled and shook his head.

"No, no," said he; "nothing of the kind. It is a simple transfer of capital—a private transaction in which the Earl's name has been incidentally used; but only his name. He has nothing to do with it, personally—nothing whatever."

"But—"

"But you heard only the end of a conversation, my dear fellow, and you misunderstood the little you did hear. You understand that this is not to be repeated?"

"Yes—I understand," replied Saxon, doubtfully.

"And I have your promise to observe my request?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I don't like you, cousin William," he said, bluntly; "though, of course, you know that without my telling you. But I don't know how to doubt my own eyes, either. I heard that big, cross-looking old fellow distinctly say that Castletowers must pay him twenty-five thousand pounds by the tenth of next month. What can that mean, if not—"

"Listen to me for three minutes, Saxon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden, good-humoredly. "You have heard of such things as legal fictions?"

"Yes; but I don't understand what they are."

"Well—legal fictions are legally defined as 'things that have no real essence in their own body, but are acknowledged and accepted in law for some especial purpose.'"

"I don't understand that either."

"I should be surprised if you did," replied his cousin, with a pleasant smile; "but I will try to explain it to you. In law, as in many things, my dear fellow, we are occasionally glad to adopt some sort of harmless hypothesis in order to arrive at conclusions which would otherwise cost more time and trouble than they are worth. Thus, when a legal contract is made ex sea, the deed is dated from London, or Birmingham, or any inland place, in order to draw what is called the cognizance of the suit from the Courts of Admiralty to the Courts of Westminster. Again, a plaintiff who brings an action into the Court of Exchequer fictitiously alleges himself to be the Queen's debtor. He is not the Queen's debtor. He owes the Queen no more than you owe her, but he must make use of that expedient to bring himself under the jurisdiction of that particular court."

"What intolerable nonsense!" exclaimed Saxon.

"One more instance. The law requires that eight years or so, the law of ejectment is founded on a issue of legal fiction, in which a an imaginary man called John Doe lodges a complaint against another imaginary man called Richard Roe, neither of whom ever existed in any mortal form whatever. What do you say to that?"

"I say, cousin, that if I were a lawyer, I should be ashamed of a system made up of lies like that!" replied Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden flung himself into his armchair, and laughed.

"I won't have you abuse our legal fictions in that way," he said. "These little things are the romance of law, and keep our imaginations from drying up."

"They ought not to be necessary," said Saxon, who could not see the amusing side of John Doe and Richard Roe.

"I grant you that. They have their origin, no doubt, in some defect of the law. But then we are not blessed with a Code Napoleon; and perhaps we should not like it if we were. Such as our laws are, we must take them, and be thankful. They might be a great deal worse, I can tell you."

"Then is it a legal fiction that Castletowers owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds?" asked Saxon.

William Trefalden winced. He had hoped that the wool-stapler's name would have escaped Saxon's observation; but it had always nothing of the kind. Saxon remembered every word clearly enough; names, dates, amount of money, and all.

"Precisely," replied the lawyer. "Lord Castletowers no more owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds than you do. He would be a ruined man at this moment, Saxon, if he did."

"His does not behave like a ruined man," said Saxon.

"Of course not. He would not be filling his house with guests and giving balls if he were. So now all's explained, and I have your promise."

Saxon looked earnestly in his cousin's face. He fancied that no man could look another in the face and tell a lie. Many persons entertain that belief; but a practical acquaintance with it does not exist. Your practiced liar makes a point of staring into his hearer's eyes, and trusts to that very point for half the success of his lie. But Saxon would not have believed this had an artful tale been told him. Therefore he looked in his cousin's face for evidence—and therefore, when William Trefalden gave him back his look with fearless candor, his doubts were at once dispelled, and he promised unhesitatingly.

"That's well," said the lawyer. "And now, Saxon, sit down and tell me what you have come to say."

"It's a long story," replied Saxon.

"I am used to long stories, my dear cousin."

"But I am not used to telling them; and I hardly know where to begin. It's about a lady."

"About a lady!" repeated William Trefalden; and Saxon could not but observe that his cousin's voice was by no means indicative of satisfaction.

"In fact," added the young man, hastily, "it's about two or three ladies."

Mr. Trefalden held up his hands.

"Two or three ladies!" said he. "How shocking! Is Miss Grosvenor one of them?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied Saxon, emphatically —perhaps a little too emphatically. And then he plunged into the story. It began at his first meeting with Miss Rivière at the Waterloo Bridge station, and ending with the adventure in the Haymarket.

Mr. Trefalden heard him to the end very patiently, putting in a question now and then, and piecing the facts together in his mind as they were brought before him. At length Saxon came to a pause, and said:

"That's all, cousin; and now I want you to tell me what I can do."

"What do you want to do?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to help them, of course."

"Well, you have the young lady's address. Send her a check for fifty pounds."

"She wouldn't take it if I did. No, no, cousin William, that's not the way. It must be done much more cleverly. I want them to live moneyed people, and to let you know—enough to keep her poor mother in Italy, and pay the doctor's bills, and all that."

"But this artful lady Castletowers—"

"Lady Castletowers is as hard and cold as marble," interrupted Saxon, indignantly. "I had rather starve than take a penny from her. If you had heard how grudgingly she promised that miserable twenty pounds!"

"I am not supposed that her ladyship had a hand open as day, for melting charity," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Charity!" echoed Saxon.

"Besides, I doubt that it is charity. There must be some mistake—some. I have heard the name of Rivière in connection with the Wynnclifs or the Pierrepoints—and yet— Pshaw! if Heckwitch were here he could tell me in a moment."

And Mr. Trefalden leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"I wish you could suggest a way by which I might do something for them," said Saxon. "I want them to get it, you know, without knowing where it comes from."

"That makes it difficult," said Mr. Trefalden. "And yet it must not seem like alms-giving."

"More difficult still."

"Unless—unless if were possible to give her some sort of commission," said Saxon, doubtfully; "as a commission for colored photographs of the Italian coast, you know. Would that do?"

"It is not a bad idea," replied the lawyer. He might do, if skillfully carried out; but I think I hear Heckwitch in the office."

And Mr. Trefalden went to the mouth of his head clerk, leaving Saxon to amuse himself as well as he could with the dingy map and the still more dingy law books.

At the end of a long half hour he came back with a paper of memoranda in his hand.

"Well?" said Saxon, who was tired to death of his solitary imprisonment.

"Well, I believe I know all that is to be learned up to a certain point; and I have, at all events, found out who your railway heroine is. It's a somewhat romantic story, but you must sit down and listen patiently while I relate it."

WAITING.

WAITING many a lonesome hour,
Waiting ever, aye for thee,
Till the sunbeams on the tower
Slant and fade from off the lea,
Till all light from maiden's bower
Slips into a hazy sea.

Waiting while the snow-drop springeth,
Piercing through the ice-bound sod,
Waiting while the summer bringeth
Flowers, fair offerings to her God:
While the sun of autumn flingeth
Golden gleams, and corn-fields nod.

Waiting while cold winter stealeth
O'er the sunshine-loving earth,
Waiting while its Yule bell pealeth
Sounds of blessed joy and mirth;
Waiting until Time revealeth
To my soul the bliss he birth.

Waiting while *my* spring is waning,
Melting into summer days;
Waiting, only patience gaining,
No reward, no meed of praise;
Waiting, till—the remaining
There will be but faintest rays.

Waiting? What reck I of waiting
Days and months and years maybe?
If Time only is creating
In thy bosom love for me,
Then am I far overrating
Life-long years of misery.

Youth and love shall not be hoarded,
I can *wait*, and war with strife,
If to me may be accorded
One brief hour through all my life,
When—(and oh! how well rewarded)
I may hear thee call me—" *wife*."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NOT at a prophetic examination was asked "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," was the reply. "Very correct," said the man of the book. "Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy gave no reply, but looked pressed for an answer, at last said "No." "Why, Tommy?" Tommy replied, "For fear I might be born a girl next time."

I say, Sambo, where you get de shirt studs?" "In de shop, to be sure." "Yah, you just told me you hadn't no money." "Miss Dinah come." "How you get dem, den?" "Well, I now on a cash in do window 'Collar Studs,' so I jest wash and collect dem."

THE LOST FLEMAN.—The following extraordinary advertisement appears in a Sheffield paper:

FOR SALE—SIX FRESHING VICES.

Are these the same as the Seven Deadly Sins; and if so, where is the missing one?

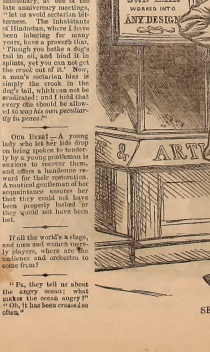
GOT WET the young ladies keep a light burning in the parlor in a window on Sunday night, to "make believe" they're caught a beau.

Sydney Smith, passing a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women scolding each other from opposite house. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

A young fellow, the son of an eminent dancing-master, applied to a friend for what trade or profession it would be best for him to pursue, was answered, "I think you can not do better than follow the steps of your father."

Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three pails full of water and put it into a washtub, take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover." "The above seems a very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "you may be open to such a construction."

THE CROOK.—"My dear friends," said a missionary, at one of the late anniversary meetings, "I have seen many a crook in the course of my travels—crooks of Hindostan, where I have been sojourning for many years, have a proverb that, 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it in spices, and you can not get the crook out of it.' Now, a man's education bites it simply the crook in the dog's tail, which can not be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to keep his own peculiarity to himself."



OUR DEAR!—A young fellow has just left us for Europe on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman in attendance to recover them, and offers a handsome reward for their restoration. A mutual gentleman of the acquaintance assures her that they could not have been properly bathed or they would not have been lost.

If all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, where are the orchestra and orchestra to come from?

PS, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry?

"Oh, it has been crossed so often."

LINES TO MY UMBRELLA.

Ah! what is that companion dumb
That autumn, winter, spring, or summer
I should always have? My umbrella!

But ah! too oft when showers come,
What left, as Yankees say, "at home"
Was I have left behind? My umbrella!

What does too oft a loss become
To friends whose bounty is scant?
(Friendship meets no return) My umbrella!

Henceforth, then, foul or fair, by gum!
Whether or no they hold the drum,
I'll never part from thee, my poor,
Bereft! Bereft!

Henceforth, too, I'll my latest crumb,
My latest drop, my fortune's sum,
Give to my friend—but not my umbrella!

THE STANDARD OF JUDGMENT.—Judge a man by his actions; a soldier by his scars; a lawyer by his client's gloves; by his strut; an irishman by his swagger; an Englishman by his mustache; a footchman by his shoulder; a justice by his frown; a great man by his modesty; a tailor by his ability; and a woman by her sartorius.

A forty-day broadcast, on whom the memory of the honey-moon already seems to have become powerless, wants to know why his wife is like a small pie. Do you give it up?—Because, says the mufeeling wretch, *she is now a little tart*.

"I shall be at home next Sunday night," a young lady remarked, as she followed her beau to the door who seemed to be somewhat wavering in his attachment. "So shall I," was the reply.

It doesn't follow that, because we have taken a position step, we ought to retreat it. The man's a wise old one man who crossed a bridge, and, on being told that it was labeled "dangerous," turned, and recrossed it in a hurry.

"Mr. Jones must get there in her mouth!" "Eh! why do you ask?" "Because the paper says—one caught—bit of fun," and said he was going to take honey from her lips; and she said, "Well, make haste."

A COMMON ORNAMENT.—"Ah, Charley," said one little fellow to another, "we are going to have a cupola on our house." "Pooh, that's nothin'," rejoined the other; "papa's going to get a mortgage on ours."

What is the difference between a couple of Mermaids and Summer and Autumn? The former are two Sea-daughters and the latter two Sea-sons.

"Start your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls." "I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

Adam, in his capacity of gardener, was undoubtedly the lawnator of the well-known phrase "the dig-nity of labor."

A BLOCKHEAD.—"What a fine head your boy has!" said an admiring friend. "Yes," said the fond father, "he's a chip of the old block—with eyes, you see." The father, teacher said yesterday that I was a young blockhead."

It is a question for the consideration of the medical faculty, whether patients suffering from a deficiency of iron in the blood ought to be benefited by the use of steel punches on an habitual horseback.

A person's character depends a good deal upon his birthplace. For instance, a man who has been *brought up by the police* seldom turns out respectable.

"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate (meat)."

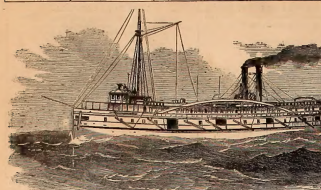
A DIFFICULT TEST.—A woman in St. Louis killed her husband because he parted her hair. It is sometimes difficult for a husband to tell whose hair he is pulling when he clutches that on his wife's head.

Somebody has found out a new way of taking pictures, by which they can be taken better in the night than in the daytime. A photographer has missed several times the frames that hang by his door, and doesn't approve of the new plan.

A flag dies as an old man walks—by the aid of a staff.

What a pity it is that Abdel-Kader left England before the 13th of August! The gallant Emir, who is doubtless a good shot, would have found himself much at home among the Moors.

SELF-EVIDENT.

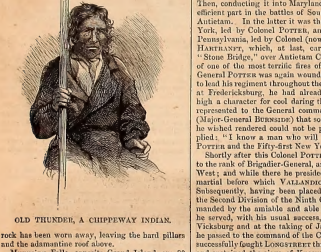


PROPELLER "IRONSIDES," LAKE SUPERIOR.

VIEWS ABOUT LAKE SUPERIOR.

We give on this page several views of the Lake Superior region, which has lately become an object of great interest, both on account of the novel features presented to tourists, and on account of the extent and value of its mineral resources. Among our illustrations are two views of the Pillared Caves, and a sketch of Munusing Falls, opposite Grand Island.

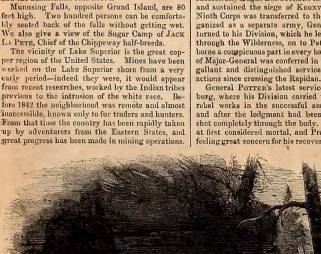
The Pillared Caves are near Grand Island and in the woods about forty rods from the lake shore. The base of the caves are 20 feet above the present level of the lake. There is a heavy forest separating them from the shore. The theory of their formation is, that by subterranean action of a volcanic nature a harder species of rock was forced up through a softer species. Since this event, by the action of water (for it is supposed that formerly the lake was 20 feet higher than at present) the soft rock has been worn away, leaving the hard pillars and the admonitine roof above.



OLD THUNDER, A CHIPPEWAY INDIAN.

Munusing Falls, opposite Grand Island, are 80 feet high. Two hundred persons can be comfortably seated back of the falls without getting wet. We also give a view of the Sugar Camp of JACK LA PETE, Chief of the Chippeway half-breeds.

The vicinity of Lake Superior is the great copper region of the United States. Mines have been worked on the Lake Superior shore from a very early period—indeed they were, it would appear from recent researches, worked by the Indian tribes previous to the intrusion of the white race. Before 1842 the neighborhood was remote and almost inaccessible, known only to fur traders and hunters. From that time the country has been rapidly taken up by silventurers from the Eastern States, and great progress has been made in mining operations. The productive region is limited to the range of the trap hills, which commence at Keweenaw Point and recede southwestwardly in a belt about two miles wide. The strata of the trap rocks dip toward the north and disappear beneath the lake. On Isle Royale, 45 miles north, a similar group emerges from the lake, so that the latter appears to be a basin in these ancient strata.



PILLARED CAVES.

MAJOR-GENERAL POTTER.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER entered the service in 1861 as Major of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers—"Sheppard Rifles." His first engagement was at Roanoke Island, where he led, in the assault, the first detachment of troops that entered the enemy's works; he was wounded at Newbern, where, after having been shot through the hip, he directed operations for four hours, leaning on his sword. When recovered, he took command of his regiment, and led it through the campaign in Virginia, under POPE, serving with great distinction at Cedar Mountain, Manassas Plains, Chantilly, etc. Then, conducting it into Maryland, he took a very efficient part in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. In the latter it was the Fifty-first New York, led by Colonel POTTER, and the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, led by Colonel (now Major-General) HARTRANFT, which, at last, carried the famous "Stone Bridge," over Antietam Creek, in the face of one of the most terrific fires of the war. Here General POTTER was again wounded, but continued to lead his regiment throughout the campaign; and, at Fredericksburg, he had already established so high a character for cool daring that, when it was represented to the General commanding the army (Major-General BURNSIDE) that some service which he wished rendered could not be performed, he replied, "I know a man who will do it. Send for POTTER and the Fifty-first New York."

Shortly after this Colonel POTTER was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and ordered to the West; and while there he presided over the court-martial before which VALLANDIGHAM was tried. Subsequently, having been placed in command of the Second Division of the Ninth Corps, then commanded by the amiable and able General PARKE, he served, with his usual success, at the siege of Vicksburg and at the taking of Jackson. Thence he passed to the command of the Corps, and with it successfully fought LONGSTREET through Tennessee, and sustained the siege of Knoxville. When the Ninth Corps was transferred to the East, and reorganized as a separate army, General POTTER returned to his Division, which he led, under GRANT, through the Wilderness, on to Petersburg—having borne a conspicuous part in every battle. His brevet of Major-General was conferred in June, 1864, "for gallant and distinguished services in the several actions since crossing the Rapidan."

General POTTER'S latest service was at Petersburg, where his Division carried the centre of the rebel works in the successful assault last April; and after the lodgment had been effected he was shot completely through the body. The wound was at first considered mortal, and President LINCOLN, feeling great concern for his recovery, went specially to visit him. It is a pleasure to announce that he is now quite recovered, and occupies a prominent position in the Military Department of the East.

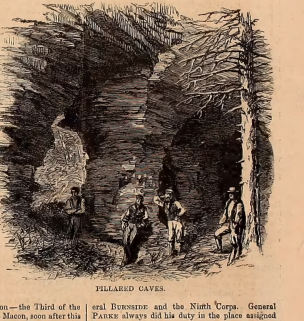
At the outbreak of the rebellion General POTTER was a successful lawyer in New York. He is a son of the late Bishop POTTER, of Pennsylvania, and a grandson of the venerable Doctor NOTT, the distinguished President of Union College.

GEN. PARKE.

MAJOR - GENERAL JOHN G. PARKE, military commander of this city, was born in Pennsylvania in 1827. He graduated at West Point in 1849, with the brevet rank of Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers. He was second in his class, General GILLMORE being the first. His duties previous to the Rebellion were mainly in the West and Southwest. In New Mexico he was for some time on the staff of Colonel MONROE, who commanded in that Territory. Previously he had held in succession the Secretaryship of the Light-house and River and Harbor Improvements Board. In 1857 he was chief astronomer and surveyor of the Northwest Boundary Commission. In August, 1861, he returned to Washington, and was promoted to a Captaincy in his corps of Engineers. About the same time he was appointed to a Captaincy of the Thirteenth Regiment of Regulars; and on November 23, 1861, to a Brigadier-Generalship of Volunteers.



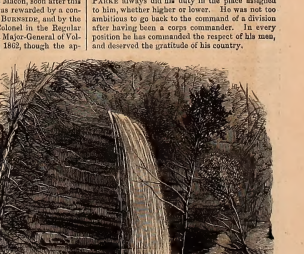
JACK LA PETE'S SUGAR CAMP.



PILLARED CAVES.

General PARKE'S first popularity was gained in connection with the Burnside Expedition, of which he commanded the Third Brigade. He distinguished himself in the battle of Roanoke Island, and the next month at Newbern. For his gallantry at Roanoke Island he was made Brevet-Major. On the 24 of April, 1862, he was promoted to the command of a division—the Third of the Ninth Army Corps. At Fort Macon, soon after this appointment, his gallantry was rewarded by a complimentary order of General BURNSIDE, and by the rank of Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel in the Regular Army. His commission as a Major-General of Volunteers dates from July 18, 1862, though the appointment, made originally in December of that year, was not confirmed until March 9, 1863.

At the battle of Antietam General PARKE was chief of staff to General BURNSIDE, which position he still retained when BURNSIDE succeeded General M'CLELLAN in the command of the Army of the Potomac. In March, 1863, he was promoted to the command of the 9th Army Corps, with which his military history has been so intimately connected. Two months later we find him at Cincinnati, presiding over the Court of Inquiry in the case of Captain DICKERSON, Assistant Quarter-master. He resumed command of his corps in June. At the capture of Vicksburg, July 8, 1863, he commanded the left of the army, having under him the Ninth and part of the Sixteenth Corps. After the capture he assisted in the pursuit of JOE JOHNSTON. Again we find him chief of staff to BURNSIDE in that General's East Tennessee Campaign. In March of the pres-



MUNUSING FALLS.

ent year he was again placed at the head of the Ninth Corps, BURNSIDE having been relieved. It will be seen from the above record that from the beginning of the late war General PARKE has devoted himself entirely to the interests of his country, and that he has held on pretty closely to General BURNSIDE and the Ninth Corps. General PARKE always did his duty in the place assigned to him, whether higher or lower. He was not too ambitious to go back to the command of a division after having been a corps commander. In every position he has commanded the respect of his men, and deserved the gratitude of his country.

VIEWS OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR REGION.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. G. EMERY.]



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER.—[SEE PAGE 588.]



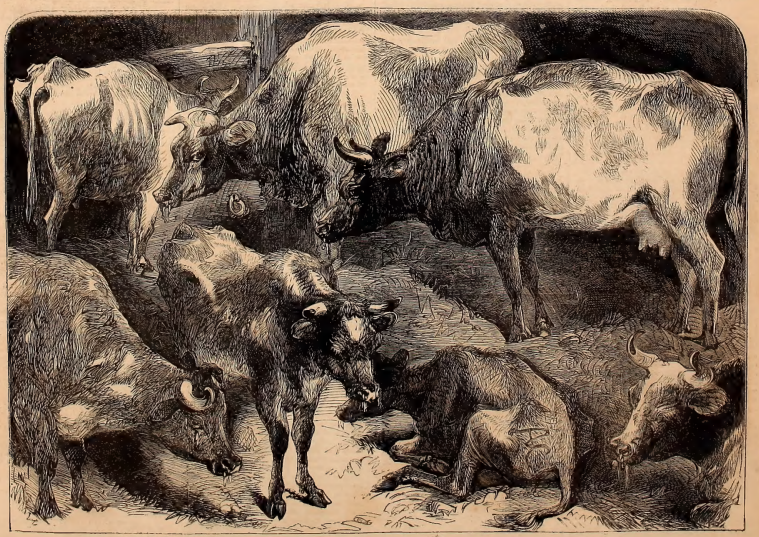
MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN G. PARKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 588.]

DISEASED CATTLE IN ENGLAND.

THE cattle pestilence now raging in London, and which is spreading in all directions through England, is likely to cause an extent of loss which it is scarcely possible to estimate. Although little more than a month has passed since this disease was recognized in the metropolitan district the loss of cows is stated to be nearly three thousand; and this number is probably under the truth, for in many cases the most strenuous exertions have been made by some cowkeepers to conceal the presence of the pestilence on their premises, and dispose of the infected animals in various markets, in this way adding to the mischief by spreading the disorder, and also endangering human health by the sale of meat which is quite unfit for food. Every precaution, however, is now being taken to prevent the spread of the plague by separating and destroying the animals affected by the use of disinfectants, and by a more careful sanitary regulation of stables. Great care also is taken that diseased meat shall not be sold in the markets; still it is estimated that thousands of the extremely poor of London are today living upon the flesh of cattle, because it is diseased, and can therefore be bought cheaply. This fact is of dangerous import when we consider the probable appearance of the Asiatic Cholera in England. Indeed some cases of this cholera have already been reported in London.

The cattle disease was brought into London by importation. In the month of June nearly 120,000 head of cattle were brought into Great Britain from over the sea. The overcrowding of cattle in the London sheds, and the imperfect ventilation of the stables, gives the plague abundant material on which to feed.

The engraving on this page shows a group of condemned cattle in one of the lairs near the Metropolitan Market, in Islington. These animals are mostly cows, and were believed to have been intended for sale in the market; but the taint of disease having been discovered in them by the market inspector, they were seized, condemned, and sent to



CONDEMNED CATTLE IN A SLAUGHTER-HOUSE AT THE METROPOLITAN MARKET, ISLINGTON, ENGLAND.

the slaughter-house to be destroyed. The poor creatures presented a most pitiable appearance. There was a discharge of matter from the nostrils, and a copious flow of saliva and bloody mucus from the mouth. On laying the hand upon their skins the sensation was felt as though a collection of air was contained between the hide and the flesh; and each continually emitted a moaning sound, as if suffering from great pain. Their heads were drooping to their feet, as if in the act of feeding, but food they were utterly unable to swallow.

Would it not be well for our farmers to carefully inspect their dairies, and see that their stables are in a wholesome condition? And especially would it not be wise for our city authorities to take measures to prevent an outbreak of the disease in the crowded cattle-pens of this city?

THE BROTHER THIEVES.

The earliest pieces of theft we can at present call to mind are the removal of her father's household-gods by Rachel, and the plundering of the treasure-chest of Panamantin, the rich and learned King of Egypt, this last exploit being left on record by Herodotus, most delightful of historians.

This wise and rich monarch got a strong room built for the preservation of his numerous riches, but he scarcely showed his wisdom in allowing its outward wall to be accessible to all comers, for it formed a portion of the boundary of the outer fir trees. The cunning architect contrived that one large stone extending the entire breadth of the wall might be easily removed, without leaving any perceptible interstice, and on his death-bed he bequeathed the secret to his two sons. These scarcely soon after paying the last respects to their father's mummy, repaired by night to the outer wall, removed the stone (we are unable to explain the modus), and getting into the chamber, conveyed away some of its most precious contents. This was only the first visit, and the King, on his periodical inspections, found his glittering treasures diminishing without the slightest clew as to the nefarious means employed. The inner surface of the wall showed not the slightest flaw, and to the strokes of the hammer every portion answered with a uniform solidity. The stone placed on the door at his last going out was found untampered with on every occasion of visit, and the puzzle and perplexity advanced to an alarming point. However, something should be done, and the wise king did the wisest thing under the circumstance. He had a trap in the neighborhood of the choicest article a trap from which no escape was possible, and on the next visit of the brothers one who ventured inside was effectually secured, body and limbs.

The other entering with all due precautions, they examined the machine and found no possible mode of escape. The captured man then proposed to his brother to behead him, and thus save the life and the reputation of the other members of the family. On the free man expressing his repugnance to the deed he answered, up this fetch whether you like it or not. If you refuse, you needlessly sacrifice our mother's life and your own. This view of the case decided the brother to the shocking deed. The head was carried away and the stone replaced.

The baffled king on finding the headless corse had still to endure the annoyance of knowing one remainder at least to be still at large. His next proceeding was to have the body suspended from a gibbet, and closely watched, the watchers being privately instructed to take into custody all who seemed affected by sorrow at the sight.

The news coming to the ears of mother and brother a council was held to save their dear relative from annihilation. Well, revenge the guards resolved on a clear driving along an ass laden with wine-skins; and just as he passed, and they were looking with much concupiscence on the casualty, the cord that tied the neck of one of them came loose and out began to run the odorous red stream. On rushed the men in a courageous fashion to prevent the precious liquid from merely soaking the ungrateful dust. Some made its way down their throats, and the neck of another skin being loosed by chance, a further distribution took place, the owner lamenting his mishap aloud. However, as there was no cure for spilled liquor but to drink it, he soon joined his helpers, and getting exalted (in appearance), he said he'd cut and sparing another one's skin and drowning sorrow. The festival came to an end later in the night, every guard lying supine and indifferent to the result. The clown, in other words, the brother of the victim, then shaved half the hair off every man's head, and freeing the poor remains from the gibbet, had then conveyed home, embalmed, and united to the head.

The King was highly enraged, but he soon turned his thoughts to the approbation of the very talented criminal. By proclamation he made known that his daughter was about selecting a husband, and that persons of any rank were at liberty to pay their addresses, the whole being thus arranged. The matter was admitted to a certain standard room in the palace; and the princess sat at a convenient communication with this room, and asked him certain questions, and if the answers were not satisfactory he was allowed to depart uninformed and unnoticed. The individual whose answers pleased the lady would be her future spouse.

After several had undergone the trial the expected man presented himself. Being laid under strict obligations to speak the truth, he was told in the street had stolen one of the royal lady to reveal the most painful and the most joyful incident of his past life. Dreading the dire consequences of an untruth he acknowledged that the beheading of his brother was the most sorrowful, and the recovery of his body the most joyful of all the events of his life.

"You are the man," said she, firmly grasping his covered wrist, which its owner did not attempt to withdraw, "Lights here!" Domestics entered into the darkened rooms with flambeaux, but there was no man within the outer apartment, and the lady found herself in possession of the arm of a man lately dead. The wooer, fearing bad faith, had come prepared.

Panamantin being now at his wit's end publicly invited his tormentor to present himself, giving such a pledge as even the King of Egypt could not fail to ratify, that he would *leave him alive* pardon him and make him his son-in-law. He was soon gratified by the appearance of the outlaw, and neither he nor his daughter was ever after heard to complain of the new accession to the royal line of Egyptian kings.

ABOUT CHESS.

Louis the Thirteenth, who detested games of chance, and would not allow them to be played at court, was so passionately fond of chess that he has played even when riding in his carriage. Each man had a pin at his foot, which, being stuck into a padded chess-board, resisted the joltings of the royal vehicle.

With some individuals the love of chess has been strong enough to counterbalance the fear of dying. John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, made prisoner in 1547 by Charles the Fifth, was playing chess with his fellow-captive, Ernest of Brunswick, when he received the news of his condemnation to death. After a few remarks on the irregularity of the emperor's proceedings he quietly continued his game. On winning it he expressed his satisfaction, and then retired to devote himself to the religious exercises befitting his situation.

A Turkish spa, who had incurred the Sultan's displeasure, received the sentence of death while playing chess. The game was far advanced, the position interesting, and he entreated the officers to allow him to finish it. They consented, and he won. Then, after thanking them for their politeness, he himself the fatal document, and quietly submitted to his fate.

When a messenger informed Alamin Ben Haroun that the city of Bagdad was besieged, "Hold your tongue," said the caliph; "don't you see that I am on the point of giving a checkmate?" The same inviolable composure in the presence of his enemy brought them to court, and pensioned them. His father, Abdallah the Third, used to bewail his sad fate in having no enjoyment but playing chess—more than for moving checkmate!

It is hard to believe that any one can ever have *chessed away* or made a set when proposed as an enigma. Nevertheless Boerna (otherwise called Buttlepeckle) for short, physician and sage to Noushiwan the First, and tutor to his son Hermoz, divined the secret.

A King Hind had sent to Borzu's royal master a chess-board, chessmen, and a letter.

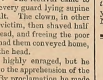
"O king," it said, "may you live as long as the celestial spheres endure to move orbits! I entreat you to examine this chess-board, and to set it before the eyes of the greatest scholars and sages in your kingdom. Let them carefully observe everything, and discover, if they can, the principles of this marvelous game. If you succeed in penetrating the mystery, I promise to acknowledge myself your majesty's tributary; if not, as it will be clear that you have no genius in learning, you will be in duty ought to pay me tribute; for man's veritable grandeur consists in his knowledge, and not in treasures and money, which are only fleeting and perishable things."

All the court counselors and ministers set to work, but their answers proved unsolvable. In seven days' reflection required by the king had nearly elapsed when Borzu rose, and undertook to discover, all alone by himself, the clew to it in a day and a night. He shut himself up, tried each piece on the board, comparing the various movements of each, until the whole and complete truth flashed upon him. The court then assembled, King Hind's envoy and Borzu's rival, Borzu gave a formal lecture on chess, explaining to his wondering audience the arrangement of the pieces and the game's maximum, in recompense, loaded him with favors and dignities.

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Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

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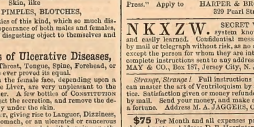
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 456.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

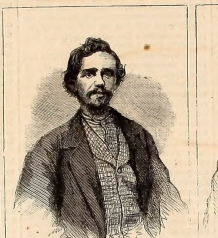
MILITARY EXECUTION AT CAMP CHASE.

On the 6th of September Camp Chase was, for the first time in its history, the scene of a military execution. On that day, in accordance with the findings and sentence of the Military Commission so long in session at Cambridge, approved by Major-General Orb, Commander of this Department, HIRAM OLIVER and JOHN WESLEY HARTUP were hung for the murder of J. B. COOK, Provost Marshal of the Seventeenth District. The two men were removed to Camp Chase from Cambridge August 30, their sentence not having been made public, and they apparently laboring under the impression that the punishment was to be light.

The impression was, however, rudely dispelled by the information suddenly imparted to the prisoners on the 5th that the next day they must undergo the death penalty. The effect of the announcement upon the prisoners can not be easily imagined, much less described. OLIVER was disposed at first to treat the matter coolly, merely remarking that it was rough, but on meeting with his wife, who had been in camp since Friday, he gave way to most violent demonstrations of grief. HARTUP was much affected, and was much depressed from the moment he heard his sentence.

HIRAM OLIVER was born in Washington, Jefferson County, Ohio, and resided there until about three years ago, when he enlisted in the Forty-third Regiment Ohio Volunteers. In July last he claims to have been discharged, moved with his family to Illinois, and engaged in farming. He has a wife and two children—either a pretty little girl of four years of age, and a little boy aged about seven months. He was about twenty-four years of age, was of medium size, and had rather good though rather weak features.

MR. JOHN WESLEY HARTUP, the brother of MRS. OLIVER, is about the same age as his brother-in-law, was born in the same county, belonged to the same regiment, and for some years lived with the OLIVERS. He and OLIVER bought farms adjoining each other in Illinois; left that State about the same time, for some purpose not made plain, and came together to Ohio. They were arrested in March last, and in June MRS. OLIVER left her Illinois home and came to her father's near Bloomfield, Ohio.



HIRAM OLIVER.—[PHOT. BY E. S. WALKER.]



JOHN W. HARTUP.—[PHOT. BY E. S. WALKER.]

The scene of the parting of OLIVER from his family was affecting in the extreme. OLIVER confessed to the murder. He had killed COOK because he thought the latter would come to Illinois and arrest him. He insisted that HARTUP was innocent, though the latter admitted that he was an accessory. Both seemed penitent at the last hour. They were conducted to the scaffold, and at twenty minutes past one o'clock ascended the platform, when, after a brief address on the part of each, the execution took place.

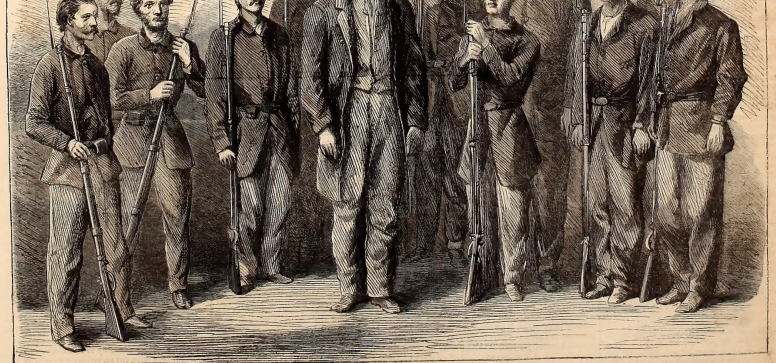
CHAMP FERGUSON.

AMONG the guerrillas who infested Kentucky during the war CHAMP FERGUSON and his men were the most notorious. Their outrages were chiefly confined to Wayne and Clinton Counties. CHAMP FERGUSON himself is quite a character, though the bloodiest of rascals and murderers. His religious notions are, to say the least, rather queer. Whether he takes a hint from THEODORE PARKER, who used to call God "our Father and Mother," is uncertain, but CHAMP is in the habit of speaking of the Father of All as "the Old Man." He, in a recent interview with the editor of a Western paper, expressed his opinion that "the Old Man" had been on his side thus far in life, and he believed he would stay with him and bring him out of his present trouble all right. He thought the Campbellites were about as good as any of the religious denominations, and a little better.

CHAMP FERGUSON is now being tried at Nashville by a court-martial on the charge of committing murders and other acts in violation of the laws of war. The verdict has not yet been given, but there is no doubt that he will be punished with death for his many atrocities. Before the war he was arrested for the murder of REED, the constable, and confined in jail. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was released on his pledge to join the rebels. He claims that he had been previously a Union man. He then commenced his career of murder and robbery which made his name a terror in Kentucky. He acted under the orders of JOHN MORGAN until the latter made his raid into Ohio. He was with MORGAN in most of his raids in Kentucky and Tennessee. He surrendered at the close of the war, supposing that he would be let off with the oath of allegiance. CHAMP owns a considerable amount of land in Clinton County, Kentucky, estimated by the hundreds of acres. He has good reason for the wish, which he now expresses, "that there had never been any war."

THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.

THE graphic but by no means extravagant illustration which we publish on page 600 scarcely needs any word of comment or explanation. During the present year Death appears to have set his mark upon the traveler, whether he journeys by railway or by the steamboat. Every day the record of mortality is continued from the day before, being only diversified in the manner of its occurrence. Now it is a collision, on the railroad or upon the



CHAMP FERGUSON AND HIS GUARD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. C. HUGHES, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

lake; now it is a fire at sea; now the explosion of a locomotive, and then again the sudden precipitation of an entire train down a steep embankment and perhaps into some river. There has come to be a general feeling of insecurity and distrust, and every man or woman who steps out of a railway car or steamboat at the termination of their journey unhurt does so with a feeling of sensible relief. It is a fact that more lives have been lost by accident this year than in some of the severest battles of the war. It would have taken a heavy battle to have sent into the darkness of death the fifteen hundred soldiers so easily dispatched thitherward by the explosion of the *Sultana*. In most every case the disaster has been needless: it has arisen from carelessness in conductors, employés, and directors, who should in every such case be responsible for the murders committed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

THE ALBANY CONVENTION.

WHEN Isaac Canute found that the sea would not retire at his bidding he arose and withdrew. Mohammed discovered that the mountain would not come to him he went to the mountain. The Democracy of the State of New York have just followed in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessors. For years it has been sitting upon the shore bidding the billows roll and honor and obey the American people retire. And now that its ridiculous command is lost in the roar of the rising ocean of liberty and justice, it confesses that the billows will. Having encouraged traitors and stimulated civil war, it exhausted every method of perplexing the Government and disheartening the people, and on the eve of the final and universal national triumph it exultingly declared the war a failure and national ruin inevitable. The American people, insulted and indignant, with one hand overwhelmed the enemy in the field, and with the other utterly annihilated at the polls the whole line of the Democracy.

After a year of consternation its stunned and straggling columns begin to stir. But as if to show its total rout, not one point it proposes to reorganize upon its old basis.

In Ohio it asserts the very doctrines which the country has denied in the victorious field. It moans in Pennsylvania that the Union councils had been locked it would be still alive. But in New York—*mutatis mutandis*—with the perfection of comedy it resolves that "the past history to be found in the proudest records of the country," especially in the chapter entitled "The Chicago Platform," and that it is ready to meet the great questions of the future with the patriotism, fidelity to principle, and practical wisdom that have characterized its long and auspicious identification with the history of the nation."

There let us take breath and ask, as well as inextinguishable laughter will allow, why, in a crisis of mortal peril, the American people, to secure their national salvation, utterly obliterated all this Democratic patriotism, fidelity, and practical wisdom? And history gives the immediate memory of the people answer, because it was the patriotism of Benedict Arnold, the fidelity of Judas, and the practical wisdom of Horatio Seymour.

"The Democracy" of New York having thus completely referred to the proud memory of their contemptuous rejection by the people, enthusiastically resolve to support cordially a President whom they are still hoarse with denouncing as a usurper and traitor, whose election they deplored as a national disgrace, comparing him to the horse whom the Roman emperor made consul; and, finally, the Democratic guard of slavery gravely announce that the abandonment of slavery makes peace and Union possible.

The builders of last year's Chicago platform having thus bolted it whole; the revilers of the President having declared their sincere attachment to him; the lackeys of slavery having thus grinned over its corpse; and the bitter opponents of the war having duly cheered its happy and beneficent consequences; "the Democracy" of New York proceed, by the mouth of John A. Green, one of the most notorious Copperhead opponents of the war in the State, to nominate General Slocum, a Republican, a distinguished and honored soldier, and the military governor of Mississippi, who has just suppressed the "civil" Governor's authority. His unanimous selection is followed by that of Lucius Robinson, another Republican, and one of the most honest and faithful officers the State ever had; and his nomination in turn is succeeded by that of Martin Grover, another Republican, who left the Democratic party ten years ago, when its "proud record" was characteristically illustrated by "the patriotism, fidelity, and practical wisdom" of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

Thus poor old King Canute yields to the ocean which he can not command. Thus those who have systematically betrayed the principle of the Government surrender for the time to those who, under whatever name, have honorably maintained it. Thus the party which has thwarted progressive civilization in America eats its own words, abjures its own acts, turns one complete somersault, and its late face disappears.

The success of the Albany ticket, therefore, has in itself no particular political significance. The State could not have a better Controller than Mr. Robinson, nor a more incorruptible Judge than Mr. Grover; and General Slocum has proved his efficiency in one field and would undoubtedly not be wanting in the next. But these are some considerations worthy attention.

The anti-American spirit which has so long dominated the Democratic party still survives in the country. Its associations are all with the name Democracy. The organization of the party remains; and although its leaders temporarily desert their reactionary and natural ground, they are still the same, and the irresistible tendency of human nature will compel them to occupy it at the earliest practicable moment. That profound faith in the moral righteousness and political wisdom of fair play for all men, which is the mainspring of progressive American civilization, will never, under any probable circumstances, be found in the Democratic party, but in its antagonists. In every country there is a constant tendency to intelligent progress and an opposition to it. This makes the eternal Tory and Liberal parties of all countries and ages. In America Democracy is the American Tory party. It is useless to say that it was not formerly so, or that it does not claim to be so. We must deal with facts. The true party of the people in this country might have been called the Democracy, but the opportunity was lost. The name was surrendered, and the organization is not in the hands of those who sincerely love liberty, and in no other hands can the party of progressive liberty be safe.

The ignorance and prejudice of the country, the rabble of cities, and the aristocrats in feeling, all gathered under the Democratic name as the Democracy. The intelligence, the industry, the steady, elevated purpose of the country, gravitate to the opposition. There are unprejudiced and compact men in all parties; but the character of parties themselves is radically different. Thus the great eras of true progress in this country have been the eras in which the Democratic policy was overthrown. To the Democracy we owe, in late years, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the efforts of slavery to perpetuate itself, Dred Scott decision, the vitality of State sovereignty, and the armed insurrection of slavery against a free Government. To the Democracy we owe whatever name, Free-soil, Republican, or Union, we owe the education of the public mind and conscience against slavery, the emancipation, and established the Union upon the eternal rock of justice. The Democracy delights to call itself conservative. But its conservatism is merely negative; and no intelligent American can believe that the country would stand as nobly eminent as it does at this moment if the Democracy had ever been in power.

Therefore it is useless to sacrifice substance to shadow, or to bewail a name. He is not a very wise man who supposes that resistance to the true principle of constitutional liberty is at end in this country, or who does not see that it will again rally under its old name. The temporary ability of the leader to rule or to retain power may vary, but its permanent policy must be the same. "There are few statements more common than the assertion, sometimes," says Burke, "as to fall into the identical snare which has proved fatal to their predecessors." The inevitable tendencies of human nature are stronger than men. And the party of the friend of liberty or his country who helps to put in power those who have betrayed both because they think they will abide there, in the course of the New York Democracy at Chicago in 1864 and at Albany in 1865 is absolutely different. But the party will still be the nucleus of the reaction. But it is turned, but its heart can not be changed. A ship now tacks before a head-wind to the right, now to the left, but it is still the same ship pursuing the same voyage.

The duty of the Syracuse Convention is therefore plain. Let every patriot and friend of political American doctrine of equal human rights; state the course which it believes to be necessary to secure the real results achieved by the loyal people, as the President said, in the North Carolina delegation, that the reconstruction policy pursued by the Government is but an experiment, and nominate Governor Reuben E. Fenton, of which the late Illinois speech, that "as long as there is any hope of its success we must yield a hearty support to the President." Then let it nominate General Slocum and Messrs. Robinson and Grover, whom we understand to occupy, with their political associates of the last few trying years, this exact position; and the Convention will secure the defeat at this important juncture of the reactionary party which is striving to regain power through the personal popularity of candidates whom, for that purpose, it selects from its opponents. Such a course will strip off all masks and compel a reorganization of parties upon real grounds, which it was the chief object of the Albany Convention to avoid.

THE CHOLERA.

The recently published Sanitary Report of the Citizens' Association in this city, and the accounts in the newspapers of the gradual westward movement of the cholera, are very instructive and suggestive reading. The study will be complete if the reader adds the Report of Dr. Swinburne, the Health Officer of the port, upon the condition of the city docks and ships. From these authorities it appears that the modern plague is slowly and surely stealing toward us: that the harbor of the chief port in the country, the mouth of which the cholera would naturally first touch, is full of "rank pestilence." The matter emptied into the ships "is composed of the privy deposits conveyed through the house-sewers, and of the washings of earthy matters and garbage from the streets-gutters.... In warm and low tide, this fills lies frothing, like yeast—betting free, in the process of decomposition, combined offensive and pernicious gases and insupportable odors to permeate the air, which every breeze, whatever may be its direction, spreads over the island." After this congenial welcome in the harbor, the terrible guest will find the city perfectly prepared to entertain him, and to supply him with all that he most desires.

We have no conception of the alarming and totally unnecessary death-rate in the city of New York. The explanation is found in the Sanitary Report which the Citizens' Association has published. The city was divided into convenient sanitary districts. Each was thoroughly explored. The state of the soil, the number and character of the houses, the condition of their inhabitants, their occupations, health, and habits, the variety, character, and cause of their diseases, were all carefully noted by competent inspectors, and their reports compose the book. It is a ghastly tale. John Bagshot is our faithful and honored friend: he defends American liberty: he believes in the American principle. If he comes to New York we hope he will not fail to ask to see the tenement-houses, in the one Alsatia and St. Giles, that he may know how surely a disregard of that principle produces in New York the exact results it produces in London.

Mr. Bagshot can have no service among the poor is his highest honor, and authorises him to speak with authority, writes from London to the New York Times that the condition of the worst parts of that city differs from that of the worst parts of New York in extent only, not in degree. The filthiness, the suffering, the starvation, the horrible disease, the brutishness and crime of corresponding quarters are greater only because the number of inhabitants is greater. The tenements are the hot-houses of pestilence. There are parts of the city of New York where small-pox is a constant disease. The tenements carry gentlemen from their comfortable homes to their comfortable offices under the windows of houses where malignant fevers always lurk. Pestilence glares at them as they pass. Let the conditions change slightly, and it will also seize them.

Mr. Halliday, another of the wise and true men, who watch over the health of the stateliest and most splendid palace depends upon the condition of the cellar, writes to the *Evening Post* from the Five Points House of Industry, that in the deadly August of the year, 1832, Corlears Hook, the Five Points, and Rotten Row in Laurens Street, were "places in which the disease was most fatal. In Laurens Street they died off like sheep. In one two-story tenement and attic house sixteen or seventeen died." He truly adds that "Rotten Rows are not all over New York," and declares his sincere belief that nearly one-half of the permanent resident population of the city are living in such a state that cholera would be likely to single them out as it was then in the special quarters he mentions. In 1832 the cholera produced a general panic. It was unprecedented. It was not superstitiously feared. The city had made no preparation for it. Many physicians and clergymen fled. Business generally stopped. The public authorities sometimes used for hospitals. Yet the population was then only about three hundred and fifty thousand: it is now eight hundred thousand. The poorer class was then largely American: it is now mainly foreign. At least one-half, if not two-thirds of the people that fled the city: now it is impossible for any corresponding proportion of the inhabitants to escape.

The cholera would smite New York more fearfully than that of 1832 now smote old Florence six hundred years ago; and what is New York doing to defend herself? Every year she raises the revenue of a kingdom, and can not keep her streets clean. Her municipal authorities are a band of thieves who plunder under the sanction of law. Filth, ignorance, disease, mortality, are political necessities for those to whose hands the luckless city lies. Clean the streets, ventilate the houses, wash and feed the squalid population upon which the greedy eyes of the cholera are already fixed from over the sea, and the men who now thrive by the ignorance and brutality of the tenement-houses would be spewed out. It is not to be expected that they will adopt any efficient measures for the public safety. You might as well appeal to the dirty marble blocks of the City Hall as to the men who sit there in authority. When the cholera comes, and stops business, and starves the poor, and depopulates the city, we shall have another awful proof of the inexorable relation of public morality and public safety.

If any thing is to be effectually done to prepare for the cholera it will be by severe enterprise, and the sooner it begins the better.

A "PERFECT MODEL."

General Lee has accepted the Presidency of Washington College in Lexington, Virginia. In his letter of acceptance he says very properly: "It is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the State or General Government directed to that object," and "that it is particularly incumbent on those charged with the instruction of the young to set an example of submission to authority."

These are very proper, if not very striking or original, sentiments. But as John W. Brockenbrough, rector of Washington College, in publishing the fact of General Lee's acceptance, indulges in some extremely ridiculous flourishes. This gentleman speaks with ecstasy of General Lee, but not in his capacity of President, but in some beloved old, "whose condescension in accepting so comparatively humble a position "wins for him a new title to the admiration and love of his countrymen." Will Mr. John W. Brockenbrough kindly mention General Lee's "old" titles to the national affection?

The enthusiastic rector perorates in the following manner: "In dedicating his future life to the holy work of e'ucating the youth of his country General Lee presents a new and interesting phase of his grand and heroic character—a character then which no more perfect model could be given living man. "'Tis a solid fabric, and will well support the laurels that adorn it.' Let the young men of the country, North as well as South, be wise and profit not less by his example than by his great example."

Truth, rhetoric, and patriotism are equally cheap, it seems, at Washington College. It is not our fault that the career of Robert E. Lee is thus offensively dragged before the young men of America; but it would be our fault and shame if we did not say to them that the man whom they are thus challenged to emulate and imitate was a soldier educated by his country, who, confessing that neither he nor any man had any personal quarrel with the North, so stab her to the heart. He was a generalissimo who knew that honorable prisoners within his lines —young men of the country who had done nothing but defend the life of that country which he assailed—were wantonly tortured to death by thousands, and who did not utter a solitary word of pity or protest. This is the "grand and heroic character" which American youth are invoked to venerate. They will obey the summons when they have learned to admire Benedict Arnold.

Loyal men are willing not to express their opinion of the late rebel chiefs. But common morality prohibits silence when those chiefs are exultingly cited as "perfect models."

STATE AND NATION.

A great many well-meaning gentlemen in the unorganized States are writing letters and making speeches to prove that those who took part in the rebellion honestly believed that the single States of this Union are sovereign, and that therefore they did not deliberately and wickedly violate their obligations to the Union. It was, they contend, the universal Southern theory of our Government.

So far as the present generation is concerned we believe that these gentlemen are correct, and that is the very difficulty. It is undoubtedly true that Washington and Marshall, and many other of the noblest Americans of the last century, who lived in the Southern States, were as truly persuaded of the enormity and peril of the doctrine of State sovereignty as the stanchest loyal men of to-day throughout the country. But Calhoun, and not Washington, has been the orthodox political prophet in those States. An intelligent and noted rebel officer, who was never north of Mason and Dixon's line until he was brought as a prisoner, told us that he had no more doubt of the right of a State to secede than he had of his right to eat dinner, and that the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for seventy-five thousand men to compel obedience to the authority of the United States seemed to him as insolent and monstrous as a summons from Louis Napoleon to enforce the authority of France in this country. And this, he said, was the universal conviction of his neighborhood in the Southwest.

That there were some who held to the paramount National sovereignty is doubtless true. But that they were not an imposing number is plain from the total absence of any vigorous protest against the rebellion. It is no answer to say that terror silenced them; that Union

men were watched, and not suffered to assemble nor to vote. If the Union men had been a powerful body they would have assembled and voted and resisted. Could the Copperheads have dragooned the Northern States? Certainly not; for the whole moral force and vast majority of the population were loyal. The rebels did dragoon and silence the Southern States, because the vast weight of opinion as well as actual numbers of the white population were with them.

That population, as every well-informed man knows, had been long and systematically alienated from the Union. They were taught to being Virginians, Carolinians, Georgians, not of being Americans. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was not a Union man. He was so long as he thought his section could control the Union to its own sectional purposes. It was a Union subordinate to State sovereignty which he supported. It was a Union whose Government had no right to enforce its authority against any citizen of the United States, if the State in which he lived released him from his allegiance. It was this universal conviction alone that enabled the rebellion to endure so long and so desperately.

Has the war changed this view? Do the people of the disaffected States hold any other theory of it to-day? Is it a real Union which we reorganize if they do not? If we sincerely wish a solid and true reorganization shall we not seek to found it upon all those of the Southern population who reject this theory? To the wisely discard an entire native class, in some States more than half the population, who have been always loyal to the national supremacy, and trust the welfare of the country entirely to those who, for any reason whatever, are willing to take an oath? Mr. HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, of Georgia, for instance, has taken the oath of allegiance, and has been pardoned. Yet his loud assertions of his old, unchanged sentiments in Washington, where his oath, were no offence, that a loyal citizen silenced him with a threat of personal castigation if he did not stop. Mr. JOHNSON is therefore a fair illustration of men who take the oath without any change of heart. Is he the kind of Representative or Senator from Georgia that it is desirable to see in Congress? If he, and such as he, are intrusted by the loyal citizens of the United States, who are soon to decide the question, with the entire loyal government of the State of Georgia, to the absolute exclusion of the unswervingly loyal part of the State population whom Mr. JOHNSON and his friends could neither cajole nor frighten into rebellion, do we not show a subservience to the doctrine of State power which is as dangerous as it is absurd?

Every loyal citizen of the United States has rights in the State of Georgia which he is a very foolish man if he surrenders unconditionally to Mr. HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON and his friends.

BRITISH CAPITAL ON THE WING.

A PARTY of British capitalists and railway men, comprising SIR MORTON PETO, MR. KINNAIRD, Baronet, MR. KENNARD, and MR. LEE, and eighteen others nearly as well known in financial and industrial circles, arrived here a fortnight since, have been rapidly passing the time by inspecting our great broad gauge line, consisting of the Erie Railway, from New York to Salamanca, the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, from Salamanca to Cincinnati, and the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis—a line of road which, though transacting but a fifth or less of the country's business, and impaired in its usefulness by the want of a consolidated management and a large and sound administration, is still, in view of the extent and fruitfulness of the country it traverses, the great cities it feeds, and the almost incalculable quantity of traffic it must one distant day prepare to accommodate, by far the greatest railroad in the world.

It is well understood that the first object of these English visitors is to inspect the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, which is exclusively owned by them and their constituents. That important line has been built since the year of 1857—which effectually stopped railway building elsewhere—with British and Spanish capital. The second Mother of Parliaments, the Spanish Duke of RIANZARES, and the Spanish banker SALAMANCA, have been interested in the enterprise from the beginning, and have supplied much money. But the greater part of the money required to build this road came from London, and was contributed, not unfrequently, at very darkest days of the war, when every mail from the United States bore tidings of failure and repudiation; at times of monetary stringency and panic; at times when rebellion seemed to threaten the very existence of the nation, and to forebode the ruin of the Government and of every corporate institution which lived under its laws. In those dark, dark days, when every prudent American capitalist held his money tight under lock and key, and would not invest a dollar in the United States, big enterprise, these Spaniards and these Englishmen, for month after month, and year after year, paid the weekly bills of the work of boring on the Atlantic and Great Western without a murmur, and, if they made a complaint, complained only that the bills were not heavier, the workmen not more numerous, and the great enterprise not nearer completion. Such a robust faith, such a dogged perseverance commend themselves to the applause of an enlightened mercantile community, and receive its reward which the twenty-two English visitors now among us have come to forecast.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that so large and influential a delegation from the fraternity of London capitalists and railway men have come here merely to look over the particular property on which so much British money has been expended. It has rightly been conjectured that their visit has a wider purpose. The way, which the New York business men are forced to buy back the stock they had sold in the same market in which they had sold it, at a loss which we dare say they can remember without recourse to their books. The stock rose thirty per cent. in sixty days.

Now if any of our country readers, meditating on these facts, should come to the conclusion that our sweet friends in England, who would not touch Five-Twenties at 35 @ 40, now intend to buy our railway securities at the present price, and should, on the strength of this conclusion, proceed to speculate for the rise in these securities on borrowed capital, let them take the blame as if they had their time and their money. For Wall Street is thick with quicksands, and each of them is gurt around with the whirlpool of panic and monetary perturbators. There are going by the unwary speculator a thousand pitfalls which wisdom and shrewdness cannot avoid. Increase of expenditures, over-issues of stock, sudden attacks of colic in the midriff of the money market, unexpected failures of great houses, amazing changes of policy at the Treasury department. All these portend ruin to him who speculates on borrowed capital. Your theory may be sound, and the progress of the course of events correct; but the end will not come when expected, and for you to whom its coming at this or that given time is essential, it will never come at all.

CRIMINALS IN SOCIETY.

IN his speech to the electors of Westminster just before the election Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, alluding to the corruption in the bribery practices English elections, said: "It is vain to hope that men will be shamed out of these things as long as they are not cut in society." It is precisely so with the officers of railroads in this country. As long as the most wanton and cruel murders may be committed upon roads by those whose agents they are finally responsible, and they are not criminally indicted, but are treated with the same courtesy and consideration as before, so long the slaughters will continue, and a sagacious man will make his will before he starts upon the shortest railroad journey.

If Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR or any other conspicuous citizen were the proprietor of a line of omnibuses in the city, and every day the horses ran away, or the wheels came off, or there were constant collisions, or the coaches were upset, and men, women, and children were continually injured, or even killed, there would be no indignation with the proprietor would be such that his house and his person would be hardly safe, and all who maintained friendly social intercourse with him would be perpetually odious to public censure. For the common sense of the community would sense at once that the proprietor had no end to the carriages if he chose, and if he did not choose that he was a proper subject for legal prosecution and criminal punishment, and that honest men do not cultivate the society of criminals.

Here is the case of Mr. OLIVER CHARLICK, President of the Long Island Railroad. The most wicked recklessness led to a deplorable catastrophe. The inquest was held, and, fortunately for us all, instead of a verdict of "no body to blame," or "visitation of God," the jury returned that they "do hereby censure OLIVER CHARLICK, the President of the railroad, for the careless, irregular manner in which the trains are run, and consider that he is indirectly responsible for the above-mentioned catastrophe." That is the mildest verdict that the plain facts of the case, and especially OLIVER CHARLICK'S testimony, allowed.

But now appears that OLIVER CHARLICK had a horse full of grass, and a staircase full by which five of them were killed, and upon the investigation CHARLICK were censured for his culpable negligence in permitting his horse to be in so perilous a state, would any honorable man hasten to offer OLIVER CHARLICK his hand? Would he not first say, "Wash off that blood?"

When that is the attitude of society toward such offenders, when people are made to understand that criminal carelessness is no more respectable in "gentlemen" than it is in the poorest laborer, and that OLIVER CHARLICK is a mere driver who was careless in the bloodshed of that fearful moment upon the Long Island Road than the poor switch-tender upon the Hudson River Road, by whose inattention to do all that was required of him at once the train was thrown into the river, we shall discover that the daily slaughter of our fellow-citizens is not in the least necessary. MR. MILL'S words have a wide application and in many directions: "It is vain to hope that men will be shamed out of these things so long as they are not cut in society."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WIRZ TRIAL.

We published with our last week a full history of the first ten days of the trial of Captain WIRZ. The subsequent proceedings for the most part consisted of details so tedious to add one story of murder and cruelty to another in a monotonous series of horrors. One feature in the evidence given on September 9 and 10 seems especial attention. The documents presented during the time the authorities at Richmond were cognizant of the illtreatment of our soldiers at Andersonville, were much by General Howell Cobb to the rebel Adjutant-General Cooper, dated Macon, Nov. 9, 1864, complaining of the crowded condition of the prison, and suggests that a hospital be built outside of the prison. If possible it would be better to make another prison, as he doubted very much whether there would be sufficient water for the accommodation of so many prisoners. General Cobb thirty thousand WIRZ had already in his charge. The report made by himself, May 8, 1864, was also offered in testimony, and makes with that of Cobb in advising the enlargement of the stockade and the erection of outside hospitals.

A letter from Brigadier-General Winder to General Cooper, dated July 5, 1864, and addressed to Colonal Chilton, of Richmond, says:

"No shelter whatever, nor materials for constructing any, have been furnished by the proper authorities. The ground being entirely bare of trees none is within reach of the prisoners, except that it been permitted to the overcrowded state of the inclosure, to scrange the camp with the few trees that were left standing when the prison was built. Even the privilege which he was formerly permitted to himself as best he can by stretching his blanket, or whatever he may have, over a pole, and lying on the side in the sun exposed. Of other shelter there has been none. There is no medical supervision of the sick whatever. Many (as recently yesterday) are carried out daily, who have died from exhaustion and disease, without the medical officer in charge ever seeing them. The dead are hauled out daily by the wagonload, and buried without further, than the most hasty, obsequies, being first mutilated with an axe, in the removal of the clothing, which they may have. The trench has to be issued in a very large portion, who are entirely unprovided with proper utensils, and have to dig it with the stupidity of fatal they are compelled to dig with their hands or with pieces of board, or anything else they can get. A cup or clothing has ever been issued. After inquiry the fact has been found that the Commissary-General of prisons and other sub-ecarbuties could readily be obtained. The number of prisoners arrangements were only intended for the accommodation of ten thousand men, and are totally insufficient, for the present number of twenty-three thousand men, the number of prisoners requiring medical treatment is an increased ratio. It is impossible to state the number of deaths that occur daily, as the surgeons in charge of the medical officers have never seen or heard of till their names are reported at the morning roll call. The transportation of the sick has been represented to be entirely insufficient, and authority is needed to be vested in the surgeons in charge to send to the hospital at once those who may be employed by the Government, and kept distinct from the rebel prisoners. In addition to the quarterly issue of clothing transportation to afford every facility practicable for procuring any blankets or supplies accumulated for prisoners.

A supplementary report was made by the same officer, on the 14th of July, to the cause of the increase in the condition of things which calls for the interposition of the Government, the gross mismanagement of the prison, its size as a station, etc.

On July 31 a report submitted by Inspector-General Chandler to the Richmond authorities at the beginning of August, 1864. This report, while speaking favorably the horrid condition of the prisoners and the tortures inflicted upon them, charges the culpability for their present treatment principally on General John H. Winder, rebel Assistant Inspector-General of Prisons, and Commissary Gen eral to exculpate WIRZ. Winder advocated in cold blood the starving of the men and shows the policy of starving and torturing the prisoners to death as a means of relieving the burdens of its Government. He says: "Starve them," he said, that one-half of them should die. Colonel Wirz was present at the place as one of Winder's staff officers, and a disgrace to civilization. After the reading of the report was concluded the Colonel was asked if the evidence stand, when he stated that he had no retraction to make in regard to what had already been given, but reserved to testify to additional details of the sufferings of the prisoners. The Colonel thought that it would have been easy to impress the condition of the sufferers, and to bring to light facts more and better food, if there had been no disposition to do so.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The Democratic Convention met at Albany at Albany September 6. The resolutions adopted reiterate the usual platform of Democracy, declare that the war ought to be prosecuted to the people on the return of peace; demand the rights of the State against authority; honor the President's policy, and proclaim the national debt a national curse. Ex-Governor SEYMOUR was chosen President, and General Slocum, who has just been in conflict with the Governor, Vice-President. Van Buren was nominated for Attorney-General, Major-General M. B. Patrick for Comptroller, and Judge CHARLES P. DALY for Chief Justice of Court of Appeals, and Hon. Lucius Robinson for Governor.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Chicago *Republican* says that Dick Turner, the former keeper of Libby Prison, is reduced from a weight of 225 pounds to a mere skeleton, weighing about 90 pounds. About two months since he effected his escape from the Penitentiary in which he was confined, and for a short time broke diligent search was found in a house on Fifth street, in Richmond. He is now confined in prison in a cell 8 by 12 room by and seeing only the negroes who bring provisions. He is furnished with a Bible, a copy of Shakespeare, and a few magazines for reading.

The Commissioners of the Maryland Agricultural College appointed $2500 for the purchase of a site for a cemetery on the Agricultural College farm, for the burial of the soldiers and the men who fell in that ever-memorable battle. Ten acres of ground have been purchased near the ridge where Burnside's troops fought, and within sight of the house where the rebel General Lee had his headquarters during the battle. The ground has been inclosed with a neat fence.

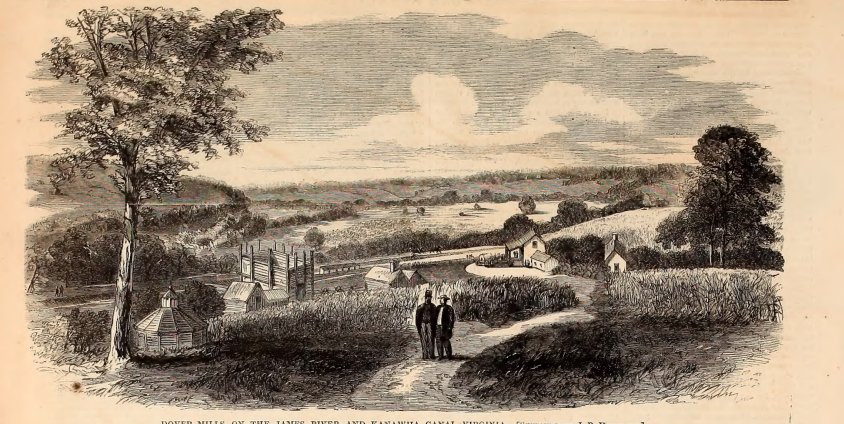
General Lee has accepted the presidency of Washington College, in Lexington, Virginia. In his letter of acceptance he says that "it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose any of the efforts which are now being made in earnest directed to that object;" and that "it is particularly the duty of those charged with the instruction of the young to set an example of submission to authority."

Governor Major-General Judson Kilpatrick will take the stump for the Union candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

In the Maine election, which took place September 11, the Democratic candidates suffered a great defeat. Gov. CHAMBERLAIN was elected.

Up to Saturday, August 26, less than 400 citizens of Richmond had taken the amnesty oath, and the Confederate flag of delegates would take place in four days.

The Rev. Dr. HENRY WARD BEECHER, son of the late Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, is now in Paris, engaged in his studies for the legal profession.



DOVER MILLS, ON THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

DOVER MILLS, ON THE JAMES.

THE valley of the James River abounds in scenery of great beauty. On this page we present a view of Dover Mills, one of the loveliest spots in the vicinity of Richmond. This spot is, however, selected for illustration not so much for its intrinsic beauty as for the historic associations attached to it. The place is owned by MR. S. D. FISHER, usually known as DUNLOP FISHER, one of the leading miners and geologists of the State, and is situated some twenty miles from Richmond, on the James River and Kanawha Canal.

In the distance, to the left of the picture, is seen a graceful bend of the James River, while the canal occupies the fore-ground. At that bend of the river is the ferry where the gallant DAHLGREN attempted to ford in his nearly successful raid upon Richmond, which ultimately cost him his life. He had been told by his guide that the river was fordable at that point, but on trying it it was found not to be so. Failing there, DAHLGREN went further down to Manakin's Ferry, some four miles below, and found that impassable also. Naturally concluding that the guide had willfully misled him the fellow was immediately hung. Had DAHLGREN succeeded in fording the James at either of those points, and making straight for Richmond, it is the universal belief among all those best informed that he would have taken the city, and released our prisoners in Belle Isle, the Libby, and Castle Thunder; such was the consternation created at his daring movement, and so little the preparation that had been then made for resisting him.

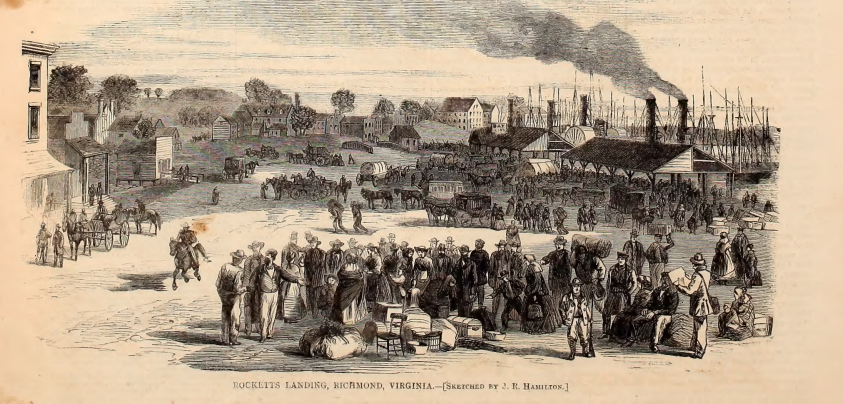
Among the places destroyed during this memorable raid was Dover Mills, the subject of this sketch, and the ruins of which are seen in the fore-ground of the picture. It was one of the old Revolutionary mills, and at the outbreak of the war was in full operation as one of the largest and most valuable in the State. Its water-power is immense, and its contiguity to the canal greatly enhanced its value. The large work-shop which stood alongside, with turning lathes and other machinery for carpenters, wheel-wrights, etc., was entirely destroyed—a loss valued at least at $50,000 National currency. DAHLGREN'S men took from the present proprietor six fine horses, valued at $400 each: and in STONEMAN'S raid, during which he was visited also, he lost five splendid horses; so that Dover Mills has felt its share of warfare. But in spite of all these losses, and of his deeper sacrifice of a dearloved son on the bloody field of Gettysburg, there is not, perhaps, a more devoted lover of the Union than its present hospitable proprietor, nor one who had less to do with the fomenting of the dreadful war which forcibly drew his son and others into its hideous vortex. He tells many graphic anecdotes of the visits of our troops, who, he said, behaved very considerately under the circumstances.

The property seen on the beautiful range of hills in the back-ground belongs partly to the late Confederate Secretary of War SEDDON. Adjoining it is that of HOBSON, the son-in-law of Governor WISE, with whom the Governor usually sojourns. It is, altogether, one of the richest and most fertile spots to be found in the valley of the James.

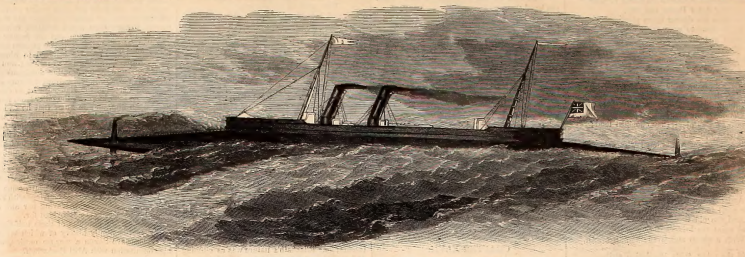
ROCKETT'S LANDING, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We present on this page a view of Rocketts Landing, the principal wharf at the port of Richmond. If any thing were needed as a proof of the vast difference between the state of affairs before and since the National occupation, it might be seen in the Rocketts of to-day and the miserable, deserted, Heaven-forsaken looking spot which was pointed out to the first comers from the North as the commercial *entrepôt* of the rebel capital. Then there was nothing to be seen on the landing but piles of disabled cannon and rusty fragments of war materials, nobody to be met but a few idle negroes, of all ages and sexes, coming to gape at the wonderful "Yankees." Now the scene is altogether changed. Rocketts has really resumed a portion of its former bustling character, and in a short time will far surpass it. We have opposition lines of splendid steamers running daily to and from Baltimore, Fortress Monroe, and Norfolk; at least a dozen steamers arrive and depart daily; the immense space, at the arrival of each vessel, is now crowded with omnibuses, hacks, drays, and every kind of vehicle for passengers and their luggage, where at first it was impossible, at any price, for the traveler to obtain a conveyance. Indeed we may say that the commerce of Richmond is now fairly started, and, in spite of the drawbacks still existing from political considerations, is destined to go on rapidly increasing at a rate that but few Virginians ever dreamed of.

The geographical position of this State, her climate, mineral wealth, and agricultural resources, her contiguity to all the great Atlantic markets, and the advantages she offers, as the natural outlet to the ocean of all the pent-up wealth of the great West, are all attracting already the serious attention of capitalists and emigrants. The recent important revelations respecting the gold, copper, and other mineral regions in Central Virginia are inviting capitalists, while emigrants are beginning to learn that they need not be going thousands of miles to the far West in search of what they can find quite as readily, and in equal abundance, within two or three days' easy travel from New York. In the fore-ground of the sketch our artist has represented an importation of some fifty or sixty Swedes who arrived a few days ago, and who go to join a larger number of their countrymen newly settled on their farms in the fertile valley of the James. "The more the merrier" of such kind of visitors just now. Virginia needs them, and can well repay their coming.



ROCKETTS LANDING, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]



THE WINANS CIGAR YACHT, BUILDING IN ENGLAND.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

THE WALL STREET FORGERY.

We give on this page an illustration of a gold-check forged by Mr. EDWARD KETCHUM, who has been indicted for larceny and forgery. We also give *fac-similes* of his forged handwriting, as shown in extracts from letters found upon his person at the time of his arrest; letters which were intended to appear as addressed to himself by his near relatives, and as supporting his assumed character as a Western merchant. In the gold check the word *Gold*, it should be stated, is printed in gold letters running across the check.



FAC-SIMILE OF A GOLD CHECK FORGED BY E. A. KETCHUM.

JUDGE J. S. YERGER.

We publish on page 605 a portrait of the HON. J. S. YERGER, President of the Mississippi Convention, the first of the State Conventions held in the South.

Judge YERGER was born in Greenburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1810, from whence his father removed to Nashville, Tennessee, in 1816. The son there commenced the study and practice of law, and took an active part in the political affairs of the State. In 1837 he went to Vicksburg, Mississippi, and took a prominent position at the bar of that city when it boasted of such men as S. S. PRENTISS, JOSEPH HOLT, and other eminent legal gentlemen. For several years he was a member of the Legislature, and in 1850 was elected Judge of Courts of Law and Equity, which office he continues to hold by re-election to the present time. He was chosen as one of the delegates to the secession Convention of 1861, and strenuously opposed from first to last, and voted against the ordinance of secession.

Cincinnati Aug 22. 65

My dear Son

Your letter of the 16th is just re^d. × × × in regard to spending money. I do not wish to place you under any restrictions upon that head. Having every confidence in your prudence and as far as it is necessary you & economy. Your friends here often enquire about you and it is very pleasant for me to say [illegible] many people you seem to have attached to you, your friendship when once is beyond all price and value and I cannot exhort too strongly upon you the disagreeableness of making the proper class of acquaintances and friendship and when those if you find them of the proper class do not give them up lightly ××

E. R. Lowry Esq
Brooklyn

Yours
Father

Cincinnate
Aug 22. 65

My dear Brother

I have but a few moments in which to acknowledge the receipt of yr valuable and most acceptable present, it came just in the nick of time. Many many thanks. Will write you again in a day or two. With best love believe me Ever

Yr bro in haste
E. R. Lowry
Frank

FAC-SIMILES OF FORGED LETTERS WRITTEN BY E. A. KETCHUM.

THE RAILROAD DIRECTORS.

Two railroad directors sat down to dine
At the Astor House one day.
And after the dinner came plenty of wine—
Jolly directors were they.
Surplus and dividend they had stored
Where it would keep and swell,
And the delicate business of the board
That day they had managed well.

But the buzzing wine rose to their brains
And drowned discretion out,
While the greenish tint of their heavy gains
Colored their thoughts, no doubt.
The door was ajar; they chuckled loud;
And a stranger, another man,
Whose head for a murdered wife was bowed,
Their chuckles could but hear.

Said one, "Do you understand my move
For a new track all complete;
Our case for the public weal 'twill prove,
And our stock will bull the street.
We shall turn the old rails outside in,
And the old ties upside down,
And paint the bridges, that shake like sin,
With a cheap and strengthening brown."

Said the other, "My Resolution strikes
Half the old hands away;
Each of 'em sent up if he likes—
There are cheaper hands than they.
Some see too much, and I will have done
With their knowing crowds of fear;
A worn-out road is best better be run
By a half-priced engineer."

The traveler rose with a hopeless groan
And went his desolate way;
He knew too well why he walked alone,
With his head in the mire of clay;
While the directors paid their bill
With never a sigh of care,
And to joking with Murray Hill
Rolled up through the golden air.

Next month was another "accident"
From a broken tie and rail,
And a score of precious souls were sent
Through the plunging gulch and pale;
And by many more, crushed, maimed, and torn,
Writhing in hopeless pain,
Was the life-long, fearful witness borne
Of the vile directors' gain.

OUR AUNTS.

WHAT would become of half of us if we had no aunts? I don't know precisely what would have become of a score of persons upon whom my mind's eye now rests; but I am certainly sure that but for their aunts they would have been in the race of life, by this time, nowhere. They would have had no out of the course long ago and gone to the deuce, or died in ditches, as their other relatives metaphorically predicted of them. It is mentally ordered in the great scheme of existence that nearly every person should have an aunt who is willing to grow into an old maid, and to sacrifice her life to the good of others—those others being generally her nephews and nieces. Aunts are the fairy good godmothers of society, the supplementary mothers who are often more kind and indulgent to the children than their parents are. There is not a single person any where who is not familiar with this idea of a good aunt. We sometimes hear of children who never knew their father or mother; but when is the child who never knew an aunt? When the father and mother disappear and leave the poor infant to the mercy of the world, who is it that takes the little waif in, and feeds and clothes it, and sends it to school? Who? The aunt. The good kind tender-hearted aunt, who, perhaps, has been passed over in life, who has toiled hard, who has suffered much, who, at any rate, has never tasted the joys of maternity—she certainly never knows the bitter vexations. It is really wonderful, under such circumstances, that aunts should retain as much as they humanity, that the fire of love should not have been quenched in their lonely hearts, that the milk of human kindness should not have dried up in their breasts long ago. We should be thankful to Heaven for these maiden aunts of ours: they are a legion of angels upon earth, forever hovering about us to pity and to succor.

I shall not be stating at all an exceptional case when I say that I had an aunt who was an "aunty dear" to three generations. This is one of the blessed things about our aunts. They are sent into the world to be good and also to live long. The good die early, sentimental folks say. Stuff! The good, blessed Lord, who is fain to have false men and wear false hair, and they are the most delightful creatures to kiss in the world. I can only think of that dear old aunty of mine (though I never call her until she was threescore; she was my grandaunt) as a fair young creature of seventeen summers, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair arranging over her shoulders to her waist. I have this vision of her—though, when I knew her, she was white-haired—I wore a brown wig that was any thing but invisible, and a cap that some folks would call a right—because she once told me that she was the last word. I see as a girl, she ran over the hill one morning early to bid good-by to her lover, who was going away to sea. She held me on her knee, and patted me on the head, and strained me to her breast, when she told me that story; and I knew that she had kept her great wealth of love for me and mine. For the sailor-boy fever came back. She had a lock of his hair which she used to take from a secret drawer and show me. It was jet black, and when she handled it it curled round her finger, as if the spirit of her sailor-boy had come back from the depths of the sea to embrace her with all that was left of him on earth.

"And what did you do, aunty," I said, "when you heard the news?"

"What did I do, laddie? I cried and cried until my heart was dry and my eyes were rain. I think I should ha' died if your mother hadna come: but when she came I took up wi' her. She had bonny black een just like Charlie's, and I loved her and nursed her for his sake. And when they had over mony o' them at hame I took her to live with me, and she was my lassie until your father married her. And then I was lonely again until your father had over mony o' them, when I took your sister, and now I've got you; and a pretty handful I've had with the lot o' ye."

She did not mean these last sharp words a bit; for the task, and that of succeeding generation to live with her, and it was always in danger of being smothered with kisses.

Ah, dear aunty in Heaven, what would have become of some of us but for you?

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XLVI

A PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

EVERY student of English history is familiar with the noble and ancient name of Holme-Pierrepoint. A more stately race of men and women than the Holme-Pierrepoints never traversed the pages of medieval chronicle. Their famous ancestor, Thierry de Pierrepoint, "came over" in the train of Duke William the Bastard; but he was only the younger son of a younger son, and the houses which look back to him as their founder were, after all, but offshoots from that still more ancient line that held lands and fiefs in French Comté three centuries before the great conquest.

How Thierry de Pierrepoint came to be lord of many a fair manor in Northumberland, and his descendants multiplied and prospered, held high offices of state under more than thirty sovereigns, raised up for themselves a following in camp and council, and intermarried with the bravest and fairest of almost every noble family in the land, needs no recapitulation here. Enough that the Holme-Pierrepoints were an elder branch of the original Pierrepoint stock; and that Lady Castlecourt was the only child of a Holme-Pierrepoint, and whose mother was a Talbot, had really some excuse for her inordinate pride of birth which underlaid every thought and act of her life as the ground-color underlies all the tints in a picture.

The circumstances of her ladyship's parentage were these:

George Condé Holme-Pierrepoint, third Lord Holmes, of Holme Castle, Lancashire, being no longer young, and having, moreover, encumbered all a slender estate by extravagance, was married at fifty years of age, to the infinite annoyance of his cousin and heir-presumptive, Captain Holme-Pierrepoint, R.N., by the daughter of Lord Holmes's choice was just half his age. She was known as Portsmouth and its neighborhood as "the beautiful Miss Talbot;" she was the fifth of nine daughters in a family of fourteen children; and her father, the venerable Charles Talbot, held the rank of Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy. It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to add that Miss Talbot had no fortune.

This marriage was celebrated some time in the autumn of 1810; and on the 10th of October, 1811, after little more than one year of marriage, Lady Holmes died, leaving an infant daughter named Adelaide. Lord Holmes, a broken-hearted the widower shut himself up in Holme Castle, and left the child, of profound seclusion. He received no visitors, he absented himself from his parliamentary duties, and he was rarely seen beyond his own park-walls. Many fantastic stories began to be told of his temper and habits. It was said that he gave way to sudden and ungovernable fits of rage; and that he had equally strange fits of silence; that he abhorred the light of day, and sat habitually with closed shutters in a room without a door; he occasionally did not go to bed for eight-and-forty hours at a time; and a hundred other tales, equally bizarre and improbable, were told to make the world had almost forgotten him, and his little girl was between five and five years of age, Lord Holmes astounded his neighbors, his family, than astounded his heir, by marrying his daughter's governess.

How he came to take this step, whether he married the governess for her own sake, or for the child's sake, or to prevent his cousin's succession were facts known only to himself. That he did marry her, and that, having married her, he continued to live with her in the same unbroken seclusion life as before, was all that even his own servants could tell of the matter. The second Lady Holmes visited nowhere, and was visited by none. What she had been as Miss Holme-Pierrepoint's governess she continued to be as Miss Holme-Pierrepoint's step-mother. She claimed no authority. She called her husband "my lord," stood in awe of her stepchild, and yielded to the child's imperious temper just as she had done at the first. The result was that she remained a cipher in her own house, and was treated as a cipher. When, by-and-by, she also gave birth to a little daughter, there were no rejoicings; and when, some few years later, she died, and was laid beside her high-born predecessor, there were no lamentations. Had she brought an heir to the house, or had she filled her place in it more bravely, things, perchance, had gone differently. But the world is terribly apt to take people at their own valuation; and Lady Holmes, perplexed

——with the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born,"

had rated herself according to the dictates of one of the lowliest and most timid hearts that ever beat in a woman's breast.

Thus it was that Lord Holmes became the father of two daughters, and was twice a widower over. And thus it was that Captain Holme-Pierrepoint, of Sowerby, escaped first Scylla and then Charybdis, and remained heir-presumptive to his cousin's coronet after all.

No two girls ever grew up more unlike each other than the honorable Miss Holme-Pierrepoints. There was a difference of nearly six years in their ages; but beyond this; but this was as nothing when compared with the difference in their appearance, dispositions, and tastes.

The elder was dark, stately, and remarkable from very early girlhood for that singular resemblance to Marie Antoinette, which became so striking in her at a later period of life. The younger, on the contrary, was pretty rather than beautiful, painfully sensitive and shy, and as unpretending as might have been the lowliest peasant girl upon her father's lands. Alethea never forgot that she was noble on both sides; but Elizabeth would have found it remember that she was noble on either. Alethea was cold and ambitious; but Elizabeth's nature was as clinging and tender as it was unselfish. Elizabeth looked up to Alethea as to the noblest and most perfect of God's creatures; but Alethea, who had never forgiven her father's second marriage, held her half-sister in that kind of modified estimation in which a pet dog might hold a clouded diamond, or a sportsman a half-bred retriever.

Years went by; and as the girls grew to womanhood their individualities became more and more apparent. In due time the Honorable Miss Holme-Pierrepoint, being of an age to take her place in society, was presented at court by her aunt, the Countess of Glastonbury, and thereafter went in the ordinary fashion that prevailed in the days of George the Third. Before the close of that season she was engaged to Harold Wyrecwyse, Earl of Castlecourt, and early in the spring time of the following year, while her young sister was yet in the school-room, the betrothed Alethea was married from her aunt's house in Somersetshire, where the ceremony was privately performed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

In the mean while it was arranged that Lord Holmes's younger daughter was to be spared all those difficult duties which must have been a matrimonial choice. Her lot was cast for her. She was to marry Captain Holme-Pierrepoint, of Sowerby.

A more simple and admirable scheme could not have been devised. Captain Holme-Pierrepoint was her father's heir, and it was of course desirable that Elizabeth's dowry should remain in the family. Captain Holme-Pierrepoint was a young man to form a very favorable opinion of his lady's character. He was a man who got through a great deal of solid reading in the year; who weighed in a balance, and talked pompously," was a strict disciplinarian, and had "views" on the subject of education. In addition to these qualifications it may be added that Captain Holme-Pierrepoint was still handsome, and only forty-eight years of age.

Incredible as it may seem, however, Lord Holmes's second daughter was by no means so happy as she ought to have been in the contemplation of her destiny. Like most very young girls she had already dreamed dreams, and she would not have objected to accept Captain Holme-Pierrepoint as the realization of that ideal lover whom her imagination had delighted to picture. Her loving nature only needed something to cling to, something to live for, something to worship; but she knew that she could not deeply live for, or cling to, or worship Captain Holme-Pierrepoint. Above all, she shrank from the prospect of having her future formed according to his educational "views."

In order, therefore, to avoid this terrible contingency she resolved that Holme-Pierrepoint should deliberately rejected her destiny, and ran away with her drawing-master.

It was a desperate blow to the pride of the whole Pierrepoint family. The Talbots and the Wynecelyffes were of opinion that Lord Holmes was simply insane when he had sown, and that nothing better was to be expected from the daughter of a nameless governess; but Lord Holmes himself regarded the matter in a very different light. Harsh and eccentric as he was, this old man had loved his younger child well, but now his whole heart hardened toward her, and he swore that he would never see her, or speak to her, or forgive her while he lived. For having formally disinherited her, he desired that her name should be mentioned in his presence no more.

As for Lady Castlecourt, her resentment was no less bitter. She, too, never spoke or spoke to her half-sister again. She did not suffer, it is true, as her father had suffered. Her heart was not wrung by the bitterness of regret that is less heart to be wrung; but her pride was even more deeply outraged. Neither of them made any effort to conceal their hostility. They merely blotted her name from their family records; burned, unread, the letters in which she implored their forgiveness, and behaved in all respects, not as though she were dead, but as though she had never existed.

In the mean while Elizabeth Holme-Pierrepoint had fled to Italy with her husband. He was a very young man—mere student—rich in hope, poor in pocket, and an enthusiast in all that concerned his art. But enthusiasm is as frequently the index of taste as the touch-stone of talent, and Edgar Rivière, with all his exquisite feeling for form and color, his worship of the antique, and his idolatry of Raffaelle, lacked the one great gift that makes poet and painter—he had no creative power. He was a correct draughtsman and a brilliant colorist; but, wanting "the vision and the faculty divine," wanted just all that divides elegant mediocrity from genius. He believed in himself, however, and his wife believed in him; and for years he struggled on, painting ambitious pictures that never sold, and earning a scanty subsistence by copying the Raffaelles he so dearly loved. At last, however, the bitter truth forced itself upon them, and he knew that he had deceived himself with hopes destined never to be realized. But the discovery came too late. Long years of unrequited effort had impaired his health and bowed his spirit within him, and he had no heart left of that high courage which would once have armed him against all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He did not long survive the wreck of his ambition. He died in Florence, literally of a broken heart, some fifteen years after his romantic marriage with Elizabeth Holme-Pierrepoint, leaving her and one surviving child wholly unprovided for.

Such were the destinies of these half-sisters, and such the family history of which William Trefalden gave Saxon a meagre outline, after his consultation with Abel Kockwitch.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHAT THEY SAID AT THE CLUB.

"AND now, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I can tell you something beyond the fact that Edgar Rivière died in Florence some three or four years since; but I think we need have no difficulty in assuming the parentage and identity of your dressed damsel. I imagine that her mother must have been left simply destitute; and in this case Lady Castlecourt's behaviour would, of course, do something to keep her from starvation. I doubt, however, that her charity went beyond that point."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, who was now pacing up and down the room in a fever of indignation, "it is only in her own sister, cousin William! her own sister!"

"Her half-sister; but, even so, it is too bad."

"Too bad! Why it's monstrous! If I were Castletowers—"

"I do not suppose that Lord Castletowers has ever been aware of the existence of these people," interrupted the lawyer.

"Then he ought to hear of it!"

"Not from your lips, young man. You have stumbled on a family secret, and, right or wrong, you are bound in honor to respect it. If Lady Castlecourt keeps a skeleton in her private closet, it is not your place to produce that skeleton and to flaunt it in the face which she invites you."

"I am afraid that's true," replied Saxon; "but I wish I might tell Castletowers all the same."

"You may tell him nothing of the kind," said Mr. Trefalden, emphatically. "It is in your power to give great assistance to two unfortunate ladies, and what is to hinder you from doing it?"

"I can not be content to stand by and see injustice done," exclaimed Saxon. "They have been cruelly wronged."

"Even so, my dear fellow, you are not Don Quixote."

"I am young man bit his lip.

"Don Quixote's name," said he, "is too often taken in vain. Every forlorn hope that any nineteenth-century-people should come to apply it to the simple love of right! It seems to me that the world over here thinks a man a victim of politeness than justice. It's not so in Switzerland. And now, cousin William, how am I to help them?"

"You must allow me time to consider," replied Mr. Trefalden. "It will require delicate management."

"I know it will."

"But I will think the matter over, and write to you about it to-morrow."

"The sooner the better," said Saxon.

"Of course you need with regard to your?"

"With regard to money, do the best you can for them. I don't care how much it is."

"Suppose it were to draw over for a hundred thousand pounds!" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"I'm not afraid of that; but I do fear that you may not use my purse freely enough."

"I will try, at all events," replied Mr. Trefalden; whereupon Saxon thanked him, and cordially, and put out his hand to say good-by.

"You don't inquire how the company is going on," said the lawyer, detaining him.

"I am afraid I had forgotten all about the company," laughed Saxon. "But I suppose it's all right."

"Yes, we are making way," replied his cousin. "Capital people in the city and shareholders have every confidence in the direction. Our surveyors are still going over the ground; and we are next week dispatching a staff of assistants to Sidon, you may remember, will be our great Mediterranean depot, and we mean to open offices at Beyrouth as agent there without delay."

"Indeed!" said Saxon. "Is it still so great a secret?"

"It is a greater secret than ever."

"Oh—good-by."

"You are always in haste when business is the topic," said Mr. Trefalden. "Where are you going now?"

"To the club; and then back to Castletowers."

"You are making a long stay. What about the Continent?"

But Saxon was already half-way down the stairs, and seemed not to hear the question.

He then went direct to the Frenchmen, where he no sooner made his appearance than he found himself a centre of attraction. The younger men were eager for news of Italy, and, knowing

whence he came, overwhelmed him with questions. What was Colonna doing? Was he likely to go out to Garibaldi? What were Garibaldi's intentions? Was Victor Emanuel favorable to the Sicilian cause? Would the war be carried into Naples and Rome? And, if so, did Colonna think that the Emperor of the French would take arms for the Pope? Was it true that Vaughan was about to join the army of liberation? Was it true that Lord Castlestowers would accompany the English contingent? Was it true that Saxon had himself accepted a commission And so on, till Saxon stopped his ears, and refused to hear another question.

"I am not in Signor Colonna's confidence," said he, "and I know nothing of his projects. But I do know that I have accepted no such commission, and I believe I may say the same for Castlestowers."

"And Vaughan?" said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"Vaughan is going. He starts for Genoa to-night."

"I felt sure that was true," observed Greatrex, with a significant laugh. "I thought the fair Olimpia has promised to take pity on him."

Saxon turned upon him as if he had been stung.

"What do you mean?" he said, hotly. "What should Miss Colonna have to do with the matter?"

"Perhaps a great deal," replied the banker. "The gentleman gives his arm to the cause, and the lady rewards him with her hand. 'Tis a fair exchange."

"And Vaughan has worshiped for years at the Olimpian shrine," added Sir Charles.

"Besides," said another, "what else does he go for? We all know that he doesn't care a straw for Italy. It may be a forlorn hope, you know."

"More likely than not, I should say," replied Burgoyne. "Olimpian Colonna is a clever woman, and knows her own market value. She'll fly as higher game than a major of dragoons."

Saxon's face was burning all this time with anger and mortification. At last he could keep silence no longer.

"All this may be true," he said. "I don't believe it true; but at all events it is not in my power to contradict it. However, of one thing I am certain—that a crowded club-room is not the place in which a lady's name should be passed from mouth to mouth in this fashion."

"Your proposition is quite unexceptionable, in a general way," said the fair fellow, "and Burgoyne; but in the present instance it does not apply. Olimpia's name has figured for years in dispatches, petitions, committee-lists, and reports of all kinds, civil and military, it can surely bear the atmosphere of a crowded club-room."

"I don't think that has any thing to do with it," said Saxon, hastily. "Dispatches and petitions are public matters, and open to general discussion."

"But the probable marriage of a charming woman is a private matter, and therefore open to particular discussion," laughed the Guardsman. "If you are not, I can only say I by no means to hang myself on Miss Colonna's wedding-day."

Then the conversation turned again to Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel; and presently Saxon made his escape, and was on his way to the station.

He felt very moody and uncomfortable as he leaned back in his Hansom and sped down the Strand. He had heard much that was infinitely disagreeable to him during the brief hour spent at his club—much that he could not contradict, which he had been obliged to endure with comparative patience. That Olimpia's name should be thus familiar to every idle lip-servant of the profession; but that it should be coupled up with that of Vaughan and Castlestowers, and perhaps—who could tell?—with the names of a hundred other men whose political sympathies necessarily brought them into communication with her, was scarcilage pur et simple.

What man on earth was worthy of her, to begin with? Certainly not Major Vaughan, with his surface morality, his half-concealed cynicism, and his iron-gray beard. Not even Castlestowers, brave and honorable gentleman as he was. No —the only fit and appropriate husband for Olimpia Colonna would be some modern Da Guestin or Bayard; some man of the old times, like those soul would burn with a fire kindred to her own, with a love as great dead to be worthily bestowed, and lay his splendid laurels at her feet. But then lived there such a hero, young, handsome, daring, modest, successful in love and in battle, a man of men, sans peur et sans reproche?

Perhaps Saxon was secretly comforted by the conviction that only a prenx cheralier would be worthy of Miss Colonna, and that the prenx de chevalier was entirely not forthcoming.

In the midst of these reflections, however, he found himself once more at the station, with the express on the point of starting, and not a second to lose. To fling down his shillings, dash along the platform, and spring into a first-class carriage, just as the guard was running along the line and the driver beginning his preliminary whistle, was the work of a moment. As the door closed behind him, and he dropped into the nearest corner, a friendly voice called him by name, and he found himself face to face with Miss Hatherton.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ON THE PLATFORM.

"Well met by—well, not exactly by moonlight, Mr. Trefalden," said she, with that hearty, almost gentlemanly way of proffering her hand that always put Saxon so delightfully at his ease in her society. "Have you been shooting any more wooden-cocks, or smoking any more races since I saw you last?"

"No," replied Saxon, laughingly; "I have been more usefully employed."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask in what manner?"

"Oh, Miss Hatherton, if you rent particulars I'm lost! I'm only pleasantly conscious that I have been employed in doing nothing by myself. I fear it's rather a vague statement to put forward though."

"Terribly vague. At all events, you have not yet donned the red shirt?"

"Yes—at the school theatre," said Saxon, with an involuntary glance at the little blue horseshoes besprinkling the bosom of that garment in which his person happened to be adorned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have not gone over to Garibaldi."

Garibaldi again! It seemed as if the air was full of the names of Garibaldi and Italy to-day! "Why, no, you too, Miss Hatherton!" he said. "I have heard more about Italian affairs since I have been in town this morning than I ever hear at Castlestowers. The men at the Erechtheum would talk of nothing else."

"I dare say not," replied the heiress. "The lookers-on have always more to say than the workers. But has not Miss Colonna enlisted you?"

"Indeed no."

"You amaze me. I could not have believed that she would have been so incredible forbearance toward a man of your inches. But perhaps you are intending to join in any case."

"I have no intention of the sort or the other," said Saxon; "but if any of our fellows were going I should like to join them."

"There is nothing I should enjoy so much, if I were a man," said Miss Hatherton. "Do you think you could get me a commission? I heard they were sorely in want of money the other day, and I seat them something—not much, but as much as I could spare."

"Oh, I believe the fund is getting on pretty well," replied Saxon, with some embarrassment. "You are a subscriber, then?"

"Yes—I have given something."

Miss Hatherton looked at him keenly.

"I should like to know what it was something was," said she. "I heard a strange rumor today—but I suppose you would not tell me if I were to ask you."

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"A rumor is generally known by a polite name for a lie," replied he; "you should never believe in one."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Hatherton, gravely. "I should be sorry to believe all—"

She checked herself, and added:

"If you do not tell me, Mr. Trefalden, you must be sure to let me know. I only marvel that Miss Colonna's eloquence has not been brought to bear upon you long before."

"Well, I'm not an Italian."

Miss Hatherton smiled, compassionately.

"My dear man," said she, "if you were a Thug, and willing to make your *rosmal* useful to the cause, Miss Colonna would persuade you. Nationality is nothing to them. All they want is a volunteer or a subscriber. Besides, plenty of your countrymen have gone over to Italy already."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Saxon, eagerly.

"As sure as that you never read the papers."

"You are quite right there," laughed he, "I never do."

"An English volunteer company is already formed," continued Miss Hatherton, "at Genoa."

"Yes—I know that."

"There are, then, I hear, be a German corps; and both Swiss and Hungarian corps are talked of."

Saxon nearly bounded off his seat.

"A Swiss corps!" he shouted. "A Swiss corps, and nobody ever breathed a word of this to me!"

"It's very odd," said Miss Hatherton.

"And that Vaughan should go to me so much about Italy yesterday morning!"

"Perhaps they do not care to make a collective of you, Mr. Trefalden," said the heiress.

"But they want soldiers!"

"True; but—"

"But they have!"

"Perhaps they stand more in need of the simple arm of war just now than of your individual muscles."

"The sinews of war!" stammered Saxon.

"He must be rich, indeed, who—"

"Of course I might get killed; but every volunteer risks that. Vaughan may get killed."

"He may; but I don't believe he will."

"Of course I might get killed; but every volunteer risks that. Vaughan may get killed."

"He may; but I don't believe he will."

Saxon looked blankly in Miss Hatherton's face.

"I—I really don't understand," said he.

"Do you wish me to explain my meaning?" said Miss Hatherton.

"Undoubtedly."

"There—excuse the illustration—it might not be politic to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Saxon's face flamed with rage and mortification.

"Oh, Miss Hatherton!" he exclaimed, "how can you be so unjust, and so unchariable?"

Miss Hatherton smiled good-temperedly.

"I am a plain speaker, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "and plain speakers must expect to be called uncharitable sometimes. You need not be angry with me because I speak the truth."

"But indeed you're mistaken. It's not the truth, nor any thing like the truth."

"Nay," she replied, "I know the Colonnas better than you know them. Giulio Colonna is insatiable for money. Italy is insatiable for it. I deny that he is personally disinterested. He would give the coat off his back to buy powder and shot for the cause; but he would strip the coat from his neighbor's back for the same purpose without scruple."

"But, indeed—"

"But, indeed, Mr. Trefalden, you may believe me when I tell you that he would regard it as a sacred duty to fling every farthing of your fortune into this coming war, if he could get the handling of it. You will do well to beware of him."

"Then I am sure that Miss Colonna is not—"

"Miss Colonna is utterly dominated by her own enthusiasm and her father's influence. You must beware of her too."

"You will do well to beware of yourself next, Miss Hatherton," said Saxon, petulantly.

"No, my dear Sir, I shall do nothing of the kind. I like my money simply; but I neither covet your money, nor—— Do you know what people are saying about you and Miss Colonna? Bywhose way, is the train your station?"

"About me and Miss Colonna!" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Yes—but this is certainly Sedgebrook. You must be quick, for they don't stop one moment."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Hatherton, tell me first!"

"No, no—jump out, or you will be carried on. I'll tell you when we meet next autumn."

Saxon jumped out, but clung to the window with both hands.

"Now!" said he. "Now!"

"Well," replied Miss Hatherton, speaking somewhat slowly, and looking him full in the face; "they say that Miss Colonna—they say you are going to squander your fortune on Italy; marry Olimpia Colonna; and break Lord Castlestowers' heart."

But Saxon never heard the last five words at all. Before Miss Hatherton could bring her sentence to an end the shrill whistle drowned her voice, and the train began to move. The young man sprang back after it for some moments in blank bewilderment.

Squander your fortune on Italy, and marry Olimpia Colonna! He repeated to himself:

"Fly to Castletowers, Sir?" said the solitary fly-driver of the place, recognizing the Earl's livery.

But Saxon preferred to walk; so he took the short cut through the fields, and strode on with his head thrown back, and still ringing in his ears:

"Marry Olimpia Colonna!" he said, for the twentieth time, as he sat down presently upon a stile, and proceeded unconsciously to cut off the heads of the nearest dandelions with his cane. "Marry Olimpia Colonna! Good God! there isn't a prince on this earth half good enough for her! As for me, I'm only just worthy to be one of her soldiers! The stand notion! What a mad, preposterous notion!"

Mad and preposterous as it was, however, he could think of little else; and every now and then, as he loitered on his way through the pleasant meadows, he repeated, half aloud, those wondrous words:

"Marry Olimpia Colonna!"

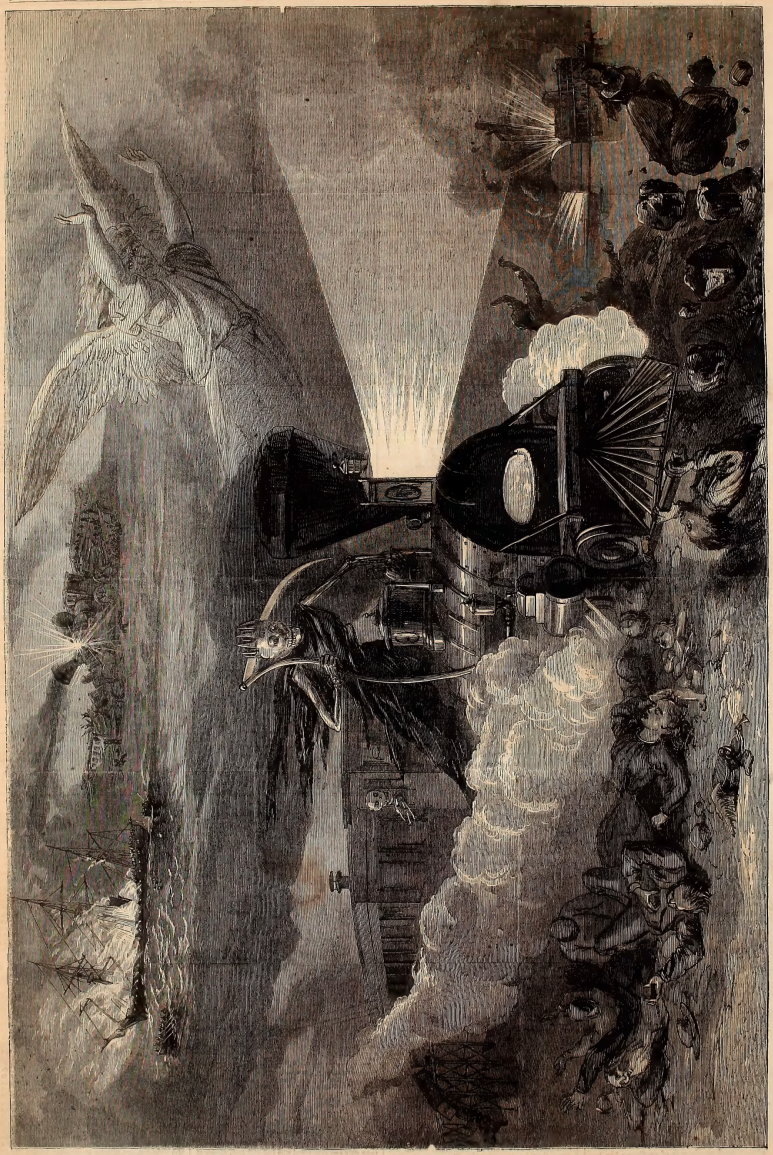
INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE WANDERING JEW.—The legend of the Jew ever wandering and never dying—one from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. It is known, however, as in all fables, to not agree. One version is this: When Jesus was led to death, opposite the house of Pilate, he fell down in the next himself near the gate at the house of Ahasuerus. This man, sorely vexed, called forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned toward him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shall move on until I return." Hence this man can be has no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that he was the Porter of Pilate, a monk of the thirteenth century. When Jesus was led from the house of Pilate, he was met by this man, named Cartaphilous, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying, "Walk in, Jesus, walk in; why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Hence he still walks, and receives from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third version is that this wandering Jew is a sick every hundred years, but recovers and resumes his wanderings. Some say he is seen in various places. He does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus Ahasuerus is the name of one of the ancient names of the Arabic—this wanderer. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century, who, at that time, when the world was full of pious frauds, even to disgust. However, there is a man who says he has seen him, and, as he has come a proverb, "He tune about like a wandering Jew."

UNCLAIMED PRIZES.—The managers of lotteries could give some curious information concerning them. In one case, especially as regards the number of prizes that have never been claimed. The number is enormous, as may be guessed at in the majority of instances. There was a man, for example, who purchased a ticket in a lottery. A man who had frequently speculated in lottery tickets, and always without success. He purchased this ticket at the last determined not to risk any more money in it; but some months after he remembered that he had purchased it. Another ticket that he did so, but could not find it. He then set to work in the most methodical way to look through his papers, and found the ticket in the bottom of a drawer, and handed his friend in the street, who, it chanced, had just then called to see him, and was in the act of bidding him adieu, to go through the list of the prize remained unclaimed. The ticket was found, and he had not the slightest idea what it was. He then looked at the list, and found that it was the number that had won the thousand pounds' prize. He had not even looked at the number, and had not known what had become of it.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.—The correspondent of the Glasgow *Herald* says:—"In times of little liberality, when some men, through God sent wealth, are comparatively those who did not exactly receive their creed, nor worship God in the same way as they did, and who were consequently persecuted his tenants because they had religious meetings in private houses, and one of the most unlikely persons, though he never molested them when they spent their money in the public-house. The Presbyterians, one of these people, went out one morning to the house of the Baronet's gamekeeper, and inquired to talk with him. The servant desired to know her message, and he would deliver her message to none but his master; and it was with a number of servants, who were consequently very intimately and alone. The servant having delivered this message, said that Sir Sidney was engaged at that time something on her mind, his worship condescended to see her. She then addressed him in the most kind, but laughingly, comforting tone. To which she answered, 'Sir, you are a handsome young man, and not without much virtue God according to our ain conscience, and to get us as we can, and give us peace, and we desire to be let alone; and gin ye gae, ahame, ye'll no ken what influence such people might have?' She then left him, and he had to go to prayer to the great, wisely took the old woman's advice, and ever let them alone."

THE CHANGING IN THE LUNAR CRATERS.—Astronomical questions is well known; the most trivial circumstance is noted; and there are books which have an enormous circulation which teach the signification of every object dreamed of. Thus, if a man dreams that he sees a crow flying, or a mouse running, or a woman nursing a baby, there are figures attached which he considers will make up a lucky number, and on which he therefore stakes his money. Apparently in the latter thing he is successful, for about, or some other writer, relates that when a soldier appeared himself at the top of a tree, and there made a general rush toward his body, not for the purpose of rendering him assistance, but in order to see what number was on his button.



THE HORRORS OF TRAVEL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE NEW CITY HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[See Page 590.]

A TRUE BILL.

EARLY on the morning of the fifteenth of April information reached the French police that the Baroness de C——— was lying dead in her bed, strangled with a piece of ribbon. She had been married as a widow to Baron de C——, and was about twenty-eight years old, very pretty, of engaging manners, and both she and her husband were known far and wide for lavish hospitality.

Three weeks before the murder the baron set out for Russia, where it was said that he inherited some property from a relative. During the absence of her husband the baroness kept very much at home, with Ernestine Lamont, a beautiful girl of the most innocent and simple manners, who had been educated and protected by her. On the night before the murder the baroness went to the Opera. Ernestine, who was very well, did not accompany her; neither did she sit up for her, as the baroness had a private key, and did not wish the young girl to be disturbed. It was the custom that when the baroness, on awaking in the morning, rang her bell, Ernestine went first to her bedroom. When, on the morning after the murder, no bell was heard to ring, the servants wondered, and at last one of them went up to Ernestine's room to ask the cause. She was empty. Thinking that she was gone, as usual, to the baroness's bedroom, the servant went thither. There the shades were still closed, and the night-lamp burning on a little table by the bedside. On the floor lay the lifeless body of Ernestine. The girl now covered her head; the other servants hurried up stairs, and on opening the shutters it was seen that the baroness lay dead, evidently strangled with a piece of ribbon, which was at once recognized as belonging to Ernestine, who was lying in a swoon on the floor.

On coming to herself, it was naturally supposed that she would be able to throw some light on the matter, but, to the surprise of all, she was in a nervous hesitation hardly to be reconciled with innocence. On further examination it was found that the secretary had been wide open, and that a variety of papers and other articles were lying about in confusion, as if the contents of each drawer had been hastily turned inside out. By this time the police had arrived. With scarcely a moment's hesitation they pronounced that one of the inmates of the house must either have committed the crime, or at least been an accomplice in it. Evidently, also, there had been robbery added to murder; and, therefore, it was thought right to search the boxes of each member of the household. The servants were all willing; but when it came to Ernestine's turn to deliver up her keys, the young lady showed a strange unwillingness to do so. Of course the police persisted, and a very little time elapsed before a large sum of money and several jewels belonging to the murdered lady carefully secreted at the bottom of her box.

"How does mademoiselle account for this money?" was the first question put to her.

"I do not know!—can not tell—pray—do not ask me," was the hesitating reply.

The suspicions already attached to her were now considerably strengthened, and the police only discharged their duty in arresting her. The case was tried, and Ernestine was almost found guilty.

A young lawyer named Bernard, whose knowledge of Ernestine's previous character made it very hard for him to believe her guilty, resolved to visit her. After some little difficulty permission was granted him to visit the condemned in prison. But if he would be either with any faith in her innocence he left the prison without doubt of her guilt. Her answers to his questions were evasive and unsatisfactory.

On reaching home late that evening he found a note lying on his table. It was from Ernestine, and ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel that I owe you at least some explanation for my strange conduct, and will therefore confide you in possession of the facts of the case. It is only foretelling my intention. This letter would have been delivered you after my death. . . .

"You are aware of the circumstances which made me regard the baroness as my mother. You are aware of her husband's fatal propensity to the gaming-table, a passion which in a measure I had to be accustomed to between them. The baroness was very beautiful, and still young, and for long had lost love and affection which she had hoped her husband would show her, formed an unfortunate intrigue. I was horror-struck when she informed me of this, but it was not for me to tell you how. As might be expected no good could possibly result from this attachment. It was proved against her by the most fallacious, and concealed, whether by threats or by menaces I know not, in obtaining from her large sums of money. It was but a few days before her death that she confided this to me, and at the same time begged me to take care of her jewels and money for her by me, as no one should get her secret lover should obtain possession of them. The last time I saw her was on the night on which she left the Opera. At what hour she returned I know not, for she always had a private key with her. . . . The rest you know.

"Hence, dear friend, you will understand my reluctance to have my name searched, and my evasive answers as to the money and jewels found in them.

"Had I told the truth should I have been believed? No! And have I not by my delay told another falsehood? the good name of one who has been more than a mother to me? Indeed, I did not know even the name of my secret lover, and I had never seen him. No: it is better as it is. I am ready to die. My secret is safe with me, and die with me. That you believe in my innocence is the only comfort I have left me.

"Your unhappy friend,
"ERNESTINE."

"Thank God!" murmured the young man, pressing the paper to his lips. "Henceforth I will devote my life to prove your innocence to the world. God grant it may not yet be too late!"

Late though it was, Bernard at once repaired to the prefect's house, and after some difficulty procured admission. The prefect fortunately happened to be an old friend of Bernard's father, and it was because of this that the young man was admitted at so late an hour.

"But, my good friend," said the old man, after patiently listening to all he had to say, "believe me, it is a useless task; there is no doubt that the young woman is guilty either as principal or as accomplice. Still, as you so earnestly wish it, you shall be permitted to examine the apartments of the murdered lady. And now good-night," he added, with a smile, "and let me hear the result of your investigations."

Early the next morning Bernard, accompanied by a gendarme, repaired to the baroness's house. Every thing lay exactly as it had been left on the fatal morning; for the house had been and was still in the custody of the police. Not a drawer nor a cupboard escaped Bernard's notice. There was no violence visible on the windows, as if forcible admission had been effected by the baroness. Nothing, in fact, presented itself which gave the slightest clew to the mystery.

The search had now occupied several hours, and Bernard felt that it was useless to remain there any longer. With a sigh of heavy heart he rose, and proceeded to leave the apartment. But in passing out into the entrée, which was quite dark, his foot struck something, which, stooping down, he found to be a hat. Thinking it belonged to the baron, he was about to hang it up with the others on the rack when he chanced to look at its inner lining.

"That hat, monsieur, if you please; I do not remember to have seen it before. It is strange," remarked the gendarme, looking at Bernard in a questioning manner, as if he thought that hung up in the entrée; "it is larger, and of a different shape to the others."

"Let me have it, my good friend; I will show it to the prefect as soon as I return—perhaps belonging to this secret lover of the murdered lady!" thought Bernard to himself, as he hurriedly drove to the prefecture.

Ernestine was anxiously expecting to see her friend, for he had promised to visit her that day again; and she wished to learn from him on this eve who ther she still believed in her innocence.

"Do you know this hat, Ernestine?" said Bernard, on entering the cell.

"That hat—good Heavens!—it is the very hat which the baron had on the night he left Paris," replied Ernestine, in an excited manner.

"Impossible!—we compared it with the other hats—and this is much larger. I believe it belonged to the baroness's lover—"

"No—no—a thousand times no—it is the baron's hat he took with him. I know it well; it is much larger for him, and he asked me to put some wadding under the lining for him—see—if it be not there!"

"But, Ernestine, it must be fancy on your part —this hat never belonged to the baron. But—"

"Quite right," added Ernestine, as, on turning up the lining, the wadding fell out, and with it a piece of paper which had been used to add a little to the size. It was a bill written by the hand-writer of a hotel at Strasburg, made out in the baron's name, for one month's board and lodging. It was dated April 7—just fourteen days after his departure from Paris.

Ernestine and Bernard looked at each other for a few moments in silence, as strange thoughts passed through the mind of each.

"And it was the baron's hat was now proved—but how did it come there? Had he returned to Paris secretly before the murder? Was he the murderer?

Ernestine turned deadly pale.

"Do you suppose that the baron—" she gasped.

"I do not suppose," added Bernard, finishing the sentence. "Yes! I do. But I will go at once to the prefect."

For the first time since her condemnation a faint ray of hope was kindled in Ernestine's heart. The sight of Bernard, her old friend, after so long delay, had indeed excited a wish to live in her young breast.

"How thankful I am I did not say any thing at the trial. The good God will protect me!"

Bernard now left the prison and hastened to the house of the prefect.

"Well! and what did you find?" asked the old man, smiling sadly at the young friend who rushed into the room without waiting to be announced.

"Do good enough to examine this bit," said Bernard, as he handed him the hat, and recounted to him the manner in which he had found it, and what Ernestine had subsequently told him.

"Ah! monsieur, you have been robbed! Yes, it is plain—and we have been accusing an innocent girl!" ejaculated the prefect, carefully examining the hat. "Yes, it is larger than the others, and further. But let me urge secrecy on you, and depend on me."

Early the next morning Bernard was again sent for to the prefect's house.

"I have carefully gone over the whole evidence since you left me," he said, "having been given to understand that there is a very strong suspicion against the baron. I have caused inquiries to be made, and have ascertained that he returned to Paris secretly, and that his journey to Peterburg was probably only a ruse to avoid suspicion. The affair looks very like a mystery, and must proceed very cautiously. The baron stands very high in the public esteem, and it seems incredible that he could be guilty of so terrible and horrible a crime. Still that hat and the bill of the landlord made out in his own name prove at least that he was in Paris on the night of the 28th. Why should he return? What was the motive? However, I have dispatched an agent of the secret police to Strasburg to track his steps from that place. You shall hear any thing I will send for you."

On arriving at Strasburg the police agent at once repaired to the Maison Rouge. The landlord perfectly remembered the baron's having staid at his hotel for a week, and the day he left, whither he could not say. The porter, however, remembered where his luggage was taken. It was to a house outside the city, on the road to Saverne, where a hired carriage was in readiness. He got into the carriage and drove off. But as the driver was an acquaintance of the porter's, it was no difficult matter to find him. He remembered the job perfectly, and was surprised that the baron should leave Thionville. He should not perhaps have paid much attention to this fact had he not a sister living at Saverne as chambermaid in the same hotel to which he drove his fare. On inquiring at Saverne the agent found that a Monsieur Thionville had arrived at the hotel as stated, and that he had remained there four days, during the greater part of which he had kept indoors from indisposition.

The description the landlord gave of his person and luggage left no doubt on the agent's mind that he was on the right track. But nothing further could be learned. Still, one important circumstance had been proved—namely, that, instead of proceeding on his journey to Russia, he had turned back on the road to Paris, after an assumed illness.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to get an advertisement in the French and German papers inviting the landlord of the murdered lady to repair to Paris, in order to claim the property of his deceased wife. For, it was argued, if he had murdered her for the sake of getting possession of her money, it was very probable that he would take the last step to get it out. Neither did this surmise prove to be incorrect.

Two months or thereabouts had elapsed, and the police were beginning to despair of getting "other" tidings of the baron, when a gentleman, att...ed in deep mourning, and apparently bowed down with great grief, presented himself at the bureau of the police. "He had," he said, "by chance seen the fearful tidings of his wife's murder in a paper at St. Petersburgh, and had returned to Paris as quickly as he could. The shock, however, it had caused him had brought on a severe attack of illness, from which he had only just recovered, otherwise he should have returned to Paris some weeks sooner."

The baron, having given the orders of his chief, the agent referred the baron to a comptoir, where he would be furnished with the register of the death and burial of his wife.

On entering the room the baron was politely invited to take a seat while the necessary papers were being found.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour an official entered the room, and requested the baron to accompany him to another comptoir, where, to his dismay, he found himself submitted to a rigorous examination.

"But, Monsieur le Baron, when you left home, on March 25, whither did you travel?" asked the chief officer.

"I traveled through Germany, en route for St. Petersburg."

"Indeed! But which was the first town at which you staid?"

"Strasburg!"

"Quite true!" said his questioner, referring to some papers. On what day did you arrive there?"

"On the 28th."

"And you have long did you remain?"

"Let me see—yes! it was one night and half the next day," replied the baron, with a little hesitation in his manner.

"And where did you proceed to next?" resumed the officer.

After some reflection the baron answered that he had gone to Frankfort.

"Pardon me," observed the officer, raising his eyes, and directing a steady glance toward the baron. "To Frankfort! I think you are mistaken. You remained at Strasburg from the 28th, where you remained till the following day. But the landlord of the Maison Rouge says that you remained at his house till the 30th. How do you account for this, Monsieur le Baron?"

"For one week? Yes! now I think of it, you are quite right, Monsieur; for I met several friends there, who persuaded me to lengthen my visit."

"You also state that you went to Frankfort. But, if Monsieur le Baron reflects, he will remember that he went to Saverne in a close carriage."

"Yes: but it was only a day's trip, and had nothing to do with my journey," was the ready answer. "But may I ask, Monsieur, why all these questions?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Baron, you are here to answer questions, not to ask them. Suffice it to say, it is required under such circumstances. Be pleased to attend. You said just now it was only a day's trip, I think. How was it you came to stay there for the night?"

"I had only intended to remain one day at Saverne, but was taken ill during my stay at the hotel."

"Was that why Monsieur le Baron changed his name?" continued the officer.

"Change my name! Monsieur must be in error."

"Not at all. You took the name of Thionville, for some reason best known to yourself. But as you seem to have forgotten this circumstance, will you kindly address to tell us where you went on leaving Saverne?"

"I returned to Strasburg."

"Monsieur le Baron, I warn you, and allow me to refresh your memory. You went, or pretended to go, to a private house in the neighborhood. But you left it on the night of your journey, and did not arrive here about April 15?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the baron. "I have answered enough of your questions quite long enough. By what right you presume to interrogate me against my consent you know I do not know. Rest assured I shall represent the matter to the Minister of Police. I wish you a very good-morning." And the baron turned himself round to leave the room.

"Not so fast, Monsieur. I have not yet done with you," continued the officer, without noticing the interruption. "I repeat—you arrived in Paris about the 15th, and you were in your wife's bedroom on the night of the 15th and 16th."

At these words the baron leaped to his feet, his face distorted with the pangs of fear and passion.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur le Baron, I have not finished with you yet. Will you then explain, if you were not there that night, what you were on the night in question—which you will remember was the very night on which she was murdered—how it was your hat was found in the passage?" And the baron was thunderstruck, he had lost to the bone.

All eyes were bent upon him. The baron turned deadly pale, and remained speechless for a considerable time. At last he stammered forth incoherently:

"It is not my hat. I never saw this one before I had one like it—but not this."

"Not this!" exclaimed the relentless questioner. "Monsieur le Baron, you have been followed step by step from the time you quitted Paris to the day you returned. If this hat be not yours, then have the goodness to tell us how your bill incurred at the Maison Rouge, Strasburg, came to be under-neath the lining?"

"Hotel bill!" gasped the baron, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Yes! wretched man. By that little piece of paper Providence has decidedly proved your crime, and has prevented an innocent girl from dying a felon's death. Confess that you entered your wife's room and committed the diabolical deed for which you would have allowed another to suffer."

But such a confession was never made.

That night Baron de C——— was safely shut up in prison till his trial should take place. All Paris was in a ferment when the news that the wife of the baroness had been discovered, and that he was no other than her own husband. But that night the prisoner escaped. On entering the cell on the following morning he was found lying stretched out on his couch, cold and stiff. It was supposed that, knowing his case to be hopeless, he had been in the habit of carrying poison about him.

Years have elapsed since the above events took place. Monsieur Bernard soon became one of the most celebrated advocates of the Parisian bar, and his wife, née Ernestine Lamont, noted not only for the brilliancy of her balls and dinners, but for the affability of her manner and the courteousness of her disposition. Of the story of the murder nobody knows more than is here told.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

REASON FOR THE HOT WEATHER.—A nice old lady of our acquaintance is positive that the thicker it becomes that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can make such awful weather by just raising it an inch or so.

The "Home of Compassion" is the name for the newest swindling dodge under the disguise of charity which has risen in its appearance in London.

HOW CURLIDGE!—The mismanagement of the Atlantic Cable is distinctly proved by the *Attention* of those on board the *Great Eastern*, that they have left it in charge of buoys!

A COD-CUTE-DUCK.—What's the difference between a soldier who is discharged honorably and one who is discharged with contempt? The fore'll discharge his musket, the second couldn't get his discharge.

Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Recollect that when the hounds are furiously fighting for a bone, it is not safe for us as jackall pass they set off together in pursuit of him.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.—The child's mind is like a virgin sheet of letter-paper; and its address in after-life will depend entirely upon the way in which you direct it.

A man has just taken out a patent for luminous hats. They would, he says, preserve the wearers from being run over at night, and, to some extent, enable a saving in the lighting of streets.

A child, like a letter, often goes astray through being badly directed.

Tell a man in a single word that he took a late breakfast.—*At-ten-ti-on.*

Do not attach yourself to a cruel man; sooner or later you will find him as pitiless for you as he is for others.

A NICE THING OF IT.

They give boys every old sound nowadays: "What Will He Do With It?" "Out of the Depths." "Such Stuff as Dreams are," and the like.

A dry fellow stepped into a bookseller's shop the other day, and asked the shopman,

"Have you got the 'Woman in White?'"

"Yes," replied the man.

"All Alone?" said the inquirer.

"Yes," repeated the shopman.

"Is the Dark?" still queried the stranger.

"Yes, sir, that's the title of the book," said the man.

"Well, all I've got to say is," retorted the questioner, as he turned to go out, "you've got a deuce of a long title of it. Good-by!"

The stranger was in a very low state at last accounts, but it is hoped that careful nursing will bring him "Out of the Dark."

INGENIOUS ENTHUSIOLOGICAL DISCOVERY.—We are more than pleased to have it in our exclusive power to state—and the statement will probably allay the fears of many an over-excited, fervid member of the Church—that the "Sacred Cause" is not "sand-frauded." *Sand of Sanctum!* turns out, after all, to be no other than that harmless creature known to all showmen, such as Barnum and the like, as "The Talking Fish."

A coxcomb seeked a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a face?" "No, Sir, but if you'll be pleased to sit down I'll l-l-try."

A late hearty fall of rain showed one ludicrous sight.—An attempt to crowd two fashionably-dressed women under one umbrella.

QUEER CONTRADICTION.—We are told that "like cures like" in medicine, but never knowingly could invent a much more valuable system to society by which "dislike should cure dislike."

A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the *path of rectitude* had been traveled so little of late years it had completely run to grass.

Ice that doesn't cool you—The summer skat-ee.

Pro De Si.—Verdict on an old beau's black mustache dyed by his own hand.

The worst kind of oil to have any thing to do with—turn-oil.

The witch of Endor seems to have been a violent woman. When Saul visited her she raised *Sam.*

Beer kills many a bottle, and the bottle kills many a bier.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.

ALLEGORICAL.—NOBODY GOING NOWHERE IN NO TIDE.

DEAFNESS OF CORE.—Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish, threw out his snipe to the steer-kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been to Cork? "No, by cupidd Foote;" but I have seen many *Bore*tors of it."

RATHER SHARP.—"I live in my charmer's eyes," said a fop to Colman. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "for I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

WANTED.—A correct standard for measuring the height of absurdity, and a slipper from the foot of a dancing mesmerist.

All lawyers may be said to belong to the *Fee*-nian Brotherhood.

A SHREWD ASTROLOGER.—An astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis XI. of France was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to ratify, the prince sent for him, and sternly told him: "You, Sir, who foretell every thing, pray when shall you die?" The astrologer readily replied, "I shall die, Sire, three days before your Majesty." This reply so alarmed the king that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his princes and taken care of.

The most unpleasant vocation in the world—*Pro*-voca-tion.

BAXTER AND JUDGE JEFFRIES.—When Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffries, "Richard," said the chief-justice, "I see a rogue in thy face." "I did not know," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

A cross-grained old bachelor says that "tin" is the favorite bella-metal nowadays.

UNEASY RESTING-PLACE.—The seat of war.

HABITS OF EXTRAVAGANCE.—Ladies' dresses.

What commodity is always affected at cost?—The law.

MASTER OF HIS HORSE.—A traveler coming up to an inn, and seeing the host standing at the door, said, "I pray, are you the master of the house?" "Yes, Sir," answered the landlord, "my wife has been dead three weeks."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THAT was a joyous, hopeful morning, that 23d July, in the kingdom of Kerry, and over all the adjacent royalty of the island of Valentia, for from the recondite Bay of Ertchumonrus there was to go forth a thread across the sea, down in the depths of the Atlantic, to take up the warp and woof of the web with which these remote Irishry have bound themselves to the Western world. There was indeed a microcosm on the edge of the cliffs, and people of very different condition and degree had been attracted there by the influence of the Atlantic cable. There sat the lady of May Fair in the affected coarseness of her sea-side finery, watching the beat of the sidling wave on the boulders at her feet, and around her wide-eyed in fluttering rags wandered and wondered the unkempt children of the nation, gathering and eating sea-weed from the rocks. The London millionaire sauntered through the crowd of weather-beaten coast-guard men, half fishermen, half boatsmen, who struggle generation after generation against the ungrateful soil and the wild seas for half a livelihood. Dandy capitalists as they lay on the sward (the contrast of circles of rustic animals and kilted soldiery) and grouped around them a hum of Erse. The most ancient type of pig known to these isles scratched his long line of rattling ribs against the newest form of telegraph posts. Beside the hut, almost as destitute of internal comfort as an Indian wigwam, rose the smart telegraph house, stored with the nicest instruments for measuring the subdued lightning. All the energy, polish, and specialties of civilization was there in close contact with the lassitude, gaunt uncouthness, and passive indifference of a race which is now animated only by the hopes of bulls and emigrants.

It was a serious disappointment to the many who had journeyed a hundred miles for the sight, that the *Great Eastern* did not come to Valentia or close inshore. But they are used to disappointments, even in potatoes. Nor did the steamer long give them a chance; but the *Hawk* and the *Caroline* rolled thrice as much as any vessels else could do; and because the *Agamemnon* ballasted-and-bunked yacht was there, so that what with a few yachts and the pleasant presence of the chief secretary, and strange Saxon cabbiens in knickerbockers, and fair Saxon ladies in kirtles, and some streaks of smoke on the horizon, there was really a good deal of interest and excitement provided for the masses on the occasion. It was a great thing to see the shore-end carried up into the telegraph-house, and many forms of the nose were obtained in curious planes against the windows, in order to keep the eager eyes fixed on the operators, who were then generally engaged in operating on masts and drinks. It was greater still to behold that famous roller, the *Caroline*, steam out westward, trailing the shore-end after her, till the ran below the horizon altogether. The Knight of Kerry—hospitable, gracious Lord of Valentia, who has faith in some unproven theorem that the cable will work much good to his kingdom—works as hard as if the good would at once come to pass. And at last the time comes when the *Great Eastern* is to begin her functions, and the operation of laying the Atlantic cable really commences. Only a few words are now necessary to understand what that operation was—correct some errors, and make a few reflections, premising that our readers are supposed to be fully acquainted with the details of the Diary published in the newspapers. The cable stowed in the *Great Eastern* was of a form recommended by a committee of scientific and practical men. There was not a moment during which it was let alone, and on all occasions it responded to the tests. Therefore it was considered so perfect that "a fault" was not expected to occur in the laying down. There are people around who don't know what "a fault" is—who are ignorant of the meaning of "dead earth." Let us explain—

When the insulation of the core of the cable is perfect there is a certain amount of resistance to the passage of an electric current through it which is measured by the delicate Thomson reflecting magnet, to which is attached a tiny mirror, so placed as to catch the light of a lamp through a small aperture, and to reflect it on a graduated scale. This is a description of Thomson's galvanometer. The movement of the light measures the opposition encountered by the current in going right through, and when the resistance is diminished very much the magnet is proportionately deflected by the increased flow of electricity, and the light moves to the extremity of the scale or vanishes off it altogether. Now if an injury be done to the insulation, so that the copper is exposed to the action of a conducting body, the escape of the current takes place from the hole in accordance with certain laws, and less —part going off to the conductor and part continuing its course along the copper to the end of the cable. The latter is at once detected by the galvanometer, and the electricians know "a fault" has occurred. Sometimes the electro-chemical current or temporary deposit of the water at the point of the injury mends the fault; and if the wound be not very large, as no fault is known to exist in the quality of the conducting medium, there is generally enough of current to transmit signals. But, as a rule, the tendency of "faults" is to increase rapidly, so that a cable in which one is detected can not be considered at all safe, and may indeed become useless in a moment. "Dead earth" is the worst fault. It means that an injury has been caused to the gutta percha of such a nature that a perfect contact has been established between the copper and some other good conductor; and in that case all the current passes away, and the galvanometer indicates that there is no resistance to its passage—the insulation of the cable being destroyed so that no message whatever can be sent. There is then no course to be pursued when "dead earth" occurs but to take up the cable and remove the injured portion; and if that can be done, the electricians know perfectly and consider the portion which is laid as useless for electrical purposes. In the case of "a fault," the judgment of the electrician is often at fault also, and they have to decide whether it is of such a description as to render it imperative for the engineers to undertake the task of picking up the cable and taking it out, or if it can be worked through with resistance and retardation. It is for them to form a decision they generally try to "break down" the fault, as it is called, by increasing the battery power as much as it is safe to do so, so as to "force" the action of the current; in which case the cable must be taken up, and if they fail, they may work through the wire with a diminished number of words.

By wonderful application and close watching, by the nicest calculations, by exquisite instruments, by fabulous delicacies in the manufacture of best, of water-pressure, of conductivity, of induction, of the subtlest physical laws are reduced to appreciable spaces, secretions are made to account for up to the "fault" or "dead earth" miles and miles away in the depths of the Atlantic, and to within a few inches and its magnitude. Then "picking up" is resorted to. When the "fault" or "dead earth" is found to be beyond the power of the signals at once the injured piece is removed, and a splice and joint are made between the severed ends of the cable. This is done by the core being cut away, the strands to a neat section like the splices of a fishingrod, soldering them over, binding the splice with fine wire, and then, by carefully and slowly covering it with layer after layer of gutta percha and Chatterton's non-conducting compound till it is as fit as ever it was to the purposes of protecting wire covered with manilla drawn down and twisted together over it, so as to make the whole resemble the original cable. That done, the cable is handed over to the engineers, who resume the process of paying out.

The gentlemen who have charge of the arrangements and testing of the cable was Mr. de Sauty, the experienced electrician of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, assisted by Mr. Saunders, Mr. Willoughby Smith, and other able and zealous officers of the company's staff. The cable was manufactured at the works of Mr. Canning, engineer of the company, who superintended the paying out of the cable, and who was charged with the control of the whole expedition; and next to him was Mr. Clifford, who was the head of the mechanical department. The various gentlemen were assisted by Messrs. Temple and an able and experienced staff, and had under their orders a corps of cable-layers, smiths, artificers, and skillful mechanics of all kinds. Captain Anderson, one of the officers of the Cunard line of steamers, was in command of the *Great Eastern*; and as he rightly considered that in critical moments all his attention would be demanded by the management of the vast ship, application was made to the Lords of the Admiralty for the assistance of an officer who would be responsible to them. Captain Moriarty, of the Commander Moriarty, of the *Far*, whose services on board the *Agamemnon*, in 1858, ought to make his name familiar to the public, was allowed leave of absence for the purpose of giving his aid to Captain Anderson. They worked together with the utmost zeal and harmony; and in all their calculations, made under the greatest difficulties, agreed within a few seconds as to the ship's position after drifting in unknown currents amidst fogs and storm.

There were two companies represented on board. The Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company had chartered the *Great Eastern* to lay the cable they had contracted to put down from Valentia to Newfoundland for the Atlantic Telegraph Company, and whose officers had the sole control of the expedition and all matters connected with it; but on the completion of the work the representatives of the Atlantic Telegraph Company took possession of the cable and came into power.

Mr. Varley, formerly known as an electrician, was strictly enjoined not to interfere or to express any opinion concerning any of the operations in the testing-room. He was placed on board, but not even to give his advice if he were asked for it, unless the demand were made in writing, and in that case he was only to answer in writing. He was placed in the written document a distinct declaration th t the opinion so given was not in any way to bind the company which he represented. Professor W. Thomson, of Glasgow, whose name is known over Europe, and who is certainly one of the most distinguished electricians of his time in the world, was admitted on board as a sort of scientific side-camp to the *Great Eastern*, but was not to depart from his course indicated by the board to his principal. Mr. Field, as director of the New York board, and general representative of the company, was in possession of the test messages inclosed in sealed envelopes, which were to be opened as soon as the cable was declared to be complete for their transmission. So there were two gentlemen full of suggestions and ideas and formulas, reduced to silence—two great guns, loaded to the muzzle, but charged to the muzzle. They were nigh bursting, and no wonder; for be-write, too, if they were driven to resent unconsciously the position in which they were placed by large speculative discourses in private, and by rigid critical reviews in the public press, they became seems a consorial character. In the gravest discussions they held no part. The only way in which they could give utterance to their feelings was by asking questions.

Captain Hamilton, one of the directors of the Atlantic Company, was stationed at Valentia to receive the test messages and to enter on possession of the station at Ferhumonrus as soon as the task of the continuous cable was done. Mr. Booth represented the *Great Eastern* directors on board the ship. Among the passengers not directly engaged in the operations were Mr. Appold, Inspector, of Paris, the author of a scheme for laying an Atlantic cable from the Pembroke coast to Aucres and St. Pierre, America; Dr. W. H. Russell, engaged to write a history of Atlantic telegraphy, and who subsequently acceded to the post of the Secretary of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company to compile a Diary of the proceedings on board; Mr. E. Duffery, who is the only writer of the book; Mr. C. Deane; Mr. H. O'Neil, the distinguished painter of "Eastward, Ho!" and "Westward, Ho!" and several young gentlemen, to whom, in various capacities, the directors had granted passages. As Mr. Seward was in a restive mood, he would not accompany Professor Faraday, who was sent by United States man-of-war to accompany the expedition; but as the chief engineer, Mr. Canning, directed the work English, and the companies English, their absence was only to be regretted as an indication of Mr. Seward's love of the antipathetic.

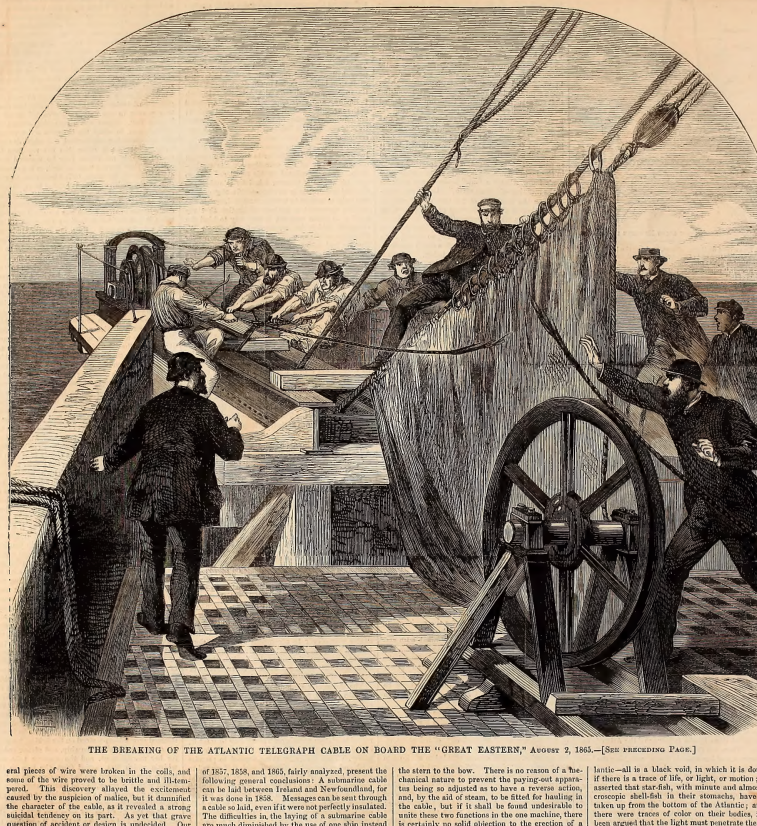
The Admiralty commissioned H.M.S. *Terrible*, Captain Napier, to accompany the *Great Eastern*, and ordered H.M.S. *Sphinx*, Captain Y. Hamilton, destined for the North American station, to proceed across in company, and to take soundings for the use of the steamers. The Admiral Hope was directed to station vessels off Trinity Bay to meet it, and to render the undertaking all the aid in his power. The Admiralty thing seemed to proceed well, and as one of the directors said, "if we fail to lay the cable, it will not be owing to some trifling circumstance we can not foresee or guard against." The *Great Eastern* was in good condition for the voyage, and with the small extra repairs to her boilers, and the removal of many tons of mussels and barnacles from her bottom, to make her in the best possible form for speed and stability. Her fuel was, however, reefed, so that her maximum speed was not more than nine knots an hour, which was a few knots under the usual rate at which she was intended to pay out the cable. Provisions in abundance—meat, salt and fresh, fish, vegetables, yards of poultry, geese, and ducks, tons of ice, furnished materials for monster bills of fare; and the crowing of cocks, the cackling of geese, the bleating and bahing of sheep, the cackling of geese and quacking of ducks intermingled strangely with the puffing and blowing of the steam-engines, and the hum and rush of the great Atlantic waves which seethed around us. As for the lowing of kine and oxen, it was none; and as for the mountain cane on the cattle, which were killed to save their lives day after day, till nor one was left. We did not know that our course that a pestilence had broken out among the bovinia in England.

The decks of the ship were perforated with more chimneys than I could ever count. They seemed to grow and die in the course of a night—one here, another there. The funnels-cranes stood up stiffly, as if they had mistaken the ship for a quay-wall, and had got on board by accident. Carpenters' benches, forges, anvils, were mixed up with a fortress of boats, all got in board (except two for fear of "a man overboard"), in order to be out of the way of the cable stoppers all over the deck; and, turn which way we might, it was nigh hopeless to try and evade the volumes of smoke which were hurled out of smoke-stacks and funnels, bow, amidship, and astern. The first evening of our starting was distinguished by that the rumble of one chimney as the cable flew out was too pronounced at first to be agreeable. That, however, was so monotonous and regular that we soon grew used to it, and at length felt as if it was much the style of the wheels revolving and jockeys jumping up and down was positively agreeable and exhilarating. And when the noise ceased, and the wheels stood still astern, there was gloom in the ship, as when the engine itself becomes meticulous in some ill-fated craft with a lee-shore not far distant. Prospectively to our confidence and good spirits was the knock which came early next morning, when the stoppage of the vessel woke every sleeper, and words. "There's a fault overboard," at once displayed the intelligence that the *Great Eastern* was about to run over in one easy, uninterrupted course to Trinity Bay. There was a gathering around the testing-room, in which the batteries and wire ends and galvanometers are worked, and which is darkened by curtains in order that the ray from the mirror above mentioned may be watched more easily. Then as time were on, and, as it appeared, the electricians did not know, owing to the varying nature of the fault, whether it existed 20 or 40 miles away, or indeed whether it was not at the shore-end close to Valentia, a feeling of disappointment and doubt began to arise, which was not at all decreased when it was decided to haul up the cable till the fault was discovered. By a few hours' study and observation we had become accustomed to one process, and the mode in which it was effected, and we had no intention to see the reverse operation.

When all was ready the word was given to "cut the cable," and the executioner, having a sharp saw in his hand, approached his unconscious victim as it reposed somewhere in the neighborhood of the jockey-wheels, and with two or three raps divided the iron sheath and copper armature, so that the seaward end was drawn astern, and then with chain and hawser was passed over the iron pulley at the *dant* always made one jump. But after a moment it was seen that the wire rope which sawed up and down through the stuffing-box was doing something or other. When the end was over, dippers were let go with much shouting from point to point of the ship. But the most astonished moment of the rope had to be let go after the cable ere the ship could be brought round with her bow to the point where the stern had been when the cable was first paved out; and it was quite necessary that her bow should be turned astern instead of westward before the picking-up operation was commenced, or the cable strain would have been dangerous. The wire rope being secured to the bows was always hauled in by the picking-up machinery when the proper position of the ship had been attained. This apparatus consisted of a series of V wheels, fixed vertical, and spur wheels, worked by two small steam-engines on the deck, which were supplied with steam by boilers at the side of the ship near the bows. There was a dynamometer and an indicator, and breaks and breakmen; but it seemed to me as if one of the engines, the lateral events, was an old offair, and the other, if new, certainly did not rejoice in youthful strength and vigor. Both were considered out of gear, and had to be helped with a handspike and an elastic bandage. It "paying out" very soon became monotonous, but "picking up" exciting and combined tediousness and feverish excitement to a degree never equaled except in some masterly surgical operation. To be a local spectator on solitary aisle on duty was visible near the stern, which had run a few months before established all the energy of official life, curiosity, and amateur observation of the floating town. To the bows they clustered, fathers and all, and gazed down on the black cable, which was always animated with a strenuous *vis inertiæ*, and fought as hard as the sea-serpent himself against the force which brought it over the wheel at the bow. There again Mr. Canning, Mr. Clifford, and their staff directed and regulated. Captain Anderson was now watched as if he was strained upward—now stood on the bridge, keeping his eye on the whole of the ship, and giving orders for her management, and the acoustic tube and whistle which was carried from the bow to the bridge communicated the word of command "to go ahead with the screw," or to "turn astern," or to "stop her," which the varying relations of ship and cable rendered.

When the first piece of wire was found in the cable no one had any idea but that it was there by accident; and as the cable was picked up the moment of sending the last tests from the ship to the shore, it at once occurred to us that the wire had been thrown in. It could not be at any distance through the machinery astern. But when the fi t / fully 20th was examined, a similar piece of wire at once aroused that the injury was caused by some villain on board, for the wire was driven in an article manner and pushed through the gutta percha side to side. Several attempts to pierce the cable by pressing similar pieces of wire against it with the heel utterly failed. The man declared that it was the work of an assassin. Had he been caught the world might have heard something of an attempt to administer Lynch law on board. One man could, but there was no evidence against him. When the 1st fault took place H. Despencer, second in the tank, saw one of the cablemen stoop down to tie his shoe-string. That was nothing if men were not suspicious. Besides that man did not belong to the gang then at work, but came down before his time. Then Mr. Field, who followed M. Despencer, heard a scraping of the wire as the man board it too, and called out to the man on deck.

Some people seem to think that the mischief could have been avoided if the man on deck had heard the alarm; but that is not so, as the cable could not then have been arrested in its course overboard. The only advantage gained would have been the warning to the electricians, that a wire had gone over sticking out of the cable. As it is, the nature of the third fault must be a mystery for the present. It is only surmise that it was caused by another end of wire. A combination of the same kind of fault and in its alleged perfection, for it was found that sev-



THE BREAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE ON BOARD THE "GREAT EASTERN," AUGUST 2, 1865.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

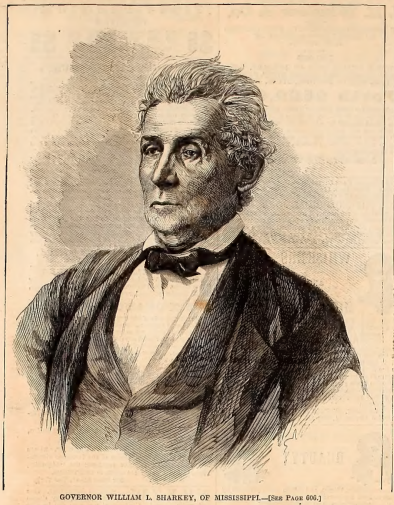
eral pieces of wire were broken in the coils, and some of the wire proved to be brittle and ill-tempered. This discovery allayed the excitement caused by the suspicion of malice, but it diminished the character of the cable, as it revealed a strong suicidal tendency on its part. As yet that grave question of accident or design is undecided. Our subsequent exploit, however, tends to diminish the chances of malicious injury materially. For who will run the risk of detection, especially under the close inspection to be established in future, in order to inflict an injury which can be at once found out, and which can be hooked up from the deepest part of the Atlantic? A few words as to the grappling, which has excited so much attention. The final breakage of the cable took us all by surprise. Nothing was ready. No buoy could be slipped over. But Staff Commander Moriarty and Captain Anderson determined the exact position of the extreme part of the cable actually laid to be in lat. 51° 24′ 40″ N., long. 39° 4′ 30″ W.—to the actual seconds—and then they marked down the ground or sea gone over in the picking up till the cable broke, and traced the end to lat. 51° 25′, long. 39° 1′. On noon of the 3d, the *Great Eastern* having steamed and drifted in a fog 46 miles E. of the end of cable, began to grapple, caught it in 2000 fathoms, and slipped buoy No. 1 close to the line of cable and 10 miles W. of the first lift of it on August 4. Then she drifted 7 or 8 miles S.E. of the buoy in a fog till noon of 5th August, and at noon on 6th August she was 16 miles further to the eastward, enveloped in fog again, and had to steam to the westward, groping her way and looking for the buoy till she got within 3 miles of the broken end, and grappled the cable again. Then, when the second swivel broke on August 8, she slipped buoy No. 2 to mark the spot, some 10 miles W. of buoy No. 1, and left these two marks on the ocean when she was obliged to abandon the attempt. Sailors alone can appreciate the extraordinary skill displayed in the proceedings thus simply stated.

The results of the Atlantic Telegraph Expeditions of 1857, 1858, and 1865, fairly analyzed, present the following general conclusions: A submarine cable can be laid between Ireland and Newfoundland, for it was done in 1858. Messages can be sent through a cable so laid, even if it were not perfectly insulated. The difficulties in the laying of a submarine cable are much diminished by the use of one ship instead of two, and the *Great Eastern* affords singular facilities for the *operation*. If a cable be broken, it can be caught by grapnels in the deepest water of the Atlantic plateau; and therefore the danger of losing it altogether from fracture is considerably diminished. The cable can be stopped when a fault is discovered, and ten miles of it can be hauled on board from a depth of more than two miles. A fault can be cut out, and the cable respliced on board with the greatest ease. Buoys can be moored in upward of 2000 fathoms of water, so as to ride out a gale without shifting. Faults, whether designed or accidental, can be almost immediately detected and remedied. The insulation of the cable is much improved by immersion. The cable is capable of bearing ten times the weight to which it is subjected in the process of paying out in 2400 fathoms. The paying-out machinery answers perfectly; the picking-up machinery is exceedingly imperfect; and, finally, it is most desirable to have a cable so constructed that the outer covering shall, if possible, be proof against injury; for, although the cable furnished by "The Construction and Maintenance Company" was exceedingly pliable, sunk easily, and was of proper specific gravity, it appears to have been liable to accidental or intentional damage. Could the cable have been payed out without the occurrence of a fault, the *Great Eastern* would have accomplished her task with as much ease and certainty as the packet-boat travels from Folkestone to Boulogne. Picking-up must always be attended with a certain amount of risk; the risk indeed may be much diminished by the construction of a proper apparatus; but the principal improvement to be effected lies in obviating the necessity of transferring the end of the cable from the stern to the bow. There is no reason of a mechanical nature to prevent the paying-out apparatus being so adjusted as to have a reverse action, and, by the aid of steam, to be fitted for hauling in the cable, but if it shall be found undesirable to unite these two functions in the one machine, there is certainly no solid objection to the erection of a picking-up apparatus astern, side by side with the paying-out machinery. Nautically there is a difficulty. A large ship, particularly the *Great Eastern*, will not go stern to windward or keep to the sea, but Mr. Gooch has proposed the means of steering the *Great Eastern* stern foremost by means of a small double screw placed at the stern, under her quarter, which promised effectually to obviate any difficulty in working picking-up machinery placed in the stern of the vessel. Although the grappling of a cable at the bottom of the ocean was a very great feat, it may be at once admitted no one ever contemplated the possibility of effecting it. What has yet to be proved after all is, whether the cable can be taken up from the bottom to the surface and secured on board the vessel?

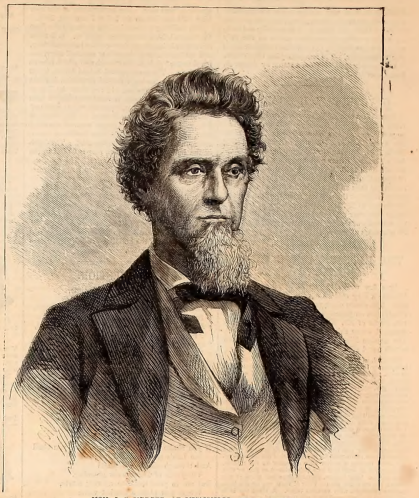
It may be observed that the cable only weighs fourteen hundred weight per mile in the water, and that it is made to bear the strain of seven miles of its own weight; but we have already seen that such calculations are not to be relied upon; swivel, bolts, and hawsers gave way at strains far inferior to the estimated breaking-point. In grappling for the cable the point to be aimed at is one mile or so from the broken end; because if the grapnel catches there, the loose end as it comes up will hang perpendicularly for a certain distance from the grapnel with a line of cable hooked at the other side, and will, in all probability, become entwined with it as the wire rope revolves in the water while it is being pulled up to the bow. Should the grapnel catch the cable at a point eight or ten miles from the end it may be found necessary to bear upon the cable till it breaks, in order to get the end for the purposes just mentioned.

There are no currents at the bottom of the Atlantic—all is a black void, in which it is doubtful if there is a trace of life, or light, or motion; it is asserted that star-fish, with minute and almost microscopic shell-fish in their stomachs, have been taken up from the bottom of the Atlantic; and, as there were traces of color on their bodies, it has been argued that the light must penetrate the abyss to a certain extent; but our reasoning on these points is so likely to be fallacious as our knowledge is limited, and the only positive information we have is, that the bottom where the cable lies consists of the finest ooze, and that there is no current or agitation of the waters beneath. Should the *Great Eastern* pick up the cable, splice it, and return to Trinity Bay with the remainder payed out, the Company would be in possession of two cables instead of one—there is not the least fear of there being a deficiency of work for both. New York has at least as much to say to London as it has to San Francisco; and between Europe and America the wants of civilization will need a dozen lines of telegraph as soon as the means of gratifying them are developed.

There is another consideration connected with the extension of submarine telegraphs of very great importance. We have seen that cables can be grappled for and caught, and even though it may not be possible to take them up, it is certain they can be destroyed. In event of war, therefore, an enemy's cruiser could not only interrupt communication between the one portion of the belligerent state and the other connected by submarine telegraph, but might cut off the communication between one continent and another, in order to annoy the enemy and interrupt his connection with neutral states. Whatever understanding may be arrived at, no one who has witnessed the operations of the *Great Eastern*, in her recent expedition, can doubt of the very speedy establishment of telegraphic communication between Europe and America across the Atlantic, and of its rapid development by the facilities which the monster ship so singularly possesses for work her designer and builder never intended or contemplated.



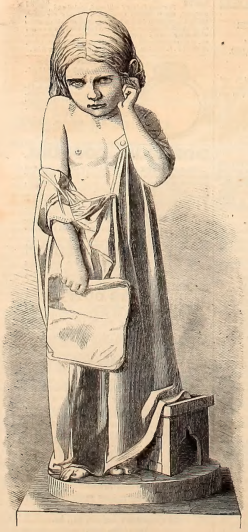
GOVERNOR WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, OF MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 606.]



HON. J. S. YERGER, OF MISSISSIPPI.—[SEE PAGE 607.]

"FRATERNAL ASSISTANCE."

THIS picture, by the Düsseldorf artist F. BOSER, arrests the eye by virtue of its fine tone, perfect naturalness, and a certain spirit and freshness rather unusual among foreign pictures. Nothing can be more simply natural or descriptive than the expressions of these little folk. The good housewife, whose multifarious duties, in addition to superintending her little daughter's education, are indicated by the half-peeled potato, the pin-cushion and scissors, the ball of knitting-worsted, and other articles in this humble interior, to say nothing of the birch, doubtless in terrorem merely stuck behind the looking-glass—the housewife, we say, has evidently set the little girl too hard a sum. So, in the absence of mamma, there is perhaps a little innocent roguery going on. The little maiden appeals for assistance to her brother, who is, mind you, an old and profound mathematician (at least a year older than herself), and has prosecuted his studies at some seminary of learning in or near the village. This wise brother then comes and sits down on her stool, and, smiling at the notion that she should find a



THE DIFFICULT LESSON.



FRATERNAL ASSISTANCE.

difficulty in it, at once kindly solves the problem; nay, more, he condescendingly explains its solution, while the little girl, listening reverentially and looking aside in deep abstraction, seems on the very point of apprehending the abstruse demonstrations of her instructor. The accompanying illustration, "A difficult Lesson," is from a statue by Signor A. BIELLA, of Milan.

GOVERNOR W. L. SHARKEY.

HON. WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, Provisional Governor of Mississippi, whose portrait we publish on page 605, has always been a strong Union man. He is a resident of Vicksburg, and entered public life in 1840, by being elected presiding Judge of the High Court of Errors and Appeals, which position he held until 1858. In 1859 he was appointed United States Consul to Havana. GOVERNOR SHARKEY'S record has been somewhat unique. He took strong grounds against the repudiation of the State debt of Mississippi in 1849. When the work of secession began Governor SHARKEY opposed both the principle and folly of that political heresy, and denounced its advocates as traitors.

THE LATEST YANKEE EXPERIMENT.

In a few weeks there will be afloat upon the Thames a very curious novelty in naval architecture. The steam cigar yacht, of which we give an illustration on page 597, is being built as the private yacht of Mr. WINANS of Baltimore, who has designed every thing connected with the vessel. The London *Times* gives the following description of this new-fl affair:

The hull, as the hull of a ship, looks one or the most extraordinary as it is possible to imagine. It is about 220 ft. long, perfectly round, resembling the shape of a cigar; being, however, somewhat at both ends, tapering off to a cigar, only one. The form is so at variance with all our generally received notions of manufactured vessels, that can only stare at it in mute astonishment, though there is something in its long, tapering lines so expressive of fleetness that one is almost ashamed that no one ever suggested such an idea before. In London, however, as our own there, it must be said that such a vessel could only be built by period when iron ships were not in vogue, and ship-building had reached its highest state of development. Looking at her now she appears to be little more than a gigantic iron minnow put for some vessel of the *Great Eastern* class, having a worker who dismember the minnow and tapered at each end to a point almost as fine as that of a needle. As before, like all the other parts of the vessel, are on a new plan. Four of them are on the locomotive principle, with vertical boilers, and the fifth is to give them draught, and they set to work at one time and fifty pounds pressure. Their size is very large, but on the boilers are built but stronger than is usual, and the pressure of steam which they could be worked up to one thousand pounds per inch if one pleased was hundred pounds per inch with safety. There are one hundred and thirty tubes in each of the four boilers, and in the fifth and smallest tube at the bow, each of these one hundred and forty feet can be made to pass through the length of boiler of per foot. If the furnaces can accomplish this, which, owing to the tube which gives out steam enough now for every two and a half pounds of coals consumed per hour, Mr. WINANS's yacht will be capable of nearly two thousand five hundred horse-power, or in the ratio of eight indicated horse-power to every ton burden of its vessel. In very fast ocean-going steamers the ratio of horse-power to tonnage is about one two and a half tons to one nominal horse-power. The advantage which the greater power possesses in this vessel is either with those which her slender form, smooth surface, and very small midship section (only one hundred feet) will give, should enable her to go at an extraordinary speed. It is said that, as regards models at sea, rolling and pitching will be reduced to a minimum, and certainly her form seems to suggest that such a result will very probably be effected. With very small masts and all her weights well under the water-line, she is not likely to roll. But if she does not pitch, but cuts through the water, as it were in a river sil," and in this case, with a very low deck no near the sea, we should fancy that it would be swept fore and aft. The extreme length of the vessel admits to two hundred and fifty-six feet, and her greatest width and depth is, of course, midships, where the engine and its sixteen feet diameter. Then, then, her length is no less than sixteen times that of her greatest width, which reveals being thought very narrow if their width is only one-seventh of their length.

THE NEW CITY HALL, BOSTON.

THE dedication of the new City Hall at Boston, of which we give an illustration on page 601, will take place on Monday, the 18th of September. It is expected that it will be fully occupied by the several departments of the city government immediately after.

The necessity for a new and larger Hall has been felt in Boston for many years, and the needs of the city have increased from time to time with the growth and population and the increase of public business. As early as 1838 the erection of a suitable building was proposed, and the necessity existed on School Street was soon after purchased, but in 1840 it was decided to alter the old Court House, and for some years that building afforded all the room required.

The subject of further accommodation was brought up with more energy in the Councils of 1850, and a ...out committee was appointed to consider the expediency of making additions to the existing buildings. No definite action, however, was had, and in succeeding years committees were appointed to consider the same subject. The question of enlarging the old City Hall, or erecting a new one in that or some other locality, was discussed by the City Councils, the newspapers, and the citizens generally, down to the year 1862, when a select committee reported in favor of erecting a new City Hall on the old site. After a warm discussion in the two branches of the City Government this recommendation was adopted, and the orders necessary for carrying it into effect were passed. The building, now nearly finished, the noble front of which gives satisfaction to all who have seen it, is built according to the plans adopted by the committee, and is the work of three eminent Boston architects, G. J. F. BRYANT and ARTHUR GILMAN, and of the latter's apprentice to the numerous memorials of skill and taste with which these gentlemen have adorned the streets of that city. The corner-stone of the new City Hall was laid on the 22d of December, 1862.

The building is erected of fine white granite from the Concord, New Hampshire, quarries. It is three full stories in height, exclusive of the basement story and exclusive also of the attic or mansard story, finished in the height of the French style which is that of the whole. The front, toward School Street, is 138 feet in length, having a central projection 51½ feet in length, and projecting 14½ feet from the line of the wings. This centre is somewhat higher than the body of the wings, occupies the whole with of the Mayor and Aldermen's room on the principal floor, and of the Common Council room on the third floor, and is finished above with a handsome dome, surmounted by a cupola and flag-staff. The depth of the building from front to rear is 95 feet in the wings, and 104 feet in the centre. The construction of brick walls surrounding the large staircase hall in the centre of the building affords opportunity for the most thorough and perfect ventilation of every department. A complete circulation of air throughout the structure can be maintained at all times through a register in the floor connected with each apartment by registers, and at the top with the main hot-air shaft from the heating apparatus. The whole cost of the building will fall slightly under the sum of $375,000.

THE QUESTION.

"ASKEST?" I have cried in battle-time,
When my sword basehilt perished:
"The earth of the Lord shall bloom sublime."
By the blood of His martyrs nourished."
"Amen!" I have said, when the walls were bewn.
And our wounds were blue and ghastly;
The flesh of a man may fail and swoon,
But a shall conquer lastly."

And "Amen!" sang I unto the hymn
That rose when our crowded banners
Streamed over the hosts whose eyes were dim,
Because of their hopeless manners!
But I swear I will not stab my dead
With a poniard-hate in giving
"Amen" to the faith that sets the longest
Its black wrong over the living!

If you shake clean hands with Truth, you shall
See Life's essential meaning;
And through the spirit-world
Vineyards of Light walk gleaning.
But not in your traffic-mongering marts,
Nor in your hollow creeds,
Nor on the Christward aching of human hearts—
Hath His angel ought to tell you.

You think that your opaque eyes are one
With the Eye that reads the wave;
Yet your stare God's Cause in the face, and shun
The Truth with the look of a Nigger!"
You prate of mercy and—cotton bales—
But I think you are not minded
That Jus'ice, like Love, is in the scales,
Being blind, is color-blinded.

Can you patch a cloak for our nakedness
From shreds of your contriving?
Till you plant your feet on the naked stress
Of the looms the Gods are driving?
Behold! the winds of the Lord would tear
Your leopard's spots to tatters,
And leave us shivering, shamed, and bare
To the search of His packed thunder.

Shall we drouse our lives with a new pretense,
Or cry that blood is not blood,
That were soaked through for the old offense?
Must we learn anew what hell is?
Do we think Right and Wrong will will slip
Out of reach when we are sated?
Or that of His sorrow Mastership
One jot will be abated?

From the unsung graves where our comrades died,
In a regnant scorn of dying;
From souls that out of the dark have cried,
Through ages of fear and trying;
From the solemn heavens where all must stand;—
Calling to every spirit,
A Voice says warning across the land:
O brothers! let us hear it.

RICHARD REALF.

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"It was early in the spring of 1855 that this compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a distressable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of the pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in diseases of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the case alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the medicine from the White Pine tree, planting, and I am happy to say, successful. The result was exceedingly gratifying. The cough was allayed, the irritation of the throat relieved, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks from a bad cough, accompanied by sudden cold, and had raised some mucous with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took the compound for a number of weeks." — Extract from a letter from Dr. Wm. Brown, of Manchester, England.

Dr. Brown, Esq., Editor of the Manchester Daily Mirror, made a trial of the same medicine, in the case of a servant girl, who was cured immediately. He was so highly pleased with it that he sent a number of bottles to his friends in England, and there is now a large demand.

It placed before the public, that he finally persuaded me to try it myself, and send it abroad to those suffering. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of White Pine Compound. In two years from that time there had been wholesaled in Manchester alone one hundred dollars' worth, where it took the best of all the cough remedies in the market, and it still maintains that position. Now it is generally used in all the very worst cases, and healing in its nature, is warming to the stomach, and a great relief to the bowels, and is essentially tonic.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound is unsurpassed. I was the first originator of this compound, but a person in using it for a cough was not aware of the fact that it was also a cure for the kidneys, and used it for that complaint.

The above was written up for Poland in 1860. Since then, as in Manchester, the White Pine Compound has taken the lead of all Cough remedies, as well as proprietary medicines, and is universally used in every city, village, and hamlet throughout the New England States. This remedy is so safe and pleasant to take as it is effectual.



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A HINT TO PHRENOLOGISTS; or, "September 20, 1678."

OPERATOR IN STOCKS (*who desires a chart of his head, interrogatively*). "I say, Professor, it curs to me, from the number of skulls I see, that you will have rather a lively time in this establishment on Resurrection-Day?"

PROFESSOR (*who can find no trace of the bumps of veneration*). "No; we shouldn't anticipate any trouble, except, perhaps, from those Wall Street Skulls on the second shelf: they might appropriate other people's bones, and create a temporary panic."

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Fredericksburg,	City Point,	Fort Morgan,
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Measuring Card,
And take their own measure, and we will send them a PERFECT FIT.
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Warranted a certain cure, without the slightest danger, for Piles, Old Wounds, Scrofula, Salt Rheum—all Bad and Skin Diseases, &c. 19 Bowery, New York.

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And every body with a small capital, can make $20 per day selling our great, new, and wonderful extra fine size, fine quality stationery packages. Every dollar invested sends from 5 to 10 dollars back; gold and silver watches, and costly jewelry to all who act as our agents. Agents men wanted every village and town in the country. Circulars sent free, upon receiving, postage, and describing. Every body buys them. Send for our new circulars, containing extra premium inducements.
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Hot Bread, Corn Bread, Griddle Cakes, Pie-Crust, eaten with impunity, and no fear of the generally oppressive feelings produced by such food, when leavened or made with PROSSER'S YEAST POWDER. Sold by grocers generally, and manufactured by Prosser & Young, 168 Front St., N. Y.

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And you are troubled with a Sour Stomach and Costiveness, a relief is at hand in CLEBRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. Testimonials of the highest character with each bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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BOSWELL & WARNER'S COLOGITIC colors beautifully and naturel. One application, no wash, no trouble. Large bottles, $1. Try it. Manufactory 9 Dey St., N. Y.

$150 A MONTH made by DISCHARGED SOLDIERS and others, with Stencil Tools. Don't fail to send for our free catalogue, containing full particulars. Address S. M. SPENCER, Brattleborough, Vt.

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The Cheapest Collar Ever Invented,
Showing the embossed or printed stitch equally well on both sides. Made in white, fancy and printed stitch.



Is made of the best Spring Steel Wire, and is just the thing to wear with Paper Collars, being far superior to elastic cord for holding "Butterflies," "Cutpurs," "Bows," &c., in place on the shirt button.

Waiting Expands
Star Collar
This Collar, showing a space for the throat, exists all others by its unique shape and weight, and the exquisite finish and whiteness of the paper.
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Is imported from Epernay, the principal commercial city of the Champagne district in France. Every care has been taken to produce a wine superior to any heretofore sold in the United States; and connoisseurs everywhere is to be most delicious Champagne Wine. Sold in Bottle or duty paid by A. W. NUTTON, 52 Beaver St., N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 457.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE.

THE race between the rival yachts *Fleetwing* and *Henrietta* began on the 11th instant. At a little after 3 o'clock in the morning the yachts started from the lightship off Sandy Hook and were soon out of sight. The *Henrietta* led the race under a slight southeast wind, while the *Fleetwing* was rather to the windward. At first the breeze freshened, but it subsequently died completely away. The weather throughout the voyage was very fickle, and the contest proved to be what is called a "drifting" race, and was thus deprived of much of the interest which would have belonged to it under other circumstances. Wednesday at noon the *Fleetwing* passed the lightship on its return an hour before the *Henrietta*. The former vessel was therefore declared the winner, though the voyage is by no means regarded as a decisive proof of the sailing qualities of either vessel.

The *Fleetwing* was docked off Hunter's Point. She has just been built, and is owned by Mr. G. A. OSGOOD, son-in-law of Commodore VANDERBILT. Her length is 106 feet, beam 24 feet, and depth of hold 10 feet, with a tonnage of about 200 tons. The *Henrietta*, owned by Mr. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., has less length of bottom, and her entrance is not so sharp. Her appearance is strongly suggestive of strength and endurance. She was built three years since, but has recently been improved.

THE TURNER FESTIVAL IN CINCINNATI.

THE *Turnvereine*, or *Turner-Bund*, was first established in Prussia in 1810. In 1848 the first society was formed in New York, and thence the organization spread through the country. It holds an annual meeting or congress, in which measures necessary to its maintenance and welfare are adopted. This year the convention met at Cincinnati. Delegates were present from every part of the country to the number of about 900. We print on pages 620 and 621 two engravings illustrating the festival of September 4 at Cincinnati. The amusements indulged in were those customary among Germans. Of course there was plenty of Rhine wine and lagerbier. Excursions were made to pleasant localities in the vicinity. Best of all, there was a concert in the evening at Mozart Hall. The vocal and instrumental music was of the highest order and well rendered, receiving encore throughout. The gymnastic exercises were such as can only be prevented to the public by the Turners; a patient and tireless energy is required to acquire the steadiness of nerve



Fleetwing. Henrietta.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE BETWEEN THE "FLEETWING" AND THE "HENRIETTA."

and limb without which the pyramids and tableaux are next to impossible. It was one of those rare treats which only occasions of this kind present, and every body was delighted with the entertainment.

The scene at Parker's Grove, which furnishes the subject of one of our illustrations, is thus described by an eye-witness:

"To say you were exactly penetrating the leafy foliage of the trees when the spot became a scene of life and activity. But with business to show they were in earnest, men in their shirt-sleeves, to denote that they meant business; women with babies in their arms, and others with more; more coming every moment, and all the bustle of camp life in every quarter. Some selected for themselves shady spots beneath the green trees; others mounted the arbitor's 'Go-devil' began to re-view and carry around their human freight; and in all quarters the emotionally increasing hunger of the mind determined to give by yourselves up to enjoyment. Of all the means devised to try the muscle or tweak the nose, or expand the chest, to operate the back, we have little or nothing to say. We know but little about them, and of our advantages in the no-fleet that it is necessary for us to begin just now for any new development of our manhood; at least, we shall not attempt it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT'S EXPERIMENT.

WE elsewhere call attention to a remarkable speech of General JOHN A. LOGAN'S in Jacksonville, Illinois. The General says that the policy of reconstruction adopted by the Administration is an experiment, and that it is the duty of all good citizens to stand heartily by the President until it is proved a failure.

That is precisely the ground which a true Conservatism now occupies. The Democratic Convention is nerveless haste to set their own words of the last few years, vociferate their adherence to the President's policy, and sensible people in the morning press behold the hosts of Jacobins marshaling under blood-red banners to oppose it. But as the President is merely trying an experiment, it is rather premature vehemently to support or unreservedly to oppose his policy; nor is any country in a very "jealous state" when its Jacobins are the most intelligent, conservative, and substantial part of its population.

The President, acting from the necessity of the case and for the public safety, has set aside all the civil officers elected in various States under their Constitutions, and has appointed provisional Governors of his own. He has further prohibited thirteen certain classes of voters under the Constitutions of those States from exercising the right of suffrage, and has authorized a certain number to frame a new Constitution for the State Constitutions, of vote for members of a Convention. This Convention is to remodel the existing State Constitutions, and to proceed, under them, to elect State officers and representatives in Congress. The Constitutions and, by consequence, the validity of the officers elected, are to be submitted to the Government for approval. In the President's words, the Convention is "to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor, and the people to protection by the United States against invasion, insurrection, and domestic violence."

This is all that the President has done. This is his whole policy thus far. It is, as General LOGAN says, "an experiment." The President virtually says to certain persons in the States, "See what you can do. Suggest your plan." But he does not say that the plan will be adopted. He does not promise that the Constitution shall be approved and the electors thus under legislatures. The very object he has in view is to try the temper of the class of the population which he selects, to prove whether the local political power of the States may be safely intrusted to them. He does not assume finally to decide so vital a question. He leaves it, where it belongs, to the nation itself, to the representatives of the people.

The Democratic resolutions and the amiable chatter about opposition assume that it is not an experiment: that the President has declared the Constitution framed by the voters that he selected, and the elections held under it, to be the law without further process or approval. This is exactly what he has not done, and could have no pretense of authority for doing. If he had done it, if he had said that a certain class of persons in the States named by him should elect a convention, that that convention should frame a Constitution, that the elections should be held under the Constitution, and that thereupon the States would be recognized as having resumed all its relations in the Union, and its Representatives and Senators should be admitted to Congress, in matter of course, he, indeed, he would have laid down a policy, and the whole country would have crackled in opposition to it.

But the President is much too sagacious a man to have declared within less than two months after the surrender of LEE that a Constitution for South Carolina such as Mayor MACBETH or WADE HAMPTON might devise should be accepted by the loyal people of the United States. He said, simply, "Let us find out where we are. If Mayor MACBETH and WADE HAMPTON should happen to be wise, so much the better. There is no harm in trying. If they are not wise, we can try again."

Thus far the President is merely trying an experiment, and whether we think the principles upon which it proceeds promise success or failure, we ought loyally and patiently to await the event. So says General LOGAN; so says Maine; so says Vermont; so says California; so say we all.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE autumn elections in Maine, Vermont, and California show little sign of that great and overwhelming reaction which the party of which there have been so many dismal forebodings. Indeed, upon a smaller vote, the Union majority is proportionately larger than it was last year.

The reason is plain. In the utter wreck of its hopes, prophecies, and policies, the Democratic party has been engaged for this autumn, from Maine to Iowa, in coming as near to the Union party and its principles as possible, but with very various result. In Maine the effort was laudable. In Pennsylvania the old currents were too strong, and the Convention was like a congregation of dead men solemnly addressed by obsolete Bishops. In New Jersey the result was characteristic. The Copperhead gentlemen, who knew that the war had settled their position unalterably, made no acquiescence in it, said as much as they dared to show that their sympathies were still with the rebellion, and then nominated a man who was no escape—the least warlike of warriors, who immediately atoned for his error in having been for a short time a soldier by a rebuke speech, appealing to the old sympathies of the citizens for another. In Ohio VALLANDIGHAM ruled the Convention, and doomed the distracted party to an hour humiliation. In New York they made a clean breast of it. The party faced straight about, of course declaring that it always looked one way; and not only announced no future need of any such explanations, are agreeable to Union men, but actually snatched their chief candidates from the Union ranks.

This was the crowning proof offered by the most sagacious body of its opponents that the victorious party is the party of the land, and that success is to be expected only in the degree that its principles are professed.

Yet notwithstanding this amusing revelation of the fact that the Democratic party is utterly confounded and discordant, there have been those who prophesied a great Democratic reaction. In Maine, Vermont, and California, as in New York, the recantation was most complete, the event shows the Union ranks firmer than ever. The Democratic party is powerless for sober, intelligent, and industrious citizens, the humbug of "Democracy" is utterly exposed. In the counties of California the Union members of the Legislature were generally elected. In New Jersey the Union men work with a cheerful vigor and a resolution which no reverse can daunt, while the party remains that State from its long subservience to a narrow and inhuman policy. In Ohio, the Union party will gladly show again its overwhelming scorn of VALLANDIGHAM and the doctrines of the rebellion. In Pennsylvania nothing can defeat the Union party but its own intestine quarrels, which are unimportant. The result in New York the Albany ticket should be elected, instead of proving a Democratic reaction, it will establish the fact that the party of that name has no chance whatever except in the total surrender of the Democratic platform.

Meanwhile every voter will naturally ask himself what is gained by desertion. An organization which has always held those principles from conviction for an organization which has steadily derided them until the war put them beyond question? Or, granting the sincerity of the Democratic conversion, conceding that the leopard has changed his spots, why should the veterans of long and victorious campaigns be discarded for the raw recruits of yesterday? The Democratic syren may sing, but we doubt if she can persuade a single sailor to lay down to posterity as the yoke-fellow of JOHN TYLER.

THE "STEADY HABIT" OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

THE Constitution of the State of Connecticut disqualifies all colored citizens from voting. They may be intelligent, moral, and industrious. They may be taxpayers, property holders, exemplary and useful citizens. But the most exemplary, the most industrious, the most valuable of them is disfranchised. The Constitution of the State not to be the political equal of the most worthless white citizen whose death or removal would be a blessing to the State.

The Union party propose to remove this anomaly of the Constitution by an amendment. The Democratic party, which is the steady foe of intelligence and progressive civilization, opposes the amendment. There could be no fairer illustration of the tendency and true character of the two parties.

We hope any Connecticut man whose eyes may light upon this paragraph will remember that the question upon which he is to vote is the most fundamental one in the country. Do you believe the Declaration of Independence? Do you believe that men are created with equal rights, and that it is bad policy as well as immoral to deprive them of those rights arbitrarily? Connecticut is asked whether she will disown ROGER SHERMAN and OLIVER ELLSWORTH.

The Constitution of Connecticut allows any man to vote who is native or has been properly naturalized, of good moral character, and of ability to read. But it forbids all who conform to those conditions to vote, if they are colored. There is not any reason whatever for such exclusion, except a prejudice, and a prejudice which is not surprising in the steed of a great State? If the colored citizens own property are they not taxed? And does an American unblushingly own that he refuses an intelligent man who is taxed a voice in making the laws?

It is idle to say that the colored men are an ignorant, worthless class. The Constitution requires education and morality, and if the colored citizens are ignorant and worthless they can not vote. It is equally foolish to urge that women are disqualified, and why not any other class of citizens? Such an argument justifies the closest oligarchy, and denies that government justifies only the consent of the governed. The arbitrary disqualification of any class whatever menaces the peace of the whole community. The Connecticut disquality all the educated and moral men of her population who are over sixty years of age? The government which from its manifest justice is intrenched in the affections of all its people is the strongest in the world.

The Democratic party has been nowhere more consistently hostile to equal human rights, or more bitterly opposed to the defense of the Union and Government against an oligarchy, than in Connecticut. Its principles have been demolished by the nation, let the State finish the work. It is not a question of negro suffrage, it is a question of American principle. In the case of moral, intelligent, industrious citizens be arbitrarily forbidden a voice in the laws that tax and govern them? Can any Democrat vote for their steady habits that of equal rights for all her population.

THE ASSISTANT TREASURY.

THE leading financial institution in the United States is the United States Assistant Treasury at New York. Though it is only an assistant treasury, and the Treasury proper is at Washington, the transactions of the former are so vastly greater in volume than those of the latter that the chief work of the Washington office is keeping record of the business done by the New York branch. Nineteen-twentieths of the public creditors are paid here; nearly all the public loans are disposed of here; and a large part of the revenue from customs and taxes is received here; and here is paid, on the days fixed by law, the interest on $2,000,000,000 of United States securities. A business of from $3,000,000 to $10,000,000 daily is done here—done quickly, quietly, and without errors or disputes. No institution in the country is better worth inspection than the Sub-Treasury; and be it said, in simple justice, no man is more willing to have it inspected than Mr. VAN DYCK, the Sub-Treasurer.

The vaults are a sight which can not be witnessed elsewhere in this country. There are no vaults like them in comparatively empty cities as it only holds some $10,000,000. The other contains over sixty millions of dollars, one half in coin, the other half in paper. How many readers have ever seen a million dollars in paper or in gold? We remember one of the Supreme Court Judges, of equal large experience and profound wisdom, interrupting a party of talkers, who were chattering about millions of gold, with the naive question:

"How big a million dollars of gold? Would it rest on this table? Would it go under this chair? How many men would it take to carry it? What should we do with it?"

His Honor might have gratified his curiosity by a visit to the Sub-Treasury. There thirty millions of gold are counted, awaiting the negotiation of specie payments. They are put up in bags containing $5000 each, and weighing say 45 pounds. These bags are piled one upon another, upon which time the inner wall of the vault: a hundred bags fill a closet. When filled the door is closed, locked, and sealed, and the next closet is filled and sealed, specifies that in that dark and narrow hole $500,000 in gold lie hidden. Fifty or more such closets may be seen, duly closed, locked, and sealed. But in that vault, whose wealth far outshines the wildest fables of Oriental story, bags of gold lie around in every corner. You kick one as you enter. Others rest on trucks waiting sepulture in the closets. They are so plentiful, and so seemingly despised by the officers of the Sub-Treasury, that instinctively the spectator loses his respect for them, and forgets that the possession of a few such bags would realize his life-long dream of material prosperity.

These bags are the product of customs' duties. Every day, between 3 and 4 o'clock, a little hand-cart, ark-shaped, painted red, covered over, and locked, may be seen traveling up Wall Street, propelled by two stout men, and wending its way from the Custom-house to the Sub-Treasury. There are two of the men ostensibly engaged in pushing the little red cart. But a careful observer may discover two other men, likewise stout and very watchful, who lounge up the sidewalk on a parallel line. They look as if they carried revolvers. In fact, they do. When the custom-house bell rings, the little red ark sometimes contains $750,000—a prize worth the attention of robbers. But it is never attacked. When it reaches the Sub-Treasury it is unlocked, and the bags handed in. Each bag is then counted by the Sub-Treasurer's clerks. They count with both hands, and with a rapidity and accuracy truly wonderful. They seem to possess a sort of instinct, the product of long experience, which enables them to discover a false coin at a glance. Pieces which have been split open, the insides filed out, the cavity filled with iridium, the two halves soldered together, and trimmed on the edges, are so like genuine coins that the best judges are often deceived by them. They weigh precisely the same as genuine coins. They are precisely the right size. They have the ring of pure gold. Their external surface throughout is gold. Yet these counterfeits are detected at a glance by the experienced clerks of the Treasury. It used to be said of Mr. E. H. BIRDSALL, the present Cashier, that when he was a clerk he could, in emptying a $5000 bag, at the bottom of his hands into the glittering mass, pick out all the spurious coins.

There is a quantity of silver in the Sub-Treasury, in bags and kegs, but silver now has been handling millions of gold it seems a poor sort of metal. A silver closet holds $10,000; there are a dozen of them full to repletion. Within a short time considerable amounts of silver have arrived here from New Orleans—the product of duties or of the Confiscation Act. Many of the coins are rusted, and dingy, and it is shrewdly suspected that, during the dark days of rebel supremacy, these pieces slept the sleep of dust in dusty underground safe holes. One of the New Orleans banks is known to have buried its coin when Confederate shinplasters made their appearance, and the plan was doubtless adopted by many private individuals.

Of paper money the Sub-Treasury in New York holds some forty millions. Of this over eighteen millions are in fives, tens, and twenties, and are piled on a shelf in the vault. As nearly as we could calculate by the eye, there is about a cord and a half of this money. It might fill a two-horse hay-cart. When a paymaster calls with a draft, the clerks give him a trunk-full or a bushel basket. The notes are legal tenders and national bank-notes mixed indiscriminately—some old and worn, showing long years of service, others fresh and crisp. By-and-by, when Government begins to call in the legal tenders, woe betide the national banks whose circulation proves to be in this vault!

The larger notes, $100's, $500's, and $1000's, have the honor of closet room. There is a closet there which contains half-a-dozen millions. Lying on the floor of a mountain of these notes was a package which we examined. It could easily have been put in the coat pocket and carried away without inconvenience. It contained one thousand $500 legal tenders, and was therefore worth just half a million. But for the contempt for money which the Treasury one of these enormous sums is apt for the moment to inspire, one might have coveted this little package. How many ache and successful men did in the course of his hope of acquiring just such a parcel!

But, if you are going to steal, gentle reader, let us recommend coupons as the most convenient article to "convey." Seven-Thirty coupons are so small that you can easily put $50,000 worth in your waistcoat pocket, and as for $100,000 worth, a pinch of them, between finger and thumb, is a small fortune. These little bits of paper, no bigger than spotted-y's in size, are the size of bank bills in fractional currency, represent sums varying from $25 in gold to $365 in currency. As interest-day comes round they pour in from all quarters—from the far West and the lately rebellious South; from Germany and Holland; from crowned heads in Europe and from industrious washer-women in this country. To examine and sort these little bits of paper is no slight task. One of the richest men in New York is said to have employed daughters, nieces, and stout cutting off coupons for a whole afternoon and evening before interest-day; when the cutting is done the eldest daughter herself sweeps out the room to intercept waifs and estrays. Over $125,000,000 are disbursed annually at the New York Sub-Treasury in payment of such coupons.

The vaults of the Sub-Treasury may really be said to defy burglars. Not only are places there built on thirty-five feet of solid masonry, so that digging under them and work-

ing by a tunnel to the floor would be impracticable. Then, they stand in the main hall of the Treasury building, in which a watch is always kept, and into which it would require no small labor to intrude after nightfall. The vaults themselves are iron chambers, with iron floors, roofs, and walls. The latter are two feet thick, and hollow: the hollow being filled with musket-balls, which defy the burglar's drill. Four doors, of massive iron, open to entrance to the vault; each door is locked with two locks, so that eight different keys of peculiar mechanism are required to open once. Samuel, then, poor fellow! is not likely to be robbed at this office, however he may fare elsewhere.

We remember the Sub-Treasury when Mr. Cisco was first appointed its chief, in two rooms of the Assay Building—a quiet, retired establishment, in which nobody spoke above a whisper, and a few clerks leisurely counted their gold, and demurely paid the salary of the President and other public functionaries. People went there to deal with the Sub-Treasurer, a man of leisure and considerable information, and twice a year called to collect their interest. It was slow and old-fogy and a part of institution that even the small Wall Street bankers used to laugh at it.

In these days the Sub-Treasurer at New York has his grip on the throat of nearly all the bankers in the country, and we notice that none of them are disposed even to smile when the name of Mr. Van Dyck is mentioned.

GENERAL SLOCUM'S ORDER.

The order of General Slocum overruling the late action of Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, is full of interest. The General says that Mississippi was one of the first and foremost of the rebel States and has submitted from exhaustion, and that the United States earnestly desire to restore it to its former position. The duty of keeping order devolves upon the military force, and the opposition to the laws defining the rights of freedmen is so strong in many parts of the State that the duties of the military are very delicate and difficult, but that he has endeavored to be as conciliatory as possible.

Thereupon, says General Slocum, the provisional Governor, without consultation with the United States military commander, proceeds to arm and organize a force in every county, urging "the young men of the State, who have so distinguished themselves for gallantry," to respond to his call—assuming thereby, says the General, those who have "scarcely laid down the arms with which they have been opposed to our Government." This force, he adds, would be larger than his own, and would inevitably provoke collisions with the colored troops. "It is to be hoped," says General Slocum, "that the day will soon come when the young men called upon by Governor Sharkey and the colored men now serving the United States will zealously co-operate in the preservation of order and the promotion of the interests of the State and nation." But arming of the State by the young men of the State will not hasten the day when the United States forces can be removed.

General Slocum says that the outrages are committed upon Northern men, Government couriers, and colored people. Southerners halted by the outlaws are allowed to escape upon stating their birth, and then they are told to say who stopped them; and Governor Sharkey suggests the arming of these very people as a remedy against disorder. Therefore the General orders that no such arming be allowed, and that all persons who have information of outlaws and desire to give it shall be arrested and held for trial.

Thereupon Governor Sharkey appealed to the President, who revoked the order of General Slocum, and the Albany Convention resolved vehemently to support the President, and nominated General Slocum for Secretary of State.

"SOUTHERN RIGHTS."

We are glad that a numerous delegation of gentlemen from the unorganized States lately called upon the President, and we say that many more will call. It is right and wise that they should acquaint themselves personally with his views, and by actual conversation and observation learn the spirit of loyal citizens. They will nowhere discover an unreasonable nor an unforgiving temper. They will find that all good citizens understand the difficulties of the situation. They will encounter nothing but satisfaction at the result of the war, and a very intelligent determination—by no means to trust those gentlemen share—to avoid, as far as possible, all unpleasant possibilities of future trouble.

But it is very desirable that certain misapprehensions and false traditions should be set aside at once. The late delegation from nine States was introduced to the President by Mr. M'Farland, of Virginia. The gentlemen composing it were, as we understand, lately in arms, and upon principle, against the Union and Constitution. Yet Mr. M'Farland gravely remarked that they were as earnest and faithful to the Union and Government as in the past. Now if they were honest rebels they believed in State sovereignty, and consequently could never be faithful to the Union and Constitution, in the sense of fidelity which the war has established. If they mean to be fully loyal now, we are delighted to hear it. But we certainly do not wish to hear that they profess to be still as true to the Union as before.

The same gentleman concluded his speech by saying that they were the best President intended "to maintain Southern rights in the Union." This is one of those perilous follies which, if the war has not annihilated, the war still have to be fought over again. We wish that the President had said to them—"Gentlemen, there *are* no Southern rights, nor Western rights, nor Eastern rights, nor Northern rights in the Union. There are only national rights whatever. As President, I know no other rights than those of the people of the United States who formed the Union. They were neither of the Southern or Northern rights; but I promise you to defend to the last the rights of every citizen in the land."

Suppose that the delegations from Indiana and Illinois which waited upon the President after his elevation in April had told him that they dreaded the return to the Union of Southern rights in the Union; and the delegations from New England had spoken a good word for Eastern rights, we trust the President would at once have made a reply similar to the one we have indicated.

The phrase "Southern Rights" is too suggestive of the cry that preceded the rebellion to be very becoming in the mouths of gentlemen who took part in it. The main interest of the country at present is the rights of the United States. If delegations from the unorganized States come to express their loyalty to those rights and their sincere desire to secure them, they will be more welcome to the country than if they come to repeat the falsehoods and follies which plunged us into war. Mr. M'Farland and his delegation should remember that their country is not "the South," nor Virginia, nor Georgia. It is the United States. Remembering that, let them act accordingly, and they will find only kind and willing listeners.

DR. DRAPER'S NEW WORK.

"Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America" is the title of the new work by Dr. John W. Draper, just published by Mr. Harper, and it is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to our political literature. Its main is twofold; first, to show that our future development must be determined by certain absolute scientific laws, which may be ascertained and applied; and second, to show what some of these laws are.

No service can be greater or more patriotic than proving to the American people, who have been dazzled and demoralized by the most swift material progress and prosperity, and whose constant tendency, arising from their situation and the necessities of their condition, is to superficial study and moral indifference, that there are laws as inexorable as that of sunrise which always have and will regulate their civilization. To bring the mind finally to the contemplation of the physical laws, not as superseding the force of ideas, but as determining the conditions under which their natural development is practicable. "Philosophical conceptions of the historical progress of humanity," he says, "require for their expression a material kind.....Ideas force humanity forward though Nature has prepared the path along which the course must be run." And he illustrates "the inscrutable but unerring power of ideas" in the Mohammedan conquests and the Jewish tenacity, in one of the most brilliant and fascinating chapters of his book.

Scientific study of man, the natural world, and history, has revealed to us, according to Dr. Draper, certain laws of human progress, both the physical character of the globe and the political, moral, and social development of its inhabitants. The chief motive power of civilization, as of vegetation and the origin of races, he finds ultimately in heat. He inquires into the effect of climate upon the physical and intellectual powers, and upon the locomotion or emigration and its consequences. He proceeds in this light to investigate the political forces of the world, the natural course of national development—and with a delightful copiousness of knowledge and felicity of illustration. The concise form in which he states a subject so comprehensive compels him sometimes to a provoking rapidity, which results in a fragmentary and a little incoherent method, and the book must be read carefully if the reader would not lose the thread. But it so sparkles with the most striking and interesting facts, and its scope is so captivating that whoever reads it at all will be very sure to read it thoroughly.

The student will find in this work, as in the author's "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," an occasional tendency to what seems fancifulness of theory. But in the conflict of civilization and barbarism by law. It is not impossible to indicate the necessary influence of well-ascertained laws. But it is certainly a question whether the accumulation of certain facts and the knowledge of laws are not still insufficient for bold and precise generalizations and a complete theory of civilization and philosophy of history. But such a doubt does not touch the intrinsic value of this work. The author has done a signal service to the wisest thought and best statesmanship of the country.

His scientific exposition of the character of accession, for instance, is original and impressive. Colonies secession, so to speak, is a truth of the lowest plants, of the most primitive vegetation. "They may be cut to pieces, and, as we have just seen, each portion is with a good, as perfect as the rest. Each individually and all conjointly are very low." As growth proceeds there is every where a tendency to concentration of power. "It turns from the hideous contemplation of a disorganization of the Republic, each State, and county, and town setting up for itself, and the continent swarming with the maggots bred from the dead body politic. I turn from that to a future I see in prospect—an imperial race organizing its intellect, concentrating it, and voluntarily submitting to be controlled by its reason; a race despising that low grade of life into which its enemies have sunk, unwittingly said that it has descended, and that, like certain base animals, it may be spontaneously discovered into a multitude of parts, each living as good as any of the rest, and capable of the same obscene operations again."

The beautiful paper, noble type, and neat, solid binding which the publishers have given the work, making one of the handsomest library volumes, are worthy its excellence.

NAMES AND THINGS.

If the word Democracy means any thing, it does not mean just this:

"*Resolved*—That the spirit of our institutions requires that the measure of a man's political rights should be neither his religious principles, his race, his color, nor any merely physical characteristic; and that it would be subversive both of the letter and spirit of our institutions to permit any portion of our population to be degraded into a subject class, taxed to support and compelled to obey a Government in which they have no voice, and over whose machinery may be directed to their destruction."

That is a resolution of the Minnesota Union Convention. Yet that is the very thing which the Democratic party most loudly opposes and vigorously denies. Upon the whole a Tory is a little meaner when he calls himself a Whig; and a Confederate is a little more contemptible when it calls itself Democracy.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"*Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"Dear Sir,—Will you be so good as to extract from your paper that you do not think that the people of a State ought to govern it? Respectfully yours,

"A Virginia Unionist."

On the contrary, we have always steadily urged that the people are the only true source of political power, and that if any political community—like that of Georgia, for instance —has fallen by rebellion, or war, or by any circumstances whatever, into such a condition that it must be reorganized, we hold that the reorganization should be intrusted to the people of the State, and that the United States, by whose authority and for the greater security the State is to be reorganized, should decide whether the reorganization is satisfactory.

But we do not hold that a minority of the population of the State is the people, nor that a government formed by a class of the people, to the exclusion of other classes, resulting in the oligarchy, is that republican form of government which Congress is bound to secure to every State. In brief, we believe with the Bill of Rights of the State of Virginia, adopted in 1776—a very good year to date from—and since then forming a part of every Constitution of Virginia, "that all elections ought to be free, and that all men having sufficient evidence of common interest with and attachment to the community ought to have the right of suffrage, and can not be taxed or deprived of their property for public uses without their own consent or that of their representatives duly elected, nor bound by any law to which they have not in like manner assented for the public good." The Bill of Rights of almost every Southern State claims the suffrage as the natural and legal right of every freeman. Their Constitutions, indeed, insert the word white when naming the qualifications. That of Georgia, however, prescribes simply that the voter must be "a citizen and an inhabitant."

The spirit of these Bills of Rights we take to be the best American and Republican and Constitutional view of the situation. That qualifications of education may, under certain circumstances, be wisely required, we do not deny; but in such cases the requirement is to be universal, and not limited to a class. There are other circumstances in which we think education need not be required as a qualification.

This is a plain answer to a plain question; and now, will Virginia, or Georgia, or Louisiana Unionists as plainly tell us, whether he believes it to be republican or democratic or wise to give the political power of a State to a minority of the male adults, and allow them at their pleasure to deem a majority of legitimate, to invalidate their marriages, to refuse their testimony in courts, to disable them as real estate holders, to forbid them the freedom of the public highways except with passes, and to banish them all from the State? Especially is this wise, when the minority enjoy their power only by the consent of the United States which they are still sullen with the baffled effort to destroy, and who disable and disqualify the majority, or, as the case may be, an immensely numerous class of freemen, because they have been unfaltering true to the United States?

GENERAL LOGAN UPON REORGANIZATION.

General John A. Logan, the old leader of the Douglas Democracy in Illinois, and one of the most distinguished soldiers of the war, lately made a speech at Jacksonville, Illinois, reviewing the events of the last four years:

"With reference to the reconstruction policy pursued by the Government, he said that it was but an experiment, and that if there was any hope of its success he would yield a hearty support to the President. He confessed, however, that he had little confidence in the wisdom of purchasing such rebels by the wholesale. He thought it better to punish and hang the minority of rebel rapscallions. He was opposed to the restoration of the rights of citizenship to those whose hands had hardly been cleansed of the fratricidal blood of treason, and whose fingers were yet dripping with the blood of the martyrs of the Union. He would wait and see whether they brought forth fruit meet for repentance before granting them the privileges of the elective franchise."

A NEAT DEFINITION.

Miss Walleria, of Texas, who with her three children escaped from the State through unprecedentable perils, has a very clear conception of some historical facts. In a late description of her sufferings she recently remarked: "I took upon a world as a courageous Copperhead, but I took upon a Copperhead as a cowardly rebel."

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND THE QUESTION.

Thus brave soldier and honest man, who, at the opening of the war, was a Breckinridge Democrat, in a late stirring speech in Philadelphia upon the happy results of peace, said:

"I think the only thing to do now is to try to make our neighbors of the South and every one else to feel that we have no good to worry freemen on this continent the right to help rule the land. And, while we grant this, let us all remember that he who has sobbed with me in defense all those who may have the right to vote to vote on the right side."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Texas is no exciting news this week. Indian affairs claim their full share of the public attention. There have been some very direful disturbances, and many of the whites on the frontier have been murdered. Now that the war has been ended the Indians begin to resent the encroachment of the Government. Arrangements are now being made for a treaty with the Indians this year, many of whom seem to be peaceably inclined. On the 15th of September, Fort Smith, in Arkansas, the following tribes signed a treaty of permanent peace with the United States, as represented by loyal delegates, viz.: Osages, Seminoles, Creeks, Chickasaws, Cowskins, Senecas, Shawnees, Cherokees, and Quapaws.

The Alabama State Convention met at Montgomery on the 12th inst. Fifty-three delegates took their seats from Governor Parsons. Benjamin Fitzpatrick, who left his seat in the United States Senate at the beginning of the rebellion, and has since been living in comparative quiet at his home, was elected President of the Convention.

On the 13th the State Convention of South Carolina assembled at Columbia. One hundred delegates being present. Governor Perry's Message strongly supports President Johnson's reconstruction policy, and declares that the contest, it is said, was offered, but received only five votes. In the Convention of Arkansas, the following resolutions were adopted by a large majority. Resolved, That this Convention recognizes the fact that the Union soldiers were the only class of Southerners who remained true to the Union, and that the Supreme Court of this State should admit to practice at the bar only such Arkansas citizens under the Federal Constitution." He says of the colored troops that their "services confirm that disproved the service and filled the public mind with the most painful apprehensions," and that at this time the Executive Department has withdrawn the black soldiers from the interior of the State and placed them in garrisons on the coast, where they can do no further mischief.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The rebuses appears to be receding eastward. At Constantinople it is estimated that the victims number 20,000, the number of deaths in a single day having reached a thousand. It is said that probably 100,000 people have left the city from panic.

The Fenian excitement in Ireland is very intense, and the order is rapidly gaining ground, though strongly opposed by the priesthood. Meetings for drill are constantly being held, and no secret is made of the object.

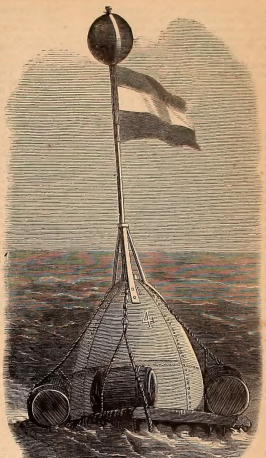
In Brazil, disputes with the war between Paraguay and Brazil still continues. Lopez has put himself at the head of the army. The Emperor Maximilian is still prevailing in the front. The hottest of the strife is yet to come.



THE DOCK-RACE BETWEEN THE DOUBLE-ENDERS "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINOOSKI," AT THE FOOT OF DELANCY STREET, EAST RIVER.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 622.]



VIEW OF DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE AND THE SYCAMORE-TREE WHERE AMY SPAIN, THE NEGRO SLAVE, WAS HUNG BY THE CITIZENS OF DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SKETCHED BY N. N. EDWARDS.]



BUOY, SHOWING THE LAST KNOWN POSITION OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

AMY SPAIN.

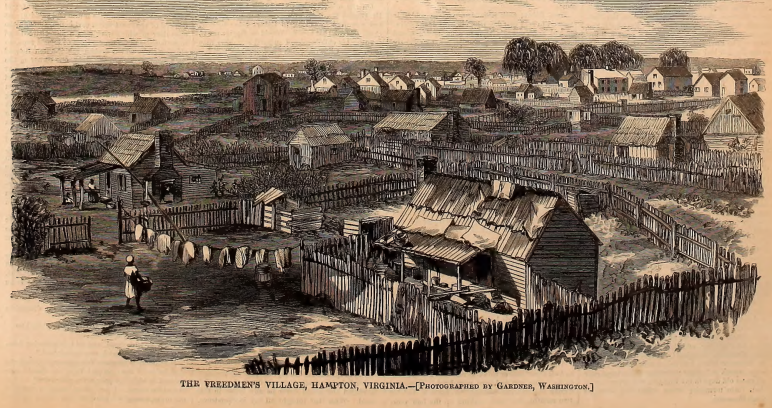
ONE of the martyrs of the cause which gave freedom to her race was that of a colored woman named AMY SPAIN, who was a resident of the town of Darlington, situated in a rich cotton-growing district of South Carolina. At the time a portion of the Union army occupied the town of Darlington she expressed her satisfaction by clasping her hands and exclaiming, "Bless the Lord the Yankees have come!" She could not restrain her emotions. The long night of darkness which had bound her in slavery was about to break away. It was impossible to repress the exuberance of her feelings; and although powerless to aid the advancing deliverers of her caste, or to injure her oppressors, the simple expression of satisfaction at the event sealed her doom. AMY SPAIN died in the cause of freedom. A section of SHERMAN'S cavalry occupied the town, and without doing any damage passed through. Not an insult nor an unkind word was said to any of the women of that town. The men had, with guilty consciences, fled; but on their return, with their traditional chivalry, they seized upon poor AMY, and ignominiously hung her to a sycamore-tree standing in front of the court-house, underneath which stood the block from which was monthly exhibited the slave chattels that were struck down by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidder.

AMY SPAIN heroically heard her sentence, and from her prison bars declared she was prepared to die. She defied her persecutors; and as she ascended the scaffold declared she was going to a place where she would receive a crown of glory. She was rudely interrupted by an oath from one of her executioners. To the eternal disgrace of Darlington her execution was acquiesced in and witnessed by most of the citizens of the town. AMY was launched into eternity, and the "chivalric Southern gentlemen" of Darlington had fully established their bravery by making war upon a defenseless African woman. She sleeps quietly, with others of her race, near the beautiful village. No memorial marks her grave, but after-ages will remember this martyr of liberty. Her persecutors will pass away and be forgotten, but AMY SPAIN'S name is now hallowed among the Africans, who, emancipated and free, dare, with the starry folds of the flag of the free floating over them, speak her name with holy reverence.

A FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE.

THE visitor to the site of what was once the little village of Hampton, Va., burned by the rebels in the winter of 1861, will see little to remind him of the place as it existed before the war. The ruins of the little brick church are the only token of the former times. Hampton is now peopled chiefly by freedmen, who number about four thousand, most of whom occupy the interesting little village known as Slabtown, of which we give a sketch on this page.

As in all instances where negroes are gathered together into communities, there are in Slabtown features of curious interest. There is a general uniformity both in the material and style of the architecture, the dwellings being built of rough barrel-staves, or slabs split out with the axe. The houses are of one story, without attic or basement. Shoe-shops and restaurants are built on the same plan, a few feet reduced. Residences of the higher class of people are marked by a blanket partition and illustrated newspaper hanging on the walls. There are two or three public squares, which would probably not compete with the Boston Common. Their stagnant ponds are lined with old boots, bottles, and other refuse. Notwithstanding this latter circumstance of the stagnant pools, the people enjoy good health. How all these people support themselves is a mystery to the visitor. An unusual proportion of the negroes are brought up to shoemaking. Some sell tobacco and beer, though it is a miracle where so many buyers come from in a community where every body seems to have for



THE FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON.]

sale the same articles. What with fishing, doing odd jobs here and there for the farmers up the Peninsula, blacking boots, selling lemonade to soldiers, working in the quarter-master's department, the denizens of Slabtown manage to exist and enjoy whatever there is of comfort at Old Point, which, as a watering-place for white people, will not revive for many years.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH NAVAL FESTIVAL.

THE French and English fleets have met at Cherbourg and at Plymouth, and after a long and generous interchange of courtesy, have separated and gone to their respective destinations. The fêtes are over. We ourselves have had little interest in them except as spectators. Those of our people who have interpreted them in a some hostile to the United States have thought foolishly. Both France and England know well our power—at least they know that we can not easily be intimidated. The best nautical judges of either nation would not hesitate to pronounce our present naval situation more favorable than that of France or of England. No; this international festival has been perfectly innocent so far as we are concerned. Nor are we disposed to envy either of those nations the other's friendship.

The English fleet, under Admiral DACRES, left Portland Roads on the 18th of August, arriving at Cherbourg the next day. The fleet consisted of the *Achilles*, *Black Prince*, *Defence*, *Prince Consort*, *Hector*, *Research*—iron-clads; and the following wooden ships—the *Edgar*, *Liverpool*, *Octavia*, *Constance*, *Tweed*, *Jason*, and the *Salamis*, dispatch-vessel. On the 15th was the celebration of the Emperor NAPOLEON'S birthday, in which the English fleet cordially participated.

The large engraving in the middle of our paper gives an excellent view of the appearance of the British fleet as it lay in the harbor of Cherbourg at night o'clock on the morning of the 16th, when a general salute was fired by all the vessels of the English ships, together with the forts and batteries of Cherbourg. An English correspondent thus describes the spectacle:

"The weather on the 15th was rainy and unpleasant; but as night o'clock drew near all the quays and wharves west of the town began the line of spectators, crowded with thousands, who came out, in spite of the rain, to see the fleets exchange salutes. The night was very misty. With the first note of eight bells the *Edgar* and *Magenta* fired almost simultaneously, and in a second afterward all the vessels were broadsided, both French forts and detached rock batteries, not excepting the polacre-ketch and the mortar-boat, with a sharp, rattling crash, which, seeming to echo itself, recalled gradually into a din which really startled one. But that the ships were moving in motion, it would have seemed like a naval battle; the ships lying broadside to broadside kept blazing at each other till all were lost in the smoke; from which, even amidst the noise of the guns, could be heard the shrill boatswain's pipes of the various vessels piping all hands. What these directions were was soon seen; for, as the firing ceased and the smoke of smoke was cast slowly leeward, each ship emerged from its cloud "dressed" as if by magic from stem to stern with one blaze of colored lights, and the English ships with their top-gallant yards crossed. All the French ships dressed athwart-ships from the yards, while the flagship, as usual, hoisted their colors fore and aft over the mast-heads and down astern. The effect of both was very pretty, though the strong sea and wind, being violently dead ahead, showed the French mode off to the greatest advantage. All the English vessels carried the French flag at the main, and, when the salute was over, the Lords of the Admiralty paid the high compliment of lowering their own flag from the *Bachantes* and hoisting that of France in its place."

In the evening there was a singularly brilliant illumination.

On the evening of August 17 the festivities at Cherbourg ended with a ball at the Hôtel de Ville. About 1200 persons were present.

On the 25th the British fleet returned to Portsmouth, following on the 20th by the French squadron. This latter consisted of the Emperor's yacht *Reine Hortense*, the *Solferino*, the *Magenta*, the *Normandie*, the *Friedland*, the *Invincible*, the *Ville de Paris*, the *Provence*, the *Heroine*, the *Caton*, the *Ariel*, and the *Flore*. The French fleet was fêted at Portsmouth as the English had been at Cherbourg.

TWO WHO WAIT.

"There's rosemary—that's for remembrance."

I LOVED Robert as I never could love again. I was an orphan, and friendless. Being quick with my needle, I came to Boston to obtain work—work there. Somehow chance favored me—no, I don't mean that. I mean that God who promised to be a father to the fatherless was good to me. I found a comfortable boarding-place, and, by means of my landlady's influence, I got employment. I sewed by the day to finish off dresses, sewing with dress-makers sometimes, and more often after they had got through and gone away. Mrs. Grant boarded in the same house with me, and he liked me from the first.

How proud was of his liking, the handsome, manly fellow! His own clerk in a store, and he got through every night at six o'clock; and often, if he could not leave where I was, he would come and walk home with me. This was before we were engaged. Afterward, of course, almost every night, as a regular thing. But I never shall forget how it used to be during those first months before he had asked me to marry him. I never quite knew whether he would come or not, so it was something pleasant to think and wonder about as I sat over my work. Then, when I saw that he was really waiting, how shy I used to be, and how demurely I used to walk along with my eyes down until he joined me, and then look up at him as if I were altogether surprised! It was an innocent little deception, and I believed no one. You don't know why I speak of it, only sometimes I like to go over all those old days in my thought, and every one of their little memories seems bright and sweet as fresh blossoms.

I had known Robert six months, when one night, instead of going home at once, as usual, he asked me to go out to Mount Auburn with him. The days were at their longest; it was only half past six, and there would be plenty of time for a ramble among those flowery paths before they would shut the gates and leave the dead people to their still night-schlumber. I was glad enough to go any where with him; and it was very pleasant to get out of town, and spend the long June twilight among country sights and sounds. So we went off at once.

How beautiful it was, walking about in those lovely grounds, with the day just drawing to its close. There were the trees—some of them flowers growing up joyously, and shaking odor out of their crimson and purple cups upon the still air, emblems of glad, grateful life. Robert plucked me, too, here from their stems, and laid upon the graves, offerings of love and of memory, to give forth with the sad sweetness of their spring breath, and then fade, emblems these of death and of woe.

It was there, among the flowers and the graves, that Robert told me how dearly he had grown to love me, and asked me to belong to him forever. Yes, I remember he said that—forever to him forever. That meant, did it not, through life and through death? Surely it bound me—when I had promised him—for all time, and all eternity as well. I was strange, but in the midst of my great, deep joy a thought came over me—what if this wife-pledging among the graves was a mockery before God? should be for death and not for life? But I tried to banish the foreboding. It was a silly superstition, naturally, so I would not let myself utter the haunting thought to Robert.

When the time came for the gates to be shut we went out arm in arm, we two who belonged to each other for evermore. We walked about for a while under the trees there in the moonlight, and then went back to town, and the moon poured down on us a flood of silver light. It seemed to us that we had never seen the moon before, and that we were under new heavens and upon a new earth.

When we got home we told our landlady—good Mrs. Coleman—that we had been so kind to me—of our betrothal. Robert said frankness was best in such matters, and in all cases. We were to be married just yet. His salary was small, and he must save enough to begin housekeeping in a quiet way. To do more than this he would not allow, to be with me as much as possible, and so it was well our relation should be understood, and then there would be no need of secrecy.

That New-Year, however, the first he worked for raised his salary, so that he saved the money we needed sooner than he had hoped, and we were married the next summer, a year after our betrothal. Then Robert took me to his home. It was a large room—a chamber, a kitchen, and a little parlor. We thought of a spare bedroom at first, but I had no friends who could visit us, and we were so, indeed, had Robert; so we saved that expense. What a bright, cheery home we had! How much pride and pleasure we took in it! How we used to admire and adornment! We thought we were just as happy as we could be: but when another year went by, and with the first anniversary of our wedding day, at us with her shy sweet eyes, full of strange baby wisdom, we found that we could be happier still. I wanted to say that Robert's love increased because she came when the roses came, and Robert wanted to call her Rosemary, after the flower's name; so we compromised and called her Rosemary.

I think you never saw just such a baby—never, indeed, could you, for she was the child of your own. She was such a round, rosy, fat, dimpled, loving, sunny, bird-like little creature, with wise, still ways that kept us in constant delight. We the world looked to her, and what she was thinking about. She was a perpetual novelty and entertainment to us. We were very proud of her considerable future, watching her growth, playing with her, fondling her. And so ten months went by, and then, gayly, until it was March after little Rosemary came.

Then Robert took a sudden, violent cold. It came on to rain one day while he was at the store. He had to go out to attend to some business, and during the course of unavoidable delay, standing without them, and came home to me at night so hoarse he could scarcely speak. It was his last day's work.

Let me hurry over those few terrible weeks of suffering and suspense through which I nursed him. He died the first of April. Rosemary was a year old from us little Rosemary had learned to say "papa." She said it to us just before Robert died, and we can forget the way his face kindled with a lifelike brightness which made me almost hope to hold him back in his flight from me. Rosemary clung about his arms, those thin, weak arms, and I laid the child in them.

"God bless you," he said, "my darling, my little darling! God bless you, and keep you from all evil!"

Then he began to cough, and I took her away, and died her into her tiny rocking-chair, where she had learned to sit patiently hour after hour, never troubling any one. When the coughing-spell was over he closed his eyes, and I heard him say in a faint whisper:

"Their angels do always behold the face of the Father;" and I knew he was thinking of his little one, and what her life would be when he was gone.

Just at the last he turned his eyes to me, and said in weak, faint tones:

"You have been my true wife, Mary. You have walked with me down to the very brink of the river. You must go back alone."

With these words he made a sign for me to kiss him, and bending down I pressed my lips to his, that even then quivered beneath my touch, and faintly returned my pressure. When I lifted up my head he was dead.

I had been about a month before I had courage to look about me, or think at all what I was going to do. The fire had been very kind. They contributed liberally to pay the funeral, and for two months afterward, making up the half year. Of course that was all I could have expected of them, and more—I must take care of myself and my little girl. Robert had left a little money, but that I did not mean to touch. I felt that it ought to remain as a provision against any time of pecuniar need, or for Rosemary if I should die. So I went round among my old customers and procured the promise of as much work as I could do to take home, for it was of course out of the question to leave my child and go out all day, as I used to do. When I sat down to sew, all were to me, and how sorry for me, I began to realize how many good hearts there are in the world.

For two years I worked nicely. To be sure it left an awful void in my life to take Robert out of it, but I remembered that I had promised to believe in God's mercy, and I felt that I was only waiting. My little one was a great comfort. She looked at me with her dear blue eyes, with a curious serious likeness in her words and ways to his which sometimes gladdened and sometimes saddened my heart.

Her comforts were very frail. She had been a fat, dimpled baby enough; but after she could run alone she grew slender, and her skin was almost transparent. She was never really ill until the summer two years after her father died. Then she became so delicate that she required a great deal of care. I say delicate, at first that it was because she was cutting a long-delayed double tooth, but soon I began to think there was graver cause for alarm. A cut for a doctor, a kind, fatherly man—Dr. Grant his name was—and he told me that he feared a spinal disease. The disease was of such a nature that she would require the closest care and attention to save her life. And even then— But he had not finished his sentence. Looking into my face I think he could not nerve himself to do so.

I used to hold her in my arms more than half the time for nights after that. Of course I could do no sewing, and the money Robert had left dwindled away. I began to wonder how I could keep what I was to do. Dr. Grant came and seemed to have something in particular to say. He had a talk with me, and I found that he knew of a rich family who had a child of about Rosemary's age, and where my lot should be to be cased of all such burdens as he could bear in my stead.

While he talked I was terribly tempted. The home he offered me was a promise such rest, such relief from care, and the torturing anxiety how to do my duty to my child and get my daily bread at the same time. I was tempted, but I resisted it all. I knew she needed so much that I could not give her. Perhaps it would save her life. Had I a right to refuse? And yet I knew I did not have it, Dr. Grant. I dared not answer him on any momentary impulse. So I told him if he would go and see me again, he thought I would see him again on the morrow. He held my hand a moment with grave tenderness.

"Remember, Mrs. Eden," he said, "that whatever way you may decide I shall not be the less your friend. If you will let me be a friend to come to my home and let me care for you I shall be happy indeed, and will do my best to make you so."

All that night, until the gray dawn lightened the heavens, I sat holding my little one in my arms and thinking. I went over and over all the advantages of the case—most of all what it would do for Rosemary to be in a home of plenty, surrounded with every appliance of ease and luxury; constantly watched, moreover, by a kind and skillful physician, whose interest in her, I knew, would be only second to mine. All this on one side.

On the other the stern fact that I did not love Dr. Grant—that I never present memory of him had promised to belong to Robert Eden forever. Could I break that vow? Would he forgive me if, even for his child's sake, I offered my other love to press the lips on which his dying kiss still lingered?

Even I thought farther. Filled as my heart was with fond memories of the dead, thrilling to that remembered love as the only world to the centre of existence of my living man's passion, should I not be wronging Dr. Grant's noble nature unpardonably if I gave to him only the cold shell he hoped to have—offered a deity which was only lip-deep? At last, just in the gray dawning, I made up my mind that I would let Rosemary go. I made up my mind that all to God, even Rosemary. I would not sin against my womanhood by purchasing comforts for her at the price of my love. I would be true to the plighted to her father. I knew that I had decided rightly by the great peace which flowed into my heart.

I lay down, at last, with my little girl still in my arms, and I seemed to feel—was it all fancy?—the outstretched hand of Heaven, to bear a well-known, well-loved voice murmur,

"Through life and through death! My beloved, thou hast been faithful."

Then I slept the long, deep sleep of exhaustion; and when I awoke Rosemary was watching me with her great blue eyes, and it was high noon-time for Dr. Grant to come.

I showed him honestly all my heart, and, when he understood that I never could have given him such love as he craved, he told me I had done right—that any other course he could have been injustice to myself, to him, and to the dead. But if I could not be his wife, he said, I must be to him as his sister—I must suffer him to provide for all my necessities, for he should not let me sew any more until—he stopped an instant, and then finished his sentence—until the little girl is strong.

But, in spite of his attempt to spare my feelings, it struck in one moment to my heart that he felt convinced she would die, and for me, left in the world. With that thought all my independence, all my sensitive pride, was silenced. I felt as willing to accept the help he offered as I was grateful for his kindness. I could not give one hour more of my darling's short life to any thing but her care, if I knew. He wanted to assist me—was alike willing and able. I took his generous hand and raised it to my lips.

"May God reward you!" I said. "I know I never can, and yet I accept your offering as frankly as it is made."

So all the rest of that summer I tended my poor, little fading flower, and Dr. Grant watched our wants like a brother. What days those were! Those long, long days, in which I held her from morning till night, clasped in arms which never thought of weariness or burden! A strange, unnatural wisdom seemed to develop in the little three-year's child who was living her short life so fast. I had long given him her secret of her fears, however, the home where her father waited—where she, too, would be waiting for me very soon.

At last the end came. She had been growing more like an angel every day, and at length the angels called her home. Her little arms clasped me for the last time—her lips pressed mine—and her baby voice bade me good-by. My darling, oh my darling!

She has slept these two years beside her father. I am looking forward always through all the tumult of life to the day when I too can go home. I bear life's burden patiently—I try to do my duty in the station to which it has pleased God to call me, but I am waiting for the time when my Master waits, and with him my little Rosemary—not sure, I think, that heaven is heaven until I join them there.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

NEARLY opposite the church of St. Sebald, in Nuremberg, stands an ancient inn, narrow and lofty, with a projecting gable, small dormer windows, and the roof surmounted by a plaster image of the Virgin. Many years ago, when beginning to be old as a young artist, I took up my abode in this quaint hostelry. I had come to Nuremberg in order to study the works of the old masters—but, my funds running short, I was obliged to take portraits—and such portraits! Stout old ladies, each with her cat in her lap; stout burgomasters, wrapped and buttoned—all plentifully and impartially illuminated with ochre and vermilion.

But this resource began to fail; and mine host, who at first had been all civility, began to importune me in a somewhat insolent manner for the payment of my bill. One evening, as I was passing up stairs to my attic, Master Rapp called after me:

"Halle! yonngster, have you any thing to-day?" Your bill now amounts to one hundred and sixty florins, ten kreutzers. Pray, when am I likely to see the color of my money?"

I muttered some sort of indistinct reply, and hastening to my room locked the door, and threw myself, dressed as I was, on my bed. The gathering miserable position in my mind, and the genial feeling for art, all the high aspirations after excellence which had hitherto buoyed me up, seemed to forsake me, and a sordid, hungry craving for money took their place. At length my eyes closed on these busy thoughts confused, and I slept profoundly for some hours. About two o'clock I awoke in a hungry sort of excitement. Having lighted my lamp, I seized a piece of paper and a crayon, and drew a rapid sketch, in the Dutch style, feeling all the time as if the subject was not mine, but as if each stroke was suggested by some one who merely used my hand and pencil as unconscious and unresisting instruments. The sketch thus traced represented a grocery court, surrounded by lofty but crumbling walls, which were pierced by loop-hole looks at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. On the left was a trellis of iron, through the bars of which, as on other lattices, suspended by strong pulleys from the roof of a shed. Streams of blood flowed across the pavement, and lost in a torrent of the kennel and rubbish. At one end of the court was a cart-house, through the open door of which were seen a pile of wood and some bottles of straw. Pieces of ragged meat, an old hen-coop, and a broken rabbit-hutch littered the fore-ground. On the right, one corner of the thatch remaining blank, I hesitated what to put there; something seemed to move, to hover around it. Suddenly a foot turned up and detached from the ground appeared to my mind's-eye. Following the inspiration I sketched on rapidly, and beneath the crayon appeared a leg jerked up, then a floating garment, at length the entire figure of an old woman, pale, emaciated, with disheveled hair, thrown down across the low parapet of a well, and struggling against a hand which clutched her throat.

I was drawing the last touches to the murderer's left hand. I shuddered as I looked at the woman's face, contracted by terror, while both her hands seemed to push away the arm of her assailant.

But *his* face, I saw it not; it was hidden from me as by some veiling shadow—I could not finish the sketch.

"I am fatigued," I said, passing my hand over my damp forehead; "to-morrow I will finish the design; there remains but that one figure to put in."

Hardly undressing I went to bed, and before five minutes had elapsed I was sunk in a profound slumber. When I awoke it was broad daylight. I started up, and was proceeding to arrange in memory my task when I heard two knocks at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall old man, dressed in black, stood at the threshold.

"Herr Heinrich Kapff, the painter?" said he.

"At your service, Sir."

He bowed his head, and said, introducing himself: "Baron Frederick von Sprechdahl."

That the name of Baron von Sprechdahl, who was also Judge of the Criminal Tribunal, should consent to visit my poor attic, was indeed an unlooked-for event. I cast an embarrassed glance at the mean, scanty furniture, the low ceiling, and the

worm-eaten flooring; but my visitor seemed to pay no attention to these details. Seating himself near my small table: "Herr Kapff," he said, "I come—"

At that moment his eyes fell on the unfinished sketch, and he gazed at it fixedly for several moments.

"Are you the author of this drawing?" he asked, looking at me with the same attention which he had bestowed on my work.

"I am, Sir."

"What is its price?"

"I do not sell my sketches; it it merely a design for a painting."

"Ah!" said he, taking up the paper delicately with the tips of his long sallow fingers; and with the aid of his eye-glass he studied the sketch closely.

"And the dimensions of the painting, Herr Kapff?" said he at last, without looking up.

"Four feet by three."

"Its price?"

"Fifty ducats."

My visitor laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a long, well-filled purse of green silk.

"Fifty ducats," he repeated; "there they are."

And throwing down the purse on baron salsted me, and was gone before I had sufficiently recovered from my amazement to utter a word of thanks. I heard his walking-stick strike on each stair as he descended, and I ran down quickly after him. But when I reached the door of the inn he was already gone; I looked up and down the street, but he was not to be seen.

"Well, this is odd enough," I muttered; and having enumerated the five flights of stairs up and down at the table, brightened by the unwonted gleam of gold, and resolved to finish the sketch without delay: a few more touches, and the crayons were all that was required. But these few touches, try as I would, *could not* agree. I had lost the glow to the design; the mysterious personage would not come out of the limbo of my brain. It was of no use to force and efface, and draw and paint at each touch; the creature of my pencil was as discordant with his surroundings as one of Raphael's figures would be in a village ale-house by Teniers. I threw down my crayon in despair, and the perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead.

Confused voices, and heavy steps mounting the stairs: my door was violently shaken.

"In the name of the law, open!"

Trembling, though I scarce knew why, I obeyed. Two muscular hands instantly grasped my collar, and a fat little man in green uniform, puffing and strongly of beer, came close to me, and said: "Heinrich Kapff, I arrest you."

"For what crime?" I inquired, as I recognized the chief of police.

"Come along," he cried, roughly, and made a sign to one of his men to hand me my coat.

Resistance of course was useless. I was effectually secured, and conveyed down stairs by some of the party while the others remained to search and sweep every corner, prodding the furniture, and turning over on the floor my poor wardrobe and other scanty possessions. My captors thrust me into a covered carriage, and two of them entered after me, and took their places one at each side.

"What have I done?" I inquired again.

"Hans," said one of them to the other, with a sour smile, "he asks what he has done!"

Soon a dark shadow swelled on it, as the carriage rolled under the gloomy archway which leads to the Rapel Haus, or city prison. The door of the dingy wooden cap on his head, and a short pipe between his lips, received me from my conductors, and having silently introduced me into a cell, retired and barred the door, and left me to my reflections.

The room was small, but tolerably clean, and the walls being newly whitewashed, presented no inscription or drawings, save a rude sketch of a gallet, probably executed by my predecessor. It was lighted by a small window, nine or ten feet from the ground, and the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a bucket.

I seated myself on the straw, and remained, I know not how long, plunged in a gloomy reverie. Very soon the door grated on its hinges; my jailer appeared, desired me to follow him.

I was conducted into a gloomy sort of judgment-hall, at the upper end of which were seated two judges, one of them being my friend Herr Spreckdahl. A clerk, employed in tickling his ear with the feather of his pen, sat before a table.

Von Spreckdahl, raising his voice, addressed me as "Heinrich Kapff, how did you become possessed of this drawing?"

He showed me the nocturnal sketch; I examined it, and replied: "It was done by me."

There was a silence, and the clerk wrote down my reply.

I thought within myself: "What is the meaning of this? What connection can the sketch have with my pushing Rapp down stairs?"

"It was done by you," repeated Von Spreckdahl. "What is the subject of it?"

"It was: fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details from any painting or engraving?"

"No, Sir; I invented them all."

"Prisoner," said the judge in a severe tone, "I advise you to reflect. Do not lie."

I reddened with anger, and said, emphatically, "I have spoken the truth."

"Write, clerk," said Von Spreckdahl.

"And this woman," continued he, "who is being sanguinated at the edge of a well, have you imagined her figure also?"

"Certainly."

"You never saw her?"

"Never."

With an indignant gesture Von Spreckdahl rose from his chair, then resuming his seat, he appeared to consult in a low tone with his colleague

"What can it be all about? What have I done?" murmured I to myself.

Addressing my guards, Von Spreckdahl said: "Conduct the prisoner to the carriage.—We are going to the Metzger Strasse.—Heinrich Kapff, he continued, "you are pursuing a deplorable path. Consider that if the justice of man is inflexible, the mercy of God may yet be obtained by a full confession of your crime."

I could not reply; I felt as if under the influence of some frightful dream, and prepared to follow my guards in silence.

Two policemen and I entered the carriage, which rolled along through several streets. One of my guards took out his snuff-box, and offered a pinch to his companion. Mechanically I also extended my finger and thumb towards the box, but its owner drew it back with a gesture of aversion, and quickly replaced it in his pocket.

I felt the hot tingling blood mount to my forehead, but before I could speak the carriage stopped. Some of the guards sprang out, and on the other side, fettered as I was, by the collar, until, seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he thrust me rudely out.

All these precautions to secure my person argued no good, but just then I was given no time for reflection. My guards hurried me along a narrow, filthy alley, bounded by high walls, and through which trickled a little stream of some thick dark liquid, arrived at the end, they opened a door, and pushed me before them into a square court. During our progress a sudden horror had taken possession of me, not arising from the uncertainty and mystery of my position, but rather like the effect of nightmare. I seemed to be walking in a frightful dream, seeing and acting without my own volition, and under a haunting conviction of the unreality of all the objects around. But this horror became very tangible and real when I looked around the place where I now found myself. There was the very identical scene which I had seen in the night before—the walls furnished with hooks, the broken hammock, the pulley, the bucket. A single detail, not even the most trifling, was wanting!

Beside the well stood the judges, Von Spreckdahl and Von Sack, and near them, on a low stool by the old woman, her long gray hair dishevelled, her face livid, her eyes starting from her head, and her lips parted in convulsive breaths between her clenched teeth. It was a horrid spectacle.

"Prisoner!" said Von Spreckdahl in a solemn voice, "have you anything to say?"

I made no answer.

"Do you acknowledge that you threw this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well after having strangled her and taken possession of her money?"

"I have never seen this woman in my life, and I never saw her until now. May God help me!"

"It is enough," said he, in a dry tone; and then, without shifting either number word, he and his colleague took their departure.

My guards conducted me back to the Rapel Haus, and left me once more to my fate. I felt a profound stupor, and when but half aroused from it, my conscience awoke to a sort of morbid activity, and I began to ask myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman!

Day dawned, and I was lighted up my gloomy prison. The window looked on the street. It was a market-day, and I heard the rolling of the carts laden with fruit and vegetables, the loud dispute, the cackling of the live poultry, and the animated discourse of the butter-women. As the morning advanced, the noise in the street became louder, and the bustle and movement of life around me seemed to restore courage to my heart. I felt an irresistible desire to live, to see the sun, to walk abroad, and to look once more on the faces of my fellow-men.

My predecessors in the cell, animated, no doubt, by a like desire, had scratched holes in the wall to facilitate their mounting to the window. I climbed to it, and holding the bars, managed to seat myself on the narrow ledge. Once there, I gazed entranced on the crowd, the life, the movement; tears flowed from my cheeks; I drank in the sunlight of life as he air, simply to breathe, and move, and feel the sun. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "to live—only to live! Let them sentence me to what they will; let them attach a weight to my leg. What does it matter, provided only that I live!"

The quaint old market on which I looked offered a gay and animated spectacle. The peasant-women in their Bavarian costumes were seated behind their baskets of eggs, fruit, vegetables, and fluffy cages filled with poultry; butchers with naked arms were cutting meat on their blocks; peasants, with their large-brimmed felt hats set far back on their heads, leaned on their stout holly-sticks, and smoked long pipes. The animated and varied scene captivated my attention, and, in spite of my distracted my thoughts from my sad situation. As I continued to gaze on the busy crowd, I perceived by, his back bent under the weight of an enormous quarter of beef which he bore on his shoulders. His arms were bare, his sleeves rolled up, his head bent down in front. His hair falling down in a mass over concealed his face, and yet at the first glance I shuddered. "It is he!" I exclaimed, inwardly.

All my blood flew back to my heart. I lapsed from the window-bars in a profuse, shivering, my teeth chattering, while the rebellious blood flowed back again, and mounted hotly to my cheeks and forehead.

"It is he! He is there—*here*—and I—I must die to expiate his crime! O my God, help me! What am I to do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration, as I believe, from heaven darted through my mind. I put my hand into my coat-pocket, and found my case of crayons. Rushing to the clean whitewashed wall, I sketched the scene of the murder with marvelous force and rapidity. No more uncertainty, no more wavering attempts. I knew the man who grasped the luckless woman's throat; I saw him as if he were sitting to me for his portrait. At ten o'clock the jailer entered my cell.

"What is this?" he said, looking with surprise at my sketch.

"Go, ask my judges to come hither," I cried, still pursuing my work with frantic ardor.

"They await you in the Hall of Judgment," replied he.

"Tell them to come; I have a disclosure to make," said I, as I put the finishing touch to the murderer's figure. It looked as if it lived and breathed; foreshortened on the wall, the features stood out with wonderful force and reality.

The jailer went out, and in a few minutes the two judges entered. With my hand extended, and trembling in every limb, I said to them: "Behold the assassin!"

Von Spreckdahl carefully and quietly examined the sketch. "His name?" he inquired.

"I know it not," I replied; "but at this moment he is in the act of setting up meat at the third stall on the left as you enter from the Trabanten Strasse."

"What do you advise?" said my judge to his colleague.

"That we should instantly send for the man," replied he, in a grave tone.

Stepping out into the corridor, he gave his orders to the policemen stationed there. During their absence the two judges remained standing, contemplating the sketch. Suffering from strong reaction, I sank on the ground, and buried my head between my knees.

Soon steps resounded from afar along the vaulted passages. Those who have not waked from the hour of deliverance, and counted the minutes, then as long as centuries—those who have not felt the poignant emotions of suspense, terror, hope, and doubt—they can not conceive the sharp agony of that moment. I could have distinguished the foot-steps of the murderer, marching between his guards, from a thousand others. They approached; the village functionaries appeared moved. I raised my head, and my heart felt as though it were grasped by an iron hand. My eyes were fixed on the closed door. It opened—the man entered. His cheeks were red and swollen; his large jaws were contracted, causing the muscles to stand out even up to his ears; and his coarse, matted, tawny-colored eyes sparkled beneath a pair of thick reddish eyebrows.

He assisted, and silently showed him the sketch. Then this powerful, sanguine-complexioned man turned pale—pale as death. Uttering a roar which startled me, he opened his immense arms, and bounding backward succeeded in overthrowing two of his guards. There was a terrific struggle in the corridor; we could hear the panting respiration of the butcher, deep imprecations, broken words, and the stamping and shuffling of many feet. At length I distinguished, in his hand sank on his breast, his eyes bloodshot, his limbs firmly fettered. Again he looked fixedly on the drawing, and with a sword, he reflect, and muttered, as if to himself, "Who, then, could have seen me—at midnight?"

I was saved.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOING INTO FITS.—It seems to be the general belief that ANDREW JACKSON is going to *veto* parties.

FASHIONABLE.—The new mode of *coiffure*, better known as the *chignon*, is now described in all fashionable circles as "the knight of the hair-pin."

TYPOGRAPHICAL.—What type will most accurately describe the new style of bonnets?—"SMALL CAPS," of course.

THE HORSE OF THE ALTAR.—We hear that his Holiness the Pope has given positive orders that all his Bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

"SUBJET ADJURN, LOVELIEST," ETC.—A rude correspondent, speaking of the prevalence of chignons of the fashionable golden color, says the greater part of them are purchased, probably, by a guinea for so many carats.

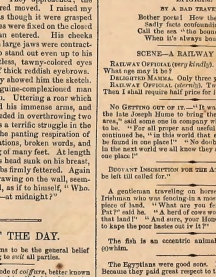
MODERN "COMIC SONGS."—Absurd-ditties.

THE LOVE OF A WIFE.—Ladies, when being courted, ought not to object to the modest use of tobacco. They should recollect that where there is a flame there must be a smoke.

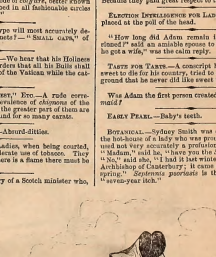
SIR WALTER SCOTT tells a story of a Scotch minister who, in the height of his eloquence—

PARTON B——— was truly a droll man, and of the long grace which usually followed the meals, he and the whole family knelt, with the parson's brother, who being o'er much fed, stood with his back to the table overlooking the garden. One day, it was summer time—the parson was unusually fervent, not appearing to notice the flagrant misconduct of his brother, who kept twisting about, and thrusting no end to the thanks, he broke in with, "Cut it short; the cows are in the garden playing old Harry with the cabbages."

AN INVENTION.—While the great elephant Hannibal was passing through Maryland, an ancient colored lady, who had never seen an elephant, met the keeper on the road, and throwing up her hands in admiration, exclaimed, "Bress de Lord, what a critter he gwine to be dis winter! The old lady took him for a new Yankee invention.



A good deal of the consolation offered in this world is about as scalding as the sameness of the tears to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."



FROM OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

THE LAST NEAT THING IN "TOILETS"—THE "GLADIATEUR."

MAXIMS.

BY OUR OWN TUPPER.

Never put off till to-day what you didn't wish to do yesterday.

If a herring and a half cost three half-pence you had better have two for breakfast, and hang the expense!

A bird in the hand had better be put into a cage at the earliest opportunity or it may escape.

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

The more distant your friends are the more you should Wail—if you want to make yourself heard.

When you take a friend's hand to shake with you for the first time, put on the plate before you let him go home. It saves subsequent wrangling.

If a fellow wants to borrow an umbrella send for a policeman at once and give him in charge. It will guard against a repetition of the error.

Should you happen in a drawing-room to find you and your opponent are simply sitting at the opposite vices, knock him down at once for fear you should be asked to a quarrel.

THE BILL-STICKER'S MOTTO.—Application.

What is the difference between a place of honey-comb and a black eye?—One is produced by the *inbeeing* bee, and the other by a *bleeding*.

Great fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*. And the great fleas themselves, in turn, have greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater still, and so on.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all rib, from her belt to the rim of her petticoat.

EPIGRAM.

BY A LADY WHO HATES WALTZING.

Bother pox! How they rave,
Swift feets confounding!
Call the ces "the boundless wave,"
When it's always bounding!

SCENE—A RAILWAY STATION.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL (very busy). Now then, Sir—child that, Mon! What age may it be?

DISAGREEABLE MAMMA. Only three years and two months, RAILWAY OFFICIAL (*severely*). Two months over three. Then I shall require half price for it, please.

NO GETTING OFF OF IT.—"It was a capital thought of the late Joseph Hume to bring the Law Courts into one area," said some one the company where Punch happened to be. "For all proper and useful purposes it is right." "Indeed!" said the irrepressible; "and where would they be found in one place?" "No doubt," said Brutus, "for in the next world we all know they are sure to be found in one place!"

DIDO AND INSCRIPTION FOR THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—"To be left till called for."

A gentleman travelling on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that bit for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land!" "And sure, your Honor, wasn't I fencing it to keps the poor bastes out ir it?"

The fish is an eccentric animal. He will have his cowskin.

The Egyptians were good sons. Do you know why?—Because they paid great respect to their Sphinxes.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE FOR LADIES.—The Chignon is placed at the poll of the head.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he married?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

TASTE FOR TASTE.—A conscript being told that it was sweet to die for his country, tried to cram himself on the ground that he never did like sweet things.

WHO ADAM the first person created, or was Eve the first maid?

EARLY PEARL.—Baby's teeth.

BOTANICAL.—Sydney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was proud of her flowers, and used not very accurately a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said he, "have you the *Septenda psoriasis*?" "No," said she, "I had but neither, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the spring." *Septenda psoriasis* is the medical name for "seven-year itch."



THE INTERNATIONAL NAVAL FESTIVAL AT CHERBOURG—THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH FLEET



FIRING A SALUTE IN HONOR OF THE EMPEROR'S FETE-DAY, AUGUST 15, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 614.]

A LOCK OF HAIR.

A WOOD-NYMPH sat by a mossy tree
One bright May-day when buds were springing;
Her tresses were dark as night could be,
But her heart was light, and she was singing
A sunny song in the forest there:
Was it she who gave me this lock of hair?

One midsummer noon, by the sighing sea,
Along the pebbly shore I strolled,
And one was there who walked with me,
Whose eyes were azure, whose hair was gold:
Was it then I took a chestnut curl?

The winter winds were wild and drear,
My soul was sick, and I sighed for rest,
And the wayward one is to me most dear
Kissed me, and soothed me upon her breast:
This tress is as white as a flake of snow,
And it came from my beautiful mother's brow.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH ART.

AS SAXON'S cab turned in at the gates of the South Western Railway Station, Mr. William Trefalden, who happened to be in the neighborhood of a very similar Hansom, was driving rapidly down the Waterloo Road. The two vehicles with their unsuspecting occupants had been almost side by side on Waterloo Bridge, and, by one of those curious coincidences which happen still oftener in real life than in fiction, the one cousin was going down into Surrey as the honored guest of Lady Castletowers, while the other was rattling over to Camberwell in search of her ladyship's disinherited half-sister.

"Six, Falconell Terrace."

Mr. Trefalden took the card from his pocket-book, and read the address over once or twice. It was the address that Miss Rivière had given to Saxon, and which Saxon had intrusted to the lawyer's keeping a couple of hours before. Mr. Trefalden was a hungry man of business, and was showing himself to be, in the present instance, better than his word. He had promised to act for his young cousin in this matter; but he had not promised to set about the task that same afternoon. Yet here he was with his face already turned southward, and Miss Rivière's address in his hand.

The fact was that Mr. Trefalden took more interest in every piece of family history than he had chosen to express, and was bent on learning all that might be known about the Rivière branch, out an hour's unnecessary delay. No man better appreciated the value of a family secret. There might, it is true, be nothing very precious in this particular specimen; but then one could never tell what might or might not be useful hereafter. At all events Mr. Trefalden was not slow to see his way to possible advantages; and though he had asked time for consideration of what it might be best to do, he had half a dozen schemes outlined in his mind before Saxon left the office. Mr. Trefalden's plans seldom needed much elaboration. They sprung from his fertile brain like Minerva from the head of Zeus, armed at all points, and ready for the field.

Leaning back thoughtfully, then, with folded arms and a cigar in his mouth, Mr. Trefalden drove past the Obelisk and the Egyptian Hall of Castle, and plunged into the very heart of that dreary suburban district which might with much propriety be called by the general name of Transpontis. Then, dismissing his cab at a convenient point, he proceeded in search of Brudenell Terrace on foot.

Transpontis is a district beset with difficulties to the inconsequent explorer. There dust, dissent, and dullness reign supreme. The air is pervaded by a faint odor of universal brickfield. The early evening hour is audible as inexorable hours of the day. Files of shabby-genteel tenements, and dismal slips of parched front-gardens, follow and resemble each other with a bewildering monotony that extends for long miles in every direction, and is only interrupted here and there by a gorgeous gin-palace, or a depressing patch of open ground, facetiously called a "green," or "common." Of enormous extent, and dreary sameness, the topography of Transpontis is necessarily of the vaguest character.

Mr. Trefalden knew, however, too good a dodger to be greatly baffled by the intricacies of any metropolitan neighborhood. He pursued his way with a Londoner's instinct, and, after traversing a few small squares and by-streets, found himself presently in face of Brudenell Terrace.

It was a very melancholy terrace, built according to the strictest logging-house order of architecture; it would seem four feet above the level of the str et, and approached by a dilapidated flight of stone steps at each extremity. It consisted of four-and-twenty dingy, eight-roomed houses, in one or other of which, take them at what season of the year one might, there was certain to be either a sale or a removal going forward. In conjunction with the inevitable van, or piece of hair-carving, might also be found the equally inevitable street organ—that "most miraculous organ" which can no more be silenced than the voice of murder itself; and which in Transpontis hath its chosen home. The oldest inhabitant of Brudenell Terrace confessed to never having known the hour of any day (except Sunday) when some interesting native of Parma or Lucca was not to be heard grinding his slow length along from number one to number twenty-eight. On the present occasion, however, when Mr. Trefalden knocked at the door of the house for which he was bound, both van and Italian boy were at the farther end of the row.

A slatternly servant of hostile bearing opened six inches of the door, and asked Mr. Trefalden what he wanted. That gentleman intimated that he wished to see Mrs. Rivière.

"Is it business?" said the girl, planting her feet sturdily against the six inches of the door.

Mr. Trefalden admitted that it was business.

"Then it's Miss Rivers you want," said she, sharply. "I didn't ought to have let you in."

Mr. Trefalden attempted to explain that he should prefer to see Mrs. Rivière if she would receive him at all; but that Miss Rivers was ready to entertain the proposition for a moment, and—

"It's nothing to me what you prefer," said she, with prompt indignation. "I'm sure I can see Mrs. Rivers. If Miss Rivers won't do, you may as well go away at once."

So the lawyer was fain to enter the citadel on such terms as he could get.

He was shown into a front-parlor, very poorly furnished. The window was partially darkened by a black blind, and close beneath it stood a table strewn with small pasteboard boxes and dyeing materials. A bonnet and shawl lay on the sofa behind the door. Three or four slight sketches in water-colors were pinned against the walls. An old-fashioned watch in a bronze stand of delicate foreign workmanship occupied the centre of the mantle-shelf; and in the farther corner of the room, between the fire-place and window, a tall, dark young woman in deep weeds with their faces to the wall. Mr. Trefalden divined the history of these little accessories at a glance. Any man of the world in his owners had told him so, that the watch and the canvases were relics of poor Edgar Rivière, and that the little water-colors were studies by the artist's daughter. These latter were very slight —mere outlines, with a dash of color here and there—but singularly free and graceful. One represented a fragment of Cyclopean wall, tapestried with creeping plant; another, a lonely wayside cross, with sugar-loaf mountains in the riding overhead; another, a group of stone pines at sunset, standing up, bronze and black, against a blood-red sky. All were instinct with that open-air look which defies imitation; and in the bold sketching of every one appeared the keen purple Tuscan hills. William Trefalden was no indifferent judge of art, and he saw at once that these were the work of a master.

While he was yet examining them the door opened noiselessly behind him, and a rustling of soft garments near at hand made him turn. He stood about half-way between the window and the door—a girl so fair, so slight, so transparent of complexion, so wonderfully fragile-looking, that the lawyer, for the first moment, could only look at her as at the most delicate piece of marvel of art, neither to be touched nor spoken to.

"You asked to see me, Sir?" she said, with a tremulous flash of color; for Mr. Trefalden still looked at her in silence.

"I asked to see Mrs. Rivière," he replied.

The young lady shook her head.

"My mother is an invalid," she said, "and can only be addressed through me. Will you take a seat?"

But Mr. Trefalden, instead of taking a seat, went over to the corner, where the dusty canvases were piled against the wall, and looked at them with a professional air.

"Are these some of your father's pictures?" Her whole face became radiant at the mention of that name.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly. "Do you know his works?"

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before answering this question. Then, looking at her with a grave, serious tenderness, he said—

"I knew his works, my dear young lady—and I knew him."

"You knew him? Oh, you knew a good man, Sir, if you knew my dear, dear father!"

"A good man," said Mr. Trefalden, "and a fine artist."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"If the world had but done him justice!" she murmured.

Mr. Trefalden thought he had never seen eyes so beautiful or so tender.

"The world never does justice to its finer spirits," said he, "till they have passed beyond reach of praise or blame, or of its praise. But his day of justice will come."

"Do you think so?" she said, drawing a little nearer, and looking up at him with the half-timid, half-trusting candor of a child. "Alas! I have always given up hoping."

"Never give up hoping. There is nothing in this world so unstable as its injustice—nothing so unstable as its praise and its reputation. Unhappily its laurels are too often showered upon tombs."

"Did you know him in Italy?"

"No—in England."

"Perhaps you were one of his fellow-students?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"No: I am a true lover of the arts," he replied, "but no artist. I had a sincere admiration for your father's genius, Miss Rivière, and this is my excuse for coming to see you to-day. I am anxious to know what pictures of his may still be in the possession of his family. I should be glad to purchase some, if I might be allowed to do so."

A look of intense gladness, followed by one of still more intense pain, flashed over the girl's pale face at these words.

"I trust I have said nothing to annoy you," said Mr. Trefalden, as deferentially as if this fragile young creature were a stately princess, clad in cloth of gold and silver.

"Oh no, thank you," she replied, tremulously. "We shall be very glad to—to sell them."

"Then I have your permission to look at these?"

"I will show them to you."

But Mrs. Trefalden would not suffer Miss Rivière to show him the pictures. They were too heavy and too dusty; and he was so glad to have the opportunity of seeing them that he considered nothing a trouble. Then he begged to be allowed to remove the black blind from the window; and this duly done he dragged out the first picture, dusted it carefully with his own white handkerchief, and placed it in the best light the room afforded.

"That was one of his last," said the daughter, with a sigh.

It represented Apollo and Daphne—Apollo in an attitude expressive of despair, looking very like a fine gentleman in an amateur play, elegantly pot up in the Greek style, and rather proud of his legs; with Daphne peeping at him suggestingly from the leaves of a laurel bush. It was not a vulgar picture, nor even a glaringly bad picture; but it had all the worst faults of the French school about it—none of its vigor, and was academic and superficial to the last degree.

Mr. Trefalden, who saw all this distinctly, retreated, nevertheless, to the farther side of the room, shaded his eyes with his hands, and declared that it was a most exquisite thing, full of poetry and classical feeling.

Then came a Cupid and Psyche on the point of leading off a dance, and a Juno in a car, attract of yellow ochre; and Endymion sleeping, evidently, on a stage-bank, by the light of a spectacular moon. Lady Family; a Cephalus and Procris; a Caractacus before Claudius; a Diana and Calisto, and about a score of others —enough to fill a room of moderate size; all after the same pattern; all repeating the same dreary round of hackneyed subjects; all equally correct and equally bad.

Mr. Trefalden looked patiently through the whole collection, opening out those envious which were rolled up, and going through the business of his part with a naturalness that was beyond all praise. Then, with an imaginary bow, he hesitated over trifling blemishes, reverted every now and then to his favorites, and, in short, played the connoisseur to perfection—a perfection that the poor child by his side was almost ready to fall down and worship him before the exhibition was over.

"How happy it would have made him to hear you, Sir!" she said, more than once. "No one ever appreciated him as you do!"

To which Mr. Trefalden only replied with sympathetic courtesy, that he was "sorry to hear it."

Finally, he selected four of the least objectionable of the lot, and begged to know on what terms he might be allowed to possess them.

This question was referred by Miss Rivière to her mother, to whom Mr. Trefalden was finally entrusted to name his own price.

"Nay, but you place me in a very difficult position," said he. "What if I offer too small a sum?"

"We do not fear that," replied the young girl, with a ready smile.

"You are very good; but—the fact is that I may wish to purchase several more of these interesting pictures in time to come. Miss Rivière should be willing to part from them."

"The whole of them?" she echoed, breathlessly.

"In the mean while," said he, "these being only my first, experiments, I must keep my expenditure within a moderate limit. I should not like to offer more than two hundred pounds for these four pictures."

Two hundred pounds! It was as if a tributary of Pactolus had suddenly flowed in upon that humble front-parlor and flooded it with gold. Miss Rivière could hardly believe in the material existence of so fabulous a sum.

"I hope I do not seem to under-estimate their value," said the lawyer.

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"You will, perhaps, submit my proposition to Mrs. Rivière?"

"No, thank you—I—I am quite sure—your great liberality—"

"I beg you will call it by no such name," said Mr. Trefalden, with that little depreciatory gesture that showed his fine hand to so much advantage. "Say, if you please, my sense of justice, or better still, my appreciation of excellence."

Here he took a little roll of bank-notes from his purse, folded, and laid them on the table.

"I trust I may be permitted to pay my respects to Mrs. Rivière," he next said, "before I go. She will not, perhaps, refuse the favor of an interview to one who knew her husband in his youth."

"I am sure mamma will be most happy," faltered Miss Rivière. "She is very delicate; but I know she will make the effort, if possible. We—we are going back soon to Italy."

And her eyes, as she said these words, wandered involuntarily toward the packet of notes.

"Not very soon, I hope? Not immediately?"

"Certainly, not immediately," she replied, with a sigh. "Mamma must be much better before she can travel."

Then Mr. Trefalden made a few politely sympathetic inquiries; recommended a famous West End physician; suggested a temporary sojourn at Sydenham or Norwood; and ended by requesting that the hostile maid-servant might fetch a cab for the conveyance of his treasures. He then took his leave, with the intimation that he would come again in the course of a few days, and go over the pictures a second time.

The door had no sooner closed behind him than Miss Rivière flew up to her mother's bedroom, with the bank-notes in her hand.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, flinging herself on her knees beside the invalid's easy-chair, and bursting into sobs of joy, "he has taken four of papa's paintings, and given—oh! and do you see the figure?—given two hundred pounds for them! Two hundred pounds, all in beautiful, real bank-notes—and here they are! Touch them—look at them! Two hundred pounds—enough to take you to Italy, my darling, six times over!"

CHAPTER II.

BRADSHAW'S GUIDE FOR MARCH.

WILLIAM TREFALDEN sat alone in his private room, in a somewhat moody attitude, with his elbows on his desk, and his face buried in his hands. A folded deed lay unread before him. To his right stood a compact pile of letters with their seals yet unbroken. Absorbed in profound thought, he had not yet begun the business of the day, although more than an hour had passed since his arrival in Chancery Lane.

His meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door; and the next moment was unceremoniously followed by Mr. Reckwitch. The lawyer started angrily from his reverie.

"Why the deuce do you come in like that?" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Beg your pardon, Sir," replied the head clerk, with a rapid glance at the pile of unopened letters and the unread deed. "Messenger's gone for Mr. Hawkes and Burbeck—and I only said I was to read it over to you before it went out."

Mr. Trefalden sighed impatiently, leaned back in his chair, and bade his clerk "go on;" whereat the respectable man drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and began.

"Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Wilkes, of Hoxton, Cheesemonger, and Square in the parish of Hoxton in the County of Middlesex and John Barlow of Oakley villa in the parish of Camberwell in the aforesaid Middlesex Esquire, are jointly and severally holden and firmly bounden unto Ebenezer Foster, and Robert Corporation of Cornhill in the parish of St. Peters upon Cornhill in the County of Middlesex Bankers and copartners in the sum of two thousand pounds of lawful British money to be paid to the said Ebenezer Foster and Robert Corporation their executors administrators and assigns for which lawful attorney and attorneys for which payment to be well and faithfully made we bind ourselves jointly and severally and our and any two or one of our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents sealed with our respective seals. Dated ——, which I have left blank, Sir, not knowing when the signatures will be made."

"Quite right," said Mr. Trefalden, dreamily. "Go on."

The head clerk then proceeded in the same thick, monotonous tone, wading on from stage to stage, from condition to condition, till he came at length to—"Then and in such case the bonds herein and or obligation shall become void and of no effect, or else shall remain in full force, power, and virtue" having read which, he came to a dead pause.

And then again, for the third time, Mr. Trefalden said—

"Go on."

Mr. Reckwitch smiled, maliciously.

"That's the end of the deed, Sir," he replied. "The end of the deed!"

"Yes, Sir. It struck me that you didn't hear much of it. Be so good as to begin it again?"

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip with unconcealed annoyance.

"Certainly not," he said, sharply. "That voice of yours sends me to sleep. Leave the bonds here, and I will peruse them myself."

So saying, he snatched the paper from the hand of his clerk, pointed to the door, and commanded himself to go through the document from beginning to end.

This done, and the messenger dispatched, he dropped again into his accustomed seat, and proceeded mechanically to examine his diurnal correspondence. He only mechanically looked through the letters with the lawyer, holding it open with his left hand, and shading his eyes with his right, as he read. But the thoughts which blotted out the sense of the words as completely as if the page were blank before him.

By-and-by he looked at it vacantly for some ten minutes or more. William Trefalden crushed the letter in his hand, flung it on the table, and exclaimed half aloud, "Fool that I am!" pushed his chair hastily back, and began walking up and down the room.

Sometimes he was somewhat elderly, sometimes stopping short in his beat for a minute at a time, the lawyer continued for the best part of an hour to pace to and fro between the window and the door, thinking earnestly.

Of what? Of a woman.

He could scarcely bring himself to confess it to his own thoughts; and yet so it was—a fact not to be explained, impossible to palliated. William Trefalden was in love for the first time in his life; utterly, passionately in love.

Yes, for the first time. He was thirty-eight years of age, and he had never in his life known

what it was to feel as he felt now. He had never known what it was to live under the despotism of a single idea. He was not a good man. He was an unscrupulous and radically selfish man. A man of cultivated taste, cold heart, and iron will. A man who set his own gratification before him as the end for which he lived, and who was content to labor for that end as unfeelingly and steadfastly as other men labor for honor, or freedom, or their soul's salvation. A man who knew no law save the law of his own will, and no restraint save the restraint of his own judgment.

Up to this time he had regarded love as a taste, and looked upon women much in the same light as he looked upon fine wines, fine pictures, costly books, and valuable horses. They were one of the enjoyments of life—rather more troublesome, though, than some of the main enjoyments, and less than other enjoyments; needing to be well-dressed, as books to be well bound, or pictures well framed; needing also, like valuable horses, to be kindly treated; but, like horses, to be held or changed at the pleasure of their owners.

Such was the theory, and such (for this secret may as well be told here as elsewhere) was the practice of William Trefalden's life. He was no gamester. He was no miser. He was no sensualist. He was simply that dangerous phenomenon—a man of cold heart and warm imagination; a refined voluptuary.

And this was the secret which for long years he had guarded with such jealous care. He loved splendor, luxury, pleasure. He loved elegant surroundings, a well-appointed table, well-trained servants, music, pictures, books, fine wines, fine eyes, and fine tobacco. For these things he had toiled harder than the poorest artist in the land. For these things he had risked danger and disgrace; and yet now, when he held the game on which he had staked his whole life secure in his hand—secure, in the very moment of success—this man found that the world contained one thing for which he would willingly have given all the rest—nay, without which all the rest would be no longer worth possessing.

Only a girl! Only a pale, pretty, dark-haired girl, with large, timid eyes, and a soft voice, and a color like snow and red rose-leaf when she spoke. A girl with ancient blood in her veins, and a certain childlike purity of bearing that told at once the first glance how she must be neither lightly sought nor lightly won. A girl who, though she might be poor to begin with, could no more be bought like a toy than could an angel be brought from heaven.

It was unendurable for William Trefalden to love such a girl as Helen Rivière! He knew that it was madness. He had a dim feeling that it might be ruin. He struggled against it—he fought with it—he flung himself into work, but all in vain. He was no longer master of his actions. He had, in fact, no longer any will. He was simply a man driven by a single passion, and tormented by the slave of a mysterious power. It was vain to resist. Well might he pace to and fro in utter restlessness of mind and body! Well might he curse his fate and his folly, and chafe against the chain that he was impotent to break! He had known strong impulses, angry passions, angry desires, often enough in the course of his undisciplined life; but never, till now, that passion or desire which was stronger than his own impulses.

In the mean while the soul of Abel Keckwitch was disquieted within him. His quick ear caught the restless echo in the inner room, and he felt more than ever convinced that there was "something wrong somewhere." Mr. Trefalden had not opened his letters. Mr. Trefalden had not read the deed which awaited him upon his desk. Mr. Trefalden had not attended to the needs of the important bond which he, Abel Keckwitch, notwithstanding his asthma, had laboriously read through from beginning to end, only the day before this all. Mr. Trefalden looked pale and anxious, like a man who had not slept the night before, and was grievously troubled in his mind. These were significant facts—facts very perplexing and unusual; and Mr. Keckwitch sorely taxed his ingenuity to interpret them aright.

In the midst of his conjectures Mr. Trefalden, who had sat in a moody silence in the further banquet twelve, came out of his private room, and, glancing round the office, said:

"Where are those paintings that I brought home the other day?"

Mr. Keckwitch tacked his pen behind his ear, and coughed before replying.

"In the cupboard behind the door, Sir," said he. "I put them—to be out of the way."

Mr. Trefalden opened the cupboard door, saw that the pictures were safe within, and, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"I took them for a bad debt, but they are of no use to me. You can have them, Keckwitch, if you like."

"I, Sir!" exclaimed the head clerk, in accents of virtuous horror. No, thank you, Sir. None of your indecent Venuses for me. I should be ashamed to see 'em on the walls!"

"As you please. At all events, any one who likes to take them is welcome to do so."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden, with a slightly scornful gravity, left his clerks to settle the question of ownership among themselves, and went on his way. The pictures were, of course, had out immediately, and became the objects of a good deal of tittering, tossing up, and wit of the smallest kind. In the mean while the head clerk found a pretext for going to the inner room, and instituted a rapid search for any stray scrap of information that might turn up.

It was a forlorn hope. Mr. Keckwitch had done the same thing a hundred times before, and had never found any thing; save, now and then, a few charred ashes in the empty grate. But it was in his nature to persevere doggedly. On the present occasion he examined the papers on the table, lifted the lid of William Trefalden's desk, peered between the leaves of the blotting-book, and examined the table-drawers in which the lawyer kept his stationery. In the latter he found but one unaccustomed article—an old continental Bradshaw for the month of June.

"It never was in this morning," mused this amateur detective, taking up the Guide and turning it over inquisitively. "It's the same he had in when he went to that place in Switzerland—page turned down and all."

And then Mr. Keckwitch uttered a suppressed exclamation, for the turned-down page was in the midst of the Italian itinerary.

"Lucca—Magadino—Mantua—Mentone—Milan."

What, in Heaven's name, could William Trefalden have to do with Lucca, Magadino, Mantua, Mentone, or Milan? How was it possible that any one of these places should be mixed up with the course of his present unfortunate preoccupation?

The clerk was fairly puzzled. Finding, however, no further clew in any part of the volume, he returned to his desk, and applied himself to diligent search of the financial columns of the Times.

He would have been still more puzzled if, at this moment, he could have seen his master, pale, pallid, with the same weary, half-impatient look upon his face, leaning over the parapet of the Temple Gardens, and gazing idly at the flow of the river. It was just one o'clock—the quietest hour of the day in nurse-maid-haunted square and garden. And Mr. Trefalden was himself. All was still and dreamy in the old garden. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees. The sunlight scorched the cloistered silence. The very sky was gray and uniform, unbroken by a sunbeam or a cloud. Presently a barge drifted by, with the tide current; while far away, from crowded bridge and busy street, there rose a deep and distant hum, unlike the other sounds with which the ear of man is familiar.

It was a dreamy day and a dreamy place, and upon such a day and in such a place, to all appearance, as dreamy as either. But it is possible to be dreamy on the surface and full of excitement underneath. And Mr. Trefalden's dreaminess was of that outward sort alone. All moody quiet without, but fierce, stormy, fiery agony within.

The man's whole life was in a state of tumultuous conflict. Reject after project, resolution after resolution, kept rising like bubbles to the troubled surface of his mind, only to vanish in breaking, vanishing, and giving place to others. Thus an hour went by, and Mr. Trefalden, bearing the chimes announce the close of the first hour with the air of a man whose course is resolved upon, and went out through Temple Bar, into the Strand. His course was resolved upon. He had made up his mind never to see Helen Rivière again; and yet—

And yet, before he had reached the gates of Somerset House he had hailed a cab, and declared the driver to take him to Bruton-st Terrace, Camberwell.

In the mean while Mr. Keckwitch, who had been anxiously awaiting the striking prices of the sorts of Italian Railway, Banking, Telegraphic and Land Companies' Stock, believed that he had caught sight of the right figures, and that when he read that the Great Milanese Loan and Finance Company's Six per Cent Bonds were down to sixteen and a half on the official list.

STORY OF THE FERRY-MAN'S DAUGHTER.

In the British Museum is a singularly curious, although probably fabulous, tract of 30 pages, entitled "The Right Discovery of the Long-hidden Death of old John Overs, the rich Ferry-man of London, showing how he lost his life by his own covetousness, and how his daughter Mary discovered the Church of St. Mary Overs in Southwark to be built; and of the building of London Bridge." The Right Discovery, however, is by no means what any Bridge at all built over the Thames, there was only a Ferry, to which divers boats belonged, to transport all Passengers thereat between the Old Church-yard Alley, that being the high-road way between Kingston and Canterbury, which is now at Vickeborg 9815, and at Mission Ridge 1900; at Gainesville, Georgia, 1900; at Bean Station, Tennessee, at Cane Swamp, and Malvern Hill Section 10,000, and at Wilderness 28,000; Buenda at Fredericksburg 12,000; at Chancellorsville 10,000; at Gettysburg 10,000; at Rapidan, in his final campaign, to surrender of Lee, are computed at 80 per cent.

CITIES AND CHARGE.—There were two short-sighted men who were always complaining as to which of them was the best: and as they heard there was to be a tablet erected on the gate of a neighboring temple that mentioned they would visit it together on a given day and put the visual powers of each to the test. On each deciding to waive advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and looking carefully at the tablet, came away in position with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also, after trying the gate, came in addition to the inscription, "To the great man of the past and the future." Ching, from reading the tablet, thought he better was raised by the family of Ling in honor of the great man of the past, and therefore intending at a convenient hour which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'" "True," said Chang, "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which is, 'Erected by the family of Ling.' What is written in small characters: 'Erected by the family of Ling,' in honor of the great man of the past and the future.' inscription," said Ching. "There is," said Chang. So they stared at each, and, after shaking one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high-priest of the temple. He heard their story, and quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

A GOOD JOKE ON GENERAL SHERMAN.—While marching through Georgia, Sherman was riding with his staff at the wing, under General Slocum. After a long and wearisome march, he sat down to rest near to the spot where General Howard. While in General Howard's tent, which had just been pitched, the Major-General was busily and inquisitive with the habits and customs of both.—General Sherman sometimes took a "glass," while General Howard was strongly opposed to the indulgence. Knowing this the medical gentleman, after a short time, wishing to serve his chief without offence to Howard, said:

"General Sherman, you look weary and ill. If you will come over to my tent I will give you a Sedlitz Powder, which I think will do you good."

"Thank you," readily responded "Tecumseh," "I think I will."

The man of phyzic departed, and General Howard, who took every thing literally, run to his valise and got a powder, which he mixed and handed to Sherman.

"There is no need to go away for one, if that is what you want," he said, as Sherman, somewhat surprised, but highly amused, drank the cup unsuitably, to the mirth of his staff and escort officers, who comprehended the magnitude of the joke at a glance.

THE JEWISH RACE.—For eighteen hundred years the Hebrews have been dispersed into different latitudes and climates, but they have preserved themselves the most distinct from any long-existent with the other races of the earth. The Jews of North Carolina are, Abrahams, several of the Jordan, have been oppressed by the successive conquerors of Palestine, ages—Jew from Africa is described by trust-worthy travellers as being black as any of the Ethiopian race. Hebrews of the North are distinguished by dealing in European civilization, and dwelling in the northern nations, their tendency is to light complexion, the blue eyes and the light hair of the Scandinavian families. The Jews that have come to the United States are a class without having to refer them to original or specific distinctions.

THE number of battles fought during the last war was two hundred and fifty-two. Of these the soil of Virginia drank the blood in two hundred and one—Tennessee thirty-seven, Missouri thirty-five, Georgia twelve, South Carolina ten, North Carolina nine, Alabama seven, Florida five, Kentucky fourteen, the Indian Territory and New Mexico one each. Three battles were fought also in Northern States and broke in the great Indian of Gettysburg. Of the battles mentioned sixteen were great encampments.

A RECENT DUEL.—Perhaps the most remarkable duel ever fought took place in 1855. It was peculiarly French in its origin, and in the fact that it was fought not with any other than a French state of society. M. Le Crampes and M. Le Pique lived in a quarrel, arising out of a question concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. They agreed to fight with Colt's Navy revolvers, and it was settled that the boat of angry passions should not interfere with the duel. On the appointed day, they proposed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to leave her rival to the enjoyment of the opera. But no one was killed; or, at all events, this was inferred by the two seconds, if not actually proved, by the absence of dirty linen in the air. The balloons were constructed precisely alike. On the signal being given, both parties at once entered the car of one balloon, Le Pique and his second that of the other. It was in the direction of Fontainebleau the immense concourse of spectators. The gentlemen were by this time at a height of about a mile and a halfwere, in order to bring them down by the escape of gas, made to descend slightly lower than the spectators, each servant took a bombazine in his car. At a given signal the ropes were severed, and the cars were left to the balloons ascended. The wind was moderate, and kept the balloons at about their original distance from the parts apart. When half a mile above the surface of the earth a correspondence of fire was commenced. M. Le Crampes fired, but missed. M. Le Crampes fired and sent a ball through M. Le Pique's balloon. The latter gentleman, the car descended with frightful rapidity, and M. Le Pique and his second were killed on the spot. The survivors continued his secant triumphantly, and terminated his aerial voyage successfully at a distance of 30 miles from Paris.

THE CHOLERA.—The Commercial *Advertiser* says the cholera was long a familiar pestilence in the marshes of the Ganges, and in 1784, destroyed 90,000 lives in the Hindostan. It began its march around the world in 1817, was exceedingly destructive every where, especially in Calcutta, extending thence to Naples in the North, and to Iran and Java in the South. In 1826 Russia was invaded, and 150,000 lives were taken. In 1831 the pestilence reached Great Britain and Ireland, and in other roads, appeared in Persia and Asia Minor. Here it halted for two years. In 1848 it appeared in Sunderland, and in the next year at Moscow. In 1851 it broke out in Central Europe, and in September, 1853, it was first discovered on the 8th of June it appeared in Quebec, and thirteen days later in New York. Thence it spread over all the country, first appearing along the great lines of travel. In 1854 the disease was at its height in New York, and from that time it has often made its appearance here. In 1849 the disease was at its height in the north part of a great tour of the world, similar to that noted above. Its ravages were more fatal than in 1832, and the disease was of a more severe manageable. For several successive years the cholera ago, and in all parts of the country, becoming in some places almost an acclimated disease.

THERE are few transformations in the whole range of the arts to be more striking than that which the Bible which gives birth to glass. A heap of sand and soda—it used to be of sand and ashes—is all that is necessary to make it, changed by the simple application of heat into solid, transparent, brilliant glass. It is even more wonderful, that the transformation of a handful of dirty rags into a sheet of white paper.

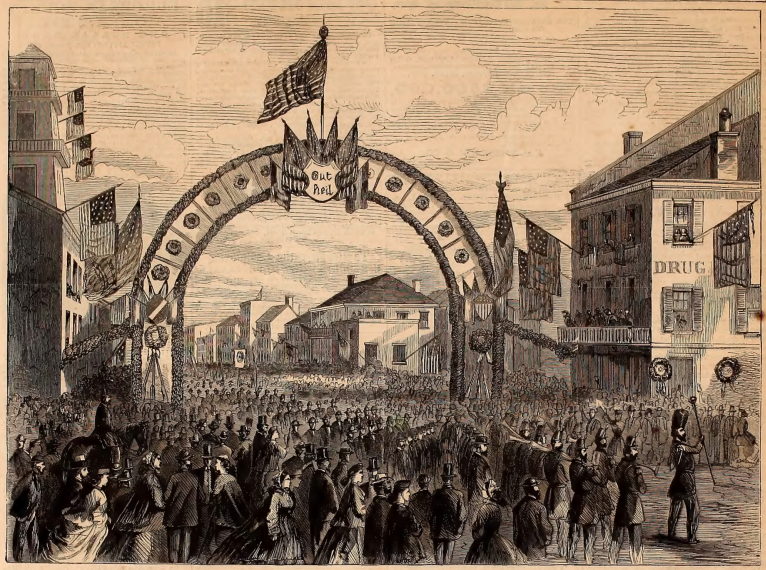
In Austria and some other parts of Germany the custom is to shoe one horse at a time, and the Austrian has some advantages. The ladies must certainly like it, and the custom will be found to suit them. The lady of fashion likes to wait to bake a dance, and not to be introduced to something that she does not want to know. In Austria, where a ballroom introduction is considered valid, and the gentleman who introduces to the lady of the house, whether afterward would be put down as uncommonly rude. Austrian ladies are not to be introduced on their account of their dancing, which is celebrated, but for their agreeable and lively conversation. In the other parts of Europe, they are nevertheless perfectly well-bred, and have that true natural vivacity which is the best security against any unfair use of an unconstrained intercourse between people.

LOVE OF MARRIED LIFE.—The affection that links together man and wife is a far holier and more enduring passion than people think. It may well be sometimes, as may was its imaginative character, that it is the offer of the heart and hand, but it is not long before the absence of love is made manifest. "Love in a cottage" is a phrase which "sounds like a romance," we are to believe that the fire is extinct, and that the ashes of the hearth. Nothing can be more delightful than the old dreams of affection. Nothing can be more delightful than the old dreams of affection. Nothing can be more delightful than the old dreams of affection.

A BOLD GENERALISM.—The father of Frederick the Great, a lieutenant of Peter, was famous for exercise. On his son he could lay his hands upon for his famous regiments of giant grenadiers. The prince married his grandmother's very large women, but was disappointed in his attempt to breed giants. He experimented, however, as well as creating the different breeds of Shanghais. His mammoth grenadiers, although not giants, were the finest and most gigantic pig-tails, or queues. They were ordered to be cut off. The prince was told that the men would not be recruited for parzzled pig-tail in open defiance of the ukase. "Cut off the pig-tails from the dead men," said he, "and bring them to me." The pig-tails were brought to him



THE TURNER FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1865.—EXERCISES AT PARKER'S GROVE.—SKETCHED BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE TURNER FESTIVAL AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1865.—THE PROCESSION.—SKETCHED BY H. F. FARNY.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

SOMETHING like a tendency to return to modes of a more simple description characterizes the Paris fashions for the month of September. Whether this gratifying symptom be owing to the severe castigation of the eccentricities and extravagance of ladies' toilets inflicted by M. DUPIN (who has been vigorously seconded by many of the French journalists), or to the absence of the Court and aristocracy from Paris, is a question that can only be resolved after the return of the high-life folks to their habitual quarters. Whatever may be the solution, it is to be remarked at this season that the dresses at least have returned to a style of simplicity that can not fail to be approved by the paymas-



PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1865.

ters-general of the dress-maker department. Plain materials, the employment of little or no ornament, a diminution in the *empâtre* of the robes, indicate, at any rate, a short interval of sobriety in the taste of the Parisians.

A great variety of new buttons have just been introduced for dress fastenings. Some of the larger descriptions are flat, but the round ones in ebony or lighter wood, steel, dead gold, bone, or ivory, are preferred, as being more convenient.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for Little Girl.*—Dark-blue silk robe, fastened behind with a buttoning band, edged with black velvet and white lace. The short sleeves are ornamented in a similar manner. Fine Tuscan hat, bordered with narrow black velvet, and trimmed with white lace, and provided with a white gauze veil.

Fig. 2. *Half-length Costume of dress* finished with dark gray stripes; the ornaments on the polonie in gros grain passementerie of the same color, headed and stringed; the collose gauzed veil worn as a mode almost entirely concealing the chignon.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Carriage Promenade*, a rich stripe of thin cashmere, including the jupon, in fair grain orange lines. The skirt is drawn up, and attached with rosettes, fastened by buttons; the corsage is plain, high-necked, and provided with a wide waistband.

The same material as the dress, and without any ornament. Tuscan hat, trimmed on one side with a tuft of corn; long light-blue gauze veil.

Fig. 4. *Dress for a Little Girl*, made of white muslin, trimmed round the undulating edge of the skirt and round the outline of the vest with striped ruguese velvet. The ornament on the skirt itself is of black satin. Cingean ornament, decorated with magenta ribbons and a garland of marguerites. High-heeled black kid boots.

THE "WINOOSKI" AND "ALGONQUIN."

ALTHOUGH there has, at this writing, been no direct issue made between the Winooski and the Secretary of the Navy Department, and Mr. DICKERSON's double-ender, the *Algonquin*, yet in some important respects both vessels have tested their comparative power. The *Algonquin* showed the following results in the unofficial trial:

Revolutions per minute	19
Pressure of steam in pounds	66
Vacuum in inches	24
Cutting off at about	6 inches
Throttle valve	wide open

The *Winooski*'s engine gave the following results:

Revolutions per minute	12
Pressure of steam in pounds	30
Vacuum in inches	24
Cutting off at	6-10 of stroke
Throttle valve	wide open

Consumption of coal about 400 pounds per hour.

Certainly, from the results above given, the contest as regards maximum power was likely to prove a losing one for the *Algonquin*.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

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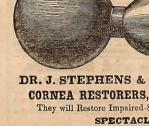
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FOR OCTOBER, 1865.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 458.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE FRENCH NAVAL FLEET AT PORTSMOUTH.

LAST week we printed an excellent engraving illustrating the international naval festival of the French and English fleets at Cherbourg. We give this week a picture illustrating the arrival of the French fleet at Portsmouth, England. This arrival was followed by a brilliant series of festivities commencing August 28, in which the DUKE OF SOMERSET, the French Minister of Marine, the local authorities of Brest, Cherbourg, and Portsmouth, and the officers and men of the rival and allied squadrons participated.

The three weeks consumed in this mutual interchange of naval courtesies probably gave neither of the two nations any new information in regard to the fleets of the other. It is said that the French ships are faster and less perfectly protected by armor, while the superiority in weight of ordnance rests with England. The English think that this balance of advantages is much in their favor. Says the *Saturday Review*: "Admiral FARRAGUT sailed into the harbor of Mobile in a wooden ship, and some other American officers have expressed a doubt whether the advantage of armor-plating provides a compensation for its inevitable cumbrousness. If guns can be used at sea heavy enough to pierce any vessel which can float, it appears not impossible that the lightest and most fragile ships may ultimately prove to be the safest."

Now if we are not mistaken our navy has advantages both in respect of weight of ordnance and fleetness of vessels. M. MARS, who is no other than the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE, has contributed a paper on this subject to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, showing that America has taught foreign nations two lessons: First, that the armament of a ship of war with the heaviest guns is of more importance than defensive armor; and, secondly, that a system of coast protection by fleets of small Monitors and swarms of torpedoes might prove too formidable even for such ships as the *Solferino* or the *Warrior*. The *résumé* which he gives of the decisive naval events of the war goes some way to support his theories.

When the *Merrimac* encountered the first Monitor, she was beaten by her smaller adversary simply because the Northern ship carried the heaviest ordnance. The *Atlanta* was the next ironclad ram which the Confederates produced, and she too was beaten by the *Weehawken*, a Monitor of half her size. The *Atlanta* carried 7-inch rifled guns, and was protected by four inches of iron inclined at an angle of about 30 degrees, backed by eighteen inches of wood. Her enemy was armed with 15-inch guns, and four shots sufficed to compel the *Atlanta* to strike her colors. The third ram, the *Albemarle*, which was built by the Confederates, served only to illustrate the second point on which M. MARS insists—the value of torpedoes, when used with skill and audacity. She lay moored up the Roanoke, and was blown out of the water by a torpedo coolly fixed and fired by a United States lieutenant and a boat's crew of half a dozen men.

The PRINCE DE JOINVILLE evidently deems the American system of naval warfare more formidable than the French. "We have nothing," he says, "equivalent to the American 15-inch gun." While the French field and siege guns are excellent, the Prince considers the French naval gun, which is intended to smash iron-plates, quite another thing. The American Monitors are invulnerable to the best guns carried by the *Magenta* or by any other French vessel, while the guns carried by the Monitors could smash the iron-plates of the best French vessel with perfect ease.



THE NAVAL FESTIVAL AT PORTSMOUTH, ENGLAND.—ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH FLEET.—THE "SOLFERINO" SALUTING THE ENGLISH FLAG.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

THE Convention of the Union party at Syracuse was singularly harmonious. It had no "proud record" to expunge, no shuffling words or deeds to forget, no professions of an entirely new faith to make. Always true to the Union and Government, it had but to congratulate itself upon their triumph. Always faithful to the equal rights of man, it had but to rejoice at the great fact of emancipation. Not having officially insulted the soldiers who have saved the country, it had only to renew the expression of its gratitude; and having elected Andrew Johnson in full confidence in his devoted patriotism, it had not to express that confidence with lips still foaming with the foulest abuse of him. Always careful of the national honor, it had but to repeat that the debt is a sacred obligation upon all the property and resources of the country, and on all its ranks are full of men of tried and perfect loyalty, it had no occasion to snatch its candidates from those who had scornfully repudiated its principles and policy.

The Convention met at noon and dissolved before midnight, having done its good work. The resolutions are plain and satisfactory. They congratulate the State upon the return of peace, and thank the soldiers and sailors, calling upon the Government to provide for the support of the disabled. They offer to the President a cordial and effective support. They approve his sentiments of kindness and confidence toward the late rebels; and declare that the people of the disaffected States may be intrusted with political power so soon as the safety of the nation will permit. They declare the right of equal rights, the Union Convention trusts that, when the public safety will allow the renewed exercise of political rights in the States lately rebellious, it will be granted in the faith and upon the basis that they will be exercised in a spirit of justice, and with a view to the elevation and perpetuation of all the rights of citizenship of all their people, "inasmuch as these are principles which constitute the basis of our republican institutions."

There is no taint of treason, no smell of State sovereignty, upon the clean robes of the Union party; and this vast body of the truest American citizens do not hesitate to declare their faith in fair play for all men. They further call for a reduction of the public expenditure, and a restoration of the civil courts so far as the national safety will permit. They declare the inviolability of the national debt, and with the Government repudiate the rebel debt. They approve the administration of Governor Sexton, sympathize with Mr. Seward, and call upon the State to send the honestest men to the Legislature, that corruption may be avoided.

Upon this platform the Convention placed as candidates both soldiers and civilians, some of them new to public political life, but all of them tried and true citizens whose character and ability have been fully tested. Ward Hunt and John K. Porter were nominated by acclamation for Judges of the Court of Appeals.

The political contest now fairly opened can have nothing of personality. The main question to be decided, is really national and not political. We are to declare what we would have the policy of reorganization. Shall it be that of the Democratic party, which surrenders the disaffected States wholly into the hands of men like Wade Hampton and Herschell V. Johnson; or that of the Union party, which declines to surrender the control of those States until the public safety is secured? Do we wish to have the Alinsey Regency and the New York *Daily News* do the work of penitence, or desire it be accomplished by those whose Unionism has been proved by fire, who have never excused the wicked and fatal rebellion, and who believe that the existence of a privileged class is not republican, and is fatal to the welfare of the people.

General Slocum, Mr. Lucius Robinson, and Mr. Martin Grover, are nominated by a party whose real views and feeling they do not represent. Mr. General Slocum is in common with John A. Green? What has Lucius Robinson in common with the *Daily News*? Have Green and the *News* come to these gentlemen, or have the gentlemen gone over to them? Of course nobody believes that either is the case. The party wishes to come into power, and does not care by what means. Its nomination of men who do not sympathize with its tendencies is merely a cunning tribute to the intelligence and patriotism of the State. The Democratic party knows it could have no hope of success but by wearing a mask; and it chooses one of patriotic features.

What title has this party—identified with every disgraceful and unpatriotic sentiment and act of the last five years—to the confidence of the State of New York against the great Union party of steadfastly loyal men so admirably characterized by Senator Foster, the temporary Chairman of the Syracuse Convention, as "a great and powerful—not by the accident of a day not by the chance result of a single political combination, but by years of adherence to plainly promulgated principle; by persistent patriotic adherence to the country's cause in the time of the country's extremity; by steadfast faith in the fundamental principles of American nationality, impartial rights protected by impartial justice, administered under impartial laws flowing from impartial representation based upon impartial suffrage?

SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

THE South Carolina Convention was opened by a Message from Provisional Governor Perry, which has been published in most of the daily papers, and has undoubtedly been widely read and pondered. Does any thoughtful man, who earnestly desires the pacification of the country, believe that the spirit of that Message promises well for such a result? We are all exhorted to conciliation. If Governor Perry's Message represents the Rebel assent, indeed, some prodigious truths. He summons the Convention to recognize that slavery in South Carolina is dead. He says that the question has been entered with indignant incredulity. Moreover, Governor Perry says that, until an organic law of South Carolina prohibits slavery forever, South Carolina can not hope to resume her place in the Union. We can imagine the expressive silence of the Convention as these words were read.

But from such a positive statement of the actual situation at the outset what might naturally have been expected of the rest of the Message? Might we not have looked for a sincere and conciliatory recommendation that the Convention should accept the situation? Or, if too much to expect that Governor Perry would suggest that, as more than half the population of the State had been hitherto slaves and were now citizens, the Convention should be provided for their speedy education and elevation to all the equal rights of men and duties of citizens? Would a wise man and patriotic statesman recommend a Convention which, from that more than half the population of the State should be permanently degraded into a pariah class? And how does Governor Perry, governor venture, under the circumstances, upon a bold assertion of the falsehood that "this is a white man's Government, and intended for white men only?" A very slight acquaintance with the history of eighty and ninety years ago would have corrected this error of Governor Perry's, who, in like manner, ventures to repeats the enormous and false assertion of Judge Taney in the Dred Scott decision.

Does Governor Perry suppose that the men who signed the Declaration of Independence did not know the meaning of the words they used? "All men" no more means all white men than all red men or all black men mean what it says. The contemporary words of the leaders of the Revolution show what they thought upon this subject. And the Chief Justice Judge Taney himself can not help admitting that every person who, upon its adoption was a citizen of one of those States became a citizen of the United States; and at that time colored persons were equal citizens in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and North Carolina. Mr. Chief Justice Judge Curtis, in controverting the Chief Justice, "it is not true in point of fact that the Constitution was made exclusively by the white race. In five of the free colored persons were then citizens of at least five States.....they were among those for whom and whose posterity the Constitution was ordained and established."

Indeed, so far as regards the vital question now at issue in the country—the status of the colored part of the population—Governor Perry's Message merely echoes the spirit of the Dred Scott opinion of Judge Taney. Can it be expected that a Convention, acting in such a spirit, can offer to the Congress of the United States "such a republican form of government as will entitle South Carolina to the guarantee of the United States therefor?" Is there any reasonable hope that such a Convention will change the organic law to secure or suggest legislation to maintain the equality which is the spring of all republican government?

The welfare of the disaffected States is, in the first instance, in the hands of the citizens of these Conventions. Every loyal man in the land sincerely wishes that their action may be such as to reveal a disposition which may be safely trusted by the country. There may have doubted whether such would be the result; have yet patiently awaited the meeting and action of the Conventions, and the assembling of Congress to end. But the earnest mind of the country must be even now asking the question whether the action of these bodies thus far is such as to prove that the States may be safely left to the domination of the class which alone appears in the Conventions.

The responsibility is theirs, not ours. Wade Hampton, a delegate to this South Carolina Convention, has openly advised the late rebels to remain in the State, and by every means they can to save it: that is, to perpetuate discord in the Union. The allies of the rebels in this part of the country exhort them to fight out "what remains of the contest." So be it. The choice is theirs. But if they choose to fight it out, do they suppose we shall not? If they could not beat us in the field, do they suppose we shall suffer them to outwit us in council? Do they suppose that we do not mean to finish our work? Do they suppose that the people of the United States, having won peace by a costly war, do not mean to secure peace?

If they think so, if they will work with us, if they will honestly accept the situation, we shall gladly secure it together. If they will not, we shall still secure it. We ask for no injustice to any man, white or black. We ask only for equal justice for all men, since it is demonstrated that the Union can stand on no other foundation.

TRY AGAIN.

It is pleasant to see how cheerfully Captain Anderson writes, and Mr. Field talks, and the Company resolves upon the subject of the new Atlantic Cable next year. Ocean cables cost money. If the good public will only raise one or two millions of dollars more they shall have their cable. A new one can hardly be made for less than half a million of pounds. But for that the proposition is to depend upon the profits of a success in laying it. A million or so only will cover current expenses. We see no lack feeling in the matter of the cable as we do about the Hoosic Tunnel, that it will be "put through." If not by this Company and this route, then by others, the work will surely be done.

The same spirit animates the Arctic explorers. It stimulated the exploration of the Nile until its sources were discovered; and no failure, no eternal ice, no fate of Franklin or Kane can disheaten the genius of Arctic discovery. Captain Hall, whose book, published a few months since, is acknowledged, by the most competent foreign and domestic critics, to be one of the most truly interesting and valuable in the Arctic literature, is already far up once more among the frozen seas. And Dr. Petermann, a well-known German geographer, is stimulating to arrange a new expedition upon a new theory. He is confident that the influence of the Gulf Stream extends into the Polar regions. Dr. Petermann lives Zembla and Spitzbergen. Dr. Petermann offers a large premium to sailors to engage in the voyage to test his theory. It is even reported that an English steamer is chartered for the purpose, and will sail from Hammerfest along the eastern shore of Spitzbergen, and if practicable, as far as Behring's Straits. Merchants of Edinburg have subscribed a large part of the money; and should the experiment prove the soundness of Dr. Petermann's belief, a large and important expedition will doubtless follow.

We record such facts with sympathy and admiration. The earth was given to man to subdue, and neither tropic heat, nor polar cold, nor the waves of the sea, nor the sand of the desert, can deter him from his destiny. The great old British soldier, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, sailed away to the North Pole three centuries ago, and was never heard of more. But he said that a man was as near to heaven on the sea as on the land. That is the spirit which ennobles human nature, and solves all the secrets of the globe.

REVIVAL OF OUR MERCHANT NAVY.

WHEN the war ended the merchant navy of the United States had been so reduced that it might almost have been said to have been crushed out. Of fifteen lines of seagoing steamers plying from New York before the war only three survived: the line to Aspinwall, the line to Portland, Maine, and a feeble line to Havana. Our sailing vessels had been diminished in a mere fraction of the tonnage afloat before the war; in the years 1861, '2, '3, and '4, some 800 American vessels had been transferred to the British flag, and the carrying trade between this country and Europe was wholly in the hands of foreigners, and the trade between this country and China, and this country and South America, very nearly so. Had it not been for the fact that the Government took some 250 vessels, including many of the steamers previously used in our coasting-trade, the war would have ruined the shipping merchants of the country.

With the first dawn of peace individual enterprise began the work of rebuilding our commercial marine. There were still Confederate cruisers in the field when steamers were advertised to leave for Charleston; passenger and freight lines were organized to sail to several rebel ports before the Treasury Department had taken the first step toward relaxing the restrictions upon commerce with the insurgent States. Five months have now elapsed since the war came to an end. For nearly a fortnight trade with the States lately in rebellion has been free. It is instructive to note the energies which have been made toward the restoration of our coasting-trade.

Three regular lines of steamers ply between New York and New Orleans; the departures average three a week. Three lines run between New York and Savannah, giving an average of a steamer a day. Only one regular line is advertised to ply between New York and Charleston, but there is a line from Philadelphia, and extra steamers will bring up the average departures from the North to four a week. There are two lines of steamers to Wilmington, two to Norfolk, and one—besides several occasional steamers—to Richmond, Virginia. A new line is advertised to sail to Mobile once a week. To Portland, Maine, there is a steamer almost every day. For Havana three regular lines are advertised, running two steamers a week. One of these lines runs on to Vera Cruz twice a month. The United States and Mail Steamship Company advertise that they will dispatch a monthly steamer for Rio Janeiro, touching at intermediate ports. Boston is establishing a line to New Orleans, another to Havana, and a third to Mobile. Altogether, it may safely be said that the coast service on the Atlantic is as active as is well consistent, and as it was before the war.

To California we have two steamers a month, as we had during, and occasionally before, the war. But the steamship line on the Atlantic has within a few days passed into the hands of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; and it is understood that within a short time three if not four steamers will be dispatched monthly from New York to Aspinwall. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company has increased its capital stock to eight millions, and it is now after the Cunard Company, the greatest steamship corporation in the world. It proposes to run three or four steamers a month from New York to Aspinwall; a like number from Panama to San Francisco; one steamer a month from San Francisco to British Columbia; and one from San Francisco to Shanghai in China. The local trade of the towns on the Pacific Coast of South America is drained by steamers owned by Henry Meiggs Hallowell, in one or two vessels should be needed for the Pacific Coast, between Panama and Lower California, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company will be ready to supply them. Its fleet at present is as follows:

ON PACIFIC OCEAN.

Names of Steamers.	Registered Tonnage.	Carpenter's Measurement.
Constitution, side-wheel	756	4,000
Golden City, side-wheel	1,500	4,000
Colorado, side-wheel	3,045	4,004
Sacramento, side-wheel	1,151	3,500
Golden Age, side-wheel	1,870	3,510
Sonora, side-wheel	1,151	3,000
Sonora, side-wheel	1,114	2,047
Costa Rica, side-wheel	1,038	1,915
California, side-wheel	1,037	1,410
Talcoga, side-wheel (steam tender)	400	600

ON ATLANTIC SIDE.

Atlantic, side-wheel	1,845	3,871
Illinois, side-wheel	1,738	3,611
Henry Clanceny, side-wheel	1,677	3,543
Alabama, side-wheel	1,577	3,512
Arizona, side-wheel	1,744	3,125
Montana, propeller	1,093	2,144
Montery, propeller	1,127	1,963
Bremen, propeller	800	1,067
Ocean Queen, side-wheel	2,218	3,830
New York, side-wheel	2,117	3,831
Ussa Rica, side-wheel	1,917	2,937
Northern Light, side-wheel	1,956	3,749
North Star, side-wheel	1,827	3,498
Ariel, side-wheel	1,736	3,365
Champion (Brit), side-wheel	1,734	3,349
——, side-wheel, building, about	4,000	5,000
——, side-wheel, building, about	4,000	5,000

For Class.

RECAPITULATION.

	Total Registered Tonnage.	Total Measurement.
15 Atlantic Steamer	25,483	39,600
10 Pacific Steamer	14,462	28,074
2 China Steamers	8,000	12,067
Tenders	1,800	2,600

No serious steps have yet been taken to restore to the American flag its proper share of the traffic between the United States and England. But whatever has been advertised for the Liarys to sail for England, but there is no assurance that she will be the pioneer of a substantial revival. Of the fifteen or six steamers which New York every week for Liverpool, London, Bremen, and Hamburg—giving an average of one vessel a day. Of sailing vessels few are dispatched abroad. The English have four regular lines, besides transient ships; there is a regular line from Hamburg, one from Bremen, and a French line from Havre. No attempt has yet been made to resuscitate any of the old American lines.

The field has not been neglected, however, by American ship-owners. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company stand ready to put on a line to Liverpool, if any see their way clear. The Leaves still have a few of their ancient vessels and see a fair chance of business. Two steamers are being built for a Boston and Liverpool line. And the stockholders in the old Southampton and Havre line are anxious to re-establish it on a new basis. All these parties are, however, looking to Congress, and will not move for a subvention for carrying the mails, and until they become convinced that there is nothing to be derived from this source, it will be idle to expect them to do what they thought toward regaining our share of the carrying trade between the United States and Europe. Sooner or later they will understand that the United States can not afford to pay subventions to ocean steamships for carrying mails across the Atlantic, and when even if it could be afforded, the principle is now so generally understood to be false that the money would not be voted. All the misfortunes of the Collins Company may be traced to reliance on sub-

sidies from Government, and to the wasteful-ness and corruption which they involved. If our ship-owners can not compete with CUNARD and INMAN without help from the United States Government, the carrying trade had better be abandoned to the British. But as soon as the fatal notion of Government aid is eradicated from their minds, we rely on seeing one or more American steamship lines to Liverpool, which will do credit to the country.

Let no man despair of our regaining our supremacy on the sea. The demand for steam ships is more active than it ever was. As a general rule, if Government is selling its battered old transports and steamers at far better prices than was expected; in some cases the vessels sell for more than Government paid for them. Ship-builders are busy in every direction—though the high rates of wages operate to their disadvantage; the chances are that more ocean steamers will be launched in 1866 than in any previous year in our history.

MOSES AND JOHN TYLER.

MANY of the Democratic managers are making the most elaborate efforts to allure the President from the party which elected him, which has steadily supported him, and which has shown its undiminished unity and power in the Autumn elections. They hope to accomplish this result by approving what they suppose to be his policy, absolutely and without criticism. They call for the ingulfing resolutions, they forget that the approval of the President by the Democratic Conventions elsewhere than in New York has been very conditional, and by no means in their hearty and wholesale character which is desirable for the success of the plot.

Why the President should suppose that the party which carried on the war, and which is unbroken, should be unable to complete its work the Democratic doctors do not say. Why ANDREW JOHNSON should imagine that the builders of the Chicago platform share his earnest convictions upon the questions arising from the war, in which he was so conspicuous a figure, and was so heartily denounced by those architects, they also fail to inform us. And why a southern statesman of the United States, with his eyes open, should be expected deliberately to walk into the position which JOHN TYLER alone occupies in the history of the United States, they also discreetly refrain from saying. JOHN TYLER was a Whig who ratted to the Democrats upon becoming President, and was a man respected by them as long as he deserted. What public career in this country was more pitiable than his? What other public career has ever passed into a word expressing so weak and abortive an act? JOHN TYLER "tylerized" to secure a second term. He lost the second term, and gained universal derision. Mr. JOHNSON is not an old man, but he is quite old enough to remember vividly the public career of JOHN TYLER.

The ultimate which the Democratic party contemplates is with their ancient friends in the late rebel States. They were formerly also the political friends of the President. But he parted with them in the winter of 1860-61. He expressed his views of what their fate should be both in the Senate at that time and in the White House in the spring of 1865. He proposes to them that if they will abolish slavery they may present amended State Constitutions for the consideration of Congress. But that Congress objects to any of them because of their not being truly republican and as holding the seeds of infinite future trouble, do the Democratic doctors say that the President is going with WADE HAMPTON and HORATIO SEYMOUR against Congress and the great body of loyal citizens who saved the war, and, in the end, and who stand together to secure the results of the war? Even if, as some Democratic organs have stated before beginning to praise him, the President is anxious for a second term, is he likely to see his way to it more clearly under the auspices of the residuary legatees of the Chicago platform and of the Rebellion than under those of the great national party with which he has fought the good fight, and is still fighting it?

ANDREW JOHNSON told the colored men of Tennessee that he would be their MOSES. Events have made him the MOSES of the whole country. We doubt if he will desert that part for the rôle of JOHN TYLER.

RATS.

Now that the State Conventions are over it is time to think of city government, and to consider who shall be Mayor. Perhaps we have had enough of MAYOR GUNTHER. Possibly the city is not using up its mind but how the taxes steadily increase without the least benefit to any body but corrupt agents. But whether it has or not, the honest men of New York, and they are more than ten, ought to select an honest, competent candidate to vote for, and he, being found, ought to consent to stand.

Nothing seems to be clearer than that if you plant thistle you will not reap wheat. And if you make dishonest or weak men governors you will have a corrupt or feeble government. If there were any doubt of this rather evident truth the recent civic history of New York would supply the proof. The city is a by-word and a wonder to the country. Why not give the country a surprise by electing an able, honorable, and efficient citizen for Mayor?

If there were a New Yorker of the highest character, of proved executive ability, of conspicuous and honorable patriotism, of much and varied experience in public affairs, of great personal popularity, and acceptable to honest men of all parties, ought he not to be nominated for Mayor, and ought he not to be urged to accept the nomination? And if there are many such, ought not each one of them to be willing to make the sacrifice?

It is folly to say that a decent man can not be elected. The result of such an experiment as we suggest could not be foretold. It must be tried. A mere nomination of the kind, or of a good-natured nobody does not put us to the proof. Such a nomination makes every voter listless, and the election goes by default. Nobody in London expects that SIR SAMUEL MILLS could be elected to Parliament from Westminster. But the consequence of nominating such a man was to rouse every Tory to action in the district thoroughly, and MR. MILL was elected. Even if you are defeated it is a great satisfaction to vote for a man worthy to be elected magistrate. That alone is a kind of success, for a vote for positive character and ability is a protest against baseness.

This is a question in which the poorest citizen has a vital interest. He may not pay taxes directly, but he does indirectly. High taxes enhance rents and prices. Corruption at the City Hall makes bread and meat dearer to every consumer. In a city like New York economy and honesty in the workers only cheapens the cost of living to every citizen. The rats in the City Hall eat in every body's larder. Let us clear them out.

FROM MEMPHIS.

A CIVILIAN who has peculiar advantages for knowing what the feeling is in Memphis thus describes the feeling in that city. What he says is interesting, because it confirms the almost universal testimony:

"The rebellious spirit of the people here is as bitter and strong as it has been at any time during the last five years. What I hear and see leads me to believe that every one and the rebel debt are not entirely given up. Rebels are thicker here and bolder than they were; one may be worth more some day than at present. I have talked with many of the leading men in Memphis, and if the troops were withdrawn now, in two weeks a North-ern man could not live here with any degree of safety.

"I believe if the rebel States were allowed in the next Congress full representation that, united with the Copperhead party of the North, they could control the national debt. Maybe I am wrong; but if I were a representative from the South I should not feel the voting bu-siness to pay as army for putting me down.

"The disposition of the people here is to make heroes of those who fought and fell in the rebel ranks. Only last Sabbath one Rev. ——, formerly Bishop of the Southern Episcopal Church, delivered a discourse in honor of the Confederate dead. The Masonic purpose to build in Memphis a splendid church which shall stand as an enduring posterity the names of the 'heroes who fell in a noble cause.' Some thousand five hundred dollars were pledged in two days for this cathedral.

"Peace is the word in the mouth of each these men what treason is, and the punishment due traitors?

"It is common talk among officers here that the war ended too soon. Another general officer says that no policy is adopted by Congress in dealing with unrepentant rebels good and haughty rebels.

"I sincerely hope you will continue to advocate the principle you have so manfully maintained, and not let any one of the heart-felt gratitude of every true soldier in our army."

CAN IT BE TRUE?

THE following is the lofty view of the situation taken by General MORGAN, VALLANDIGHAM's candidate for Governor of Ohio, in his speech at the Convention that nominated him. General MORGAN would have saved *Mrs. Grundy*:

"CAN it be true that the people of Ohio desire the extermination of our countrymen of the South, and that the black man's home shall be built upon the white man's grave? Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid it, humanity! Forbid it, honor! Forbid it, the name of our country, in the name of civil liberty, in the name of all we hold most dear, and in the name of the Author of the mighty deed—of WASHINGTON and ADAMS, of FRANKLIN and of JEFFERSON, and of HANCOCK and of MADISON—forbid the horrid profanation against humanity, against the Constitution, against the divine spirit of Christianity itself!"

TO BE CALLED FOR, WHEN WANTED.

A DEMOCRATIC paper in Wisconsin says, with exquisite humor: "The great Democratic party of this country stands ready to continue that service which it has so faithfully rendered in the past."

A VIRTUOUS *IF*.

A WESTERN Democratic editor asks, as if his conscience pricked him, "And *if*, through the war, the great Democratic party of the country were killed of performing its duty, it is as ready to perform its whole duty now."

☞ MR. STEPHEN MASSETT (Jeames Pipes of Dipesville) has been giving his serio-comic lecture through the State of New York most successfully. He is now on his way to Chicago, there to Minnesota. The Press throughout the country speak very highly of his entertainment.

HALTING.

SIR, you speak wisely; I admit
That Peace is blessed, that War is awful,
And that (if we nobly compass it)
The gain of Concordance is fair and lawful.
I grant that sickles and pruning-hooks
Are better than swords or battle-axes;
That wine and honey, and Art and books,
Fail of the sting of debts and taxes.

But still (if now mark me) it shall chance
That we have trafficked our splendid Anger
For only a lean inheritance
Of surrender and halting toward Ingonor—
Why, then, I say that I think 'twere well
If the mute lips of our armies were not ever:
For the Lord made Men to conquer Hell,
And not to fatten, like kine, in clover.

If the Thrift you speak of, the Peace you laud,
The tripled gains you count in your pocket—
Clear dazzling to the Truth of God,
Strike down the jeering lips that mock it—
If they will but atone from the living tombs
In which the brothers of Christ are trampled,
And crown their contrabrand martyrdoms
With such true crowning as He exampled!

If your loud praises o'er plotless guns
Mean also Glory unto the Father,
So that wherever our bodies runs
Justice and Mercy run together—
Why, then, I answer this every song:
You sing to the sweet Peace breaking o'er us,
Having first paid to Her her due along
The added burden of my weak chorus.

Than this, no further: I am afeared.
I see an Infinite Spiritual Waiting;
I see an Infinite Love reared—
I see a People hesitating,
Between a narrowing bibliolatry,
And a yet wider Pharisaic sophize portals;
Between low pacts that are crammed with death,
And a covenant with the Immortals.

For God's dread tongues of terrible fire,
Eating the Lie with a hunger like unto Hell,
And cast us prone in the hungry mire,
Acabolo with agony—what requitals?
Behold! in the Spiritual grain
The Master standeth—the hour is going:
We look with straight, incredulous eyes:
Our fields lay ripe—but the cock is crowing.

Cretes, our creditors need their dues:
But also the Heavens will have just payment:
If they arraign us, I think we lose.
All—and not merely the Right and raiment.
It hurts (does it not?) when the flaming knives
Of a mad assassin bow and stab us!
Life—God's life—is worth more than lives.
Shall we send the NAZARENE—or Barabbas?

RICHARD REALF.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE "ALGONQUIN" AND "WINNEBAGO."

AT ten o'clock A. M. on Friday, September 22, the trial of the double-turreted monitors, the "Algonquin" and "Winnebago," took place at sea. The weather was fine, and after five hours' steaming from the Navy Yard the two were ready for the commencement of the trial. The "Algonquin" was to be the first to be driven to her utmost speed, and to be kept at the highest rate of speed for four hours. The "Winnebago" was to be driven 16 hours. The "Algonquin" was to make 1600 pounds of coal were to be given to the engineer and the same amount weighed out for the *Winnebago*, and both vessels were to make 10 revolutions per minute. The engineer of the *Algonquin* said during the trial average the same number of revolutions as the *Winnebago*, and with a less amount of coal, than what she left on the wharf was to be weighed, and would be found to have consumed 2500 pounds. The more coal was needed to keep up 10 revolutions per minute the better for the vessel.

At the commencement of the preliminary trial the *Algonquin* left the wharf at the Navy Yard, and immediately in the water in her bellows. The *Winnebago* began by pulling 11 1/2 revolutions per minute under 1600 pounds of coal; the *Algonquin* with the same amount of wood, but 2000 pounds of coal. In a short time the *Winnebago* began to "revolve" with a steam pressure of 23 pounds, having already had in the bellows 1600 pounds of coal. It was settled upon that the *Winnebago* began to make steam, though 1600 pounds of coal, 2000 pounds of coal, the same as the *Algonquin*. She began to "revolve" at 12.38 with a steam pressure of 20 pounds, at one o'clock she *Algonquin* was making 14 revolutions and the *Winnebago* 12. At 2.50 the *Algonquin* made 15 revolutions and the *Winnebago* 13 1/2 pounds and a consumption per hour of 1500 pounds of coal. The *Algonquin* made 15 revolutions; steam 30 pounds; consumption of coal 1100 pounds per hour. The *Winnebago* 13 1/2 revolutions.

In another hour the 16 hours' trial commenced. Up to two hours after the trial began the 1600 revolutions made. At 4 o'clock P.M. on Sunday the *Algonquin* was 140 revolutions, 1600 pounds of coal—2500 pounds of coal. Steam, besides having saved nearly 3 tons of the amount of coal allowed, 2500 pounds. The *Winnebago* rapidly gaining.

At 11 P.M. on Sunday the *Algonquin*'s fuel-pipe failed, owing, Mr. Dickerson says, to the too sudden closing of the steam-valve by the engineer. When this occurred the *Algonquin* had to her credit 2500 pounds of coal. Mr. Dickerson claims that if the trial had been 24 hours in favor of his vessel. But in estimating the result on most favorable terms the *Algonquin* had to her credit 2500 pounds of coal, which would be equal to 2500 tons for 24 hours. The *Algonquin* made 2500 revolutions, and consumed only 900 pounds less than the *Winnebago*, which made 1600 revolutions more than the former, and 1600 pounds more than the *Algonquin*, allowing 14 revolutions per minute, which was the average number made by the *Winnebago*, would require 25 minutes and 30 seconds; while the amount of coal saved in favor of the *Algonquin*, allowing the same a consumption of 1800 pounds per hour—represent 37 minutes and 45 seconds. That is, the *Algonquin* would have made 2500 revolutions in time, amounts to 14 minutes and 45 seconds; the vessel had been running 16 hours, and the *Algonquin*'s advantage distributed over the time would be 6, or less than 1 at a second per minute. But the chief consideration involved in the estimate is that the *Algonquin* passed this significant advantage by sacrificing her machinery, while the *Winnebago* could probably have been able to more than balance the account against her, without the slightest risk, by increasing the injury to the *Algonquin*'s machinery in her fuel-pipe, and did not, as was apprehended, take the latter on an express.

In a letter published September 27 Mr. Dickerson claims that instead of the *Winnebago* being ahead of everything the *Algonquin* was ahead 26, when the latter broke down. In this case she would have gone on for nine days, and if Congress had an advantage of nearly three quarters of an hour, or, when distributed over 24 hours, of nearly one second per minute.

THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

The Union State Convention met at Syracuse September 26. There was no evidence of factious disorganization apparent, as the World hoped there might be. Mr. Charles J. Folger was chosen temporary Chairman. Before taking his seat he made a speech in which he said that the Union party was not a party of words but of deeds and ideas. He contended the issue of that party with the enemy of the Democratic party. Chauncey M. Depew was then made President of the Convention. He also made a speech very similar in its general tone to that of Folger.

General Francis Kernan was chosen as candidate for Secretary of State; Thomas H. Hubbard for Controller; Colonel Rockwell Graves, Treasurer; General C. M. Reynolds for Attorney-General; Mr. J. F. Goodell for State Engineer and Surveyor; General Benjamin Wood for Canal Appraiser; and Henry Jones for Clerk of the Court of Appeals.

The resolutions adopted were such as would be assumed to be very nearly satisfactory to the Union party. Much attention was made of the policy of negro suffrage. President Johnson's policy is heartily indorsed.

THE ALABAMA CONVENTION.

The Alabama Convention has submitted the Provisional Governor's proposal to an election for members of Congress, to take place on the first Monday in November. The Convention has also, at the suggestion of Governor Parsons, passed resolutions requesting the President to pardon all persons who have applied for pardon, and who are not disqualified by the fourteenth article of the Constitutional Amendment. The Convention has also passed an ordinance of secession null and void. The Mississippi Convention has taken the same course; but that South Carolina thought it necessary to repeal the secession ordinance. The Alabama Convention has also passed an ordinance repudiating the debts of slavery. Another ordinance prevents negroes to hold property and to testify in courts.

NEWS ITEMS.

BY a whaling vessel arrived at New London from the Arctic Ocean, the *Journal of Commerce* learns from Captain G. H. Hall, the explorer, who left the United States in 1864, under the patronage of Henry Grinnell, Esq., of this city. Mr. Hall's letters were expressed 150 miles over the ice by dog-sledges to some whaler. He writes in good spirits, having obtained much valuable information with regard to the Esquimaux. Captain Hall expects to spend most of his time in King William's Land and the Fox Land Peninsula, and he says that a vessel should be sent in the spring of 1867 to bring him home. Captain Hall's party consists of 19 persons, 15 Esquimaux, two half-breed interpreters who accompany Mr. Hall in his wanderings, and the remainder to clear the ship and navigate her in the Spring. Mr. Hall's letter is dated Fort Hooper, on the coast of Boothia, Lat. 70, Long. 94 W.

M. DE AGASSIZ, the new Brazilian Minister, was presented to Emperor Dom Pedro September 17, when the usual diplomatic addresses were exchanged.

A letter written by President Lincoln to the family of General Wallbridge, after the latter's decease, has been published. In this letter President Lincoln declared his intention to make negro suffrage in the South a condition precedent to their reconstruction.

The casualties in the campaign of General Grant's army from May 5 to November 1, this year, were 57,225, which 30,296 were killed, 33,097 were wounded, and 23,833 were missing. The first week of the campaign in the battles of the Wilderness the casualties were 17,666; at Spottsylvania, including the battles from the 12 to May 21, the casualties were 18,399; at Cold Harbor, from June 1 to 13, 12,737; before Petersburg, 7,423.

In the Atlanta campaign General Sherman lost 27,199 men, of which 4,423 were missing. Of 13,000 men of the Potomac he a net-off of 10,570 prisoners, captured from the enemy. At the same time army lost 16 guns captured 32. The Grand Army of the Mississippi captured 10,000 men in an aggregate of 15,000 prisoners and deserters during the active operations ending with the fall of Atlanta, of which only 4,423 were missing, which aggregate the remarkably small number of only 620 died from various diseases. Of artillery ammunition the Armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Ohio expended together 4,000 rounds of shot, shell, and ammunition, 27,187,132 rounds.

In the case of Fort Smith, Arkansas, seventy-five loyal and seventy-four disloyal Indian delegates, not including Creek Chiefs, signed the treaty of peace with the Government Commissioners up to September 21. The Creek Chiefs and Delawares signed it October 14, and the council was finally closed.

The Tredegar Iron Works, of the Tredegar Iron Works, at Richmond, has been purchased by the President.

It is stated that the iron-clad *Roanoke*, the steamer *Fredonia*, and the screw-steamer *Tuscarora*, will leave the North on the 1st of October for Mexico. They are to be attached to the squadron on that coast. These vessels have been purchased to their destination by Commodore John Rodgers.

On the 27th September, General P. G. T. Beauregard, under whose command the first shot of the war was fired on Fort Sumter, left for *Bay of St. Louis*, on a visit of allegiance preparatory to making application for a pardon. General WADE HAMPTON has announced that it is his personal doubtful whether he will survive his trial. The evidence for the defense is all in.

Reports have been received from General Conner that he attacked and defeated the Indians on the Powder River Big Horn on the 30th of August, capturing five hundred ponies and killing a large amount of Indians. He was in number killed and wounded, among them several officers. Subsequently to the fight Conner was in receipt of reports from Colonel Cole, commanding the right column of General Connor's command against the hostile Indians of the Northwest. His troops had engagements on the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th September, in which more than 60 were killed, estimated at over three thousand, of the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapahoe tribes, who, in the several actions were defeated, scattered, and driven with great slaughter, leaving their dead on the ground. Our troops had 15 men killed and wounded, included in which were many of their best officers. The Indians estimated at 3,000 warriors, their total loss was seven killed and three wounded.

The Hon. WILLIAM L. SHARKEY, the provisional Governor of Mississippi, has resigned.

The Wisconsin Democratic State Convention met September 28, and made the following nominations: For Governor, Lucius Fairchild; Lieutenant-Governor, D. W. Jones; Treasury General, General M. Montgomery; Secretary of State, T. B. Vilas; Treasurer, J. A. Adams. The resolutions adopted indorse President Johnson's policy and denounce the Union on the basis of the Federal Constitution as the only basis of reconstruction, and oppose negro suffrage in the State of Wisconsin or interference with it by Congress. They oppose the extension of the Asbury express, favor the most rigid economy in the expenses of the Government, and direct equalization of the tax burdens.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenian movement appears to still excite great apprehension in the British kingdom. The movement appears to be confined to the lowest class of Irishmen, and is not favored by the Catholic clergy. The Government has left Portsmouth for the Irish coast.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* announces the continued devastations of the *Shenandoah*, and thinks that British vessels of war will soon be in pursuit of her.

It announced that immediately on intelligence of the destruction of whaling vessels in the Behring Straits by the rebel pirate *Shenandoah* reaching Acapulco, Mexico, the commander of the British war steamer *Donnerbee*, then lying in that harbor, after a consultation with Captain Scott of the United States steamer *Saginaw*, set out in pursuit of the cruiser, avowing his determination, if he found her, to capture her ship or sink her.

Lord Secretary Benjamin has published a letter declining the Liverpool banquet.

The cholera has increased to such an alarming extent in Constantinople that the Sultan has left the place for the more secure atmosphere of Ismid. Late reports from Constantinople state there. Many of the inhabitants are fleeing in consequence of the progress of the pestilence.



GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL H. W. SLOCUM.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY WARREN SLOCUM, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, was born at Delhi, New York, September 24, 1827, and is now thirty-eight years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1852, and his first military service was in Florida. In 1857, after having been promoted to a lieutenancy, he resigned his profession for the practice of law.

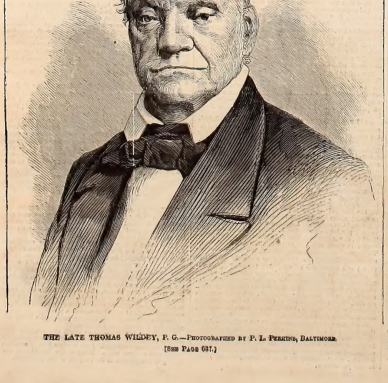
He was recalled to military life by the breaking out of the rebellion. He re-entered the service as Colonel of the Twenty-Seventh New York Volunteers. This regiment left Elmira, one thousand strong, for Washington July 10, 1861. In the subsequent month he, at the same time with Colonel BUENER, was appointed Brigadier-General. His command was the Third Brigade of the First Division of the First Army Corps, then under M'DOWELL, until April, 1862, when he was placed in command of his division, which he led during the Peninsular campaign with great credit. For some time he held the advance of the extreme right of General M'CLELLAN'S army. About the middle of June he occupied the Virginia Central Railroad bridge across the Chickahominy, a position which brought him into the early part of the seven days' battles, especially that of Gaines's Mills. At the battle of Antietam, in September, 1862, he commanded the First Division in FRANKLIN'S wing.

General SLOCUM, upon the organization of the Twelfth Corps, was made its commander, having been promoted to the rank of a Major-General by a commission dated July 4, 1862. During the battle of Fredericksburg this corps formed half of the reserve grand division under SIGEL, and therefore did not participate in that struggle. In the advance upon Chancellorsville under HOOKER, in 1863, General SLOCUM held command of the right wing of the army, consisting of three corps; though upon the arrival of HOOKER upon the field he returned to his corps with which he fought during those memorable first three days of May, and, though a young officer, evinced a degree of military skill rarely surpassed by much older generals.

When it became necessary to send troops to the relief of ROSECRANS at Chattanooga SLOCUM was sent westward with the Twelfth Corps. He engaged in the battles of Lookout Valley and Lookout Mountain. April 4, 1864, when HOOKER'S two corps were consolidated into a single corps, under the leadership of "Fighting Joe" himself, SLOCUM was relieved and sent to Vicksburg. It was natural when HOOKER resigned the command of the Twentieth Corps, in the summer of 1864, that SLOCUM should succeed him.

General SLOCUM'S more recent service as commander of the left wing in SHERMAN'S memorable march through Georgia and the Carolinas is too familiar to all of our readers to need recapitulation. Upon the surrender of JOHNSTON General SLOCUM was assigned to his former post at Vicksburg, where the New York Democratic nomination found him.

The Democratic party in this State could have chosen no more available candidate than General SLOCUM, whose uprightness and honesty are beyond question, and whose patriotism has come out of the furnace-heat of a four years' war as bright and unsullied as the stars of the flag he fought for. We have no doubt that General SLOCUM, as well as General BARLOW, despises the Chicago Platform adopted by the Democrats last year.



THE LATE THOMAS WILDEY, F. G.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. L. PERKINS, BALTIMORE. [SEE PAGE 637.]



MONUMENT ERECTED SEPTEMBER 20, 1865, IN HONOR OF THOMAS WILDEY, FOUNDER OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY P. L. PERKINS.—[SEE PAGE 637.]

GENERAL BARLOW.

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW, the Union candidate for Secretary of State in New York, is one of the most heroic and skillful of our soldiers. One of his achievements, the capture of a whole rebel division with its Generals at Spottsylvania, was perhaps the most brilliant single feat of the war. Enlisting as a private in a New York regiment upon the fall of Sumter, his high capacity, dauntless courage, and loyal devotion, carried him rapidly from the ranks to a Colonelcy. At Fair Oaks his regiment, the New York Sixty-first, was nobly conspicuous. At Antietam he captured two stands of colors and three hundred prisoners, and, leading in the hottest fire, was fearfully wounded and left for dead upon the field.

Promoted a Brigadier his recovery from apparently hopeless injuries enabled him to take part in the great day of Gettysburg, when he was again so severely wounded that he fell into the hands of the enemy, but seemed so nearly dead that they left him, and he was recaptured by our flag. By the most unremitting and tender care once more able to join the army, he commanded the first division of HANCOCK'S Second Corps when the final campaign in Virginia opened. The army moved on the 3d of May, and forced its bloody way through the Wilderness. On the 12th, at the earliest dawn, BARLOW'S Division at the head of the assaulting column broke over the rebel works, and, clubbing muskets, captured three thousand prisoners, an entire division, with Major-General EDWARD JOHNSON and Brigadier STUART. Pushing on with his division, and fortunately unhurt, he was actively engaged in the field when the sad news of his wife's death reached him—a wife worthy of a soldier.

Married upon the eve of his departure for the war, his wife shared his fortunes, and with a zeal like that of her husband in the field, this accomplished and admirable woman devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals. Her duties were most arduous; her devotion unwearied; and stricken at last by mortal illness in the Fredericksburg hospital, she died, refusing to allow her husband to know of her peril until it was too late.

During the final campaign, at the instance of General GRANT, the Brigadier was made a Major-General, and emerged untouched, save by the prostration of illness.

Young, accomplished, experienced, of tried ability, and utterly free from personal and partisan cliques and intrigues, General BARLOW fitly heads the ticket of the great body of honest men of New York who will have no terms with any kind of rebellion, and whose hearts beat in unison with his own for that Union and Liberty for which he has so bravely fought and so cruelly suffered.

GENERAL SCHIMMELPFENNIG.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG, whose portrait we give on this page, died on the 7th of September, 1865, at Wernersville, near Reading (Berks County), Pennsylvania, after a long illness, contracted in part, it is believed, by severe service in the army. His full and correct name was ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG VON DER OYE. Belonging to an old aristocratic family in Prussia, he entered the army of that country early, after having received a careful military education; but his liberal and democratic spirit did not permit him to stay there.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

In the revolution of 1848-49 he sided with the people, and took up arms against this very army when it invaded the Palatinate in 1849. He was compelled to leave his country, and went, after some stay in Switzerland, to London, where he commenced, in common with a number of his countrymen, an active and earnest agitation for the supremacy of the same liberal ideas for which he had taken up arms before. A short time was sufficient to show him the fruitlessness of these efforts at that time and in that place, and he came to this country (1853) to find here a new home.

He first lived in Philadelphia, and afterward in Washington, always watching with keen eye the chances of freedom, and ready to support it where and when he could. The days following the attack on Fort Sumter found him ready and willing. Communication was then destroyed between the national capital and the loyal North. ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG set out on foot to reach Pennsylvania, where he intended to offer his military services. The rebel Marylanders turned him back, but, undaunted by the bullets fired at him, he set out a second time, and then, under the disguise of a surveyor, and having passed an examination as such by some rebel officer, he actually reached Pennsylvania, and commenced the formation of a regiment. Sickness (small-pox) delayed his plans for some months; but soon we find him on the field at the head of the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, and taking part in the campaign in West Virginia under Fremont. He soon received the command of a brigade, and did great service in the second Bull Run battle. After the battle of Gettysburg SCHIMMELPFENNIG was at the head of a division to join our forces before Charleston, South Carolina; and there, in a more independent position, he showed the intrepidity of a true soldier. As a reward he had the honor to enter Charleston first; but his health was gone almost entirely, and it was only the indomitable spirit of duty and the enthusiasm for the cause that made him stay when it was almost a physical impossibility to do so. At last he broke down entirely, and breathed his last after having seen the Union restored and freedom triumphant, not, as he might justly think, without his share in the action of the nation.

THE NATIONAL HORSE FAIR IN ILLINOIS.

WE give on this page an illustration of the National Horse Fair, recently held in Springfield, Illinois. The affair created a great sensation in the State, and not less than ten thousand persons were present to witness the races on September 23. The race-track had been prepared with great care; the whole surface, not varying six feet from a common level, had been swept and rolled until the crust was hardened and smooth, ringing out from under the tread of the horses with that clear, full sound turfmen like so well to hear.

The stands for judges and reporters were situated upon the north side of the grounds, and opposite them a long amphitheatre had been erected capable of seating not less than 4000 persons. Added to this numerous tents had been reared, within the canvas walls of which itinerant showmen exhibited fat men and women, snakes, crocodiles, and curiosities of a similar nature.

General JOHN A. M'CLERNAND and Brigadier-General COOK, who command the military district in which the fair was held, were present; and Gen-



THE NATIONAL HORSE-FAIR AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

enl GRANT and Staff, with Governor OGLESBY, were expected to be present at the ladies' equestrian display on the 26th. A large number of those in attendance were ladies, and certainly they displayed as keen an appreciation of the proceedings as the sterner sex, if they were less demonstrative than the latter.

All the animals were fine specimens of thoroughbred horses, their pedigrees, as gleaned from the "Jockey Register" and produced by their owners, showing some of the best blood upon either side of the Atlantic. All were from stock well known in the records of the turf, and the fine appearance of the animals themselves elicited universal commendation. The races were exciting, and altogether the fair could scarcely be rivaled either as regards interest or for the excellence of the horses exhibited.

ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

THE Thirty-sixth Annual Fair of the American Institute, which we illustrate on page 632, was opened on the evening of September 12. The Fair was held in the spacious and elegant Third Avenue Second Regiment, in Fourteenth Street, which was used by the Institute for the display of the various specimens of Arts and Manufactures which have been contributed from all parts of the several States.

The largest of the four rooms devoted to the purpose is 130 feet square, and on the evening of the 12th was filled with the most anomalous collection of articles. Stationary and stereoscopic views, and sewing machines, iron bedsteads and soda-water fountains, millinery and machinery, all were jumbled together in the most inextricable confusion. This may be accounted for by the short time the exhibition has been in preparation. The main room was handsomely decorated with the flags of all nations. In the gallery devoted to the Fine Arts a large number of admirably executed photographs adorned the walls, and there were besides many beautiful specimens of statuary and work in bas-relief. The mechanical department exhibited speak well for the skill and intelligence of our people.

On the occasion of opening the Fair Major-General Dix delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, dwelling upon the recent improvements in the arts, and alluding especially to the improvement lately made in the engineer of war.

WHY I NEVER MARRIED

A BACHELOR! An old bachelor! Yes, that's what I am, and what I intend to remain! With a pinion of gray, and those of you who know me have been ensnared into matrimony; there's no help for a man after he has once put the ring on the finger of the creature who has beguiled him into coming up upon her his name and worldly goods—the last item of great consequence in her estimation, doubtless. I'll escape for him yet. Ah, that's the only thing he can do is to make the best of his bargain, and try to hide from every one the mistake he has made.

Talk of domestic happiness—mutual love and confidence—and peace, one mind, one heart, all that all gammon and moonshine! I don't believe in any thing of the kind now—I did once—more fool I—I took every thing for granted, and—I'll tell you there was such a thing as deceit in the world. I thought folks said what they meant, and that they were what they seemed to be. Now-a-days one can't a young man from the country," you see. Didn't know that appearances were deceitful. Thought all that glitter was gold—never imagined there could be such a thing as spurious coin. Fancied all women angels, and models of artlessness, beauty, innocence, simplicity, and truthfulness! In consequence of this miserable delusion, I was on the brink of being taken in and done for, a thousand times as if I'd walked into the sea. A narrow escape I had. A cold shudder goes through me when I think about it. I'm not sure more though if it hadn't have happened as so dreadful, what would the reality itself have been? Ugh! What, indeed? Imagination fails me here.

* * * * *

Well, perhaps you'd like to hear all about that narrow escape? Misery therefore, although it is not particularly pleasant to be laughed at, I'll make a martyr of myself for the benefit of mankind in general, and if any young jigger or two is from the book of my past life, as the novelists say.

Old-fashioned folks my parents were; but honorable, open-hearted, and sincere—rare qualities now-a-days—and to my pity. I was an only child, indulged and petted, and idolized to the uttermost, as an only child generally is. I never went to school, but was brought up at home—first by governesses, then by tutors.

The family homestead was in the north of Derry, situation beautiful. I had barely completed my eighteenth lived two miles away; society in the north of Derry was very limited, like some of the library companies.

My progenitors rolled in riches, as the saying is. Of course, under these circumstances, there was no occasion for me to earn my living. I was averse to study; and, as my will was my law, my education was one of the most superficial kind, in spite of numerous preceptors. I preferred rambling about out of doors to strict attention to my studies indoors.

At the age of twenty I was quite a specimen of fashion; its customs and requirements, as well as its arts and deceits, were a sealed book to me; my ideas were extremely vague on all subjects, except those closely connected with home.

People say "Ignorance is bliss," but there is no rule without an exception. The consequences of my ignorance would have been any thing but bliss if I had not been for—But I must ask your pardon.

My twenty-first birthday arrived—I was a man! A very handsome fellow, my friends said. I'd describe my personal appearance, and leave you to judge for yourself, reader, whether they spoke the truth or not.

Six feet one I stood in my stockings; well-made figure, curly brown hair, ditto whiskers, brown eyes, white forehead, white teeth. Sweet smile (so my mother said), musical voice (so my aunt said), uncommon good abilities, but rather idle (so said my tutors and governesses). Add to these characteristics a well-filled purse, a brazen-eye pretensions, a large trunk in a lady-like wrapper, a new suit of clothes, a shining beaver-hat, an umbrella of large dimensions, and you will have a pretty accurately correct idea of your humble servant, as, for the first time in his life, he left his home alone, in order to pay a visit to his aunt and uncle, who resided at the fashionable watering-place, Gayton by name.

* * * * *

"Adolphus, my boy, are you suddenly turned into stone? I have been watching you for some time, and you haven't moved an inch." Who is it that you are staring at so intently?

Thus said my cousin Dick, and his speech was accompanied by a hearty slap on the back—a decisive of good-will, doubtless—but unpleasant nevertheless.

"What was I staring at? Ah, what indeed? Opposite me was a lovely girl, who had probably unmarked about twenty summers; her waving hair was of a rich golden hue, on large curls floated over her alabaster shoulders, her complexion was a most charming mixture of roses and lilies, her teeth were dazzlingly white, her eyes large, dark, and expressive, her large blue eyes sparkled like diamonds under her well-pencilled eyebrows, jewels were glittering in her easy clouds of floating white lace enveloped her fairy figure. I gazed at her like one in a trance; every feature of her face, every movement; I was bewitched, fascinated, enchanted; and, oh! wonder of all wonders, happiness beyond expression, that overwhelming expression of which I have returned my modest gaze with shy yet not displeased looks!

The first glance of those beaming eyes caused an indescribable thrill to pass through my frame; the second caused my heart to flee away and seek for refuge in her bosom.

Dick's rough salutation roused me. I started violently, and stared vacantly at his round, good-natured face.

"What's the matter?" he said, laughing; "you're not ill, are you?"

"Ill? No—no, I don't think so. I feel rather queer, but I'm not ill. Tell me, there's a good fellow, who it is that I've been staring at?"

"Her! What 'her' do you mean?" asked Dick, in total defiance of Lindley Murray. "What an oddity you are, Adolphus! Why, you haven't met a sea-nymph, or a fairy? Which is the young woman, eh?"

"Young woman!" I repeated, indignantly, "she's a perfect angel!"

"I don't doubt it," replied Dick, laughing more heartily, at my evident vexation, "she's the most beautiful girl I ever saw, and such a complexion! Do you know her, Dick? Oh, Dick, do you know her?"

He glanced in the direction indicated by an extraordinary expression came over his face; half sneer, half laugh.

"Know her? Esther, just a *bottle*; yes, I know her," was the reply, and, to my intense annoyance, he laughed again.

"What can be laughing at?

Hitherto I had considered my cousin an agreeable, sensible fellow enough, but now I set him down as inane a mistake; it was most unkind of him to laugh when he must see I was in earnest; it was too bad, a great deal too bad!

I frowned angrily, and exclaimed,

"I don't see any thing to laugh at; if you don't mean to introduce me, why don't you say so at once?"

"My dear fellow, don't be cross; I'll introduce you with the greatest pleasure in life," Dick replied, briskly. "Come with me; her name is Seraphina Stubbles; propitious that, isn't it?"

So saying, my cousin took me by the arm, and hurried me across the room, and without giving me time to collect my scattered senses, he strode toward the object of my admiration, who was now standing by the side of an elderly lady.

"Mrs. Stubbles, I have the honor me to introduce my cousin to your daughter?" said Richard, bowing low.

The elderly lady smiled blandly, and replied, graciously.

"My darling child will be delighted to make the acquaintance of your cousin. Phina, love, you will feel equal to dancing any more? She is so delicate, she is the first one of the season she is not able to dance many times, poor little thing!"

This last remark was made in an audible whisper, and was accompanied by a look of tender solicitude full of tenderness at the lovely Seraphina, who now stood smiling pallidly by my side. My introduction to her took place, but, thought she could dance once more, she said, as her mother anxiously cautioned her not to tire herself. Oh, how my heart beat as she placed her little hand on my arm! Oh, happiness beyond expression when it fell to my lot to lead her to the top of the room, and to support her graceful form in the first waltz!

For some time I could not speak. I was so intoxicated with delight that I could scarcely take breath; and the unusual exercise caused the floor of the room to fee as if it were giving way beneath me. For hour I felt just inclined to be sick, and entered into conversation with her.

My infatuation rapidly increased; she appeared to grow more bewitching every moment. Oh, what a sweet smile she had! What a lovely complexion! My pink and white, and so transparent that I could trace the delicate blue veins beneath it!

She was not displeased by the admiration which my words and looks expressed. She looked down on her shy yet encouraging glances made me half wild with joy. I scarcely quitted her side that evening. I led her down to supper; mine was the privileged hand which threw a warm shawl over her shoulders, and which assisted her into the carriage.

"Permit me to call on you tomorrow, Miss Stubbles," I entreated, as I pressed the fingers which rested so confidingly in mine; "what time may I have the honor?"

One moment of dreadful suspense, and my agitated heart was reassured by the words, "I shall be at home at half-past three."

* * * * *

A small but luxuriously-furnished drawing-room with rose-colored chairs and couches; rose-colored blinds, hair-drawn, causing a charmingly-subdued light; mirrors on all sides; elegant vases filled with rare exotics which perfumed the atmosphere; glittering chandeliers; soft Turkey carpet: such was the fairy-like apartment into which I was ushered by a page the next afternoon.

Reclining on a velvet couch in a corner of the room where the light was the most subdued was my enchantress, Seraphina Stubbles, attired in a blue muslin dress with rich trimmings of lace. A tiny pink chipper peeped from beneath the multitudinous folds of her dress; her hair appeared to be more golden, more wavy, more abundant than on the previous evening; and yet more bewitchingly beautiful was the mixture of roses and lilies which bloomed on her face.

She welcomed me with a smile, and extended her white hand, adorned with glittering jewels.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Adolphus," I returned, "I feared you would come;" and then she cast down her eyes in maidenly confusion at having expressed her feelings so freely.

"Mamma will not be able to see you, I fear," she continued, once more raising her eyes timidly to my face; "she is so fatigued after her late exertions; and I do not feel quite myself to-day; I am not strong," and she bowed a gentle sigh.

How fragile, how delicate she looked as she leaned back on her cushions, and played nervously with her watch-chain! A sudden pang shot through my heart; I had been very inconsiderate, perhaps, in such a sign of weakness; could it be possible that beauty, such as I now beheld, was doomed to fade away in the early grave?

The thought was madness. I shuddered involuntarily.

"Are you cold?" inquired the lovely Seraphina, with a look of interest which thrilled through my frame; "you have not a delicate constitution, I trust?"

"No. Oh no, I am very strong. I am not cold, but only you sit, I was afraid—" And here I came to a full stop; my feelings quite overpowered me, and prevented further utterance.

"Ah! I see," she sighed the gentle creature; "you are very kind, I'm sure; very kind, indeed!" and again the blue eyes drooped beneath my expressive gaze.

I will not dwell longer on that interview; it is sufficient to say that the forenoon of pleasure, nay, ecstasy, a week passed away, and my infatuation increased, if possible, tenfold.

Each day I contrived to come to the point, and to entreat Miss Stubbles to be my wife, but something held me back.

I could not help being rather surprised that my charmer invariably appointed the same hour for me to visit her; that she invariably received me in that rose-colored apartment with the rose-colored blinds half drawn down; that she invariably occupied a couch in that corner of the room where the light was most subdued; that Mrs. Stubbles never seldom made her appearance; but these thoughts did not trouble me long, for, looking at those eyes, I distrusted themselves upon me, and I was as happy as it was possible for a man in love to be, whose passion is undeclared, and who is not sure of success.

My cousin Richard seemed to take the greatest interest in the affair; he no longer laughed when I mentioned Seraphina's name; he listened patiently to my raptures, only advising me not to be in too great a hurry to "pop the question," as he termed the disclosure of my passion. Had I taught a child, determined to bring matters to a crisis. Richard and I were invited to a picnic. Miss Stubbles was invited likewise. As I started to rest the previous night I resolved that the next day should decide my fate—which, by-the-bye, in a very different manner to what I had anticipated.

I shall never forget that picnic! Never!

It took place at Hilthero, a romantic ruin about eight miles from Gayton. 'Twas a lovely day; sun shining, birds singing, company select, dinner just what it ought to be; no unpleasant mixture of sugar and salt, vinegar and cream, no breakings of plates and dishes, no spilling of wine and beer, or any other unpleasantness usually attendant on picnics.

Nothing could have been better arranged; every one was pleased; myself in particular, for never had Seraphina appeared more charming, never had I found her more kind and tender look, gesture, and words of encouragement, as on the present occasion.

A ramble over the ruins was proposed after dinner; for some little time the party kept together, but at length, to my delight, I found myself alone with my enchantress in one of the most secluded parts of the ruined castle. The situation was a most romantic one. Perched at the very summit of what spotted veal fell over her lovely features, shading, but not concealing the transparency of her complexion.

The opportunity I had so long desired had arrived; I must speak, and quickly too, for fear of interruption.

With a great effort I summoned up my courage. I drew nearer my companion, who appeared to be in a state of tremulous excitement.

"Miss Stubbles. Ah! may I call you Seraphina?"

"You may," she faintly murmured, trembling yet more visibly.

I ventured to take her hand, and to press it fondly.

"Seraphina, you must have seen—you must be aware that I love you to distraction, my darling!" The only wonder to me is that you have not already been made a bride."

She shook her head, and raised her eyes to mine with a tender look.

"Adolphus," she whispered, in a voice of inexpressible sweetness (and mixed we had my Christian name sounded so delightfully in my ears), "Adolphus, I must have been lived before—I do not deny it; but oh! how can I say it? I—I—have never returned it till now; forgive me if I have said too much," and she again lowered her head in graceful confusion.

In a moment I was on my knees beside her, and my arm was round her waist.

"Forgive you, my Seraphina? How can I thank you sufficiently for those blessed words? How can I ever repay you?" Oh, Seraphina! Charming Seraphina! from henceforth I will devote my life to assuring you of happiness!" With this arm I will ever protect you; I will ever shield you from every danger that may—"

I could say no more; an exclamation of astonishment and alarm issued from the lips of her whom I adored, a sudden start; a scream, and the next moment my Seraphina was in the arms of—not a fainting lady! As I quickly regained my feet, I fancied I heard a smothered laugh, and I perceived my cousin Richard at a little distance from the spot I had left.

As for my Seraphina, my beloved one, she lay motionless on the turf, her eyes closed, her lip quiet. Alas! alas! she had fainted! With a cry of delight I raised her in my arms, and gazed eagerly at her. Strange to say, although she was insensible, the rosy color had not faded from her cheeks; and, what was stranger still, as I hurriedly removed the hat with its blue feather and white veil from Miss Stubbles's head, the long golden curls I had so admired in all their glory fell down.

Horror, not unmixed with alarm, filled my breast. With dilated eyes I gazed at the shining tresses which lay on the grass by her feet. A loud laugh caused me to look up—Richard stood beside me. Richard convulsed with merriment! In his hand he bore the basket of water which had so lately reflected the sun's rays.

"Look! look!" he cried, as I pointed to the glossy curls which were connected by a narrow band. "Oh, Richard! what does it mean?"

"Mean!" was the reply, accompanied with laughing heartily; "oh, Adolphus! how precious green you are! Lay her down on the grass; I'll show you what it means."

I laid the still insensible Seraphina down as desired; in an instant Richard had unceremoniously removed the remainder of the basket of hair and face; and, after rapidly passing his handkerchief once or twice over her features, he rose up and waved over the head of the lady who, to me, gave signs of recovery.

"Now, my dear fellow, open, old boy!" said my cousin. "This will be a lesson to you to be more wide-awake for the future."

Surprised! I should think so not express my feelings at that dreadful moment!

Where were the roses and lilies which, a minute ago, had bloomed on the cheeks of Miss Stubbles? Where were the well-arched eyebrows? Where the delicate blue veins on the transparent skin? Where the golden tresses of the lovely one? Gone, gone, all gone!

And in the place of the apparently beautiful girl who had so captivated my fancy there now rose from the grass a middle-aged woman, with a sallow face, dripping, streaming with water, and bowed utterly devoid of eyebrows! The only traces that were left of the recent charms of Seraphina Stubbles were the long golden curls in her hand.

Was I dreaming? Had I suddenly lost my senses? Or was the scene on which I gazed a wonderful reality?

For some minutes I was incapable of speech or action; there I stood, motionless as a statue, looking at the creature who, but a few minutes before, me. At length I could no longer control my feelings, and I exclaimed, I stepp'd away from the scene so repulsive and so painful to me!

* * * * *

I was never taken in again in that way, reader. I've seen love again. No more blooming cheeks for me! I had no faith in pure complexions after that dreadful day. Rouge and I became fast friends ever since.

I did not wish you to be regularly sold," said Richard to me when we were told one, on the morning of that picnic, what your intentions were, I resolved to watch you pretty closely. I was himself taken in once very nearly in the same way, and only to that deceitful woman, and it was my sudden appearance which startled her to such an extent that she upset her camp-stool, and tumbled down backwards. But I was too bad of me, I could not resist such a glorious opportunity of showing her to you in her true colors, or rather without any colors at all. Bless you, she's been well known here these

ten years; she always tries to beguile strangers, but they find her out sooner or later. She's often called "The Painted Lady," but I don't think she greatly resembles the beautiful butterfly which bears that name."

* * *

Just a word or two, by way of warning, to my fashionable young lady readers ere I bring this paper to a conclusion.

When duly armed for conquest, when your hair glistens with the daily advertised "Lucrezian Fluid," when long curls (for which you have paid five shillings each) stream over your shoulders, when your skin is "enamelled," and when false roses and lilies bloom on your cheeks, take care, I say, take care! Beware of camp-stools, steep banks, and thunder-all of water; for sequences may be as disagreeable to you as they were to Miss Seraphina Stubbles!

THE TENNESSEE SERGEANTS.

BY JAMES REDPATH.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS'S STORY.

WHEN I was in Marietta last autumn, waiting for a pass to go to the neighboring town of Atlanta, which Queen Sherman had then under captivity, I made the acquaintance of two sergeants of the Fifth Regiment of Tennessee Infantry Volunteers. Like all the loyalists of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia and Alabama whom I met in that part of the theatre of war, they related many instances of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of their people, which both illustrate the cruelty of the old ruling class and the patriotic spirit which was the cause for their own redemption from the amazing ignorance wherein they have been reared.

I took note—full stenographic notes—of their talk as they spoke to me by their camp-fires. I reproduce them now, not as interesting episodes of war merely, but in the hope that they may aid in arresting that dangerous mania miscalled "magnanimity"—a mania of an ably managed and commercial profit and political plate—which seems to be the prevailing madness of the hour, and which seeks to forget our enemies not before they repent only, but at the price of the sacrifice of "our Southern friends."

Sergeant Reynolds was a fine-looking young man, with clear blue eyes and a frank, manly aspect.

JAMES REVIS'S ARREST.

"In the fall of 1861," said the Sergeant, "when the rebels were getting up their regiments in the names of East Tennessee, a party of them belonging to Captain Rogers's company of Minute-men (as they called themselves) went to the house of James Revis, a peaceable Union citizen of Meigs County, and demanded his gun. He told them that his gun was at his brother-in-law's, and that they could go and get it. They said that he must go with them and they made him run before them. They would try to run him down on him. They got him in this way until he was so tired that he could hardly walk, and then one of the men got down off his horse, and Smith struck him in the mouth with the breech of a gun, knocking several of his teeth loose, and bruising and cutting his face badly. In the fall of 1862, Revis made his escape through the mountains to Kentucky, leaving a wife and six little children to the mercy of the rebels. He enlisted in Company H of the Fifth Tennessee Regiment Volunteer Infantry, and was promoted to Corporal. He belonged to the color-guard of the regiment, and was one of the three out of five of that guard that were killed at the battle of Resaca, Georgia, on the 14th of May, 1864. He told me most of these facts himself."

This class of outrages were so common that it is hardly worth while to chronicle them, excepting as specimens of daily occurrences in East Tennessee at that period.

The Sergeant then related the

HANGING OF NORMAN.

"At the commencement of the rebellion Meigs County, Tennessee, was noted as one of the strongest rebel counties in the eastern part of the State. There were few Union men in the county, and it was dangerous for a Union sentiment from the very dawn of the rebellion.

"About the 8th of November, 1861, all the bridges on the East Tennessee, Georgia, and Virginia Railroads were burned down by the Union men. The loyalists were generally all banded together in secret organizations called Home Guards. In some counties—those near the mountains—they were public; but in the extreme southern East Tennessee they would have been instant death to every one belonging to them. It was by this secret League that the resolution was made and carried out to burn all those bridges over which the rebels had moved the greater part of their forces to Virginia. As soon as the bridges were burned down every Union man in Meigs County and all parts of East Tennessee who could see his way escape into Kentucky was arrested and charged with having been in the destruction.

"Among the loyalists thus arrested was an old man by the name of Henry Norman, who was seized by a squad of soldiers sent from Calhoun. They went to Norman's house after dark, and took him and his family that they had come to hang the rebel Lincolnite. After abusing him and his family for some time, they "taken" him and his family and started for Calhoun. They went as far as John George's house that night; staid till morning; got some whisky there, and traveled all day till they got to Moses Bowmer's place, where they stopped at night. One of Bowmer's daughters made a little negro sing, and John M. Hawser—I'm sorry to say, Sir, that he's a relative of mine—Hawser stood by with a pistol pointed at old Mr. Norman's head, and made him dance. After they started from Bowmer's they made the old man get on one of his own horses

* An invariable grammatical error of the East Tennessee.—ED.

and take a rebel flag and ride along before them, pointing their pistols at him and threatening to shoot him if he murmured. They then made him get off the horse and walk before them; and they compelled him to run, and often tried to run their horses over him. They shot at him every little while with their pistols.

"They got to Calhoun (Tennessee) late in the evening, and as they went into the town they told the old man that they would hang him that day. Some time after dark they started with him from town to where there were some small trees and tied a rope around his neck. They jerked him about like a rat and threw him down several times, which bruised his face very much; and then they put the rope over a limb, pulled the old man up, and let him hang until he was nearly dead. Then they let him down, and asked him if he know any thing about the bridges being burned.

"He told them he did not.

"They pulled him up the second time, and let him hang until apparently they thought he let him fall to the ground—about four or five feet, he said—which bruised him very much.

"After he had recovered so as to be able to speak, they asked him if he knew any person engaged in burning the bridges, and a great many other questions.

"He told them that he was innocent, and knew nothing of the men that burned the bridges.

"They pulled him up the third time, and that time they would hang him dead.

"He told them to hang and be d—d!

"They pulled the old man up to the limb the third time, and let him hang until they thought he was dead, when they let him fall to the ground as before. They left him there.

"After lying some time the old man recovered so as to be able to get up. He then got on his horse, leaving twelve miles. After he got home he was confined to his bed for three weeks. His neighbors would not dare to come. He finally recovered and made his escape to the National army. He enlisted in the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, and died in the hospital at Nashville last winter.

"The men that were engaged in this affair were his own neighbors. They have since joined the rebel army.

"Old Mr. Norman himself told me these facts," he added the Sergeant concerning the subsequent fate of the other parties of his narrative.

He said that "Norman's family are still living in Meigs County. One of his sons is now in our army. He was a prisoner in the hands of the rebels at the same time with myself at Knoxville. The others are in the rebel army. Jim Smith is a Second Lieutenant then, and he is one of the worst rebels in the county. The Hawsers are the same. The only thing she had after her husband joined the National army. She is very poor now. Moses Bowmer joined the rebel army. One son cleaned him out, and burned down all his houses to the ground. He had taken his negroes South with him. Hawser joined the rebels and deserted them. Bowmer died here. But I'll be blowed if any one of these rebels can live in East Tennessee after the war is over. You may be high on that."

SERGEANT WILEY'S STORY.

SERGEANT REYNOLDS having ended his narrative, a young man named Wiley, of the Fifth Tennessee, the same regiment, volunteered to state what he knew of the sufferings of the loyalists of East Tennessee. One entirely was of medium height and thick-set; he had regular and good features, a broad and high forehead, and frank blue eyes; was energetic, active youth, with that determined yet dashing air that distinguishes the Westerner after the peaceful tendency has been modified by the toils by a few years of earnest struggle with the world. No one who hears him talk doubts the truth of his stories. His remarks applied chiefly to the older Tennessean whom I have heard tell what they knew of the horrors of rebel conscription. I do not believe that any one of them "told the whole truth" on a rebel guerrilla who should chance to encounter them; but the sum of their brief reminiscences one feels that their only difficulty is to describe adequately all that they have been through and seen and suffered.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE LOYALISTS.

The orderly's family at the outbreak of the rebellion shared the same fate as every other Unionist in East Tennessee; contributions in kind were levied on them both by the regular and irregular forces of the insurgents. Then came the dreaded conscription. Every loyalist was liable to be "drafted up in squads of from 50 to 100," and make their way through the mountains by lonely and secret paths to a common rendezvous in Kentucky. Each of the Union women who lived in the mountain counties—sleeping in caves, or rock houses as they call them—was compelled to cook for a squad of rebels every time a squad came down by-path; traveling at night lest any of them should be warned, many of them but illy clad—their garments were wet, wounds and thrilling enough to satisfy the most adventurous spirit, and are dazzling enough in looking the plot of many a novel of our civil war by writers yet unborn for a century to come. Those Unionists who did not get by every means in their power to the rebel army—sometimes dragged from their sick beds and lodged in jail or forced into the ranks—had to pay enormous fines. Wiley mentioned that Paul Page—most of them, according to the Sergeant, having been enlisted in the Union prison of Nashville—were detailed to do the work of "hunting up the Lincolnites;" and it was by this infamous company that many of the outrages were perpetrated on the loyalists of Roane County. "They shot several in my neighborhood," said the Sergeant, "for nothing more than that they was Union men."

In March, 1862, the persecutions were renewed. The rebels began their system of universal conscription. "There was another stampede for Kentucky," said the Sergeant. "My father and three brothers saw that we could no longer enjoy our homes, and so we resolved to make our escape to Kentucky. My father was sixty odd years of age. On the 24 of March my mother and two sisters prepared provisions enough to last us some five or six days. We had our rations to carry; for there had been so many going through the mountains that they had eaten up every thing. After six hard days' traveling through the mountains, night and day, following a narrow path, a narrow path through the woods and rocks, we arrived at Barboursville, Kentucky. We all enlisted. One of my brothers was murdered. He was going from Goldsten to Cartlage, and some bushwhackers shot seven holes in his body and left him lying on the road. Some citizens buried him. The rebels killed two others at the same time."

Pausing for a moment the Sergeant told with considerable zest how two "Union girls" he knew "laid out" a rebel soldier. I give the story in his own words:

TWO UNION GIRLS.

"In the winter of 1861 there was a man lived in Scott County, Tennessee, by the name of Markum. He was a true Union man. There was a detachment of rebel cavalry came through the country, and they stopped at Mr. Markum's. He had two very fine daughters. Mr. Markum was not at home when the soldiers came. One of them tried to get hold of one of the girls. She ran around the house, and the soldier after her. While this was going on there was a small boy, a brother of hers, run for her father, who was not far off at the time. While the boy was gone after the old man the girl run into the house, and then up stairs, the rebel soldier after her. The other sister in the mean time had got hold of an axe. She ran up stairs and set in with the axe, and a combat commenced between the two girls and the soldier.

"By this time the father had arrived at the house, and saw what was going on. He immediately grabbed a rifle, and rushed to the rescue of his two daughters. The girls had struck the soldier with the axe before the father came; but he run up stairs and killed him. He missed not a lick. The two girls still kept working with the axe until the father got the top of the pistol out of the soldier fingers, and the other received a dreadful wound which knocked out her right eye and a part of her skull bone.

MURDER OF HENDRICKS.

"I knew Harrison Hendricks that was murdered. In February (1861) there were two companies of the rebel army, Captain Bill Henry Gibson and Tony Butler. They were not connected with any regular command, but went all over the county robbing and killing every Union man that did not do just as they wanted them to. They went to the house of James Phillips in Anderson County, Tennessee, and arrested Harrison Hendricks, and kept him a prisoner for a short time. He then saw a chance, as he thought, to get away from them. He broke to run; but they overtook and fired on him and shot him in the back, and he fell to the ground. He fell within a few feet of the house, and managed to get to see him. The rebel soldiers came down to where he lay. He asked them to give his money to his wife, who stood in need of it; but they turned a deaf ear to him. He left a wife and one child to mourn after him.

ESCAPE FROM THE IRON CAGE.

"At the commencement of this war," said the Sergeant, "they taken Thomas Russell, of Anderson County, prisoner, and taken him to Knoxville, Tennessee. They put him in the county jail, his horse and saddle. He was kept in the jail at Knoxville seven weeks, with nothin' scarcely to eat. In March he and a great many others made their escape from prison. At that time there was two captains of the National army confined in the same prison in an iron cage. They managed to make a kind of wrench out of a pair of locks, and taken [they made] all the screws loose in the cage, and then waited until after night. At this time there was two rebel prisoners in the lower room, who assisted them in making their escape. Russell, who was one of them, was cutting a hole in the floor the rebel soldiers held their blankets to catch their chips; and while the guard was walking on their plank in a middle and danced to prevent the guard from hearing them chopping; and one of them watched fix the interior of the cage in order to open the gate. It was arranged that the rebel soldier would give one hard rap on the wall when he opened the outside gate, so that the two Union prisoners would tell when to strike.

"When they heard the signal each man gathered him a piece of iron that came off from the cage that they had previously unbolted in, and then they made a rush for the outside door; they found a corporal and two guards there. One of the Union prisoners gathered the guards' guns, and the others knocked down the corporal and killed him, and then crept forward to the outside door, where they met Lieutenant of the Guard. He shouted, 'Stop here, boys! get back!' At that moment one of the prisoners felled him to the ground. He was badly wounded, but he was struck with a heavy piece of iron.

"The man that caught the guns of the guards was Martin Pennington. He got a wound in the breast from one of the guards, but he succeeded in taking the guns. Russell was carried out and put on them two miles from Knoxville. There he gave out and lay down. He was recaptured, and sent back to the jail at Knoxville, and a large penalty to mourn after him. The other prisoners escaped.

ASSASSINATION OF ISAAC DUNCAN.

"At the same time, and by the same men, Isaac Duncan, of Anderson County, started across the mountains toward the rebel lines, to trade for some thread for the use of his family. He heard that the rebels were in that county, and went back into the mountains with some of his friends. They tried to conceal themselves in an old waste-house.*

"The rebels came along the road and saw their tracks, and followed them up to the old house, and found them all asleep inside. They surrounded the house, and then shouted to the sleepers:

"'Come out of there, you — Tories!'

"The men rose to their feet and gathered their rifles. The rebels fired a volley through the back of the house, and wounded one of the men inside. He recovered himself and fired back, and broke a rebel's leg. The party outside fired another volley through, and yelled,

"'Surrender, you — Tories!'

"The men inside saw that they were going to be taken, and they left their guns and crawled out under the house—all except Duncan and Mike Lowe. They remained in the house and were taken prisoners.

"They taken Mr. Duncan and Mr. Low around the house. Butler and Gibson then had a dispute whether they would kill him or keep him a prisoner. While they were discussing it George Gibson, brother of the Captain, pushed through the crowd, placed his pistol to Duncan's head, and shot his brains out. He left a wife. His half-brother lay like in the bushes near by, and heard Duncan beg them to spare his life."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RUINED TASTE.—"Always buy your chestnuts blue," said Mrs. Snow to a customer, who was about inserting a penny in that little brown commodity, "unless the raw material looking white, for then you may carve on them anything you like, and the blind ones is don't make no difference—seems can't hurt nobody when they're blind."

* * *

DEFINITIONS FOR THE NEXT DICTIONARY.—*Home*.—Shooting a friend after the hand which you love, is a good deal like a pedler of a few cheers when you deceive and rob your fellow-man, and then go home to your wife and other people. A vulgar work. It comes great satisfaction in families circles. Norfolk.—The most respectable quality of money.

* * *

Why is the toothache like an unanswerable argument? Because it keeps people back from reason.

* * *

A determined advocate of the water-bath, especially the Turkish, expatiating on their beneficial uses to Brown, said that in old times, when the world was a good deal rougher, there were no doctors in that land, and not an ill to be found. "I'll be bound," said Jack Brown, "Rome has always been celebrated for hot acres *Attic*."

* * *

Why is Adelina Patti's voice like a crown?—Because it's replete with *precious* stones.

* * *

A little girl, after returning from church, where she saw the collection-box for the first time, related what took place, and among other things she said, with all her childish keenness, "that a man passed around a plate that had some money on it, but I didn't take any."

* * *

SPOTTED.—"Now, boy, this is a whale. Can you tell me what the whale does with all the water it takes in?"—"Smart boy, whose father is a pawnbroker: "Please, Sir, he spouts it."

* * *

"Jee, my dear," said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the peculiar profession on the banks of Newfoundland. "Jee is a very fine name, but you look so strange. What an awful memory it would be for me if you should get drowned at sea!"

* * *

A well-known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no kicking, would induce him over without stopping. So he advertised him, "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

* * *

Two gentlemen walking together were talking of the Scots—Scotch, they call them. "I have understood that his sense of hearing was remarkable for its acuteness, while the others were not wonderfully developed in this respect, but observed that his vision was wonderful. "Now, Mr. Historian," said he, "can you look so strongly, that our church." The other looked sharply at the place full—"Ah!" said he, "I can't see him, but I can hear him step."

* * *

How many musical strains does it take to *bust* a singer?

* * *

Man leads woman to the altar—in that act his leadership begins and ends.

* * *

HOME JOKE.—There are evidences of domestic bliss in the following telegram, sent by a Wall Street broker to his wife: "Dear Wife: Also dead-John. Hot. Many. Spank Arthur. Don't fret."

* * *

"Never saw such stirring times," as the spoon said to the tea-kettle.

* * *

Foote was talking away one evening at the dinner-table of a man of rank, when, at the point of one of his best stories, one of the guests fell fast asleep. Foote looked him suddenly with an air of most considerate sympathy: "I beg your pardon, Sir Foote, but would you be pleased to fall out at your pocket?" "Thank you, Sir," said Foote, resuming his story, "but I am accustomed to that." And finished his joke, leaving his rival quite extinguished.

* * *

There was a dancer in a town in this State by the name of Day—by dancing, however, he had unfortunately long heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and he went out to see what the noise was making. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys, do you know what Day-is?" "Yes, Sir," they unanimously replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the corper."

* * *

Why is the letter *s* a gloomy and disconsolated vowel?—Because, though never out of health and pocket, is never appears in spirits.

* * *

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut off his tail.

* * *

"I'm attached to you, and yet I wish myself away," as the overloaded donkey said to the cart.

* * *

Why is a state-rig like a wicked companion?—Because it's a bad example.

* * *

At one time at Gibraltar there was a great scarcity of water. An Irish officer said "he was very easy about the matter, for he had nothing to do with water. He not only got his tea in the morning, and punch at night, it was all one to him."

* * *

James the First once went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman, seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against the vices of the times. The king was uneasiness. When he had finished James thanked him for his sermon, but reminded him what contradiction preaching had with it. "Since your majesty came out of your way to hear me," said the clergyman, "I could not do less than go out of mine to meet you."

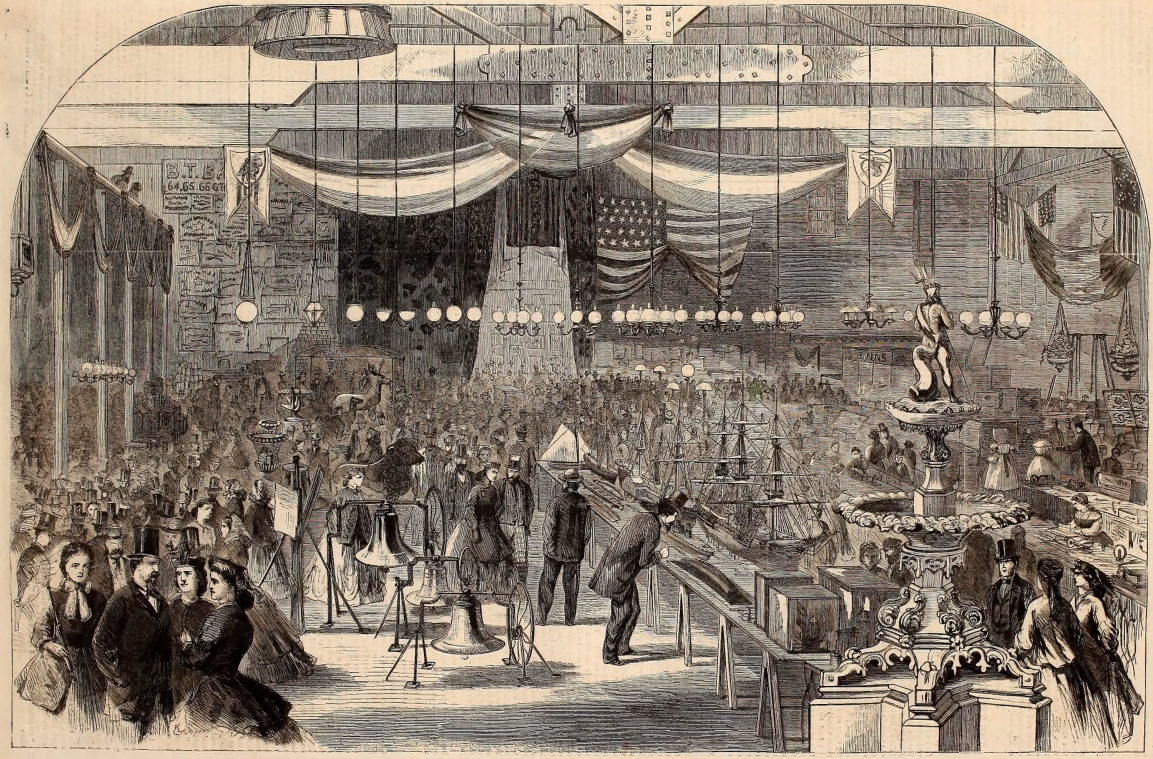
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The celebrated divine, Doctor South, on one occasion preached before the Corporation of Tuliers. He took for his text the appropriate words—"A reward shall be given."

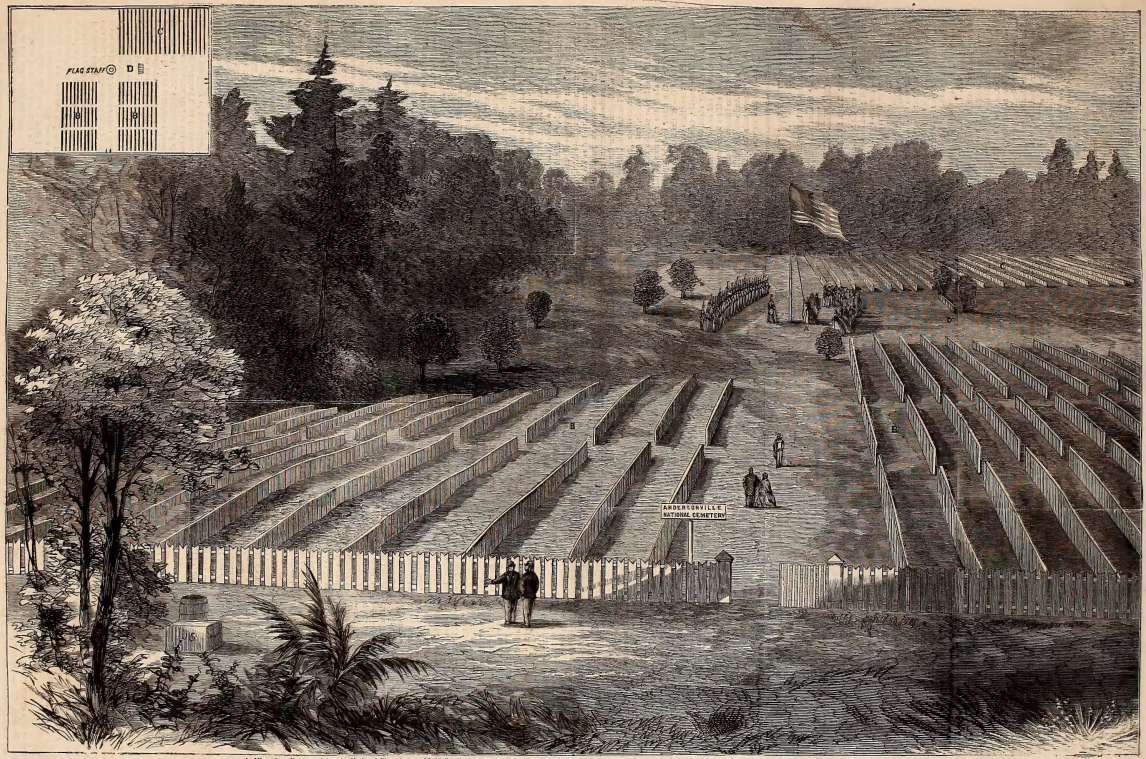
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An Irishman being asked by a friend what was meant by an author's posthumous works, replied that "they were the works an author wrote after he was dead."

* An uncoupled cul-building on a farm.



THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, AT THE ARMORY OF THE 22D REGIMENT, IN FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 630.]



A. Miss Clara Barton raising the National Flag, August 17, 1865.—B. Rows containing from 140 to 150 head-boards each.—C. Rows containing 300 head-boards each.—D. Graves of 6 men hung in the prison.

GROUNDS AT ANDERSONVILLE, GEORGIA, WHERE ARE BURIED FOURTEEN THOUSAND UNION SOLDIERS WHO DIED IN ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.—SKETCHED BY I. C. SCHOTEL.—[SEE PAGE 634.]

NATIONAL BURIAL-GROUND AT ANDERSONVILLE.

THE history of Andersonville is the most sad, and at the same time the most disparaging to our confidence in man's humanity to man, of all the episodes of the late war. That history has now become monumental. The graves of the soldiers starved and poisoned and brutally murdered there are not scattered about over the innocent hill-sides of our land, but are dug under the sod that drank their blood and bore witness to the cruelty of WIRZ, WITHERS, and the rebel authorities at Richmond, who kept these demons at their posts.

On the 24th of August JAMES M. MOORE, Assistant-Quarter-master, left Hilton Head for the site of Andersonville, where they had been engaged for a month in identifying the graves and giving honor of sepulture to the wanton butchered victims of rebel barbarity, who suffered all manner of torture and death in that notorious prison-pen. Captain MOORE and party, consisting of clerks, prison-keepers, carpenters, etc., to the number of forty-two, including MISS CLARA BARTON, who first suggested the possibility of accomplishing this noble work, left for the South July 8. At MACON GENeral WITHERS, who took a deep interest in Captain MOORE'S work, detailed a small force to assist him, and on the 26th of July the party began their labors. The dead were found buried in trenches on a site selected by the rebels about 300 yards from the stockade. The trenches were from three to four feet deep, and in a clayey soil. It is rather remarkable that it is the only clay soil in all that vicinity, and it is therefore inferred that the rebels selected it to prevent the exhumation of bodies by the action of the elements, thereby adding to the effluvia from the vicinity, of which the people are so accustomed in that section loudly complained.

By means of a stake at the head of each grave, which bore a number corresponding with a similar numbered name upon the Andersonville Hospital records, most fortunately captured by General WILson last spring, Captain MOORE was enabled to say that he was enabled to identify, mark, and honor the graves of thirteen thousand of the dead. To all but five hundred of these buried in that vast cemetery a neat tablet, about two feet high, painted white, and lettered in black, with the number, name, regiment, and regiment of each, was placed at the head of each grave.

Nearly eight thousand feet of pine lumber were used in these tablets alone. The cemetery has been divided by one main avenue running through the centre, and intersected with lesser avenues, and in such a manner that with the aid of the numbers a visitor can go to any particular grave without difficulty. A space of one rod square is left between the rows of graves

"But I do think it; and it's just because I think it that I am here now. I want to tell you something."

Saxon bent his head, and listened.

"Something which I have been keeping to myself for years, because—well, because I have never had a friend to whom I could confide it. I mean a really intimate friend whom I could trust, as I know I may trust you."

"Thank you," said Saxon, simply.

"I have felt the want of such a one, bitterly," continued the Earl. "It's hard to live forever brooding over one idea, without being able to seek sympathy or counsel."

"I should think it must be," replied Saxon "but I've never had a secret of my own."

"Then, my dear fellow," said the Earl, throwing away the end of his cigar with a decisive look, "you have never been in love."

Saxon made no reply. He had fully anticipated some confidence on the subject of money, and his friend's rejoinder took him by surprise.

Had he been asked, he could not have told why it was so; but the surprise, somehow, was not a pleasant one.

"The truth, Trefalden," said the Earl, "I am a very unlucky, and a very miserable fellow. I love a woman whom I have no hope of marrying."

"How is that?"

"Because I am poor, and she has nothing—because I could not bear to see my mother—or my mother's wishes—because—in short, because the woman I love is Olimpia Colonna."

Saxon's heart gave one thundering beat—as Castlewers spoke the name; and then his breath seemed to come short, and he was afraid to speak, lest his voice should be unsteady.

"Had you guessed my secret?" asked the Earl.

Saxon shook his head.

"I feel sure my mother has guessed it, long since; but she has entire confidence in my honor, and has never breathed a syllable to me on the subject. All her hope is that I may repair our shattered fortunes by a wealthy marriage. Proud as she is—and my mother is a very proud woman, Trefalden—she would rather see me marry the child of Bat Batherton, whose father was a common miner, than Olimpia Colonna, with her eight hundred years of glorious ancestry!"

"Eight hundred years!" repeated Saxon, mechanically.

"Ay, one of the noblest families in Europe," continued the Earl. "The Colonnas were sovereign Dukes and Princes in the Papal States, were Norman Counts, and the Wynnecliffes simple Esquires. They have given many Cardinals to Rome, and Popes. They have repeatedly held the rank of Viceroys of Naples, Sicily, and Arragon; and they have numbered among them some of the most famous generals and statesmen of the Middle Ages. I tell you, Trefalden, it is incomprehensible to me how my mother, who attaches such profound importance to birth, should weigh gold against blood in such a question as this!"

He paused, seating the floor with his foot, and too much absorbed in his own story to pay much heed to Saxon's manner.

"But then, you see," he continued presently, "money is not the only obstacle. The man who wins Olimpia Colonna must go heart and soul, hand and fortune, into the Italian cause. I would do it, willingly. I would melt my last coronet into coin, cut down my last timber, mortgage the roof over my head, if I had only myself to consider. But how is it possible? A penniless exile—a mother to beggary?"

"Of course not."

And then there was another pause. At length the Earl looked up suddenly, and said:

"Well now, Trefalden, what is your advice?"

"Advice!" stammered Saxon. "You ask me for advice!"

"Undoubtedly."

"But how shall I advise you?"

"Simply by telling me what you think I ought to do. Should I, for instance, talk in ever wilder language of speak to Olimpia first? He is her oldest friend, and his opinion has great weight with her. There lies my chief hope. If I can but win me I do not think she would persist in any lengthened opposition. Besides, I would do any thing to make sure of Olimpia's return of fortune. I know I could work my way in Parliament, if I chose to read up facts and figures—mere questions. I could cultivate my influential friends, and try to get some foreign diplomatic appointment. In short, give me but the motive, and I will do any thing."

"But these are matters of which I know nothing," said Saxon.

"I am not asking you how I shall push my way in the future, my dear fellow," replied the Earl, eagerly; "but how you think I ought to act in the present. What would you do yourself if you were in my position?"

Saxon, rising a little way from the light, with his elbow resting on the table and his head supported by his hand, looked down thoughtfully, and hesitated before replying. His friend had given him a hard problem to solve—a bitter task to perform.

"Are you sure that you love her?" he said presently, speaking somewhat slowly.

"As sure as that yonder sun is now shining in the heavens!" said Wyly Trefalden, she was the ideal of my boyhood; and for the last four years, since she has been staying with us so often, and for so many months at a time, I have loved her with the deepest love that man can love to woman."

"And do you think that—that she loves you?"

Do what he would, Saxon could not quite keep down the tremor in his voice as he asked this question; but the Earl was too intensely preoccupied to observe it.

"A year ago—nay, three months ago," said he, "I was certain of it. Latterly, I can not tell why, there has been a constraint—a coldness—as if she were trying to crush out the feeling from her own heart, and the hope from mine. And yet, somehow, I feel as if the change went no deeper than the surface."

"You believe, in short, that Miss Colonna loves you still?"

"By Heaven, Trefalden, I do!" replied the Earl, passionately.

"You have not asked her?"

"Certainly not. She was my guest."

Saxon covered his eyes for a moment with his hand, as if overcome by emotion. This was an eventful moment—a cruel moment—the first moment of acute suffering that he had ever known. No one but himself could know how sharp a fight he fought while it lasted—a fight from which he emerged wounded and bleeding, but a conqueror. When he lifted up his face, it was pale to the very lips, but steady and resolved.

"Then, Castlewers," he said—and his voice had no faltering in it—"I will tell you what I would do if I were in your place. I would learn the truth from her own lips, first of all."

"But my mother—"

"Lady Castlewers will acquiesce when she knows that your happiness is involved. It is but a question of fortune after all."

The Earl sighed again, and began pacing to and fro.

"It is welcome counsel," said he. "If only dared—if I were but sure—and yet, is it not better to know the worst at once?"

"For heaven's sake, Castlewers!"

Lord Castlewers went over to the window, and leaned out into the sunshine.

"Why should I not?" he mused, half aloud. "If I fail I shall be no poorer than I am now—except in hope. Except in hope! But if I succeed—all is changed!"

His face grew radiant at the thought.

"Yes, Trefalden," he exclaimed, "you are right. Why should I not? The sooner so many obstacles if, when all is done, I am to find that I have had my toil for nothing! I will ask her. I will ask her to-day—this very hour, if I can find her alone. It will be no breach of hospitality to do so. Thanks, my dear fellow, thanks a thousand times!"

Saxon shook his head.

"You have nothing to thank me for, Castlewers," he replied.

"For your counsel," said the Earl.

"Which may lead to misery, remember."

"Then for your friendship!"

"Well, yes—for my friendship. You have that, if it is worth any thing to you."

"Time will show what value I place upon it," replied the Earl. "And now, for the present, adieu. I shall not return to the rooms. When the last echo of his foot had died away on stair and corridor the young man went over to the door, locked it, and sat quietly down, alone with his trouble.

And it was, in truth, no light or imaginary trouble. The new, strong emotion that had accept one of two things—both equally bitter. Either Olimpia Colonna had never loved him, or he had misinterpreted the signs of affection. Which was it? His heart told him.

FEMALE TENDERNESS.

It was one of a party of five (it was in the old, palmy days of traveling, long before the railway engine shot across the country, and the coach sat as a pea-shooter), in the inside of a stage-coach, composed of a few slop-seller, the captain of a collier, a carman-driver, an elderly maiden lady in green spectacles, and your humble servant. We had jogged on some miles, and not one sound had been uttered, except by the spy of the lady's brandy-bottle, which, by-the-by, was very ingeniously made to look like a bound volume of one of the large gold letters, "Spiritual Devotion." At first I imagined the lady was of a serious turn, by her frequent applications to the flagon.

"There's nothing like reading, madam," said I, "to soothe the mind. Rather a thick volume—scarcely get through it in a day, I should think, by the appearance of its contents?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I have gone through its contents twice this day."

"Then, madam, you must have a tremendous swallow! or perhaps there is a great variety?"

"Not at all, Sir; not a variety of any description."

"Of course, madam, you must be fully perfect in the—"

"Perfect, Sir! I always have an extract in my mouth, and can in a moment hit upon the place where I left off."

"Extract, it appears an octave size! is it not?"

"No, Sir," said Mr. Sweetbread, the butcher, who began to take part in the conversation, "by its size I should think it was a *quarto*."

"And the edition is London, is it not?"

"No, Sir; *Cork!*"

We kept trundling on quiet enough for some time, until Mr. Sweetbread said he found himself attacked with a headache, and in order to relieve it, he took a pipe; therefore, he trusted it would not be disagreeable if he drew the coach-window up, that he might not have the draught. This was, of course, objected to; and I merely intimated that I was sorry he had the headache, as, being rather low-spirited, I found myself compelled to indulge myself with a tune on the French horn. Mr. Sweetbread, however, lighted his pipe, the lady took another leaf out of her "Spiritual Devotions," and I was preparing to pluck my horn out of "Der Freischutz" when symptoms of distress reached me from the coachman left his box, and clambering up to the coach-window, the following conversation ensued:

"I am sorry to stop the coach, ma'am and gentlemen, but you see I know what's what?"

"Oh, ay, you know what civility's worth, coachee."

"I just do, Sir—it's worth a crown from every inside passenger, and three shillings from the out. But I want to ask you a question, ma'am. Pray, how many children have you got?"

"Oh! never talk of having children."

"Well, how many have you, Mr. Isreal?"

"Five, perhaps six; for I haven't been at home there eleven months."

"How many have you, Mr. Sweetbread?"

"Seven."

"Any of 'em little, Sir?"

"Yes, worry little, worry little."

"Poor things!"

"But why do you ask all these questions, coachman? and why are all the outside passengers getting into the main?"

"Why, Sir, they are all family people. I'm going to take the horses out; and as for the coach, that's inverted. We don't mind waiting here half an hour for the sight."

"For what sight?"

"Why, for the blow up!"

"The blow up! why, what do you mean?"

"Why, don't be frightened, ma'am, but Mr. Sweetbread's pipe is a *perfect gunpowder of tobacco-der!*"

"Oh! oh dear! gunpowder! why there's no knowing how we may be blown."

None at all, ma'am. Most unpolite thing—gunpowder! Suppose you was a gentleman, to pull up against a skylark, or make you give a black eye to the man in the moon?"

"Oh, Sir, coachman, I put it out, put it out. Consider what an indelicate death: for the love of your family, Sir—"

"Pho, pho, you foolish woman, it is out, isn't it?"

"There's no knowing, Sir. Really, Sir, a spark may be about you. I think, for the satisfaction of the passengers, you had better, coachman, get yourself in that ditch, in case of a spark."

"Well, it's very hard one can't enjoy a pipe !"

"Well, Sir, you hear what the coachman, Sir, I think I can accommodate you in the boot; or, if you like, you may ride with me on the box—that is, if you'll agree to take a chance there of the whip!"

Matters being adjusted, we proceeded on another stage, when another halt had to encounter confusion and delay. The coachman was regaling himself with some foaming ale, when he was accosted by an official-looking personage:

"Well, coachee, how are you for room?"

"Why, I've only one inside."

"Only one inside! how many would he have?" said the lady with the book.

"Well now, you see, ma'am, how many would he have?" said the lady with the book.

"Why, I'm riding out of the country on the service of government."

"On the service of government!—a scientific man, doubtless, sir, perhaps in the chemistry or geology—or is he acquainted with *Botany?*"

"Why, not yet, ma'am—though that's what he's going for. The fact is, ma'am—"

"Now, no nonsense, coachman," says Sweetbread; "is he not a convict?"

"Why, Sir, you see, he's shedding calls 'em; but we as have pity, says unfortunate."

"Pho! pho! why, he has the gallows in his face?"

"Yes, Sir; and now he's worn irons he's got a bonnet in his bag!"

"Oh! I can't admit a felon; I shall leave the coach!"

"I shall leave you, ma'am! he isn't a felon—he's only found guilty of burglary."

"Burglary, oh! what, ride with a burglar! I wouldn't for the world. I will leave the coach—I will leave the coach!"

"Don't do that, ma'am—there's no occasion; the poor fellow only took to himself somebody's till, it war handcuffs for the rest of the journey."

"But, burglary! he has committed burglary, Mr. Coachman, and you'll ride with him for the world!"

"Burglary! who said burglary? I said *bigary* —bigany, ma'am—he's transported for marrying seven wives!"

"Seven wives! Four follow! let him come in."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

HIGH-HOUSE.—It does not say one among us who does not keep a lucky-bone!—when the pleasure of partaking a favorite joint is the fate of human, is unknown! It is a most delightful sensation, and is only equaled by the exquisite pain of a lifting corn—if the dear creature will but have the kindness to sink its first corner deeper toward completion of operation. But I do believe in him, and will positive trust a being absolutely baby-hearless exclusively for the purpose of your wearing out your shoes away without the intelligence of a toe, or the dashing of a doll. No, no, my friend, you may depend upon it, or dear it, we all have our particular boot at home, and we can not wear any other. Let our enemies go barefoot, or any boy opening somewhere about the establishment, though we all choose different kinds of boots, and have idiosyncrasies in the matter of airing-grounds.

TRYING TO SURPASS A CROCK.—An amusing story is told of a lady who tried to smuggle a clock across the Canadian border. She gave the clock-case particular directions to the Custom-house officers that it would not strike; but the Cuttock, being considerable of a wag, set the alarm to strike at twelve o'clock, and the lady fainted on her arrival at the Custom-house. The lady fainted the timepiece escaped, and the Cuttock starved to his own amusement during the journey. Arriving at the Custom-house, the officer found nothing contraband among her effects, and was passing on the next traveler, when a loud whir-r-r was heard under the lady's skirts. The strange noise was kept up for the full space of a minute; but to the lady it seemed an hour, and she became tremulous and excited. The Custom-house officer, not daring to lay hands on a woman, "away in the way of kindness," obtained an iron rod, with which he felt around the crinoline for the concealed clock, and finally succeeded in bringing it down.

MOUSTER.—Some one has said that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the grisette or the ballet-girl; but we instinct to think that our mothers, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love their own better than any other mother's child. How superior of something baby and venerable is he when a stroke of his "dear old mother's" ivory with your inkstand "mamma," and "mamma" says there's a good little boy, who deserves a cake, and passes a drawing-room maternal protest, who is afraid to touch the baby, for fear of rousing her poor nerves! Just so the homely mother, the sons of whose love are all enough, and whose domestic virtues are beyond reproach, whether arrayed in satin or modestly habited in homespun.

A CURE FOR COLDS.—The subjoined letter, from a well-known Boston druggist and apothecary, has been published several years ago in a Boston paper: "Messrs. Tisdale, and Commissioners, and Gentlemen: I send the following simple preparation during the terrible raging of colds in that city a few years since, and as no old the remedy fail where the patient could be reached in season. It is so low and effective in colds—and also in early diarrhœa. A remedy so easily procured, and so vitally effectious, should always be at hand, and a small vial of it can be had for twenty-five cents, and no family should be without it overnight. The writer of it received the recipe a few days since, and, having been seriously attacked with cold—from the first symptom of sneeze to its almost magical influence in affording relief from excruciating pain. He writes: 'I send you by my own wives open tree three lines will cut this article from the paper, and prepare the mixture immediately by the simple application will relieve pain. and, promptitively, save life. Take one teaspoonful tincture, one teaspoonful spirit, two paste tincture of ginger, two parts capsicum. Mix—shake well—and take in a wine glass of water. In case is obstinate, repeat the dose in three or four hours.

A WORK OF MECHANICAL CONVENIENCE.—Which has often heard the seductive strains of ladies of the demi-monde dancing beauty from the Alhambra, or the gay promenades at German watering-places, but of the gentlemen, never imagined that the son of a fashionable lawyer, by unloading the evolutions and other accessories of fashion, could accomplish the feat of dancing in the full costume of ancient family, and thus trick admiring dupes out of their money. Such, however, has been the case. Whichsoever a butcher's son, who managed to get in a good position as a waiter at one of the dancing saloons, and not accidentally discovered, got clear off with his booty.

A GERMAN professor to have counted the hairs on the heads of four hundred of different colors, and has just published the results. On the head of the blonde there were 140,000 hairs; that of the dark-haired woman, 109,440; on that of the black-haired, 102,962; and on that of the red-haired, 88,740. The average weight was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each one was found to possess weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, on the same authority, to be 14 grains.

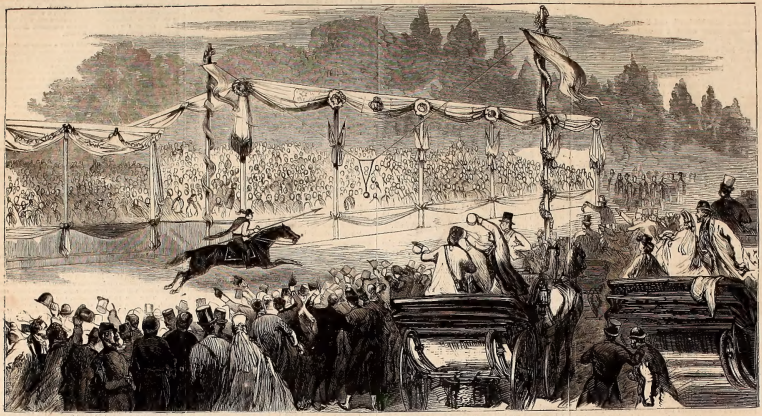
THE CHARMS OF BAVARIAN BEER.—Listen to the entrancing effects of beer.—I have a friend who, when the thoughts of the exile recur—to the beer of his country—sits down in a corner, and sings in a voice of thunder. He will bring you beer unordered; and when you have emptied your glass, persuade it with a friendly remark. A doctor the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and you will take it for a consumption. You will not be able to shower or train is due, and you are told you have to hang to drink beer. Go to Munich, and you will replace Champagne with the rich and dancing with the beer. I can not say that I like beer, but I have used it some time; but when I came away dancing had not been, and all the society were sitting still as ever, drinking beer.

THE world once boasted of possessing seven wonders: it is greater than any one of all these is a free nation. His feelings, enjoyments, aims, and objects are such that he is more than a conqueror. He is a man as Man of Men: but those imitated, like himself, in the mysteries of the faith, are also to be numbered. Flying, yet, the nature to deal in trappers and sinew—he lives! surviving, he enjoys! Seeking, he finds! Finding, he possesses! Having, he makes many rich; reversing the common proverb, and with "saving all" he is blessed! Giving away wholly in what he does not see than in what he sees; contrary to the ordinary habit of mankind. He is more interested, attracted by distant objects than by near ones; his self, the focus of all, is a fixed point, his horizon and his horizon bands; his homeward path is at the beginning through a bank of clouds, and ends in a blaze of light, leaving God. He is confident of wending nothing, yet depends on the bounty of One who deposited for him a bond on others, and had not a place where to lay his head. He is a man of Men, and he is a man of Men of Men; and expects a crown of glory from Him who were no crown on earth but a wreath of thorns.

CONSULAR APPOINTMENTS.—In one of the western departments of Europe, in the year 1861, the Chief Magistrate of comprising against the republic, was seized and committed to prison. His wife, according to the law, had every means that courage and affection could inspire to procure him his liberty. She was informed that he was bought with a sum of money sufficient to pay him a similar visit in his prison. At the appointed hour she arrived before her husband, clothed in rare suits of her own apparel. With the permission of the jailer, she began to criticise a tincture to give or receive serious demonstrations of tenderness she hastily threw off her outer vestiture, prevailed upon her husband to put it on and to walk the prison yard, while she, in his dress, left the chapel, and the stranger was not discovered till the succeeding day. A similar stratagem every civil era engaged consulates, "what have you done?" "My duty," was the reply. "Then," said the Consul, "you have done according to law expectations, the committee were instructed with her husband, that they did not consider it to her husband, pardoning birth.

THE BLOOD-HOUNDS OF THE WEST INDIES.—Experiments, who would be astonished at the boomerang supplies in which he and his talking generally of the boomerang supplies that he had brought with him. Chinese Kings of Hayti was passing; and there were numbers of blood-hounds which the natives had with them. These dogs were employed in the chase of cattle, and so nearly exterminated the race of wild dogs as to render them scarce. Some of the natives had a dead nag." Monsieur Ogeron, the governor of Tortuga, in 1685, made a chase for a stray cow with a pack of them. "Hence were killed and emasculated, and laid on the ground, where each dog came to receive a part. Being continued for six months there was killed on its genitals mutilated and yet still this could not destroy the race, or cause diminish them, their numbers appearing towards the south. The Spaniards have brought a great horde to hunt in packs. Engineering and a French Governor of the Island organized a chase, and scouring through the woods and took refuge in a tree, where they found an old Indian, who had lived there for a number of years. As soon as the hour was dead the whole pack lay down and waited till the hound who had pursued the enemy had satisfied his hunger before they presumed to begin their own repast.

A HUGE GRAPE-VINE.—One of the celebrities of Spanish California is a grape-vine now growing at the Montezuma, three miles from Santa Barbara, on the road to the Buenaventura. It was planted in 1786. Its trunk is twenty inches in diameter, rises about three feet from the ground, and the vine is trailed over some eighty feet square, supported by a trellis-work of poles. In the season of ripe round grapes, clime upon 6000 pounds in weight. Some of these have been weighed from a vine mineral spring in the neighborhood.



TILTING THE RING.

A TOURNAMENT ON THE POTOMAC.

THE game of the Tournament, as practiced in the District of Columbia and State of Virginia, bids fair to become a popular amusement, and may eventually become a national sport. There is a want of some such manly pastime in this country. England has her fox-hunting, and perhaps no exercise is more healthy or better calculated to produce bold, fearless riders, and self-reliant men; but it is objectionable as almost excluding the fair sex, and consequently has a brutalizing tendency. The tournament, unlike fox-hunting, enlists the sympathies of the ladies, who form an essential element in the sport; at the same time all the qualities of the fox-hunter are requisite in the male competitors—a good seat on horseback, a steady hand, a quick eye, and the fearless dash of a cavalry charge, are all necessary to insure success; such an exercise can not but produce much physical benefit to the young men of the nation; and when incited to gallant deeds by the smile of beauty and encouraged by womanly influence, it can never degenerate into a gambling, horse-jockeying, or black-leg institution, as is the case with too many of our turf amusements.

The general mode of procedure at a tournament is as follows: A ring from two to three inches in diameter is suspended on a hook high enough to allow the riders to pass under it, each rider or knight is armed with a long spear, and in his turn tilts the ring at full speed—the speed is 100 yards in five seconds. If he carries off the ring he scores one, if he misses it or is not up to the required speed when he takes it, he does not score. Three tilts or courses in succession is

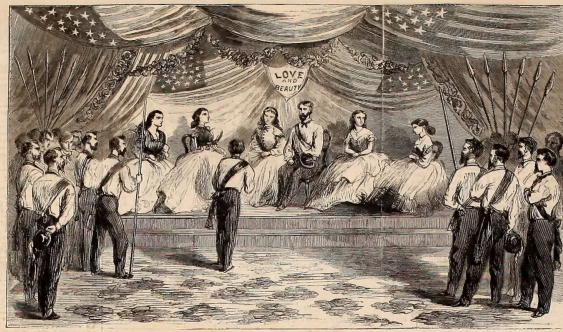


CROWNING THE QUEEN OF LOVE AND BEAUTY.



PROCESSION TO THE THRONE AND BALL-ROOM.

the general number tried, the knight who takes the ring oftenest has the honor of choosing the Queen of Love and Beauty, the next best choosing the maids of honor. After the tilting is completed the knights are drawn up in line in front of the judge's stand, who then names the successful gallants and the honors they are entitled to. They then proceed to the ladies' stand and make choice of the Queen of Love and Beauty and her maids of honor; the whole cavalcade then form in procession, the beauties in a carriage, the gallant knights on horseback, and proceed to the ball-room, where is erected a throne to which the Queen and her maids are conducted, after which the knights under their distinguishing names—such as Knight of Orange, Knight of Columbia, etc., etc. — are presented to the Court of Love and Beauty. This concludes the ceremony, and knights and ladies fair join in the mazy dance.



INTRODUCTION OF KNIGHTS TO THE QUEEN.



DANCING BY MOONLIGHT.

The accompanying illustrations are from sketches by MR. ANDREW MCCALLUM, taken at a tournament of the ASSOCIATION of Georgetown, District of Columbia, which took place at Analostan Island (formerly Mason's Island) on the River Potomac, and will give a better idea of the merry scene than any description.

THE FOUNDER OF "ODD FELLOWS."

We give on page 638 a portrait of the late THOMAS WILDEY, the founder of Odd Fellowship in this country, and an illustration of the monument erected to his memory by the members of the Order at Baltimore on September 20, 1865.

THOMAS WILDEY was born in London, on the 16th day of January, 1783, during the reign of GEORGE III., and about the close of the Revolutionary war. At five years of age he was placed at school, where he had but limited opportunity of education, and from which he was withdrawn in his fourteenth year to be apprenticed to a trade, in which he continued until he reached his majority, in the year 1804. He became an Odd Fellow at an early age, being initiated into Lodge No. 17, of the city of London.

He arrived at Baltimore September 2, 1817. His efforts to build up the Order of Odd Fellows in this country met with ill success at first; but April 13, 1819, he succeeded in gathering together at his own house a private meeting, and on the 26th of the same month the purpose was consummated by the institution of Washington Lodge No. 1. Thus was set in motion that organization which is now recognized as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

During the ten years which followed he instituted four lodges in Maryland, organized the Grand Lodge of Maryland, the Grand Lodge of the United States, and originated the Patriarchal Order; he had extended the institution to Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, and the District of Columbia, in each of which States Grand Lodges had been formed, and out of these Grand Lodges the present Grand Lodge of the United States. In 1829 he entered upon his second official term as Grand Sire of the Order, having already served four years. In 1839, having sacrificed official position, we find him in the same Grand Lodge at Philadelphia, still laboring in the cause to which he seemed to have devoted his life. At this time the Order was eminently successful. It had been introduced into New Jersey and Rhode Island; he was there to give it life and energy. He carried it to Delaware, Ohio, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Virginia, and received in recognition of his services the thanks of the Grand Lodge at its next session.

In 1840 the Grand Lodge of the United States ordered the full-length portrait of Mr. WILDEY, and in 1841 again deputed him upon official business to the East and North. From this period the Grand Lodge of the United States, which had hitherto been for the most part composed of proxy representation, began to consider plans for assembling the State jurisdictions by proper personal representation. In 1843



ANALOSTAN ISLAND, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

the measure was set on foot, and consummated in 1803. The effect of this wise act of legislation upon the prosperity of the Order it is almost impossible to value. It assembled representatives in 1843 from twenty States; and in September, 1860, assembled representatives from every State in the Union, not excepting Oregon, and from the District of Columbia and the Territory of Nebraska.

Since that time the Order has gradually, and each year with greater celerity, extended its fellowship and usefulness. Mr. WILDEY, though infirm with age and disease, continued an active member until his death, which happened in 1861, put an end to his useful career.

The monument has been located at a very commanding point, being at the apex of the hill on Broadway as it rises from Baltimore Street, in a wide open space, in one of the squares in the centre of the street, with a good view on all sides. The structure is 52 feet 7 inches high, and stands upon a base of rough granite 10 feet 6 inches square. All except the base is marble. Immediately above the base is a solid marble block, facing the cardinal points, and in it has been placed tablets with inscriptions executed by wreaths. On the north side of the base are the words: "He who realizes that the true mission of man on earth is to rise above the level of individual influence, and to recognize the fatherhood of God over all, and the brotherhood of man, is a true and loyal gentleman." On the east side base is plain. The north tablet has the words: "This column, erected by the joint contributions of the Lodges, Encampments, and individual members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the United States of America, and jurisdictions thereto annexed, as a memorial to the fostering of that Order in the City of Baltimore on the 25th of April, 1849, by THOMAS WILDEY." The south tablet has this: "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphans." The other tablets have appropriate inscriptions and figures. The whole is surmounted by a statue of Charity.

The erection of the monument was celebrated with an enthusiasm which will make the day a memorable one in the history of the Order.

SONG OF THE EUROPEAN PEASANT.

"We plow and sow, we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know, we're so very low,
To down at the landlord's feet;
We're not too low the grain to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

"Down, down we go, we're so very, very low,
To the hall for the king and queen;
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
When the crown of a despot shines.
And whoever he lacks upon our backs
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We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to treat the floor.

"We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
Yet from our fingers glide
The silken floor, and the robes that glow
Round the limbs of the sons of pride.
And what we get, and what we give,
We know, and we know our share;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

"We're low, we're low, we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpet's ring
The thrust of the poor man's arm will go
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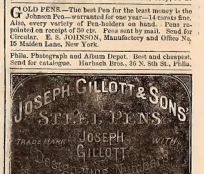
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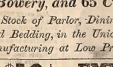
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Is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

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Has the following advantages over any Lantern yet invented:
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Samples of Large Lantern, with Hands-free attachment, and of Small Lantern and Hand-Lamp combined, $1; either or both, with Price-List of 37 styles, sent by express on receipt of price.
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From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune: "*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in the most best position and suitable condition for present farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

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Is imported from Epernay, the principal commercial city of the Champagne district in France. Every care has been taken to produce a wine superior to any heretofore sold in the United States; and connoisseurs acknowledge it to be most delicious Champagne Wine. Sold by hoop or duty paid by A. NITSCHE, 81 Beaver St., N. Y.

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Renews the Hair.
HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER Restores gray hair to the original color.
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HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER
Has proved itself the best preparation for the hair ever presented to the public. Price, $1 per bottle. For sale by druggists. DEMAS BARNES & CO., Wholesale Agents.

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PAPER COLLARS & CUFFS,
ALSO, WARD'S FRENCH PRINTED
PAPER COLLARS & CUFFS,
AT ALL GENTS' FURNISHING STORES.
The Trade supplied at
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HELMBOLD'S CONCENTRATED EXTRACT BUCHU
IS THE GREAT DIURETIC.
Helmbold's Concentrated Extract Sarsaparilla
IS THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Both are prepared according to the rules of Pharmacy and chemistry, and are the most active that can be made.

GREAT CHANCE FOR AGENTS.
Which the People want. Complete History of the War, in one large volume, splendidly illustrated, with over 176 fine portraits of Generals and Battle-Scenes. The most candid, fair, complete, authentic, and reliable history published. It contains everything. Agents are making large sales. Send for circulars and see our terms. Address JONES, BRIGS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., and Cincinnati, Ohio.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 459.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PARDON-SEEKERS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

We print on this page two engravings pertaining to two very different periods in the life of President ANDREW JOHNSON. The first is a picture of the tailor-shop in Greenville, East Tennessee, where as a young man he labored at his trade. One of his comrades, still living, says that Johnson could beat him at making a coat, though his spelling was rather below the mark. But the future President mended in the matter of spelling after he married, as we all know, and has rather outstripped his old comrade. Our second illustration represents President Johnson in the attitude of pardoning rebels who have returned to their allegiance. Hundreds of these pardon-seekers daily besiege the White House. They crowd into the ante-room and are ushered into the President's presence each in his turn, and if found all right on the record they are pardoned, otherwise not.

THE LATE CAPTAIN MARSHALL.

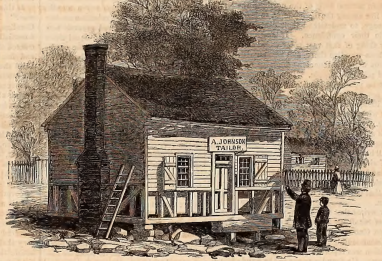
CAPTAIN CHARLES H. MARSHALL, recently deceased, was a native of this State. He was born in North Easton, Washington County, in 1792, and at the time of his death, which took place at his residence in Fourteenth Street in this city on the 23d ult., was in the seventy-fourth year of his age; and when dying was in the full possession of all his faculties, and surrounded by his children. He died as he had lived, a sincere Christian and a true patriot.

At the age of fifteen, a mere stripling, and in apparent delicate health, weighing then but 96 pounds, he left the family homestead in the Mohawk Valley, with but *fifteen dollars in his pocket*, to seek his fortune on the ocean. He reached Albany, walking there on foot for many miles, and took passage on a sloop to New York, which it took the sloop nearly eight days to reach! Steam motion and railways were then scarcely thought of. Looking about this city, which at that time contained a population of only some thirty or forty thousand, he could find no vessel to gratify his desire for a sailor's life, and went to Nantucket, where the whaling business afforded to the young and daring adventurer an opportunity for the exercise of his talents. We find him at the age of twenty-six in the command of the ship *Julius Cæsar*; then taking a command in the "Old Line" of Liverpool packets, and commanding and building the most splendid ships in that trade.

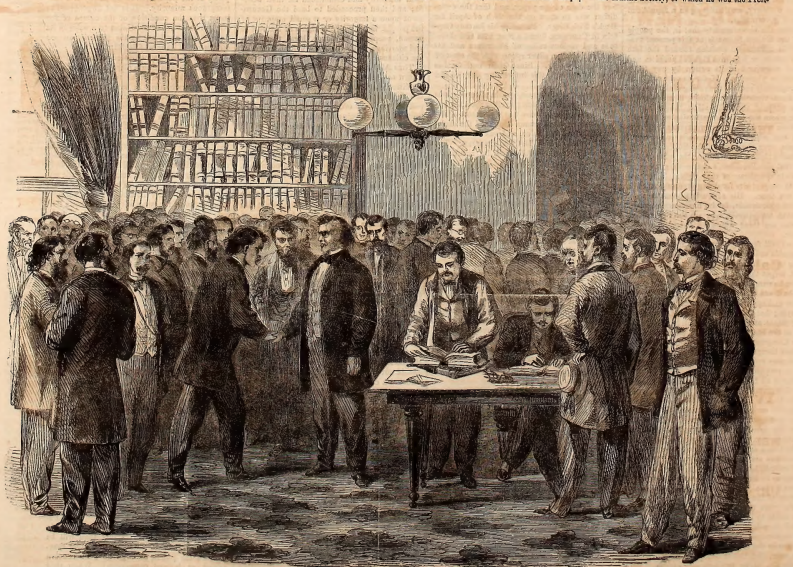
ISAAC WRIGHT & SON had established the "Old Line" in 1819. THOMPSON & GODDARD succeeded them; and when the "Old Line" had not fulfilled the expectations of those who were interested, GOODHUE & COMPANY, Captain CHARLES H. MARSHALL, and the other owners, bought it out, and placed the agency of it in the hands of the subject of this sketch. How well and how faithfully he discharged his duties is familiar to all interested in that line. To keep pace with all the improvements in navigation, to compete successfully with foreign vessels, and to avail himself of the genius and skill of American ship builders, he secured WILLIAM H. WEBB to construct his ships, and under this great marine architect he successively had built for him the ships *Europe*, *Columbia*, *Montauk*, *Fidelia*, *Isaac Webb*, *Great Western*, *Hottentot*, and several other packet ships, thereby giving a great impulse to American navigation.

Captain MARSHALL became a member of the Chamber of Commerce many years since, and has been an active and efficient member, rendering substantial aid to the Government.

The Marine Society, of which he was the Presi-



ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR-SHOP IN GREENVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. B. RISE.]



PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON PARDONING REBELS AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. STANLEY FOX.]

dent for the last twenty years; the Loyal League Association, of which also he was President; and many members of the Chamber of Commerce and other eminent citizens, attended his funeral in a large body to testify their respect to this eminent citizen. Admiral Farragut; Ariel A. Low, Esq., the President of the New York Chamber of Commerce; George W. Bleby; William H. Webb, were among the pall-bearers at his funeral, which took place at Doctor Hitchcock's church, on the corner of the Seventh Avenue and Fourteenth Street. The attendance was large, and among the number we noticed Admirals Kingsland, Henry Greene, Hall, H. H. Gerinell, Robert L. Taylor, Adam P. Penye, and many other merchants of New York, who had thus drawn together to testify their respect for this great commercial representative of the City of New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

THE UNITED STATES AND STATE SUFFRAGE.

A CORRESPONDENT asks, "What right has the Government of the United States to interfere with suffrage in a State?"

That is a question for the President to answer. He has interfered in the most absolute and summary manner. Although, according to a theory which has many friends, but which Mr. Lincoln considered "a pernicious abstraction," the rebel States have never been out of the Union, and are constantly out of it with every resistance to it; yet the President has set aside the Governors elected under their Constitutions, has dictated the terms on which they should vote, and has imposed certain essential points upon the Constitutions which he, and not the State authorities, has determined shall be reformed.

The principle of this extraordinary action is supported by every loyal man. The President acts not by any supreme authority whatever, but from the necessity of the case and for the public safety. He justly assumes that as the people of the United States had undoubtedly the right to suppress the rebellion, and utterly disregard the voice of the rebel States in doing it, so they have exactly the same right to exercise power upon conditions which they deem indispensable. If they think that it is dangerous to the public welfare to allow a vast minority of the people of the rebel States to be disfranchised, outlawed, they will rightfully refuse to assent to the outlawry, and insist upon a republican form of government.

Either the Government—that is, the people —of the United States is at this present moment in a perfectly anomalous position with the rebel States, or it is in a rightful position, and is not restrained in its action by any State regulation whatever. If, for its own safety, it may rightfully prevent the voting of persons in the State Constitution admits, it may for the same purpose rightfully allow the voting of those whom the State Constitution excludes.

Those who insist upon supporting the President and who assert that under all circumstances, even the present, the States have the exclusive right of determining the suffrage, forget that the President's course thus far is an absolute overthrow of that right. They profess to support him for doing precisely what he has not done. His action has been the most radical conceivable, for he has assumed to determine, without any law, who are the people, who are those who shall exercise political power.

And still further, those who insist upon the inviolable sanctity of the State right of determining the suffrage, and yet support the President, forget that he has not appointed those whom he names as the source of political power in the State shall proceed without his supervision and approval. On the contrary, instead of saying that the rebel State shall proceed to elect they please, and *ipso facto* it shall be the organic law of the State, he tells them plainly to bring it to Congress for what purpose? Clearly to justify that Congress may determine whether the State may reorganize itself as the new Constitution proposes.

But if all State rights are unimpaired, what has Congress to do with the Constitution of a State in the Union? In a year or two New York will amend her Constitution. Will she do it in obedience to orders from the President? Will she submit it to Congress for approval? Of course not. Then, if Mississippi be a State of the Union exactly as New York is, why should Mississippi act under authority of the President and submit her Constitution to the action of Congress? For the same reason that an apple is not a pear. For the reason that she is not a State of the Union exactly as New York is. If she were the President's action would lay him liable to impeachment.

All we ask is, that the country shall adhere to the principle of the President's course; which is, that in the unprecedented circumstances of this case, the States lately in rebellion shall reorganize under the authority of the United States, and upon such conditions only as the United States approve. When the conditions have been approved, then, and not before, the late rebel States will be in the Union exactly as the loyal States are. It is possible, of course, that the President may differ with Congress and that the country as to the necessary conditions to be required. We should be very sorry at such a difference, and certainly shall not anticipate it. Meanwhile we sincerely approve the principle upon which his administration has interfered, with the claim of a State lately in rebellion to determine the question of suffrage in its own way.

ARCTIC NEWS.

When we lately spoke of the tenacity of explorers we had no expectation of so immediate and interesting a confirmation of our words. But a letter just published in the Tribune, by Dr. Kane Grinnell, written by the latest Arctic explorer, Mr. C. F. Hall, on the 10th of December, 1864.

Mr. Hall, whose delightful book of last year our readers may remember, is a kind of Arctic William Penn. He believes that the true method for the fate of Sir John Franklin and his men, as well as to discover the important natural facts of the northern regions, is to live among the Esquimaux, to learn their language, to understand their character, and to win their confidence. If any body knows any thing of the Arctic regions and the people by those who live there, and who cherish all traditions with the tenacious fondness of a simple and primitive people, he is Mr. Hall. Seas and ice to be penetrated and its barriers surmounted, not by huge ships and large companies of inexperienced men, but by patient familiarity with the habits and temper of the inhabitants. Mr. Hall goes in a whale boat, and travels and talks with the natives, with his mind concentrated on the single object of rumor and all his observation to the best account. A man of singular simplicity, of earnest enthusiasm, and tranquil devotion to his object, he is probably the most remarkable explorer, the very that Civilization has ever sent to the Esquimaux.

He now writes that there may yet be three survivors of Sir John Franklin's expedition, one of them Crozier, who succeeded Franklin in the command. The last intelligence from the expedition was reported in 1850 by Captain M'Clintock. He found a paper in the handwriting of Captain Crozier, dated April 25, 1848, stating that Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847—that the ships *Erebus* and *Terror* had been deserted three days before, and that the survivors of the whole expedition was to start on the 26th of April for Back's Fish-River. Pursuing his journey Captain M'Clintock found a boat with provisions and various relics of Franklin and his men, including a silver spoon with the crest of Captain Crozier. Since then nothing has been known until this interesting story of Mr. Hall's.

He says that an Innuit, cousin of some whom he knows, was met with by another Innuit. Three were fat, and one was a skeleton. The fat ones had eaten human flesh, and the skeleton had refused to do so, and was dying of starvation. This last was Crozier. The Innuit fed him carefully and he recovered. The whole party then lived with Crozier, and he bought their furs and ammunition, they lived comfortably. One of the party died, and at length the other two, with Crozier and one female, set off for the nearest whaler, to reach some means of escape homeward. It was ten years ago, in 1854, that Mr. Hall's friends had seen the party on the shore of Repulse, and at that time he had not heard whether the party had ever returned. But the Innuit in the main they are honest.

This is Mr. Hall's story. When he wrote he had but recently arrived, and was at the threshold of his journey, for which he was equipped in two years. It is not impossible, therefore, that the modest and heroic man who embarked in the enterprise with a kind of intense religious zeal, may solve the problem, may solve the long-hidden mystery, and reveal the end of the sad romance over which the world has so long wondered.

ALABAMA.

We hope that our readers faithfully read and ponder the report of the proceedings of the various conventions in the late rebel States. The country is fast approaching one of the most critical trials it has experienced. The President and Congress will each express their views upon the question of reorganization. Should they agree exactly all will go well. Should they differ, it is of the utmost importance that public opinion should be so instructed in the facts as to be firm and intelligent in its demands.

If the spirit of the conventions seems to be truly healthy, if they show that they accept all the results of the war honestly and frankly, the difficulties of the situation will be wonderfully relieved. But if their action is seen to have been merely compulsory and reluctant, and it is clear that their intention is merely to do still hostile to the spirit and letter of the Government, the day of real peace will be grievously postponed. Of course no sensible man expects the conventions to say that the rebellion was a monstrous crime. But honorable men may fairly be expected to act honorably. They will not shirk nor evade. If they think the States sovereign they will say so. And such men will not be surprised that a nation which has just successfully asserted its supreme sovereignty should endanger its victory.

The action of the Alabama Convention was more reasonable than was justly anticipated from its first proceedings. It unanimously resolved that the act of secession was wholly unauthorized and is null and void, but, by a vote of 58 to 34, refused to vote its unconstitutional. Slavery was declared with only three dissenting voices out of 92, and provision was ordered to be made by the Legislature for the protection of the freed colored population. By a vote of 60 to 19 the rebel State and Confederate debts were absolutely repudiated. The Convention resolved that the white population only should be the basis of representation; and, by a vote of 61 to 25, decided to submit the amendments to a popular vote.

The action is good as far as it goes. But the issues are so important that it must be strictly scrutinized. A State which seven months ago was in open and determinate rebellion against the Union upon certain declared grounds now asks to be admitted to a full and equal share in the legislation of the Union upon the conditions then stated. Let us look closely at their character.

The Alabama Convention by declaring the act of secession null and void admits that the Convention of 1860 had no authority to pass such an act; but by refusing to condemn it as unconstitutional it refuses to the State right of secession, and does not deny that another Convention might lawfully authorize secession. This was the very ground of the rebellion; and the Convention refuses to relinquish it.

Slavery is abolished and prohibited by the act of the Convention. But unquestionably it is done under the public consciousness of constraint, and it is perfectly competent for another Convention to re-establish slavery. It is unconstitutional in order to abolish slavery, but not have removed it from State control by recommending the adoption of the emancipation amendment to the Constitution of the United States. That would have left no room for suspicion or apprehension.

The Alabama Convention also declares repudiation of the debts inherent in the people and that all free governments are founded in their authority and established for their benefit; and therefore proposes to base the Government upon a minority or a small majority of the people, leaving all the rights of the rest in person, property, residence, legal testimony, and marriage, to the absolute will of a class of the citizens.

Thus Alabama, by her Convention, offers to return to the loyal power in the Union upon condition that the United States will concede the constitutional right of secession, and the political ostracism of half the population of the State; that half being entirely composed of the people whom no threat nor falsehood could induce from their unswerving fidelity to the Union during the darkest hour of the war.

Do the gentlemen of the Convention really suppose that the people of the United States, victorious in a long and arduous war, will now acknowledge the constitutionality of secession and consent to perpetuate that concentration of political power in the hands of those who are the mainsprings of the rebellion? Like a shrewd trader Alabama begins with her lowest offer. But she is very much skewed to suppose that it will be considered satisfactory.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The South Carolina Convention has also agreed upon its offer and adjourned. As we have before remarked, it has omitted the declarations, struck by the Provisional Governor Perry, was the Dred Scott decision.

The Convention repealed the ordinance of secession by a vote of 103 to 3. It declared by 99 to 8 that as slavery had been abolished by the action of the United States authorities it should not be re-established in the State, and directed a commission to submit a code to the Legislature for the protection of the colored population. It repealed some of the most glaringly aristocratic provisions of the Constitution; resolved that the white population only should be the basis of representation; and appointed a committee to go to Washington and intercede for Jefferson Davis, Mr. Magrath, and Mr. Trenholm. So far as appears it did not repudiate the rebel debt, but provide for a popular ratification of its action.

The South Carolina Convention, by merely repealing the act of secession, neither denies the right of secession nor the authority of the Convention of 1860. It simply declares that it is now expedient to reconsider and reverse a legitimate action. It repeals the ordinance as a legislature repeals a law which it was perfectly competent to pass. It will not, however, be forgotten that the act of nullification in 1833 was "repealed," but the repeal did not prevent the ordinance of secession in 1860. It was not meant to do so. South Carolina then reserved her right to nullify as she now reserves her right to secede. In the present Convention Mr. Hammond, son of the late Senator, offered the opportunity of renouncing the ground upon which the rebellion was justified by proposing a series of resolutions, one of which expressly acknowledged that "seventy-six, and, absolutely and individually, which in all nations must exist somewhere, resides in the American people, and its authorized representatives, within the limits of the organic law—the Constitution—is the Federal Government." The resolution went to the committee and did not return.

Like the Alabama Convention, that of South Carolina declared all political power to be inherent in the people, and then based the Government upon only a minority of the population. The spirit of the Convention may be inferred from the speeches and Message of Governor Perry and the remarks made by the leading members, as well as by its authentic acts. Even that part of the population which is declared to be allowed political power is not allowed to pronounce upon the proposed Constitution.

Is this an "acceptance of the results of the war?" Is there any evidence here that South Carolina, formally or informally, verbally or inferentially, renounces the theory which has disrected this country for more than a generation and finally culminated in terrible civil war? Does she take the least pledge not to renew the theory? And moreover if while the organization of a renewal may now seem, is it not for that reason all the more important that at this time all shadow of legal pretense for secession shall be utterly removed? Shall the people of the United States—and not a certain class in South Carolina—who are now to decide this question, decide plainly and indignantly and forever, that while the right of revolution for hopeless oppression can never be renounced, the right of secession and State sovereignty are fictious too monstrous and perilous to be openly or covertly tolerated for an instant?

It is not an unkind humiliation of those who have been defeated in the most strenuous effort to destroy the Government under the plea of a reserved Constitutional right, to require that they shall as most solemnly renounce that plea before they are admitted to an equal share in the Government. It is not an unwise nor unconstitutional exercise of power for the States to recognize as republican a political system which puts every political and personal right of a majority of the population at the mercy of a contemptuous minority. It is not oppressive to insist that the condition of the return of the bitterest enemies of the Union to a voice in its administration shall not be the postponement and oppression of its most faithful friends.

Nor is there any question of authority in the case. Either South Carolina as a State of the Union has the right to refuse to make any change whatever in her Constitution, and to claim the recognition of her Senators and Representatives in Congress exactly as those of New York are recognized, or the United States have the right to insist upon such conditions of her return as will secure and expedience may suggest. South Carolina, by the assembling and action of her Convention under the authority of the United States, has already yielded that claim. She acknowledges the authority of the United States to dictate the terms of her return. Let the United States not misunderstand the grounds of generosity. Let not a vest of palms if they allow dragon's teeth to be sown.

SHALL WE HAVE SPECULATION THIS FALL?

This is a question of no little interest, not only to the brokers of Wall Street, but to large numbers of individuals who made fortunes in the Cotton speculation in 1864. Not only in New York, but in every city of the Union, and even in Canada and in London and Paris, men of speculative temperament and experience, like all Street oracles, Shall we have speculation this fall?

By "speculation" they mean, of course, speculation in railway stocks. There has been all the year a speculation in produce which has carried up prices at Chicago to so high a point that receipts at tide-water are much less one-half those of the same period last year, and the export to Europe merely nominal. And there has been a lively speculation in dry goods, which has made the fortune of manufacturers and helped out the jobber's fall season. There has been a speculation in coal, a speculation in lumber, a speculation in teas and sugars, a speculation in iron; all of which have been more or less successful. The speculation in petroleum has collapsed, and a sudden and disastrous collapse in the Western corner in breadstuffs seems not improbable. Pork and butter, too, are likely to fall some day more rapidly than will be pleasant to holders. But with all these speculations the public at large have no concern whatever as unsalaried consumers. When they speak of speculation they mean speculation in stocks, and in railway stocks; for as yet Government securities have not begun to be spec-

nlated in by the community at large. By-and-by, when the $2,500,000,000 of United States stocks and Treasury Notes try to settle down into a permanent resting-place, we shall have fluctuations and speculation in them. But at present "stocks" mean railway securities, and the question is, shall we have speculation in them?

The most common cause of speculation is an increase of money, or what is the same thing, bank discounts. Whenever the Bank of England began to expand VOLTAIRE bought *rentes*, and sold when the bank proposed to contract. always making money. When the United States Government began to issue paper money, shrewd men bought stocks and did well. Erie rose from 50 to 150, and other stocks in proportion. Market value in both cases rose in proportion to the increase in the volume of the circulating medium or its representative; and the sight of this steady advance in value set every body speculating. The speculative fever, which began here late in 1862, culminated in April 1864, and though prices have fluctuated considerably since then—at one time falling very low, and again rising to high figures, speculation has never since been general.

If we compare the volume of currency afloat now with that which was afloat in April 1864, we shall find that it has increased. Over $175,000,000 of compound-interest notes, legal tender notes, and over $150,000,000 of national bank currency have been issued in the interval. Of the national bank currency, however, a large proportion of the older issues have been withdrawn from circulation, and are hoarded in view of the well-known purpose of the Department to call them in. They are therefore be said, at the present time, to contribute to the redundancy of the currency. Of new compound-interest bonds, and Treasury Notes of late as money, of plain legal tenders, of national bank currency, and of State bank currency, there is now afloat at this moment more than $935,000,000 afloat. In November, 1862, when the last speculation first began to develop, the aggregate volume of currency afloat was not more than half this amount. In April, 1864, when the speculation culminated, the total volume of currency in circulation was not over $600,000,000.

If, as the Controller of the currency predicts in a recently published letter, Congress should, next winter, authorize the issue of $300,000,000 more national currency for the benefit of the South, this amount would have to be added to the volume given above, and afloat. Should, to that event, assuming the issues of the currency bureau to be continued at their present rate, we might expect by November 1866 to have in round numbers a thousand millions of dollars of paper-money afloat, exclusive of compound legal tenders. Nor would this enormous figure fully represent the possible inflation. For the national banks, to live, must lend money; their discounts will be far in excess of their circulation; and for the time being legal tender lent will produce the same effect upon values as if it had been a dollar found or created.

All the points, thus far, are in favor of speculation. There are others which make against it. In the first place, the price of railway stocks is not low. All the sound dividend-paying stocks are already selling at a price equal to be, taking the average dividend of the past five years as a criterion for the future. Buying Erie for one of as 88 is a purely gambling operation from buying it at 50. When it was doubtful whether the currency would not eventually prove good for nothing, a man might put his money in Erie at 125 without much risk; but now that the legal tenders are morally certain to be worth, sooner or later, one hundred per cent. in gold, there is no reason why they should invest in stocks unless they promise a larger return than money will command in good bonds in Wall Street.

Again, nothing reliable is known concerning the expenses of the railroads. It is known that two leading railroads, the Erie and the Michigan Southern, which showed last year expenses amounting to 75 and 65 per cent. respectively of their gross earnings, developed large floating debts at the close of the year. Are the leading lines spending all they earn at present? Are the expenses swallowing up all the gross receipts? No satisfactory answer has yet been given to these questions, and until the facts are known a certain class of operators, consulting careful capitalists, will not buy railway stocks.

Finally, what is Mr. M'CULLOCH going to do about the currency? He has already begun to fund the interest-bearing legal tenders, offering $50,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds at 103 in exchange for compound notes—which he proposes to take at their face and interest. It is not supposed, in well-informed quarters, that this operation will disturb the money market, as the compound notes have already been withdrawn from circulation by reason of their superior value to ordinary circulating notes. But suppose it should be proposed to withdraw any portion of the plain legal tenders? Suppose the Secretary should be able to show to Congress that large additional revenue from customs and taxes, with perhaps the aid of a small loan, would suffice for the expenditure of the coming year, and at the same time that a new issue of $200,000,000 of Five-Twenty bonds might be floated at par—the notes received in payment of such loan to be canceled? It is clear enough that the withdrawal of even $100,000,000 of currency would be severely felt in Wall Street, and that stocks of all kinds, railway as well as government, would decline materially.

If it were definitely settled that no contraction of the currency—beyond the funding of the interest-bearing legal tenders—was to be attempted, for a year at all events, and that the expenses of the railways are not eating up their whole income, operators would not dispute in seeing a speculation inaugurated even on the basis of present prices. The gross earnings of the roads are marvelous. They will average more than twice the amount required before the war. And the country is full of people who have "tasted blood," and are eager to speculate once more. Of the great fortune of 1863 very few remain. Most of them perished in the storm of April 1864. Of the remainder the bulk slowly dribbled away in the inexplicable fluctuations which ensued. But the men who made and lost them are here still, and are as eager as ever to seize the "royal road to fortune."

What has been will be again. It may come now or may be delayed. But when it does come, it will be by far the most extensive development of speculation ever seen in this country, as far exceeding the furore of 1863–4 as that one excelled any previous outburst of stock gambling in the annals of our stock exchange.

PRINCIPLES AND MEN.

THE attempt of some of the Democratic papers in the State of New York to make use of the services of General BARLOW as foolish and futile as it would be to deny those of General SHERMAN. Both are young men and have been brave soldiers.

The present difference between them is, that General SHERMAN never chooses to be the representative of a party which has steadily denounced the war and insulted the soldiers, which has been the great bulwark of slavery and State sovereignty, which, in fact, was the sprang; which is now desperately opposing the emancipation amendment in New Jersey and Ohio, as a means of keeping the full life of the Government by taxing the national bonds, and whose policy of arming the still dangerous civilians of border States has directly provoked SLOCUM has himself most unanswerably exposed and condemned.

General BARLOW, on the other hand, is the representative of the party which has always adhered to the supremacy of the Union; which has never excused rebellion, nor thwarted the Government in An effort to suppress it, nor declared it triumphant; whose principles have been proved to be essential to the salvation as they are to the prosperity of the country, and which is planted fairly and firmly upon the American doctrine of equal rights.

General BARLOW and General SLOCUM are at present the representatives of principles and tendencies. Every Copperhead and unconquered rebel in the country, could they vote in the State election of New York, would vote for General SLOCUM. "Who is General BARLOW?" asks the Albany *Argus*. He is a true soldier of the Union and Republic, who has defended it and sanctively opposes at the polls as every rebel feared him in the field.

"A YANKEE."

THE NEW YORK correspondent of the London *Spectator*, a gentleman friendly to the Confederal, has done signal service to the good cause during the war by his temperate and lucid letters. Under the heading of "A Yankee" he has given a view of the situation, with which we could not always agree, but which was the fair expression of a certain class of Americans. The signature would have been more exact had even the word Yankee, as it was used during the war, really signified the antagonistic spirit to "the South." But in the politics "the South" means privilege, aristocracy, slavery—in a word, caste; while "Yankee" means equal rights. We have heard in every quarter of the Confederate and clever letters of "A Yankee" for any proof of his sympathy with the principle represented by the South he has given.

But it is impossible for any American who believes the American doctrine of equal rights with his whole heart and soul—who believes in the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE as ABRAHAM LINCOLN believed in it, and who is wholly sure of the fidelity of the controlling heart and brain of his countrymen to the principle of civil and political equality, to read without amazement and indignation the statement of "A Yankee," in his letter in the *Spectator* of August 26, that DEACON PHILANDER BUTTON at Greenwich, Connecticut, spoke for any considerable body of sensible and intelligent Americans, or the astounding assertion that "the fact of the ballot-box means the negro in Congress, in all public places, in the parlor, at the table, in the marriage bed."

If, as "A Yankee" says, the aversion to the negro is "the great moral force" which must be considered in all projects of restoration, if it is so universal, so insuperable a loathing, why should we have cared whether he were enslaved or not, and how can his admission to the ballot-box possibly smooth his way to the social table or beyond? Is a parent never to allow that another man shall vote until he is willing to accept him as a son-in-law? Because we contest for impartial suffrage, are we therefore to invite every personally distasteful voter to dinner? MR. BELMONT and MR. ASTOR assent without effort to the voting of Mackerelville. Do those gentlemen select their society from the same region?

It would be a serious check to the sympathy of humane and liberal men in Europe if they believed the extraordinary statements of "A Yankee" justly to represent public opinion in this country. If they supposed the intelligent mind of the United States did not yet understand that the late war in this country was a struggle between Equal Rights and Caste, they might well believe that a victorious people who have no radical convictions would be instantly outwitted of their victory by their opponents who have. That there is a vast and bitter prejudice against the negro in this country, carefully fostered by unclean demagogues for political ends, we freely admit. But that the white people of the United States "loathe" the colored men, or "revolt" at the idea of their voting, we absolutely deny. They mean to have no black class in which they will marry and educate their friends as they do now, and will equally protect PHILANDER BUTTON and ROBERT SMALL in the exercise of the same privilege.

A GOOD SIGN.

IT is pleasant to know that steamboat owners and steamboat companies having had their Jay, Grand Juries and Courts are having their. DAVID SMITH and TUNIS SMITH, owners of the steamer *Arrow*, which exploded some weeks since, have been indicted for manslaughter. They have been arraigned, have pleaded not guilty, and were admitted to bail in $6000 each.

We hope to hear equally good accounts from the Brooklyn Grand Jury, in the case of the wanton slaughter upon Mr. OLIVER CROMWELL of Long Island Railroad; and if a Connecticut jury does not indict Mr. HURT, the superintendent, and Mr. PLUMB, the conductor, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was directly responsible for the fearful massacre upon the Housatonic Railroad, that steady State will show itself less careful of human life than it did when it passed a law requiring every railroad train to stop before passing a bridge.

When the managers of roads and boats of every degree learn by sharp experience that they will be held criminally responsible, and stockholders discover that disasters and driving also pay 20 together, there will be some security in travel.

LIKE AND LIKE.

WHEN the rebels were invading Pennsylvania two years ago the rebel press was loudly praying for the success of the Democratic party. A Democratic partner with the cause of rebellion and treason that it was safe only when the party of "the proud record" was in power. We are not surprised, therefore, to read that MR. VALLANDIGHAM, the leader of the frank rebels in the present South Carolina Convention, introduced the following resolution at the beginning of its proceedings:

"*Resolved*, That, under the present extraordinary circumstances, it is both wise and politic to accept the condition and basis of reconstruction as recommended by events which we can not avert or correct, and to await from the time and opportunity to effect our deliverance from unconstitutional rule?"

and that he explained it by saying that he thought they ought to be quiet "till we are strong enough to make the aid of the Democratic party of the North, to get a constitutional government."

It ought to not remarkable that an unconquered rebel hopes for the restoration to power of a party which last year declared the rebellion successful.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

THE *South*, a Democratic paper in New Orleans, says that it has "accepted the situation," says, cheerfully:

"The Democratic leaders are nearly ready to cry, 'Up boys, and at 'em!' For years the radical Republicans have been viziers—their 'veiling ambition has overleaped itself,' and defeat is before them, provided all good citizens do their duty.

"VALLANDIGHAM, SEYMOUR, PIERCE, WOOD, LONG, stand in their hands to the people of the Southern States and say, 'Come and help us beat the enemies of the Constitution and the State rights doctrines of the fathers of the Revolution.'"

Why is it that unconquered rebels always appeal for help to the Democratic leaders? Is their sole sympathy with treason or palliation of rebellion in the "proud record?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS.

THE South Carolina State Convention was convened in the Baptist Church at Columbia at ten September 13. Its Convention consisted of 154 delegates, all of whom, with the exception of five or six, were present. Judge L. D. WARDLAW was elected President. No sooner had a committee been appointed to wait upon the Governor than MR. ARTHUR offered a resolution to the effect that South Carolina, while willing to accept the situation, was forced upon her, and demanded her opportunity to throw off restraint. Pertaining to the Ordinance of Secession, which was declared null and void by the Convention of 1865. Ex-Governor PICKENS reminded MR. ARTHUR that there was hardly a State but had seceded. Being prepared that the rules for the Convention of 1865 be adopted in that adopted by the Convention of 1860. MR. ARTHUR remarked that the said absent the 1860 Convention had been declared null and void by the Convention of 1865. Governor PERRY's Message was received. This Message advised a Convention of the people of South Carolina, so that all elections for delegates to Congress could proceed immediately from the people. The abolition of Secession, and that such other acts as may be necessary to restore it would be impolitic, unwise, and not in the best interests of the State.

Resolved, That it is the true policy of the American people to support the General Government in all cases within the limits of the Constitution, and to acknowledge the legislative authority of each State by legislation in every State in its own way.

Resolved, That the late war was not one of an oppressed people against tyranny, but arose from an apprehension on the part of the weaker section of oppression and tyranny in the future, and was carried on under an honest conviction, maintained with conscientious devotion by part of the country, with the adoption of the Constitution itself, that a State had the reserved right to secede from the power it had delegated to the General Government, whenever, in its sovereign judgment, the compact was violated in that those powers would be used to its disadvantage. The war having been decided against the right to secession in the name of civil liberty, we must respectfully suggest to his Excellency the President that the time has arrived for the exercising of that clemency and penalties afford to those crimes by the laws of the United States.

Resolved, That we welcome the return of President Johnson's administration, and will cordially support in the wise and patriotic efforts to restore to the whole country the blessings of peace.

These resolutions were referred to a committee, and were not heard of again.—The sixth day was taken up in discussing the Ordinance of Secession, and on the previous occasions, there were a few who wished to disturb the unanimity of the Convention, but they did not allow them talked gently plainly in regard to the necessities of the case. The Convention then, by a unanimous adopted ordinances ordering the election of State officers on the 20th October, 1865, legalizing the marriages of negroes, authorizing the county commissioners to provide for indigent freedmen, and requiring the municipal police officers to continue as agents of the Freedmen's Bureau.

The Governor elect, Governor ORR, resides in St. Leigh, and organized by electing HON. E. G. Seade President, and HON. D. H. MORE, of Lexington, Vice. Over one hundred members were present. Messrs. Cannon & Hemphill, of the *Columbia Guardian*, were elected printers.

NEWS ITEMS.

REV. DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND, who was more than 79 years President of Brown University, was prostrated by a paralytic stroke on Monday, the 25th inst., and died on the next Saturday afternoon, at 9½ o'clock, aged 69 years.

The Washington Chronicle of Thursday last says that Mr. Hill, in Philadelphia, at the age of 85. He was Secretary of the Treasury under President Jackson, and removed by refused to "remove the deposits" of Government money from the United States Bank.

The official statement of the public debt up to the 30th ult. shows that there was a decrease during the month of August of nearly $13,742,000, and of interest over $500,000. The amount of cash in the Treasury was $116,000,000 before note in circulation. There is a decrease of nearly $13,700,000 in the amount of coin, with the corresponding quantity of gold, and increase of $13,454,187 of currency.

The movement of troops from the Rio Grande, taking an effort to prevent General Sherman with Thomas Neale's celebrated Mexican Band, from Tennessee March through Georgia.

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MR. S. M'CORMICK, the inventor of the Reaper reaping, has been appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, assistant, by which he made an immense fortune, died lately in the Virginia Springs, aged 75 years. He was a native of Virginia, and was one of the most enterprising of the citizens of Chicago, and the originator of the Reaper.

According to the report of the naval engineer, the lands on important boundary of the Osage tribe at the encroachments of the Cherokees, and the Osages have refused to do. The Osages cede about 1,800,000 acres, for which the Government pays $1,000,000. About 1,000,000 acres are to be given to the north side of their reservation, to be sold to the Indians.

Brevet Brigadier-General Briscoe, in command of the Department of Texas, issued orders, on Saturday, the 30th inst., for the act of attempting to rob the Government of $93,000.

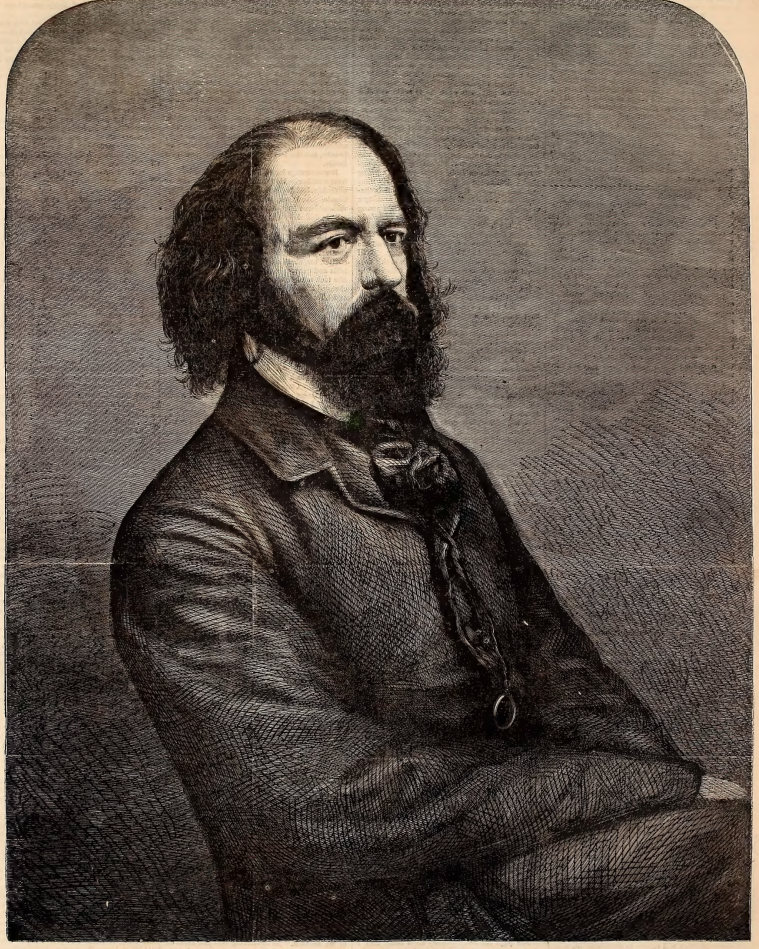
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenian agitation has caused a large number of arrests, and the authorities are taking every precaution to prevent the movement from assuming formidable proportions. It is alleged that our Secretary of State has instructed the British Government, plainly assuring it of non-existence of any sympathy with Fenianism on the part of our people, and requesting that no further arrest be made the Fenian organization. Probably enough to believe that it was arrested from the Irish Emigrant Aid Society in Liverpool were found to be a Fenian circular. The Government has a force of about 50,000 men in Ireland, and more than 20,000 in England.

The Earl of Derby has been enforcing from a severe attack of the gout.



GUERRILLA FIGHTING IN MEXICO—DEATH OF PUEBLITA, ONE OF THE LIBERAL CHIEFS AT URUAPAN.



ALFRED TENNYSON, THE ENGLISH POET LAUREATE.

TENNYSON.

We give above a portrait of ALFRED TENNYSON, the English Poet Laureate, from a portrait recently taken by W. JEWERY of London. He was born about the year 1810 in Lincolnshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. While at college, in 1829, he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for the best poem in English verse. In the following year he published his first volume of poetry. The *Edinburgh Review* was somewhat severe upon this volume, complaining of the absence of any things to indicate the true poetic fire.

The volume published in 1832 showed a marked growth. There are evidences in this volume that TENNYSON had already conceived the design of writing a grand poem on the life of the mystic King Arthur—a design which MILTON had once entertained, but never accomplished. "The Lady Shalott," the opening poem of the volume, and "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," in a volume which followed, appear to be fragments of a first essay in this direction. In the former we see the author's first conception of "Elaine," and we can see how the same subject becomes a different subject as the master's skill improves. Among the earlier poems of TENNYSON those which attracted the greatest attention were the "May Queen," "The Palace of Art," and "The Dream of Fair Women." In the volume published in 1832 "The Miller's Daughter" is said to have so charmed Queen VICTORIA that she gave him the pension which he now enjoys, and to have paved the way for his selection to the Laureateship upon the death of WORDSWORTH.

TENNYSON published his third volume in 1842, and in the opening poem, "Mort d'Arthur," which preceded to be the eleventh book of an epic of which the other books had been destroyed as unworthy, we see another phase of the grand poem which he had in contemplation.

"The Gardener's Daughter" is one of the most exquisite idyls in our language—in which the minutest observation of nature in tree and sky and flower, in animal and bird and insect, is worked into a simple story of which the incidents are as old as human life, but the interest is, and ever will be, new.

"The Princess" was given to the world in 1848. In it the questions of woman's intellectual equality with man, and her social position in relation to him, are discussed in a whimsical story, full of sparkling gems of poetry, and interspersed with beautiful songs. The conclusion is admirably set forth in the following lines:

> For woman is not undeveloped man,
> But diverse; could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this
> Not like to like, but like in difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words;
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
> Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
> Self-reverent each, and reverencing each:
> Distinct in individualities,
> But like each other even as those who love.
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
> Then reigns the world's great bridals, chaste, and calm:
> Then springs the crowning race of human kind.

But a shadow had fallen on our poet's life. In 1833, immediately after the publication of TENNYSON'S second volume, died ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM, the friend that was unto him as his own soul. And then he set himself to work, and through the long

of sixteen years labored silently to rear a monument of his art to his mom he adores.

> My friend, the brother of my love:
> My Arthur, whom I shall not see
> Till all my widow'd race be true.
> Dear as the mother to the son,
> More than my brothers are to me.

And a noble monument it was that he gave to the world in 1849, under the title "In Memoriam." The poignancy of first grief, the inability to believe it true that one who had lately filled so large a space in our every-day life is withdrawn from it forever, the thought that we should not feel it to be strange if that loved one stood before us again, and all the loss and sorrow and pain a dream, the gradual softening down of this first grief through lapse of time, the getting accustomed to the vacant place and missing counsellor, the final delight of recalling particular scenes we have visited with that lost one, and the word he uttered, and the very look that went to the counting of his virtues, the thought of what he would have been if he had lived, and what we ought to be to be worthy of him—there are few of us whose hearts do not give distinct and painful answer to such touches as these.

In 1850 the literary world was amazed by the issue of "Maud," a production which was said by some to prove the author as mad as a March hare. There was, however, soon found to be "method in his madness;" and, possibly, the hideousness of the vices of one man is but better use in their effect on a sensitive, perhaps over-sensitive, mind than they could have been through any other medium. The poet looked to the war has just breathed as the scourge by which these vices should be corrected.

In the same volume with "Maud" were published other poems, some of which exhibited the author in a new light, as one who observes, and fixes for the attention of future ages, some individual event of marked moment in the history of this. The public funeral of WELLESLEY and the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava are events that stamp the character of the nation, and leave an impression that should not perish on those who were the witnesses of them.

Probably the grandest effort of TENNYSON'S genius is the "Idyls of the King," of which there are, however, but four complete specimens.

The book contains four stories, but they may all be considered as one, all uniting first in the world of "The King." Arthur is only mentioned incidentally throughout them all, but in such sort as to leave upon the mind a vivid conception of his character and the purpose of his life. That character is perfect, that purpose the noblest. We have not space to make the analysis, and set them side by side in connection to prove what we asserts but we think none who take the pains to do so will dissent from us in all that they contain. They, to his patient study, will disclose, in which some have found evidence of pride and self-righteousness, which would, if true, entirely destroy pictures of the perfect man. But do they exist? We think only in the imperfect rendering of the reader. Certain it is they did not strike the Queen herself, for, after the sharpest words of all his rebuke,

> Better the blush of shame than the pale heart, and aching hour
> Than thou reseated in the place of light—
> The mockery of my people and their lord.

He paused, and in the pause she crept on luch

> Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet.

And of that attitude and pose on which the charge of self-righteousness is founded,

> Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God forgives!

The words are said in anguish, not in pride, and conveyed, as they were meant, to her mind, the assurance that his pardon was free, large, absolute as that of God himself. Hear her impression of them:

> And he thought
> That all my sin was horrible to him;
> His mercy choked me.
> And blessed him, for now he was high forgiven.
> My wickedness to him
> . . . . . Ah! great and gentle Lord,
> Who wast as is the conscience of a saint
> Among the warring spirits sense to thy knights
> To whom my faire, voluptuous pride
> Would not accept the love that perfected the height
> To which I would not, or I could not, climb,
> I thought I could not breathe in that fine air
> That pure severity of perfect light . . . . .
> . . . . . I saw how that thou art
> Thou art the highest, and most human, too!
> . . . . . Be thine love
> Will tell the King I love him, though so late!
> Myself am changed even to that purer light.
> But now it were too daring.

Nothing need be added to this to show that, however we may read, the author never meant to leave the blot of pride or self-righteousness on him whom he portrays as

> Sullen man and stainless gentleman.

It must be confessed that, with all his excellences, our Laureate's genius is not what is called "popular." His songs are many of them set to music, and are sung by thousands, who will tell you that they like the words added not the words themselves do not understand them. How should they, who look only for a pretty conceit or a surface meaning? TENNYSON'S studies but with an earnest depth of purpose, which will not suffer him to explain himself by a multitude of words when a single vigorous expression will convey to those who are capable of receiving it the idea he wishes to implant. Often a description that would occupy a whole line of a meaner master of the art of words is given in a single adjective. And herein also does our age owe him deep thanks that he has done so much to preserve and transmit our noble English language in its purity to later times.

THE PACHA'S DAUGHTER.

SOME of the stories of Mohammed Ali's family are worthy of the grimmest personages in the Thousand and One Nights, and about as valuable in an historical point of view. The Pacha's daughter, the Princess Nasli-Hanem, was a second Marguerite de Bourgogne. She was married to a Turkish commissioner, a monster of cruelty. One day Mohammed Ali hinted to his daughter that he never felt quite at ease with her husband. That evening the Bey's coffee was presented to him by the Princess his wife. Coffee does not always agree with the stomachs of Eastern princes, and Nasli-Hanem sought to solace her widowhood by a systematic course of intrigues. Her emissaries frequented the cafés. When a candidate for introduction had been found, he was desired to present himself at a certain gate of the palace at a certain hour. There he was received by a eunuch of the harem; his eyes were bandaged, and he was conducted to the presence. For a week Nasli-Hanem was the most amiable hostess. On the eighth day, "My husband is coming home," she would say; "you must go." And go he did, but he never should take care that you return." The visitor's eyes were again bandaged. The Princess was left residing at her palace on the Nile, he was conducted to a door opening on the river, and sped forward with rapide pulls, to the spot where a boat awaits the Khalig canal took the place of the Nile. At the palace in the Mekke the same useful office was performed by a cistern. The mysterious disappearances at last began to be talked of; and a young Italian determined to break the spell. He went accordingly to the cafe where the invitations were known to be dispensed. One evening a eunuch of the harem seated himself near him, and arranged his pegan to smoke. "I know a fair lady who is not indifferent to you," he began, "and if you will come with me I can manage matters." "I shall be delighted, if she is good-looking," replied the Italian; "only I can't come this evening. Will you take me to-morrow?" "Be it so," said the black slave. "Be at the door about seven o'clock, and when I pass follow without speaking." Next day the young man kept his appointment. He had not gone far when he felt that he had followed his guide into a lonely street he remembered to be only inhabited by Jews. After a long walk they entered a house, and ascended a staircase. The bandage was removed from his eyes in a brilliantly illuminated room, richly furnished in the Eastern style. A lady, neither young nor beautiful, but admirably dressed, reclined on a divan, playing with a chaplet of diamonds. Behind a sheve fanned her with a bunch of ostrich plumes. The Italian received a signal to approach, and to seat himself on a cushion at her feet. The first conversation was enchanting, sad, with a hostess who had all the accomplishments of her sex, answered agreeably. The eighth day arrived. "We must part, my beloved," she said; "my husband is about to return; you must go." "Shall I not see you again?" her guest, "I trust that your husband has no intention of returning, inasmuch as you are the Princess Nasli-Hanem, and he has been dead for some years." The lady made a slight negative gesture. "Believe me, Madame," he continued, "I know who you are, and I know that you have no cause to be uneasy." "Then you have nothing to fear," replied the Princess was thunder-struck. Recovering a little, she implored him to leave Egypt. The Italian took his leave, and arrived without accident in the street, where he found a caose from the Consulat awaiting him, and informing him that the Pacha's order should be scrupulously disregarded the pretty frequent of his amiable hostess.

BESSIE BEAGLE AND MR. WINDER'S WATCH.

THIRTY years ago I was in the midst of my first grand passion. Its object Bessie Beagle, with whom aunt, old Mrs. Maydew, lived. Bessie was not a beauty, but a trim, tidy dumpling of a girl, with soft brown eyes and an olive skin, and was fond of wearing her plain dresses which made them prettier than other girl's finery. I had been there six months, and was very much intimate. She had not much time, poor child, to spare from household duties, for Mrs. Beagle kept her at work all day and sometimes half the night, and I contrived to see a good deal of her notwithstanding. Sometimes I sat opposite her, watching her busy fingers, and sometimes I carried a trifle in Berlin wool or cotton, and sometimes I contrived to make a message to the shop. Then, much times, I confess, I had held her hand or stolen my arm about her waist, and on two or three occasions I had kissed her. I am sure she liked her good deal, and knew she knew it; though, save a few sentimental nothings, I had never said much to her, and there was no absolute engagement between us.

She liked me too. Nobody knew better than I through whose agency I was made so extremely comfortable.

No matter how late Winder & Co. kept me at their office (Winder was a relation of mine, and the pudding never quite gone. In fact I had my full share of goodies, and a double allowance of clean towels.

I was just nineteen. My salary exactly paid my board; but I had besides a quarterly allowance of five-and-twenty pounds, which was entirely for self, and now and then contrived to purchase trifles for some play or concert, whither I escorted Bessie. She enjoyed such things so! In fact she enjoyed life thoroughly, and I used to think would make any man's life happy who should win her. Such a rosy, cozy, orderly little housewife of eighteen was never seen. Janson Glosk, who sat next me at table, and who was at that time studying medicine, was as much in love as I was, and hated me desperately; but I laughed at him, for he came in late to cold vegetables and small allowance of dessert, and rung twice some mornings for clean towels. Bridget and old Mrs. Beagle attended to his interests, not Bessie. Good little Bessie who, when I had an influenza, made me hot lemonade, and when I had a headache left a camphor bottle on my table where I found it at night—who was a sort of mother to me, young as she was, for those first six months. I thought myself unchangeably in love with her until the day when, with bandboxes and bundles, and shopping-bags and trunks, a cab brought to our door a new boarder—Miss Selina Maydew—who, in the temporary absence of her parents, were intended to be the care of Mrs. Beagle. She was a blonde, with the most glorious color in the world. Ah, five years ago I saw a picture by Louis Lang, I believe, christened "Day," which put me in mind of her. Living woman I never saw just like her. Her hair was light, dashing naturally, and dressed extravagantly. I think she was past twenty, and she looked five years older than little Bessie.

It was strange how plain the latter grew by contrast with her. How the little round face, with its olive skin, began to look beside that of the brilliant blonde. And then, too, Bessie's brown merino had various shiny spots, and though trim and neat, was a little dulled by age; while Miss Selina came to dinner every day in some new thing. Now she wore white, now blue, now lilac, even pink. Ribbons and lavenders, without losing a charm; for no contrast could hurt her complexion. She could chatter, too, about fashionable things, and also of frills and cuvaers which Bessie knew nothing of. She took me by storm, and I only knew that I had changed love without knowing it. He looked pale and offended, behind the green pease, one day at dinner. All the time Miss Selina was talking, but a little while I plucked up spirit. My aunt had been, so to speak, *Harcissed* for changing his mind at that day, and I believed that I had a right to change mine. Bessie was well enough in her way—a sweet little darling, but Miss Selina was a being of another order. She was not my fault that I adored her. I couldn't help it. Bessie had no business to look so glum. I had not pledged myself to her. Miss Selina thought before me sundry tender glances and whispers, thoughts more tender still, but I turned my back upon them.

I had a rival indeed. I had admired Bessie, but then I had not seen Selina. Therefore I leaned forward her, and asked her if I should pass the butter, in a manner which must have betrayed my down-fall. When I turned my head again Bessie was conversing with Janson Glosk. I was content; I did not desire to break the child's heart.

After that I devoted myself to Selina, who condescended to accept my attentions, and allowed me various favors as the turning of her music when she played, or the putting on of her shawl—who did not utterly refuse another glass of wine when I was always content ice-cream in my company, and quite forgot Bessie. She was, so said Miss Maydew, quite a commonplace little girl, whom was in the kitchen. I wondered at myself for my former infatuation. Spring gifted in a new dress, and I could see no harm, and winter came, bringing with it its peculiar gayeties, and by that time I hardly ever met Bessie except at meals. Then, only on Sunday nights, somebody kept my dinner warm and saved me a slab of pudding, and once, when I had a cold, Biddy brought a message to my room which said "Mrs. Beagle's compliments." Mrs. Beagle, bah! I knew Bessie sent it.

I remember that unfounds, because it helped to cure a cold I particularly wished to get rid of in order to take Selina Maydew out sleighing. I had come to a decision on the subject. My master's money was due the following day, and, come what might, I should dine at the best of my goddess in the form of a sleigh-ride. My stockings were growing airy, and I needed boots. I must do without these and a dozen other articles for the next two months in consequence, but what of that? Expensive though it might be, I could not forego the pleasure of a sleigh-ride with Miss Selina. On this! So having breakfasted beside me, the same robe over our knees, to have people whom we passed (for at nineteen who is not the observer and observee?) envy me as the handsomest and best-dressed girl in New York at my side. It was worth going barefoot for if need be.

Consequently, deifying consequences, I mentally resented my master's insolence to the last to me, and asked Miss Maydew, carelessly, as though sleighrides were everyday affairs with me, for the honor of her company. She accepted the invitation promptly, adding that she adored sleigh-rides; and I went to the seventh heaven of adoring swains at once.

I was too happy to rest all night; besides, a remembrance of the strict account demanded by grandfather of my expenditure set me to thinking. I fear I was divided between the merits of a woful fate of ridicule on account of myself as the leading beau so carried away by the discourse of the latest returned missionary, that in a moment of zeal I had almost put five-and-twenty dollars at the disposal of the heathen. Never having told the smallest fib before, I presume all my forces had been held in reserve to meet the case of Miss Maydew.

Alas! the next day dawned upon the beginning of my troubles; for the first time my grandfather's bailiff, red-nosed massive old man servant, appeared at ten o'clock on the first of the month.

Indeed, the time was past when the postman were paid without bringing a letter for my name. I grew restless after the first, anxious after the second, despairing after the third. I had not a cent in the world: I knew no one who would loan me money.

If by untoward chance my grandfather's remittance did not reach me I was disgraced forever; for had not the livery-stable man informed me that "Young gents nowadays is such cheats" that his terms were "Cash down at starting?"

I had a horrible apprehension at noon, when a small boy brought me a letter, which turned out to be a circular inviting my attention to "the best assortment of boots in the city;" and at night only the hope that my letter had been sent to my board-ing-house kept me from losing my senses. The whole post-mill. Alas! Biddy assured me "no letter hadn't come."

As I conversed upon the subject with that handmaiden, Thompson, the practical joker of our establishment, came in, and called to me—"Letter: bless me, Fitcairn, a letter, after a fortnight's grace five minutes after you left. Run back and get it before the old woman shuts up!"

At any other time I should have known I was being victimized to Thompson's sense of humor; but I was too much excited to understand him at the moment. Away I went again to find that I had been sold.

Upon the janitress was in the sanctum of the heads of the firm, whirling clouds of dust about with a broom; and when, after a fruitless search, I turned to depart again, the woman called to me:

"Mr. Fitcairn, come back—do. Here's some one left a watch. Whose is it?"

"Mr. Winder's," I said, as she put it in my hand, "and a valuable one too."

"I thought so," said the janitress. "Bless ye, it's well that old gentleman's head is glued on. If twasn't, he'd leave that behind him some night. Such carelessness! Now, how lucky you was here! I might ha' been suspected."

"Oh no," I said.

"You knows it's oh yes, Sir," said the old woman. "I should ha' been all of a tremble. Do'e now take it along with you, and leave it at Mr. Winder's; you pass his door."

I could hardly refuse; and in fact it seemed my only chance of a call at the office with Mr. Winder's watch in my pocket.

It was dark when I reached my residence, and found in the street a discussion being held among the vans with the air of a caged monkey.

"Mr. Winder at home?" said I.

"He isn't."

"Mrs. Winder?"

"No."

"Then I'd like to see the housekeeper."

"She's away—gone with missus. There's been an accident on the railroad, and they've had a telegraph that Masther Paul is hurt. The three have gone on to wherever it is an hour ago."

"I'm shocked to hear it. Mr. Winder's son is not badly hurt, I hope?"

"I don't know."

There was plainly no one to leave the watch with. This girl had by no means an honest countenance.

I walked away with Mr. Winder's watch still in my pocket, and paced the streets until the pangs of hunger superseded all others, and I went home.

The ministering household spirit had kept dinner warm for me, but I could not eat much. What I should do at the office next morning I could not answer. Shame, disgrace, contempt were before me, and when Selina with her sweetest smile whispered, "We shall meet at the ball, I hope, to-night!" I felt as though my senses were leaving me. Oh, I must gratefully to duty and confession on the morrow of all others—to what a pass had he brought me! I could not rest. I pleaded an engagement, and went out into the streets. I walked, and I ran, I intensely cold, but I did not feel it. I paced the flags, meditating on my position, until, in a narrow street, I trod on the lounging tail of one of those arched women just before me. She was a ragged creature and smelled of rum, and over her arm she held a skirt of brown cloth and a little flimsy shawl. Rising me for my mishap, she turned into a shop hard by and left me.

It was a pawnbroker's. She was going there, no doubt, to pawn those garments. I think the archangel must have had a glow about him. Perhaps I had seen him disguised in the shape of that tipsy woman. A desperate thought took possession of me—a thought I battled with in vain.

My quarterly allowance would surely come to-morrow. I should have the money to redeem it, and my aunt Mrs. Maydew's watch! Who would know it? I should have it safe again in twenty-four hours.

"Never," I said to myself in reply, "never!" and looked up at the golden balls again. Then I opened mechanically my great coat-pocket. It was morrow, and covered my face with both hands. Endure this for a mere whim, what folly! The watch would be safe at the office to-morrow than in my pocket overnight. I would do it. There was no harm. No one would ever guess what I had done; and there was nothing dishonest in either thought or act. I took a step toward the shop, paused, took another, pushed against the door, and found myself in the presence of a gentleman with a hooked nose. What passed between us I need not repeat; enough that in another minute after I emerged into the cold outer air, trembling and burning in with agitation, with a pawn ticket and five-and-twenty dollars in my pocket, while Mr. Winder's watch remained behind. Only until the morrow, the happy morrow, when I should glide over the snow with Selina Maydew by my side, and forget this latter. The delay of which had placed me in this plight.

"If there is any thing wrong in the matter," I said, as I gave the pawnbroker the ticket, "it is grandfather's fault, not mine."

The morning arose bright and clear, the snow glittered in the frosty air, at ten the sleigh was at the door, and Selina, cloaked and bonneted, ready to accompany me. I helped her in, and away we flew. It was glorious! My happiness was for a few hours unclouded. I forgot past troubles and cares for the future in her sweet society.

About three o'clock we stopped to lunch: Selina, as usual, did justice to the eatables. I was not like Byron. I enjoyed seeing a woman eat, and my romance did not vanish. What a glorious thing it would be, I thought, to have that face opposite me at table all the days of my life! Perhaps I should have said so, but that there was at that identical moment an interruption.

The waiter entered with some additional delicacy, and, setting it down, paused.

"Miss Maydew, mum?" he said.

her grandmother's sake.

"Yes," I replied, looking fierce, what right had he to know her name?

"A gentleman desires to know if he can come in?" he said; and he laid a card on the table.

"Cousin Charlie, I declare!" cried Miss Maydew. "Oh, of course."

A relative of hers. I prepared my blandest smiles, and in an instant a gentleman bowed into the apartment. He was older than I expected twenty-five. He wore a slight mustache and smelled of musk. Such gloves, such boots, such a tailor's fashion-plate of a fit to his coat. I hated him at once.

All the more that he took both Selina's hands in his and squeezed them, and returned my courteous bow with a nod, short and ungracious.

"To think of seeing you!" said Selina.

"Yes," drawled the cousin. "Very sing'lar. Fact is, I arrived last night, went to old Beagle's this morning, heard you'd come here, and took a sleigh and came after you."

"You good child!" said Miss Selina. "Oh, I forgot! Mr. Fitcairn, Mr. Charles Dondybrook."

We shook hands, with hate in our eyes.

"Sit up and take a bite," said Selina. "Waiter, a clean plate and glass—and another plate, and another bottle of Champagne. She gave the orders with an air, but I was content. She was acting the hostess at my board *pro tem.*

Cousin Charlie didn't "sit up." Also, good appetites must have run in the family. He did not condescend to talk to me, but he conversed with Selina in a manner many people have, on topics in which I could not take part, because I knew neither the names nor actors in them.

I glumly stared at the cloth, drank more wine than was good for me, and thought of pistols and bowie-knives. But the worst had not come. Then we had lunched Selina started up.

"Well, I must be off. Come back, Charlie, and you may ride with this cloak;" and, as he did so, there ensued a whispered confabulation. I suppose she had some shawl left in her, for she smiled those words with a blush as she turned toward me:

"Mr. Pitcairn, don't be angry with me if I go home in Charlie's sleigh. I haven't seen him for a year, you know; and I came with you."

Astounding! No, but I received it without showing my bleeding wounds to that puppy.

"Act as you please, Miss Maydew," I said—and she did.

Ten minutes after I paid my bill, and saw from the open door Cousin Charlie's turnout, gaily caparisoned, speeding over the snow, with Selina under the crimson-lined robe at his side.

I drove home—rather to the stables, whence I walked to my boarding-house. There Biddy met me.

"The letther ye was so anxious about come this artternoon," she said, and produced it, smelling of smoke, from her apron pocket. I took it joyfully, for Mr. Dondybrook began to have my entire conscience, and went with it to my room. It was grandfather's handwriting—his red seal and all; but why was it lighter than usual? Alas! I soon knew. Tearing it open I read as follows:

"APPENDALE, Pa.

"DEAR GRANDSON,—This comes hoping you are in the enjoyment of good health. Go to church regularly, and avoid balls. We are both well, but I have suffered further some heavy dispensations. Our best cow is dead; and last week a kitchen chimney fell, breaking the roof and filling the well with rubbish. It is a mercy no one was injured. As it will cost a great deal to repair them, and we have scarcely nest clothes—you have spent so much on your wardrobe—I, with regret, omit your quarterly remittance. However, next month I will send you thirty dollars at once to make amends. Write soon. Your grandmother sends her love.

"Yours, affectionately, SIMON PITCAIRN."

A great black gulf of despair and shame opened at my feet. I had cast a seat in Heaven away recently—miserable victim of circumstances that I was—I had stolen and pawned Mr. Winder's watch. What should I say—either about it or Miss Maydew? I commit suicide, or go into a cave and live in solitary misery, beating my breast, scattering ashes on my head, and crying "*mea culpa*?" Alas! even were a cave at hand Metropolitan police would ferret me out and consign me to the Tombs.

And good old grandma's heart would break, and grandfather would disown me, and my little world would look on me with scorn.

I was only nineteen, and I am not ashamed to own that I cried as a girl might when I thought of these things. At the juncture the bell rang, and I washed my face and went to dinner, for I had a fancy that any unusual conduct would bring premature detection upon my head. Selina was not there, and Mrs. Beagle informed us why.

"She's gone off somewhere with her sweet-heart," she said: "and a pretty couple they are! So glad to meet after such a long separation. Why, it's a year since they saw each other, and for all that an engagement—ever since she was fifteen. Ain't it romantic, Mr. Pitcairn?"

Romantic! Ah! I had another name for it—I, whom that girl had ruined.

I moped in the parlor a while. Then, as in any great trouble, a great gust of agony swept over me. If you have ever tested the fact, or will note it, you will know that mental or physical anguish always must come in regular pangs with so much time, more or less, between them. I wanted to stamp and rave. I could not endure my misery and what would surely come to me. I started from my seat, and went up to Thompson's room.

"Thompson," I said, "lend me your pistols."

"What for?" said Thompson.

"To shoot cats. I can't sleep for them," I said. And Thompson, with a joke about committing suicide, handed me his weapons.

Then I went up into my room, and wrote a long letter explaining what had happened, and inclosing the pawn-ticket; prayed all good and merciful Christians to believe me; directed the note to "Those who shall find my body;" and, taking the pistols, went down on the back porch, where no one ever came. There I intended to end my miserable life.

No need of great haste, the fierce, what right had he to know her name?

me. It uttered a prayer. I thought of the kind, pious old people at home. I wondered if dear little Susie would be sorry for me; if Mr. Winder and the others at the office would believe me. I wondered what heaven was like, and whether I should get there, and I listened to the church clock striking ten. I would give myself one hour of life; at eleven I would blow my brains out. I was awfully in earnest. Half the people who commit suicide do it. I fancy, with a hope of being stopped and restored to life in the very act. I did not. I would not live that hour over again for all the world could give. Eleven came at last. As the strokes died into silence I lifted the pistol to my ear, and said, solemnly: "Heaven have mercy on my sinful soul!" Then I should have fired, but a hand came on my shoulder, and dragged me backward.

Thompson had pounced upon me, other fellow-boarders were there, and Mrs. Beagle with them.

"No suicide, old fellow!" Thompson, pocketing his weapons. "She ain't worth it."

"Good fish in the sea as ever were caught," said Mrs. Beagle. "Cheer up, Mr. Pitcairn, do now!"

"Though heart-troubles are hard to bear," sighed Janson Glosk. "But I'd bleed myself to death and I'yes."

I struggled with them. I hated them for saving me. I hated more my own cowardice. I was about to kill myself for love of Selina Maydew.

I remember trying to jump over the balcony and standing naked, on a bitter winter's night, and then in bed in a darkened room with ice-water on my temples, and knew I had been ill.

I cast a glance about me. A dumpling of a figure, in a brown dress and white collar, swayed to and fro in a rocking-chair. It wore false shaps and the blackest of false hair. It was Bessie. I called her, and she came to me.

"Never mind now," she said, as she might a baby. "Of course, Miss Bessie, why not?"

"You haven't known any one for a week."

"Ah! I wish I had died and never known any one."

"Nonsense!"

"Bessie, you will know it is not nonsense soon. You don't guess what is before me."

"Oh, to get well and return to the office!"

"Never!"

She put her hips to my ear and whispered. "It's all right about the watch, Mr. Winder has it. Nobody knows any thing about where it was for twenty-four hours but me. You're safe. I couldn't let the watch's house—be disgraced, so I—arranged matters."

"Oh, Bessie, how—what—"

"Hush! I'll tell you again. I found your note. I read it while they took care of you. (I never told them what I read.) I took the watch out of the box, and twenty-seven dollars laid by for a new silk, and didn't mind lending it for the sake of—of one's house, you know. It's always been respectable."

I caught her hand and would have kissed it, but she took it away.

"God bless you," I said, "you've saved me!"

She tossed her head and put up her lip.

"Twas for every reason. I told you so. "Such a thing might do us harm, you know. Now keep quiet."

She left me, and I sank asleep praying for her.

After that I grew well rapidly, and went to my office again in a few days. But I loved her no more for the care I had taken of his valuable watch, and asked me "who the pretty little creature who brought it was—a sister—a cousin?—ah—a sweet-heart, now, Mr. Pitcairn?"

And I only blushed like a girl, and wished I had been more honest with Bessie.

But, alas! she was very cool and proud with me —never sat beside or talked to me. All her familiarity was gone now when I loved her so. It was hard to bear. For words can not tell how fond I had grown of her. At last the quarter came around, and I was able to pay Bessie her money.

I did it quite humbly and sadly, and she received the envelope with a little nod and "always pleased to oblige a friend."

"You must despise me very much," I said.

"Oh no; young men are young men, you know. I know you never intended to *steal* the watch." All spoken in such an icy tone, without a look at me.

I sat sadly looking at her. Now I had lost her I valued her. How beautiful her eyes were—so much deeper and clearer and more womanly than Miss Maydew's, whom they turned toward me —a little malice in them.

"Bessie, you know Miss Maydew is to be married to-day," I said, "to her cousin, Mr. Dondybrook?"

"Indeed!" said I.

"I am sorry to tell you ill news," said she.

"Ill news! You astonish me."

"Ah! well, we all thought you admired her, you know. Aunt told me to break it gently."

"Miss Maydew is a silly, heartless doll-baby," I said. "She is handsome, but I see no other claim in her."

"Fie!" said Bessie, "to speak so of the girl." But she looked more kindly at me.

"And even her beauty is not worth much," said I. "Give me an olive skin and brown eyes, and I never care to see a blonde."

Then she smiled outright.

"We all know little girls are prettiest," she said.

I arose and sat beside her on the sofa.

"Bessie," I said, "I can't think so. To me there is only one lovely woman in the world. Can you guess who that is?"

"How should I?" asked Bessie.

"You fool."

"Oh, I don't, Mr. Pitcairn!"

I stole my arm about her waist.

"Bessie," I said, "I love you better than my life. Can't you like me a little?"

Bessie looked down.

"Will you be my wife?" I asked, with a gasping effort.

"Your wife? It would be dangerous—you are so fickle. I'll hate a husband who cared for every new face. I don't consider myself a beauty, you know, Sir; but *he*, if I ever have one, must."

Bessie, there is nothing like you in the world to me."

"Ah, how long would it last?"

"Forever!"

"Half a day. Besides, poor Janson Glosk—"

"You don't love him, Bessie!"

"Love! It's not proper for a girl to *love* people; but I do admire his disposition—he's so constant."

"And you never can forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive, I'm sure—a gentleman has a right to admire where he pleases."

But I saw a sly, shy look in her eyes, and caught her to my breast. She struggled like a frightened bird at first, and then purred next instant upon my shoulder, and I kissed her and called her mine.

So we were married, after some waiting for interest of money, and bitter times; and I am rich now and prosperous, and she has been my wife nearly years. I will say only the other day she came to me and perfected upon my knee in her mannerly cap, put her rosy, dimpled face close to mine, and made a confession.

"Do you remember long ago, Ned, the affair of Mr. Winder's watch?"

"Can I forget it, Bessie, and from what you saved me?"

"Well, Ned, I told you then I did for the sake of aunt's boarding-house. That was all my stupid pride. I did it for love of you, for I loved you dearly all along, Ned, dearest, Ned!"

All I hadn't known it from the first. But I didn't tell her so. I only kissed her.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PERSECUTED WATCHMAN.—A man was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for simply keeping watch and ward of stolen property.

Why are woolen ships so compared with iron-clads of the female sex?—Because they're the weaker vessels.

TURF FOR ONE.—A traveler announces as a fact and though he is a "traveler," we believe him) that he once in his life bought a horse without a gentleman approached his remarkable occurrence happened as soon—the purchase being "by the horse" was passed to another gentleman.

A farmer going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbors. The poor man was much grieved when he returned, and the bag with him; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she cried out: "My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT OF A "GENTLEMAN."—Yesterday a gentleman who had hired himself a gentleman approached a young lady and took the liberties. What the poor girl said to him without it we are not cognizant of.

"TANT MIEUX," as the publican said when he watered the beer.

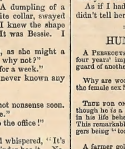
The attempt to lay the Atlantic cable has for a time terminated in failure. We have witnessed the terminations; but until they succeed in fishing the cable up again from the depths of ocean we can not hope to see the "end of it.

REASONS FOR NOT JOINING THE CHURCH.—Two lawyers in Vicksburg were overheard a short time since on the one said to the other: "I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. ——'s church next Sunday, and hear what he has to preach." "What do you think of it?" "Wouldn't do it," said the other. "Well, why?" "Why, because there is no profitable good, while it would be a great injury to the church."

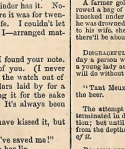
A person once prefaced his sermon with, "My friends, let us have a few remarks before we begin." This is about equal to the man who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

Sydney Smith being one day asked his opinion of a certain clergyman's sermon, replied, "Just as I chose biscuit for my lunch, I took a sermon from the pile for his congregation; but I fancy he chews all the flavor out of it: and though he may be considered easy to digest, I doubt if they get much nourishment from it."

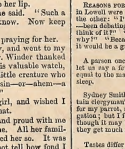
Tastes differ with regard to birds. The Indian delights in crows, but hates the thrush; some females are raven mad; gluttons are fond of cockney sparrows; people indulge in hawks; scribblers have a penchant for quills; nature cultivates the golden robin; poets adore blue pigeons and thirsty souls for robin; fast men glory in a hawk, and every husband loves his little stock of a wife.



THE TRIBUNE IN CROSSING a field came in contact with a donkey that was making "day like-ass" with his musical braying. Jimmy stood a moment in mixed wonder, but turning to Ted, who seemed to sustain comparison with the song as to himself, remarked, "I'll be a fine large ear that bird has for music, will it not? sure he's got an awful throat!"

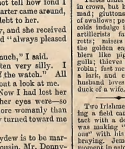


A friend remarking to Charles Lamb, at an evening party at Lady Dacre's, that Miss A—— mangled the English language out of the former reptile], "Look at her mouth, my dear fellow! How can you expect a woman with such an ill-formed mouth to utter well-formed sentences?"



"So, poor Miss Prim is dead at last, then Sloper remarked to Wilmore. "Oh yes, poor critter; she couldn't bear to hear how Dr. Squibbs was a settling up to Widow Wimpole; so she just died with grief, and sunk under it." "Poor, unfort'nate creetur!" said the old maid. "How does any one sink?"

Why is love like a duck's foot?—Because it is the webbed union under the breast.



"STEAM DEFENDER.—At a railway station an old lady said to a very pompous-looking gentleman who was talking about steam communication.—"Pray, Sir, what is steam?" "Steam, ma'am, is, ah!—steam is, ah! ah! steam is—steam!" "I know that chap couldn't tell ye," said a rough-looking fellow standing by. "But steam is a bucket of water in a tremendous perspiration."

At a recent church fair held in the vicinity of Taunton, a set of *Copper's Works* was presented to the individual who should make a certain set of conundrums. The winner received a set of wooden *pails*.

The Empress Eugenie climbed the Right on the 21st ultimo. On her return she declared herself to be Rightly tired out.

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.—A wedding breakfast was given at which a number of ladies were invited. Among the eldest being the bride, when a neighbor, a young gentleman, who was invited to attend, remarked, "I no doubt, be ought to say something smart and complimentary to the accomplished old lady." Accordingly, on his leaving he paid the price of the batch: "The countenances of the bride smartest ladies, so many in baughan, were awful.

Which are the lightest men—Scotchmen, Irishmen, or Englishmen?—In Ireland there are none of Cork; in the land men of Ayr (air); but in England, upon the Thames, all men are watermen.

In spite of all that Puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a merry-torious arrangement.

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, Sir, but such organs as you don't fill them."

A father once visited dear Charley's instructor.

Who was noted for being a stern man of vigilance.

"Why! does not the lad in consequence of his crime?"

"Because," said the master, "he's wanting in diligence."

A learned coroner being asked how he accounted for the great mortality in Paris, replied exclaimed: "I can not tell; people seem to die this year that never died before."

A Western editor was recently requested to send his prices for an advertisement, which he replied he would be glad to *trade*." At the end of the year he found that his new subscriber was a cotton factor.

TOO TRUE.

"What, Tom, you feel lonely? well, get a young wife To share all your pleasures and sweeten your life." "Why, no, not feel lonely, for such ideas are dead, They share all the pleasures—but *treble* the cares."

An unfortunate young man is searching every where for his sweet-heart, who was recently carried away by her feelings.

"YOUR FARE, MISS?"—A young lady from the rural district of Hoosierdom lately visited Chicago with her beau. Getting into a city railroad car for the first time, she took her seat, while her lover paused alongside on the platform with the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect fares, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said, "Your fare, miss?" The Hoosier rose—but allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but repeated in rather a louder tone, "Your fare, miss?" This time the pink deepened to carnation as she timidly looked up, and said, "Why, if I am *check-rein*, you hadn't ought to say it out loud above fifth!"

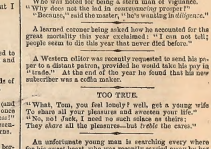
At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him *sage*.

Brings has a great faculty for getting things cheap. The other day he met a poor relation before George Tree Inn? "Where thine was," said the Quaker, "before Harry Tudor's time. Now," added the Quaker, "pray let me see thine a question—Where was Jacob going when he was turned his years of age? Learn then tell that?" "No, nor you either," said the clergyman. "Yes, I can," replied the Quaker." He was going into his eleventh year."

The Irish statute-book opens characteristically with "An Act that the King's officers may travel by and from place to another within the land of Ireland."

A wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away is the wave of a face-edged comfortable handkerchief.

If, when you are scourged, the rod is the handle of a pretty woman, kiss it religiously.



VERY INGENIOUS.

LUCY. "There now, how stupid! My new Bonnet's come from Town, and don't say which is the Front!"

JENNY. "All the better; you can wear it out both Sides."



GATHERING COTTON.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK—MUSIC ON THE LAKE.—[DRAWN BY W. W. WARD.]

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

HOW THE EARL SPED IN HIS WOOING.

It was a hurried, uncomfortable afternoon at Castletowers, and Signor Colonna's visitor had brought nothing but confusion to the house. The news was really important news to those whom it concerned; but there was nothing which Lady Castletowers disliked so much as excitement, nothing in her eyes so undignified as haste, and she was therefore not a little displeased by the sudden breaking up of her party. It was nothing to her that Garibaldi was in occupation of Palermo. It was nothing to her that an armistice had been concluded between the Neapolitan Government, or that the army would be likely to march next in the direction of Messina. She only knew that the Walkinghams and Miss Hatherton were coming to dine with her that very day; that Signor Montecucculi would make one too many at the table; and that the departure of the Colonnas immediately after dinner would spoil the evening.

In the mean while Signor Colonna was deep in consultation with the new-comer; Olimpia, assisted by one of the maids, was busily unlocking her father's books and papers; the Earl was wandering disconsolately to and fro, seeking his opportunity; and Sexton Trefalden, summoned by his swiftest thorough-bred, was galloping toward the hills, determined to leave a card there for his friend, and not to come back till the first dinner-bell should be ringing.

At four o'clock the afternoon wore on, the Earl grew tired of waiting about the drawing-rooms and staircase, and sought Olimpia in her father's private study. There he found her, not in Colonna's own den, but in the room immediately beneath it, kneeling before a huge army trunk more than half filled with pamphlets, letters, dispatches, maps, and documentary lumber of every description. Many books and papers littered the floor and table, and these the servant was busting previous to their being sorted and tied up by Miss Colonna.

"Can I be of any service?" asked the Earl, as he peeped in through the half-opened door.

Olimpia looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Are you really in want of something to do?" said she.

"Greatly."

"Then you may help to sort these papers. Among them are some dozens of my father's reports. You can arrange those according to date, and tie them up in parcels of about eighteen or twenty."

The Earl set about his task with much seeming alacrity.

"What, Monte cucculi a grudge for this," he said, presently. "Who would have thought this morning at breakfast that you would strike your tents and fly away into the ghostly realms described before night?"

"Who would have thought that we should have such glorious cause for breaking up our camp?" retorted Olimpia, with enthusiasm.

"Not me, indeed. And yet I wish the news had not traveled quite so quickly."

"Good news can not fly too fast," replied Olimpia. "I can not bring myself to trust myself to think what the next may be."

"At least, do not hope too much."

"Nay, I have despended hope enough. Hope has been for so many years a forbidden luxury that I feel as if I could not now drink of it too deeply. And things, I repeat, look so bright that I believe that the hour is come at last, and that miracles will be accomplished within the next few months."

The Earl, thinking more of his own hopes and fears at that moment than of Italy or the Italians, wished with all his heart that a miracle could be accomplished then and there for the translation of the house-maid to any convenient planet.

"I should not be surprised," continued Olimpia, "if by this time to-morrow the Garibaldi men in Messina—or that he had crossed the straits, and carried Naples by a coup de main."

"Do I," replied Castletowers, abstractedly.

And then for a few moments they were both silent. The rustle of their silence a ball rustled long and loudly in some part of the offices below.

"What ball is that?" asked the Earl, who had heard it thousands of times in the course of his house-life, and knew its import perfectly.

"It is my maid's ball, Mr. Castletowers," replied the house-maid.

"And what does it mean, then—the servants' ren?"

"Yes, my lord."

Olimpia took the Earl's little bait immediately.

"You need not mind the rest of those papers now, Jane," she said, good-naturedly. "Go down at once, and come back when you have had tea."

Whereupon the house-maid, duly grateful, left the room.

And now Lord Castletowers had only to speak. The coveted opportunity was his at last; but it was no sooner his than he lost his presence of mind, and found himself without a word to say.

Presently Olimpia looked up, and spoke again.

"How hard a thing it is," said she, "to be a woman—a mere woman! How hard to sit down tamely, day after day, listening to the echoes of the battle-field—listening and waiting!"

"I am very glad you are listening from so safe a distance."

"And I pray that that distance may soon be lessened," she retorted, quickly. "We shall undoubtedly go to Genoa in the course of the next fortnight; and if my father crosses to Sicily, I do not mean to be left behind."

"But the Mediterranean swarms with Neapolitan war-steamers!" exclaimed the Earl.

Olimpia smiled.

"Besides, of what service could you be when there? You will perhaps say that you can do hospital work; but the hospitals do not want you. Ten per cent. of our volunteers are medical men. And I will venture to say that every woman in Sicily is a willing nurse."

"I would do any work that my head or hands could be trusted to perform," said he; "if—whether it were at the desk or the bedside. Oh that I could give my blood for the cause!"

Then for the first time replied the Earl, "but women the texts that make death sweet, and the smiles that make victory worth achieving."

Olimpia's lip curled scornfully.

"Do women have noble ends at stake than women's smiles!" said she.

The Earl was in despair. Nothing that he had ever planned or fixed fancy with Miss Colonna, and all this time the minutes were slipping away—the precious minutes for which there would be no return.

"True friend to the cause as I am, Olimpia," said he, desperately, "if I were to go out, it would be as much for myself as for the sake of your country; but I hope you would not scorn my error for that reason."

Miss Colonna was taken by surprise. She had never been blind to the young man's admiration, but had so strongly discouraged it for so long, she had taken it for granted that he would not venture on a declaration. Even now, though his words could have but one possible bear on other interpretation, she determined to put the thing aside and prevent him, if possible, from speaking more plainly. And with this end in view she strategically when he called her by her name!

"Yours is almost the only word we should decline to insist on any terms, Lord Castletowers," she replied, gravely. "You are an only son, and the sole inheritor of a noble name. Your duties lie here."

"You would not think thus if I were an Italian?"

"Certainly not. I should then say that your first duty was to your country."

The Earl came a little before her, pale and earnest, and not to be turned from his purpose.

"Hear me, Olimpia," he said, passionately. "I love you, and you know it. I love you. I have loved you for more than four years. I will not ask that I have loved in vain. If I had hoped, I should not, perhaps, have kept silence so long; but I may have thought that you read my secret, and that I should be spared the more eloquently than words. I know how heavy the chances are against me—I have weighed them all, long since. I know that he who would aspire to your hand must love your Italy as if he were a son of the soil, must throw in his fortunes with her fortunes, and perceive through his devotion to her cause. I also know that the man who had done all this would only have fulfilled the barest conditions of admission which the humblest red-shirt in Garibaldi's wake would stand a better chance than himself. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly; but—"

"Do not say yet, I implore you! You say that I have duties here. It is true; and I am prepared to fulfill them to the utmost. I will sell this house and all the income on my mother for her life. All else that is mine, land, revenue, strength of body and will, personal influence, life itself, shall be Italy's. Your country shall be my country—your people my people—your God my God. Olimpia, I repeat, except that I love you? That, deeply and dearly as I love you now, I believe from my soul I shall love you better and better every day. In my eyes you will never be less young or less beautiful. Should sorrow or sickness come upon you, I will do all that man can do to console and comfort you. If you are in peril, I will die defending you. The love of my youth will be the love of my age; and I will be to you, as now, Olimpia, whether you reject or accept me, that you will be to me, the hour!"

He paused. His manner, even more than his words, had been intense and eager, and now that the passionate appeal was all poured out, he waited for his sentence.

And Olimpia? Did she listen unmoved? She never had to the end. She could not quite control the color that came and went, or the tears that would not be stayed. One by one, as he pleaded, they more earnest, they had slipped slowly over the dark lashes and down the pale cheek, and she, who had never seen her shed a tear before, believed for one wild moment that his cause was won.

Her first words undeceived him.

"I am very sorry for this, Lord Castletowers," she said; and her voice, which was a little remissive at first, became steady as she went on. "I would have given much that these words had never been spoken: for they are spoken in vain. I believe that you have sincerely, I believe that I have never been so well loved—I shall never be so well loved again: but—I can not marry you."

"You will, at least, give me a reason!"

"To what end? Do not you ought to anticipate it? Do not ask it, my lord. Nothing that I could tell, nothing that you could say, would alter my decision."

The Earl turned his face aside.

"This is cruel," he said. "I have not deserved it."

"Heaven knows that I do not mean it so," replied Olimpia, quickly. "I should be more or less than woman if I did not regret the loss of such a heart as yours."

"You have not lost it, Olimpia," he replied, brokenly. "You will never lose it. With me, once is always."

She clasped her hands together, like one in pain.

"Oh that it were not so!" she exclaimed. "Are you, then, sorry for me?"

"Bitterly—bitterly!"

"And yet you can not love me?"

Olimpia was silent.

Again the blood flushed upon him—again he broke into passionate pleading.

"I used to think once—madly, presumptuously, if you will—that you might learn to be indifferent to me as you have been for late. Was I mistaken in so thinking? Or is it possible that I have done any thing to lessen your regard? Have I ever offended you? Or pained you? Or manifested my admiration too openly?"

"Never—never."

"Then, why can never care for me? For Heaven's sake, tell me this before we part?"

Olimpia became ashy pale, and leaned upon the table as if her strength were failing her.

"Lord Castletowers," she said, slowly, "you have no right to press me thus."

"Nor have you the arrogance of my whole life is at stake? Give me but the benefit of a hope and I will be silent!"

"I can not."

The Earl put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way.

"I don't seem as if I could believe it," he said. "But—if I only knew why, perhaps it would not be so hard to bear."

Miss Colonna looked down, and for some moments neither spoke nor stirred. At length she said:

"I will tell you why, Lord Castletowers, if you must know. It is possible that I may never marry. And it is possible that I may be called upon to decide for Italy than yourself. Are you satisfied?"

The young man could not trust himself to speak. He only looked at her; and a dark expression came into his face—an expression as Olimpia had never seen it wear till that moment.

"Farewell," he said, almost imploringly, and put out her hand.

"Farewell," he replied, and, having held it for a moment coldly, drew back, disregard it gently and said no more.

She remembered afterward how cold her own hand was, and how dry and hot was the palm in which it rested.

But a few moments later and she was kneeling by her bedside in her own fur-navy chamber, silent and self-reliant no longer, but wringing her hands with a woman's passionate sorrow, and crying aloud:

"Oh that he could have looked into my heart—that he could only have known how I love him!"

CHAPTER LV.

AT ARM'S-LENGTH.

There was no superfluous guest at Lady Castletower's table after all; for Miss Colonna excused herself on the plea of severe headache, and Signor Montecucculi opportunely filled her place. But the dinner proved an effect manque, notwithstanding. The Earl, though, as host, he strove to do his best, played the part languidly, and was bitterly sad at heart. Saxon, who had come in expecting to find the Grand Canal five minutes before the dinner was served, looked weary and disappointed. Montecucculi was forever gazing at Giulio Colonna, full of Italian politics, was indisposed for conversation. And so, what with Lady Castletowers's displeasure, with that vague sense of discomfort inseparable from any kind of parting or removal, a general dreariness pervaded the table from the outset.

In the mean while Colonna, sitting at Lady Castletowers's right hand, had been entertaining the non-fulfillment of certain of his plans.

"I had hoped," he said, in a low tone, "that something would have come of it ere this."

"And I had hoped it, too, dear friend—for your sake," replied Lady Castletowers, benevolently.

"I had made certain that, knowing how unexpectedly we are called away, he would have spoken plainly ere the time for coming. Instead of his horse quite early, and has been in the saddle all day."

"That looks strange!"

"Very strange. I wish to Heaven we could have remained in Town one week longer!"

"But it is not too late to reverse your plans," Colonna shook his head.

"I can not persuade them," he said, "that I can reverse the order of the planets."

"Then leave Olimpia with me. She is not fit to go up to your children's evening."

"Thanks—I had already thought of that; but she is determined to accompany me."

To which the Countess, who was much more deeply interested in procuring Miss Hatherton's fortune for her son than in securing a wealthy bridegroom for the daughter of her friend, replied, "I am sorry, amico," and transferred her conversation to Mr. Walkingham.

But Colonna had not yet played his last card. When the ladies retired he took the vacant seat at Saxon's right hand, and said:

"Ours is an abrupt departure, Mr. Trefalden; but I trust we shall see you in London."

Saxon bowed, and murmured something about obligation and kindness.

"You are yourself returning to town, I understand, the day after to-morrow."

Saxon believed he was.

"Then you must promise to come and see us. You will find us, for at least the next fortnight, at the Portland Hotel; but after that time we shall probably be bending our steps toward Italy."

Saxon bowed again, and passed the decanter. Colonna began to see that there was something wrong.

"When friends wish to insure a meeting," said he—"and we are friends, I trust, Mr. Trefalden—their best plan is to make a definite appointment. Will you dine with us on Thursday at our hotel?"

"I am afraid—" began Saxon.

"Nay, that is an ominous beginning."

"I have been so long away from town, continued the other, making man, somewhat awkwardly, "and shall have so many claims upon my time for the next few weeks, that I fear I must make no engagements."

Giulio Colonna was utterly confounded. But yesterday, and this quiet gentleman would have grasped at any straw of invitation that might have brought him nearer to Olimpia; and now—Was he drawing off? Was he offended? He laid his hand on Saxon's arm, and, bending his most gracious smile upon him, said:

"I will not part from you thus, my dear Sir. Those who serve my country serve me; and you have been so munificent a benefactor to one cause that you have earned my your debtor for life. I will not, therefore, suffer you to drop away into the matter-ruled where acquaintanceship. I look upon you as a friend, and as a friend you must promise to break bread with me before I leave England."

Saxon would have given the best thoroughbred in his stables—nay, every horse that he possessed, in the mill pound—to escape the bargain!—only to know at that moment how the Earl had prospered in his wooing. Being ignorant, however, on this point, he made the best reply he could under the circumstances.

"I am sorry to refuse," he said, "Signor Colonna," he said, bluntly, "At all events, I will call upon you at your hotel; but until I know how I am situated with—with regard to other friends—I can say nothing more positive."

"Then I suppose I must try to be content," replied the Italian, somewhat dryly. And that Saxon Trefalden was on his guard, and holding him at arm's-length, and in his heart he cursed his advance more than ever, Giulio saw it was at work against him.

Later in the evening, when they were all come, and Lady Castletowers had retired, and Saxon remained the only guest in the house, the two young men came down to the smoking saloon—a large, comfortable room adjoining the library, and opening upon the same quiet garden.

"Well?" exclaimed Saxon, eagerly. "What speed?"

The Earl closed the door before replying; and then his answer was significant enough.

"None."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Trefalden, that the sooner that cloth is flowed we are on the high seas the better pleased I shall be. She has refused me."

Despite the claims of friendship and his own circumstances resolves Saxon's heart gave a joyous bound.

"Refused you!" he said. "On what grounds?"

The Earl threw himself into a chair.

"On patriotic grounds," he replied, gloomily. "Do you mean because you are English?"

"No; not because I am English, but because I am a man. I would have given her hand in marriage it must be to a man who can 'do more for Italy' than Garvey or myself."

"Do more for Italy!" repeated Saxon, slowly.

"Ay; did you know what she meant? Why, man, it means that Olimpia Colonna, with all her beauty, purity, and pride of birth, will some day be called upon to sell herself, wrong her husband, and sacrifice me—for her country's sake! If I were as rich as you are she would marry me. If you were to propose to her to-morrow she would marry you. If you were old, ugly, ignorant—any thing, in short, save a Bourbon or a Hapsburg—she would gladly marry you all the same. And yet she loves me!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am as certain of it as that she lives and breathes."

"Did—did she admit it?"

"No; but she could not deny it. Besides I saw it—felt it. There are times when all men are enlightened—and I was enlightened then."

Saxon was silent.

"And this is patriotism!" ejaculated Castletowers, bitterly. "I have heard it said that virtues carried to excess become vices; but till now I never believed it. Not for the Italian cause . . . I have been a true friend to it, Trefalden—a true and earnest friend, as you well know; but never—never like this!"

And he ground the words out slowly between his teeth as if he meant them.

After this they sat together with books and maps before them, planning many things, and talking far into the night.

CHAPTER LVI.

GOING TO NORWAY.

"We are going to Norway—Castletowers and I!"

The words were in Saxon's mouth all day long, and Saxon himself was living in a fever of preparation. The men at the Exechequ took a good deal of languid interest in his doings, and were lavish of advice in the matter of Norwegian travel—especially those who had never crossed

the Skager Rak in their lives. And Saxon was grateful for it all, loving every thing that every body recommended, and stocking himself in the wildest way with meat-essences, hermetically-preserved game and fish, solid soups, ship's biscuit, wines, spirits and liqueurs, fishing-tackle, wading-boots, patent tents, polyglott washing-books, Swedish and Norwegian grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies, pocket-telescopes, pocket-microscopes, pocket-revolvers, waterproof clothing, and a thousand other snares of the like nature. Then, besides all these, he ordered a couple of nautical suits, a gorgeously-log-book bound in scarlet morocco, and secured by a Chubb's lock; for Saxon had scorned to buy a ship ready-made but bought it, paid for it, christened it, and now meant to play the part of yacht owner thereof, under the due jurisdiction of a competent master.

In all this Mr. Lawrence Greatorex had made himself particularly useful and obliging, having taken the trouble to go down with Saxon to Portsmouth for the purpose of introducing him to a ship-building acquaintance who happened, luckily, to be able to help them to the very thing of which they were in search. It was a pretty boat enough, handy and graceful as an American beauty; and as her owner was anxious to sell and Saxon eager to buy, the bargain was soon concluded.

Then came the hiring of a competent master and crew, and the shipping of sea-going paraphernalia generally, which, in the trip round the Isle of Wight, and all the rest of those delightfully business-like excursions which take place on board of yachting seem so much like earnest. And throughout the whole of this time Mr. Greatorex—who, by the bye, detested sea, really grateful to his benefactor, and anxious to serve him in any way in his power, made the mysteries of a certain modest loan—posted backward and forward between London and Portsmouth, helped Saxon through innumerable commercial difficulties, and proved himself an invaluable adviser.

It was a busy time for Saxon. He had no leisure for regrets, and perhaps no overwhelming inclination to indulge in them either. What was his disappointment, after all, compared with the Earl's? A mere scratch under a deep and deadly wound. Castletowers had loved Olimpia Colonna for the long years—Saxon had been her slave for about as many weeks. Castletowers had confessed to him, in a manly, quiet way, and without the slightest semblance of affectation, that he believed he should never love any other woman—Saxon had no such conviction; but felt, on the contrary, that the best love of his life was yet to come. All these things considered, he was so grieved for his friend that he came to be almost ashamed of his own trouble—which somewhat ashamed to regard his disappointment in the light of a trouble. Castletowers had been cared for him. She had cared for nothing but his wealth; and only for that on account of Imily. Miss Hutchinson might be a fine woman in the literal truth that day when she compared him to the goose that laid the golden eggs. It was a humiliating truth; but, after all, it was not well for the goose to have escaped with only the loss of an egg or two? So Saxon tried to be philosophical, and his sorrow was further hurried on the yachting preparations with a will; and set himself to effect Olimpia's beautiful image from his heart as rapidly as possible.

At last all was ready. The yacht rode lightly at anchor in Portsmouth harbor, and nothing but her owner and master to embark; and Saxon, having made his last round of inspection and seen that every thing was in order, from the glittering swivel-gun on the foredeck to the no less brilliant pots and pans in the caboose, was speeding up to London, to spend his last evening with William Trefalden.

"Isn't she a little beauty, treatorex?" said he.

It was the first word that had been spoken since they left Portsmouth.

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear boy," replied the banker, with that engaging familiarity to which so many of the West End aristocracy had the bad taste to object; "the *Alcola* is just the tastiest and trimmest little craft that ever scudded across the sea. If she had been built for you you could not have had a better fit."

"I wonder what Castletowers will say when he sees her?"

"If he has but half the taste I give him credit for he will envy you her," replied Mr. Greatorex.

"In London?" said go down together. We hope to weigh anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"And you will be away—how long?"

"From two to three months."

Mr. Greatorex looked thoughtful, and lit a cigar.

"If I can be useful to you while you are out there, Trefalden, you know you may command me," said he. "I mean if you have any letters or shares that you want looked after, or any interest got in."

"Thank you very much," replied Saxon; "but my cousin manages all those things for me."

"Humph! And you have no other lawyer?"

"Of course not."

"Would you think it impertinent if I ask how he has disposed of your property? Understand, my dear boy, that I don't want you to tell me if you had rather not; but I should like to know that Mr. Trefalden of Chancery Lane has done the best he can for you."

"Oh, you may take that for granted," said Saxon, warmly.

"We take nothing for granted, east of Temple Bar," replied Greatorex, drily.

But of this observation his companion took no notice.

"More than half of my money was left in the Bank of England," said he, "in Government stock."

"Safe; but only three per cent.," remarked the banker.

"And the rest is invested in—in a company."

"In what company?" asked Greatorex, quickly.

"Ah, that I may not tell you. It's a secret at present."

The banker looked very grave.

"I am sorry for that," he said.

"Don't be sorry. It's a magnificent enterprise—the grandest thing of the present half century, and a certain success. You'll hear all about it before long."

"Not the South Australian diamond mines, I hope?"

"No, no."

"Did Mr. Trefalden advise the investment?"

"Yes; and has put all his own money into it as well."

"That looks as if he had some faith in it."

"He has perfect faith in it. Grim is the company's lawyer, you see, and knows all about it."

"And who are the directors?"

"Well, I believe I'm one of them," laughed Saxon.

"And the rest?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But you have met them on board-days?"

"Never. I don't think there have been any board-days yet awhile."

The banker shook his head.

"I don't like it," said he. "I tell you frankly, my dear boy, I don't like it."

"I really see no reason why you should dislike it," replied Saxon.

Mr. Greatorex smoked for some time in silence, and made no reply. After that the conversation went on in a lively, and then was talked about Norway, and salmon-fishing, and a thousand other topics connected with the trip that they should make, and the parting, on the platform of the London terminus.

"I will, upon my soul, Trefalden, that you would intrust me with the name of that company," said the banker, earnestly.

"I can not."

"It would enable me to keep an eye on your interests while you are away."

"You are very kind," replied Saxon; "but I have promised to keep the secret faithfully, and I mean to do so. Besides, I have absolute confidence in my cousin's discretion."

The City man shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"To tell you the blunt truth, my dear fellow," said he, "I would not trust William Trefalden one inch further than I could see him—and I can—don't look at me as if I were proposing to blow up the Houses of Parliament. It is a rude thing to say, I know; but I am a plain-spoken man living who is of that opinion. I don't like William Trefalden. Perhaps you will say that I have good reason for disliking him—and so I have; but that is not it. I am not speaking now from my prejudices, but through my regard for you. You did a very foolish thing when, in spite of your cousin; and I should rejoice to do something for you in return."

"Also in spite of my cousin, I suppose," replied Saxon, half in jest, and more than half in anger. "Well, I forgive you, Greatorex. You mean well, I am sure; but you can not serve me in this matter—unless by dismissing an unjust prejudice from your mind."

"Wilful man—et cetera! Well, then, Trefalden, good-by, and bon voyage."

"Good-by, Greatorex."

And so they parted.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AUTUMN has come with bright days and brighter faces. Broadway is gay with fair creatures returned from the summer-crowded watering-places. To be sure they must go to Saratoga, or Newport, or Long Branch for "the season;" but even plenty of Congress water or surf-bathing does not compensate for the discomfort of living in trunks' in a crowded hotel, and a fashionable bonnet. And now that fashion allows them to return, they accept the new opportunity with delight. Once more the closets, apartments and spacious wardrobes at home, but especially yield to the fascinations of a promenade down Broadway. One thing, however, is to be borne in mind. It is

THE EMPTIE BOSKET.—In huge crown, small brim, and straight, uncertain arm are denominated "ugly." Be sure they are a little Quakerish, and may make the young lady look like Mother Shipton. The very thing, and the "Empire" will soon be "all the rage."

But other changes will follow, as a frequent of conversation, soliloquy, and dialogue. Thus:

PLACE—*Academy of Music.* TIME—*Intermission between the acts.*

LADY IN DRAB. "How in the world are we ever going to get those horrid fat gentlemen out?"

LADY IN BLUE. "Well, now, I think they are sweet. I see such a beauty in Broadway to-day!"

LADY IN DRAB. "But our waterfall! What shall we do with that?"

LADY IN BLUE. "Ah! don't you know? the style is going to change—waterfalls are all to hang down, and look below, and the hat fits on just between the long!"

ATTENDANT (*not comprehending*). "Do you remove the waterfall altogether and pack it away until to fashion comes?"

LADY IN BLUE (*indignantly*). "You are—"

Curtain rises, and dollars fasting through the air arrest her attention.

A PRIVATE word to you, fair reader:

WHITTAKER'S SCHOOL AND ARTIFICIAL.—The discolours her hair made that the chignon designion may be had direct! If the back hair is dressed high, it is the work of art bought at the shop, and not the product and growth of the scissors; if short, and curled naturally in a thin sticking out, then it may be understood that the *coiffure* is the genuine property of those on whose head it figures.

Fitzsip up the hair a little after your waterfall is arranged, and you will never suffer from *false* imputation respecting it.

One of our fashionable hair-dressers tells this good story:

An old Quaker lady was standing at her counter one day, when a gay young girl came in to engage a headdress for the evening. She gave her order hurriedly, saying that she wanted a half dozen "curls," and a "butterfly" on top, a "circlone" or "waterfall" at the back, with plenty of "puffs," "curls," and ending with an injunction to send along any quantity of "curls," "ones," and "clusters."

"Poor child!" said the dear old lady, compassionately, looking after her as she departed. "What a pity she has lost her mind!"

Those who have a taste for the fine arts will be interested in the following fact:

Church, the artist, is said to be engaged in painting a waterfall which will be a companion piece to his Niagara way.

Nothing is more charming than to see the little home pets tastefully dressed; and good mothers are always watching for something neat and pretty.

A fine, white dress, elaborately ornamented with needlework, is really the prettiest dress a little girl can wear. Add to this a sash, with shoulder-knots of broad, rich ribbon, and fancy-colored garters, and the little lady is prepossessing in any dress.

But for everyday wear low necks and short sleeves for little girls are very pretty. High dresses are made of sacked apron, or high, gored apron and loo-necked dress-body, together with the fashionable Zouave or Garibaldi jackets, divide the honors about equally for ordinary wear, and are the most generous which formerly endangered the health of the little ones.

Apropos to the following:

SUNBURNS.—A fine-looking man of noble physique, and clad in cool drapery, and round his head, was walking, and the other day with his little three-year-old daughter—a two-forked child, with bare neck and arms, and Morocco slippers. A neighbor, meeting them, began to ask with great appearance of interest for the father's health, when:

"But I'm glad your little one does not inherit your delicate constitution."

"Feeble constitution!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, I was never sick a day in my life; while, as for my daughter, we fear she has her mother's consumptive tendencies."

"Indeed," replied his friend, with a sly twinkle of the eye, "I should have thought you meant to protect yours from the cold, while she goes bare-necked, and in pinpointed shoes. I didn't suppose you had inherited the mother's consumptive tendencies and not she."

When we ourselves luxuriate in something nice we like to eat our friends with us to enjoy the scene. The recipe we give below is not one of those untried and worthless ones which are constantly floating through the newspapers. Our method of preparing the beverage to which we allude is known to us, and we know it is, why,—your taste is different from ours. We eat it

HOME CAFÉ DAUNOISE.—Take some cold coffee, which, perchance, has been left over from breakfast, and put it with milk in proportions to suit your taste. Tea is pur or bad substitute. Then sweeten add a couple of cold boiled eggs, a table-spoonful—or more if you like—of sugar, and a little cold fat pork cut fine. Season with pepper and salt, with to serve it add some pieces of broken ice. This makes a delicious drink. We are to feel particularly thankful to and lively, it has a wonderful effect.

Speaking of refreshments, here is one of another, which is well worth considering at this time, when one must either smother under a net at night or be devoured by the soothing but ravenous mosquito. Take our composition:

TO PREVENT MOSQUITOES FROM BITING.—At this season, when mosquitoes are troublesome, a simple recipe to prevent their "penetrating their bills" may be acceptable. Take a bit of soap, a bit of cotton, a little brick, a little glue, and a little lard, and "mix" with cold water until it is reduced to a "grave jelly;" then apply with a brush to the body. The mosquitoes will fly away, and will not dare to settle on a yankee in your right hand and cut their knobs off at leisure.

Well, really, now, that does not seem so "simple" as we had supposed. We must run our pencil through that sharp enough. Here is another, which don't require a pencilsh:

To prevent mosquitoes from biting at night a physician informs us, take the tincture of pennyroyal, diluted with three-fourths alcohol, and rub on the exposed parts. Also rub on the face and your hair. This is a sure preventive against bites from mosquitoes, and will not injure the skin.

All the good books say that the sick-room is woman's special province, and counsel her to avail herself of all available means of information that she may be qualified for the doctor of nurse. The following, therefore, will be found useful:

APPLYING LEECHES.—Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? Better, no doubt."

"Oh yes! I surely," said the woman. "He is as well as ever, and gone to the field."

"I thought," muttered the doctor. "The leeches have cured him. Wonderful effect they have. You got the leeches, I suppose?"

"Oh yes! they did him a great deal of good, though he will not take them off."

"Take them off! Why, my good woman, how did you get them?"

"Oh! I managed nicely," said the wife, looking quite astonished with the doctor's surprise. "I took one half, and made a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but the second made him very sick. But when he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, "and he is quite well next morning, and to-day he is quite well."

Timply! said the doctor, with a significant shake of the head, "if they have cured him that is sufficient, but they could have been applied in a better way."

Is there any rule by which a lady may know when to speak, and when to be silent? Perhaps these items will help her decide:

FOUND AT LAST.—Not far distant from our good village there lives a man who possesses one day got in a spat, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although he was naturally inclined to be most severely rebuked for, wished to hear again the chapter of his griefs, and the circumstance made his ears tingle; but she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient which brought her to her senses. He procured a nice and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into the parlor, seized a broom, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed the destruction of chairs, tables, and bankkerchiefs, and, without thinking, screamed out, "Mercy! what in the world are you doing?"

"Nothing, only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found at last, and am going to keep it."

A very loquacious lady offered to bet her husband five dollars she would not speak a word for a week. "Done," cried the husband, who was constantly paying out his money, which the lady at once took up and put in her pocket, observing that she would receive it when she bet was decided. "Why," said the husband, "you owe it already." "And what do you owe it for?" "Why," said the lady, "you are mistaken in the time—I have not spoken a word for a month." The husband stopping the same afternoon.

Mr. Benjamin Ward, of Sedgebury Park, was one of the most active members of the Southern Independence Association, and, during the early years of the present century, of the British public the policy and justice of recognizing the independence of the Confederate States at the earliest possible moment. Those Englishmen who would themselves have liked best to be shovelmen were those most ready to sympathize with the shovelmen of the South. The following absurd parade, on the occasion of Miss Hope's marriage, may serve the class of men who the unequivocal party of sympathy:

The marriage of Miss Beresford Hope, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Mildred Beresford Hope, of Bedgebury Park, to the Hon. Hollybruton George Campbell, brother of Lord Campbell, took place at Christ Church, on Thursday, amid a vast folk full cheek-worth. The bride was attired in a robe of rich white satin and costly Brussels lace, and veil of the same. At the church door she was met by her twelve bridesmaids, who were all dressed in white grenadine trimmed with blue, and with blue wreaths. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry Harrison. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by the organist as the party left the church. Outside of the church door a large triangular crowd had been drawn up in order on each side, and scattered flowers in the path for the bride and bridegroom to walk on. There was a long ranging a merry peal as they departed. After the ceremony the company returned to Bedgebury Park, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast had been provided, at which about two hundred were present. At 4 P.M. the bride left the happy pair left for Dover, en route for Switzerland.

BISHOP QUINTARD.

REV. CHARLES TODD QUINTARD, Bishop Elect of Tennessee, the second son of ISAAC QUINTARD, Esq., was born December 22, 1824; was educated in the city of New York; practised as a clerk in the office of the late Dr. VALENTINE MOTT; and graduated in medicine at the University of New York in 1846. After practising for a year in Bellevue Hospital he was appointed one of the physicians to the New York City Dispensary, which position he held but a short time, when he removed to Georgia. Devoting himself to the study of his profession, and contributing largely to the medical literature of the day, he was, in 1851, called to the chair of Physiology and Pathological Anatomy in the Memphis Medical College, which he was afterward to Holy Orders by Bishop Otey, of Tennessee, with whom he had pursued his theological studies. Immediately on being admitted to the priesthood he was called to the rectorship of Calvary Church, Memphis, at the time the largest and most influential parish in the diocese. In 1858 he accepted the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, Nashville, where he has been during the whole of Quintard took charge of it the number of communicants was but thirty-six. In four years it had increased to about three hundred. Dr. Quintard is the author of a "Plain Treatise on Confirmation;" and also of "Prayers for Children," a high office for the use of the Episcopal Church in the South.

The consecration of Dr. QUINTARD took place at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, held a few days ago in Philadelphia.

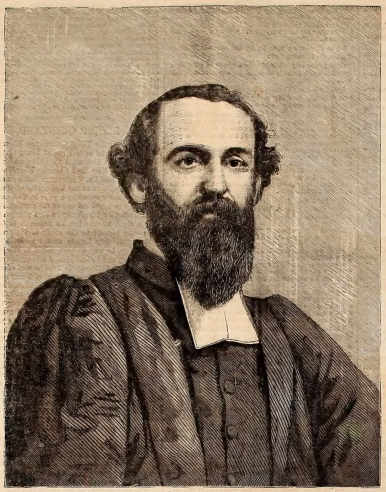
BELZORO GOLD MINE, VIRGINIA.

Much public attention has been recently drawn to the vast field of undeveloped mineral wealth existing over a large portion of the surface of Virginia, in gold, silver, tin, copper, and almost every variety of material known to the mineralogist. But in no one instance has the true of what is not only announced by recent explorers as covering under their own observation, but which is gravely asserted by scientific geologists and mineralogists respecting the mineral resources of the Old Dominion, than is the claim of the Belzoro Gold Mine to an amount of enigmatical to speedily become one of the most prosperous States of the Union.

Among various other mines of great importance that have come under his notice, our artist has selected for illustration the property of the Belzoro Gold, in Goochland County, a representation of which will be found elsewhere. In the entire belt of richness known to extend, in an unbroken line, from the border of Maryland to the southwestern extremity of North Carolina, and running parallel with the Alphaian range of five hundred miles in length, there is perhaps no single spot more replete with mineral wealth than Belzoro. Since the mine has been actually found and done upon it, than from all those investable signs respecting which no true mineralogist or geologist can for a moment err.

This place, which doubtless derived its name from *Bel Ore* (fine gold), bears every proof of high antiquity, and in the chamber of the mine itself, fully understood at some very remote period. Crucibles, in the rude shape of an acorn, and evidently used for the melting of precious metals, have frequently been discovered there, but of what age no one has been able to form the least idea. The mine itself was first discovered there, by surface-washing, in 1832. It then belonged to Mr. WM. SOTHWORTH and gold was obtained in small quantities until 1858, when it was purchased by its present proprietor Mr. GEORGE FRIEND, who has been working it ever since. Discovery follows ever shaft that is sunk, and the discovered rests vein, varying in width from 2 ft. 6 inches to 60 feet, in which the whole mine is now being worked. There is one hill of thirty acres, on which nearly every square foot of rare surface can pay well for washing. As much or more has been obtained from one crushing-machine only, and 61 per day frequently from six ordinary stamps. Nuggets of pure gold weighing from 4 to 7 pennyweights (dollars) have been frequently found in this property, which contains also copper, lead, and iron in abundance, several hundred tons of which these ores having been found there. The lead-vein compound is rich in gold, and is very productive in very heavy timber. It has abundant waterpower, and abounds in creeks and branch flats, different of which well repay surface-washing.

Our view shows one of the many large excavations that have been made on the property, but as usual throughout Virginia—never extending, as in other mining regions, into the main rock, where the true wealth of a mine really begins. It was near this spot that the proprietor, a few months ago, very nearly lost his life by the falling-in of a large portion of rock while he was pursuing his accidental explorations. Although severely hurt, it is a mat-



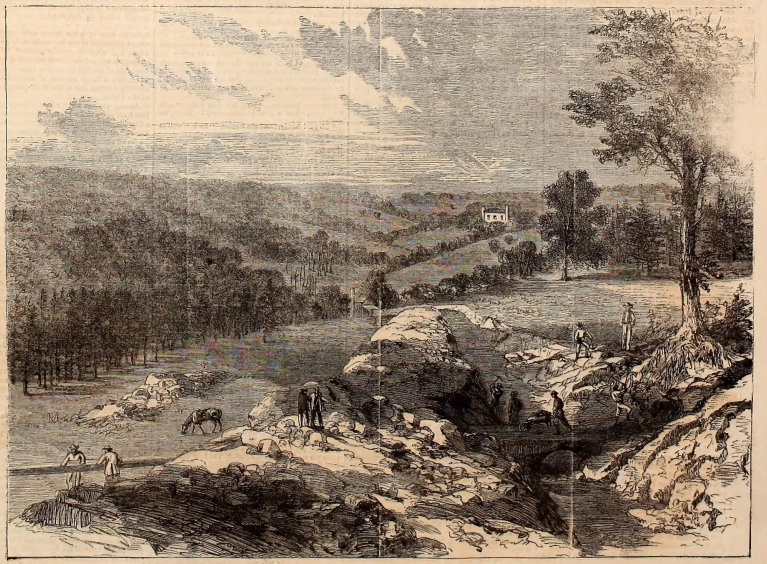
BISHOP QUINTARD OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 651.]



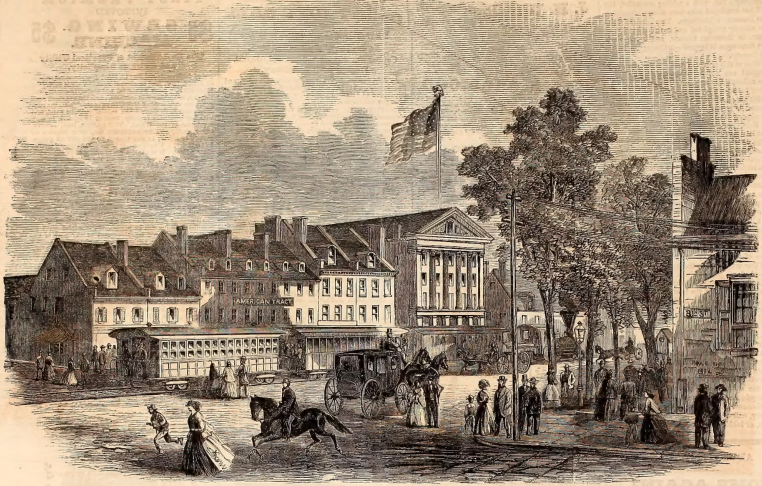
THE LATE CAPTAIN CHARLES H. MARSHALL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ter of public rejoicing that his estimable and valuable life was spared, for he is confessedly the most practical and experienced geologist and mineralogist in the State of Virginia, having for more than thirty years followed the footsteps of his renowned and deceased father, GEORGE FISHER, in exploring almost every square mile of its surface.

Belzoro Mine is not only rich in itself, but is surrounded by mineral wealth; the adjoining gold mines—known as the "Marks" and the "Collins"—being well known to abound in equally rich treasures, the same vein of which is evidently running through them all. The "Belzoro" and "Marks," which confront each other, and are only divided by the White Hall Road, are situated only seven miles from Columbia, on the James River Canal, the great artery for conveying the treasures of these mines to the commercial world. Few spots in the State of Virginia are more worthy of scientific investigation or the attention of capitalists.



THE BELZORO GOLD MINE, IN GOOCHLAND COUNTY, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]



THE RICHMOND, FREDERICKSBURG, AND POTOMAC RAILROAD, VIRGINIA—TRAIN STARTING OUT FROM RICHMOND.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

THE RICHMOND AND POTOMAC RAILROAD.

ONE of the busiest and most significant scenes in the daily life of Richmond is the arrival or departure of the trains to and from Washington, at the Dépôt of the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.

As this railroad runs mainly through many of the great battle-fields of Virginia it was necessarily left in a most ruinous condition at the completion of the war; but, owing to the great energy display ed in its repairs, it is now all but completed between Richmond and Washington, and most probably will be before these words are in print. No fewer than eleven bridges have been entirely rebuilt during the past two or three months, and over eleven miles of track relaid, besides the restoring of the wharf at Aquia Creek. The dépôts, which were nearly all destroyed, have also to be rebuilt.

There are at present three trains leaving Richmond daily—two through trains to Washington, and one accommodation train. Both traffic and traveling are increasing daily to an enormous extent; and, with the inducements being daily offered to immigration, we may naturally look forward to a very large business on this road.

One good thing may be said of this railroad in these days of railway murders, and that is, that although it has been in active operation for twenty-seven years, not a single person has ever been killed or maimed upon it. This speaks well for all employed upon it, and for its Superintendent, Captain SAMUEL RUTH, who has been connected with it for nearly twenty-five years. Not only is this gentleman highly prized for his most affable manners by all the traveling public, but he has ever been a strong Unionist, and, indeed, for conscience' sake, had a taste of Libby hospitality.

THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL.

THE James River and Kanawha Canal is one of the most important features in the commercial life of Richmond. This great work was the enterprise of a Company known as the James River and Kana-



THE JAMES RIVER AND KANAWHA CANAL, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

wha Company; but, with a trifling exception, the means it has employed have been almost altogether from the Treasury of the State. Two hundred miles of it are already completed and in full operation to Buchanan, in Botetourt County, and much more has been done upon it beyond—to Covington, in Alleghany County.

The value of this artery of traffic to the commerce of Richmond can not be overstated. It divides with the railroad all the passengers and merchandise passing between Richmond and the West. A trip on this canal, when the weather is not oppressively warm, is exceedingly agreeable to those afflicted or desirous of a change of scene and hot harried for time. It affords one the opportunity of resting, at leisure, many places of historical and local fit by, like some phantasmagoria, in the whirl and speed of railway traveling.

The value of this canal hitherto is nothing to what it is rapidly destined to prove when the enormous mineral wealth of Virginia (just now beginning to excite attention) shall have drawn to it the enterprise and energinion which it is destined to call into play. The gold, copper, coal, and other valuable materials to be found in Goochland, Buckingham, Fluvanna, Amherst, and other counties immediately bordering it, here find their principal outlet to the commercial world; and even the present year may see a larger amount of wealth, dug from the bowels of the earth, passing along the lovely surface of this conduit than the most sanguine have yet dreamed of.

Our artist has represented the scene at the Packet office on the departure of the boat which leaves on alternate days at five o'clock in the morning. It is a busy and characteristic scene, quite peculiar to the city of Richmond.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitations, even to *the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOME AGAIN!

DR. B. C. PERRY

Takes great pleasure in announcing to his patients and the public generally that on and after MONDAY, October 2, he can be found at his office, 49 Bond Street, New York, where he is prepared to treat successfully all diseases of the throat, loss of hair, and premature blanching of the waste, moles, and wens effectually removed. No charge for consultation.

Envelopes and Writing-Paper.

Double extra first-class Note-Paper, $4 a ream.
White Envelopes to match, $6 a thousand.
Super extra Blue Letter Envelopes, $4 a thousand.
Send free of carriage to any part of the U. S. on receipt of the price. Money not to be had all day. Catalogues sent per and envelope. Samples sent by mail on receipt of stamps to pay postage.
HASKINS & CO., 56 Beekman St., New York.

AMERICAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH.

The most novel and useful invention of the age. Constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to keep correct time with greater accuracy than the most expensive gold or silver repeater, while the key price is but a solid piece is visible to the naked eye. It is emphatically THE TIMEPIECE for the million. Neat, compact, and warranted perfectly correct in every respect out of order. No one should be without it. Price, only $1 each. Sent by mail in gold or silver. $1 25 will be by mail prepaid to any part of the world. CAUTION.—This invention is the sole property of the undersigned, and all infringements of its rights are cautioned against buying or offering for sale all spurious articles under the name of AMERICAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER.
MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Troy, N. Y.

Pile Remedy

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Coughs

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption and all affections of the throat and lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

SAFETY LAMP.

No smoke, no chimney. Portable; not dangerous; free from smell; and has all the advantages of gas without its expense. A great Light, all for a penny, for six hours. Send for full description. For sale, wholesale and retail, by the Lig-re-ine Fluid and Lamp Company, 12 Gold st.

SOMETHING NEW,

Of Interest to all. Indian three Red Stamps, and send for Circular, to H. S. GIDLEY, 66 John Street, New York.

Adventures of Jeff Davis. A most comical book. Sells at sight wherever shown. Only 25c., 10 for $1, sent free. Address HASTIE & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

Savage & Company,
Manufacturers of Lasterers and Burners, 703 Greenwich Street, New York. Fifty varieties of the latest Improved Kerosene Oil Lanterns; also Fixtures of all kinds for Gas Fitting and Coal Oil Lamps. Agents wanted in every town. Send for circular.
SAVAGE & CO., 703 Greenwich St., New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELRY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELRY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, &c., &c., &c.

Worth $500,000,

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to choice, and not to be paid for until you have seen what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular, containing full list and particulars; also our Golden Rules, which we want in every Engineer and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
No. 335 Broadway, New York.

DON'T BE FOOLISH.

You can make Six Dollars from Fifty Cents. Call and see us, or send 50 cents and we will send you by return mail a sample cost free by mail for 50c. that retails easily for $6.
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RELIEF GUARANTEED IN TEN MINUTES, and a *permanent cure* in three days, by the use of "UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from *six to twenty years' standing* have been cured by using this remedy. Sent by postpaid to any address by S. C. UPHAM, 35 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Circulars free.

1,000,000 Purchasers Wanted. Articles by mail; cost 10 cents; sell for $1; sample free. Send your address. W. C. WEMMS, 675 Broadway, New York.

$25 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED to sell a new and wonderful SEWING MACHINE, the only cheap one licensed. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

$90 A MONTH. AGENTS WANTED for six entirely new articles, just out. Address O. T. GAREY, City Building, Biddeford, Maine.

WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES

Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. Swigart's

RESTORATIVE CAPILLAIRE.

The most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the Beard and Hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by many of the Actors and Ladies with the most flattering success.

Sent to all purchasers will be registered, and if entire satisfaction is not given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price, by mail, securely packed, $1. Address, descriptive circulars and testimonials mailed free.

BERGER, SHULTZ & CO., CHEMISTS,
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BEAUTY!

Auburn, Golden, Flaxen, and Silken Curls produced by the use of Prof. De Brock's

CRESCENTER LE CHEVEUX.

One application warranted to curl the most straight and lustreless hair of either sex in every instance, and by every massive curls. Has been used by the fashionables of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Does no injury to the hair. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1 per bottle. Circulars and testimonials mailed free.

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THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

They have the Reversible Feed Motion.
They have a perfect self-adjusting Shuttle Tension.
They make beautiful, elastic, and reversible stitches on one and the same machine.
They have many advantages over all others.
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$1. Whiskers. $1.

For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid; the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon a smoothest face in 3 weeks, or upon bald heads in 6 weeks, without injury to the skin, or no charge. Remember this, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address F. L. SMITH, P. O. Box 218, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

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Capital.....$1,000,000.

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An immense stock of Pianos, Watches, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods will be sold for FIFTY DOLLARS each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you see what you will receive.

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On receipt of a Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to pay the dollar and take it or not. Any article you choose may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, Piano, Sewing Machine, or any kind of Jewelry or set for, for $1; and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no Blanks. Address

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AN ELEGANT SOLID GOLD *engraved double-case watch.* Fine timekeeper. Gold locket, vest chain, key, &c., to match, $100. Sample, $8. Sent C. O. D.
FINE SILVER HUNTING-CASE GOLD-PLATED WATCHES. Fancy styles. Engraved or plain cases. For case of 6, $60. Sample, $12.
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FINE SILVER HUNTING AND HUNTING-LEVERS. Superior, jeweled, &c. For case of 6, $90. Samples, $20.
EXCELLENT DETECTIVE WATCHES. Fancy movements. Extra silver hunting-case, large jewels. Warranted. For case of 6, $100. Sample, $20.
THE CELEBRATED IMPERIAL WATCH, *a stem, hard, and fine timekeeper*, with improved cases, centre, and chain-case attachment. *Incidentals of a $200 gold watch.* For case of 6, $72. Sample, $15.
Fine gold and silver watches of every description. Catalogues and Price Lists sent free. DETECTIVE Inspector, 165 Nassau St., New York. (Established 1858.)

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The above Presses are in good working order, and are offered for sale in consequence of the increased circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY requiring the use of a "New Press." Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS,
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"The West Indian Hair Curler."

Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or wavy measure curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address THE HENDERTON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
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Pure Concentrated Potash,

OR READY SOAP MAKER.

Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other superfine for sale in the market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 5 pounds, and 12 pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Soft and Hard Soap in from 10 minutes to 2 hours. 1 gallon of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Cans must be full and the contents warranted to be strictly
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61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

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IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Extreme Simplicity.

Originally patented May 31, 1864. Improvements patented June 9, 1865. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most wonderful and simple little machine, constructed on the principle of the Elias Howe machine, and makes a stitch even with reverse of motion of feed. Makes the running-stitch more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extreme rapidity, making 16 stitches to each revolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, BRAID, STITCH, and DO EVERYTHING that can be done by any machine of double the price. Range of work, or change of stitch; is NOT LIABLE TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a LIFETIME. It is so *different* from every *other patent*. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all who have examined it, and of those who have used it.

"For the domestic circle it is invaluable: for the household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*Independent.*

"With simple or double thread, making it strong and stitch, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand-sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

All persons who buy or offer for sale imitations of this genuine Machine will be prosecuted for infringement on the patents. Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing full information, sent free.

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GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the least money in the World. Johnson Pen.—warranted for one year. Gold Pens. Also, every variety of Pen-holders on hand. Pens repointed on receipt of 25c. per pen, or by mail. Send for Circular. E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York.

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Was the only "Preparation for Food from Indian Corn"

That received a medal and honorable mention from the Royal Commissioners at the great International Exhibition, London, 1862. Baker Building, Canal, Corner, Blanc Mange, &c., without isinglass, with few or no eggs. It is also excellent for thickening starch soups, gravies for fish and meats, soups, &c. For ice-cream nothing can compare with it. For up in one pound packages, under the trade-mark "Maizena," with directions for use. A most delicious food for infants and invalids, and healthy for all ages. For sale by Grocers and Druggists every where. Wholesale Depot, 166 Fulton Street, New York.
WM. DURYEA, General Agent.

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body by the use of Dr. Pierre's *Poudre Subtile*. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of $1. Address DR. PIERRE & CO., 49 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

Freckles, Tan, and Pimples

REMOVED AT ONCE BY THE USE OF UPHAM'S FRECKLE, TAN, AND PIMPLE REMEDY. Sent by mail to any address for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 35 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

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One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into wavy ringlets of the most elastic description, sent prepaid, on receipt of $1. Address
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Priced and illustrated Catalogues sent gratis.

SHULTS' CURLIQUE. For curling the Hair. Price by mail 50 cents. Warranted. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Shults' Onguent. warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Price by mail, 50 cts. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

$200 PER MONTH. The very best chance ever offered to Agents. No humbug or risk. Full particulars sent free. Address M. M. SANBORN, Dresden Falls, N. Y.

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The only one that can be used in a small vessel or bowl without loss from one egg to any required number. All others require a large vessel attached to waste the contents, or needs only to be held in the hand. Will do the work thoroughly in less than a minute. Durable, simple, and cheap. Warranted to give satisfaction. For sale by all leading furnishing and hardware stores. Sample by mail, for 30 cts. Circulars free. Agents wanted. E. K. ASHLEY, Sole Manufr., Office 92 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Box 5067 P.O.

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HARTMAN'S PATENT ELASTIC RUBBER CRUTCHES are pronounced by surgeons, medical men, and every body else to be the most perfect ever invented. They relieve all concussion, they prevent paralysis of the nerves, and by their elasticity they are easy to the most sensitive. For sale by druggists. GEORGE W. LOVELL, 59 Jay st., No. 4074 Broadway, New York.

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LIFE SYRUP,

COMPOSED OF

IODIDE POTASSIUM,

WITH THE COMPOUND CONCENTRATED FLUID EXTRACT OF VALUABLE MEDICINAL ROOTS AND HERBS.

PREPARED BY

WILLIAM H. GREGG, M.D.,

Graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, formerly Assistant Physician in the Blackwell's Island Hospitals, late Medical Inspector of the New York State Volunteer Depots, under Governor Edwin D. Morgan.

Constitution Life Syrup

HAS PRODUCED A REVOLUTION IN MEDICINE.

What may seem almost incredible is that many diseases hitherto considered hopelessly incurable are frequently cured in a few days or weeks; and we cheerfully invite the investigations of the most learned and scientific to cases which have no parallel in the present day.

During the past few years we have combined with obstacles, and overcome opposition, as herculean as were ever encountered by any reformers.

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Some say, "Your cures are too quick," while others doubt their permanency, and think that disease can only be cured by the "slow, recuperative process of Nature."

This is our reply: Nature is Divine, and has a well-balanced scale, is in a state of Equilibrium. But when, from any cause, down goes one side of the scale, we have the effects of disease. What is requisite is to restore the normal balance of the scale.

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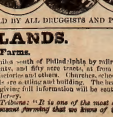
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

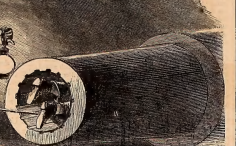
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DR. MUDD'S ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM DRY TORTUGAS.

WHEN DR. MUDD, one of the conspirators to assassinate President LINCOLN, was carried to the Dry Tortugas, he gave the Government officers due notice that he should escape if possible. He was allowed great liberties, and on the 25th ult. he made an attempt to escape by concealing himself in a cannon on the steamer *Thomas A. Scott*, which was lying at the wharf, waiting for the embarkation of the One Hundred and Sixty-first New York Volunteers. Information was immediately given, and after a careful search Lieutenant ARTHUR G. TAPPAN discovered the Doctor in the position indicated by our artist, who was one of the passengers on the steamer *Scott*.



LIEUT. TAPPAN DISCOVERING DR. MUDD IN THE HOLD OF THE STEAMER "THOMAS A. SCOTT."
[SKETCHED BY A FELLOW-PASSENGER ON BOARD THE "SCOTT."]

THE WIRZ TRIAL.

We give on this page an illustration of the WIRZ trial going on at Washington, which portrays a more interesting phase of the trial than a former engraving printed in the last week relating to that subject. As our readers know, Captain WIRZ has during the progress of the trial become quite ill, so that on some days the Commission were under the necessity of adjourning; and when he has been well enough to be present, his indisposition has compelled him to recline on a lounge. "Captain WIRZ," says our artist, "keeps in the position represented in the sketch all day long, excepting when he clutches his bottle of stimulants, or when he is led to his cell by the officer of the guard."

The case for the prosecution has been closed, and the case for the defense is progressing very slowly indeed. The facts which have been sworn to by the witnesses for the prosecution can not be disputed; the only question to be settled is one regarding WIRZ's responsibility for his diabolical acts. In any case, a stain rests upon the military record of the late rebellion which neither tears nor repentance can quite wash out. Andersonville forms an important chapter in the history of the war.

AMERICAN UNION COMMISSION.

We publish an engraving on page 661, illustrating the celebration of the last Fourth of July at Richmond by the American Union Commission. The tent of the Commission was spread upon the park surrounding the State buildings. It was a great day for the colored population of the city of Richmond, who had never had an Independence Day before.

The American Union Commission is the continuation, in some sort, of the Christian Commission, and is an organization entirely independent of the Freedmen's Bureau or the Freedmen's Society. Its purpose is to aid and co-operate with the people in those portions of the South which have been desolated and impoverished by the war, in the restoration of their civil and social condition upon the basis of industry, education, freedom, and Christian morality. In the prosecution of this purpose it contemplates the relief of poverty and distress, the encouragement of a healthful emigration, and of a patriotic devotion to the Union.

The Commission recognizes no distinctions of caste or color. It includes leading men of all denominations in its organization. It embraces Commissions organized in the cities of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, Nashville, Richmond, and other points united in one national board. It has the sanction of the National Government, and receives transportation and other facilities from the War Department.

The labors of the Commission at Richmond alone may be stated as follows: ninety thousand rations of flour have been distributed, seventy-five thousand rations of soup, eight thousand papers of garden seeds, and one hundred and fifty farming implements. Besides these, many delicacies have been given to the sick, for whom tea has been procured also careful medical attendance. Two hundred and fifty children have been supplied with school instruction, and thousands of books and papers have been gratuitously distributed. At other points in the South the Commission can show a record which will commend it to every philanthropist.



TRIAL OF CAPTAIN WIRZ, THE ANDERSONVILLE JAILER, IN THE COURT OF CLAIMS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. HAVINDEN.]

POOR HUMANITY.

Is purple robe and jeweled crown
The great king sits in regal state,
And if he smile or if he frown
A hundred noble lords who wait
How at his throne; yet what is he,
In spite of royal robe or crown,
In spite of kingly smile or frown,
But part of poor humanity!

Outside the palace gate there stands
A beggar, with a face of woe,
Who, clad in rags, with outstretched hands,
Asks alms of those that come and go—
A brother of the king is he,
A common Father both may claim,
That God our weak lips may not name,
Who pities poor humanity.

See in the careless crowds that pass
Along the city's busy street,
The rich and poor; there, too, also!
Both shame and modest virtue meet;
Brothers and sisters all are we,
Whatever is our worldly lot,
It matters not by whom begot—
A part of poor humanity!

The rich man sipping costly wine
Whate'er the foolish worldling thinks,
Is linked with him who from the vine
Crushes the juice the other drinks;
Though nursed in easy luxury, he
May scorn the laborer in his heart,
Forgetful that each drop a part
Of that poor thing humanity!

Up yonder crazy stairs dwells one
Who toils through all the livelong day,
Toils till her weary work is done
To give the husband wolf away—
A sister, wan and pale, is she,
To her, that other, young and fair,
Who risked ruin with stylish pair,
A part of poor humanity!

Great Heaven, look kindly from above
On us the children of Thy care,
And fill our selfish hearts with love,
Be ever this earnest prayer—
Oh give us grace that we may see
The faults that every virtue mar,
And strength to hide in life that are
The lot of poor humanity!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

STATE OF FEELING AT THE SOUTH.

THAT the people of the United States may decide wisely whether the exclusive control of the late rebel States may be immediately and safely surrendered to the late rebel population of those States, it is essential to know the prevailing sentiment of that population. This can not be too constantly and widely spread before the country. And let us look at it a little.

In Mississippi an unpardoned rebel, General HUMPHREYS, has just been elected Governor by the "Union" voters, and Governor SHARKEY loses his popularity and his chance of election to the Senate, because he favors giving the colored people the right to testify, and the late candidates for the Legislature have been defeated upon the same ground. Of the general feeling in the State of Mississippi General SHERMAN'S order of August 24 very fully informs us. On that date he thought it extremely dangerous to the public peace to allow the arming of the late rebel citizens as militia. They are, however, arming, and they refuse to organize under the United States flag. Meanwhile the state of things described by General SLOCUM continues. The colored people are daily murdered and Union men maltreated, and nobody is punished or arrested.

In Louisiana the Democratic Convention resolves that the Government was made exclusively for white men, that rebels ought to be paid for their emancipated slaves, and that there should be a general amnesty and repeal of confiscation laws. It is not surprising, therefore, as we are told by a gentleman from Louisiana, who is neither "a radical" nor "a Jacobin," that the continuance of the national hold upon that State is absolutely essential to the public peace and personal safety of Union men. His statement is confirmed by the letter of a prominent citizen of New Orleans to a Western paper, that "no Union man, that is to say, no man approving the war for the salvation of the country is safe in this State."

From the same private information is of the same kind. "Withdraw your troops," said in our office within a few days the editor of a Union paper in that State, a man faithful through the war, "and we white Union men will swing within the next hour." Another Georgian informs us that he has been twice shot at for his known Unionism.

In Alabama the reorganizing Convention refuses to submit the new Constitution for the approval of the people; and from a total population of 964,000 excludes 437,000 from any computation in the basis of representation.

In South Carolina the ordinance of secession is simply repealed, leaving it lawful to renew it when the State chooses, and out of a total population of 730,000 there are 412,000 excluded from computation in the basis of representation.

From Alabama a correspondent in Mobile, a native and life-long resident of the city, writes us:

"I know well who the few loyal men were here during the war, and how bitterly and relentlessly they were persecuted by the citizens and military authorities. Provost Marshals, Major W. H. KEYCUTS and H. G. HOWARDS. The secessionists now say, 'Let us bury the past!' They send as delegates to Washington, and are received with favor; the leading men are coming back daily into position—get with the military—visit the military—request the President to order it from the country, and the people govern themselves, and are preparing to commence their reign of terror once more. The reports about Wirz had not all burning. I have sat ahead of two really loyal meetings in the State—one at Decatur, Alabama, on the 3d June; and one at this city on 4th June,——. The various offices here, even under the General Government, are full of bitter rebels, and they openly boast of their Confederate republican. If you attempt to stop any of the national airs you are shunned. Very few of the steamboats will carry the flag; the latter will not walk under the head-quarters flag, but leave the sidewalk and walk in the street. In the street cars loyal men are openly demeaned, which makes it very unpleasant for their families. In fact, the criterion the Mobilians use to judge any one is—What did he do in the Confederate cause? and those who did most are the most thought of. The sovereign people say that they have been 'sold and sacrificed' into the war should not be trusted in office now. This accounts for the many of the Yankees who have settled to the State Convention. Mr. L. made a celebrated 'Black Flag' speech in this city a few days before Spanish Fort was taken. The papers refuse to publish any favorable article showing up the disgraceful conduct of the rebel leaders here during the past three years. When the *Daily News* started here it contained loyal articles, but the editor soon saw that such a course would ruin it for a Mobile paper, and has lately been publishing such articles that Major-General CANBY has ordered suppressed, or suppress his paper. Unfortunately General GARRARD was ordered away from this post, and the authorities now seem to encourage rebel and rebels with confidence. We have no idea of the tyranny that has existed here. Every man from seventeen to fifty was impressed and forcibly enrolled in the army, and on the slightest emergency every body who could escape was forced into the trenches or to do guard duty in the city."

It is into such hands that General SLOCUM and the Democratic party are anxious that the Government of the United States should, within thirty days, resign the authority it now holds in the late rebel States. It seems to us that General SLOCUM and his party entertain very little respect for the common-sense of the American people.

GENERAL SLOCUM AT VISSBURG AND SYRACUSE.

On the 24th of August of this year General SLOCUM issued an elaborate order in the State of Mississippi, of which he was military commander. Governor SHARKEY had invited the President of the State to form militia companies, and the order of General SLOCUM countermanded it. In his speech the General says that he merely acted in accordance with the Act Department. But he forgets that the very terms of his elaborate order show that it was not a "mere" obedience to superior command; it was an elaborate argument and conclusive statement of reasons why such a course was unwise and perilous.

General SLOCUM'S order was the one whom Governor SHARKEY invited to arm are "that class of men who have as yet scarcely laid down the arms with which they have been opposing our Government." He adds:

"To permit the young men who so distinguished themselves to be armed and organized independently of United States authority, would be to invite a class of men them to operate in counties now garrisoned by colored troops, and, as many of them are known to be, with a prejudice against those troops, and against the execution of order related to their interests, to have a powerful advantage in the event of any collision at once, and increase in a tenfold degree the difficulties that now beset the people."

That there may be no misapprehension as to the exact condition of affairs in the State, of which by military command he was thoroughly informed, General SLOCUM continues:

"It is a remarkable fact that most of the outrages have been committed against Northern men, unconnected with planters, and colored people. Southern citizens have been hunted by these outlaws, but at once released and informed that they have been stopped by mistake. And these outrages have refused to give information as to the parties by whom they were committed, although frankly acknowledging that they knew them."

The General then says that Governor SHARKEY agrees that the Government is receiving *information to the United States military authorities which will lead to the detection of these outlaws.*" Yet the Governor asks to arm those very people. General SLOCUM thereupon says:

"A better plan will be to *disarm* all such citizens, and make it for their interest to aid those who have been sent here to restore order and preserve peace."

Here is a vivid and warning picture of the condition of affairs in the State of Mississippi, both as regards the spirit of the population and their treatment of the colored men who were the only considerable body of Unionists in the State. No correspondent has made or could make so strong an argument for the necessity of the maintenance of the United States armed authority in that State. Has this "state of condition changed suddenly within six weeks? Because the State Convention has not done any body imagine that the population are better affected toward the National Government? Yet on the 24th of October General SLOCUM, having in the mean time resigned his commission as an officer of the United States and become HORATIO SEYMOUR'S candidate for Secretary of State in New York, says in Syracuse:

"I most heartily approve the removal of the troops from that State [of Mississippi], and I most earnestly hope that within thirty days every soldier now on duty there will be withdrawn, and that all the people to the end to interfere with her local affairs will cease. Now that the State has adopted a constitution which does not recognize slavery, I would confide to the sentiment of all questions likely to arise as to the means of supporting and controlling the freedmen."

Why is General SLOCUM ready on the 24 of October to do what on the 24th of August he solemnly said "would bring about a collision at once, and increase in a tenfold degree the difficulties that now beset the people?" Why is he willing to wink at outrages "against Northern men, Government couriers, and colored people?"

The reason is plain and painful. It is because General SLOCUM is now the candidate of JOHN A. GREEN, of the New York *Daily News*, of every haughty unrepentant rebel in the unorganized States, and of every one of those people who denounce Union men as "outlaws" and "villains" on the 24th of August.

These are the men who built and supported the Chicago platform last year. They cried out for surrender to this rebellious spirit then. They demand the same surrender now. Do the people of the North trust this spirit? Has there ever been any more this year than the last? Does it occur to General SLOCUM that he invites a doubt whether his patriotism is not measured by his ambition, when he thus deserts the Union men who shared his fidelity during the war and joins a party which seeks to put the rebel States entirely into the hands of those whom he would not permit to be armed because he did not believe them to be truly loyal?

STALE SMALL BEER.

IN the report of a speech made a few days since in Albany by Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN we find this sentence: "By the unjust war waged against the Southern governments the basis has been overthrown and slavery abolished."

Mr. VAN BUREN steals his thunder. The Democratic Peace Convention at Syracuse in August, 1864, in the same spirit called it "a bloody and relentless war for the avowed purpose of exterminating eight millions of freemen from the homes of their fathers."

The Ashland *Union*, a Democratic paper in Ohio, expressed Mr. VAN BUREN'S sentiment more vigorously: "The black Republicans began this war. You have carried it on for two years. You have sent your kith and kin from South to devastate the country, and what have you done? You have not conquered the South; you never can conquer it."

So Mr. VAN BUREN'S worthy co-laborer in the defamation of the loyal masses of the country, Mr. HENRY WINTER DAVIS, said at Chicago in ratifying Mr. VAN BUREN'S platform and candidate for the Presidency: "Ever since the usurper, traitor, and tyrant had occupied the Presidential chair the Republican party has shouted war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt."

The Albany *Argus* denounced the first call for the President of 75,000 men as a "usurpation."

Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN'S friend, HORATIO SEYMOUR, for whose election, in 1862, Mr. VAN BUREN worked so zealously, said in February of the previous year: "No one is mad enough to propose a division of the Southern territory." He added that the war would "prove ruinous to the North and develop the resources of the South."

Mr. VAN BUREN rehashes these stale Copperhead sneers and furies for service in the present campaign of the Democratic party. They are merely foolish now. But when they were fresh and threatening, and Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN was trying to persuade the country to submit to determined rebels, the wayward sisters go, ANDREW JOHNSON said in the Senate of the United States, not that the war was "unjust," but that politicians of "the Seward stripe" were responsible for it, but, "When we look all around, we see how the Governors of the different States have been involved in this conspiracy—the most stupendous and gigantic conspiracy that was ever formed, and as corrupt and as foul as that attempted by CATILINE in the days of Rome. We know it to be so....." The time has arrived when we should show to the nations of the earth that we are a nation capable of preserving our existence, and give them evidence that we will do it.....If for the prosecution of this war in behalf of the Government and the Constitution it is necessary to cleanse and purify the banner, I say let it be baptized in fire from the sun and bathed in a nation's blood."

The ring of gold is very different from that of copper.

RIGHTS OF STATES AND OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE "sacred rights of States" are constantly pleaded by those who have steadily excused the rebellion and denounced the Government, as if any State where rebellion has been suppressed by force of arms had any rights whatever but such as the National Government chooses to recognize. It is upon this principle that the President proceeds in appointing provisional Governors and directing a form of State government to be submitted to Congress for its approval.

This principle is recognized by many of the most recalcitrant of the late rebels. Thus the Richmond *Times*, speaking of the resolutions of '98 and of MADISON and JEFFERSON, says:

"In the present condition of their native State they would have repudiated the doctrine of nullification as law." They would agree with us that in times like these there is no royal, time-honored road to reconstruction, except unadmonized, fenced in and mapped off in accordance with a set of principles and resolutions intended for the government of the machine of civil government, when moving on the regular and constitutional track."

And now the New York *Herald*, which has no opinions or convictions, but which merely echoes the current sentiment of the street, can not escape the inevitable truth, and is obliged to say:

"The members of all these reconstructing Conventions and Legislatures should remember that their work is experimental, and subject to the revision of superior authorities and wisher upon the business before them are the only existing guides for their guidance; that the war has invested him with the authority which he exercises."

That is the principle upon which Congress will settle the question of reorganization. It will not be the equal rights of rebels and rebellious States, but of loyal men and the Union, which will determine the matter. In the present circumstances the country has not a right in a late rebel State which can control the action of the nation.

PUNCHING COPPER HEADS.

SENATOR WILSON is probably as good an authority for what are called the "rebel" administration men as Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN or the Copperhead newspapers. The latter are chucking over their prophecy of a division in the Union ranks. They are full of hope that some Union men are going to desert to the ranks of HORATIO SEYMOUR and JOHN A. GREEN, and that President JOHNSON will be backed of those who prayed God to have mercy upon the nation when ANDREW JOHNSON came into power. Senator WILSON is of a different opinion. "There will be no trouble," he says, "between us and the President."

The Democratic brethren are very loud in their professions of support of the President's policy. But, says Senator WILSON, the Emancipation Amendment is the great corner-stone of this policy. He insists also upon negro suffrage. The twenty-two States that voted for Mr. JOHNSON support it. The three that voted, under the Democratic lead, for GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN do not support it. If New Jersey is carried by the Union men, she will be for it. If she is swamped by the Democracy, she will repudiate it. Is this supporting the President's policy? The Senator dares them to come out frankly and squarely for this first specific measure of the Presidential policy.

The Senator also reminds us that this Democratic dodge of wearing a mask of friendship for the President, whom the party have been steadily ridiculed and denounced, does not deceive the people. In Maine the Democratic party resolved to support the President, and received by the 7000 majority more than last year when they abused him. "Here in New York," he says, "these men who were on the Chicago platform last year declare that we are indorsing the President. Well, they are coming along, and still follow us as they have done for the last four years." He emphasizes the luckless wayward sister VAN BUREN as follows:

"JOHN VAN BUREN, my old Free Soil friend, nominated at Utica, is a brave, honorable, and faithful man, and my firm belief, because a few years since he first trusted out MARTIN VAN BUREN, I know that MR. VAN BUREN is actuated by ability or character to talk as he did, for I remember that he was a conspicuous leader in the Free Soil movement, in which I was the mover, and I remember that each move in Cuzzes and ADAMS and SUMNER thought that something was to be made of Democrats, but they were all after strange gods, and what is his record to-day? Those whom he left have not only coped with and defeated the leaders of the black cohorts of slavery, and have associated their names with great deeds and great events, while he has made no record; and if he dies to-day he makes no sigh. I commend him as a profound source of such utterances."

The Union party has all the prestige of principle, purpose, and success. The questions upon which they united are not settled, and they will settle them, as they have already set-

tled the Democratic party which has existed for no other purpose for twenty years than to protect slavery, and which now sees slavery swept away under the administration of a man whom the Democrats slandered with witless fury, and who marches on with the great party which supported him and ABRAHAM LINCOLN and the war to put all wounds and plant the American Union upon the eternal rock of Liberty and Law.

THE GOLD ROOM.

It looks as though the new Gold Room would after all have something to do. For some weeks after the gold brokers moved into their new quarters the price was so steady, that speculators became disgusted with buying for the rise and selling for the fall, and brokers' commissions fell off at a rate that was alarming. Within the past week, however, thanks to the agreeable fictions of the hangers on of the Treasury Department about the receipts from internal revenue—which deceive no one, and alarm a great many; to the development of the fact that the Government owes $15,000,000 payable on demand, which of course is not at rest, the theory of immediately funding any substantial portion of the currency; and to the condition of our foreign trade, which requires large specie exports inevitable at no distant day—new speculation in gold has been started, and now bids fair to become pretty lively, with the usual fluctuations, up and down. It is not on the cards, however, that the new room will ever emulate the glories of its predecessors.

When large specie sales were first suspended, dealings in gold were confined to the regular Stock Exchange. Considerable amounts were bought and sold at the morning and afternoon calls, and there was no other mart where large operations in specie could be made. Unfortunately for the Stock Exchange, it was persuaded one day to pass resolutions prohibiting gold operations in gold. The design was loyal; the act silly in the extreme. Stock brokers could no more prevent fluctuations in gold, and speculations based on those fluctuations, than they could prevent the ebb and flow of the tide by passing resolutions that they would disregard them.

A certain class of persons, speculators in gold and exchange brokers, began to meet in Gilpin's Rooms, on the corner of William Street and Exchange Place, and to deal in gold there, as they had for a year or more been used to deal in exchange. A small room was rented, and a few dozen papers were on file, and a dirty, dingy room adjacent, with a low ceiling, offered a location for the gold gamblers, who paid PIN charged $25 a year for admission to his ROOMS, and for that sum say rogue could enter. In two or three months his rooms became the centre and focus of the gold trade. First scores, then hundreds, then thousands of men subscribed their $25 apiece, and enjoyed the privileges of the rooms. All the gold brokers of the United States was done there during the terrible times of the war, when gold rose from par to 185. It was a vile place, and the brokers who dealt there earned their money. Not only was the air morbific, and the throng so dense that most of the constitutions were speedily fainted and were carried out; but every applicant being admitted, it was utterly unsafe to bid or to offer gold, as you might be taken up by a man who was notoriously insolvent, and yet whose acceptance of your bid or offer might possibly be binding on you in law. Notwithstanding these and a hundred other evils, many millions a day was done in Gilpin's Rooms throughout 1863 and 1864. Immense fortunes were made there. Poor men became rich, and rich men became poor. Most of the frequenters of the room were Bulls, and made money during the long agony of the Rebellion; and while Congress, under the advice of MR. STEVENS, was stultifying itself by trying to restrict the traffic in gold.

But the difficulty with Gilpin's Rooms was, that there was no means of enforcing contracts or preventing defaulters from dealing there. To remedy this, an organization was formed, called the Gold Room, under laws similar to those of the Stock Exchange and Open Board of Stock-brokers, and took a room up stairs at the corner of William and Beaver streets. Gold dealers and their brokers went into this room some time last year. It was at one time a notable institution. Its frequenters constituted three classes: members, who were admitted on payment of $1000 entrance fee, if they underwent the ordeal of a vote by secret ballot; associates, who paid $500 entrance fee, and could not themselves buy or sell, though they enjoyed all the other privileges of members and visitors, who paid $100 a year for the satisfaction of watching from a narrow gallery the fluctuations in the precious metal. It was in this room that gold fell from 250 to 137. During the decline the throng inside the room and around it, in Beaver Street, was at times so dense that a strong squad of police was often in requisition to keep the street open and prevent the Gold Room door from being hermetically sealed. Men used to take their stand on the sidewalk opposite this room as early as nine o'clock, though the doors did not open till ten. These outsiders were generally German Jews. A few Englishmen and Frenchmen were among them, and a very few Americans; but nine-tenths of the crowd spoke German, and were unmistakable children of Israel. The Americans were generally Southerners and Bulls. A Charleston clergyman — a perfect gentleman in manner—was a leading character among them. LEE's surrender quelched them out; they haven't been heard of since.

Last spring the gold brokers felt the necessity of moving to Broad Street, and being rich —as an organization—they had a room built for them between Broad and Beaver streets, with an entrance at 14 Broad. It is a fine room, with a lofty ceiling, and more space than the old dealers will ever require. Those who are familiar with the din and turmoil of the old room on the corner of Beaver and William streets are struck with the quiet of the new Gold Room. The ceiling is so lofty and the room so spacious that there is no reverberation of sound; the volume of business, besides, has been greatly reduced of late. Still, within the last week fully ten millions of gold have been sold and bought every morning in that great room, and often as much more as that during the amounts have changed hands. There will come a day when gold will fall to the neighborhood of par; when that happens the new Gold Room will possibly be almost as noisy and as active as the old one.

For some weeks the Government has been the great client of the gold brokers. Within a few days together $500,000 gold have been disposed of by the Government brokers every morning. Whether the Government may wisely in selling gold secretly through brokers, who do not give up their principal, is a question which has given rise to considerable discussion; and, on the whole, the prevailing impression among sound men, who are likewise loyal, is, that an auction sale of the Government gold, conducted in the usual manner, and with a specification of the amount to be sold, would be more satisfactory to the public and more profitable to the Government. Just now the question is of little moment. People stand ready to buy all the gold Government will sell, and the buyer they can buy it the better will they be pleased.

In England the Government broker is well known. When a panic occurs he appears in the market and buys gold for the Bullion Fund, or some other Department of Government which requires Government funds. But there is no panic now, and no loss. There is no one can tell whether MR. MCCULLOCH is or is not selling gold—or, if he be a seller, how much he has to sell. But the Government gold has been any ground for the accusations which have been preferred in certain quarters respecting the alleged intimacy of Secretaries CHASE, FESSENDEN, and MCCULLOCH with speculators in Wall Street. But if the sales of Government gold were calculated—as is not the case at present—after the price of the day, it would become very desirable indeed that, in the present inform condition of human nature, the knowledge of those sales should not be confined to a few persons, who by reason thereof would enjoy an opportunity of making money.

IS THE ASS A LION?

THE NEW YORK *World* informs the American people that a Democratic party carried on the war and saved the Union. "The Democrats of America," says this pleasing journal, fresh from describing President JOHNSON as a "dear, an illustrious, and a dreaded foe," consistently, patiently, and at last, through the mercy of Heaven, victoriously preserved in the time of dear, narrow path of loyalty to the Union."

Truth is always simple. On the 17th of December, 1863, the Hon. GEORGE CLAY SMITH, of Kentucky, introduced the following resolution into the House of Representatives: "That we hold it to be the duty of Congress to pass all necessary bills to supply men and money, and the duty of the people to render every aid in their power to the constituted authorities of the Government in the vigorous prosecution of the rebellion and in bringing the leaders thereof to condign punishment." On this plain test question in a full house the vote on the Democratic side was *three yeas to sixty-five nays*. In the next August the National Convention of the same party held the war a failure, and demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities.

Such was the way in which the Democratic party "persistently and patiently and victoriously persevered" in the war. "

COMPLIMENTING "OVER THE LEFT."

THE party of the "proud record" went last year to Chicago and resolved that the war was a failure, and that the public welfare demanded an immediate cessation of hostilities. Upon this ignoble platform they placed General MCCLELLAN. At the election the loyal American people overwhelmingly rebuked the false and unmanly declaration, the party that made it, and the candidate that represented it. This year MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, who longed to let "the wayward sisters go," asks the same party "Who shall be our next candidate for the Presidency?" He answers his own question by saying: "The Democrats, if they had their own way, would, on an ordinary occasion, be disposed to support General MCCLELLAN." But as that presumption of "wisdom and ability" is no longer available, the ingenious orator suggests that the Chicago gentry must make the best of a bad case, and—since they can't have their own way—nominate ANDREW JOHNSON! Why not GEORGE H. PENDLETON? What has he done?

We doubt if the President is flattered by this left-handed compliment. He knows that however assertive in their present purpose the Chicago party find it to ingratiate themselves with ANDREW JOHNSON, the man of all men they would select, "if they had their own way," would be that model patriot, ROBERT E. LEE.

TWO QUESTIONS.

THE New York *World* says that "the question for voters is, whether those who approve of the policy of the President are likely to aid it by upholding the Republican party." The question for the President is, whether the lasting peace of the country is likely to be restored by the Republican party, or by defeat his election by supporting GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who declared that if VALLANDIGHAM's plan for cutting up the Union into four parts failed, "separation must be the result," and if you can not conciliate, "let the seceding States depart in peace."

PROPERTY IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

PROPERTY in this city is already too extravagant a luxury for any body but a millionaire. The very worst investment that a man can make of his money is bonds and mortgages. The rate of the City Hall, of which we lately spoke, have sharpened their teeth anew, and woe to the man who, after toiling hard all his life, and piling up a little fortune, dies leaving it to his wife and children, thinking they are well provided for. It is the rate of the City Hall who are provided for. It is the rate of the City Hall for whom he has been spending his strength and life. It is the rate of the City Hall who, when he dies, will be the only person who has amassed, and eat his wife and children out of doors.

There are many persons who think there is too loud a cry about civic reform, and suppose that every body who denounces the mad extravagance of the City Government has a grind. But let such persons look at a few facts, and if they are intending to invest in this city they may pause a little to reflect whether they had not better wait until the rats have been expelled.

We know, for instance, this case: An industrious man worked hard all his life, and died, leaving his widow and five tender children $100,000, invested in bonds and mortgages in the city of New York, bearing, on an average, per cent. interest, that is—$6000 per annum. Here was a snug and pleasant provision for the bereaved family. Poor widow! Poor children! The rats were already after their bread and butter.

The city and county rates on this amount of property are now, at the rate of $2.45 per cent., which is the rate for the year 1865, are $2900, leaving $3010 as the income. The widow has to pay this out upon this sum, at 5 per cent., is $150 50, leaving $2859 50 as the net income for the widow and five young children of a man who died leaving them $100,000.

Your city and county investments, subject to the teeth of the rats, will thus give your family less than three per cent. interest. Is it extraordinary that persons who work hard to leave their children comfortable wish to see some little change in this system? If such men are to be taxed at the rate of three per cent. upon their capital, may they not at least expect dead cats and horses to be removed from the streets of a city bearing the title of cholera is hastening? And when these very rats of the City Hall, who relentlessly consume the substance of honest widows and children, go to Albany Commissioners and Legislature and declaim against the iniquity and tyranny of the national taxes to pay soldiers and sailors and patriotic men, who during a terrible war freely lent to the Government as much of their property as the rats left them, is there an honest man in the city who does not think it is the most shameful company of burglars who are crying stop thief!

If a man wishes to invest his money, let him trust the interior of the United States and beware the City Hall rats of the city and county of New York.

A WORD TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

It is a painful truth that the tidiest housekeeper will often find the fair white walls or the pretty paper of her chambers soiled and spoiled, and her house endangered by the vile habit of scratching matches to light the gas, and throwing the half-burned match away. The reason is that the usual gaslighter is too cumbrous, and no other is neat and "handy" substitute had been hitherto found. But the "Halidon Gaslighter" supplies this universal want. It is a convenient rod of wax about two or three feet long, of the thickness of a large wire, which can be carried from room to room without dripping, without soiling the fingers, and without smell, and one lighter is quite sufficient for all the fixtures in the house. They can be had at MITCHELL, VANCE, & CO., 620 Broadway; ARCHER & PANCOAST, 9 Mercer Street; FIELDING & HOPKINS, 74 Beekman Street, New York; of CONNELLEY & BAKER, 821 Liberty Street, Philadelphia; and probably at all the principal Gas Fixture shops in the other cities.

We cordially commend them to all thrifty housekeepers as a most valuable invention.

LITERARY.

"Prison Life at the South during the Years 1864-'5," by A. O. A. ABBOTT, Lieutenant 1st New York Dragoons. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) In this timely, complete, and painfully interesting record of personal experience in the rebel prisons at Libby, Richmond, Macon, Savannah, Columbia, Charlotte, Raleigh, Goldsborough, and Andersonville, the cruelty of the rebellion in the treatment of Union prisoners is portrayed with all the simplicity of truth. It is a revelation both of the spirit of the inhuman rule and of the unswerving fidelity of the white and colored loyal men of the South to the Union and its soldiers, which every man should seriously ponder now when it is gravely proposed to intrust the welfare and the safety of our cause in these States exclusively to the mercies of the bitterest enemies of the Government and its fundamental principle of equal rights.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE Democratic Louisiana Convention of Louisiana which met on the 8d, nominated JOHN MCCLUSKY, JR., for Governor, and elected a Governor; indorsed President JOHNSON'S reconstruction policy; declared the secession ordinance to be null and void; appealed to the national Government for universal amnesty; declared returning to rebel allegiance not an additional privilege of citizenship, and compensation for slaves freed by the Government preposterous.

The election for Governor in Mississippi has resulted in the choice of B. G. HUMPHREYS, largely by rebel general.

On the 6th of October the North Carolina Reconstruction Convention assembled.

"That the ordinance of the Convention of the State of North Carolina, passed the 24th day of November, 1861, which adopted and ratified the Constitution of the United States, and all the amendments thereto, and all acts of the General Assembly ratifying and adopting amendments to the said Constitution of the United States, and to all laws for the adoption and ratification thereof have been, in full force and effect, from the commencement of the existence of the same, to the 20th of May, 1861, declaring the same to be repealed, rescinded, and annulled, and that the said supposed ordinance be now, and at all times hath been, null and void."

The Convention adjourned sine die. Savery was passed on the 7th. The election for Governor will be held November 9.

The Reconstruction Committee of Texas have appointed mail routes in Southern Arkansas and Louisiana.

The Governor of South Carolina has issued a proclamation ordering

for the election for delegates to the Georgia Convention to take place on the 4th.

The election for members of Congress in Arkansas took place on the 9th.

NEWS ITEMS.

On the 3d General Robert E. Lee was installed President of Washington College, Virginia.

The Judge-Advocate, Colonel Chipman, has refused to release from arrest any of the rebel Generals Lee and Johnston in the Wirz trial, on the ground that there were conflicting orders in this case.

Colonel Jacques, one of the famous volunteer press correspondents of the Toledo, has been arrested in Louisville, Kentucky (whither he had been sent by order to attend to the banishing by civil process), for procuring an abortion upon a woman who attempted to sue him for seduction, resulting in the wife's party were arrested in *Barnwell district*, and are now in jail, for having in their possession the letters of the Rebel Vice-President that led to the interference of the police."

The Secretary of the Interior has forbidden the officers of the Department to collect subscriptions in their public capacity for the election.

On the 5th a severe earthquake took place in SAN FRANCISCO, which shook the whole city, demolished some buildings, and left their walls in a tottering state. Several persons were injured, both in the city and in the country. The shocks continued for about a minute, and were followed by a heavy rain storm, which caused upon the terror existing. The oscillation of the earth was from north to south. The shocks were felt as far as Santa Barbara in the ground in some places two or three inches wide. The most severe shocks were at various other towns in the interior of the State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Fenians continue to be arrested, and important documentary evidence is accumulating against them. Mr. Barry, one of the Queen's Counsel, stated on the 30th ult. that within the last few days information had been received and had arrived from America, to be expended in revolutionizing Ireland, and by that day's post the Government had interrupted a letter for one of the prisoners, named Leggey, containing a draft for four hundred and fifty pounds on the house of Rothschilds. Several other letters containing bills of exchange had been intercepted. The making of plans had also been extensively carried on. Drawings of the Fenian flag, and other matters of treasonable weapons. Numerous revolvers and breast-plates had also been found in possession of persons connected with the *Irish People* newspaper. He quoted an intercepted letter from Stephens to Kickham, dated Sunday, 1865.

A private letter received from Constantinople states that the cholera which had been raging there up to the 5th of September destroyed about ten thousand tenements, by which upwards of forty thousand people are left without a roof to cover them.



THE EMBASSY FROM TUNIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE EMBASSY FROM TUNIS.

NEW YORK CITY is the world in miniature. In a recent number of *Fraser's Magazine* M. D. CONWAY thus writes of the metropolis:

"The city of New York is to-day the same great eddy of the mixed human elements of the whole world that it was when the DUKE OF YORK gave it its name. A vast impersonal floating city, rising and falling with the general tide of human life throughout the world, America is no more responsible for its good or its evil than any other country. It is a short and easy method of traveling around the world to take one's stand on Broadway: the world will pass by you if you stay long enough. In one day I have seen there Indians in their skins, paint, and feathers; Chinamen with their pigtails; Japanese, whose popularity there suggests how, with the help of a skillful *cutswier* and some Oriental names, we might lift the whole negro population into princely regard. ('You know very well, said a preacher, rebuking the prejudice against color, 'that an ape with one million a year would be welcome in your best society.') They all come here sooner or later,' said a New Yorker, with a patronizing glance at the FRENCH OF VALOIS, whom he was receiving his ovation there—'they all come here sooner or later, though sometimes we don't know it; for instance, there were LOUIS NAPOLEON and PRINCE JEROME, and there was GARIBALDI, and one day they found a natural son of FREDERICK WILLIAM of PRUSSIA working here as a carpenter. Yes, Sir, I am looking for his Holiness the POPE every day!'"

At length, after waiting so long, we have seen Tunis. There arrived by the *Persia* at this port, on the 6th instant, a party of four gentlemen, of whom three were natives of Tunis, while the fourth was Mr. PERRY, the American Consul at the Court of Tunis.

The gentlemen comprising the party—which proves to be an embassy from the Bey of Tunis to President JOHNSON—are General OTHAN HASHIM, special envoy; Colonel RAMERO GATTA, his aide-camp; the Chevalier ANTONIO CORTE, secretary and interpreter, together with Mr. PERRY, before referred to. We give portraits on page 660 of this party, and also one of the Bey of Tunis himself on this page.

The gentlemen composing this important embassy are not Africans, in the general acceptance of that term, though Tunis is situated on the African coast of the Mediterranean; they rather resemble the Moors or Turks. They are a fine-looking group of men, with well-developed *physique*, and divested of their costumes and set down in New Orleans they would be taken as remarkably fair representatives of the Creole race; and as they are men of refined manners and speak the French language fluently this illusion would only be heightened by conversation with them.

MR. PERRY, our Consul, who is acting as *chaperon* to the other members of the embassy, returns to his native country after a three years' absence. He was from the State of Rhode Island, where he has many friends and influential acquaintances.



THE BEY OF TUNIS.

GENERAL HASHIM is a man of about fifty years of age, and has a soldierly appearance. Colonel GATTA is a fine-looking man of about thirty. Chevalier CORTE is the youngest of the party.

The Bey of Tunis is nominally under the jurisdiction of the Turkish Sultan, though he is virtually independent of the latter. Tunis itself contains about 72,000 square miles, and a population of little over two millions of souls. The soil is sandy, but for the most part remarkably fertile. The principal vegetable productions—wheat, maize, barley, olives, dates, and grapes—come to perfection with little care on the part of the cultivators. The principal cities besides the capital, Tunis, are Susa, Hammamet, Bizanta, Cabes and Bega. The State religion is Mohammedanism. The title of the Bey is hereditary. His revenue is derived from taxes and imports, and is estimated at more than four millions a year. His armed force amounts to fifty thousand men, while the navy is made up of a corvette, some smaller vessels, and about thirty-two gun-boats. The power is perfectly absolute; but, as at present exercised, it is far from being arbitrary. The city of Tunis is situated very near the site of Carthage, which gives it considerable interest to travelers.

The Embassy while here made a pretty complete tour of the city, visiting the objects of principal interest. On Friday, the 6th, they visited BRADY'S photographic gallery, where the photograph was taken from which our portraits are drawn. The portrait of the Bey is from a foreign photograph. At the New York Historical Society they found, especially in the Egyptian Department, many objects of great interest. Among the monuments was one in marble which had been forwarded to the Society by Mr. PERRY. The ambassadors visited Wall Street the same day, and in the evening they attended the American Institute Fair. The next day they paid a visit to the establishment of HARPER & BROTHERS, where they were agreeably entertained by the many interesting and to them novel features of a large publishing house.

A. OAKEY HALL.

ABRAHAM OAKEY HALL, whose portrait we publish on page 669, is the District-Attorney of New York city, and has long been a notable jury lawyer, a skillful politician, and a versatile litterateur. Mr. HALL was first elected District-Attorney in 1854 by the Whigs, and again, successively, in 1861 and 1864, on the Democratic ticket. He was a Deputy District-Attorney for years prior to his first election, and has been, during the past fifteen years, engaged either upon the side of the prosecution or of the defense in nearly every metropolitan *cause célèbre*.

District-Attorney HALL is of an old Knickerbocker family, and graduated at the New York University, of which he is now a Councilman. He attended law lectures under Judge STORY and Professor GREENLEAF at the Harvard Law School, and is now a member of the law firm of BROWN, HALL, and VANDENPOEL. Mr. HALL may be considered a rising man, not only in law and politics but in literature. The pages of *Harper's Weekly* and *Harper's Monthly* have from time to time contained many sketches, verses, and novelettes from his pen. His holiday story, entitled "Old Whitey's Christmas Trot," was published in book form, illustrated, in 1857, by HARPER BROTHERS. He is in his fortieth year, and is therefore yet young enough to earn a more than metropolitan fame.



TENT OF THE AMERICAN UNION COMMISSION, CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, JULY 4, 1865.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ADVICE GRATIS.

Do you mean what you say—did I hear aright?
Were you in earnest, or in sport?
In love with a Poet? Are you quite
At odds with sanity, to assert
That you—with beauty, and wit, and grace,
Instead of the station these might buy,
Have smilingly set your foot and face
Toward paths where such low blessings lie?

A poet—a maker of verses? One
Who daily coins, for his daily bread,
The blood of his heart in rhymes that run
His brain to fever with fear and dread
Lest that he mar, in speaking it,
The tone of the Voice that came to him
Somewhere out of the Infinite,
Somewhere out of the vast and dim.

You need not answer: I know your thought.
You tell me that since there must be those
Whose lips, like the throats of birds, are wrought
Chiefly for music, it follows close
That God—attuning them to such pitch,
Accepts their songs for service—thus
Making our sneers at a soul on which
He has laid His pressure pardonous.

And this in a sense is true; but this
Is also mystical; we should take
The world in the gross: we must not miss
Of cue and elegance for the sake
Of dreams and dreamers. And I opine
It would strike fresh heat in your poet's veins
If you dropped some alien into the
They write supremely under a curse.

Will that Invisible Truth of things,
Which shows to us, at some moments, compensate
The lack of the visible comfortings,
The tangible gifts and goods that wait
On steals and talents? Methinks it best—
These vagabond inspirations, or
Hard cash in hand and the sense in the breast
That you have realized what you bargained for?

It is good, no doubt, that a man should be
Cast in such weird and singular mould
As dowers his vision with power to see
God's splendors through the gloom where he beheld
Only the haring of lighted gas:
But with a husband I demand
(Letting the gift of prophecy pass)
The coin that is current in the land.

Therefore I should advise you, dear,
To give your lyrical vagrant such
Sufficient hint of a prudent fear
As—without wounding him overmuch—
Will serve to smite his insolent hope
Down to terms of lesser range;
Sending him back to his crowding tropes
Wiser and sadder for the change.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DINNER TETE-A-TETE.

For the first time since he had come into his fortune Telemachus had succeeded in persuading Mentor to take dinner with him. He had invited him to a generous club entertainment, to Richmond dinners, to Blackwall dinners, to snug tête-à-tête dinners at the St. James's Street chambers, and Mentor had systematically and inflexibly declined them, one and all. So the present was quite an eventful occasion; and Telemachus, who by nature rather liked variety for the way in which he entertained his friends, had provided a very elaborate little dinner in honor of his cousin's society.

They met at Saxon's chambers, in St. James's Street. Saxon had ordered flowers on the table, and various kinds of wine in and out of ice on the side-board, and a succession of the most delicate concoctions in the way of fastidious gourmet could desire. These latter, being supplied by a first-rate house in the neighborhood, kept continually arriving in relays, so that the guests were literally right for once, and each dish came "not as a meat, but as a guest."

"Education is a wonderful thing, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, when the business of the meal was over, and they were actually themselves with some peaches and pine. "The last time you and I dined together it was at Reichenau. You were very much surprised because I would not let you drink Lafitte and water, and you had never tasted truffles. You called them a nasty black thing. I remember brightly."

"And now I can discriminate between white Hermitage and Chateau Yquem, and appreciate as I ought the genius of the Greeks, who made asparagus a kind of bread!"

"I fear your newly-acquired wisdom will be of little use to you in Norway. By-the-way, you owe me five hundred and sixty pounds."

"What for?"

"Out of oil paintings, worth about two pounds apiece."

And then Mr. Trefalden, laughing at his cousin's astonished face, told him that he had purchased those pictures from Mrs. Riviere.

"I have called upon them twice or thrice," he said, "and each time I have freely paid away your good coin of the realm. I bought four pictures the first time, two the second, and so forth. They seemed very poor, and very glad to get the money."

"They are not more glad than I am," said Saxon. "When did you see them last?"

"About four or five days ago. They were then just starting for Italy, and on the way home, I suppose, some way upon the road. The mother looked ill. She is not in the least like our friend, Lady Castletowers."

"To what part of Italy are they gone?"

"To Nice; where I am to write to them, in case I hear of a purchaser for any more of the paintings. Shall I hear of a purchaser, or do you conceive that you have thrown away enough money for the present?"

"Find the purchaser by all means," replied Saxon. "Five hundred and sixty pounds are soon spent."

"Out of your pure-ases; but such a sum is a little fortune in them."

"I want them to have a hundred a year," said Saxon.

"Which means that our imaginary connoisseur is to spend two thousand pounds. My good fellow, they will never stand it. Be wise."

"Try them. It is so easy to believe in pleasant impossibilities."

"Well, I will see what I can do—after all, they are but women, and women are credulous."

"Don't you think her very pretty?" asked Saxon, somewhat irrelevantly.

To which Mr. Trefalden, holding his wineglass to the light, replied, with great indifference:

"Why, no—not particularly."

"She is like a Raffaelle Madonna!" said Saxon, indignantly.

"Perhaps—but I am no admirer of Madonnas. Olimpia Colonna is ten times handsomer."

Saxon was silent.

"Have you seen the Colonnas since they left Castletowers?" asked Mr. Trefalden, after a pause, in which somewhat curiously.

"No—I have not had time to call upon them. And now all my cantabling about the Campagna!"

Mr. Trefalden had a great deal to tell about the Company; about the offices that were in course of erection at Alexandria and Sidon; about the engineers who were already at work upon the line; about the scientific party that had started for Hit, in search of the hoped-for coal strata; and about the dispatch that was on its way to Bagdad; and, above all, about the wonderful returns that every shareholder might expect to receive in the course of some six or eight years more.

"If I were not bound for Norway," said Saxon, "I would take a trip up the Mediterranean to inspect the works and report progress."

"It would scarcely repay the trouble," replied his cousin. "A year hence there will be more to see. And now farewell to you."

Saxon saw his cousin to the door, and parted from him with reluctance. A few months back he would have kissed him on both cheeks, as on the evening when they had met in Switzerland; but civilization had rubbed off the bloom of his Arcadianism by this time, and he refrained.

He had scarcely returned to his easy, scarcely rung for lights and seated himself at his desk with the intention of writing a few business notes, and arranging his scattered papers, when he heard a cab dash up to the door, a hasty footstep in the entry, and a familiar voice was asking if he were at home. The next moment Lord Castletowers was in the room.

"You here, Castletowers!" cried Saxon. "Has any thing happened?"

"Only this," replied his friend. "Colonna is summoned to Palermo, and must go. He had intended to cross to Sicily from Genoa; but some spiteful fool has told him that I am warned that he is liable to arrest if seen in any French or Sardinian port. Now I come to ask if you will take him over?"

"To Sicily?"

"Yes—round by Gibraltar. It is Colonna's only safe route; and we could steer northward as soon as we had landed our man. Do you mind doing this?"

"Not in the least. I would as soon sail in one direction as another—say, I had far sooner steer southward, for the weather, if that be all."

"Then it is settled?"

"Quite—if Signor Colonna will meet us at Portsmouth early to-morrow. I thought you hated the cause, Castletowers, and would do no more for it."

The Earl smiled sadly.

"One may quarrel with liberty as often as Horace with Lydia," said he; "but one can no more help caring for it than Sierra Nevada and the Spanish Islands, green with orange and citron, rose one by one out of the blue sea, gilded past, and sank away again in the distance. Sometimes no land was visible on either side. Sometimes the little vessel sped along as quickly as a bird, with no land at hand, lands, that those on board could hear the chiming of the convent-bells, and the challenge of the sentinels posted on the summits of the seawashed forts. But for the most part they kept well off the shore, steering direct for Sicily. And all this time the two friends mainly lived on deck, acquiring nautical knowledge, growing daily more and more intimate, and leaving Signor Colonna to fill page after page of close and crabbed manuscript in the cabin below. It was a delicious time, Saxon. The days splendors and the nights all stars, and the travelers slept to the pleasant music of the waves.

"Lend me your glass, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers. "I want to look at that steam frigate. I can make out her flag."

They had been several days at sea, and were within about eighteen hours' sail of Palermo. A faint blue headland far away to the left marked the southernmost point of the island of Sardinia; while straight ahead, trailing a banner of pale smoke behind her, came the frigate that had attracted Lord Castletower's attention.

"She seems to be coming our way," said Saxon.

"She is bearing right down upon us," replied the Earl. "And she carries guns—I don't quite like the look of her."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

And Lord Castletowers went to the top of the main stairs and called to Colonna to come up.

"I want you just to glance at this steamer through Trefalden's glass," said he. "Will you mind giving me your opinion of her?"

"Not at all," replied the Italian, and came at once on deck.

His face darkened at sight of the approaching steamer. He took the glass; adjusted the focus; looked for some ten seconds silently and steadily, and returned it with but a single word of comment.

"Neapolitan."

"Good God!" exclaimed Castletowers, "what is to be done?"

Signor Colonna hesitated a moment before replying; but when his words came they were quick and decisive.

"If the captain has a motive in bearing down upon us, I am the object of his search. But he can not be alongside for at least ten minutes. I will hide my Excellency. If Mr. Trefalden will lend me one of his pilot coats, and you will both call me Sir Thomas Wylde, I have no fear of detection. I speak English quite well enough to deceive any Neapolitan. I have done it before, in worse circumstances than this. Remember—Sir Thomas Wylde. I have a passport made out in that name in case it is asked for."

And with that he plunged back into the cabin; gathered his letters and papers into a handkerchief and hid them in a corner of the entrance; disguised the saxon's blue over-coat as gorgeous with anchor buttons; lit a short clay pipe; pulled down a little forward over his brow; lay down at full length on a sofa in the cabin; and waited patiently.

"She has signaled us to lie to!" cried Lord Castletowers, down the cabin stairs.

"Lie to, then, by all means."

"And her captain seems to be coming on board."

"He is very welcome."

Lord Castletowers smiled, in spite of his anxiety.

"That man is as cool as an iceberg," said he to Saxon. "And yet he knows he will be swinging from the topmost tower of St. Elmo within forty-eight hours if those papers recognize him!"

And now the great frigate towered alongside the tiny yacht, frowning down with all her portholes, and crowded with armed men.

A ladder was then lowered over the ship's side, and the Neapolitan commander and one of his officers alighted.

The Neapolitan was perfectly polite, and apologized for his intrusion with the best bred air in the world. He requested to know the name and destination of the yacht, the name of her owner, and the names of all persons on board.

Lord Castletowers, who assumed the office of spokesman, replied in fluent Italian. The name of the yacht was the *Albula*; she was the property of Mr. Trefalden, who was cruising in the Mediterranean with friends Lord and Lady Castletowers and Sir Thomas Wylde. They had no object whatever in view save their own pleasure, and could not say to what direction they might be going. Probably to Athens. Quite as probably to Constantinople. Their passports were at the signor capitano's disposition, should he desire to see them.

The signor capitano bowed and inquired if Milord Trefalden had any intention of landing in Sicily?

The Earl replied that Mr. Trefalden would probably put in at Marsala for fresh water.

Milord carries no arms, no gunpowder, no munitions of war?

Only the brass swivel which the signor capitano perceived on the forward deck.

The Neapolitan explained that he was under the necessity of requesting permission to glance into the hold, accordingly quite unarmed for his inspection. He then asked leave to see the cabin, and went down, accompanied by Trefalden and Castletowers, leaving his officer on deck.

"Our friend Sir Thomas Wylde," said the Earl, with an introductory wave of the hand.

Colonna, who was still lying on the sofa, with his pipe in his mouth, and an old *Times* newspaper in his hand, lifted up his head at these words, rose lazily, made a very stiff bow, and said nothing. The Neapolitan commander returned the bow, made some pleasant remark on the gentleness of the pretty little cabin, and again apologized for the trouble he had given.

The present insurrection, he explained, compelled his Majesty's government to keep strict watch upon all vessels sailing toward Sicily. It was not an agreeable service for the officers of his Majesty's navy; but it was a very necessary one. He believed that he had now but one duty left to perform. He must trouble milords to hear him read a little proclamation containing the description of one Giulio Colonna, a noted political offender, for whose apprehension his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies offered a reward of two thousand piastres. The said Giulio Colonna, he might add, was supposed to be even now on his way to Palermo.

He then drew a paper from his pocket-book, and, removing his hat, read aloud in the tones of his sovereign a very minute and accurate inventory of Signor Colonna's outward man, describing his eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hair, beard, mustache, height, and complexion; to all of which Signor Colonna listened with a placid composure that might have deceived Archimedes himself.

"What is all that about?" said he in English, when the officer had finished reading. "I do not understand Italian, you know."

Saxon could hardly forbear laughing outright while Castletowers gravely translated the proclamation for the benefit of the supposed Sir Thomas.

Colonna smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Either I am dead—or hopeless quest. They might as well try to catch a swallow on the wing!"

Whereupon the signor capitano, understanding the tone and gesture, though not the words, drew himself up, and replied, with some little assumption of dignity, that the man in question was a notorious traitor, and certain to fall into the hands of justice before long.

His duty was left in the calm somewhat less graciously than he had entered it, and Lord Castletowers, following him upon deck, took occasion to apologize for his friend.

"Sir Thomas is drunk," he said; "but then the English are drunk."

To which the Neapolitan replied by a well-turned compliment to himself, and took his leave. He then returned to his ship, followed by his lieutenant; the ladder was drawn up; final salutations were exchanged; the steam frigate bore off with a fiery puff from her funnel; and in a few minutes the strip of blue sea between the two vessels had widened to the space of half a mile.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Earl. "Come up, Sir Thomas Wylde! Come up, and have a glass for Francesco Secondo! You are safely past Scylla this time."

"Sir Thomas Wylde," replied Colonna, divesting himself of Saxon's blue coat, and answering from below, "Do you know why I did not come on deck?"

"No."

"Because I caught a glimpse of that lieutenant's face as he jumped on board."

"Do you know him?"

"Perfectly. His name is Galeotti. He used to profess liberalism a dozen years ago; and he was my secretary in Rome in forty-eight."

CHAPTER LIX.

PALERMO.

A GIGANTIC curve of rippling blue sea—an irregular crescent of amber sand—a golden cimeter laid down beside the waves—a vast area of cultivated slopes, rising terrace above terrace, and basking in the sunshine of dusky olives, and, higher still, dense covers of chestnut and ilex—around and above all, circling in the scene from east to north, the amphitheatre of mountains, all verdure below, all barrenness above, whose vast arms clasp round in the voluptuous sea, and whose purple peaks stand in serrated outline against the soft blue sky.

"The bay of Sicily!"

Such was the exclamation that burst from the lips of the two younger men, as the *Albula* rounded the northland of Cape Gallo about five o'clock in the afternoon of the day following their encounter with the Neapolitan frigate. They had expected to be beating up all day for the last hour, silent and expectant, held out his arms, as if the whole fair land were inclosed the glorious panorama, and murmured something which might have been a salutation or a prayer.

"Yes, the bay of Sicily!" repeated Lord Castletowers, with enthusiasm. "The loveliest bay in Europe, let the Neapolitan say what he will! Look—there is Monte Pellegrino; and in the Monte Pellegrino, crowned with the shrine of Santa Rosalia—yonder, in that mountain gorge, lies Monreale. And this part which is now passing is called the Conca d'Oro. See, there are the domes of Palermo already coming into view!"

"And there," said Colonna, pointing to a fing lingering lazily from the top of a tall pole at a little tower close down upon the strand, "there, Heaven be praised, is the tricolor of Italy!"

And now, as the yacht drew on, the compact forest of spires and pinnacles, glittering domes and white-fronted palaces rose, as it were, out of the bay at their approach. The shore next on the Molo flung up his cap and shouted: "Viva Garibaldi!" while the quays and streets swarmed with large and small craft of every description; speronaroes, felucces, steamers, and open boats, every one of which displayed the national flag conspicuously on mast or bowsprit. The quays were crowded with red shirts, Sardinian uniforms, and military priests; and close against the landing-place, under the shadow of Fort Gelisa, stood a large body of Garibaldines, perhaps a thousand in number, leaning on their muskets, and chattering with the most undisciplined vivacity imaginable. As Saxon and Colonna glided in under the bows of a great ungainly English steamer some ten or a dozen of the red shirts stepped coolly out of the ranks and came to the verge of the quay to reconnoitre these newcomers.

At that moment an Italian officer, leaning over the side of the steamer, cried:

"Ecco il Colonna!"

The name was heard by one of the soldiers on the quay. It flew from lip to lip; it swelled into a shout; the shout was answered, the shout repeated, redoubled, till the air rang with it, and

the walls of the fortress gave it back again. In an instant the landing-place was surrounded; the dock of every vessel in the harbor became suddenly alive with men; and still the mighty welcome gathered voice:

"Colonna! Colonna!"

He bared his head to their greeting; but scarcely one in each thousand could see him where he stood. Thus several seconds passed, and the shouts were growing momentarily more passionate and impatient, when the accommodation ladder of the great steamer was suddenly lowered, and a young officer came springing down.

"Honored Signore," he said, cap in hand, "his Excellency General Garibaldi is on board, and entreats that you will step on deck."

Pale with emotion, Colonna turned to Saxon and the latter, and said:

"Follow me."

But they would not.

"No, no;" replied Castletowers. "Go up alone—it is better so. We will meet by-and-by."

"At the Trinacria, then!"

"At the vessel Trinacria."

So Colonna went alone up the side of the *City of Aberdeen*, and from the midst of a group of red-shirted officers upon her upper deck there stepped forth one more bronzed and weatherbeaten than the rest, who took him by both hands and welcomed him as a brother.

At this sight the shout became a roar—windows were thrown up, and balconies thronged in all the houses round about the harbor—the troops on the quay fell back into position, and presently arrived—and the first of an impromptu salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort Gallita.

The two young men looked at each other, and smiled. They had been shouting like the rest, till they were hoarse; and now, as Colonna turned to his friend and said, "Shall we get quietly away, Castletowers, before the storm has subsided?"—the Earl caught at the idea, and proceeded at once to act upon it.

They then sheered off from the *City of Aberdeen*; hoisted their yacht close under the stern; beckoned to the nearest boatman; and were rowed, unnoticed, to a landing-place a little farther down the harbor.

"And now, Trefoldan," said Lord Castletowers, when they had decently fouled themselves on shore, "now for a race over Palermo!"

"Scusate," said a pleasant voice; "but will you accept a guide?"

It was the young officer of the *City of Aberdeen*, who had followed them unseen, and overtaken them before they landed.

In a moment they had all three shaken hands, and were chatting as joyously and freely as if they had known each other for weeks instead of minutes.

"Have you ever been in Palermo before?" asked the latter.

"Once, about four years ago," replied the Earl.

"Ah, Dio! it is sadly changed. You can not see from the vessel what the open destruction must have been; but up by the Piazza Nuova the place is one heap of desolation—churches, convents, palaces all destroyed, and hundreds of corpses yet lying unburied in the ruins! But we mean to take our revenge at Melazzo."

"Melazzo?" repeated Saxon. "Where is that?"

"What! Do you not know?"

"We know nothing," said Castletowers, eagerly—"nothing of what has happened since we left England. Tell us about Melazzo."

They had been turning their backs upon the harbor, and proceeding in the direction of the Strada Nuova, but at these words the young friend seized them each by the arm, and hurried them back to the quay.

"You are the vessel steamer?" he exclaimed, pointing to the *City of Aberdeen*. "That steamer on board of which his Excellency invited the Colonna?"

"Yes."

"And those troops drawn up against the landing-place?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, they are all picked men; the last twelve hundred of the expedition. They are now waiting to go on board, and by ten o'clock to-night will be out of the bay. Then the vessel Cosenz and his Cacciatori are already gone—they were steaming; but Garibaldi himself goes with us in the *City of Aberdeen*. Melazzo is not far—we shall be there before daybreak; but they are there will be no fighting till the day after to-morrow."

"Why, this is glorious!" cried Saxon.

"Yes, we are in luck to drop in for a siege the day after your arrival," replied the Sicilian. "I have been here for nearly three weeks, and have had nothing to do yet, except to assist at the demolition of the Castello, and that was not amusing. But I will venture enough for the first hour or two; but one soon gets tired of pulling down stone-walls when there are no Regi behind them."

He then led the way back to the Toledo, pointing out those places where the struggle had been fiercest, and most and unavenged cruelties had been perpetrated, with a pleasant talk with the simple vivacity of a boy.

His name he said, was Silvio Benti. He was the second son of a Palermitan land-owner on the other side of the island, and had the misfortune of aid-de-camp in the Garibaldian army. He had fought last year as a volunteer at Solferino; but had no intention of becoming a soldier by profession. Fighting for liberty was one thing; but fighting for four pauls a day was another. He meant to cultivate olives and vines, and live the pastoral life of his forefathers, if he did not happen to get shot before the end of the campaign.

Chattering thus, he led Saxon and Castletowers through the chief streets of the city; and a terrible sight it was for eyes unused to the horrors of war. Here were the remnants of the famous barricades of the 27th of May; here the shattered walls of the university, the Pretorio pitted with shot-holes, and the monastery of the Seven Angels, of which a mere shell remained. Then came a stately palace, roofless and windowless—the blackened foundations of a church once famous for its archives—a whole street propped, and threatening to fall at every moment—the entire quarter round the Castello, in which the helpless sisters had been burned alive beyond the possibility of escape. In some places scarcely one stone was left standing on another. In some the fiery storm had passed by and left no trace of its course.

Presently, from a broad space of indistinguishable ruin, pestilent with unburied dead, they emerged upon one where the people were even gay with promenaders and the cafés crowded with idlers; where the national flag floated gayly from the roofs of the public buildings, and all the butterfly business of South Italian life was going on as merrily as if the ten-inch shell were a phenomenon unknown, and the Paixhan was unknown to Sicilian ears.

Saxon could not comprehend how these people should be eating ices and playing at dominoes, as if nothing had happened of late to disturb their equanimity. It seemed to him inexpressibly shocking and heartless; and not being accustomed to conceal his opinions, he said so, very bluntly.

The Sicilian smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"They are so happy to be free," he replied, apologetically.

"But what right have they to be happy while their dead lie unburied at their very doors?" asked Saxon, indignantly. "What right have they to forget the hundreds of innocent women and children crushed and burned in their homes, or the Neapolitans who massacred them?"

"Ah, Dio, mio! they pay them out at Melazzo," was the quick reply.

And this was the Sicilian temperament. Benti, like Garibaldi, like the Earl with pity and horror brought but a passing cloud upon the brow of their new acquaintance. He had seen them daily for three weeks, and grown familiar with them. He talked and laughed in the very presence of deadly scratchings by the barricades; showed where the Regi had been repulsed, and at which point the Garibaldians had come to the shattered church or cession of Nice, the probable duration of the war, the priests, the shirts, the foreign volunteers, and all the thousand and one things connected with the revolutionary cause; and thought a great deal more of the coming expedition than of the late bombardment.

At length, just as they came out upon the Marina, and saw the vessel Cosenz with all their Sicilian friend bade them a hasty farewell.

"That is our signal for the steamer to depart," said he. "I must go. Addio! Addio! My work is begun ask for me. I may be able to do something for you. At all events, I will try."

"We won't forget that promise!" replied Saxon, eagerly.

"Addio, fratelli."

And from young men who looked forward to the coming fight as if it were a pleasure party, who were laughing at danger as a mere matter of horse ago, but who were brought into contact by accident, and into sympathy by their love of liberty, they separated as friends who had met by common cause, embraced and parted, literally, as brothers.

The friends then went straight to the Trinacria hotel, and learning that Colonna had not yet arrived, turned at once toward the quay. There they found a dense crowd assembled round the *City of Aberdeen* with her steam up and all the troops on board.

The people were frothing over with excitement, and so densely packed that the young men might be reasonably thankful that they owed their way through a stone-wall as through the solid human mass interposed between themselves and the vessel. Even the Earl's height saved him from the exclamations of those around them that the troops were drawn up on deck, and that Garibaldi was known to be on the bridge. Now and then a shout was raised for some officer who appeared for a moment on deck; and sometimes, perceiving nothing else doing, a voice from the crowd would give the signal for a storm of vivas.

Presently an officer of Cacciatori, with the well-known plume of cock's feathers in his hat, came hurrying from the vessel, and, being recognized right and left, as if by magic, and he passed through amidst a shower of benedictions and adieus.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Saxon of those around.

"No—God bless him!" said one.

"We only know that he is going to fight for Italy," said another.

"The Holy Virgin and all the saints have him in their keeping!" added a third.

At this moment the troops on board suddenly back again—a great roar burst from the thousand-throated throng—a gun was fired—and the *City of Aberdeen* was under way.

In another second the mass had wavered, parted, turned like a mighty tide, and began following out through the Porta Felice, and following the course of the steamer along the Marina Promenade. The soldiers on board stood motionless, with their hands to the sides of their hats, saluting the crowd. The crowd raced tumultuously along the shore, weeping, raving, clapping its hands for the soldiers, and shouting "Viva Garibaldi! Viva la Liberta!" One woman fell in the press and died. Not another little infant in her arms, and prayed aloud for the liberators.

Saxon and the Earl stood still, side by side, looking after the lessening steamer, and listening to the shouts which grew momentarily fainter and more distant.

"Good Heavens!" said Castletowers, "what a terrific thing human emotion is, when one beholds it on such a scale as this! I should have liked to see this people demolishing the Castello."

Saxon drew a deep breath before replying, and when he spoke his words were no answer to the Earl's remark.

"I tell you what it is, Castletowers," he said; "I feel as if we had no business to remain here another hour. For God's sake, let us buy a couple of red shirts, and be after the rest as fast as the little *Ahola* can get us through the water!"

CASTLES.

THERE is a picture in my brain
That only fades to come again;
The sunlight, through a veil of rain,
To leward gilding;
A narrow reach of barren sea and
A light-house half a league from land;
And two young lovers, hand in hand,
A castle building.

Upon the budded apple-trees
The robins sing by twos and threes,
And seven at the faintest breeze
Leave their blossoms;
And ever would that lover be
The wind that robs the bourgeoned tree
And lifts the soft trees daintily
On Beauty's bosom.

Ah, graybeard, what a happy thing
It was, when life was in its spring,
To peep through Love's betrothal ring
At Life's fair vistas;
To move and breathe in magic air,
To think that all that seems is fair!
Ah, trip on, youth, and golden hair,
Thou pretty vision!

Well, well—I think not on these two
But the old wound breaks out anew,
And the old dream, as if 'twere true,
In my brain castles;
Then tears come welling to my eyes,
For yonder, all in saintly guise,
As lovers, a cold woman lies
Upon the trestles!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK is always invaded with foreigners—not mayoy with the polite French and gray-faced Germans, but Chinese, Japanese, and Egyptians, and specimens of our thoroughfares, quite at home. Recently a novel addition has been made to the list of "foreigners"—a number—an embassy from the Bey of Tunis to President Johnson. In appearance they are Creoles, and men not of culture, speaking the French language fluently. Accompanied by Mr. Perry, the American Consul at the coast of Tunis, they arrived in this country bearing messages of congratulation on the termination of the war, and sympathy in the death of President Lincoln.

They have been making a tour of our city, strolling through Broadway, running over Central Park, and right-seeing generally. The object will be interesting to us—the chief impression they made upon these foreign gentlemen. We are the civilized, but yet the barbarous, which pleased the Tunisians, but the sweet fraus, the bright eyes, the ruby lips and glowing cheeks attracted them. Unlike in their country, they are strive to secure more of the so-called improvements of art, and though the Tunisian has land rich in the fertility of the soil, and capacity for such a succession of waterfalls as dashed about on the Avenue and in the Park. In fact, it required the nestest care on the part of the Consul to prevent the ladies going to them.

By-the-way, ladies, have you seen the latest novelty in the crinoline line? If not, by visiting the American Institute Fair you may have the opportunity of examining it.

The Empress Eugenie has successfully overtaken in carrying the steel hoops with a wrapping of very fine German silver wire, which, as is usually the case, is found by the exhibitors claim that by this arrangement their skirt is much more durable and flexible, more graceful, and more effective than any other skirt now in the market.

It is really too late to regret it now, but if you have not chosen to see Bierstadt's great picture, you have lost a great mistake. He steps into the midst of the audience with the utmost unconcern, shakes his head sadly, exhibits his empty pockets, strikes his arms together violently, and then drawing a handkerchief over his outstretched arm, produces a most succulent and highly glazed brisket of water and gold-foil—veal and genuine cheese. The last trick which he attempted upon one gentleman's hat more hoop-skirts, five rabbits, goblets, and lighted lanterns than fifty hats could possibly hold—was one of the most successful of all his feats, if we except making a cage-full of canaries disappear from the cage and appear simultaneously in the pages of books. It is more like magic than sleight of hand, and the modus operandi is entirely unsuspected. Conjuring is beautiful, from the rapidity and grace with which the transformation is made.

Nothing is more delightful—to the ladies at least, and the gentlemen do not seem averse to it—than a walk down Broadway some of these charming autumn days. The shops are filled with the gay-colored autumn dress, and you don't need to look into the top-windows to see them almost put down on the pavement—you can see them at a glance enough adorning the fair promenaders. There are so many curious varieties of hats and bonnets that one wonders where they all come from, and is puzzled to decide whether they are pretty or not. Stay! that one is pretty indeed—a pure white hat of velvet, or some such material, trimmed with blue velvet, and a long blue veil at the side. Those side-veils give a very graceful air, but we protest against the custom of covering the last pointy with a veil entirely placed together behind. It is done a sensible purpose only, who has attained to her own aggregate head-covering in her hand-box and has to take her bonnet from the hat-tree—really there is not a shade of distinction.

Every body is proud of our beautiful Park, and is interested in whatever in and about it contributes to its attractions. Therefore we mention the fact that Professor Lowe is preparing an elegant bridal car to accommodate some romantic pair, who desire to have their happiness consummated in a balloon. The ceremony will be performed after the balloon has ascended twelve feet. Then, after partaking of a sumptuous collation, provided by the Professor, the yet unknown, but doubtless happy pair, will commence their airy bridal tour.

Who will be the fortunate couple?

To read the court records of the day, and the awful developments of domestic infelicity, one would think we made any young lady say "No" when the question is "popped." Matrimony is the very worst business that a man in this lady's chance thus to reply. However, somebody thinks there are two sides to the question, as the following will show:

MATRIMONY SPREAD SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.—Matrimony is but hard work—a life of toil and pain, comfortable slippers, smoking coffee, round arms, red lips, kind words, shirts studding to buttons, delicious suppers, soft beds, happiness, etc. Hurrah!

Single blessedness—chest-iron quills, blue noses, frosty rooms, ice in the pitcher, unpressurized linen, restless socks, office crammed with icicles, gusts outside blinds, flabby steaks, dull razors, corns, coughs, colics, rhubarb, misery, etc. Ugh!

Those good housekeepers, who are terrified at the fearful price of butter occasioned by the rebellion, will learn that, in Philadelphia recently, an entrepreneur met with summary punishment.

A dealer in butter in the Grand Avenue Market distributed every body by demanding one dollar a pound for his lump butter. A lady offered to give him ninety-five cents, but the dealer refused, and while the lady was talking with him the rest of the market-men and women commenced to examine the lumps offered for sale. Each lump was weighed, and the dealer pocketed, and with them, in the number of forty, was found to be under weight. A mere delighted crowd was never seen than when the lady marched off with the entire lot in his basket.

It was a beautiful as well as a wise idea of our city ministers presented last Sunday evening in an address on the training of children. It was given as a quotation: "I think it well to prejudice my children in favor of virtue and vices, or corn and wheat, if I would keep out the weeds."

Those fashionable mothers, who commit to nurses the exclusive care of their little ones, will learn a lesson from the following:

A MODEL MOTHER.—According to a *Court Journal* the Princess of Wales is a very pattern for mothers: "It is whispered about that the Princess of Wales is now nursing the mother of the 'future King of England' may be seen in a fashionable part of the order Princess of Wales and put on baby's night-clothes and see him safely in bed."

Edmund About says that fashionable French mothers do nursing for an age, and that nobody pretends to and twenty minutes a day to their little family. It is a matter of law that they shall not do it for more than that.

But there is another side—all mothers accuse the waters are not the only ones and papers filled with the awful tales of cruelty to children. Running the eye over a single English paper we glean the following—mere leadings to paragraphs.

SHOCKING MURDER OF AN INFANT. MURDER OF THREE CHILDREN AND SUICIDE. HARROWING DISCOVERY. ANOTHER CASE OF INFANTAM TREACHERY. FOIBOTHS OF MURDER. ANOTHER INFANT MURDERESS. ATTEMPTED MURDER. CHILD SUFFOCATED IN A BOX OF FEATHERS.

The naked truth is with a little variation from a recital of wholesale "Murder of the Innocents."

The English people complain because the Queen secludes herself from the public gaze, and yet when she does appear she is hooted and hissed.

Eugénie seems to be ambitious of literary distinction as well as her royal husband. It is currently reported that she has written a history of the French revolution in the Spanish language. The Empress, it is said, has received from the Queen of Spain the title of Duchess of Alba of Castile"—with what truth we can not say.

Who will hereafter say that false hair is not useful? A LOVE OF HAIR LEADS TO MATRIMONY.—Mrs. Catherine Claussen, a Parisian lady, while traveling in her carriage with her husband, Baron Claussen, was suddenly robbed of a coachman, who had incurred her displeasure. He struck at her head with a hatchet, but the blow was warded off, who afterward attended her declared that her life was saved by the quantity of false hair she wore.

Royalty can not insure happiness, nor the gratification of one's wishes.

The unfortunate ills of Queen Victoria has been much disturbed of late in consequence of the proposed marriage of her daughter Princess Helena. Helena, as a young princess young lady, she remembers her mother in appearance and disposition, and the other of the Duke of Argyle. She recently believed in London that the Princess Helena was about to marry Lord Lorne, instead of a young gentleman, and this fact was sufficient to make her specify alliance with the Duke of Argyle. The Queen, it appears, is not necessarily, in order to prevent the deepening of her affection for a person who does not like her, a disagreeable country. Now there seems to be two candidates in the field for the hand of the Princess of Denmark—one, the objectionable by the Queen, and the Crown Prince of Holland. The latter is a young man of fine personal appearance and handsome young fellow, more acceptable to the young Princess than the Queen. He has appointed him as an opposite door, just enough sight of her departing robes. Poor Victoria! Poor Queen!

The following incident carries its own lesson—so often we hear it:

A TRAGIC WEDDING.—The town of Kaschau, in Hungary, has just been the scene of a tragic event. It is the custom there for the bride to be escorted by a young lady of the town, and on the day fixed for the nuptials of Miss Ilona Kiss, a young lady of great beauty in Kaschau, preceded by a band of music, and followed by a large train of friends, left the house where she was served after the ceremony, one of the guests invited with the bridegroom to the maiden dignitary. The bride, who had gone to the church on foot, was conducted home in a carriage. Dinner was served after the usual manner, and ran away, laughing as she went. Her husband followed her with a whip, and exclaimed in a loud tone, "Come here, Ilona, or I will fire!" The bride heard the words, but replied, "Fire, if you will." The shot went off but instant, and the poor girl fell mortally wounded; and the husband, who had never before suffered from such a misfortune that she felt certain he did not know the rifle was loaded.



PARROT VENDER.



NEGRESS CARRYING HER YOUNG.



DON PEDRO II., EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.



FISH-MONGER AND HIS DULCINEA.



SLAVE PICKING COTTON.



VIEW OF RIO DE JANEIRO, THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL, SOUTH AMERICA: WITH PORT



DONNA THERESA, EMPRESS OF BRAZIL.



FRUIT GIRL.



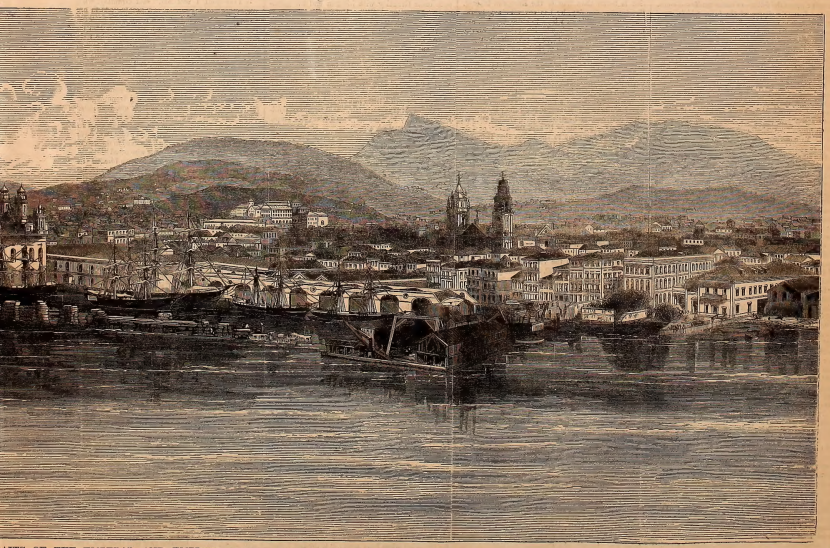
STREET PORTER BRAIDING PALM-LEAF.



DRYING COFFEE ON THE TERRACE.



HEAD PORTER.



AITS OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS, STREET CHARACTERS, ETC.—[See Page 666.]

AFOOT.

In life's a journey—as we see
This indeed by many a token—
Oh, then, I trow, the road will be
Not always smooth or always broken.
But march we over rugged stone,
Or march we over trodden gravel,
With friends around us, or alone,
We must keep moving on our travel.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.
If we find
We lag behind
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

Many a path will seem most plain,
Many a sign will point the reason;
But hold thine own with might and main,
And keep the track that thou hast chosen.
It's in the light and in the dark,
It's over hill and through the hollow;
We'll fix our eyes upon the mark,
And if we can not lead we'll follow.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.
If our strength
Should fail at length
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

The horseman and the charioteer
Go hasting by with mighty clatter;
God-speed them all! and if they veer
The reins to-day, what does it matter?
Grudge them not the present hour,
Nor faint and murmur like a craven,
For victory is the end and the power
There is for all a common haven.
Tramp, tramp, when skies are fair,
Tramp, tramp, when storms are blowing.
As the light
Dies down to night
A steadfast heart will keep us going.

BRAZIL.

A NUMBER of engravings in the middle of our paper this week illustrate some important features and picturesque scenes in the new of great interest in Brazil. For the interesting views and portraits to which we allude we are indebted to Mr. H. M. LANE, whose long residence in Brazil has made him familiar with the customs of the people and with the history of the country.

On first seeing the town of Rio Janeiro from the deck of the steamer the mind of the voyager is filled with the grandeur of the picture which it presents. Not that there is much to admire in the town itself—it is the beauty of its surroundings; the brilliant sky, the blue land-locked sea which fills its bay; the picturesque appearance of the Pao d'Assucar, at the entrance of the port; the white walls of the vessels lying along under the steep and massive pressure of the breeze; and, beyond the city, the various tints of the foliage of the magnificent trees, and the bolder shape of the hills, which stretch out so charmingly against the rich blue sky. Seen from this position, the city looks very pretty, and there is a general eagerness to get ashore, which is only equaled by the desire to get away from it after a lengthened residence therein. Built-of-brick dirty streets, abounding in smells—compared with which that rising from the worst streets in New York in the hottest weather is a refreshing perfume—mean-looking houses, and a not over-clean population, do not make a very favorable impression on the stranger who lands among them. It is true there are a few buildings, public and otherwise, which present a respectable appearance, but these are not in sufficient number to redeem the less attractive features of the city.

The origin of Brazil is very far indeed from being the compact country it appears on the map, and its immense extent renders the want of roads more serious and material to its prosperity. So difficult is it to travel in the interior of the empire that a very large portion is occupied in the possession of a dispatch from the seat of government to the most distant province and the return of the messenger. Practically all communication between the capital and the immense basin of the Amazon is by sea, and until recently there was immense difficulty in passing from the cities on the coast to the dwellers on the higher plateaux, and a good deal of danger, the forests which intervene being occupied by wild and savage tribes.

DON PEDRO II. D'ALCANTARA is the second Emperor of Brazil. He was born at the port of Santa Christovao, in the outskirts of Rio, December 2, 1825. His early studies were directed by the venerable José BONIFACIO D'ANDRADA, called the PATRIARCH of Brazil, a wise and learned statesman and scholar. He found in young PEDRO an apt scholar, and in the Emperor a man justly entitled for his present liberal government. Very early in life the Emperor showed signs of enormous ability and that rare discernment which characterizes his later years. In 1840 he was called upon to ascend the throne and take the full prerogative. He was then only fourteen years of age.

It must be admitted that DON PEDRO II. fully comprehends the various of the resources of the country he governs, and that he has set to work in the right way to develop them. The great purpose of his life seems to be to elevate the population to the position of a *free people*. During his reign Brazil has taken immense strides in every progress. She has already six important railroads, and among them some master-pieces of engineering; many fine manufactured turnpikes; a semi-nautical line of first-class sea-going steamers running from the Amazon and the La Plata, touching at all the principal points on the coast; numerous small coast lines, and steamers running the entire length of the navigable Amazon, also steamboats on almost every navigable river of the Empire. Nearly all these enterprises are subsidized. The capital—Rio Janeiro—possesses nearly all the improvements to be found in European or North American cities. The literary and scientific institutions of Brazil rank very high. Throughout the entire length and breadth of the Empire the rights of individuals are guaranteed; there is perfect liberty of speech; the press is free; all religions are tolerated; nearly all the officers are *elected* by the people; and though the form of government is monarchical, the people are as free as it is possible for a people to be with safety to themselves.

Dom Pedro is considerably over six feet in height, muscular and well developed, with handsome German features and a fine eye. In his habits he is simple and unpretending. His life is a fine scholar, and cultivates assiduously the arts and sciences, and is a warm patron of scientific and literary institutions. He has also been a warm friend of *free public schools*, which has no equal in America outside of the United States; and he is a warm friend of religious toleration, and has given his personal aid to erect Protestant chapels for the German colonists. He is a liberal Catholic in principle, and is thoroughly acquainted with our literature. Last year he sent to WHITTIER an autograph translation of the "Cry of the Lost."

The Emperor is a fine conversationalist, and speaks fluently six languages; is a thorough classical scholar, and a good typographical compositor. PROFESSOR AGASSIZ upon his arrival in Brazil found in the Emperor a kind friend and warm supporter. The latter ordered telegraphic dispatches to be sent to him and his party over all the Government lines in the Empire, and placed at his disposal a steamer to explore the AMAZON. The Emperor's ideas of the abolition of slavery are well known. On cession of the province of Rio Grande Pedro has liberated a large number of slaves. Within the last ten years the number of slaves has decreased more than one-third. The Emperor's own liberal lives; so that to-day, at the highest calculation, there are not more than two millions of slaves in the empire.

Brazilian slaves are of every hue, from the deep black of the African to the light olive-brown complexion of the plusher himself; and but for the suppression of the slave-trade, they would have soon outnumbered the freemen, and would be already ready in the coast provinces—and then we might have expected a servile war and a repetition of the horrors of St. Domingo. Many of the Brazilians are said not to have the slightest idea that there is any thing wrong in holding a fellow-man in bondage. The Government has taken measures from whose labors it derives a portion of its revenue; consequently, when the slaves of them as the property of the particular saint to whom the establishment is dedicated; the Foundling Hospital occasionally has a number of children, and especially efective ators said to buy those that are sick, on the chance of restoring them and making a profit by their aid. It must be a source of grief these treat the slave with animosity. They regard him with the same kind of feeling as that with which we look upon a horse or ox. They treat him with as much indulgence that in some respects his condition is better than that of the free laborer. Besides the Sunday, he has several days in the course of the year on which to enjoy himself, and in many cases is allowed a piece of ground to cultivate his own little piece of land, the Saturday.

The cities are full of slaves and free colored people. Walking in the streets of any of the cities, you meet with troops of these, headed by one of their number rattling a cabasah containing pebbles or shells, dancing, singing, laughing, and moving with surprising ease and elasticity. So general is this music that it is a matter of surprise Brazilians who have been accustomed to it all their lives compliance of it, and the legislature once ordered it to be put down; but the effort was in vain. The fate of this edict was so injurious to the slaves that it had to be repealed. They lost their animation and their strength, moved about like drowsy drones, and wasted so rapidly as to make it quite painful to look at them. The restoration of the music and dancing was hailed with universal delight, and gave the physiologist an opportunity of arriving at some wonderful conclusions regarding the power of the nervous system over the physical. A very large proportion of the colored population of the cities are free; thus many slaves purchase their freedom, and at liberty to employ themselves as they please, subject to the payment of a fixed sum per day to their owners. The rest of their earnings are put in their own disposal, and as the value of an able-bodied slave seldom exceeds $1000, it is in the power of almost all of them to purchase their freedom at some time or other. Meanwhile they are at full liberty to cultivate their own little plot of land disposed, the man who instructs them being under no pecuniary obligation of receiving a dressing of tar and feathers, or a gentle glance of the sun's rays.

The Empress, DONNA THERESA, is a sister of the late King of the Two Sicilies. She is a lady of high intellectual mind, possessed of all the qualities of a kind and truly noble princess. She is a good musician, and her numberless charities and personal solicitude for the welfare of much have endeared herself to the hearts of all the Brazilians.

Friendly relations exist with Paraguay until the accession of LOPEZ, who proposed to join the Spanish American nations would join him against Brazil, ingnu very soon to show himself treacherous and violated the spirit of the treaty by erecting a strong fortification at the mouth of the Paraguay; and when the Brazil for the purpose interfered in the affairs of the La Plata, in the pursuit of her legitimate interests and to protect her citizens from repeated aggressions, LOPEZ declared war against Lorez took occasion to capture an unsuspecting merchant steamer on the Paraguay, and to invade the Province of Matto-Grosso, committing depredations and ravages on every hand.

Paraguay is without doubt one of the most despotically governed countries in the world. Congress has not only once in ten years; then the Deputies are virtually LOPEZ'S creatures. Liberty is the only merchant who can have relations with the outside world. He has complete control of all public and private property. No one can marry without his consent, none can leave the country without his permission.

This is the third time Brazil has interfered in the affairs of the La Plata. First, in 1852, to break the power of the tyrant ROSAS; second, in 1854, at request of the Estado Oriental, to secure public order and preserve the existence of the Republic of Montevideo. Peace was only secured for a short time in 1855 anarchy again reigned. In 1861 another revolution broke out between the two parties, known as the "Colorados" and "Blancos." The "Colorados" were lured into laying down their arms, and were then indiscriminately slaughtered.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that there is now a regular line of mail steamships between New York and Rio de Janeiro, leaving the former city on the 28th of every month. The first vessel that ran on this route was the CORCOVADO, which left this port September 28. The establishment of this line will give us every month the latest intelligence of the war on the Plata.

HOPE RASHLEIGH.

HOPE and Grantley Watts were cousins of a faraway kind; though he was that most miserable of all things—a poor dependent brought up on charity, therefore in nowise her equal according to the canons of society. He was a noble-hearted fellow this Grantley, with a frank, manly characteristics—a temper and an invincible sense of honor. His cousin, John Rashleigh, was substantially kind to him. He boarded, lodged, and educated him liberally; but for the more immaterial kindnesses of tender look and word, of kindness, sometimes carried by the generosity of love, of gifts or pleasures beyond strict deserving, the Rashleighs were also absolutely without stint. Hope, too, had used toward him all the insolence which girls of a certain type are so fond of showering toward young men. But Grantley possessed all her girlish impertinence with unwavering good-humor and patience; never seeming to see what would have fired many another youth to sarcy retaliation. In short, a weaker man of himself, returning good for evil, smiles for jeers, obedience for insolence, and service for ingratitude. And yet he was not mean-spirited.

At length Grantley was offered an Indian appointment, involving a salary of small value in his beginning, promised well, and was sure to lead to a favorable future if he were found capable and steady. There was no question of doubt or hesitation in the matter; he must go, willing or unwilling. Penniless young men, kept long idle at home, are generally glad enough to accept appointments where they can make their fortunes; but his cousin noticed that his tanned deadly pale as he spoke, and there was a look such as she had never seen in his eyes before, and which sent all the blood in a thick wave of mingled emotion to her heart.

A few days before Grantley's departure Hope was walking in the shrubbery by the long field. She had been out for a ride. Hope Rashleigh could get out of temper. Presently, up the long path came Grantley with his gun and his game-bag. He had been shooting. Hope raised her eyes from the book she had been reading; at least not exactly reading, for she was holding it upside down: and as she looked she colored.

"I am going to get you a partridge, Miss Hope," said Grantley, coming to a standstill for a moment as he came near to her. He always called her Miss Hope.

"I dare say the partridges will be safe enough from your gun," said Hope, laughing. But she did not look at him as she spoke; and somehow her insolence seemed a little put on and forced.

"Oh! I shall get one for you," said Grantley, smiling. "I may be good for very little, Miss Hope, but I am a fair shot, you know."

"I do not condescend to argue with you," cried Hope, shaking back her hair. "You are very rude to contradict me."

"I do not wish to contradict you, Miss Hope," replied Grantley, in a sweet, grave voice; "but you must and will allow me to differ from you if I see you to have a mean opinion of me, and try to set you right."

The blood rushed over Hope's face, and she turned away abruptly.

"I am going away—perhaps forever," then said Grantley after a short pause, speaking in a low voice, but not looking at his cousin—looking down instead, contracting the stock of his gun which just then needed an extra polish.

"Why is it you have been so constantly displeased with me, Hope? Surely no one has tried more sedulously than I to please and obey you—I can truly say from the very first years of my life here—why is it, then, that you are angry now? What have I ever done to make you hate me? If I only knew! I only had the chance to—to—"

Hate you?" she cried, quickly, turning full round upon him and raising her eyes with a strange look in them, which he dropped those eyes before, and said, coldly, "I did not know, Mr. Watts, that I had ever honored you enough to hate you. I have scarcely thought about you, and am sure I can warrant you in saying that."

Grantley turned pale. "Forgive me," he said, sadly: "this has been again one of my unlucky blunders."

Grantley then struck into the fields for one of the last days of partridge-shooting he was to have in the old country. But Hope, going deeper into the shrubbery, flung herself down on the moss at the roots of the trees and burst into a passionate flood of tears, hating and despising herself the while.

When Grantley returned in the evening he had only one bird in his bag, though game was plentiful this year and he was acknowledged to be a fair rate shot. His cousin, John Rashleigh, rallied him unmercifully, and Hope said in her most disdainful way: "I thought the covers would be tolerably safe, Mr. Watts!" But he only laughed, and said: "Well, Miss Hope, you must have it some morning for breakfast, for I am sure it is the last I shall shoot, and I should like you to have it."

To which answered Hope indifferently: "You are very good, Grantley, but I dare say Filo will be the only one to benefit by your last bag; I do not suppose I shall even see the creature."

Grantley colored; and Mr. Rashleigh himself thought she might have been more gracious just on the eve of the poor lad's departure, when perhaps they might never see him again.

Perhaps it was some such half discomfort—it could not be said to be conscious displeasure—that made him refuse Hope's request that evening. As usual, she was out of funds, and she had a special need for money at this moment. She wished to help poor Anne Rogers down in the fever, with her husband in the hospital and her children destitute, and she knew that her father would not give them a penny; for the man had been convicted of poaching, and Anne herself did not bear the most unblemished character, and had seen the inside of the county jail more than once in her lifetime. But these counter-pleadings did not influence Hope; and she thought only of the suffering family, which she could help, and of the bad luck of the history. Then she wanted to make Grantley a present before he went away, and she did not want her father to know of it; there perhaps she would have been puzzled to explain why she wished to keep such a trivial matter secret. She had never given him any thing—except, seven years ago, a wax doll; and he was almost the only person within her sphere to spend ever but now, when he was going to leave forever, she would give him something in a remembrance—something that would make him think of her when he was away. Poor, proud Hope, come then at last to this!

She knew that her father had money in the house when the went into the library to speak to him; for she saw him put a twenty-pound note in his desk yesterday, which was just the sum she wanted. And, indeed, he was on the point of doing so then. She would have got it had not for the first time in his life he refused her, and so sternly and positively that, as much in surprise as anger, she gave up the point at once and left him with a sullen flush of pride and determination on her face, which he did not see, sitting as he was toward the light, while she stood in the shadow.

John Rashleigh was a magistrate, and to-day was market-day at Canstow, the town near which they lived, when the Rashleighs generally resided in the upper room of the town-hall and dispensed law, and justice, to the offenders. His absence gave Hope the opportunity she wanted. Very quietly and very deliberately she unlocked his desk, and took from it the twenty-pound note.

"Grantley, change this for me," she said, giving him the note.

"I am not change it myself, Miss Hope," he answered, "but I will get it done for you in Canstow; I am going over there directly."

"Change it for me when you like," she answered, carelessly. "I want the money as soon as you can give it to me, that is all." And Grantley, do you hear? if you change it for me, do not tell him that I gave you the note to get changed."

"I will not," said Grantley, with a strange look in his eyes, "I am ironmonger's that day. He took a check which he had just received in the market-place from one of his tenants who owed him half a year's rent for his farm; and to save himself the trouble of going to the bank—banking hours, indeed, being over—he gave it to Grantley to get the surplus change; among which change came his own twenty-pound note, which he received in coin.

"Where did you get this, Tell?" he asked.

"Mr. Grantley, Sir," said Tell. "He changed it here and left it on the counter ago, and I put the instant camp apparatus," showing the young man's purchases.

"Mr. Grantley Watts?" cried John Rashleigh, flushing up; "he changed this note here?"

"Yes, Sir; I hope no mistake, Sir—nothing wrong?" asked the astonished Tell, respectfully.

"No, no, nothing! I was surprised, that was all. No, Tell, nothing wrong."

Home went John Rashleigh in a frame of mind more easily imagined than described. Things had come roughly with him for the last few years, and John Rashleigh was not the man to bear with the crossness of circumstance patiently.

"Grantley!" he called out as soon as he entered, and still standing in the hall; "Grantley Watts, where are you?"

"Here, Sir," said Grantley, coming out of the drawing-room, where he had been giving Hope an account of his proceedings, and emptying his pockets of her commissions.

"Where did you get that twenty-pound note you changed just now at Tell's?" shouted John Rashleigh.

Grantley was silent.

"Come, Sir, I want an answer!" cried his cousin. "Looking down and keeping a demure silence will not suit me: I want a simple answer to a straightforward question. Where did you get that twenty-pound note from?"

Grantley still made no answer; then he said he beginning to break upon him.

"I do not think any one in my household would do such a thing: two hours ago I should not have thought that you would have done it; and even yet, suspicious as the whole circumstance is, even yet I will accept any explanation that I can get, else I must hold you responsible for the theft."

"I did not steal it. I have committed no theft," said Grantley, looking straight into his cousin's eyes.

"Oh! you may dislike the word, but that I do not care for," said Mr. Rashleigh, disdainfully. "If you are not a thief, what are you then? If you did not steal it, how did you get it?"

"I did not steal it," was all that Grantley could say, repeating himself monotonously.

John Rashleigh was an impatient man as well as a proud and high-tempered one. At Grantley's second answerwithin he stared his hand and struck the youth across the face.

"Coward," he said, "have you not even the bad courage of crime? Dare you not confess what, by confession, would have been only a fault? If you had told me frankly how and why you had come to do such a thing, I could have understood it as a boyish liberty, and have forgiven it, but now I have only one way of dealing with the—a crime."

When he struck him Grantley involuntarily raised his own hand; but a thought came across him, and he retreated a step or two and dropped his guard.

"It takes the remembrance of all you have done for me, Mr. Rashleigh, and more than even this, to make me able to bear your insults!" he said, excitedly, his boyish face convulsed with contending passions.

"Tell me how you came by it," he then said, in a somewhat gentler tone; "if I have done you wrong, Ley, I am sorry for it, and will not bear malice; but tell me how you got that note."

"I can not, Sir," said Grantley, his heart swelling.

"Then you will not be surprised if I send for the police? Here, Lewis, Lewis, come here! The thing must be thoroughly sifted, Grantley; and if you are guilty I am sorry for the exposure you have brought on yourself. It is your own fault that the things come to such a pass, when they can never be mended again!"

"To send for the police will not make matters much worse for me," replied Grantley; "the servants have heard all that has passed, and my character will by none the blacker even for that discharge."

"At least we shall get to the truth then," said Mr. Rashleigh; "which will be so much gained."

"No, Sir," Grantley replied, firmly, "I shall not tell you even then where I got that money from, or how I came by it!"

All this while the drawing-room door had been standing half open, and Hope drew close to it, listening to what was passing. A whole world of feelings had possessed her by turns—fear for her father, fear for Grantley, and shame at the part in which in which her self-will and cowardice together had placed him —something, too, that was more than admiration at the consistency with which the boy preserved his faith and indignity that he might keep faith with her, and a kind of burning idea that what he had done had been after all a sin and a dishonor, and that confession would degrade her forever—all these thoughts and feelings passed through her mind in turns, and held her motionless and silent; with ever the bitter recollection that Grantley was but a poor relation at the best, and that the distance between them was immeasurable, running like a sorrowful refrain to each. But when her father spoke of giving him in charge, and called to servants, she hesitated no longer. Throwing the door wide open she stood in the hall.

"I took the money, papa," she said, boldly; and as she spoke she laid her hand in Grantley's, the first time that she had ever willingly done so.

"Hope!" exclaimed her father, "are you mad? You took that money? You?"

"Yes, papa," she answered, quite steadily; "you refused to give it to me when I asked you for it yesterday, and I took it this morning. I wanted it, and you ought not to have given it to me."

"If I had thought that to refuse it would have made you capable of stealing it, Hope, I would not have hesitated a moment," said the father, sternly.

"I do not call it stealing," said Hope, defiantly. "It was only taking what I had a right to, as I locked your desk with my own key, and gave the note to Grantley to get changed."

John Rashleigh turned fiercely against the youth. "How dare you, Sir, abet my child in her folly?" he exclaimed, passionately. "What was folly in her, and excusable, considering how I have always humored her and accorded to her wishes, and remembering that all she is is more child still, was downright wickedness and dishonor in you. And how do I know but that you instigated her to it? How do I know but that it was your due in reality, and she but the innocent tool of your cunning schemes? You bought a precious guaranee for yourself, and paid for it with my money, did you, Grantley, the whole thing looks too black yet for your whitewashing."

Grantley accounted to me for that camp thing," said Hope. "Do I not tell you, papa, that it was my own doing from first to last? Grantley does not know where I got the note from. I only asked him to get it cashed for me. But I asked him not to tell you that I had done so, because I was afraid you would be angry with me, and I meant to tell you when you were kind again." This she said coaxingly.

"I could not break my word to Miss Hope," said Grantley in a low voice, but firmly; "and I should have thought, Mr. Rashleigh, that you would have known me too well to have suspected me of such a thing as this. What Miss Hope had the right to do was another matter, but it would have been a theft in me; and men (here Mr. Rashleigh smiled a little satirically) "do not become thieves all at once. Yet I do not think you have ever seen much want of honor in me!"

"I will not have that tone taken," said Mr. Rashleigh, harshly. "You have done ill, Grantley, and it is absurd to attempt to give yourself the airs of injured innocence, and as if you had the right to blame me because I suspected what was so entirely suspicious. And what do I know yet? Have no proof; only your own word and Hope's assertion, which, for aught I know, may be merely her generous desire to get you out of a perilous position by taking the blame on herself. I can scarcely believe her guilty. To have gone into my room in my absence—unlock my desk—take the money I had refused her only a few hours ago—to steal—I can not believe it! I will not! You have been at the bottom of it, Grantley; you have had some hand in it!"

"Now, papa, how can you go on so?" cried Hope, thoroughly frightened. "Do I not tell you that Grantley is innocent, and that I have been the only one to blame? What more can I say to convince you?"

"It is not an easy matter to convince me that my child has committed a theft," said John Rashleigh, gravely, and turning away his head.

"I did not think of it as a theft at the time, dear papa," she cried, flinging herself into his arms. "I wanted it for poor Anne Rogers, chicky; I did not mean it for myself. I only meant to take it myself for having been so disobedient and willful, and do not blame or accuse Grantley any more. I am the only one to blame. He has been far nobler than I deserved." Here she burst into tears, and buried her face in her father's breast.

John Rashleigh could not resist this. Hope had never yet been unforgiven, even when she had not been penitent, and the tender, unreasoning love of the proud to-day could meet with nothing but the most fervent response.

"Do not cry, Hope. Dry your eyes, child," he said, tenderly. "There, there! Let us have no more about it. I quite believe you, and I quite believe that you did not know you were doing any thing wrong, and that you were only thoughtless and impulsive, as usual, my child. As for you, Grantley," in a stern way that I accused you so hastily; so, shake hands, and think no more about it. As you can repay the money, I will not blame you for sorry," he added, pleasantly, as Grantley still hesitated. The blow on his cheek yet stung, and it was rather early days for him to forget that he was struck him. "No gentleman can want more than an apology, and a father can only express his regret in a way as shake hands, boy, and we will forget what has been a very painful misunderstanding."

That word did not do. Grantley had failed to do. Grantley grasped his cousin's hand warmly; he had conquered all his boyish pride and manly indignation by the sudden change of tone.

"I have made you suffer, Grantley," said Hope, as her father left them; and again she laid her hand in his.

"I would have borne more than this for your sake, Miss Hope," he answered, pressing her hand with warm soft of fire, remembering her kindness, she not haughty and disdainful as usual, but downcast, humble, and repentant.

"I do not know what we shall do without you, Grantley," she then said, very gently; and as she spoke she turned pale, and he felt her hand trembling in his.

"Oh! you will soon forget me. I have so often misdoubted you, you will be glad to get rid of me," Grantley answered.

"I do not think we shall," said Hope, in a low voice. And then there was a moment's silence.

All this time they were standing with their hands clasped in each other's in the hall which had just been so much the scene of pain. Mr. Rashleigh coming through.

"You have not displeased me; it is I who have been ill-tempered," Hope continued, in a still lower voice, still softer and richer in its tones. "I ought to ask you for forgiveness, and I do forgive you go, for I have often behaved so badly to you."

"You must not do that," he exclaimed, hastily, and his eyes flashed with pain. "I could not bear that, Miss Hope. I can not bear to hear you even blame yourself for any thing."

Grantley's voice failed and then she stopped and said no more.

Still with her hand in his, still looking down on her as she stood with bent head and lowered eyelids before him, he drew just a shade nearer to her.

"You spoke? I do not hear."

She laid her other hand on his arm.

"I am much obliged to you for all that you have done for me these many years," she said, almost in a whisper.

The words were formal, but the voice and tone were not; the downcast eyes, the startled lips, the cheeks now crimsoning and now paling, the heaving breast, the pride swept away beneath the swell of this unusual tenderness and deep gratitude, all told of something deeper and warmer stirring in that impulsive heart than what those quaint, formal words expressed.

"Do not say that you are obliged to me for any thing, dear Miss Hope," he answered, hoarsely, scarcely able to speak; "it has been honor enough to me to be allowed to serve you."

"No one has ever done so much for me," she said.

"Because no one ever—" He stopped in his turn, and said no more; then, after a pause, he went on: "I have done nothing for you unwillingly, Miss Hope. If you have found me of any use to give you my life, I would have done it as freely as I would have given you a flower. I have had but one object—that of serving and obeying you; and I have had but one desire—that of pleasing you. I have given the first the best way I could, if I have failed in the last sadly. But I want you to remember me when I am in India." he went on to say, "and to remember me with as little dislike as you can; and I am so glad of to-day, for the last thing you will have to remember of me will be my faith to you."

The tears were swelling in her eyes, as in his.

"I shall never forget to-day," she said, gently, "nor how good you have always been to me, dear Grantley."

"I am glad you can say that, dear Miss Hope. I am glad I am going to India too, though I shall never see you again; for if I stand in England I should only fall out of favor again, and then I should have the pain of seeing you hate me more than ever, perhaps."

By this time the tears were running down her face.

"I have never disliked you, Grantley," she said; "I have pretended to do so, but it was mere pretence; and I have tried, but I could not. I like you better than you like me, Grantley—a great deal."

"Hope!"

What was it? What happened? What madness took him? Neither of them ever knew, boy and girl as they were; but Hope found herself clasped in his arms, with her arm round his neck, and their flushed, wet, youthful faces laid against each other.

But they were not in smooth water yet, and had something more formidable before them than even their own misunderstanding and childish blindness had been. Though John Rashleigh might forgive a girlish freedom like that of which Hope had been guilty, it was not to be easily certain that he would forgive this far graver sin. The light of his eyes and the pride of his heart, the for whom lords and princes would not have thought too good, to give herself away at sixteen to a poor relation! Hope knew all the trial to be passed through. It must be met, however, and that at once, unless she and Grantley would undertake a clandestine correspondence—for which the one was too proud and the other too honest; or unless they would give up each other —which neither would hear of. What she anticipated came to pass, in even exaggerated form. The father was furious; violent beyond any thing she had dreamed possible; but, glad as she was, she was firm, and Grantley would not yield her to long as she would hold to him.

Then came that terrible collision of two wills equal in strength, and the battle of love and pride which tears a man's very soul. Look which way he would, there was no comfort for John Rashleigh; and refusal or consent was equally madness and despair. But he must decide. The proud man had to balance with the father; and eventually the father won the day. Yet he would not consent to the marriage for many years even after they had come to rigor ago than what is generally held ripe enough; and when he did—when Grantley came back from India with a character and repute of his own, and his cousin found that both pour relation and daughter had not swerved a hair's-breadth from their young faith, she was reminded to marry without his consent if it could not be with—even then, when forced to yield, Grantley found his rosee decidedly cool with Thomas. His sweetness of temper though conquered before the end came; and when John Rashleigh was dying he confessed that Grantley had been the best son, and the dearest, father ever had; and that now, when the things of this world were slipping away from him and he was beginning to learn their emptiness, he was glad that Hope had married one who, by his better influence, had made her a nobler and a gentler woman.

"But you were a thief after all, my boy, and stole a greater treasure than a paltry bank-note," he said, lovingly, not an hour before he died.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE PRESIDENT WARM BATH.—A horrid Cockney, with reference to the matter of perspiration, said a very shocking thing: only there is some truth in the remark that he would not have thought. The writer observed that the effect of Cut was likely to get Bismarck's master into 'ot water!

"MENTAL ASSIMILATION."—Stealing the ideas of others and knowing how to use your own.

THE LATE NEW TIMES IN HATS.—An impecunious friend of ours says he wants a new hat "like old boots." We have no level of an animal that had a foot like a warming pan, and a body like the keel of a ship, but a chapeau resembling an antiquated pair of boots is scarcely to be imagined.

Which are the two hottest letters of the alphabet?—K N.

THE WORST DILEMMA FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.—Buffalo Horns. *(Don't you understand, stoopid? The Buffalo Lane Gazette has declared them Jupiters, and liable to the Jupiter-Tax.)*

NOT A DOUBT OF IT.—We often hear people debating on the future of Cuba, and wondering by whom and when the game was first introduced. As to the locality we have no means of forming an accurate idea, but we think the frogs were certainly among the first to croak—ah!



THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

MAMMA. "You're a very bad Boy, indeed, for hitting your little Sister, and *(threatening to box his ears)* I've half a Mind—"

BOY. "Have you got *half* a Mind, Mamma dear? Ham! well, that's not so bad for a Woman!"

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

That whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the nose of all those who can not govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly quarrels.

That ale causes many sillings; while beer brings many to bier.

That Champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have a "devil" more than the slings of old.

A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put warm water into it instead of cold."

THE WILTSHIRE DIALECT.—The following dialogue actually took place, a short time since, between a Wiltshire labourer and a gospel at a school near Devizes:

"Now, then, the first boy of the grammar class."

FIRST BOY. "Here I be, Sir."

EXAMINER. "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?"

FIRST BOY. "Vowels, Sir? yes, of course I can."

EXAMINER. "Well then, what are vowels?"

FIRST BOY. "Vowels, Sir? why, *vowels be chickens!*"

A man courting a young woman was interrupted by her father as he was in reception. "I am a gyne-bumper upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bit-sticker.

FOOD FELLOW!—An acquaintance who has been eating and drinking say how for some years is reduced to such a state that the coats of his stomach are all out at the elbows.

What railway engines, if they could only speak as well as whistle, would most probably say, in the event of a collision, "Very, then, stupid, when are you a-shoving to?"

Why is cutting off an elephant's head widely different from cutting off any other head?—Because when you behead the head from the body you don't take it from the trunk.

NEW DEFINITION.—The man who carries every thing before him—The waiter.

"Tim, does your mother ever whip you?" "No; but she does a precious sight worse than that." "What's that?" "Why, she washes my face every morning."

ADVTL.—The following startling thread was made use of at the theatre by an excited gallery:—"I will wring your own neck, and ram you down your own throat, until there is nothing left of you but the extreme end of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes." His opponents left.

Do professors of logic usually give lectures on their own premises?

QUITE RIGHT.—A sentimental young lady having asked a gentleman why he did not secure some fond one's company across the ocean of life, replied that he would do so, as he was certain that such union would be Pacific.

Don't board at a house where they give you only cold victuals. It isn't thought healthy to be upon a cooling board.

A negro preacher once observed to his hearers at the close of his sermon as follows: "My distinguishes brethren, I find it is no use to preach to you dan is it for a grasshopper to wear knee-buckles."

A NEW NAME FOR TOOTH-ACHE.—*Grinderpast.*

"As we two are one," said a witty lover to his fair one, "I shall have a right to half of myself." "Well," said the wife, "then beat your own half, not mine."

Why are suicides the most successful people in the world?—Because they always accomplish their *own ends.*

Don't be a miser if you can be any thing else. There will be time enough to stay underground after you are dead.

ENTAPE ON A ROCK.—He was not for a Time, but for All Time.

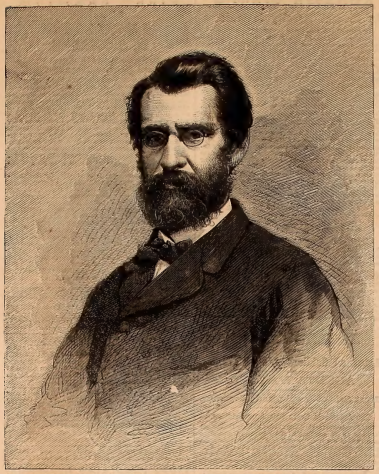
At a trial recently the jury returned the following verdict: "Guilty, with some little doubt as to whether he is the man."

It has been decided lately that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step-son.

Why is the punishment of the birch practiced by some pedagogues?—Because they are of opinion that it makes boys *more smart.*

From what tree was mother Eve prompted to pick the apple?—Devil-tree.

GATHERING APPLES.—[DRAWN BY MR. E. FORBES.]



A. OAKEY HALL, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS & CO.—[SEE PAGE 661.]



MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS BARLOW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY. [SEE NO. 453, PAGE 628.]



JOHN BUNYAN RECITING THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS TO HIS FRIENDS IN BEDFORD JAIL.—FROM A PAINTING BY G. F. FOLLINSBEE.—[SEE PAGE 670.]

"JOHN BUNYAN RECITING 'THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'"

THE character and circumstances of JOHN BUNYAN alike marked him out for persecution in a controversial and intolerant age. Even in 1637, in the best days of QUEEN ELIZABETH, he was indicted at the Assizes for preaching at Eaton. The Presbyterian ministers who were then in possession of the Churches of Elvings and Gamlingay could not endure that an "illiterate tinker and an unordained Baptist minister" should be suffered to preach. The ignorance and malicious were stirred up to circulate rumors that he was a "witch, a Jesuit, and a highwayman!" After the Restoration, it, of course, not surprising that he should have been one of the first persons punished for nonconformity. A warrant was issued against BUNYAN as he had been a dangerous person, the head and front of his offending being that he went about preaching, because he was known to be hostile to the restored Church, and especially to the prescribed Liturgy of that Church; and probably it might be remembered that he had served in the Parliamentary army. Accordingly, he was arrested at a meeting in a private house, and committed to Bedford Jail by the Justice before whom he was brought. At the ensuing session he was indicted as a person who "devilishly and perniciously abstained from coming to the parish church divine service, and who was a common upholder of several unlawful meetings and conventicles, to the great disturbance and distraction of the good subjects of this kingdom." The sentence which followed upon these resolutely refusing to attend or give any promise not to preach is equally characteristic of the time: Then said the magistrate, "Have you anything? You must be sent back again to prison, and there lie for three months following: and at those months' end, if you do not submit to go to church to hear divine service, and leave your preaching, you must be banished the realm. And if, after such a day as shall be appointed you to be gone, you shall be found in this realm, or be found to come over again without special license from the King, you must stretch by the neck for it. I tell you plainly."

These threats were certainly not executed to the full; but simply for conscience' sake and in the cause of religious liberty, JOHN BUNYAN endured an imprisonment of twelve years in Bedford Jail, and even then he did not. During part of this long period the strictness of his confinement was, however, much relaxed. The Journey to Egypt, he found a friend in "the keeper of the prison," the jailer allowing him to be almost like a prisoner at large, and to visit and befriend his fellow-men. He attended the meetings of the congregation to which he belonged, and on one occasion went to see "the Christians in London." This, however, incensed the jailer a severe reproof, and thenceforward for seven years BUNYAN was closely confined. Years of evil unto many days. To this imprisonment we doubtless owe "The Pilgrim's Progress"—a book probably more widely read than any other, save the Bible; for not only is it read wherever the English language is spoken, but it has been translated, to said Roman Catholic as well as Protestant readers, into every language of Europe. Had BUNYAN always enjoyed liberty it is probable, from all we know of his character, that he would have been too actively employed to compose "The Pilgrim's Progress," or, at all events, to work out so perfectly all the details of the wonderful allegory.

Of the picture engraved little further need be said by way of illustration—the artist tells his story so well. Bewick in reciting with characteristic fervor some scene of the "Progress"—let us suppose it to be the story of Christian and Hopeful imprisoned by the people of Vanity Fair—which scene he has just composed on the desk to his right, under which lies the book—fills the jailer with the "Book of Martyrs," his constant companions. His listeners are two Bedford friends and the good jailer, standing by the fire at his side, while, reclining under BUNYAN's arm, is the poor little blind daughter who was long a daily companion of his captivity. The picture has great artistic merit, particularly as regards drawing and character, and is the work of a young artist studying at MUNICH.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

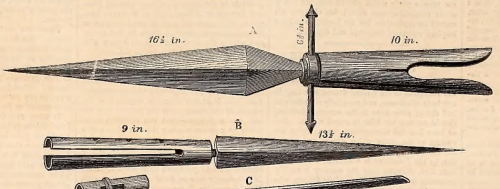
VOL. IX.—No. 461.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE FENIANS.

PHYSICIANS say of certain periods, that they are characterized by a predisposition toward certain specific forms of disease, and that as soon as the exciting cause offers all the conditions necessary to the existence of the malady are realized. So in certain countries there seems to be always a predisposition toward revolution, which for its full expression only needs some exciting motive from without. Particularly is this the case in Ireland. Let there be unusual tumult any where in the world, and it is sure to be echoed back from Ireland in some outbreak, which is generally as hopeless as to its end as it is ill-advised in its manner and conduct. The American Revolution of the last century was followed by the Irish Rebellion of 1798; and we all know how that rebellion ended, in the triumph of the few but well-disciplined English troops after entire counties of Ireland had been devastated. Again the French Revolution of 1848 was immediately followed by another outbreak. And no sooner is the great Southern rebellion put down in this country than it is repeated on a small scale among the bogs of Ireland by the Order of Fenians. Long ago England assumed of her own motion the responsibility of governing Ireland. Her government has consisted in setting up in that country a Lord-Lieutenant, an established Church, and a landed aristocracy, and in levying taxes upon the Irish for the support of all three. She abrogated the Irish Parliament—but what has she given in its place? She checked the spontaneous growth, which was, Heaven knows! sufficiently unpromising, but has she ingrafted Ireland with any fruit more promising? The consequence of British government has been simply this—that a nation's growth has been checked, and where we ought to find abundant agricultural prosperity we find a boggy waste; and where we ought to find a civilized race of men we find a people uncultured, ignorant, and so poor that when their one harvest—the potato-crop—fails them they must either starve or emigrate. The history of Irish emigration to America tells a sad story of English indifference toward the Irish race.

But we find in this indifference no excuse for Fenianism. The revolt is only a stab at Ireland by Irishmen themselves. Better governed, the Irish would be less ig-



Seized in the Rebellion of 1848. *Iron Handle, two parts.*

A. Fenian Pike, having across it a horizontal barb-pointed spike for the purpose of catching the bridles of cavalry.—B. Fenian Pike.—C. Common ring bayonet in general use.—D D D is inserted as a sample of the weapon of the former rebellion.



SEIZURE OF "THE IRISH PEOPLE" NEWSPAPER IN DUBLIN, AND OF DEADLY WEAPONS IN CORK, BELONGING TO THE FENIANS.

norant, indeed, than to undertake so hopeless a revolution; but it still remains also true that there is no immediate and present wrong which could be redressed by even a successful revolt. Whatever may be true of the past, certainly to-day the prayer of Ireland should be to be delivered from herself. Her only hope of relief now lies in England. Throw aside the Lord-Lieutenant now and repeal the Union—and in the place of British indifference will come the absolute and positive despotism of the Roman Catholic Church. There is an infinitely nobler and more liberal sentiment toward Ireland in England than there is in the hearts either of the Fenians or of the papists, who find it convenient to denounce Fenianism only because it is not a movement in their own interest.

The Irish are not the most liberal of peoples. They are not loudly against the tyrannies of England; but we have seen here, in the streets of New York, some evidences of a spirit of revolt which would nourish in their hearts against the downtrodden negroes, whose only crime was that they took up with the Irish desired the liberty of John and the peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their labor.

The Fenian movement does not appear to be a very formidable matter. It has been very poorly met by the Government. On the 16th of September, when a band of drum, suddenly and effectually, the police broke into the office of the Fenian "organ" in Dublin—the *Irish People*—and laid hand on the persons and papers of a group of astonished compositors. At the same moment arrests were effected in Cork, and since that moment various captures have been made not only in Ireland, but in England.

We publish on our first page several engravings relating to the conspiracy. The large cut represents the interior of the *Irish People* in Dublin. The other illustrations are of Fenian meeting-houses in a blacksmith's shop in Cork, the day after the seizure of the *Irish People*.

The trial of about sixty Fenians who have been seized was to commence on the 25th of October. By Christmas-time the Fenians will cease to be talked of or thought of—and so much the better for Ireland.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

THE DOOM OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

THE Democratic party is doomed. The Federal party fifty years ago opposed a popular war with unanimity. The Democratic party opposed a vital and inevitable and glorious war, and it is perishing before our eyes. In the face of New York it professes to hope for a little longer life. But it is the profession of despair. No well-informed man believes for an instant in the recovery of so exhausted and wretchless a frame; no man of real hope is based upon the fact that it has formally recanted, eaten its own words, and confessed its own dishonor and defeat. It is true, for a time that, the rebellion having been defeated, its great ally should be annihilated; and the character of the American people is shown as capable in their steady union for the overthrow of a false party as it was in the destruction of a foul conspiracy.

Maine, Vermont, California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Iowa, and Indiana are the States that have thus far voted, and, like patriot soldiers when the roll is called, they answer each one to another to the Union call, and even louder than last year, "Here! here!" Even New Jersey, hitherto the perfect type of a modern Democratic" State, begins to blush that she has so long faltered in the good race; and in the total rout of the Chicago platform party she will ask gives hope that she will not much longer be chained to the corpse of slavery or modern Democracy.

The Democratic leaders are receiving the severest lesson of their lives. They thought they could trifle with the national safety, and the people do not forget it. They thought they could oppose and thwart a war for national life, and when the indomitable patience and power of the people conquered, could turn and coolly throw up their hats, shout victory, declare that they had been heart and hand in the war, and so bamboozle the people they had done their best to ruin.

Do they suppose the people have returned from whipping rebels in the field to be fooled by copperhead cries in a platform? Do they agains they can deceive the popular intelligence by hiding behind a General? They might remember the experiment of Lee at Antietam, who tried to hide the whole Chicago platform behind a General. But whether the platform were too large or the General too small the cheat was plain enough, and was heartily and contemptuously rejected.

The Democratic party was opposed to the war. Individual Democrats, indeed, boldly broke with their party to go with their country; but the party was ruled by HORATIO SEYMOUR, VALLANDIGHAM, the WOODS, and men in sympathy with them. Its votes in Congress, its orators, its national convention pronounced against the war. It was not only destroyed at the election, it was despised, and now the same old leaders ask the confidence of the people.

This year it makes a feeble show of supporting the President. We say feeble, because although in the State of New York it declares for him unreservedly, and like a desperate gamester JOHN VAN BUREN calls him his candidate for the succession, yet in the other States the support was conditional, and in New York it is offered by SEYMOUR, GREEN, and his most malignant followers of last year. It is at best only a transparent trick to come into power.

But the times are too serious for tricks. Every voter asks himself what will these men do if they come into power. He finds the answer in JOHN VAN BUREN'S speech. That gentleman throws the whole blame of the war upon the North, upon the loyal States. He shows the same old truckling servility to the late rebel chiefs that originally brought on the rebellion. But Mr. VAN BUREN and all his associates upon the Chicago platform will learn that the plantation whip has lost its terrors. If the fate of the party which opposed the war of 1812 has not instructed them, the elections of this autumn will teach them that the people of this country will not rend a party which played into the hands of the national enemy, until it has changed not merely its professions but the leaders who have inspired universal contempt and distrust.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

IT should be the merest matter of course that the President of the United States, speaking to a large body of colored people especially to those who had risked their lives in the common defense, should express his faith in equal rights. But the fact that the Government is under the control of the party which denies and insults the American principle that its plain affirmation by the President is a striking and significant fact, showing that the party is rapidly returning to the simple faith of the fathers, who held that every man has natural rights which every other man is bound to respect.

Such a speech is still more impressive when made by a President who has learned by the most bitter personal experience that the denial of that principle leads logically and inevitably to the unimaginable horrors of civil war; and who, during that war, acting as military Governor of his own State, availed himself of it from complicity in the effort to destroy the National Government, proclaimed universal freedom, and declared himself the friend and liberator of the enslaved race to lead them out of bondage into liberty.

And such a speech is still more striking when uttered by a President who, it was hoped by the party hostile to equal rights, would forget his own life, his own acts, his own solemn pledges, and join in the attempt to deny and humiliate the rights which the people had guaranteed.

It is for such reasons that the remarks of the President to the recently mustered regiment in the District of Columbia have produced so profound an impression, so cheering to every man who believes that the cause of the country can be permanently established only upon universal justice, so confounding to the political hucksters and wreckers of the party of pandemic, to the hatreds of baffled rebels to obtain a temporary party ascendency.

The colored men who stood before the President on their return from the battle-fields in which they had sustained the Government were the representatives of the race who in all the rebel States were the chief sufferers during the war; of those whose color was a sure sign of loyalty, and to whom every Union soldier escaping from the rebel prisons at Richmond, Salisbury, Tyler, and Libby to treat as they chose. The President, to the dire confusion of the rebels, called them "my friends." He said to them, "This is your country as well as any body else's country." He declared, "Every man's property is founded upon the principles of equality." He said "He that is most meritorious and virtuous and intelligent and patriotic is entitled to the highest without regard to color." He announced that "Liberty means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." He called them "my countrymen," and thanked them for the compliment they had conferred upon him by their call.

Those who have counted upon the President's treachery to the principles upon which he was elected have reckoned without their host. Those who hoped to see in his acts and bear in his words an illustration of what they foolishly call the "instinctive antipathy" and "unconquerable prejudice" of the white race whatever their color or condition have been fatally mistaken. President JOHNSON shows that he feels with President LINCOLN, who, in his letter to the unconditional Union men of Illinois, anticipating the glad day of victory in whose gray dawn he was translated, said with prophetic truth: "And there will be some black men who can remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised powder, they have helped their mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder it."

These last hoped that the successor of LINCOLN, who has faithfully continued his policy, would fall helplessly into their clutches. But turning away from the malignant heart and deceitful speech to the men of the steady eye and well-poised bayonet, he says, "My friends and countrymen, this is your country as much as any body's."

JONAH.

ROUTED every where in the States that have voted, terribly defeated even in the chief city of New Jersey, the last flickering hope of the party that prayed God to preserve the country from Mr. LINCOLN became President is the State of New York. Here they have flung every thing overboard—except JONAH, and he will swamp the ship. The party paper of the election under the lead of JOHN A. GREEN, editor of one of the most notorious Copperhead journals in the country, who nominated GERRIT SLOCUM at Albany, and of HORATIO SEYMOUR, who appeared with General SLOCUM as his sponsor at the meeting where he first spoke, and who is the only unmitigated JONAH with which any party craft ever put to sea.

There are those who say that the Union party entered the last election with a majority last year that it will surely lose now. But such an apprehension is expressed without thought. It was upon the Union sentiment appealed to the people of the State upon the ground that the war was a failure—that the rebellion could never be overcome—that there ought to be a cessation of hostilities, a recourse to the ultimate resources of statesmanship, etc., etc. Now the war was not then ended, and Mr. LINCOLN was not then known to be correct. Even Mr. GREELEY was in favor of offering terms. But this year Mr. SEYMOUR stands naked amidst the wreck of his triumphant boast. His "friends" did not rise in a counter-insurrection; and those terrible fanatics and Jacobins, GRANT and SHERMAN, swept the rebellion from the earth. Why should any body go to the polls and vote that Mr. SEYMOUR was right?

He and his political associates at Chicago and in the bloody streets of New York profess to support the President. But even if they are to be believed, they certainly support him no more warmly than the party which elected him. Last year he and his friends supported GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who declared that the only fault with the war was that the Government had no right to make war. Did he and they then believe that it was an unjust war? Do they believe so still? If not, when and where has the President said so?

The question is thus narrowed to a point. If the platforms of the two parties in New York are identical, how can any one call the people of the State most safely trust—HORATIO SEYMOUR and the WOODS, and JOHN A. GREEN and their packed convention of the Tammany host which elected ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON—which finished the war victoriously against the steady and unscrupulous politicians who now ask for power, or which maintains its shining ranks thus far stronger and more united than ever from Maine to California?

M'GOWAN.

WE observe that General SAMUEL M'GOWAN offers himself as a candidate for Congress in the Third District of South Carolina, and has issued an address which is held to be the chief recommendation of his views of those who are aspiring to control that State. General M'GOWAN was a conspicuous rebel soldier. He has unconditionally taken the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, and by the laws of the land his life is forfeit as a traitor. It is therefore interesting to consider the words and tone of his address, from which we make the following extracts:

"Relying upon the good faith and patriotic intentions of the President of the United States, we have done all that was required of us to restore our old relations to the Union, and the result is that we have what we have not been received into fellowship at Washington. That important act of justice and magnanimity remains yet to be accomplished. It is understood that a party will oppose the Presidents plan of reorganizing the States and giving to the negro equality of rights. I will insist upon this further dogmatic and crushing the States or the South as conquered provinces, and that they have forfeited their governments, and how they oppose our returning to the Union. We are in the Union they stood on an account of slavery. They waged war upon us because we would not legislate for them. They said that we propose to return without slavery they will object.

"In some respects we are at the beginning of our policy, as if we were a new State about to assume new relations to the Union; but we must never relinquish nor surrender to forget that in other respects we are an old State, with all the rights and privileges which constitute, and a history to preserve. Whatever may betide us in the uncertain future, the past, at least, is secure. South Carolina has never swerved from the path of honor, as she conceived it. We have a record of which none need be ashamed; and when any apostate son of hers declines or degrades it may she cast him out as unworthy of her. The devotion of every true son of the State adheres in adversity as well as in prosperity—in loyal through evil as well as good report, and in the midst of the gravest and most momentous 'stickels closer than a brother.'

"It may not be improper in this connection to say that, while I have approved the course of the State in seeking to restore her old relations with the Government of the United States, it has been upon the faith and expectation that the State, as soon as reconstructed, is to have entire control of the whole subject of her domestic affairs. The State, and the State alone, must be left to decide to whom she will give the right of suffrage or other political rights. A new code now must be enacted to protect and govern the population lately made free, to prevent idleness, vagrancy, pauperism, and crime. I am not prophet enough to determine whether we can succeed, but I think it is wise but it will be impossible to live in the country at all unless the State has complete control of the whole subject. I have hope that this will be permitted, and I think it is in accordance with our interests and true policy to sustain the President and the Democratic party in their efforts to restore the States to their position of equality, and to give them equal rights in the Government."

In other words, General SAMUEL M'GOWAN consents to a renewal by the imperial sovereignty of South Carolina of her old relations with the Government of the United States, provided that he is not mistaken in the good faith of the President. He alludes to the time when the sovereign State was in the Union and to the war waged against it, and has grave doubts whether to can continue to live in the country unless the State, which has never swerved from the path of honor, is left to do exactly as she pleases.

These are undoubtedly his sincere sentiments. We do not question them. We never doubted that his State really believed the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty. But we are curious to know of a man who says he is at this juncture a legislator for the United States? Would not General M'GOWAN oppose the bill to pay the war debt which supports us? just as sincerely as he engaged in the war?

Is there any thing in the assumptions and implications of this address which Mr. LINCOLN would not have heartily approved? Of course he is aware that by the law of Congress he is incompetent to a seat, even if elected. But does he not know that President JOHNSON, while announcing that Congress is the judge of the qualifications of its members, has also said that he hopes no man will be elected who can not conform to the requirements of that law? Does General M'GOWAN, or do his constituents at the South or allies at the North, suppose that we have fought this war to its issue in order to bring back JEFFERSON DAVIS, ALEXANDER STEPHENS, JAMES MASON, or their political opinions and purposes, into the Congress of the United States?

FREEDOM TO LABOR.

IN his late speech to the returning soldiers of the District of Columbia the President said: "Liberty means freedom to work and enjoy the products of your own labor." He had already said the same thing in his address in Washington on the 11th of May. "Freedom simply means liberty to work and to enjoy the products of one's own toil, and how much he may put into his stomach and on his back. I mean this in the most extensive sense."

It is in pursuance of this profound and settled conviction of the President that Governor SHARKEY, of Mississippi, has ordered that the testimony of colored men shall be received in all the courts. The Governor holds, of course, with the approval of the President, that all laws springing from the system of Slavery fall with the overthrow of that system; and the consequences of this position are most important. The colored man was disabled as a witness because he was a slave. Ceasing to be a slave he becomes a man, one of the population, in the eye of the law a citizen although not a voter. His testimony can no more be lawfully excluded than that of a person who is also a citizen although not a voter.

But the consequences are broader still. If this conviction of every Executive officer is to enjoy the product of his labor in the most extensive sense, no law can be rightly passed which shall in any degree bind apart from his own residence, or interferes with as completa a control of his labor and property as every body else in the community enjoys. A slave is, in the view of the settled laws, a chattel. He may be sold like a pig or a cow. He can hold no property except upon sufferance. But when he becomes a man and citizen he is by that act invested with all the rights of a man and a citizen.

Now what is called the lawful or legal condition of slavery is nothing but the tyranny of a majority. Against God, against nature, against the human conscience, against the spirit of the Constitution and good policy, the majority determine to deprive the minority of all their rights. They have done this in the late rebel States by force. What is to prevent their doing it hereafter? In other words, how are the rights guaranteed by the Constitution of the United and of the State to be secured to the people of the State? By giving every man a voice in the Government. That is the American principle. The Government rests solely on the consent of the governed. Such a system is indeed not perfect; but experience proves it is the most practicable ever tried. Regarding every man as entitled to the same rights it secures them by conferring political power upon the same conditions. It is toward that end that the President wishes to see the country moving. This is what he means in saying: "This country is founded upon the principles

of equality, and at the same time the standard by which persons are to be estimated is according to their merit and their worth."

The way in which this is to be done for the whole country is by a Constitutional Amendment equalizing every where the electoral qualification, and forbidding the exclusion of one man because he is not worth ten thousand dollars, and another because he is darker or lighter than his fellow-citizens. The main question is one of equal rights. Until those are asserted and protected we shall have no peace.

HOW TO BRING DOWN PRICES.

THE Secretary of the Treasury made a speech at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on 11th, in which he avows his policy to be one of contraction, and declares that if Congress does its duty at the coming session the volume of currency will at once begin to be reduced. On the other hand, the controller of the currency lately wrote a letter, in which he predicted that instead of curtailing the currency Congress would authorize an issue of $200,000,000 more National Bank notes for the use of the Southern States.

The subject is so vital that the markets vibrate with every expression of official opinion. Words lightly spoken by official personages in political gatherings or hastily written to political friends affect immediately the price of the poor man's coat, supper, and winter fuel.

Contraction of the currency would involve lower prices for gold, food, clothing, rents, labor, merchandise, and property of all kinds.

Expansion of the currency would involve higher prices for labor, gold, and for many kinds of merchandise and property.

Unwisely whether the currency is to be expanded or contracted involves higher prices for every manufactured article and for rents, unwisely the value of labor, gold, food, merchandise, and domestic produce, and, in the words of the Secretary of the Treasury, "converts many persons into gamblers, and seriously diminishes the labor of the country."

Of the three the last is the worst. Currency contraction would be met and outlayed with the help of a general reduction of expenditure; and currency expansion may be borne, if care be taken—as it almost always done—to see that wages advance in proportion to the advance in the cost of commodities. But it is beyond the power of sagacity to make both ends meet in households of reckless people, when the policy of the Government is constantly alternating between contraction and expansion; when one Secretary of the Treasury wants us to expect a reduction of the currency, and another predicts an increase; when the Treasury issues "proposals for funding," and new legal tenders at the same week; when, on the one hand, actual expansion exacts of us two prices for butter, coal, and flour, while, on the other, imperfect contraction produces the same invoice as much as we otherwise should for blankets, rent, and cotton cloth.

If the Secretary of the Treasury can contract the currency, let him do so, and do so at once. He need not wait for acts of Congress. The power has already been given to the banks. We all understand, without further information on the subject, that irredeemable paper money is an evil, and that the country will not be sound and prosperous or the people made comfortable until we get back to specie payments. If it be in the power of the Secretary of the Treasury to contract the currency largely a greenback dollar is worth a hundred cents in coin, he is the worst criminal in the land if he fails to exercise that power. But if he can not contract the currency: if, even now, his ordinary receipts from taxes, customs, and loans are short of his expenditures, and new loans are requisite to supply the deficiency: if the very liberal proposals of September 29 for funding the inert compound legal tender of last year have fallen flat upon the market: if, even if it is cruel to threaten that which he can not perform, and to aggravate the uncertainties which already hamper all kinds of business:

One of the severest trials of these times to the poor is high rents. Why are rents high? Not because there is too much currency, but because there are too few houses. No new houses are being built, because capitalists are all expecting Mr. MCCULLOCH to contract the currency, in which case materials and labor will fall, and house-building will cost 25 @ 50 per cent. less than now.

Then clothing of all kinds, especially domestic woolens and cotton cloths, is extravagantly dear—so dear as it was when gold was 275. This is partly owing to the harder one to the high price of food and rent. In this climate even the poorest must be clad, and prices have so long been high that paupers who waited for better times have worn out all their old clothes.

"You ask me, Sir," said a New England capitalist, who had been confessing to his income from manufacturing stocks—"do per cent. in one, do in others, 50 in others, and in one 600 per cent. in a single year: "you ask me why I do not start more mills? My reason is very simple. I have $200,000 in cash in bank and trust to Government to call awaiting a suitable opportunity for its employment in this way, and I can lay my hand on $8,000,000 among my immediate acquaintance which are lying ready for the same chance. But we are all waiting for the contraction to take place. We dare not invest our money with that contingency hanging over us."

Similar confessions will be made by capitalists in the iron and the coal trade. Established companies are realizing enormous fortunes, and the poor are being forced to pay exorbitant prices for the necessaries of life, because the dread of contraction operates to prevent competition.

If, instead of predicting an early decrease of legal tenders, Mr. MCCULLOCH were to say to the public: "There will be no increase of currency; but, on the other hand, there will be no decrease beyond the possible excess of the Government's revenue over its expenditure," business men would know what they had to expect, capital would immediately flow into manufacturing channels, the price of clothing, coal, iron, rents, etc., would be reduced by competition, the manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania would be obliged to contest themselves with annual dividends of ten per cent., the Reading Railroad and its companies would not pay twenty per cent. and over, and rents would fall very considerably.

Of course, if the Secretary of the Treasury can perform as well as promise, he is right in gambling. Under such circumstances we might be cheerfully borne if we could see our way clear to the early resumption of specie payments. Prices are high because of the currency that is at hand. But how little the mercantile community believes in the Secretary's power to resume or to contract the currency is seen by the firmness of all the markets on the reception of his Fort Wayne speech. Men of business do not believe a man can reduce his indebtedness until his income exceeds his expenditure. Nor do they consider that exchanges of one form of indebtedness for another, such as taking 7-30 bonds instead of six long bonds, can be carried beyond a certain point without defeating their own object. So long as money remains in circulation in the form of tenders for long bonds, if the latter are offered at a price below that which rules or is likely to rule in open market, there will be a very substantial proportion of the currency afloat has been thus withdrawn from circulation money will become tight, and instead of buying more long bonds capitalists will realize what they have for currency. Then the funding will stop, and owing to the financial embarrassments caused by the contraction the Government's revenue will decline. If a large amount of currency has been withdrawn in the interval the decline will be serious, as it will require the Government to negotiate new loans to pay interest and meet public expenditures. And the supply of United States securities will then be properly limited so far to exceed the demand as to cause a heavy decline in the price—with contingencies, so far as the National Banks are concerned, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell.

It may be said of our financial policy at the present time, as Lord MANSFIELD said of political decisions, that the wisest decision of all was a decision. A bad policy, like a bad ruling in law, may do mischief. But men may shape their business and their conduct to suit even the worst policy or the most unwise legal precedent. When, however, the law and the policy are undetermined, or when a policy is announced which is not carried out, or not to be carried out, no man can tell which way to steer his boat, and capital withdraws from enterprise, and cheap the public to the penalty of inexperience.

It is satisfactory to remember that Congress will meet in six weeks. Mr. MCCULLOCH, of course, has the ability and he has probably been here never been any question, will then have an opportunity of presenting in extenso his plan for the contraction of the currency, and it may be feasible. There are arguments in its favor than have yet been dreamed of in Wall Street philosophy. Congress, it is to be hoped, will act upon the subject with becoming promptness. This will be a very hard winter for the poor; all the necessaries of life are as high as they were when the Government was passed away. Whatever legislation can do for their relief should be done, and done at once.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

THE Committee from the South Carolina Convention which waited upon the President to ask a pardon for JEFFERSON DAVIS were told that the President was overwhelmed; it ought to be determined by the highest tribunal and the fact declared, even if clemency should come afterward." This is in accordance with all the President's assertions in the spring, that treason is a crime, not a difference of opinion, and that it is the highest crime known to the Constitution. The phraseology of the speech, however, will undoubtedly be accepted as an indication of the fate of DAVIS. If tried and convicted, clemency, upon some terms, will follow.

MR. DAVIS, it appears, has been playing the shrew. When the Committee asked if she might not be allowed to pass out of Georgia into South Carolina the President said that his letters from the lady "were not very commendable." One of the Committee observed that she was a woman "of strong feeling." Yes, added the President, "and of strong temper. Manifestations of temper and defiance do no good." The good lady has probably been scolding the President like a vixen.

The Committee hoped that the President had seen that they accepted emancipation in South Carolina; but the difficulties of regulating the labor and restraining vagrancy were very great. The President replied, with great good sense, that there was not so much danger as they supposed. Pass just laws and society will soon be settled. "Let us get the general principles," said he, "and the details and collaterals will follow."

The Committee then expressed entire confidence in the President's purposes and actions, and hoped to deserve his in return. The President said he did not doubt it, and believed that good feeling would return through mutual confidence. He was not looking to future preferment, and wished only to see the people once more united and happy.

The Committee were introduced by W. H. TRESCOTT, a rebel lately pardoned, Assistant Secretary of State under BUCHANAN, now the State agent of South Carolina at Washington. They departed without the pardon of DAVIS.

"I leave the country for the future," said the President, upon his accession, "to be disposed of as they arise, regarding myself as the humble instrument of the American people. I do this, as in all things, justice and judgment shall be determined by them."

THE ENGLISH REBEL LOAN HOLDERS.

THE London *Times* indignantly denounces the list of subscribers offering by the rebel loan as a malicious imposture, and declares that it is a complete falsehood to assert that the editor of the *Times* loses ten thousand pounds by the loan. Several of the other gentlemen named are writing letters to the same effect. HON. EVELYN ASHLEY denies that he has taken the rebel loan. MR. BENJAMIN, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, makes the same denial. MR. LAIRD, of Liverpool—whom we trust AMERICANS will remember as the builder of the *Alabama*—authorizes a similar denial. MR. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, telegraphs his denial to the London *Star*.

But what do these denials mean? They charge with such fury? They applauded the rebellion. They reviled the United States Government. They sneered at the idea of ever subduing the rebel States. They extolled the rebels as high-minded patriots and honorable men, receiving an unanimous right and gallantly striking for liberty. MR. LAIRD defended them in Parliament and built vessels for them. The *Morning Post* chose its fortune to be bad, and refused to believe their overthrow. MR. GLADSTONE declared that JEFFERSON DAVIS had created a nation. What possible reason was there that these gentlemen should not add by money a cause to which they gave praise so freely? There is no shame in helping honorable men gallantly striking for right and liberty. There is no disgrace in the statement that they showed their faith by their works. The gallant gentlemen have indeed come to grief. MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS's nation died before it was born. But is it disreputable for an English gentleman to have helped the unfortunate? May he not honestly lump it to renounce a drowning man, even though his effort be in vain? Is simple humanity not estimable in England? Is English gentlemen hurry to exculpate themselves from the suspicion of actually aiding the American rebels with as much alacrity and indignation as if they were Irish Fenians.

It is a painful and ridiculous spectacle. If all these gentlemen are not ashamed of countenance and encourage a rebellion waged against equal civil liberty, an insurrection to overthrow a free government and establish a slave-empire, surely they should look at the impression of honestly meaning what they said, and of supporting with their purses a cause to which they devoted their tongues and pens.

TIMOROUS THANKSGIVING.

THE General Convention of the Episcopal Church in the United States has been recently in session in Philadelphia engaged in renewing relations with the Church in the late rebel States. By way of accomplishing that result it decisively rejected a resolution offered by HORACE BINNEY, of Philadelphia, asking the House of Bishops, in appointing a day of Thanksgiving for the return of peace, to request that "especial thanks be offered to Almighty God for the re-establishment of the national authority over our whole country, and for the removal of that great occasion of national dissension and disagreement to which our late troubles were due."

This does not seem a very hard task for loyal Bishops and congregations all over the land. But the resolution was tabled by an immense majority. Let us hope the faithful clergy of the Church will do in their sermons what they are forbidden to do in their prayers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

CLOSE OF THE THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

THE Thirty-first Volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE closes with the OCTOBER NUMBER. Among the promotional features of this Volume are the Novels by two well-known writers of fiction of the time—CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS; Personal Sketches of the prominent Generals in the Union Army; and descriptions, by MR. J. ROSS BROWNE, of the Mineral Region of the Pacific. The "Monthly Record of Current Events" sustains the character it has won for care and fulness.

Each Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any other American Magazine issued at the same price; and nearly double the quantity contained in the largest British Magazines, such as the "Cornhill," "Temple Bar," and "London Society;" and seventy-five per cent. more than the half-crown British Magazines, such as "Blackwood," "Fraser's," and the "Dublin University."

MR. J. ROSS BROWNE will continue the illustrated narrative of his Journeys and Adventures in Nevada, Idaho, the Lake City, and other parts of the Far West.

Ample arrangements have been made for the ensuing Volume with old and new Contributors for the entertainment of the Magazine. For Terms, etc., see page 687.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On the 11th of October, President Johnson, by official order, directed the release on their paroles of Alexander H. Stephens, Georgia; George W. Jones, Georgia; John Gill Shorter, Alabama; Charles Clark, of Mississippi—five persons who held prominent positions in the rebel Confederacy, and who have for some time past been confined at different fortresses. They are ordered to remain in their respective States and await any charges that may be brought against them.

President Governor Sharkey, of Mississippi, on the 16th ult. issued a proclamation in regard to the reception of the insurgent soldiers of that State. He declares that any that in all evil or criminal cases in which the rights of the negro are involved, the testimony shall be taken as in the courts of the State, subject to the same rules as govern the taking of the testimony of white persons.

General Grant, October 9, issued an order reducing and disorganizing the entire force of the Army. This order assigns the various regiments of Regular Artillery in Louisiana, Texas, and Missouri to garrison duty in the two of the Southern States. All the volunteer cavalry east of the Mississippi is mustered out.

October 12, the Committee from South Carolina to memorialize the President in behalf of JEFFERSON DAVIS had their interview with Mr. Johnson at the White House. The President said to them, in reply to their request, that the case could not be pardoned at once. The Government did not propose to punish treason, but to vindicate law. He desired to have it made a **dogma** testimony in her courts. No change, however, would be made in the relations of the late rebel States to the Union.

The election returns from Virginia are not very satisfactory to the Union men. The following members have been elected for members of Congress: Cochs, L. H. Chandler, H. H. Bingham, Robert Ridgway, Wm. G. Brown, Jr., H. H. Stuart, Robert Conrad, and D. H. Hoge. Two of these—Messrs. Conrad—refuse to take the oath. The former during the canvass said that he should despise himself if he did not. Mr. Hoge declines to run on account of the ordinance of secession.

General Lee and his sons say he was installed President of Washington College subscribed to the oath of amnesty, which he solemnly took himself to defend the Union of States under the Constitution.

THE ELECTIONS.

The latest election returns give the Union majorities in their usual but first anticipated. In Ohio the Union majority is 49,346; in Connecticut, 20,000; Rhode Island, 6,000; majority in Iowa amounts to 16,000; the Legislature of that State, in St. Joseph, will be Union by a majority of one. The charter election in Newark, New Jersey, gives a result very similar to that of the State. The Union majority in that city was over 1700.

NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson is still busy pardoning Southerners who are worth more than $20,000—about 3000 have taken out their pardons. Of this about 50,000 applications have been made. The pen with which the President signed the first pardon is in the possession of Secretary Seward. Blanks have now been made out, to which are affixed the autograph signature of the President and Secretary.

General Banks has been nominated for Congress by the Republican Convention of the Sixth District of Massachusetts.

A handsome statue of the late General Berry has been erected there by the citizens of Hamilton, Essex Co., Massachusetts' Corner, Maine. It is in marble, and more than life-size. The figure is that of a soldier in full uniform. It represents the General standing in an attitude of repose, with the right hand resting on a field-glass, the left upon a cannon or post, over which his cloak is thrown.

A great fire occurred in Belfast, Maine, October 12, destroying nearly the entire business portion of the city, between Washington and Cross streets. The fire originated at nearly half a million of dollars. The fire is said to have been caused by incendiarism.

Secretary McCulloch made a speech at Fort Wayne, October 11, advocating a contraction of the currency and a speedy return to specie payments. He made some remarks regarding the President's Reconstruction policy, tending to show that Mr. Johnson is not a patron, and that he will not allow such combinations as the one he had he is determined to steer clear of the ruinous heresy of State sovereignty and State rights.

An express train from Harrisburg for Lancaster, Pennsylvania, October 5th, broke from the train. Meanwhile nine persons were killed and two slightly injured. The accident was by a broken axle.

The boiler of the steamer *Yo Semite*, on the Sacramento River, California, exploded on the night of the 13th, killing 54 persons, wounding 32 others, and considerably shattering the vessel.

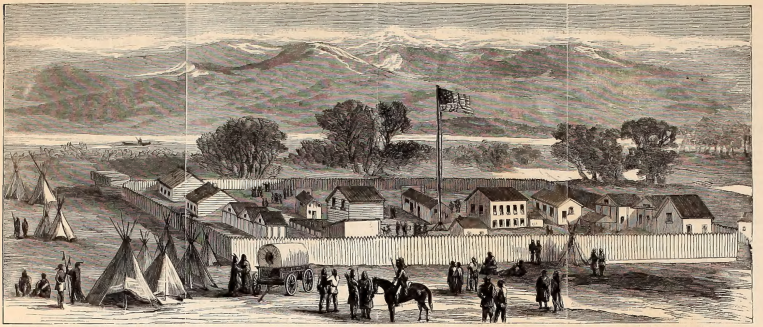
Since the commencement of the current fiscal year there have been 1,000,000 internal revenue stamps issued to one one hundred millions of dollars.

On the 12th there was a grand Democratic parade in Philadelphia. The demonstration was an imposing one. A large number of bands were present from Boston, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Pittsburg, and other cities. There were in procession 20 four horse carriages, 12 horse ones, 14 fire engines, 12 hook and ladder carriages, and 21 ambulances. It is estimated that the line was one mile in length.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE publication in this country of the list of Confederate bondholders, as found in the rebel archives, creates great indignation here. The London *Times* refuses to let it had any interest in the bonds, as do also the editors of the *Morning Post*, *Mr. Laird*, and others.

The total number of Indian arrears announced, at last account, is about 300.



DACOTAH TERRITORY—FORT THOMPSON, ON THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER, BUILT FOR THE SIOUX AND WINNEBAGO AGENCY.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN NAHN.]

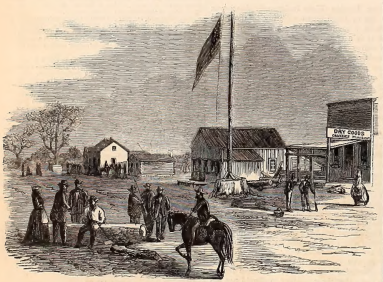
DACOTAH TERRITORY.

WE give on this page some interesting illustrations connected with the Territory of Dacotah. This Territory was organized by an Act of Congress approved March 2, 1861. Its boundaries encontinent, traversed the entire central domain of this Territory, from its icy rills in the Rocky Mountains to the broad, luxuriant meadows and sunny plains of Southern Dacotah, where the great river delivers itself upon the northwest border of Iowa.

The first permanent white settlements in Dacotah tered by the Big Sioux, Vermilion, and James rivers, which are tributaries of the Missouri.

As a consideration for these lands the Government pays to the Yanktons $1,666,000, in annual installments for fifty years. The tribe abandoned the ceded territory in July, 1859, and removed to is beautifully situated on a plat of prairie gradually descending to the river, and surrounded by a bench of high table-land about a mile in the back-ground.

Vermilion is the site of the United States Land Office for Dacotah Territory. It is situated on the Missouri River, thirty miles southeast of Yankton,



MAIN STREET, VERMILION, DACOTAH TERRITORY.—[SKETCHED BY M. K. ARMSTRONG.]



SIOUX FALLS, DACOTAH TERRITORY.—[SKETCHED BY M. K. ARMSTRONG.]

braced all that portion of the United States territory extending from Minnesota on the east to the Rocky Mountains, and from the British Possessions on the north to Iowa and the 43d parallel of latitude. Dacotah, thus determined, was the largest organized Territory in the United States. The Missouri River, one of the largest navigable streams on the were made in 1858-9, at Sioux Falls, Vermilion, and Yankton, soon after the treaty with the Yankton tribe of Dacotah, or Sioux Indians, by the stipulations of which those Indians released to the United States fourteen million acres of the finest lands owned by the Sioux nation, lying in the southeastern extremity of the Territory, and wa- their reserve of 400,000 acres on the Missouri, nearly opposite Fort Randall, in latitude 43°. Yankton, the capital of the Territory, is located on the site of the old Indian village of the head chief of the tribe, which is on the east side of the Missouri River, seven miles above the mouth of the James. The town contains about 100 houses and 500 people, and and about midway between this place and Sioux City, in Iowa, near the mouth of the Big Sioux River. The town contains some 30 houses and 200 inhabitants. The Land Office is in charge of Captain M. MIXER, Register; and J. W. BOYLE, Receiver. Over 100,000 acres of the public domain have been located by settlers at this office since



BROADWAY IN YANKTON, THE CAPITAL OF DACOTAH TERRITORY.—[SKETCHED BY M. K. ARMSTRONG.]



JOHN STUART MILL, M.P.

the passage of the Homestead Act, in 1862. This town, as well as all others in the Territory, has been more or less protected by United States soldiers since the Indian outbreak, three years ago.

It is doubtless well known to our readers that General ALFRED SULLY has led three strong military expeditions against the hostile tribes of this Territory since 1863, and that, although in every engagement he has driven the red warriors from the field, yet little has been done toward bringing them to subjection or terms of peace. Even within sight of our towns and military forts farmers have been massacred in their fields, teamsters and stage-drivers robbed and killed upon the highways of the Territory, while 3000 cavalry were in pursuit of the Indians on the plains. There are 34,000 Indians in Dacotah. The Winnebago and Santee tribes of Minnesota have been removed to this Territory since the Indian outbreak, and are located on reserves opposite old Fort Lookout, in latitude 44° North. The Government pays annually to the tribes on the Upper Missouri, in annuities and presents, the sum of $300,814, or over a quarter million of dollars.

Steamboats ascend to Fort Benton, within 180 miles of the Montana mines. Two Government wagon-roads have been opened across the plain, connecting Dacotah with Montana and Idaho, north of the 43d parallel. Thirty-seven large steamers have passed up the Missouri into these Territories since the first of April.

JOHN STUART MILL.

MANY of our readers will look with interest upon the faithful portrait of our English friend, JOHN STUART MILL, engraved on this page. MR. MILL has recently been elected a member of Parliament from Westminster—a fact which is creditable to his constituency, being a proof that an English statesman can, in one instance at least, attain to a high political office without lowering himself to the level of a demagogue or resorting to corrupt means for his elevation. MR. MILL'S success is, however, still more flattering to himself than to his electors, for it is the result of a life of honest endeavor for the popular weal which compels popular appreciation.

JOHN STUART MILL was born in Rodney Street, Pentonville, London, on May 20, 1806. The house in which he first saw the light was that in which his father, JAMES MILL, commenced his famous work on India. MR. JAMES MILL, Senior, became a man of mark among his contemporaries, foremost among whom was JEREMY BENTHAM, who became his teacher and friend. MR. MILL for six weeks occupied the house formerly occupied by JOHN MILTON, the author of "Paradise Lost," No. 1 York Street, Westminster. In 1817 he published the "History of India," which established his literary reputation, and afforded him a moderate competency, as it led to his appointment as Corresponding Secretary of the East India Revenue Department.

JOHN STUART MILL, the son, was at this time in his teens; and ere long—in 1823—he became an assistant to his father in the Correspondence Department. It was a stirring time. The question of Parliamentary Reform was agitating the whole country, and evoking the most powerful utterances that had ever been heard in the country: BROUGHAM, RUSSELL, BOWRING, GROTE, SOUTHWOOD SMITH, HUME, HOBHOUSE, ROMILLY, BENTHAM, Colonel THOMPSON, and many others, being found on the side of the popular party, into whose arms JOHN STUART MILL—the future Bayard of English philosophical literature—unreservedly threw himself from the very first.

In 1843 appeared the famous "System of Logic," which was followed, in 1848, by the "Principles of Political Economy," in which the doctrines of ADAM SMITH, RICARDO, and other leading economists, were interpreted in a broad and enlightened spirit. In this work MR. MILL treats of the laws of production, capital and labor, property, competition, slavery, peasant proprietorship, wages, remedies for low wages, profits, rent, value, money, credit, paper currency, distribution, taxation, etc. But the most remarkable chapters are those in which he describes the probable future of the laboring classes. He is an advocate for education in its fullest and widest extent, the political enfranchisement of women, free trade, industrial co-operation, the extension of the franchise, and of all measures which have for their object the improvement of the social, moral, intellectual, and physical condition of the people.

In his "Essay on Liberty," published in 1859, MR. MILL feelingly alludes to the loss of his wife, who had been the partner and often the guide of his literary labors, and whose death for a long time clouded with sorrow the sunshine of his domestic hearth. But his mind could not long remain unoccupied with its favorite pursuits, and the "Essay on Liberty" was speedily followed by others on "Representative Government" and "Utilitarianism." He has also published a collection of his "Dissertations and Discussions." These works are, however, far from representing the whole of his literary labors.

His work on political economy has been translated into French, German, and Italian; and is said to have been selected as a text-book in the examination of those intended for the diplomatic service of Russia. MR. MILL has been elected a member of many learned societies, and has had various honorary degrees conferred on him; but while appreciating the feelings which prompted the bestowal of these marks of popular approval, he has shown that it is not title or applause which he covets, but the retention of the proud distinction, so laboriously earned by him, of being the foremost exponent of those doctrines which have for their aim "the securing of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Of course, like all original thinkers, he could not fail to find many differing from the views entertained by him; yet so pure and unblemished is his personal character, that whatever may be the diversity of opinion respecting the soundness of his doctrines, the name of JOHN STUART MILL will always be regarded by every impartial person as that of one whose pen was ever ready on the side of freedom, enlightenment, and progress.

THE CHINESE GIANT.

We give on this page a portrait of the great giant, CHANG, nineteen years of age, born in the city of Fy-Chow, of highly respectable Chinese parentage, and lately arrived in London for the purpose of displaying his wonderful stature to little Englishmen. He is accompanied by his wife, whose name, KING-FOO, signifies "The Fair Lily," and who looks like any other Chinese lady, having the small, compressed feet which belong to her sex and social rank in that country. A dwarf, called CHUNG, who stands but three feet high, and is not so well-proportioned a figure as General TOM THUMB, attends the giant, and enhances the exhibition of his size by contrast. The portraits of this group, in our engraving, are copied from an excellent photograph taken by the London Stereoscopic Company. The height of CHANG is seven feet eight inches; his weight about twenty stone. He has a good slim shape, and a mild, agreeable face, with the prominent cheek-bones and narrow, oblique eyelids of the Mongol race. He wears a brocaded robe of white silk, with a massive string of beads round his neck, a fan in his hand, a cap on his head, and thick white sandals under his feet. He seems to be an intelligent person: has received a literary education, his father, CHANG-TEZNO, being an eminent Confucian scholar; and his autobiography, which he has for sale, expresses a vein of cheerful moral sentiment which does equal credit to the head and heart of its author. He is said to be an affectionate husband, and he is kind to little CHUNG. We are told that CHANG—or, as he is called, on account of his bigness, CHANG-WOO-GOW—had a sister, CHING-YOW-TZU, who was ten inches taller than himself, but who unfortunately died when she had just attained the age of womanhood. His brother, CHANG-SOO-GOW, the brave, is not so tall by six inches as CHANG-WOO-GOW, but is of extraordinary stoutness and strength, weighing 400 pounds; he is an officer in the Imperial army at Foo-Chow. Their father, who died two years ago, was also a giant; but their mother is of the usual size.

THE HORSE "DEXTER."

ON page 681 we give a picture of the remarkable horse DEXTER, who has made probably the fastest time on record. DEXTER was raised by JOSHUA-



CHANG, THE CHINESE GIANT, AND HIS COMPANIONS.

PHAN HAWKINS, near Montgomery, Orange County, New York. He is seven years old, 15 hands 2 inches high, and brown in color, except his feet, which are white, and a white strip on his face. He was sired by RYSDICK'S Hambletonian out of Star Mare. In the race at Fashion Course, Long Island, on the 19th instant, Mr. E. V. W. SUTHERLAND wagered $5000 to $1000 that the horse could not trot a mile in 2 minutes and 15 seconds. Time was allowed three trials, to go and be passed. There were between three and four thousand persons present. The betting was largely against the horse, many persons being offered odds of ten to one that he would not make the required time. Dexter went under saddle, and made his best time on record. The horse won the match, trotting the mile at the first trial in nine minutes eighteen and one-fifth seconds, and making the best time on record. Tom Temple's best time was 2.192 in harness; and Butler made 2.20 under saddle. Every body was surprised at the result. All the old trotters had laughed at the idea of a horse making 2.19 in October. Dexter went to the "quarter" in 34 seconds, to the half mile in 1.06½. The best judges claim that if he had not broken between the "half" and "three-quarter" poles he would have made the mile in 2.16. He is estimated by his owner at from $25,000 to $30,000. Mr. J. HAWKINS, who raised Dexter, has a brother to him, the picture of Dexter—color brown, with four white feet and white strip in face—and same marks as the sire. He has named him Kersaege, and he refused $5000 for him the day Dexter trotted. Mr. RYSDICK last year refused $35,000 for Hambletonian.

SALES OF GOVERNMENT MULES.

THE war over, all that vast and intricate machinery upon which its successful prosecution has depended fells to pieces. The Government not only finds that it has larger armies than it knows what to do with, but also that it has on hand ships, and stores, and animals that are no longer of use. In the process of disbanding and mustering-out of the army the mules have their share. We give on page 669 a Quartermaster's Department sale of these animals which recently came off at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street and Tenth Avenue, in this city. The picture shows by our artist is very characteristic of the real scene represented.

THE FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

SCARCELY had Constantinople been delivered from an epidemic which had decimated the city when it was visited by another scourge, not less destructive. During the night of September 5 a fire broke out in a cafe which destroyed a great portion of Stamboul. The conflagration lasted till the 7th, which spread with a rapidity that defied resistance. The entire neighborhood between the water and the Sea of Marmora formed one vast bonfire, in which, within twenty hours, were involved eight or nine thousand houses, sixteen baths, two mosques, and the Sultan's harem. Three stone *caravanseraïs*, or hotels, did not escape the fury of the conflagration; their huge domes and lofty minarets were twisted, and all the stores which they contained were burned to cinders.

The terrors of the scene, composing the gorgeous, stimulated by the presence of the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and many other officers of state, placing themselves with great gallantry, and preserved at least the shipping in the Sublime Porte, the Ministry of Justice, and the *Ter-Der-House*, or public office kept the archives of the empire and the titles to property, the loss of which would have been a terrible misfortune to the Government.

The Hippodrome, the palace gardens, and the mosques were crowded with thousands of families who had there sought refuge from the fire. The destruction was immense, and, added to the devastation of the cholera, has made many thousand thousand homes in Stamboul. Every effort is being made by the Government and by private citizens to afford relief to those suffering most severely.

FIRE IN THE OIL REGIONS.

WE illustrate on page 685 the great fire which occurred on the 9th instant at "Grant" well, in Pit Hole City, Pennsylvania. There have been great fires at the oil wells before, but none so destructive as this. The "Grant" well, which caught fire first, contained 4000 barrels of oil. From this well the conflagration spread in all directions. Thirteen derricks and engine-houses on the following leases were destroyed: Nos. 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, on the "Hoender Farm," and Nos. 2, 4, and 6, on the "Morey Farm," covering a surface of five acres. The total loss is estimated at $150,000.

All of the oil belonged to the owners of the land interest and to the United States Petroleum Company of New York. The tanks, building, and property belonged to the owners of the working interest in the well, and was insured for $25,000 in the Associated Company of New York.

OUR POKER.

"A PAT?" I exclaimed in great astonishment, pausing in the act of helping Nellie to a slice of the steak. We were at breakfast.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Dobb, "a pig. We could keep one if we would in our back yard, and, in spite a little item of saving, when meat is so high."

"Why, Susan, you'd have to buy food for it—corn, and apples, and I don't know what all—it would cost more than it would come to."

"That makes no difference. I was talking with neighbor Jones about it over the fence yesterday, and he said we threw away'swill enough every day to keep ten pig."

"I should like to know what Jones knows about our swill," said I.

"Why, he judged from his own experience, James. He keeps a pig."

"And while we are on the subject, Susan, I'll just take the opportunity to say that I don't approve of your flirting with married men over the fence."

"James, do be serious! Flirting, indeed—with pigs and beef for a basis of conversation. You just want to vex me."

"Oh, pigs are a pretext; any thing will do for a pretext when a woman is determined to flirt. I knew a woman once who tried to use a portrait of her dead grandmother as a pretext for a flirtation; but as for pigs—"

"Now, James, you *shall* not go in that way before Nellie and Bobby. Let's have a pig."

"Perhaps you'll pretend," I continued, "that Jones didn't bring you a bunch of his Isabellas at the same time."

"Yes, and you ate the best part of them last evening yourself, for I saved them for you, and you know Mr. Jones's grapes are much superior to ours. I'm sure I'm thankful for all he gives me. Will you get a pig for me, James, or won't you?"

"If you ask it as a favor, Susan, of course I will. I'll get you any thing that will be a source of pleasure to you, you know; but if you want a pig for a pet, don't try to pretend it's for economy's sake."

"A pet!" pouted Susan. "How ridiculous you are! I detest pets."

"Then why don't you avoid them, my dear?"

"What are you driving at?" I said.

"Why, you are in one now, Susan. Be calm. The coffee will get cold."

Mrs. Dobb gave me one despairing look, and then poured the coffee. Before I left the house I had promised to see about getting the pig.

Now if there is any estable animal I know less about than I do about another, it is the pig. I remember having seen pigs alive when I was a boy; but since I grew up my knowledge of the species has been confined to the portico corpses I have seen suspended from hooks in market-places, and to the thin works of art in which they have been represented in bas-reliefs. I may remark in passing that I have been a market for live pigs adjoining my studio I could not have selected an available one from the lot, for, though I went to the market on the next day, and the result of my meditations was, that on my homeward way in the afternoon I made a circuit around by the residence of Mr. Van Pegg, a Dutchman whom I employed to take care of my garden, and to do such other hewy work as might be necessary about the house from time to time. In my consultation, I found that Peter was just the man for my business. Peter had a little farm of his own, a farm up in the vicinity of Schrazlenburgh, back of the Palisades, on the Hudson; and Peter said:

"Next week I get some pig. I vill bring you vich the goes along, too, so I brings you a pig home, Mr. Topp."

"Good!" said I. "I'll pay your fare for your trouble, Peter, besides the price of the pig. A good one, now! None of your wizened, pug-eyed fellows, you know. Such intelligent faces, Peter."

"Yah," said Peter.

I left him over the pig cause. I was just leaving the house to go down town when I met Peter with the pig in a bag.

"I got him," Peter remarked—very unnecessarily, however, for the pig announced the fact loudly in his own behalf. Nothing but a pig could have squealed so.

"Where I put him?" asked Peter.

"Oh, just back of the house, Peter. There is a barn attached to our house, but there was nothing in it. Animated by a desire to put the barn to some practical purpose, I rented a cow and kept her the last summer, but she gave no milk after the second week, and so I sold her. I was glad I had another barn for the barn.

But Peter shook his head. That wouldn't do. A barn was no place for a pig. I would have to build a pen. Peter knew how.

"It would hardly do to let him run in the garden, I suppose," I said, musingly. "Can you build a pen, Peter?"

Yah, Peter said he could; and so I sent him off after tools and lumber, leaving the pig tied to a tree by one leg. My family gathered about the new-comer and viewed him with deep interest. He was a little fellow, but healthy, as was proved by the capacity of his lungs.

"Mercy!" cried Susan, "what a noise he makes! He must be hungry, James." Susan's experience with babies encouraged her to this conclusion.

"I know what I'll do," exclaimed Nellie, "that," said my Fred, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"What is it?" I asked, to encourage my son.

"Two cents, papa," said Fred.

When I came home at night the pig was fast asleep in his pen on a heap of straw, and I felt quite a pride in him. Peter had taken care of his own in regard to him, though I did not impart that to Susan. He had sent for some pig-*chow*, he said. The pen cost about $10 more; and Peter's bill brought the sum total up to $14 83.

I watched over the pig with a fair degree of watchfulness. The swill-pail always stood by the side of the wood-house door, and, though it was not an agreeable object in an esthetic point of view, I could not for some time get over a vexatious kind of curiosity as to its contents. I found some strange things in it occasionally—skewers of articles of food, one of Fred's boots, for instance, or a pair of scissors, and, to my astonishment, I found a silver fork in the swill, I remonstrated with the servant-girl—a stupid German creature, who had succeeded to our intelligent Bridget when the latter got married.

"It is not so much that I care for the silver, Katrine," said I, "but I don't want the poker choked to death in his prime."

My wife discharged Katrine, in an impatient moment, soon after this, because she found her in the swill-pail four quarts of rich cream-covered milk that had been procured with great trouble from the country, to make a prize pudding for a dinner party that I gave to some of my friends. Katrine was pure city-bred, and had never seen such looking milk before in her life; she supposed it spoiled, and into the swill-pail it went.

We had had our poker about a month, and he had grown to be a marvelous celebrity. The condition of affairs in my back garden occupied a very large share of our family talk. Fred, though small, it had been very liberally stocked and diligently cared for, and there was quite a rivalry between my neighbor Jones and myself in this matter. Jones boasted of very superior erudition in these things, and being a gentleman of leisure he had more time to look after them than I had; but I struggled hard not to be distanced. There was no disputing the point of Jones's Isabellas and Catawbas of course, but in most respects I felt myself his peer. September showed our garden rich with abundance of tomatoes, cabbages, beets, beans, and so on, while the apple-tree, the two plum-trees, and the grape-vines hung heavy with their load.

So one day our poker got out of his pen, and went rooting around in the garden with a tumultuous exercise of his sudden freedom. Of course those women never saw him, I was washing-day, I believe. The havoc he hot made by the time I came home at night was positively appalling to witness. Nobody could tell how long he had been out of his pen; but judging by the devastation I witnessed he must have been rooting all morning. Tennyson's verse in "Maud" may give a faint indication of my emotions as I stood in the back-door that evening:

"The roots of my hair were stirred. . . .
And my pulses clored their gate with a shock on my heart."

There was nothing to do now, however, but to put him back in the pen. As he had grown portly, he had assumed a very ugly expression of countenance, and as I looked at him now, with his tusher protruding in a most villainous way, I confess he did not look calculated to excite a timid man. However, I got a big stick and went at him with loud "shoos" and extravagant flourishings of my weapon. He ran down the path that led to his little pen, with whacks of his curly tail defiantly, but I soon found that the way to drive him back to his pen. He dodged me in the most exasperating manner. He doubled and twisted in a way to set at defiance all calculations. I was no match for him. Jones came out while I was exercising myself with the porker, and laughed at me over the fence.

"You don't go at it in the right way, Dobb," said he.

"Perhaps you'd like to try it yourself, Mr. Jones," I said, with some dignity of manner and a very red face.

"Take him by the tail," said Jones calmly, in reply. "Get his nose aimed toward the pen, and then pull his tail. Make sure you pull one way the more he'll pull the other, and he'll be in the pen before you know it."

Susan, who was standing on the back steps looking at me, laughed so heartily at this, that I felt quite good-humored again, and asked Jones to come over and assist me for the benefit of his superior experience.

"Now Dobb," said Jones, "well form a line—you and I and Dobb. Don't use the servant-girl."

"I beg to be excused, Mr. Jones," laughed Susan, with a timid glance at the porker.

"My dear madam," said Jones, gallantly, "there's no danger at all. I am quite in earnest, I assure you. It is a pig's nature to be obstinate in large numbers. We must only to form a line and close down upon him in a sort of a crescent, and he will carry up the nearest end once, as you will see."

So it was undertaken. Porker stood by the fence, eying us with a deep expression of interest. We moved down upon him; he whacked about, snorted, and then made a dive at us, or rather at me, and while I he went right between my legs, knocking me sprawling on the ground most ingracefully. Susan and the servant girl ran screaming into the house, and I was sore and very hot-faced in time.

The result of it was, we sent for Peter. It had now grown somewhat dark, but Peter made short work of the matter. He took a rope, and took in his other hand the big stick I had been flourishing; then he went up to porker, fetched him one tremendous lick on the proboscis, and while porker wiggy was staggering and seeing a million stars, slipped the rope over one of his hind legs, and had him in the pen in a trice.

"Peter," said I after that, "you may come round to-morrow and get engaged, and gain for what's left of the vegetables."

He did so. There was a good deal left, after all. Porker's forays had not made an appearance that in reality. Peter stored the cellar with abundance among other things, with a nice lot of very superior peanuts that he had raised by these odd hours, and worked, and were fit for nothing but swill.

The morning that I left the city, on my returning it went to be of the most affectionate description. Fred, in his turn, greeted me with a hug. Susan was not in the front hall to greet me. I waded through the children into the back part of the house, where Susan was. I fancied she looked at me with a half-frightened air, but I took her fondly to my arms, and was about imprinting a rapturous kiss on her lips when my eye chanced to go out the window, and I suspended the kiss midway of delivery. The door of the pig-pen stood wide open, and there was a peculiar sense of desolation about it.

"Where's our porker?" I asked, postponing the kiss *pro tempore*.

"Our porker," said Mrs. Dobb, gravely, "is in his grave."

"Good Heavens!" I cried, "dead!" and immediately went out to look at his deserted abode.

I was quite calm by dinner-time, and informed Susan that I was ready to hear the particulars of the sad event.

"Well, James," she commenced, "you know you directed those beans to be fed to the pig."

"Oh, that's it! I thought it would be laid at my door in some manner, notwithstanding the little circumstance that I was over two hundred miles away. Well, proceed."

"So the girl gave his beans for dinner, and beans for supper, and all the cooked meat we went out with some more, and then I heard her scream. And, indeed, there he was—swelled up—oh, dreadfully—twice as large as life, dead and lying on his side and kicking his legs faintly. Neighbor Jones leaned over the fence and asked what the matter was—"

"With a bunch of Isabellas, doubtless."

"And when we told him he came over to see the pig, and said poh, he wish't dead; that he knew he could cure the matter with the pig; blooted some'ch; and then he ran home. Have you got any brandy I said he. Yes, I told him we had, and came in the house and got a bottle."

"What! that S. O. P. brandy?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dear—of course."

"Good Heavens! And you gave that fifteen-dollar brandy to that miserable two-dollar pig!"

"Yes, dear, but it did no good. Then neighbor Jones blue him—"

"The savage!"

"And he did no good either. So at last we gave it up, and neighbor Jones had his mun bury it in the garden."

"Mrs. Dobb," I asked, "do you mean to tell me that you have buried that dead hog in our garden?"

"Yes, dear—in Mr. Jones's garden."

A sudden idea crossed my mind.

"Well, upon my word!" I responded, "it seems we are not even to have the benefit of the carcass as a fertilizer of the soil. This caps the climax."

"What do you mean, James?"

"Why, Susan, don't you know that dead animals enrich the soil when they are buried in it, decomposing, and evolving ammonia and phosphoric acid and things, that make the vegetables grow big?"

"James, how can you talk such stuff?"

"Stuff! Not a bit of it. Jones knows all about it. That's the way he fertilizes his garden. He's got a dead dog and three dead cats buried at the foot of his asparagus-vines—which accounts for the superiority of his Isabellas, my dear."

"Mr. Dobb, if you don't stop, I shall leave the table," said Susan, in great disgust.

So I stopped, like a dutiful husband. But Susan hasn't eaten a grape from Jones's garden since.

We have had the pig-pen cleaned up nicely for the children, and they use it for a play-house. It makes a very good play-house.

THE HAUNTED BELFRY

GREAT stories and old wives' tales were never looked upon by me with any other feelings than that of contempt and utter incredulity. My nature is wedded to the hard category; it is hard and practical, as my father's was before me. When I was a mere boy I made no more scruple of wandering among the churchyard tombstones of Schnappiff's church at dead of night than I would of going to the well for a pail of water to brush day. I used to think that I should like to see a ghost, and I used to go, with whistling, all in white, come and sit down by me upon old Herr Schnappiff's tomb some cheerful evening in November, and hold a comfortable chat with me on the subject of Demonology; but I had no hope that it would ever come to pass, because I entirely disbelieved in the existence of any thing of the sort. And I may say it never did do it. Our servant-girl, Rebecca, used to tell me with the most solemn earnest when I was very little, and was left alone in her care of an evening; but the only effect of her eloquence was to make me talk herself into such a horrible state of terror that if I said "Pooh!" at the end of it, I was ready to jump out of my skin with such a start that she would immediately put the lust number of the Schnappiffs *Advocate* on the fire, to make it blaze up cheerfully in the broad kitchen fireplace.

The haunted belfry that upon the roof of a stone building in the Schnappiffs Schoolhouse, on the Gross Haus, which, on its part, stood at the head of the broad street in our village called Little Aleke Avenue—after old Mskeben Schnappf, from Tolstnit, an Rhein, who came to America many, many years ago, and, whistling here, died whistling in the village also. He made eigars for a living in the old country, and having got together a fortune of some thousand dollars in that line of business by the time he was forty years old, Herr Schnappf married him a wife, came to this country, bought a house and land in the woods, built him a log-cabin, and established the basis of an aristocracy which has ever since possessed the village of the Schnappiffs of Schnappiffsin aforesaid. These descendants, however, owing to that disagreeable legend of the haunted belfry (or to some other thing which might not tell so well in behalf of my story, and may therefore be passed by as a profound mystery), have for a very large number of years ceased to occupy the old stone building, although Herr Makebet Schnappf left it to a family numerous, and encouraged it as such for some years. Nor had these descendents even taken pains to keep the Gross Haus in repair. At the earliest time of which I have any recollection of it (which was when I was a very small boy) its windows were all blown out, its chimneys clogged with rubbish, its winding staircases and the boards of its floors half rotted away, and the entire structure tending but up to the lofty front-door also decayed and quite gone, but its sturdy stone-walls stood unshaken, and the old oaken beams of the floors were yet stanch and true.

The steps being rotted away, and the threshold of the principal entrances at both front and rear standing high up from the ground, there was but one way of entrance to the Haus, to wit, through the dark and mouldy basement. Once in, there were ingenious modes by which boys or monkeys could proceed from floor to floor notwithstanding the absence of stairways—even into the tall stone belfry that stood seemingly on the crumbling roof, but really on a solid pile of masonry that reached to the ground itself. This was a breezy look-out over the village, and I have spent many an hour there, climbing up into the narrow loop where the old bell used to hang, and peering out the little stone windows—mistresses of those lower down—into the trunches of the tall sycamore trees in which birds built their nests, or out upon the landscape beyond the village, or into the deep woods at the back of the Haus; or else I would practise a beam of the belfry floor and trying to imagine the storied Margherita Schnapff mouldering dead at my side.

The legend ran in this wise, as our Rebecca used to tell it me in those nights by the kitchen fire: Herr Schnapff had a daughter, Margherita, who lived in the old Haus with him. (He had also, in very truth, a half-score so of other children, either at that time of later, but the legend tells not any such thing at all about them.) When Margherita was a blooming lass of sixteen she had the misfortune to fall, as I suppose lasses of sixteen will, in love with a thriftless young reape-grace named Darbin Deitin, son of a shoemaker in the village. Herr Schnapff treated his daughter to severe parental admonition on the subject, without the desired effect, old Schnapff one day, in a high rage, locked Margherita up in the belfry and gave her a loaf of his ancestral black bread for company. Young Deitin, wandering disconsolate in the woods back of the Haus, on the following Sunday, was amazed at seeing a chicken's head fall at his feet, by which was stuck a note from Margherita in the belfry, praying him to rescue her at any hazard. Young Deitin took the hint, set in hastily-built stages of the ground in a rage, and then went down to the village tavern and got drunk out of hand. That Sunday, he was carried to the Haus, body-snatched the tall steps, rapped at the door with a pocket-knife stuck with which he had provided himself for the occasion, and demanded Margherita. He was shown into the old gentleman's office, and that was the last that ever was known of him. That night Herr Schnapff up in the belfry began to tell dismally, and Herr Schnapff went up in a terrible passion to trounce Margherita for disobedience in slumbers. Margherita had thus poor girl dead, with the loaf of schwartzbrod untouched by her side—save where she had broken off the piece of it she had thrown out to Darbin her lover. She had starved to death. After that, on each Sunday night in the old hall set up to solemnize the Herr Schnapff's distress; and at last, unable to endure it longer, he strode up to the belfry, and, overcome by one of his usual fits, he fell down and threw it to the ground, where it lay half-buried but unbroken, and where I often saw it when I was a boy. You may ask why the Schnapffs have put a belfry on the building he used as a residence; I answer that I do not know why he did it, but that he did do it, very certain, for there it stands to this day, as you may see whenever you come to Schnapff'sh. As for the legend itself, of course I never believed a word of it. Still less did I believe the nonsensical stories about the ghosts of the lovers wandering over the old Haus at night, or waving their arms from the empty belfry.

Years passed, and still the old building remained unbesmirched, and grew more gloomy and dismal with the lapse of time. For a period of ten years I had lived away from Schnapffn, at school, at college, and subsequently at the ecclesiastical seminary where I tried hard to become an orthodox divine of the Missouri Episcopal Church.

When I came back to Schnapffn I was quite wealthy; my family as influential in its way as the aristocratic Schnapffs themselves. It determined to erect a chapel and gather a flock around me. While looking about for a site, I came upon the old Cross Haus—all unoccupied and in a wretched condition. I resolved to buy it and convert it to my uses: and did. I doubted if there were a dozen people in Schnapffn then who would recall the old bugaboo story that Rebecca told me by the kitchen fire except to laugh at it. Accordingly I set to work to have the old Haus repaired. Weeks thereafter carpenters, masons, and painters were at work on the old Haus; partitions were taken down, doors were relaid, the walls were replastered, inside and outside nicely painted, and a lightning rod put up, whose fork pointed heavenward from the peak of the old belfry. The bell was unearthed and hung in its old place, high up in the belfry—so high that it could not be reached without the aid of a ladder.

It seemed, after all, that there were not wanting in Schnapffyn a number of old gossips of both sexes who were horrified at my audacity; not that they believed in the ghost-story, you know—oh, not that—we know there are no such things in these days—but it is so presumptuous in that young Smith to convert that old house, with its dreadful associations, into a place for the preaching of the hated doctrines; and to call it a chapel, as if there were not churches enough in Schnapffyn already! Be it known! Christian, my dear; and to hang up that old bell too!

Nevertheless, I had a full house at the opening of my chapel, and the people looked about the spacious lecture-room with great curiosity and interest. In the evening the congregation was still larger. The Spiritualist fever had at this time begun to spread, and in Schnapffyn it was at its height. I observed large numbers of the Spiritualists in my audience; I have always noticed that these people are very ready to hear the views of their opponents, without being in the least affected by them. On this occasion I attacked their ideas sharply. It is not necessary to give any outline of my argument, for this sketch is not written to make proselytes to a faith which I have since in many ways perverted. I instanced, near the close of my sermon, the kinship these modern spiritualist notions bore to the old ghost-stories that frightened our grandmothers, and by way of illustration rehearsed the legend of the haunted belfry. I had barely concluded it when bound! boom! boom! the old bell overhead began to ring.

Great consternation ensued among my hearers. There was a general rush for the door, amidst which one or two women fainted, and a great many of them shrieked with affright. I closed the Bible before me and proceeded up the side stairway to the belfry gallery, where the bell-rope hung. A dozen men followed me. The rope dropped motionless, and the bell still tolled audibly and solemnly. Taking a lamp from its bracket I led the way to the belfry. The bell hung undisturbed, high up in the gloom overhead. It struck its last note as the light shone into the belfry; and then all was still.

But no mortal hand ever had set the bell-rope in solemn tolling recommenced. My companions at that descended the stairway in a body, some with scattering hints that the whole affair was a hoax, and could conveniently bring to bear on the effort. I returned to the belfry, and found that my supposition was again baffled by the suspension of operations. A gust of wind extinguished the lamp; and then the bell began to toll again with redoubled energy. Shall I confess that for once my nerves were a little shaken? I do confess. I, also, descended the stairway.

The congregation had vacated the chapel, but there was a crowd of people outside whispering, muttering, and looking up at the belfry. Again the bell was still tolling in the darkness, with their mouths open, in many cases, as if they could see their eyes and ears with that organ. The Spiritualists were greatly cheered and encouraged by my discomfiture.

"I wonder if he will dare to preach in the place again," I heard one say, as I passed on my house. I went very much astonished indeed, however, and put out the lights and locked the chapel door.

Next day, provided with a light ladder, I entered the belfry for careful examination for the cause or causes which could have produced the phenomena of the previous night. But nothing could it I laughed heartily over it. After which I destroyed it, and, to remove all possibility of its further operation, I descended the rope in the scuttle firmly in its place. Then I locked the attic door and put the key in my pocket.

The key remained there the chapel was below engaged in the discharge of its duties. I sternly called him to me. He stepped in the room and approached with a terror in his countenance.

"So it was you, was it, Thomas?" I said.

"Eh, Sir? Eh, Sir? I don't know what you was?"

"Very well," said I; "it doesn't matter. I have nailed down the scuttle. Hold your tongue about it, that's all."

"Yes, Sir," said Tom, with such an expression of utter bewilderment in his countenance that I was bewildered myself. I am sure to this day, that he knew nothing at all about the business.

I caused a notice to be inserted in the Schnapffyn Gazette and Observer on the Wednesday, to the effect that the Rev. Henry Smith would again preach in the New Chapel on the following Sabbath, and that at the evening meeting he would explain to his congregation the causes which had led to the mysterious disturbance of the previous Sabbath evening, and at once dispose of the foolish theories which were being set forth by the so-called Spiritualists concerning said disturbance.

You should have seen the crowd that thronged the chapel when Sabbath evening came round. The aisles were literally packed with persons standing, and even the steps leading to the low platform that served as a pulpit were occupied by sitters. The very chair behind me I permitted to be taken by a feeble-looking widow woman of the name of Southey, who had known me when I was a boy, and who had lately become a trance medium, as I had been informed, who removed the chair to a point as remote from the belfry as was possible possibly get it—which was not off the platform, however.

My sermon was a scathing denunciation of Spiritualism. I attacked the idea that spirits from another world should descend to the absurdity of rapping on walls, of sawing and filing, of tipping over tables, of ringing bells, and engaging generally in such tomfoolery as was worthy only of the rudest stage or the grossest of human beings.

"For all the manifestations of the so-called spirits," I remarked, "there is a simple explanation. I may not know in every case exactly precisely what that explanation is; but I know that it exists, and that it is in no way within the realm of the supernatural. In every case the manifestation either produced by certain forces of nature with which we are not yet sufficiently familiarized, but which the onward march of intellectual discovery will ultimately unfold to us, as it has unfolded the mysteries of steam, of gunpowder, of the telegraph and the steam-engine; or they are nothing more than a trick, conceived of roguery, for purposes of gain or amusement. The old-fashioned ghost of the bell over this chapel on last Sunday night has been solved upon the peculiar acoustic principles of this building, and a hobgoblin legend of the early settlement days of this county has been revived to give to the these wholesome and preposterous imaginings of a diseased fancy. But I have examined into the causes of the interruption of last Sunday evening, and have taken measures which will prevent a repetition of the occurrence. I have laid the ghost—I have exorcised the spirit—and I have done it with such simple means as a hammer and nails. If these sounds again disturb you I give my Spiritualist friends permission to ascribe all my beliefs to the highest altitude. But in the mean time—"

Boom! boom! boom!

The bell was tolling again. What could this mean? I paused in momentary consternation. Probably my face paled.

"Glory to God!" cried Mrs. Smuffle, the trance medium, rising and stretching her arms in an agitated congregation, with her eyes upturned in an ecstasy. "I see, I see! The spirit of a beautiful woman is in the belfry! She floats in the air! Her hand rests on the iron tongue of the old bell, and its reverberations answer her touch! Hark! I see another! It is the shadowy form of—"

I heard no more; for slipping out of the church by the private door at the back of the pulpit, I ran to the foot of the old sycamore, and quickly took off my coat and boots. Then I went up into the tree, climbing in silence toward the swaying top.

"Oh! oh! oh!" rang in accents of terror a juvenile voice above among the leaves; "man a-comin'!"

At the same moment the bell ceased tolling.

"Don't be afraid of me, little boys," I said, as I came up to them. But there were three, and they were beginning to crawl out upon the branches, so that I feared they might fall and get hurt. "nobody shall treat you. Come down and do as I tell you, and I will give each of you a silver dollar."

When they got to the foot of the tree, and found that I wanted them to go into the chapel with me, they held back.

"Afore all of them folks!" cried Jo Smuffle; "jings!"

But the money was a tremendous temptation whose force they were not to resisting; the trio followed me into the church, where Mrs. Smuffle (the mother of Jo) had just finished her harangue, and Mr. M'Mull, a clergyman from the village of Hay, was about to follow her in a few remarks.

"The manifestations of the Reverend Henry Smith," he commenced, "who growed up in this village as I may say—"

Here I tapped him on the shoulder, and he retired in good order. Then I produced my boys.

"I make no apology, my friends," said I, "for introducing in this manner the boys you see at my side. The degree of importance that has been attached to the performances for which they are responsible, renders me in producing them. Jo Smuffle, you may tell the ladies and gentlemen what made the bell ring."

"Pull'n' th' string," said Jo, with a broad grin.

"Go on," said I; "tell us all about it."

"Number One previous," said Jo, twisting his cap in his hand, and addressing himself to me in preference to "all them folks"—"mother she took on so about it after that night you's again' to preach yere, an' said how 't she blieved th' spurrits'd ring th' ol' bell, use that there was n' nothing with his rope to his juvenile companions, "laid out for some fun. I got inter the belfury an' tied my kite-string outer th' clapper, an' threw it 'bout half down t' Bes, an' he went up th' tree with it an' tied it outer a limb, an' when night come we went up an' pulled it—didn't we, Iley ?"

Iley nodded assentingly.

"How did you get into the belfry, Joseph?" I asked.

"Shinned it up th' lightnin' rod," grinned Jo.

Then I permitted the boys to depart the way they came, after receiving their promise to meddle with the bell no more, and continued my sermon. Fortified by the case in hand, I proceeded with a line of conviction argument, which, however eloquent, I will refrain from putting into the story. And although it is to be confessed that I did not succeed in converting the Spiritualists of Schnapffyn, who still flourish as of yore, I did completely and satisfactorily lay the ghost of the haunted belfry.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"PUT her a-beep," said Old Meredith to his better half, "that our boy Sammy is crazy: for he's gathered all the pipe, he's grumin' at the bars, and he's grinnin' to himself wherever he goes." "Shut up, man," said his wife, "you don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-letter."

A dog is a good thing to have in the country. I have one that I have had since I was a pup. He is a good stout fellow, and is a hearty backer of me.

Last night I brought him out with me to a Democratic meeting, but he began to have a strong fight with a dog that he didn't like, and he got his nose all bloody, and he scratched all the dirt up I got in. Then I tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbors sent us him letter before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back, and now he is just returning from a fit in which he has torn up a path that has been used for our eating mutilees.

They kill pigs by steam in Chicago. A great iron claw, with five fingers, heats on the pigs' backs, and are quarreling in the pen below, and likewise hogs to a gibbet near by, and then plunges them again into scalding water. By the machine the hogs' bristles are killed, scalded, cleaned, split and hung in rows ready for salting, whalin on hom!

A sailor, in giving his opinion of the religious denominations, said: "I like the Episcopalian best, 'cause when anything's up, they all other churches you must rig more and take the jaw, but in the Episcopal church you can lay back."

"Cry brudin," said a colored preacher, dismissing on the difficulties of his subject; "it is now as dey row a boat over Niagry Falls—dey commences by a row it back again."

"LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT."

Old Gentleman. "DEAR ME, AND IS THAT THE NEW STYLE OF BONNET? WHEN I WAS COURTING MY WIFE THEY WERE VERY DIFFERENT. WHY, I HAD TO GO DOWN A PASSAGE TO KISS HER!!"

[The "Portrait of a Lady" will be observed on the Wall.]

INNOCENT CARETAKER.—An old lady weather that, when the thread of the Atlantic cable was broken, the *Great Eastern* didn't give a tuck or two, and re-rivet it. Her wonder is all the greater as she was assured they had covered seven seas on board.

A SOCIAL CONTRADICTION.—Our "Juvenile Correspondent" says he can eat no more it out, but he finds that, with most of the acquaintances, he has "fallen out," through having neglected to "call."

An Irishman who had returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked, in the kitchen, "Yes, Jim, they say that you've been to see the sitting about?" "Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's reply.

MARVELLOUS CURE.—A young friend of ours who vecently suffered from the pressure of a sty in one of his eyes derived considerable benefit from the application of cold eggs.

HIBERNIAN WIT.—The Stockton *Independent* of Sept. 30 says: Yesterday afternoon, as an Irishman was driving a mule toward the race-track, he was met by a man on horseback, as follows: "Will, Paddy, I see you have your brother along with you." To which the witty Hibernian quickly replied: "Yes, and he me sore it's Sunday, and we are to meet our father."

AN IRISH PARADOX.—The Irish Fenians have committed a great absurdity in their illegal drilling. The Fenian "circles" have been endeavoring to form themselves into squares.

It is said that there was never but one man who wasn't spoiled by being knitted—he was a Jew, and his name was Judah.

MORE THEFT, in consequence of a small consideration of $100,000, is going to derive himself to the composition of a new literary work, and, as a natural result, will bid forward, "a long forward," to political life. A profound breaker of words in Paris now could give his address if necessary any time in not less than one hour by many that has heard of the "*Vale of Thieves.*"

A CLUMSY SERVANT.

Oh, Nature! Nature! you're enough
To put a Quaker in a huff!
Or make a meatty grumbler!
Whatever something rich and rare,
On earth, at sea, or in the air,
We fit in your service,
You always let it tumble.

You can't, like other folks, confine
Your talents to the barnyard line,
And break the critter they break!
But, spurning any thing so small,
You take our apples and let them fall!
And every morning—worst of all—
You go and lay the dew twinkle
You drop the rains of early spring,
That set the vale world blossoming!
You drop the beams that mellow
The grain toward the harvest-prime;
You drop, too, at the autumn time,
With breathings from a cooler clime,
The dead leaves, sere and yellow.

You drop and drop; and I've no doubt
You'll go on dropping things about,
Through this and other weather,
Until the day when you shall find
You're growing very old indeed
And then you'll soon make up your mind
To drop—the whole concern.

At a recent coon-meeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the initiated to sit down, and a crowd of gentlemen, noted for his good humor, once said aloud: "If I'igh, if these ladies would only sit down, we could see their ankles in their stockings; they would sit down." The advice had the desired effect: there was immediate rushing into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said: "Oh, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that?" said the old gentleman. "It's a fact; if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on!"

A CLASSICAL ERROR.—The late lamented Longfellow tells us that Jove was changed into a heifer; but we have lately gleaned from a doctor's prescription the following piece of information regarding the end of Jove: "Jupiter—Heifer Potassæ."

HOW TO DISCOVER YOUR REAL WORTH.—Become suddenly poor.

A SURFEIT COIN.—That of a rattlesnake.



SALE OF GOVERNMENT MULES AT THE CORNER OF THIRTY-FIFTH STREET AND TENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.—[See Page 676.]



"DEXTER," THE FASTEST TROTTING HORSE IN THE WORLD.—Photographed by A. Bogardus, Brooklyn.—[See Page 677.]

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.

THERE is a silent winter of the heart
When all our joys, like fading leaves, decay,
And hopes we nursed, like summer birds, depart;
And we, ourselves, grow weary by the way.

When Life looks dull, like some black landscape where
A solitary figure, through the storm,
Moves on, close wrapped against the frosty air,
With head bent, drooping step and bended form.

In chilly flakes the whirling snow comes down,
Driven in his face it sticks the traveler blind;
High over the grey hills the cold winds frown,
And like a houseless wanderer asks the wind.

Then looks the world to us when from the breast
The genial warmth that filled the heart is fled,
Leaving it like some chamber where the guest
Finds the warm fire they kindled for him dead.

So when our joys, like falling leaves, decay,
When all our hopes, like summer birds, depart,
And Love's bright altar-flame pale fast away,
Then is the silent winter of the heart.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LX

AT SEA.

OLIMPIA had said truly when she averred that Lord Castletowers was the ow'y volunteer whom her father would refuse to enlist in his army. When the young men met him presently at the door of the Trinacria, and he learned that they were about to follow the troops to Melazzo, he used every argument to turn them from the project.

"Think of Lady Castletowers," he said. "Remember how she disapproves of the cause."

"It is nine months since I left her seven years I have pledged myself to serve," replied the Earl.

"But you never pledged yourself to serve it in the field !"

"Because I never intended (through respect for my mother's prejudices) to place myself in a position that should leave me no alternative. I had not the remotest intention of coming here three weeks ago. If Monteverde, Vaughan, or yourself had urged me to take up arms for Sicily, I should have refused. But circumstances have brought me here; and having set my foot upon the soil, I mean to do my duty."

"It is a false view of duty," said Colonna.

"You are peculiarly situated, and you have no right to act thus."

"I must blame fate—not me," replied the Earl.

"And you, Mr. Trefalden, have you asked yourself whether your adopted father would approve of this expedition?"

"My adopted father is a man of peace," replied Saxon, "and he loves me as he loves nothing else on earth, but he would sooner send me to my death than urge me to behave like a coward."

"God forbid that I should urge any man to do that," said Colonna, carelessly. "If the nine miles' guns were drawn up before these windows, I would not counsel you to turn away from them; but I do counsel you not to go fifty miles hence in search of them."

"It is just as disgraceful to turn one's back upon them at fifty miles' distance as at fifty yards," said Saxon, who happened just then to be thinking of Miss Hathertoca's hint about the goose and the golden eggs.

"But you were going to Norway," persisted Signor Colonna. "You only came out of your way to set me down in this place, and, having set me down, why not follow out your former plan?"

"Shall I tell you why, cavo amico ?" said the Earl, gayly. "Because we are young—because we love adventure and danger—and, above all, because we smell gunpowder! There—it is of no use to try discussion. We are a couple of obstinate fellows, and our minds are made up."

And Colonna, seeing that they were made up, wisely said no more.

General Sirtori had been made Pro-Dictator during the absence of Garibaldi; and Colonna, though he declined any recognized ministerial office, remained at Palermo to lead the revolutionary ebullition and supply, as far as he could supplying them for the last five-and-twenty years, the brains of his party. So the young men bade him farewell, and set sail that evening in about eleven o'clock, taking with them a Palermitan pilot who knew the coast.

It was a glorious night, warm and cloudless, and lighted by a moon as golden and gorgeous as that which rises in the Egyptian desert, set by their watch-fires, "on the pass of war." A light but steady breeze filled the sails of the *Alfredo*, and covered every little wave with a silver ripple. To the left lay the open sea—to the right, the mountainous coast-line, dark and indefinite, with here and there a sparkling cluster of distant lights marking the site of some town beside the sea. Sunday, as they left Palermo farther and farther behind, a vast, mysterious, majestic outline grew gradually above the seaward peaks, shooting, as it were, all the lesser hills down to the sea, the pale profile of a snowy summit against the dark blue of the sky. This was Etna.

The young men passed the night on deck. Unconscious of fatigue, they paced to and fro in the moonlight and talked of things which they had that day seen, and of the stirring times to come. Then, as the profound beauty and stillness of the scene brought closer confidence and graver thoughts, their conversation flowed into deeper channels, and they spoke of life, and love, and death, and that Hope that takes away the victory of the grave.

"And yet," said Saxon, in reply to some observation of his friend, "life is worth having, if only for life's sake. Merely to look upon the sun and feel its warmth—to breathe the morning air—to see the stars at night—to listen to the falling of the avalanches, or the sighing of the wind in the pine forests, are enjoyments and privileges beyond all price. When I hear a man say that he does not care how soon he walks out of the sunshine into his grave, I look at him to whether he has eyes that see and ears that hear like my own."

"And supposing that he is neither blind nor deaf, yet still persists—what then?"

"Then I conclude that he is deceiving himself or me—perhaps both."

"Why not put a more charitable construction upon it and say that he is mad ?" laughed the Earl. "Ah, Saxon, my poor fellow, you talk as one who has never known sorrow. The love of nature is a fine taste—especially when the two friends, and hope to help one in the cultivation of it; but when youth is past and the friends of youth are gone, I am afraid the love of nature is not alone sufficient to make the fag-end of life particularly well worth having. The sunshine is a pleasant thing enough, and the wind makes a grand sort of natural music among the pines; but you may depend that a time will come when the light of a fire, the light of a certain pair of eyes, and 'the sound of a voice that is still,' will be more to you than either."

"I have never denied it," replied Saxon. "I only maintain that life is such a glorious gift, and such a privilege to the human race, that it ought never to seem wholly valueless to any reasoning being."

"That depends on what the reasoning being has left to live for," said the Earl.

"He has life to live for—life, thought, science, the glories of the world, the good of his fellow-men."

"The man who lives for his fellow-men, and the man who lives for science, must both begin early," replied the Earl. "You can not take up either theory or practice at a moment's notice. And as for the glories of the world, my friend, they make a splendid ——— ——— but what is the mise en scène without the drama?"

"By the drama, you mean, I suppose, the human passions and affections."

"Precisely. I mean that without love, and effort, and hope, and, it may be, a spice of hatred, all the splendors of the universe upon earth would fail to make the burden of life tolerable to any man who has a sore place in his body. Your first sorrow will teach you this lesson—or your first illness. For myself, I have a suddenly-risen fear that the first-named prize, life less than I did when—when I believed that I had more to hope from the future."

"I am sorry for it," said Saxon. "For my own part, I should not like to believe that any Neapolitan bullet had its appointed billet in my not-to-be-mourned heart."

"And yet you risk it."

"Just for the excitement of the thing. Fighting is like gambling. No man gambles in the hope of losing, and no man fights in the hope of being killed. It is a shame would be the pleasure of either gambling or fighting if one placed no kind of value on the stakes?"

The Earl smiled and made no reply. Presently Saxon spoke again.

"But I say, Castletowers, a fellow might get killed, you know; mightn't he?"

"If the castle of Melazzo is half so strong a one as I have heard it is, I think a good many fellows will get killed," was the reply.

"Then—then it's my opinion—"

"That the stakes are too precious to be risked?"

"By Jove, no! but that I ought to have made my will."

"You have never made one?"

"Never; and, you see, I have so much money that I ought to do something useful with it, in case of my thing going wrong. Don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Can you help me to write it?"

"My dear boy ! Not for the world. We should be only sowing the seeds of a fine Chancery suit between us if I did. Wait till we reach Palermo—there are plenty of lawyers in Garibaldi's army."

"I shall leave some property, Castletowers," said Saxon.

"O king, live for ever! I want neither thy money nor thy life."

Saxon looked at his friend, and his thoughts again reverted to the words that he had heard in his cousin's office one day when the first made acquaintance with Signor Nazari, of Austin Friars.

"Can you give me any idea of what a mortgage is?" he asked, presently.

"No one better," replied the Earl, bitterly. "A mortgage is the poison which a dying man leaves in the cup of his successor. A mortgage is an iron collar which, while he wears it, makes a slave of a free-born man, and, when he earns the right to take it off, leaves him a beggar."

"A terrible stronger."

"I speak from hard experience. A mortgage has left me poor for life, and you know what my poverty has cost me."

"But if means could be taken to pay that mortgage off—"

"It is paid off," interrupted Lord Castletowers. "Every penny of it."

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?" asked Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Not at all. It was a very large sum for me, though it may not sound like a very large sum to you. Twenty-five thousand pounds."

Saxon uttered a half-suppressed exclamation.

"Will you let me ask one more question?" he said. "Did you owe this money to a man named Behrens?"

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind—only tell me."

"Yes. To Oliver Behrens—a London man—the same who bought that outlying corner of our dear old park, and, confound him! had the insolence to build a modern villa on it."

"And you have really paid him?"

"Of course I have paid him."

"How long ago?"

"Two years ago, at the least. Perhaps longer."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way. A doubt—a dark and terrible doubt that was almost a fear—suddenly started up again in his mind, and assumed for the first time distinct and definite proportions.

"And since you have answered all your questions by the book, I shall expect you to answer mine," said Lord Castletowers.

"Pray do not ask me any," said Saxon, hurriedly.

"But I must do so. I must know where you heard of Oliver Behrens, and how you came to know that he was my father's mortgagee. Did Mr. Trefalden tell you?"

Saxon shook his head.

"And this is not the first time that you have asked me what I owed in debt," urged the Earl. "I remember once before—that day, you know, at home, when Arnold came—you seemed to think I had some money trouble on my mind. Surely it can not be Mr. Trefalden who has given you this information myself."

"No—indeed, no."

"Because he knows my affairs as well or better than I know them myself."

"He has never spoken to me of your affairs, Castletowers—never," said Saxon, earnestly.

"Then—then—has he been doing so? Not Vaughan? Not Colonna?"

But Saxon entreated his friend not to urge any more questions upon him, and with this request, after one or two ineffectual remonstrances, the Earl complied.

And now it was already dawning day. The moon had paled and sunk long since, and a faint mist, always one of the great mysteries of sea-level, ghost-like, with its crown of snow and smoke, had spread itself along the coast. Presently the light in the east grew brighter and wider, and a strong, glorious color—a color compounded, as it were, of rose and gold—suddenly overspread the snow-fields of Etna. For a moment the grand summit seemed to hang as if suspended in the air, glowing and transfigured, like the face of the lawgiver to whom the Lord had spoken as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then, almost as suddenly as it had appeared there, the glory faded off and left only the pure sunshine in its place. At the same moment the mists along the coast began to roll away in vaporous lines about the sides of the mountain; and, by-and-by, as they drifted slowly away to the southward, a long promontory that looked like an island, but was, in fact, connected with the main land by a sandy isthmus, became visible far away at sea.

"Ecco, signore—ecco la rocca di Melazzo !" said the Palermitan pilot.

But this announcement, which would have raised Saxon's pulse to fever heat half an hour before, now scarcely quickened the beating of his heart by a single beat. He was thinking of William Trefalden; vainly regretting the promise by which he had been induced to repeat no word of Mr. Behrens's conversation; and endeavoring in silence the first shock of that vague and terrible suspicion which had now entered into his mind, hereafter to flourish and bear bitter fruit.

CHAPTER LXI.

HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE promontory of Melazzo reaches out about four miles into the sea, curving round to the westward at its farthest point, so as to form a little bay, and terminating in a light-house. Consisting as it does of a mass of rocks varying from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and rising in places to a height of seven hundred feet, it is almost like a mountain sleeping on something heaving its huge bulk half above the waters. Toward the main land these rocks cut abruptly over against the hill-side on which the town is built; and upon their lower terraces, frowning over the steep roofs and houses, rising by the higher cliffs beyond, the castle stands, commanding land and sea. It is a composite structure of Saracenic, Norman, and ancient Roman tower and a whole world of outlying fortifications. French, English, and Neapolitans have strength-ened and added to it from time to time, till much of the old town, and even the cathedral, has come to be inclosed within their rampart lines. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty this castle of Melazzo mounted forty guns of various sizes; so that the Sicilian commentator, if he had begun by comparing the promontory to a sea-monster, might well have pursued his comparison a step farther, by likening the castle to its head and the bristling bastions to its dangerous jaws.

The town below, looking westward toward Termini and eastward toward Messina, with its pier, its promenade, and those irregularities of house-window which no Italian town could possibly be deemed complete, stands modern Melazzo—a substantial, well-built place, washed on both sides by the sea. Immediately beyond the town gates, reaching up to the spurs of the inland mountains which here approach the shore, opens out a broad angle of level country, some six miles in width by three in depth. It is traversed by the high road and dotted over with three or four tiny hamlets. Here and there a detached farm-house has sheltered within its flat roof above the vineyards and olive groves which cover every foot of available ground between the mountain and the sea. Divided by broad belts of cane-brake, and intersected by ditches and watercourses, these plantations alone form a wide outlying series of natural defenses.

Such is the topography of Melazzo, where Garibaldi fought the hardest and best contested battle of his famous Neapolitan campaign.

Having anchored the little *Alfredo* in a narrow creek well out of sight and reach of the Neapolitan guns, Saxon and Lord Castletowers landed their rifles and made their way to Meri, a village which lies about two miles inland, backagainst the slopes of the mountains, and cut off from the plain by a broad water-course with a high stone-wall on either side. Here in the village that General Medici had taken up his position while awaiting reinforcements from Palermo; and here the newcomers found assembled the main body of the Garibaldian army.

The *City of Abbeville* had spirited some hours before the *Alfredo* and flooded the shore with red-shirts. There were horses and mules feeding on trusses of hay thrown down in the middle of the narrow street; groups of volunteers cleaning their rifles, eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping; others busily filling up a barricade at the farther end of the village; and some hard at work with mattresses and sand-bags strengthening the upper rooms of those houses that looked toward Melazzo. A strange medley of languages met our ears in every direction. Here stood a knot of Hungarians, there a group of French, a little farther on a company of raw German recruits undergoing the first mercenary course of drill. All was life, movement, expectation. The little hamlet rang with the tramp of men and the neighing of horses, and the very air seemed astir with the promise of war.

Arrived in the midst of this busy scene the friends came to a halt and inquired as to what they should do next. At the same moment a couple of Garibaldi's own English volunteers drew near to laden with provisions. They carried between them a huge stone bottle in a wicker coat with the head of a straw-plait round, plethoric, modern amphore, holding about six gallons, in which the Italian wine-seller delights to store the rich vapors of Vesuvius and Scylla—and besides this divided burden, one was laden with black bread and the other with a couple of fine fresh cheeses at full Gruyère dimensions.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the owner of the hons, "Castletowers and Trefalden!"

It was Major Vaughan.

They shook hands cordially, and he invited them to accompany him to his quarters.

"I am capitally lodged," he said, "at the top of a house belonging yonder. Come and forage-ing, you see, and can give you a splendid supper. You can pluck a fowl, I suppose, upon occasion?"

"I will do my best," laughed the Earl; "but I fear your poultry is no longer in the bloom of youth."

"If for ten days you had eaten nothing but green figs, you would be content with any thing broad or sea-biscuit, you would be superior to all such prejudices," replied the dragoon. "Now it is my opinion that age can not begin before old cest hen that ever laid an egg. Do you see that man on the roof of yonder high house behind the vineyard? He is one of Cosenz's. He has been there all day surveying the ground. We shall have excellent work to-morrow, I think."

"Then you think there will be a battle to-morrow?" said Saxon, eagerly.

"No doubt of it—Medici is about the only good general the Neapolitans have. He is a thorough soldier, and his troops are all picked men, used to fighting."

"If you command a corps I hope you will take us in," said the Earl.

"I do not command a corps—I am on the staff; that is to say, I do any thing that is useful, and am always busy. By the bye, I was in a drill-sergeant—yesterday, when Bosco tried to dislodge our outposts at Corrinlo. I took a turn at the guns. To-morrow perhaps I may get in among that confounded cane-brake down yonder, I may take an axe and do a little pioneering. That is my line of duty—the work here, as you will soon find out for yourselves."

"At all events you must give us something to do."

The dragoon shrugged his shoulders. "You will find plenty to do," said he, "when the time comes. It is too late now to enroll you in any special regiment for to-morrow's work. But we will talk of that after supper. In the mean while here are my quarters."

So they followed him, and helped not only to pluck but to cook the fowl which formed the centre of the trophy, they went round with Vaughan and visited the outposts; and when at length they got back to Meri it was past ten o'clock, and the same glorious moon that had lighted them on their way the night before stood down alike upon castle and sea, vineyard and village, friend and foe, wakeful patrol and sleeping soldier.

CHAPTER LXII

HOW THE BATTLE BEGAN AT MELAZZO.

THE bugle sounded before dawn, and in the first gray of the morning Meri was alive with soldiers. There had been no absolute stillness, as of universal rest, all the night through; but now there was a great wakefulness about the place—a sense of kind of subdued tumult that had in it something very solemn and exciting.

By the whole Garibaldian body was under arms. The village street, the space about the fountain, the open slopes between the houses

and the torrent of Santa Lucia, and part of the main road beyond, were literally packed with men. Of these the Cacciatori, bronzed with old campaigns and wearing each his glossy plume of cocks' feathers, looked the most soldierly. For the rest of the troops the scarlet shirt was their only bond of uniformity, and but for the resolute way in which they handled their arms, and the steady composure of their faces, many a well-trained militia regiment might have been proud to smile at their incongruous appearance. There was that about the men, however, at which neither friend nor foe could afford to make merry.

"How many do you number altogether?" asked Saxon, as they passed along the lines in the little party. Major Vaughan nodded to horse and the two others following.

"Taken en masse, Cacciatori, Tuscan, Pied' montese, and Genoese volunteers, about four thousand four hundred fighting men."

"No more?"

"Oh yes, about two thousand more," replied the dragoon, "if you count the Sicilian squads —but they are only shouting men. Look—here comes Garibaldi!"

A prolonged murmur that swelled into a cheer ran from line to line as he Dictator rode slowly into the piazza with his staff. He was smoking a little paper cigarette, and looking carelessly at his big, spirited, piebald, good-humored and weather-beaten, with his gold chain fashioned across the breast of his red shirt, and a black silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his neck.

"That is Medici at his right hand," said Vaughan, springing into the saddle, "and the one now speaking to him is Colonel Dunn. Now the best thing we two Britishers can do will be to keep with the main body, and as near the staff as may be. Then will you see how everyone is best worth seeing, and have the chance of using your rifles as well. By Jove! Malenchini has his eyes open, and is moving off already!"

As he spoke the words the Tuscan general marched by at the head of his battalion, taking the westward road round Santa Lucia, where the Neapolitans had an outpost by the sea.

"One word more," said the dragoon, hurriedly. "If I fall I should wish Miss Colonna to have Gulbaza. She always liked the little Arab, and would be kind to her. Will either of you remember that for me?"

"Both—both!" replied Saxon and the Earl in one breath.

"Thanks—and now fare you well. I don't suppose we shall find ourselves within speaking distance again for the next few hours."

With this he waved his hand, dashed across the piazza, and fell in with the rest of the staff. At the same moment General Avezzana, having orders to conduct the attack upon the Neapolitan left at the head of half the force assumed of his veterans; while Fabrizi and his Sicilians —men bereft impulsive rabble, of whom no leader could depend—were left in reserve behind whether they would fight like demons or run away like children—here off to the extreme right, to watch the Papal Neapolitan reinforcements that might be advancing from Messina. Finally, when right and left were both en route, the main columns under Medici moved in motion, and began defiling in excellent order along the St. Pietro road, leaving Colonel Dunn's regiment to form the reserve.

Following Vaughan's advice, the two young men shouldered their rifles and marched with the centre. It was now about six o'clock. The sun was already gaining power; but a fresh wind was blowing from the sea, and the vines on either side of the road were bright with dew. As they passed over the little bridge beyond the village, and looked down upon the Volturno below, they could see Malenchini's division winding along to the left, and Cosenz's more centre still appearing to the right. Then their own road sloped suddenly downward, and they saw only a continuous line of musket flash and the gleaming rifles. On it rolled to the measured, heavy, hundredfold tramp of resolute feet, never ceasing, never pausing, but only the waving cane-brake on either side, and the blue sky overhead.

In the mean while the enemy's force was known to be drawn up in a great semicircle about half-way between Meri and Melazzo, reaching as far south as the hills that look down to the sea-shore beyond Marina to the left. But not a man was visible. Completely hidden by the cane-brake and the vines, between the flat fiats of the ground, prepared to fall back upon the town if necessary, and, if driven from the town, to take refuge in the castle, they occupied a position little short of impregnable.

Presently, as the Garibaldians descended further and further into the plain, a distant volley was heard in the direction of Santa Marina, and they knew that the Neapolitan's men had come up with the extreme right of the Neapolitan semicircle. An eager murmur ran along the ranks, and a moment later came rolling down the line.

"Silenzio!" said he. "Silenzio!"

It was young Bent. Seeing Saxon and Castle-towers among the outsiders he smiled and nodded, then rose m his stirrups, and reconnoitred ahead.

In the same instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the canes, and a ball whizzed by. Bent laughed and held up his hat, which was pierced in two places

"Well aimed, first shot!" said he, and rode back again.

And now the plantations on either side of the road seemed all at once to swarm with invisible foes. Ball after ball whistled through the canes, pan after pan opened suddenly in the forward ranks. Birds in the rear flung themselves by hundreds into the vineyards, firing almost at random, and guided only by the smoke of their enemies' rifles, but the front pressed steadily on.

Every moment the balls flew thicker and the men fell faster. A German to whom Saxon had been speaking but the instant before, went down, stone-dead, close against his feet, and Saxon heard the cruel "thud" of the ball as it crashed into his brain. Medici's horse dropped under him; Benì came dashing past again, with a bloody handkerchief bound round his arm; Garibaldi and his officers pressed closer to the front —and still not a single Neapolitan had yet been seen.

Suddenly the whole mass of the centre, quickening its pace in obedience to the word of command, advanced at a run, firing right and left into the cane-brake, and making straight for a point whence the balls had seemed to come thickest. Then came a fierce, deafening volley paces ahead—a rush of smoke—a roar that shook the very earth. The men halted in their confusion. They had been running in the very teeth of a masked battery!

As the smoke cleared the ground was seen to be literally plowed up with grape-shot and strewn with dead and dying.

Confusion being down his rifle, rushed in among the wounded, and dragged first one, then another, into the shelter of the cane-brake.

Saxon dismounted and led his horse across the road, and, heedless of the balls that came pepper-ing round him, began coolly picking off the Neapolitan gunners.

In the mean while Medici's columns had recoiled upon Garibaldi, and the whole mass was thrown into disorder. To add to the confusion, a cry went up that Garibaldi was wounded.

At this time Saxon, who had fired and was yet blocked with men, Major Vaughan came galloping round by the front. Dispatched with orders to the left wing beside Teodoro, he was through, he had chosen this perilous alternative. Flashing among the men with a command of authority and the Garibaldians, he at once became the target of a dozen invisible rifles, was seen to reel in his saddle, was seen to fall within a foot or two of Saxon's olive-tree.

In less than a second the young fellow had leaped down, lifted the dragoon in his strong arms, carried him out of the road, and placed him with his back against the tree.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

Vaughan beat his hand feebly.

"Take my flask," he said, speaking in broken gasps, and keeping his hand pressed close against his side. "Ride round to the rear—bid Dunn bring up the reserve—and charge the battery—in flank."

"I will; but can you bear to be carried a few yards further?"

"Tell him there's a wall—to the left of the guns—under cover of which—he can bring up his—"

"Yes, yes; but, first of all—"

"Confound you!—go at once—you fool—you idiot!"

Saying which he leaned forward, pointed impatiently to the wall, and fell back in a faint.

Saxon just lifted him, looked at the white face, laid the head gently back, sprang into Colonna's saddle, and rode off to the left at full speed. As he did so he saw that Medici's men had formed again, that Garibaldi was himself directing them, that the guns—and their fiery tongues—had fallen in the advancing columns.

To rush to the rear, deliver his orders, dismount, and tie up the Arab in a place of safety, was the work of but a few minutes. He then returned with Dunn's regiment, threading his way through the vines like the rest, and approaching the battery from the rear by a narrow ditch away to the left, as Vaughan had directed.

Coming up to the battery they found a sharp struggle already in progress, the Garibaldians using their guns at the point of the bayonet—Medici's men swarming gallantly over the entrenchments, and Garibaldi, seen on foot, in the midst of the fray.

The word was given; the reserve charged at a run; and Saxon found himself the next moment inside the battery, driven up against a gun-carriage, and fighting for his life hand to hand with two Neapolitan gunners, both of whom he shot dead with his revolver.

"Drag off the guns!" shouted Colonel Dunn.

The men flung themselves upon the pieces, surrounded, seized, and put them instantly in motion; the Neapolitans fled in confusion out to right and left, and made way for their cavalry.

Then Saxon heard a coming thunder of hoofs; saw a cloud of dragoons, with the glancing of a fortified sabre; was conscious of firing his last cartridge in the face of a dragoon who seemed to be bending over him as he fell—and so struck—and after that remembered nothing more.

THE TREE OF ALL-WORK.

IF trees took rank according to their usefulness, the bamboo would be the first palm in the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. Food, clothing, and, truly say, the bamboo is both. Dressed with chillies, its tender young shoots make a favorite summer dish at the Malay; sliced and boiled, they are served at the tables of the wealthiest Japanese; and when salted and pickled, which they usually do, make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows older, a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine tabasheer—said to resist alike fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is for fever; against fever, too, are the useful medicaments are obtained from the buds and the roots. Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the smaller parts of which supply ready turned pillars, while the slenderer joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into laths and beaten out, it makes an excellent flooring; and for the roof, the canes are arranged side by side across the building, with their concave sides uppermost to catch the rain; the edges of these are covered with another row with the convex side outward, and thus the roof is rendered perfectly watertight. Should the householder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisade forms his best protection against intruders, whether quadruped or biped. Does he want to bring the waters of the neighboring river into his service for domestic purposes—he has but to take stems of the bamboo he has pipes ready to his hand; pipes easily converted into gutters and spouts to get rid of the water when it runs to waste. Then should a bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, mattresses to lie upon, pillows to rest the head upon, and mats to put the feet upon, all and each of the same material as the tube through which the traveler inhales the fragrant weed at home, and the cane he leans upon, as he takes his walks abroad, with a bamboo basket on his arm, a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at his finger-ends to protect his long uncut nails.

John Chinaman would be an ungrateful rascal if he did not love and admire his tree of all-work; but he has proved his admiration in a way it will not be flattering. The bamboo is the be-all and end-all of the Chinese code of justice, and as such may fairly be said to be the most popular instrument in the world. Chinese law recognizes two degrees of punishment: in the first and least severe the number of lives of which the offender carries from four to twenty, that being considered discipline sufficient for a transgressor entertain a sense of shame for his past misconduct, and a resolve for future as to his future conduct. The second class of punishments includes the infliction of a serious nature, and the law allows as many as a hundred blows to be awarded, but in practice forty is the limit. Two different instruments are used, one being a bamboo five feet eight inches long, two inches and three-quarters broad, weighing nearly three pounds; the other is of similar dimensions, falling short of two pounds in weight. Women are not exempt from the bamboo discipline, but in the case of gallantry, are permitted to wear a single upper garment during the infliction of the punishment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

INTERESTING PHASE OF INSANITY.—"Carry, dear, will you please lend me your reviewer? I find George will not be free to-day, and I promised to go to Hurlingham." "Why, Emma! I'm sorry! I've just lent my reviewer to Mary, as she has found a lover's quarrel on hand, and wants to read Byron; but, dear, I can let you have my ivory-handled stiletto with much pleasure."

Insanity stalks abroad in strange and curious forms nowadays. Crime of deepest dye is excused on the plea of "insanity." Lately, "Jones, what was your motive for that dodge so?" A New England son slaughters his mother and sisters in cold blood, and from his supreme indifference to the matter it would appear that Mother, mourner, and all, he gloried, kills his wife, and smothers his three children, and instantly the cry goes forth, "Insane! insane!" Constance Kent steals, cat-like, down stairs, in the depth of night, and cuts the throat of her little brother as he sleeps sound. As he did so he saw that Medici's men had formed again, that Garibaldi was himself directing them, that the guns—and their fiery tongues—had fallen in the advancing columns.

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THE TREE OF ALL-WORK.

IF trees took rank according to their usefulness, the bamboo would be the first palm in the vegetable kingdom. Tried by the test of utility to man, there is no plant the earth produces worthy to enter into competition with it. Food, clothing, and, truly say, the bamboo is both. Dressed with chillies, its tender young shoots make a favorite summer dish at the Malay; sliced and boiled, they are served at the tables of the wealthiest Japanese; and when salted and pickled, which they usually do, make a pickle ever welcome to the Siamese gourmand. As the plant grows older, a fluid is secreted in its hollow joints which affords a refreshing beverage, and if it is allowed to remain untapped, the valuable medicine tabasheer—said to resist alike fire and acids—is produced. The leaves of the bamboo are reckoned a sovereign remedy for sore throat, as the bark is for fever; against fever, too, are the useful medicaments are obtained from the buds and the roots. Entire houses are constructed out of the bamboo, the smaller parts of which supply ready turned pillars, while the slenderer joints are combined together to form the walls. Split into laths and beaten out, it makes an excellent flooring; and for the roof, the canes are arranged side by side across the building, with their concave sides uppermost to catch the rain; the edges of these are covered with another row with the convex side outward, and thus the roof is rendered perfectly watertight. Should the householder be lucky enough to own the land surrounding his domicile, a bamboo palisade forms his best protection against intruders, whether quadruped or biped. Does he want to bring the waters of the neighboring river into his service for domestic purposes—he has but to take stems of the bamboo he has pipes ready to his hand; pipes easily converted into gutters and spouts to get rid of the water when it runs to waste. Then should a bamboo house will be found chairs to sit upon, benches to recline upon, mattresses to lie upon, pillows to rest the head upon, and mats to put the feet upon, all and each of the same material as the tube through which the traveler inhales the fragrant weed at home, and the cane he leans upon, as he takes his walks abroad, with a bamboo basket on his arm, a bamboo hat upon his head, and possibly bamboo splints at his finger-ends to protect his long uncut nails.

John Chinaman would be an ungrateful rascal if he did not love and admire his tree of all-work; but he has proved his admiration in a way it will not be flattering. The bamboo is the be-all and end-all of the Chinese code of justice, and as such may fairly be said to be the most popular instrument in the world. Chinese law recognizes two degrees of punishment: in the first and least severe the number of lives of which the offender carries from four to twenty, that being considered discipline sufficient for a transgressor entertain a sense of shame for his past misconduct, and a resolve for future as to his future conduct. The second class of punishments includes the infliction of a serious nature, and the law allows as many as a hundred blows to be awarded, but in practice forty is the limit. Two different instruments are used, one being a bamboo five feet eight inches long, two inches and three-quarters broad, weighing nearly three pounds; the other is of similar dimensions, falling short of two pounds in weight. Women are not exempt from the bamboo discipline, but in the case of gallantry, are permitted to wear a single upper garment during the infliction of the punishment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

INTERESTING PHASE OF INSANITY.—"Carry, dear, will you please lend me your reviewer? I find George will not be free to-day, and I promised to go to Hurlingham." "Why, Emma! I'm so sorry! I've just lent my reviewer to Mary, as she has found a lover's quarrel on hand, and wants to read Byron; but, dear, I can let you have my ivory-handled stiletto with much pleasure."

Insanity stalks abroad in strange and curious forms nowadays. Crime of deepest dye is excused on the plea of "insanity." Lately, "Jones, what was your motive for that dodge so?" A New England son slaughters his mother and sisters in cold blood, and from his supreme indifference to the matter it would appear that Mother, mourner, and all, he gloried, kills his wife, and smothers his three children, and instantly the cry goes forth, "Insane! insane!" Constance Kent steals, cat-like, down stairs, in the depth of night, and cuts the throat of her little brother as he sleeps sound. As he did so he saw that Medici's men had formed again, that Garibaldi was himself directing them, that the guns—and their fiery tongues—had fallen in the advancing columns.

To rush to the rear, deliver his orders, dismount, and tie up the Arab in a place of safety, was the work of but a few minutes. He then returned with Dunn's regiment, threading his way through the vines like the rest, and approaching the battery from the rear by a narrow ditch away to the left, as Vaughan had directed.

Coming up to the battery they found a sharp struggle already in progress, the Garibaldians using their guns at the point of the bayonet—Medici's men swarming gallantly over the entrenchments, and Garibaldi, seen on foot, in the midst of the fray.

The word was given; the reserve charged at a run; and Saxon found himself the next moment inside the battery, driven up against a gun-carriage, and fighting for his life hand to hand with two Neapolitan gunners, both of whom he shot dead with his revolver.

"Drag off the guns!" shouted Colonel Dunn.

The men flung themselves upon the pieces, surrounded, seized, and put them instantly in motion; the Neapolitans fled in confusion out to right and left, and made way for their cavalry.

Then Saxon heard a coming thunder of hoofs; saw a cloud of dragoons, with the glancing of a fortified sabre; was conscious of firing his last cartridge in the face of a dragoon who seemed to be bending over him as he fell—and so struck—and after that remembered nothing more.

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Not long since a couple of ladies, who were out in the habit of shopping for "fun," who knew what they would and had decided to get it, saw the dress material they desired displayed in a window of one of our large Broadway shops. (We forbear to mention names, since we believe that the proprietor of said establishment is a gentleman, and would not knowingly retain any but gentlemen in his employ.) They entered the shop, made their way to the proper counter, and asked for the goods.

CLERK (*briskly, warming his hand toward the counter*). "Here they are."

LADY (*after examining the silks*). "These are of the quality, but not the color or pattern we wish. Will you have no more patterns and prices, Jack, as I told you to do?"

CLERK (*unfolding the goods on the counter*). "These are just the same—just the same thing."

LADY. "Yes, Jack, but they are altogether different in color."

CLERK. "Well, they are just as good."

LADY. "Yes, Jack may be, but every one has preferences. Will you be kind enough to show us what is in the window?"

CLERK. "These were all sold long ago."

LADY. "Sold, and yet exhibited!"

CLERK. "Yes, sold."

This ladies rather thought they were cajoled with the silks in the window, and really wanted to purchase. They consulted with each other, the clerk meanwhile paying no attention to them. Suddenly, turning to the shelves, he took down a piece of the goods.

"*This* has just come in."

LADY No. 2 (*interrupting*). "This is just what I want. I would like a dress pattern."

LADY No. 1 (*to the clerk*). "Will you not let me have a piece of this style in brown? there is a piece of it in the window."

CLERK (*impatiently*). "Those goods have been sold over and over again!"

LADY (*ironically*). "Indeed! then I will buy again, if they can be sold so many times!"

CLERK. "We never take goods out of the windows for any body. It is a day's work to put them back again."

The ladies, thus rebuked, purchased, and were invited then, though tempted to leave the shop instantly. Before the dress pattern was sent home, the clerk received the impress of falsehood on the very face of it. On what way and how he imparted it cannot be known, but that the goods in the window were not sold, and that it was a common trick of the establishment to exhibit them as recent; and they were referred to the proprietor for strictures. The lady returned home in much trouble, vexed, and were leaving, when the faulty clerk, discerning from his mien that they were not pleased, politely bowed them, hastily toward the door, and addressing the ladies inquired, "Shall I—"

"No you are trying to get me into trouble with the firm? I guess I'll not buy any more of you." And down the steps departed Jack.

The ladies vouchsafed no reply.

"Carry (*reverently*), *what the deuce!*." Now what can it you wanted?"

LADY. Jack *forbore*. "It is of no consequence, Sir."

"I guess it isn't," muttered the man, as the ladies escaped from his sight, into which they did not care if he will not soon again set foot. Suffice it to say, that they returned safely to their comfortable quarters in the Bronx, and obtained just what they wanted, with the agreeable addition of a polite attendant.

A few items in regard to Paris fashions will be of practical interest to the ladies:

Several leading Parisian modern have quite decided on an attempt to shorten the dresses this winter; those destined for promenade will be made to clear the ankle, and will barely touch the ground. The success of their enterprise will greatly depend on whether these new costumes among the leaders of fashion. The large square cuffs which were introduced last winter are also said to be will definitely be worn this winter, and in anticipation of this event new importations are arriving of very broad lace cuffs in the reticulated style. The mode-veil, which has quite vanished from the fashionable world during the last day, and obtained just what they wanted, with the agreeable addition of a polite attendant.

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Our Journals are filled with the doings of the Fenians. We extract the following from the minutes of

THE FENIAN SISTERHOOD.

1. The Fenian Sisterhood is an organized body of ladies, whose object is the attainment of the full enfranchisement for Ireland.

2. Ladies, both by birth or descent, are admitted as members of this organization.

3. Each member must be regular in her attendance at meetings, and obedient to the regulations.

4. Each member shall solemnly take the following pledge, viz.: I solemnly pledge my sacred word of honor and Christian conscience of life and eternal salvation, to be patriotic and honest motives; that I will faithfully fulfill the duties of membership in the Fenian Sisterhood; and sentiments and interested love of country among men and women.

The remaining by-laws have reference to the various meetings which are held, and to the general manner of conducting the business pertaining to them.

Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland, by special train and all the regal accompaniments, has begun on her usual journey. Her Majesty's traveling expenses to and from Scotland this year will be £60,000 sterling. This is the figure which the Queen travels by and her Majesty pays her own charges; but by the by, the Queen pays for her journey through the Admiralty department.

A Paris paper gives the following good story:

A newly-made doctor, practicing in the environs of Paris, was called in by a small shop-keeper to see her child, who was very ill. The doctor, full of his own importance, went away, and called again two days after. "Well, how is the child?" asked he. "Oh, sir," replied the woman, "he has been dead two days." "How is your child?" "Dead." was the agonized answer. "Dead! what will?" "Yes, sir," said the weeping woman, "he died of the fever." "Astounded the doctor." "I watched woman, you have killed your child. If you had called in time, I think the measures I could have prescribed for it directly."

Charles Dickens is in the habit of walking ten or twelve miles every day when in London. This, no doubt, is the secret of his bodily health and freshness of spirit. But while preparing his English home under the shadows of the Tuileries, in Paris, in August, he received a sunstroke. For some hours he was quite unconscious, and greatly prostrated.

During September the best in Paris was extreme, as the following extract from a Paris letter shows:

The heat during the last three days has been equal to any thing we have known this year. A burning sun has poured upon the rows of trees in the Champs Elysées and the gardens of the Tuileries; the cabmen go to sleep while driving; the omnibus horses stand still in the hot streets, unless the children play about them; people sit outside the cafés and drink ices, as if we were in the West Indies; and fish is impossible.

A couple days ago a toll of the French novelist Alexandre Dumas:

At the Theatre Historique a rich tradesman—one of the shareholders of the theatre—solicited the honor of an introduction to him. On the favor being granted, he thus addressed Dumas: "You're a mulatto, are you not?" "Oh yes," said the novelist, wondering what was to come next. "Then your father was a negro?" "Of course he was!" replied Dumas, proudly. "Then your father—I beg your grandfather—(hesitating)—your grandfather—" "Was an ape!" interrupted Dumas. "Ah!" "There is no 'ah' in the matter," continued Dumas; "my father, my grandfather, and I, are all apes." The man took upon him amidst roars of laughter the withdrawal.



THE LATE GREAT FIRE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.—[SEE PAGE 676.]

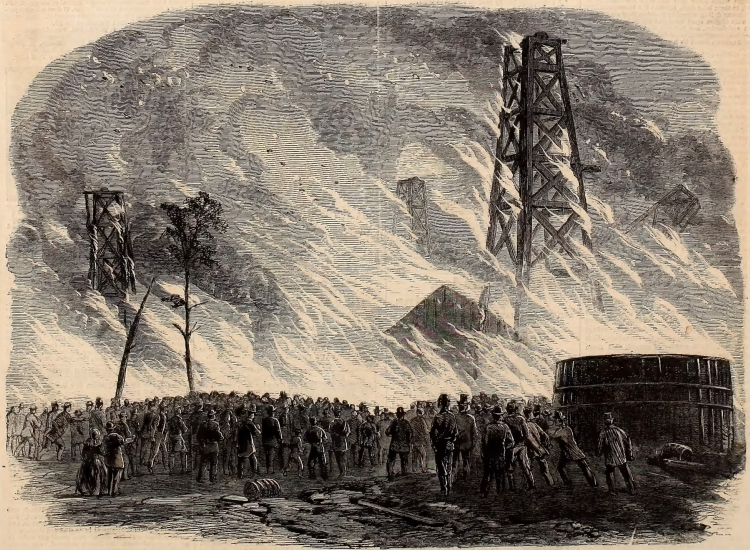


PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1865.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

There is just now a dead calm in all that concerns the Parisian fashions and modes, and we have scarcely any thing new to communicate, unless it be the continued diminution in the size of the bonnets, which are reduced to the smallest possible semblance of the ordinary chapeau. We have certainly reached the extreme of littleness for bonnets, which must be particularly profitable to the French modistes, who, notwithstanding the constant diminution in the size of their products, have never thought of diminishing their prices; yet ten or fifteen dollars for a baby-bonnet must be considered rather dear. However, people who love to be *à la mode* are not generally too apt to regard the cost of their innocent passion. These observations, of course, apply only to the bonnet worn with the *toilette de ville*. For the country the round hat with feathers is more becoming in every respect, and may be worn by persons of all ages.

Ladies' dresses have undergone no change in their form since our last notice of the Paris fashions; but we have to signalize a decided decrease in the amount



FIRE AT "GRANT" WELL, PIF HOLE CITY, IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by J. P. Hoffman.—[See Page 678.]

of their ornamentation. Where ornament is still desired it is usually produced by different applications of the material of the robe itself; this interaction is more particularly remarked in the dresses of what may strictly be regarded as the *beau monde*, and is in reality a healthy sign.

For evening costume white corsages ornamented with lace, and worn either with white muslin skirts or skirts of any other color or material, are very elegant. We have seen cotton families dressed in this agreeable manner, from the young mother with a certain age down to the pretty demoiselle not yet arrived at her teens.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Country.*—The robe and paletot of this new and graceful costume are in striped white and gray foulard. The cuffs, waistband, and cravat are all in plain dark-blue silk, and the bonnet is of the same color. Tuscan hat, with white feathers and veil. Yellow gloves.

Fig. 2. *Walking Dress.*—White muslin robe, ornamented on the skirt (which is terminated by a rather wide tucking) with embroidered grecques edged with valenciennes lace. Scarf-casaque paletot, dotted with black spots and trimmed with black guipure. White crape bonnet, ornamented with scarlet ribbon, velvet, and black lace. Long white gauze veil.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Pale pink moire robe. The casaque is of white cashmere, bordered with black lace insertion and deep Thibet fringe. The bonnet is decorated with black insertion without fringe. Straw-hat satchel.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERY.

(From the Home Journal.)

We have often remarked the taste which is constantly growing for fanciful needlework and beautiful embroidery on articles both for household use and for ladies' and children's garments. One of the most morning-wrappers worn by ladies at the watering-places this year have been noticeable for their display of elaborate and tasteful work, and the correspondents have particularly dwelt on this topic when writing about dress. A writer in the present *Magazine* tells us "how it is done." We copy the interesting items, which, we believe, are from the pen of "Jennie Jane," the celebrated fashion writer. She says:

"The growing appreciation of elegant embroidery, as a means of securing pure and enriching ornament to fabrics, is an evidence of increasing refinement in taste which all lo ers of the natural, as developed in the artistic, must rejoice to see. Not a little of this interest and appreciation is owing to the new methods of embroidering by machine, rendering it infinitely more effective, as well as greatly abridging the toilsomeness of the work. A few years ago embroidery was never seen, except upon a few articles out of doors, in household and personal adornings to the wealthy. Ladies could not even afford to hire it done, so costly was it, on account of the length of time consumed in its production. What their own industry and skill could not achieve in the art of ornamental needlework they were obliged to do without; but so highly prized were the comparatively few results of the rich and dainty fingers, that the most valued gift a lady could bestow on her lover or a scarf embroidered with her own hands. Could the bright eyes that grew dim during the months, and even years, that were frequently required in weaving scarlet-grotesque roses and most alarming leaves on silk or wool, have seen the brilliant and rapid shops which grow into life with the rapidity of thought, in these latter days, through the instrumentality of the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine, they would have looked with delight upon what had before been the work of such estimation, and believed that the magic of the gnat had been transferred to the tiniest, and, instead of the lamp of Aladdin, found its home in the modern sewing machine.

"The facility with which the most difficult and the most intricate patterns are executed by this machine, added to the exquisite beauty of the work-stitch, has made it the favorite with ladies of taste, who not only for children's garments and household purposes, but for dresses of the finest order of carriage and opera cloaks. The fashionable ladies in Florence at present are displayed every day in her rides in Hyde Park, is embroidered in white silk in the Grover & Baker stitch, which, according to the Queen and other English fashion journals, is exciting a furore abroad. A great advantage in this stitch is the union of strength and elasticity, for which the sewing of the Grover & Baker machine has long been famous, and which renders it smooth, even, and perfect, without liability or inability to rip. Altogether, the Grover & Baker embroidery promises to take a distinguished place in ornamental or commanding work of a new and home, and must greatly add to the esteem in which this favorite machine has always been held."

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the disappointment and vexation lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORRISON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

FIRST PREMIUM.—By reference to the list which we publish elsewhere it will be seen that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine (both family and manufacturing) carry off the first premiums from the State Fair which closes to-day. It is worthy of remark that these machines are rarely seen at fairs, and the SINGER Company have not entered into the general scramble for premiums which has characterized the past few years. The agents in this city say that, however, to come out on this occasion in force; and, notwithstanding the competition was sharp—the WHEELER & WILSON, GROVER & BAKER, &c., &c., joining in the contest—it was plain to be seen, when the practical tests were applied, that the "plumes" must be handed over to the SINGER machines.—*Utica Daily Observer.*

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A Drum Cylinder Printing-Press.

Size of Bed.....39 by 54 Inches.

Four Rollers; Table Distributing.

Has been used till Oct. 1st to print HARPER'S WEEKLY. Price $2000. Address

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329-335 Pearl Street, New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1850).

100,000 Watches, Clocks, Silver Articles, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000!

TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE FAIR FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

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100 Gold Watches	70 00
200 Ladies' and Gents' Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	18 00
100 Invisible Gold Watches	$125 00 to 150 00
1000 Drinking-Cups	7 00 to 15 00
1000 Gold and Silver Thimbles	5 00 to 10 00
1000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 18 00
1000 Sets Jewelry, consisting of Pin, Ear-Rings, and Sleeve Buttons	5 00 to 8 00
3,000 Magic Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
1000 Gold Pens, in Gold-Mounted Holders	5 00 to 8 00
100.0 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
1000 Sets Jewelry, consisting of Breast-Pin and Ear-Rings	4 00 to 10 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, & Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per doz.	14 00 to 30 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Soup Ladles, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
21000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mix d, and, when ordered, one of these will be sent regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article sent you. Or three articles will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 50 for $5; 60 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to latge and gents to act as agents. Send for circular. Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Beautiful False Mustaches, 50 cents and $1 each. Goatees, 50 cents. Circulars mailed free. J. MCCLELLAN & CO., Box 5065, New York.

Constipation of the Bowels.

How many of our citizens are suffering from this disease, and expecting to be cured by the use of violent purgatives, which debilitate the system and cause a return of the disease with increased violence! It is far better to have a remedy that will cure by giving strength and vigor to the bowels, enabling them to perform their functions in a natural manner? Such a remedy is "HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS." It will give you, this, by its great invigorating and tonic properties, will give you health in the place of disease, by enabling it to do its functions in a vigorous and natural manner. For sale by all druggists. Remember, these Bitters are a pure tonic, without alcohol. H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, New York, Agent.

To a talented number of enterprising men, to engage in a business that will pay them from $200 to $500 monthly. Address VAN ALLEN, 184 Washington Street, New York.

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AND

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Ladies write for our Silver-Note Paper, 10 cents.
White Envelopes to match, $6 a thousand.
Any Name and Letter Envelope, 25 cents a hundred.
Send free of carriage to any part of the U. S. on receipt of $1. Sample for stamp. Send for a full description of paper and envelopes. Sample sent by mail on receipt of stamps to pay postage.
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Children's Carriages.
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* * * Send for Circular.
Propellers on hand and made to order.

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, will be sent by EXPRESS, C. O. D. Address No. 65 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

SOMETHING NEW,

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46 John Street, New York.

Savage & Company,

Manufacturers of Lanterns and Burners, 276 Greenwich Street, New York. Fifty varieties of the latest styles always on hand. Dr. Lanterns also Patentees of the Celebrated Savage & Co. Rotary Burner. Agents wanted immediately. Send for Circular.
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200 Silver Watches.....each 20 00 to 25 00
10,000 Gold Pens and Silver Cases.....5 00 to 8 00

And a large assortment of Jewelry and Silverware of every description.

The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR EACH must be follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ONE DOLLAR. On receiving it you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article sent you. Or three articles will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 50 for $5; 60 for $10; and 100 for $15.

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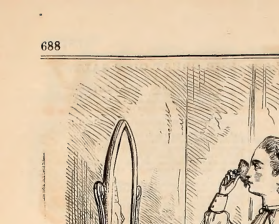
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 462.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MEETING OF THE FENIAN CONGRESS IN THE ASSEMBLY BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1865.

REORGANIZATION.

THE *Daily Transcript*, of Augusta, Georgia, in commenting upon some recent remarks of ours, and with more bitterness than the occasion seems to justify, says that we seriously insist "upon the acceptance of the trite and exploded maxim, borrowed from LOCKE, that all monarchists, red, and black—are born free and equal, when any body who knows any thing of the family relation never saw a child born into a state of equality or found any equality among the little circle who acknowledge the same parentage."

The *Transcript* is mistaken in supposing that the doctrine of the natural rights of man is borrowed from LOCKE, or is exploded, or is any the less true because KEITH CHANDLER called it a glittering generality. JEFFERSON in the Declaration of Independence, and all the fathers of this country, and with perfect accuracy, declared it self-evident truth. But the equality asserted by them is not an equality of condition or of capacity, any more than of height or weight. The fathers defined the natural rights of which they spoke. They were the equal rights of every man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They declared the very object of government to be the protection of these rights, and that experience had proved the best system to be that which gave a participation to all the people, not of a class, nor of a family, nor of a race. This was what they meant by saying that governments justly derive their consent of the governed; for experience also proves that the rule of one man, or of one family, or of one class, or of one race, is, in the long run, unjust and oppressive. If the *Transcript* denies it, it must settle its account with history and human nature. Government exists for man. The maintenance of natural rights inevitably plunges society into war. The practical question, therefore, always is, how shall those rights be best secured?

The *Transcript* speaks of "Government making laws for its citizens," as if governments were ethereal abstractions. But they are not. They are human devices. The *Transcript* may think that a monarchy or an oligarchy is the best device. We do not. We believe that we are to be the best which springs from the consent of the governed; and we hold that every political community being morally bound to defend all the natural rights of its individual members should impose no qualification for an equal voice in the government which excludes any great number of them or which does not fairly and readily attained by all. Hence nothing was unsounder or more un-American than Mr. DOUGLAS'S doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, which was nothing but an assertion of the right of a numerical majority to deprive a minority of their natural rights. He certainly could not be with right. But as good morals and good policy are at last identical, the government which most fully secures the natural rights of every citizen will be the most permanent, the most peaceful, and the most prosperous.

The *Transcript* further says: "It is needfully mean to urge on a war *for the sake of the Union*, as HARPER'S man has done; and then when the defeated States are returning, in the observance of all the conditions required by the Executive, *to attempt to keep them out of the Union* by jeers and innuendoes and affectations of panic terror." This language is again misleading. We have no more desire to keep any State out of the Union than the President has. We wish merely to take care that the Union shall be restored, surely, as it likely to be swiftly, restored. It is a real Union at which we aim, not impeded by distracting elements. In the second sense of the word we have spoken of a *sepd* speaks of the Union as "the ancient league." In a late letter to the editor of *Harper's Magazine* General BUTLER also speaks of the measures of the late rebel leaders as "our national affairs," and of JEFFERSON DAVIS as "our chief magistrate." We do not think that persons who hold such views of the late rebellion and of the character of the United States Government are safe depositaries of the honor of that Government. Men who hold the Union to be "a League," and the late conspiracy a "national government, will not be likely to vote taxes to pay for the expense of compelling them to remain in the League or for the cost of overthrowing that "nation." We cannot but fear that when we say that we do not believe the Union would be secure if such were the views of Congress. Will the *Transcript* tell us why the votes of men should be treated as sincerely favorable to the Union, whose arms, yesterday raised to destroy it, were no laid down, but were overpowered by superior force, while the men themselves profess the same opinions as those which led them to raise their arms?

Our view is that the United States Government is morally bound to require every thing of its lately rebellious citizens which it deems essential to the security of the Union, which it has maintained by so long and terrible a struggle. Certainly those who saved that Government are equally bound not to insult their baffled fellow-citizens. But they are also not less bound to treat with contempt the charge that they are hostile to reunion, because they are averse to haste, and value the utmost care, and prudence, and sagacity in the work of reorganization.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS.

In the report of a conversation between the President and Mr. SEWARD, which the President has approved, he expresses himself so that no man can mistake his meaning.

He is glad that the Democratic party professes to agree with his views, and remarks that it is not the first time that he has known a man pretend to differ from another claim the opinions of his antagonist as his own when he came up to them.

He holds, and all this every loyal and sensible citizen agrees with him, that it is better the work of reorganization should be done by the action of the States themselves; "for," he says, "if they are not, the power is in our hands, and we can check them at any stage to the end."

He declares himself equally opposed to State sovereignty and to consolidation.

He holds that no State is out of the Union, and that it is a mere figure of speech to call voting to each one, subject to national control if they go wrong.

If he were in Tennessee he would as a citizen of the State favor negro suffrage upon certain conditions. But universal suffrage in the late rebel States he thinks would produce grave difficulties.

And he declares that for many years he has favored the policy of apportioning representatives to qualified voters; which is the purport of General SCHENK'S proposed amendment to the Constitution. The President is of opinion that this result might be reached in 1872. This, of course, would offer the most stringent argument to the reorganizing States to establish impartial suffrage.

The record of this remarkable conversation will be read with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction by those who revere the Union and the man who has most doubted his fidelity to the principles upon which he was elected, and who have, consequently, never faltered in their support of him. It is the true view of the duty of the Union reorganized upon the fundamental American principle of equal rights, and that no man shall be excluded from a voice in the government by reason of his color; but as he knows such a principle is unpalatable to the whites of the rebel States, he wishes to "give them time to understand their new position."

The great question before us, as MR. LINCOLN said in, How shall we restore the proper constitutional relations in the Union? The President's action is to be judged by its results; and we see no reason to doubt that he and Congress will work harmoniously, and successfully accomplish the work.

MR. ROBINSON'S LETTER.

MR. LUCIUS ROBINSON has written a letter accepting the Albany guests the speciator in Five-Twenty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes. There are over $600,000,000 of the former, and over $800,000,000 of the latter: therefore, if but twenty-enough in Wall Street to corner either of them. And though they will not fluctuate, as the railway shares have done, with the ebb and flow of internal trade, they will naturally be sensitive to changes in the money market, and will probably feel the effect of political events. But they are not marked Grant. What proportion of the Five-Twenty bonds have found a permanent home either in Europe or here can not accurately be determined. It is safe to assume, however, that quite a large amount are still in first hands, and are hypothecated with banks and brokers—that the Five-Twenties by far the greater part are held by national banks and private bankers, who have loaned money on them. All of these securities will be thrown into the market by a continued stringency in money, and the price will naturally fall until it reaches a point at which capitalists will find their present investments to buy them. At 75, for instance, the political prospect being fair, many people would sell their bank stocks and railway bonds—unless they, too, should have declined in proportion—to buy Seven-Thirty notes and Five-Twenty bonds; but if MR. MCCULLOCH persists in attempting to contract the currency, it is hardly likely that the national banks could dispose of the notes they have on hand without putting down the price in the neighborhood.

It seems, of course, a rather alarming prospect, in view of the fact that quite a large proportion of the National bank notes which are current as money are only secured by deposits of Five-Twenty and other United States bonds at 90 cents on the dollar. But after all, Five-Twenty bonds are now selling at about 70 cents on the dollar in gold; and no one, it is to be hoped, expects gold to remain at par at a premium of 46. As gold declines it must be expected that they, like every thing else, will decline likewise, though probably not to a like extent. The prospect is so clear that the event should take no one by surprise.

In England and France public stocks fluctuate with every breath of political news—the inauguration of a ministry, a foreign complication, a rumored conspiracy, and even the bowel complaint of a Prime Minister. It is hardly likely that our public securities will prove equally sensitive to such influences, for the reason that our Government rests upon a more solid basis than the European monarchies, and that here revolutions are not to be dreaded. Still our Government securities will naturally be affected by changes in our foreign relations. Misunderstandings with foreign governments, which may possibly lead to war, will naturally depress them, and the settlement of such difficulties will in like manner cause them to react.

It must be expected, too, that for some years to come difficulties will occur in the collection of taxes, and the valuery of the public creditor will be mooted even in Congress. Thus far no person whose words are worth attention has even hinted at repudiation. But by-and-by, as the pressure of the taxes becomes more severe, during the period preceding the resumption of specie payments, it may be taken for granted that knaves will try to curry favor with tax-payers by advocating at least a reduction of the rate of interest on our securities. It is pretty certain that no such rascally scheme will succeed, but pending its discussion fluctuations in the price of the securities concerned will be inevitable. The Government bonds will fall when the Democratic member from the city of New York denounces the holder of Seven-Thirty notes as a "bloated capitalist;" and will rise again when the Union Secretary of the Treasury demonstrates the necessity of keeping faith with the public creditor.

Pending the war the New York Stock Exchange—one of the most honorable and loyal bodies in the country—made considerable sheer sales of Government bonds. Nothing which looked like an attempt to depreciate the public credit could be endured by its members. But now that the war is over these securities must stand or fall on their own merits, and people who believe they are going to decline will be able to sell them for the best without exposing themselves to the charge of disloyalty. The most inveterate Englishman occasionally sells bonds for the account of the best Frenchmen sell Rentes for the *fin prochain*; nobody thinks of accusing the sellers of a want of patriotism. They merely think, as our friend MR. RUSSELL said, "as if they had heard bad news."

In the long-run there are very few investments in this country which will pay as handsome and as safe an income as United States securities. They are incomparably superior to those of mercantile and railroad stocks in which men have been accustomed to invest their money. But before the $5,000,000,000 now afloat, are to be floated peaceably, find a permanent resting-place in the pocket-book or trunk of men who have paid for them out-right, and without regard to causes of anxiety or loss and fluctuations in Wall Street, it is on the cards that they must rise and fall very materially many, many times, and that great fortunes will be made and lost in them by speculators.

MR. PHILLIPS'S ORATION.

MEASURED by the great model of Christian character the oration of MR. PHILLIPS is small. The preacher who describes the divine attributes justly calls all men unclean. But there are still some humble pious souls who struggle on, though all the good they can do is to pray, and perhaps deserving of unsparing censure than JAMES IGNATIUS.

America (to actual) is sadly wanting. Measured by the advances we hope and mean to make our present condition is not the million of miles. Measurable there is not a single body of citizens steadily and faithfully striving to secure fair play for every man as fast as practicable, and who may be cheerfully trusted if they feel that some progress has been made.

Yet as we gladly hear the preacher who sends us all to hell because we know that his good will be run and we do only by those who are spurred up to it, and by constantly holding before our eyes the Christian ideal, so we willingly and gratefully listen to the orator who tells us he declares what ought to be done, sneers at those who are busily doing it, as contemptible drones and do-nothings. "Let justice be done," says the orator. Very well, the Union men of the country are securing justice more and more every day. "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," they are assassinating it. Their President is three-fourths rebel, and there is no such thing as a Union party. There is only a ghastly spectre of that name. Liberty is betrayed."

It is no more true than that the house is burning down because some one sees a thief in the road and cries fire from the window. The cry is meant to rouse the neighborhood and frighten the thief away. And these declamations are but a highly metaphorical way of say-

[Illegible] WEED." But has he any more faith in a party controlled and used by VALLANDIGHAM in Ohio, by WOODWARD and REED in Pennsylvania, by THOMAS SEYMOUR and DOCEY in Connecticut, and by HORATIO SEYMOUR and JOHN A. GREEN in New York? There are bad men, he says, in all parties. Does he think there are fewer corrupt leaders in the Democratic than in the Union party?

Besides, MR. ROBINSON was willing to work with MR. WEED in 1856 to secure equal suffrage. Will working with FERNANDO WOOD and JOHN VAN BUREN be more likely to lead to the same result? He speaks of the government of the State as being placed in the hands of MR. WEED, MR. BOOKSTAVER must surely be aware that whatever may be MR. WEED'S "lobby operations," and however adroit a politician he may be, the great body of Union men in the State of New York are with him because he supports their general policy. But he does not determine that policy. And even if he did, if this election also became, what it is not, a mere question of men, would the great principles which are no less dear to us than to MR. ROBINSON be more secure in the hands of HORATIO SEYMOUR or the Albany leaders, with the Copperheads behind them, than in those of THURLOW WEED and the Syracuse leaders, with the great Union party of the last four years behind them?

At this juncture to encourage the political friends with whom we most vital purpose he sympathizes, and to strive to throw the settlement of the Union into the power of those who a year ago declared the war a failure, and who now throw the blame of the war upon loyal men, and to do this because of distrust of one man among many, is a step which would seem to us deplorable in any man, but is profoundly painful in a man like LUCIUS ROBINSON.

SPECULATION IN GOVERNMENTS.

IN an article published in these columns three weeks since, on the subject of speculation in Wall Street, it was explained that at the present time "stocks" mean "railway stocks," and that the speculation means buying or selling Erie or Rock Island. With the exception of the operations of foreign bankers based on variations of price between the Paris and foreign markets, there has been thus far no speculation worth mentioning in Government securities. It is evident, however, that before many months elapse the public will supersede railway stocks as instruments of gambling, and as in England stock speculation means operating in the Funds and in Five-Twenty Bonds, so here within a corresponding brief period Wall Street speculators will confine their dealings to Five-Twenty bonds and Seven-Thirty notes. Sound dividend paying railway shares are rapidly passing into the hands of permanent investors; and as the dollar value of railroads, whose value is uncertain, the experience of the past two or three years has proved that they can be sold short with any degree of safety, as they may be covered by any rise, and it dozens of great operators. They answered the purpose well enough when an operator who bought 5000 shares was considered speculating heavily, but now that single individuals buy or sell 50,000 shares they are dangerous material to speculate in.

The best illustration of the speculator in Five-Twenty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes. There are over $600,000,000 of the former, and over $800,000,000 of the latter: therefore, if but twenty-enough in Wall Street to corner either of them. And though they will not fluctuate, as the railway shares have done, with the ebb and flow of internal trade, they will naturally be sensitive to changes in the money market, and will probably feel the effect of political events. But they are not marked Grant. What proportion of the Five-Twenty bonds have found a permanent home either in Europe or here can not accurately be determined. It is safe to assume, however, that quite a large amount are still in first hands, and are hypothecated with banks and brokers—that the Five-Twenties by far the greater part are held by national banks and private bankers, who have loaned money on them. All of these securities will be thrown into the market by a continued stringency in money, and the price will naturally fall until it reaches a point at which capitalists will find their present investments to buy them. At 75, for instance, the political prospect being fair, many people would sell their bank stocks and railway bonds—unless they, too, should have declined in proportion—to buy Seven-Thirty notes and Five-Twenty bonds; but if MR. MCCULLOCH persists in attempting to contract the currency, it is hardly likely that the national banks could dispose of the notes they have on hand without putting down the price in the neighborhood.

It seems, of course, a rather alarming prospect, in view of the fact that quite a large proportion of the National bank notes which are current as money are only secured by deposits of Five-Twenty and other United States bonds at 90 cents on the dollar. But after all, Five-Twenty bonds are now selling at about 70 cents on the dollar in gold; and no one, it is to be hoped, expects gold to remain at par at a premium of 46. As gold declines it must be

ing that we must not tire of well-doing, but secure all that the genius of American institutions promises.

It is in this way, after some wincing, that we accepted MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS's assaults upon PRESIDENT LINCOLN, and that we receive the censure of PRESIDENT JOHNSON. MR. PHILLIPS spares no consideration of policy and means. He cries aloud, "Make the path straight!" whether we are making it straight or not, and whether or not we have any tools to use or hands to use them with. His position is that nothing is done while any thing remains to be done.

The good service of such a man is unquestionable. We do not agree indeed with his estimate of men and affairs. We think it a folly to insist that liberty and mankind have gained nothing by the war. But it is not disgraceable to hear an earnest voice declaring that very thing is not because every thing is not at once gained, for we know that such a voice will keep the victors from sleeping. In this country our fear is not apathy. The rule of progress should be prudence and wisdom. We thank Heaven for the skirmishers, whose shots show us where the battle is to be.

OUR ACCOUNT WITH ENGLAND.

IT now appears that MR. ADAMS did present our little bill to John Bull last April, and that MR. Bull declined to pay or to have the matter left to arbitration, but suggested a "Commission" to settle the question. What the exact difference may be between an arbitration by commissioners and a commission of arbitration we do not know, but MR. ADAMS replied that he doubted if the proposition would be agreeable to his Government.

The British Government gave the rebels belligerent rights before it had heard of the blockade: the British Prime Minister, the British Foreign Minister, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the British Solicitor-General, all virtually sneered at the effort of the United States Government to maintain its existence; and one of them publicly declared the rebellion to be successful in the famous phrase that JEFFERSON DAVIS had "created a nation." Rebel ships of war were openly built in British dock-yards by members of the British Parliament, and, notwithstanding their knowledge of information furnished by the United States Minister, the British Government did not prevent their sailing. British material in the war was not an honest neutrality. Great Britain now refuses to have that question entertained; and the same Government, in the midst of the war, undertook to lecture us upon American internal law, now announces that Great Britain is the best judge of British internal law.

The general position taken by LORD RUSSELL can not be maintained. We have always regarded, and do still regard, serious difficulty between the two countries, if rising into war, as a misfortune for mankind. But surely no sensible Englishman can suppose that, in the record of such real grievances in its hand, the Government of the United States will consent to be shown to the door and kicked down the steps without a word of explanation. If the Commission be substantially an arbitration all may be well. But if Great Britain will not pay, nor submit to arbitration, nor explain, we certainly can not be held responsible for the consequences, however disagreeable they may be.

A DIFFERENCE.

MR. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, the chief orator of the Democratic reconstruction meeting in York, says that the two races in this country can not live together, and that the emancipated slaves must be sent away to colonize upon the border.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON says: "If I were in Tennessee I should try to introduce negro suffrage gradually: first those who had served in the army, those who could read and write, and perhaps a property qualification for others, say $200 or $250."

The President is in favor of not depopulating the country, but of making every honest man a voter in his State. MR. BLAIR, the Postmaster-General, and we believe all true men are of their opinion.

THE OATH.

IN July, 1863, Congress passed a law requiring the following oath of every person elected or appointed to any office of honor or emolument civil, military, or naval, or any other department of the national service, except the President of the United States. The members of the new Congress, therefore, must take this oath:

"I solemnly swear that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, countenance, counsel, or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever under any authority or pretended authority in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power, or constitution within the United States hostile or inimical thereto; and I do further swear that to the best of my knowledge and ability I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States," etc.

If Congress should be asked to relax the stringency of the oath, it would inevitably and properly say, that whenever it was convinced that the danger has passed away against which the oath is directed, it would cheerfully do so, but that while the danger is still threatening, it must still maintain every defense against it.

This whole matter of reorganization may be settled by the people of the States most vitally concerned. What the country wants of those who make oaths is not oaths, but acts. All the rebel chiefs, from DAVIS and LEE down, had taken enough and broken them. What it wants is an indication of honest intention and fidelity to the Government. It does not want men in Congress who will try to do there what they failed to do on the battlefield. Such a policy is not unreasonable. It springs from no hostility to the rebel States but from love of the Union, and the resolution not to imperil it needlessly.

"DISTINGUISHED STATESMANSHIP."

THE rich fields of the Southern States are waiting for laborers. The laborers are there, the most docile, kind, and tractable in the capable of work and accustomed to the care of the staples, needing only, as the President says, an impartial protection, and by the same security of wages, property, and personal rights that all other people in the country have. Thereupon that "distinguished statesman" MR. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, whom MR. LINCOLN asked to accommodate him and the country by leaving his Cabinet, proposes that the old policies of wealth, is worthy of a man who endeavors at this time to excite sectional animosity.

MR. BLAIR is in great fear of amalgamation. But if there be so insuperable an antipathy of races why should he fear it? Indeed the antipathy is so hopelessly insuperable may be judged from the fact that three-fourths of the lately emancipated population are composed of mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons, octoroons, and still lighter mixtures. They are, as a shrewd observer says, Anglo-African. While the "distinguished statesman" is in the very heat of his argument that the races could not live together it was a cruel question that one of his auditors put to him: "What did JEFFERSON mulatto son say about that?"

Statesmen should try to clear their minds of cant, MR. BLAIR, and then they will be much more "distinguished."

CONFIDENCE MEN.

THE gentlemen who last year at Chicago denounced the war as a failure are the same who this year at Albany hail it as a success. They loudly declare that no kind of interference shall be allowed in the Republic of Mexico. But these are the same men, the Democratic leaders in the State of New York, who three years ago waited upon the British Minister, in the city of New York, to see whether England would not interfere in the Republic of the United States.

The voters of New York will look twice at the credentials of well-known Confidence Men before trusting them.

THE PRESIDENT'S "FRIENDS."

MR. JOHN VAN BUREN, the merry gentleman who leaped from the Buffalo anti-Slavery platform of 1848 to the Cincinnati Democratic party platform of 1864; who in the autumn of 1862 demanded that "the erring sisters" should be allowed to go in the spring of 1863; who declared that they should be compelled to stay; and in the summer of 1864 declared that it was impossible to do so, and who, in the autumn, broke with the autumn of 1864 announced that ANDREW JOHNSON was a bold usurper who violated the Constitution, and in the autumn of 1865 informs us that the only public that he looks upon MR. JOHNSON as patriotic, wise, and prudent.

The *World*, also, the chief organ of the Chicago "Conservatism" of last year, now takes the President under its special patronage. The *World* is perhaps the best friend he has, are the only friends he can safely trust. What said this faithful friend of the President eight months ago on the 7th of March, 1865? Only this:

"God bless and spare ABRAHAM LINCOLN! Should this ANDREW JOHNSON become his successor, the decline and fall of the American Republic would smell as rank in history as that of the Roman empire under such atrocious monsters in human shape as NERO and CALIGULA."

Of course the President will desert his old friends of the war for these honest and fair-spoken gentlemen, especially after the result of the elections in all the States that have voted. The new performance of this kind in Chicago company, we trust, serves to amuse the Chief Magistrate and lighten the cares of office. KING CHARLEMAGNE had their jesters. Why should not the President have his merry men?

LEFT-HAND WRITING.

WE recently saw a multitude of specimens of left-hand writing from Union soldiers who have been disabled in the war, and who have been invited by MR. WILLIAM O. BOERNE, editor of the *Soldier's Friend*, to compete for liberal prizes.

The writing is generally what is called "backhanded," but the neatness of the manuscripts and their legibility, with the good sense and interest of the narrations and observations, are delightful and unexpected. It is really astonishing to see how rapidly a man may learn to write admirably with his left hand. The specimens come from every part of the country, and indicate a deep interest in the thoughtful and generous proposition of MR. BOERNE, which has undoubtedly stimulated many a man to accomplish himself for clerkly occupation. The publicity given to the proposal for competition has been somewhat limited, and the time is extended to the 1st of January. Let every left-handed soldier write a brief sketch, of some three or four hundred words, describing experience, as nearly and legibly as he can, roll it smoothly upon wood, and send it to WM. O. BOERNE, editor of the *Soldier's Friend*, New York.

HOPELESS LOVE.

TWO lovers sat beside the sea,
The summer moonlight shining down;
She leaned against his breast, and he
Smiled at the pride of softened trust;
But with wild look and haggard men
A wretched watcher gazed, unseen.

To tell his love he had not right
Gone four long years, and found in their sight;
And it was thus she met his sight!
He longed to fly—he could not stir—
A fascination held him there,
He staid to watch his death despair.

On them the moon looked down and smiled.
The timid stars gleamed with delight.
The wind stood still, and like a child
The tired sea slept, wrapped in their sight;
But black and wild and weird and dim
Were sky and sea and moon to him.

The voice of her he loved in low
And tender accents reached his ear—
The sweetest music on earth; but oh!
They were not meant for *him* to hear.
It was unutterable pain
To see, and not another gain.

He looked down on the quiet sea,
And up into the tranquil sky,
And thought for such a wretch as he
How cruel was it that they were so die.
He smiled; he knew a nobler cure
Of grief—to patiently endure.

These quenchless stars, he thought, above,
This sea's illimitable plain,
Show me all of life to love,
Nor all of death to love in vain:
Perhaps in His eternal plan
Grief is the common lot of man.

She laughed a merry laugh, and bent
Her head to meet her lover's kiss,
And he who watched her was content—
He saw that she felt perfect bliss;
He could not forget for grief or ill,
For she he loved was happy still.

He stole a last and lingering look,
He breathed one silent, earnest prayer,
And then like some lost spirit he took
And left her with her lover there;
Wished 't a tear, without a groan,
He was led away, unloved, alone.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

IT never rains but it pours. A short time since and nothing seemed so indefinite and vague as President Johnson's policy and the reconstruction of the Southern States. But now certainly we are not left in the dark as to what the President's policy is. In the first place we have Secretary SEWARD's Auburn speech, from which the most ignorant person can infer that the President and his Cabinet, as also between the present and the last administration. Secretary SEWARD claims for PRESIDENT JOHNSON that he is without partisanship, that he has only the welfare of the country at heart. His policy is conciliatory from the necessities of the case. We must live in the States where the rebellion was, we must show that our position toward them is friendly. "We must trust each other."

Essentially similar views as to the President's policy were expressed by Governor Brownlow in his address on the evening of October 23.

Besides these, MR. SEWARD, the substance of President Johnson's remarks on the subject of reconstruction, and Governor BROWNLOW, during a recent private interview with him, is given, with the President's approval, by Major George L. Stearns, of Massachusetts. We give elsewhere an abstract of the opinions expressed by the President in that interview.

The North Carolina Convention adjourned October 18. At an early stage of the Convention a proposition to repudiate the rebel debt of the State had been tabled. The Convention adopted the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution. This was in accordance with President Johnson's recommendation. It is also understood that the President has had the rebel debt question under consideration, and that every thing of the rebel debt must be repudiated.

The working-men of Boston held a meeting on October 16, at which they adopted an address to their fellow-citizens and nominated Wade Hampton for Governor. In their address they express their belief that the destruction of slavery will ultimately prove a great benefit to all the people of the State, and especially to the working-man, as it will tend to free him from the monopolies of capitalists and dignity labor.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

The following twenty-four States have ratified the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery:

Illinois, Feb. 1, 1865.	Indiana, Feb. 13, 1865.
Rhode Island, Feb. 2, 1865.	Nevada, Feb. 16, 1865.
Maryland, Feb. 3, 1865.	Louisiana, Feb. 17, 1865.
Massachusetts, Feb. 3, 1865.	Maine, Feb. 24, 1865.
New York, Feb. 3, 1865.	Wisconsin, Feb. 24, 1865.
Pennsylvania, Feb. 3, 1865.	Vermont, Mar. 9, 1865.
West Virginia, Feb. 3, 1865.	Tennessee, April 5, 1865.
Michigan, Feb. 3, 1865.	Arkansas, April 14, 1865.
Maine, Feb. 7, 1865.	Connecticut, May 4, 1865.
Ohio, Feb. 10, 1865.	Iowa, June 30, 1865.
Kansas, Feb. 8, 1865.	New Hampshire, June 30, 1865.
Minnesota, Feb. 8, 1865.	

East Virginia, Feb. 9, 1865.

It has been in force three years by Delaware, Feb. 8, 1865; by Kentucky, Feb. 23, 1865; and by New Jersey, March 1, 1865. Four States, California, Oregon, and Florida the amendment. North Carolina has embodied the amendment as a part of her State Constitution, and it will be ratified by the Southern States themselves, previous to the 1st of December next.

NEWS ITEMS.

Among the delegates sent to the Georgia State Constitutional reconstruction Convention are Edward C. Anderson, formerly of the Topographical Bureau of General Artillery, and the defender of Fort M'Allister when captured by Sherman; and the venerable JOHNS. HILL, formerly United States Senator.

Under date of November 4th, 1864, MR. SEWARD conveyed a pointed but polite rebuke to our Minister in Denmark, MR. DAYTON, for having exchanged visits with the "envoy of the so-called Imperial Government" of MEXICO.

On the 20th of May, 1864, Mr. Seward assured the Spanish Government very emphatically that the United States would not regard with indifference the attempt to conquer and reannex the territory of Peru.

The notorious guerrilla Champ Ferguson was hanged at Nashville October 20, in accordance with the sentence of the court-martial by which he was tried. Another guerrilla, named Henry G. Magruder, was also executed by hanging at Columbia on the same day.

The late Edward Everett's residence, in Summer Street, Boston, and his entire library is now in course of sale at auction October 18. The house and adjoining grounds brought $50,000, and the library $20,000.

A disastrous fire took place in Charleston, South Carolina, October 18, by which three Blocks, "Thirty-four properties were buried beneath the ruins and fifteen or twenty killed."

During the month of May, 1865, the Secret service of Police arrested 15,818 invalid soldiers in Tennessee, and 24,716 citizens, deserters, and stragglers. The amount to them pensioners will amount to $3,704,487.

The Board of Claims for Kentucky, created by the Legislature, has been adjusted. Nevallotments to the amount of a million and a half have thereby been created, to which a twenty-four million debenzed for paymasters' outrages.

The second session of the Thirty-ninth Congress, this time between the ratifies *Prince* and *Henriette*, was decided on Tuesday, October 17, the Secretary of State declared victorious.

Mr. Moses Pets and party, accompanied by Hon. Robert J. Walker and others, visited the Executive mansion October 16, by appointment, to present to President Johnson. The interview was of an interesting character.

Major-General Wilson, the late Superintendent of the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad, has

Jno Davis, brother of Jeff, has made a peremptory demand for the restoration of the Lake Providence property to both of them, and intimates that he will break no delay, but will take possession of the property whether he receives a permit from the military authorities or not.

Major Lewis of Norfolk, who commanded Fort Fisher when it was taken by our forces, has been in Providence, Rhode Island, for several days. The Major will but his record in his hip during the struggle at Fort Fisher has been extracted by a surgeon of the city.

Ex-President Frank Pierce has purchased a snug little place of 40 acres, in Concord, New Hampshire, for Livingston, New Hampshire, north side of Little Bowie Head, and shows a small portion of the Atlantic Ocean.

A railway collision, resulting in the death of one passenger and the serious injury of a large number of persons, took place, on the night of October 23, on the New Haven road. Although of orders is said to have been the cause of the disaster.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from South America is favorable to the Brazilians and their allies. Then, instead of the Paraguayans, on the Uruguay, under Duarte, have finally been annihilated near Montevideo, October 19, by the allied Brazilians and Argentines, under Generals Flores and Paunero. The battle took place at Yatay on the right or Corrientes bank of the Uruguay, about three leagues from the Paraguay River. The allies were commanded in chief by President Venancio Flores. Paraguayan ex-President Lopez was shot by Brazilian troops on the 1st of August, while endeavoring to escape to Bolivia. On the other hand, the Brazilian fleet has suffered considerable injury and loss in the passage of Curupaity, protected by the Paraguayans on the heights of Cuevas to prevent the Brazilians from passing right through, and seem to prefer death to laying down their arms. This occurred on the 22d of September. Curupaity is but a phrase of one of the generals opposed to the Paraguayans in the battle, Duarte, the Uruguayan chief, was killed.

Considerable excitement has been caused in England by the publication there of an abstract of the correspondence between Secretary Seward and Russell on the subject of the depredations of the *Shenandoah* and other rebel cruisers. The correspondence is understood to be under dispute to the arbitration of neutrals. This Lord Russell declines, pretending to submit the case to a commission. MR. ADAMS doubted the expediency of such a reference, and the rebuke was dropped. It will be remembered that MR. SEWARD, in his recent speech at Auburn, said that President Fredericksburgh would conduct this part of our affairs in such a manner as to yield and reserve nothing that belongs to the honor and consequence of the national dignity and honor. According to MR. SEWARD, the President's message is quite very satisfactory. As the matter at present stands, a portion of the Alabama claims remains unsettled, and a few of the cruisers with the country.

England appears to be afflicted or threatened with every sort of epidemic. They have the yellow-fever at Gibraltar; the cholera has commenced its ravages at Southampton, and a new form of disease has broken out among the cattle, called the Sinderpest.

The cholera has appeared in Paris.

The Emperor of Brazil, with South America, has been threatened by Spain with the loss of the country nearly damaged by the hostility with Peru in her late difficulty.

The Emperor of Austria has issued a proclamation on October 2 announcing the departure of Austria from Mexican affairs. The proclamation contains a severe rebuke to those who persevere in the maintenance of republicanism.

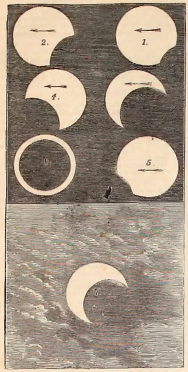


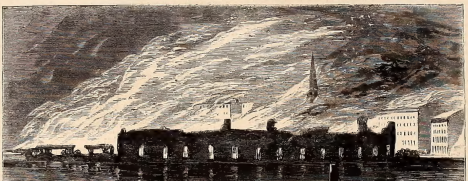
Fig. 1. 9 A.M.
Fig. 2. 9.40 A.M.
Fig. 3. 10.10 A.M.
Fig. 4. 11.15 A.M.
Fig. 5. 12 M.
Fig. 6. Annular eclipse.
Fig. 7. View as seen at 10.30 A.M. in New York.



LOOKING AT THE ECLIPSE, OCTOBER 19, 1865.

THE ECLIPSE.

THE moon, although a very small item in the astral world as compared with the sun, sometimes quite or completely overshadows the latter by her advantages of position relatively to the earth. An illustration of this was given on Thursday, October 19, when the centre of the moon's shadow passed over North America, causing in some of the United States a central, or annular, eclipse of the sun. The path of the central eclipse over the United States will be well represented by nearly a straight line drawn on a map from a point about ten miles north-northeast of Olympia to Jefferson, Missouri, and thence about eight miles northeast of Nashville and of Charleston to the Atlantic: and two other lines drawn parallel thereto, toward the northeast and southwest, and distant therefrom about eighty-five geographical or one hundred English miles, will include all that portion of our country in which the eclipse was annular, or the whole of the moon was seen on the sun; but under the central line only was the ring of uniform width throughout. Within these limits were included St. Louis, Cairo, Savannah, Charleston, Nashville, etc.



BURNING OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL FREIGHT DEPOT AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN, OCTOBER 18, 1865. [SKETCHED BY L. T. IVES.]

The eclipse was nearly annular at Chicago, Richmond, Raleigh, and other places.

In this city, at the time of the greatest obscuration (10.30 A.M.) about $\frac{7}{8}$ths of the sun was covered by the shadow. Our readers will remember that on May 26, 1854, there was a similar eclipse, which was completely annular in the Northern States.

The eclipse of last week occasioned great interest, although in this locality the clouds only allowed of an occasional glimpse at the sun.

BURNING OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL DEPOT.

THE most destructive conflagration which ever occurred in Detroit took place on the night of October 18. The freight depôt and shed of the Michigan Central Railroad, stored with valuable commodities, and representing property in all portions of the country, were totally destroyed, crippling severely one of the most enterprising of Western railroad corporations.

The fire broke out in a train of cars which was being loaded with freight in a section of the depôt. A barrel of



SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS AND CREW OF THE BRIG "TITANIA."—SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN FRAHER.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

varnish had been broken and its contents were spreading over one of the cars when a light in the hand of one of the workmen coming in contact with the varnish the whole car burst into flames. The fire spread rapidly, all efforts to stay its progress proving futile. In the excitement of the moment the burning car, with those ahead of it on the track, was run from where it was being loaded—near the Third Street end of the depôt—to the westerly end of the structure into the open air. The burning material dropped from the car as it passed, thus firing the building at numerous points at once. Several trains of cars in the vicinity were also burned. The total loss by the fire is estimated at one million of dollars, the loss in freight alone amounting to one-half that sum. It is feared that three men were burned to death, as they have been missing since the fire.

WRECK OF THE "TITANIA."

THE brig *Titania*, Captain G. W. FRAME, which left Philadelphia on the morning of the 9th October, with a cargo of coal and hay, for Mobile, encountered a severe gale on the night of Friday, October 13, which caused her to spring a leak not long afterward. Both pumps were at once manned; but it was discovered that, despite every effort, the water was gaining steadily. To lighten her as much as possible the cargo on deck was thrown overboard; but on sounding the pumps again five feet of water was found in the hold.

Two days passed in incessant labor at the pumps, and the water rose to eleven feet. In this situation the vessel was liable to sink at any moment, and it was therefore determined to abandon her. A raft, ten feet square, was constructed and launched, and on the 16th the crew and passengers, ten persons in all, embarked upon it. Our illustration on page 692 shows the scene which was presented just before the *Titania* went down, which was two hours after she had been abandoned. The party consisted of nine men and one woman, the latter being placed on a cask, as the weight of the crew bore down the raft under a foot of water. The story which Captain FRAME tells us of the horrible situation in which he and his companions were placed is very interesting. He says that in this wretched state, without food or water, they floated about twenty-four hours, until, on the 17th, in latitude 32° 20′, and longitude 74°, they were discovered by the United States gunboat *Florida*, and taken on board. What is most curious in the Captain's story is the fact that all the while they were on the raft an uncommonly large whale floated alongside, "so near that a lady could



THE LATE FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MANCHESTER BROTHERS AND ANGELL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.]

have reached him with her handkerchief," and only left them on the approarance of the *Florida*. This whale was about 100 feet long, and as it lay alongside, towering eight feet above the water, it was a source of terrible anxiety and alarm to the unfortunate occupants of the raft. Strange to tell, the whale, through the entire twenty-four hours they were held in suspense, staid beside the raft, doing them no harm, and as soon as the *Florida* came in sight plunged downward into the sea. The group on the raft were now in greater alarm than before, apprehending that the whale upon returning to the surface might destroy their frail bark. How glad was their surprise, therefore, when they saw arising in the distance a spout of water, and knew that their alarm was groundless! Still more rejoiced were they when just beyond the spout—as if that had been meant for a sign to them—they discerned the *Florida*. The Captain says also that, although so far out at sea, land-birds continually hovered about them—a circumstance which gave them great comfort, impressing them with the fact that they were the comforting messengers of Him who directs the storm, and who, they trusted, would save them from death.

The officers and crew of the *Florida* raised the sum of $361, which was presented to the shipwrecked voyagers, one-third being given to the female passenger and the remainder to the crew.

DR. FRANCIS WAYLAND.

THE late Dr. FRANCIS WAYLAND, formerly a President of Brown University, and a well-known writer on Ethical subjects, was born in this city March 11, 1796, and at the time of his death was sixty-nine years of age. In early life he was a tutor at Union College, and subsequently a pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston.

After five years of faithful ministerial labor Dr. WAYLAND was elected to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural History at Union College. But soon afterward he was chosen President of Brown University, and in February, 1827, entered upon the duties of that office in which he was to spend the most important portion of his life. He was then just entering upon the thirty-second year of his age. He was in the fullness of his vigor and strength. Few men possessed such a capacity for labor. He threw himself into his work with an energy and an enthusiasm which insured success. During his presidency large additions were made to the philosophical and the chemical apparatus; the library fund, which has secured one of the choicest collections of books in the country, was established; Manning Hall,



EXAMINATION OF FENIANS BEFORE THE POLICE MAGISTRATE AT DUBLIN, IRELAND.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

centaining the spacious chapel and the fine library room, and Rhode Island Hall with its lecture rooms were erected; the college grounds were laid out tastefully, and the President's mansion was built. Dr. WAYLAND served the college as Professor and President for twenty-eight years.

DR. WAYLAND is chiefly known by his works, especially his text-books on Political Economy and Moral Science, and his biographies of ADONIRAM and CHALMERS. It has been granted to few men in our generation to achieve as much for education and Christianity as has been accomplished by DR. WAYLAND.

THE FENIAN CONGRESS.

THE exciting topic in our foreign intelligence is still the Fenian movement, its doings and its sufferings. There is a curious and almost indifferent feature connected with the subject, in the fact that while the Fenians in this country, where they can be of no practical benefit to the cause, are rampant and unbridled, on the other side of the Atlantic, where their real field of operation lies, they are quite completely overwhelmed, being opposed by every element both of power and respectability.

An engraving on our first page represents the Assembly Building on Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, in which the Fenian Congress was recently convened. At an informal meeting on October 16, an hundred delegates were present from various parts of the country. This was open to the public. Colonel JOHN O'MAHONY, of the Nineteenth New York, was chosen the Head Centre of the order, was present, though originally not in favor of the meeting. He had an address which he published to the presence with them of a special envoy from the Irish Republican Brotherhood who would report for action such detail concerning organizing news. He said the persecution of the body by the English Government was only an acknowledgment of the power of the Fenian Order. Ireland Britain was now satisfied that the movement was no sham. The subsequent action of the Congress was with closed doors, JOHN O'MAHONY being President.

On the night of the 18th the President of the Central Council, Col. JAMES R. ROBERTS, held a telegraphic dispatch received by Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN from Secretary SEWARD "denouncing the calumny of the English press." The Convention then adjourned and proceeded to the Academy of Music to hear an address from Mr. TRAIN. The oration was characteristic of the orator, which is perhaps all that need be said on the subject.

But, as we have already intimated, the Fenians in this country, though they are here most powerful, and have here full license of speech and intercourse, are here in the service in the main of those they uphold. Indeed, while they give apparent encouragement to their brethren in Ireland, it is an encouragement which is to the latter deceptive and ruinous.

In Ireland there is no reason for the Fenians to hope for success. Our illustration on page 699 represents the trial before a Dublin magistrate of six Fenian prisoners. They were the leading spirits implicated in the authorship and publication of the *Irish People*. It will go hard with the accused. They are charged with an intention to subvert the government and establish an independent republic. The law-officer of the Crown declares that a part of agrarianism forms no small part of the policy of these Fenians. The lower classes were taught by them to expect that they might have a share of the property, real and personal, of the country; that the leases, by which one man held more property than another, were unjust, and that the donations of the revolution were to be commenced by an indiscriminate massacre. The charges that the Fenians had received large sums of money from America. JOHN STEPHENS, the principal agent of the conspiracy, had escaped. He was arrested by the law officer that a connection could be traced between Ireland (one of the prisoners, now under sentence of the *Irish People*, and Colonel JOHN O'MAHONY, the American "Head Centre" of the Order.

Since the arrest of the *Irish People*, its successor, the Connaught *Patriot*, has been seized, and its editor, O'BRENNAN, and the printer have been arrested and committed for trial.

FIRE AT BELFAST, MAINE.

ON page 700 we give a sketch of a terrible conflagration that occurred at Belfast, Maine, on the night of October 14, by which a large portion of the city was destroyed. Belfast is a city of about eight thousand inhabitants, situated on Penobscot Bay, and is one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in Maine. The fire, which is supposed to be the work of an incendiary, broke out in a shop on one of the wharves about eleven o clock in the evening, and was not subdued until seven o'clock the next morning. In this time one hundred and thirty buildings were consumed, twenty of the principal business establishments of the city destroyed, and nearly one hundred families made homeless. The estimated loss is three hundred thousand dollars.

Our sketch was taken on the spot by Mr. WILLIAM M. HALL, an artist of Belfast, and is not only a perfect representation of the conflagration while at its height, but also a correct and striking view of the lower part of the city.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

MANNERS, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages she their meat raw, clawing it or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius, in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of goldon age by the term Ou-fong. Literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following:

The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the wood one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubbody boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Bo-bo burned within the (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building you may think, but what was of more importance, there was litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been estimated to be the most delicate feeders in the universal periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father, as he could easily build up again with a few dry bunches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils unlike any scent which he had before experienced. Where could it proceed from? Not from the burned cottage—he had smelled that smell before: indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had unwittingly brought the negligence of this unwieldy young fire-brand—much to his ill peace of his father, and his mother, wood, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to make of these symptoms. He felt like to die, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them, in his hurry, to his bottom, to his ears, and to the scratches of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life he was unable to tell, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*cooking!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig, and burned his fingers more than ever. He licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelled and tasted so good, and so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to, like a Christian, to the licking of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his father entered, and, seeing the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel; and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young cook's head and shoulders, in which exercise which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions so much obscured his senses as to allow him to receive, without hardly appreciating, the application to his shoulders. He could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it; when, becoming a little more sensible of the pain inflicted upon him, the following dialogue ensued:

"You grievous whelp, what have you got there, devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you? What have you got there, I say? I know not what? What have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig—the pig!" Do come and taste how nice the pig is!"

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have begot a son that should eat pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon rubbed out another pig, and fairly reading his father's mind, began, with a most significance into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burned pig, father; eat, eat, eat!"

Ho-ti with sudden fierce ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Then a trembling fit came upon him. He grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, which, nevertheless, common fingers as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which proved so delectable, that he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the philosophy of this little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing else from the time forward, in fact, would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house to be burned. Ho-ti was accused of "burning," which was the more remarkable, instead of snatching his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length, after a great many houses had been burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing else from the time forward, in fact, would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house to be burned. Ho-ti was accused of "burning," which was the more remarkable, instead of snatching his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length, after a great many houses had been burned down, and many people burned in the flames, Ho-ti and his son were brought before the tribunal of the country, and put on their trial. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the culprits' counsel arose, and submitted that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handed it to the learned judge, who, after turning their fingers as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and smacking promptly to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole Court, counsellors, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the Court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days he had collected a great many, and set to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till, in process of time, says the manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burned, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming the house to dress it in. That first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string was a matter of a century or two later —I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and astonishing of the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith on the account thus given, it may be observed, that if a worthy contexture so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in those days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that powerful and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

THE PERSIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

A PERSIAN girl would know her fate:
Her lover was afar,
She breathed no spell of awful weight;
Her only charm was sorcerer's guile;
Dark secrets to unbar.

But high and low would be her own rose bower.
To read her doom in an opening flower.

Her lover to the war had gone:
And then to the rose she spoke her errand:
She kissed of her rose-buds the fairest one
And hushed, lest the rose heard by none
Whispering the name she loved:
She must watch that flower the livelong day.
To mark if the leaves should wither away.

Ere noontide passed the flower she chose
Had withered at the core!
Yet she sat there through the day's bright close,
And the moon's pale reign, till the small stars rose,
And her rose-bud was no more.

Still she sat—her white hand pillowed her head,
She seemed to gaze—but her soul had fled!

ALL-HALLOW EVE.

I HAD just one year of pure, bright happiness given to me by the Lord when I was a young fellow of twenty-one. Then it's away again when life saw fit—maybe I didn't deserve it: but I'm sure it made me none the worse while it lasted, for it has made me best in the thinking of it, ever since.

Somehow the angels put in my way the dearest, brightest girl that ever was, and I married her, no matter how I ever brought her to like me; and yet who did love me about as I loved her. She lived to wear the wedding-ring I put upon her finger, to sleep a few nights in my bosom, and then God took her. They said she wasn't meant to live a long life any more than I was meant to live—the violets she grew on, or any but just the girl she was—with fair color curling hair, and blue eyes and with dimples in them like a baby's—oh! little hands, that turned cold in my own as I held them!

I was not a boy then. I was either beg or work. Every one couldn't take me down to the begging point; and I wouldn't go on either at my old place, taking my lower money night to my mother's house, or passing it to sleep at mother's, as she wanted me to. I'd work for her, and to myself, that I'd lose my senses that way, and die a maniac. So I found something to do that took me away travelling over the North and South, and often as far back as the Mississippi. Always moving, always busy, never forgetting her, but never giving myself time to think of my memory.

Once a year, or so—maybe at Christmas, or Thanksgiving—I'd go home—Liverpool—and on my way back to the old folks, and then my room was always ready and mother waiting for me. I wouldn't stay long, often tried to, but couldn't take, but it was no use. I'd go to the grave-yard and find the little stone, with rose and dew-plant all about it, and the grass was there, and yet I couldn't get it out of my head that if I could but go into out little house I should find her there, bright and beautiful. And in the walks by the river and through the woods I've felt my heart beat as if it would burst out at sound of a footfall, or a round bird and the dress—as though there were a chance of coming across her.

Couldn't, you see—I had to go again. It was always so. I didn't talk much about it—hasn't to any one, I reckon, since. One year I had not been home at all: until October came, and I saw all the trees on the old place were all turning to red and gold, and that the pumpkins were ripening in the leaves, and in the sweet, misty October afternoons mother sat knitting on the porch, thinking of Jem

fun. I asked my mother if Nell had been absent for any time, and she declared not one had left the room. I took Nell herself aside and asked her, seriously and angrily, what she meant by sending some one after me to mock and startle me when she knew why I visited the grave-yard. I spoke to her so strongly that I brought tears into her eyes, and for once she answered seriously. I believed when I left her that she told the truth and knew nothing of the circumstance.

Then who was in the grave-yard? No one who lived in the village. I knew every child in the quiet place by sight; and when I asked mother, describing her as a person I had met, who the woman was, she said at once, "I know of no one who looks in the least like that in Stratton."

Well, I kept my own counsel and told what I had seen to no one, after a while the restless feeling came upon me and I left home once more. Traveling with a few sample of handsome goods on my business—over the States, and keeping busy and growing more serious and quiet and middle-aged looking every day of my life, I was ten years older in looks and feelings than any man of my age I ever met.

I went home off and on, and whenever I found myself in the old house I thought of my Halloweve vision. But I never saw the face again except in my dreams. Sometimes I did dream of the face, and I never forgot it—it was too peculiar for that. When the war broke out Nell was married, and my uncle died. Mother thought I had done a terrible thing, and cried over me in her sublime old fashion, but I was sound and firm. But it was the best thing I could have done in every sense. It made a man of me again. The camp life, the marching, the long marches, the midnight watches, the privations and exertions, were better than the best tonics. I grew strong in mind and body. I did my best. A private soldier can not do much to distinguish himself, but no one can say that I was a coward. I never tried to fling my life away, but it was not so precious that I was willing to lose some for it. I was wounded and I was sick, but I was always slightly, and, the war over, found myself, with all my limbs and senses, ready to fling my cap up with the best and cry, "Hurrah!" But the old Union?" and somehow the Southern soil had a charm for me, and I didn't care to leave it.

I used to be thinking about with my rifle on my shoulder alone, sometimes, for whole days together. Once I came to places where whole and family mansions had been burned down, and there were but tottering walls and crumbled mortar and charred beams left, and sit and wonder who had lived there and what their fate had been. And sometimes I had long talks with colored folks who had been slaves, or with men who had been rich and were poor as beggars now.

Mother—let me see—"to be sure," she wrote, "that I was safe;" and I meant to go soon, but kept putting off the journey from day to day, as though one obtained one.

It was five years, nearly six, since I had been to Stratton. There had been changes there, and Cousin Nell was married. A child or two had been laid through the village, absolutely cutting away one end of father's farm, which was almost the only land I had ever seen to the west of the old place. I should hardly know it, said mother. Altogether it seemed a lifetime since I had left, and I dread my rifle. Time always seems long when many events and many changes crowd close together.

Wandering at last into one dim little church which stood upon a little elevation amidst a group of trees not far from Richmond. There had been no burning there, but the place looked fearfully neglected. The windows had been beaten in, the porch and shutters broken. There were bits of broken furniture scattered about, and fragments of elegant curtains at the windows. Not a sign of life any where, but it seemed plain that a well-to-do family had lived there not long ago. The place interested me, and I was seized with a fancy for entering and seeing the inside of it.

If I had been a poet I think I could have written a poem then. You never saw a place so suggestive of past household happiness. The pews, the parlor, were portraits hanging on the wall still and slashed. A piece, beaten, as if in sport, of frolic, was broken down. A work-table shivered and smashed amidst soiled worsted and rusty knitting-needles. A thousand things of home comfort telling the same tale. Doubtless it was a rebel's home, and I, you know, had fought those rebels and sent a ball to the heart of one or two of them, so felt the tears come into my eyes as I looked around.

In one room was a great chair that I knew at once it might have been "grandfather's" or "grandmother's chair," and to that I sat down at last.

I had been walking all day. I was very tired and very drowsy. In ten minutes I fell asleep. How long I slept I do not know. When I opened my eyes I was through the broken window, and was setting behind the dark trees that bordered the prospect. It was late. I had a long way yet to walk before I could reach the place where I intended to sleep that night; and I started up in haste to find myself face to face with a woman.

A young woman, dressed in black, with straight features and a slender form—with eyes black as night, and a mass of flaxen hair that framed her face—with a mole upon her neck, and hanging over her breast a golden cross suspended from a chain. The woman, a creation of a moment, and one that I met in the Stratton church-yard!

I start involuntarily. Unless you have seen or fancied a ghost you'll never know how I felt, until I heard her cry out and beg me not to harm her, and knew she was quite human. Then my senses returned to me.

I bowed—apologized for having given her alarm—told her that I had believed the place untenanted, and so felt at liberty to rest there, and departed.

All the while receiving no answer from her, I think her terror was too great to allow her to speak. I made my way down the broken steps and out into the tangled garden. I believed that I was mad. The one realization of my vision would be left behind me as that had been. But, as though Fate had some hand in the matter, at the very gate my rifle, carelessly held, caught in some creepers and went off, sending the charge into my side. The blood poured out in a stream. I tried to stagger on, but was too weak in a moment.

The next thing I knew I was outstretched upon the grass, and over me bent that girl with the fair hair and black eyes, and an old negro.

"He is hurt?" I heard her ask.

"Mighty bad, Missee."

"We must not let him die for want of care. He is our enemy; but we should forgive our enemies, you know, Pomp."

She spoke coldly, as to an enemy, but with some womanly pity in her eyes nevertheless.

When I thanked her she bowed and answered courteously that she had done very little.

"Nobody knows what I have done more if I could," she said. "I have always been taught to return good for evil if I had the opportunity."

Short speech hurt me. I was the enemy of all rebels and traitors, but I did not wish to be hers, though she was a rebel's daughter.

I suppose stranger feelings never fell to any man's share than those I had when I looked at that girl, and knew that she was my enemy. And that is why I was her face I had seen on Hallow Eve. And why did I see it, and how? What was she to be to me in the future? Was I to see her five years less before? It was more than I could answer.

Nobody but the old negro knew that she was a rebel family—mad, hot-blooded Southerners. The father had been a colonel in the rebel army, and the son had fought under him. Both were killed in the same battle, and the wife and mother died of grief. Only this girl was left, and she had come back to the ruined home to live—because she had no other place to live.

"I don't suppose all gone," said Scip; "but it only a-gwine to leave Miss Grace. I stays to protect her, I does. Laws, I tored her when she was a baby, she was so high. Laws, Missee, Old Uncle Scip can't leave Miss Grace nohow."

I asked one other question: "Has your mistress never spoken of me, she will be likely to marry, now this war is over?"

And Scip answered:

"No, Massa, dere ain't nobody but Scip, nowhere."

Well, there I was, and there I staid longer than I expected to, for the wound inflamed and a fever set in, and I had a chance of trying what the next world was like. Sometimes I think that some of the distresses nursed me through it, and when I was at last able to walk about, I never think of any woman as a wife. I had meant it. Of any other I never should, but that vision of her had its effect. It was a mystery, but I was bewitched with it. I was sent to love and cherish her. It was not my seeking; Fate had done it all. So I let Love in and he grew strong. It was not to be resisted. She was not to be the enemy of her people—hard to pull down the barrier between "North" and "South" that was built between us; but I did it at last, and she promised to be my wife, and go home with me to the old place, where mother was living, and be a Northerner. And though I had not forgotten Amy, I was happy in a sober, quiet way, and very proud and fond of her.

I had never told her my story of Hallow Eve. I was not sure that I should. I thought that, when I had found her and for our marriage, we were walking in the ruined, choked-up garden, when Grace put her head and arm upon my breast.

"Jem, are you superstitious?" she said.

"No—yes—I don't know."

"I wish you were not, for I want to tell you something I shall never dare to else."

"Say I an then."

"I saw you on your wraith long before we ever met," said Grace. "Don't laugh. Did you ever hear of All-Hallow Eve? Or even, as it is called in rural Devon. You know the odd superstition about seeing one's future lover?"

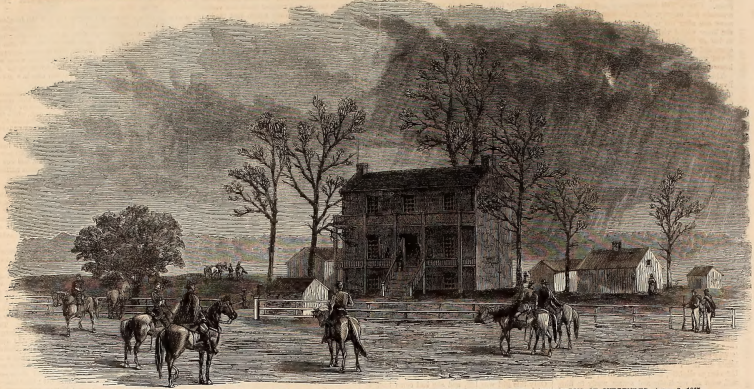
What was I going to say? I could only make a sign in the affirmative and listen.

Only for what I am going to tell you I never could have guessed at it," she said; "and Grace.

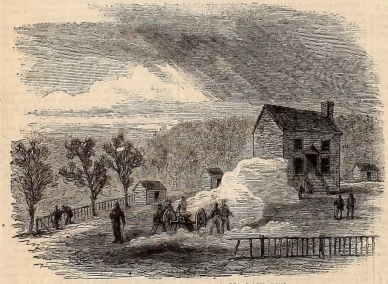
"It seemed so wrong that I should like an acknowledged enemy of my kindred at first. But I did—I did—Hallow Eve. I got out in it so plainly I saw that was useless. It was so strange a thing. Five years ago, nearly. I was on a visit to my cousin States with mother.

We passed through a place called Stratton, and staid with a cousin of mine there a day or two. It was the day after All-Hallow Eve. We had never taken any notice of it, and it was fun to me to see how some of the girls believed in the result of their charms. Some declared were afraid to try others at all. I was only seventeen, and was more than half a drop of coward's blood in my veins, nor until that day an ounce of superstition. So when they dared me to go into the haunted church-yard at midnight and walk seven times around the church three times, I went, meaning to frighten them by a fearful story when I came back. It was the brightest night I ever saw, just like day. I ran about the building twice without adventure, but the third time, exactly as the last seed dropped

SURRENDER OF GEN. LEE'S ARMY, APRIL 9, 1865.—FROM SKETCHES BY COL. BATTERSBY OF THE 1ST NEW YORK CAVALRY.—[SEE PAGE 698.]



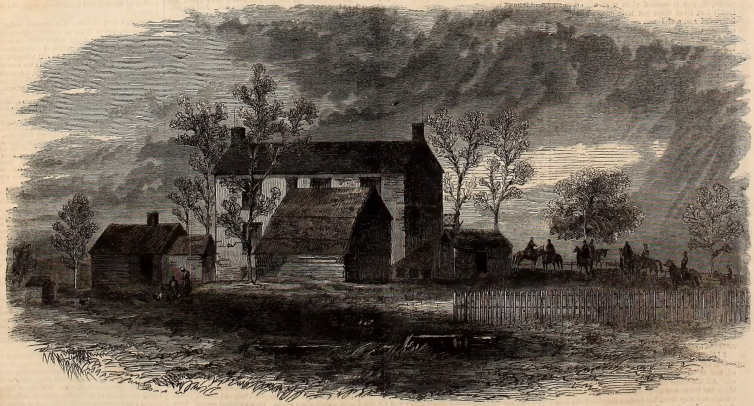
FRONT VIEW OF MR. W. M'LEAN'S HOUSE, AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, IN WHICH GENERAL LEE SIGNED THE TERMS OF SURRENDER, APRIL 9, 1865.



GENERAL LEE'S ARMY FIRING ITS LAST GUN.



MAJOR HOWE'S GRAVE, AT THE CHURCH NEAR APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE.



REAR VIEW OF MR. W. M'LEAN'S HOUSE, APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.



THE REBEL ARMY AS IT LAY ON CONNER'S FARM, AT APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, AT THE MOMENT GENERAL LEE ANNOUNCED THE TERMS OF SURRENDER, APRIL 9, 1865.—SKETCHED BY COL. BATTERSBY.—[SEE PAGE 698.]

SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.

We give on pages 696 and 697 several illustrations of the most interesting event of the war—General Lee's Surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. The artist, Colonel BATTERSBY, of the First New York Cavalry, gives the following description of the leading events illustrated:

On the 8th of April Lee was pressed sorely to the wall, and his surrounding doom was known as well to his army as the other.

About this time before sunset, as the third brigade of Crook's Division moved up toward Appomattox station, still pushing into the enemy's left flank, Lee's artillery, and all the artillery he could spare at Appomattox Station, and the wagon train of the army reached the little village, a cavalcade style and mode of warfare, Lee opined that the last gun of the war had been fired, the last shot exchanged, round shot and shell, which recognized no truce, no parley but unconditional surrender, and that long after the fifteen minutes eighty-five minutes might elapse before the order would reach the front to cease the onward progress of General Custer and his followers.

Custer's division rode on to the station, and just after sunset, while the gallant Howe 5th Regulars, the 1st Michigan, and the first brigade of Devin's division were pressing on the left flank of the rear guard,

About half a mile from the Station, and on the left hand side of the road leading to it, there is a church. This building was immediately converted into a hospital, and long before dark there was gathering in and around it no small throng of wounded and dying of both blue and gray. Two third brigade, which was composed of the First, Second, and Third Virginia, and First and Second New Jersey Cavalry regiments, and had been in the advance at Dinwiddie Court House, Sailor's Creek, and Five Forks, was in the advance on this occasion. A squadron of the First West Virginia Cavalry, under Major Hall of that regiment, was passed forward to the Station just before dark, and this is where the gallant Howe 5th Regulars, Colonel Lord, and was carried by some of his faithful men to the church, where in the scanty shrubbery which fringed the building he was buried, rolled up in his cloak, without formality, in one of the shallow graves scooped out by the shells.

In the death of Howe his regiment lost a most valuable officer, and a man admired and respected by all of the division. Major Howe was the last of a noble family of five brothers, all of whom have laid down their lives in the war.

The scenes at the Station and in its vicinity are indescribable. What if the scenes were grand and awful? The flight, the rout, the pursuit, the spiking of the burning guns, the hasty and unconcerned manner in which the rebel officers and men left the field in rushing the fearless enemy to desperation or victory or death, the wild cheers of the victors and howls plunging in their fence and ditch, their mad strife and struggle into every conceivable road and the terrain death; the panting, quick and tremulous, and silent and rapid breathing of the pursuers, the wild hurrah, as the sound of death rose 60? No description can give an idea of these or do full conception. Long after dusk and when the very nerves are strained to feel and comprehend the distance nearby.

There was a long train of cars bound for Danville and filled with the most valuable commissary stores of the army got aboard away in any train. The advanced squadrons headed off the train just at the station, and the rear guard came coming up attacked the rear, setting fire to the engine (which was in position and ready) and to some of the mules and horses in the wagon-train and cutting every thing loose, and leaving general havoc in the rear. Some of what was brought to a stand from a wild and headlong career.

When the wagon-train was attacked the drivers ran away or were shot, the four leading mules in the teams swung around on the wheel mules, and in this position they were cut and hacked one on top of the other, the dying and lying themselves up in the harness like so many lions in a den. That day, some fifteen miles from the Station, while streams of blood ran over the ground; and to render the scene more awful and terrible, the wagons and ambulances were fired, and in a short time some of these poor animals were entirely roasted alive. Custer's and Crook's well-defended field-battery was nothing to it—the fire more of the lesser evil.

During the evening of the 8th General Ferraro's head-quarters were driven by four cannon-shots from the front, driven by the shrunn hospital, and the General's entire command was in position and waiting the order to attack the enemy's left flank. A short fight took place on the morning of the 9th, but it was only a feint, to hold the division to make our line around the enemy complete.

Through the night and early morning the rebels kept moving up to the front by brigades. They were welcome, for the enemy had lost heavily, and his numbers were completely changed order. One hundred and fifty pieces of artillery were brought up to the front as skirmishers.

Sporadic firing set in. The line is kept up and down, and nobody is hit, and each man has some story or more matter-of-fact, unadorned narrative, about wounds, or rifles, which can be fired off as rapidly as a man can draw the trigger.

The rebels were driven pell-mell through the town of Appomattox, but whenever willing that the fight in front is weak, and the poor dragged-out cavalry horse is spared the labor of charging on human flesh. Custer rode all along the road by scattered carriage-boxes, hysterics, funerals, baby-cots, and tent furniture, by broken down stocks, and in fact every thing that a soldier had to fight with or leave away.

For ages to come our posterity will take no small degree of interest in this little, obscure village of Appomattox. On entering the town from the station, which is about three miles off, the first house on the left is a small cottage with a well-built double brick house, with a small green lawn in front. In the year 1861 Wilmer McLEAN lived here, but in the summer of 1861 lived at Bull Run and owned the farm on which the first and famous battle of Manassas was fought, and in consequence of the disturbed state of the country and the proximity of the house to the scene of battle abandoned his place and took refuge in the distant town of Appomattox, where the famous house now stands (April 6-9). He purchased some land and settled quietly down, and in the year 1865 was living in the house at the corner of the road, the Lynchburg and Petersburg road, which the house of Egypt swept and devoured every day before the Lord. He followed him; for on the 9th day of April four years after he left the Bull Run farm, the Southern army was surrendered at Appomattox, and Wilmer McLEAN as well as the first was fought on his farm.

Mr. McLEAN is a man of the South-side, and a courteous gentleman, and although no doubt proud of having his house used as the headquarters of the two leading Generals GRANT and LEE made of it, he was not a little annoyed at being forced to keep the chairs and table on which GRANT and LEE on this ever-memorable and august occasion.

The widow of Mr. McLEAN's household, as the story went, all while GRANT and LEE were inside, repaired to the left front and right rear of the establishments, and when the surrender took place early in the season there is no foliage represented on the bottom-land immediately in front, but the apple and peach trees were in full bloom.

A ——— Southern officer is represented as an apple-orchard on the right of the house, waiting to accompany General Lee's party. General Lee's party is represented on the extreme right of the group from the front of the house.

The second house to the left is the centre of the town. At the farther end of the town from the station is the home of Mr. PEARE. This house is situated close by the road leading to where the Southern army was drawn up during the negotiations, and occupies the highest position in town. It was in the yard of this house that the last shot of the war was fired. It was a 20-pound howitzer, and when Mr. PEARE saw the danger he was in, he took his family in a wood in the rear of the house, and there until the Federal cavalry advanced and forced the withdrawal of the gun.

This was the gun that fired the last shot on this occasion, at the close of the war. It fired over the heads of the gun out of danger the gunners left their horses standing there, and this action and that remained with the gun, but that was fired by Lee's army is now in my possession.

The large engraving on page 697 represents the position of the rebel army as General Lee rode back from the Appomattox to announce the news of the surrender. The figures in the fore-ground are those of Union officers and soldiers holding an advanced position in the enemy's front. Between the two armies, though not visible in the illustration, flows the Appomattox River.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MR. TREFALDEN.

MR. TREFALDEN was, undeniably, a very gentlemanly man. His manners were courteous his exterior was prepossessing; and there was an air of self-possession about him that he said and did which made his society very agreeable. He talked well about what he had read and seen; and if even his knowledge of things lying beyond the radius of his own profession was somewhat superficial, he knew, at all events, how to turn it to the best account. At the same time there was nothing of the brilliant raconteur about him. He never liked to monopolize, never indulged in flashes of sarcasm, nor condescended to make puns, like many men whose abilities were inferior to his own. He was a man of quiet tastes, a vein of subdued pleasantry running through his conversation which, although it was not witty, was very well-bred.

Most people liked him; and it was a noticeable fact, that, within the wide circle of his business acquaintances, the best bred people were those whose disposition toward him was the most friendly. Lord Cashlemere thought very highly of him. Viscount Esher, whose legal affairs he had transacted for the last ten years, was accustomed to speak of him in terms which were particularly flattering upon the lips of that stately gentleman of the old school. The Rev. Mr. Bloomsbury, the Rector of Ipswich, and other noblemen of equal standing, looked upon him as quite a desirable person to know. Indeed, he was approved of William Trefalden to a degree that was almost cordial, and made a point of accosting him very graciously whenever he went down into Surrey.

By mere men of business—such men, for instance, as Laurence Greatorex—he was by no means so favorably regarded. They could not appreciate his manner. It was too finished, too elaborate. His manner was precisely the one thing they most of all disliked and mistrusted. They could never trust his words nor believe in his looks. Longer gain the smallest insight into his opinions and character. They acknowledged that he was a lawyer; but they would have added, by adding that he was "too clever by half." In short, William Trefalden's popularity lay, for the most part, to the credit of his profession.

Gifted, then, with a manner which was in itself a passport to favor, it is not to be wondered at prising that the lawyer made a favorable impression upon the ladies in Bridesmell Terrace. He united him to the Greatorex family as a friend of his own, and he chose that of Forsyth; so they knew him as Mr. Forsyth, and that was all. Rosalind, Agnes, and Mrs. Rivière, therefore, regarded no pains, and hesitated before no means whereby to gain the favor of Mr. Forsyth, and unscrupulously on their love for the husband and father whom they had lost; and, skillfully following up the clue which their own nature would, in their regard by professing to have known Edgar Rivière in the days of his youth than by lavishing upon Sydenham the most delicate attentions which had served to open to him the doors of their home.

And this admirable idea had been wholly unprecedicated. It came to him like a flash of inspiration; and he immediately and unhesitatingly acted upon it, developed it with the tact of a master. Careful not to overact the part, he spoke of the patient with the deepest interest. He always desired to know more intimately had he continued to reside in England, whose character interested him, and whose beauty he had learned to admiration. He evinced an eager but respectful desire to see every detail of his after-career. He bought up the whole dreary stock of nymphs and dryads with assiduous liberality, carrying away with him, on every occasion of his visit. Nothing was too large, too small, or too sketchy for him.

An investigation conducted in this fashion was not difficult of cultivation. The munificent and courteous patron soon glided into the sympathetic attitude of friend. He encouraged prolonged conversations, unobtrusive attentions, and confidences. He became a frequent visitor at their faith. Strange to English life, ignorant of the world, poor and in trouble, they stood terribly in need of a friend, and they found one when they accepted his opinions and followed his advice implicitly. Before long he came to pass that every her established himself upon precisely that footing which was most favorable to his designs, and that every member of the family was in his power, but the skillful arbiter of all their actions. Thus, also, it came to pass that at the very time when Saxon Trefalden believed them to be already dwelling upon the shores of the Mediterranean, Mrs. and Miss Rivière were still in England, and temporarily settled in very pleasant apartments in the neighborhood of Sydenham.

Hither their friend and friend frequently to call upon them; and it so happened that he paid them a visit on the evening of the very day on which Sir Jasper died.

He went down to Sydenham in an extremely pleasant frame of mind. Ignorant of their sudden change of plans, he still believed that his cousin and the Earl were on their way to Norway; and it was a belief from which he derived considerable satisfaction. It fell in charmingly with his present arrangements; and those arrangements were now so carefully matured, and so thoroughly en train, that it seemed impossible they should fail of success in any particular. Perhaps, had he known how the little *Ariadne* was tossing in the Channel the wind in the direction of the Channel Islands, instead of tacking painfully about in the straits of Dover, Mr. Trefalden would not have arrived at Mrs. Rivière's apartments in so complacent a mood.

It was delightful to be welcomed as he was welcomed. It was delightful to see the book and the embroidery laid aside as he came in—to meet such looks of confidence and gladness—to be listened to when he spoke, as if all his words were wisdom—to sit by the open window, breathing the perfume of the flowers, listening to Rosa's gentle voice, and dreaming delicious dreams of days to come. For William Trefalden was more than ever in love—more than ever resolved to compass the future that he had set before him.

"Can we do anything for you, my dear friend Mr. Forsyth," said Mrs. Rivière, when the first greetings had been exchanged. "We were sayings but a few moments before you came to the gate."

"A Londoner is glad to escape from the smoke and fatigue of town on a delicious evening," replied Mr. Trefalden, "even though it be at the risk of intruding too often upon his subordinates. What can be more delightful than we have in England some too often?"

"Much as I may wish it to be so, I fear the case is not quite an impossible one."

"Mamma has been out to-day in a Bath-chair, Mr. Forsyth," said Rosa. "Do you not think she is looking better?"

"I am quite sure of it," replied the lawyer.

"I feel better, indeed, than I did yesterday. "I feel that I gain strength daily."

"That is well to hear."

"And Dr. Fisher says that I am improving."

"I attach more value, my dear madam, to your own impressions on that point than to the opinion of any physician, however skillful," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"He is a very great faith in Doctor Fisher," said Mrs. Rivière.

"And I have great faith in this pure Sydenham air. I am not tell you how rejoiced I am that you consented to remove from Camberwell."

"Mrs. Rivière looked."

"Do you not think I might soon go back to Italy?" she asked.

"It is the very subject which I have chiefly come down this evening to discuss," replied the lawyer.

The lady's pale face lighted up at this reply.

"I am so anxious to go," she said, eagerly. "I feel as if there were life for me in Italy."

"She pronounced the dear language better than you are strong enough to encounter the fatigue for so long a journey."

"I am sure that mamma is not nearly strong enough," said Miss Rivière, quickly.

"I might travel very slowly."

"To travel slowly is not enough," said Mr. Trefalden. "You should travel without suffering. I mean, you should be accompanied by some person who could make all the rough places smooth and the crooked paths straight for you throughout the journey."

"I should be unwilling to incur the expense of employing a courier if I could possibly avoid it," said Mrs. Rivière.

"No doubt; for a courier is not only a costly but a very troublesome and disagreeable encumbrance. He is both your servant and your master. Might it not, however, be possible for you to join a party going abroad in the same route?"

"You forgot that we know no one in this country."

"Nay, those things are frequently arranged even with strangers."

"Besides, you would care to be burdened with two helpless women? No stranger would accept the responsibility."

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before replying.

"Given an equally suitable climate," he said, "I presume you are not absolutely wedded to Italy as a place of residence?"

"I love it better than any other country in the world."

"Yet I think I have heard you say that you are not acquainted with the southern coast?"

"True; we always lived in Florence."

"Then neither Bluestone nor Nice would possess any charm of novelty for you?"

"Only the association of language and climate."

"And of these two conditions, that of climate can alone be pronounced essential; but I should say that you are entitled to more favorable choice than either. Has it never occurred to you that the air of Egypt or Madeira might be worth a trial, if only for a season?"

"Mamma has been advised to try both," said Miss Rivière.

"But I prefer Italy," said the invalid. "The happiest years of my life were spent under an Italian sky."

"Pardon me; but should you, my dear madam, allow yourself to be influenced by preference in such a case as this?" asked Mr. Trefalden, very deferentially.

"I can offer a better reason, then—poverty. It is possible to live in Italy for very, very little, when one knows the people and the country so well as we do; but I should fear I could not afford to live in Madeira or Egypt."

"The journey to Madeira is easy, and not very expensive," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mrs. Rivière shook her head.

"I should not dare to undertake it," she replied. "But with a careful escort?"

"Nay, if even that were my only difficulty, where should I find one?"

"In myself."

The mother and daughter looked up with astonishment.

"In you, Mr. Forsyth?" they exclaimed, simultaneously.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"You need not let that astonish you," he said; "it is my intention to spend all my future winters abroad, and I am greatly tempted by much that I have heard and read lately about Madeira. I am a free man, however, and if Mrs. Rivière preferred to accompany Egypt, I would quite willingly exchange Funchel for the Nile."

"This is too much goodness."

"And, if you will not think that I take an unwarrantable liberty in saying so, I have not the question of expense must not be allowed to enter into your calculations."

"Sir!"

"One moment, my dear madam," interrupted the lawyer, hastily. "Pray do not suppose that I am presuming to offer you pecuniary assistance. Nothing of the kind. I am simply offering to advance you whatever sums you may require upon the remainder of Mr. Rivière's paintings and sketches; or, if you prefer it, I will at once purchase the whole collection."

"In order that I may have the means of going to Italy or Madeira?" said Mrs. Rivière, very painfully. "No, my kind friend; I began to understand you now. It can not be."

"I fear I have unhappily contrived to misunderstand me," replied Mr. Trefalden, with grave earnestness. "If you were even right—if I were only desirous to assist the widow of one whose memory and genius I deeply revere, I do not think you ought to feel wounded by the manner in which I have chosen to offer that such is not my prevailing reason."

"Do you mean that you really wish to possess—"

"Every picture from which you are willing to part."

"But you would then have from twenty-five to thirty paintings from the same brush—many of them quite large subjects."

"So much the better."

"Yet, it seems unconceivable that—"

"That I should desire to make a Rivière collection? Such, nevertheless, is my ambition."

"Then you must have a glorious gallery?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I have no gallery," he said; "at present. Some day I may have one. Until then I will be contented drawn, I may settle abroad, and build a house and gallery in some beautiful spot; but that is still a subject, and the details of projects are uncertain."

"What can you do?" What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Rivière.

"I scarcely know yet. I thought at one time that it would be well to exhibit them in some public room; but I have other plans which have advantages. The most direct course would be, I suppose, to have a sale down in the country."

The mother and daughter looked at each other in speechless emotion. Their eyes were full of tears, and their hearts full of gratitude and wonder.

"But, in any case," continued Mr. Trefalden, "the pictures need cleansing and framing. Nothing could be done with them in their present state, and they must be mine before even that amount of progress can be made."

"Mine!" echoed the mother and daughter.

"Mine, yours from this moment, most generous friend and benefactor," sobbed the widow.

"But Mr. Trefalden will not be under any obligation to you for this," said Rosa.

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer the ladies to express their thanks. He was proud to be regarded by them as a friend, and he was happy proud to be the humble instrument by means of which a great name might be rescued from undeserved obscurity, and a widow and daughter made easy in their benefactor. He then adverted, with much delicacy, to the question of the sale, and said that he had every confidence in a certain sum at a certain bank to Mrs. Rivière's credit; touched again upon the subject of Madeira and Egypt, and of course carried his point, rose, by-and-by, to take his leave.

"Rosa, my dear madam, I am to have the honor of escorting you to Funchal in the course of some three or four weeks from the present time," he said, pressing her hand.

"If Mr. Forsyth will consent to be so burdened—"

"I think myself very happy in being permitted to accompany you," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and if I have any influence with him—"

"Nay, a day hence would scarcely be too soon for me," said Miss Rivière. "My heart aches for the sunny south."

To which the lawyer replied by a courteous assurance that his own arrangements should be hastened as much as possible, and took his departure.

Mr. Forsyth has quite what our aunt, old Lady Glastonbury, used to call the 'grand air,' said Mrs. Rivière, as Mr. Trefalden took off his hat to them at the gate. "And he is handsome."

"I do not think him handsome," replied her daughter; "but he is the most liberal of men."

"Mercifully liberal. He must be very rich too; and I am sure he is very good. Let me see; there was a Forsyth, I think, who married a daughter of Lord Inglebrough in the same year that Alethea became Lady Castletowers. I should like to ask whether he belongs to that family."

"Nay, darling, why put the question? Our Mr. Forsyth may come of some humbler stock, and then—"

"You are right, Helen; and he can afford to dispense with mere nobility. You know, my child, I have sometimes thought of late—"

"What have you thought, my own dear mother?"

"That he—that Mr. Forsyth is inclined to admire my little Helen very much."

The young girl drew back suddenly, and the smile vanished from her lips.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "I hope not."

"Why so, my child? Mr. Forsyth is rich, kind, good, and a gentleman. His wife would be a very happy woman."

"But I do not love him."

"Of course you do not love him. We do not even know whether he loves you; but the time may come—"

"Heaven forbid it!" said Miss Helen, in a low voice.

"And I say, Heaven grant it," rejoined her mother, earnestly. "I would die to-morrow, thankfully, if I but knew that my child would not be left alone in the wide world when I was gone."

The girl flung her arms passionately round her mother's neck, and burst into tears.

"Hush, hush!" she cried; "not a word of death, my darling. You must live for me. Oh, how glad—how glad I am that you are going to Madeira!"

The invalid shook her head and leaned back wearily.

"Ah," she sighed again, "I had rather have gone to Italy."

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE BARRICADE IN THE VIA LOMBARDI.

DISAGREEABLY conscious of being roused, as it were, against her will from something deeper than sleep, of a painful struggle for breath, and of a sudden deluge of cold water, Saxon opened his eyes, and found Lord Castletowers leaning over him.

"Where am I?" he asked, staring round in a bewildered way. "What is the matter with me?"

"Nothing, I hope, my dear fellow," replied his friend. "Five minutes ago I pulled you out from under a man and a horse, and made certain you were dead; but when Bellew had fetched a little water and brought you round and being, moreover, unable to find any holes in your armor, I am inclined to hope that no damage has been done. Do you think you can get up?"

Saxon took the Earl's hand and rose without much difficulty. His head ached, and he felt dizzy; but was all.

"I suppose I have been stunned," he said, looking round at the empty battery. "Is the battle over and done?"

The guns were gone, and the ground was plowed with their heavy wheel-tracks. Dark pools of blood and heaps of slain showed where the struggle had been fiercest; and close against Saxon's feet lay the bodies of a cuirassier and two Neapolitan gunners. At the sight of these last he shuddered and turned away, for he knew that he had three times been shot at from behind.

"Why, no; the battle is not over," replied the Earl; "neither can I say that it is won, but the fight is more than half won. We have taken the guns, and the Neapolitans have retreated into the town; and now a halt has been sounded, and the troops are taking a rest before the rest. The bridge over the Nocito, and all the open country up to the very gates of Malazzo, are ours."

"There has been sharp fighting here," said Saxon.

"The sharpest we have seen to-day," replied the Earl. "Their cavalry retook the guns, and drove Bellew's men out of the battery; but the fellows divided on each side of the road, received them between two fires, and when they tried to charge back again, barred the road and shot the leaders down. It was splendidly done; but Garibaldi was in imminent danger for a few moments, and, I believe, shot one trooper with his own hand. After that the Neapolitans broke through and escaped, leaving the guns and battery in our hands."

"And you saw it all?"

"Ay, I did, among those who barred the road, and was close behind Garibaldi the whole time. And now, as you seem to be tolerably steady on your legs again, I propose that we go down to some more sheltered place, and get something to eat. This Sicilian sunshine on the fierce enough to melt the brains in one's skull; and fighting makes men hungry."

Some logs were found ashore and barns had been broken open for the accommodation of the troops, and shelter for the friends and a little food and refreshment. Lying in the shelter of a shed beside the Nocito, they ate their luncheon of bread and fruit, smoked their cigarettes, and listened to the pleasant sound of the torrent hurrying to the sea. All around and about, in the shade of every bush and the shelter of every shed, lay the tired soldiers—a motley, dusty, war-stained throng, some eating, some sleeping, some smoking, some bathing their hot feet in the running stream, some, "in genuine Italian thoughtlessness, playing at mora," as they lay side by side on the green sward, gesticulating as eagerly and laughing as gayly as though the reign of battle and bloodshed had passed away from the earth. Now and then a wounded man was carried past on a temporary litter; now and then a Neapolitan prisoner was brought in; now and then a baseless gun was fired from the fortress. Thus the hot noon wear by, and for two brief hours peace prevailed.

"Poor Vaughan!" said the Earl, now hearing of his death for the first time. "He had surely some presentiment of his end this morning. What has become of the horse?"

Saxon explained that he had sent it to the rear, with others that it should be conveyed back to Meri, and carefully attended to."

"I do not forget," he added, "what we are the repositories of his will, and that Guiseppe is now a legacy. I think it will be wise to send it to Palermo for the present, to the care of Signor Colonna."

"Undoubtedly. Do you know, Trefalden, I have more than suspected at times that—that he loved Miss Colonna."

"I should not wonder if he did," replied Saxon, gloomily.

Well, he died a soldier's death, and to-morrow, if I live, I will see that he has a soldier's burial. A braver fellow never entered the service."

And now, the allotted time having expired, the troops were again assembled, and the columns formed for action. Garibaldi went on board the *Tuckery*, a Neapolitan steam-frigate that had gone over to him with men, arms, and ammunition complete, at an early stage of the war, and was now lying off Malazzo with the fleet in front of the promontory. Hence, with no other object than to direct the fire of the guns, he could be directed a rapid fire on the fortress, while his army advanced in three divisions to the assault of the town.

Medici took the westward beach; Cosenz the road to the Messina gate; and Malecchini the Porta di Palermo. The latter, with his band of volunteers marched with the Cacciator under General Cosenz.

By one o'clock they found themselves under the walls of Malazzo. The garrison had by this time learned the order of the attacking columns. First one shell, then another, then half a dozen together, came soaring like meteors over the heads of the besiegers, and fell within the city, more eagerly to the assault, and battered the more desperately against the gate. A shot or two from an old battery on the promontory at down presently with a crash; the Garibaldians poured through it, and, in another hour, the town was almost without knowing how they came there, Saxon and Castletowers found themselves inside the walls, face to face with a battalion of Neapolitan infantry.

Both bodies fired. The Neapolitans having delivered their volley, retreated up the street. The Garibaldians followed. Presently the Neapolitans turned, fired another volley, and retreated. They repeated this manœuvre several times, the Garibaldians always firing and following, till they came to the market-place in the centre of the town. Here they found Colonel Dunn's regiment in occupation of one side of the quadrangle, and the Guardia Civile of Malazzo, with troops on the other. The air was full of smoke, and the ground scattered over with those who lay killed and wounded. As the smoke cleared they could see the Neapolitans on the one hand, steadily loading and firing—on the other, Dunn's men running tumultuously to and fro, keeping up a rapid but irregular fire.

No sooner, however, had the new-comers emerged upon the scene, than a mounted officer came galloping toward them through the thick of the fight.

"Send round a detachment to the Via Lombardi," he said, hurriedly. "The enemy threaten to barricade there, which *must* be taken!"

The mention of a barricade was enough for Saxon and Castletowers. They were the combatants in the market-place to fight the fight out for themselves, they started with the detachment, and made their way over a labyrinth of dead deserted by-streets at the back of the piazza.

A shot was presently fired down upon them from a neighboring roof—they advanced at a run—turned the angle of the next street—were received with a cross-fire simultaneous from right, left, and centre, and found themselves in the teeth of the barricade. It was a mere pile of carts, palings, and wreckage, and stretched from about eight feet in height; but, being manned with trained riflemen, and protected by the houses on each side, every shot which it vomited forth gun-barrels, it proved more formidable than it looked.

The detachment, which consisted mainly of Palermitan recruits, fell back in disorder, returning shot for shot, confused and feeble fire, and leaving some four or five of their number on the ground.

"Avanti!" cried the officer in command.

But not a man stirred.

At that moment the Neapolitans poured in another destructive volley, whereupon the front ranks fairly turned, and tried to escape to the rear.

"Peltroni!" shouted their captain, striking right and left with the flat of his sword, and running after them to the front himself.

At the same moment Castletowers knocked down one defaulter with the butt-end of his rifle, and Saxon seized another by the collar, dragged him back to the front, drew his revolver from his belt with one hand, and with the other carried the man boldly up against the barricade.

It was a simple act of strength and daring, but it turned the tide as nothing else could have done. Impulsive as savages, and transported in a moment from one extreme of feeling to another, the Garibaldians forgot their flight, rallied, and flung themselves at the barricade like tigers.

The Neapolitans might pour in their deadly fire now from hoseston and window, might intrench themselves behind a hedge of bayonets, might thrust the dead back upon the living, and defend every inch of their position as desperately as they pleased, but nothing could daunt the courage of their assailants. The men who were running away but a moment before were now rushing recklessly upon death. Shot down by scores, they yet pressed on, clambering over the bodies of their fallen comrades, shouting "Viva Garibaldi!" under the muzzles of the Neapolitan rifles, and seizing the very bayonets that were pointed against them.

The struggle was short and bloody. It had lasted scarcely three minutes when the Palermitans poured in with irresistible wave, and the Neapolitans fled precipitately into the piazza beyond.

The victors at once planted a tricolor on the summit of the barricade, manned it with some forty of their best riflemen, and prepared anew to dislodge such of the enemy as yet retained possession of the houses on either side.

In the mean time the Garibaldian officer ran up to Saxon with open arms, and thanked him enthusiastically.

"Gallant Englese!" he said, "but for you our flag would not be flying here at this moment."

To whom Saxon, pale as death and pointing down to the pile of fallen men at the foot of the barricade, replied—

"Signor Capitano, I miss my friend. For God's sake grant me the assistance of a couple of your soldiers to search for his body!"

It was a ghastly task.

The Neapolitans had escaped as soon as they found their position untenable; but the loss of the attacking party was very great. Most of the men immediately under the barricade had been cruelly bayonetted. The dead wore a terrible expression of agony on their colorless faces; but many yet breathed, and those who were conscious plunged piteously to be put out of their sufferings. One by one the dead were flung aside, and the wounded carried down to the shade of the houses. One by one Saxon Trefalden looked on the man's face, hoping tenderly to carry the wounded, and reverently to dispose the limbs of the dead, and watching every moment for the finding of his friend.

At length the last poor corpse was lifted—the search completed—the frightful headfield told over. Thirty-two were dead; five dying, eleven wounded; but among all these the Earl of Castletowers had not found. Saxon could scarcely believe it. Again and again he went the round of dead and dying; and at last, with bloodstained hands and clothes, and anxious heart, sat down at the foot of the barricade, and asked himself what he should do next.

THE RAIN

A WONDERFUL thing is the rain!
A charmer is the rain, never is vain.
It says to the barrel flowers, Come forth!
It makes the beauty the sad cloth earth;
To the violets bidden, Arise, it saith,
And lily awakes in the heart of death.
Gladness and joy of the rain is forever new.
Oh a wonderful thing is the April rain!

A wonderful thing is the rain!
Earth never tires of its sweet refrain.
The song of the joys runs away,
And the world is weary and worn to-day.
Vainly have poets dreamed and sung,
But the world of sorrow is ever young;
Earth still rejoices in sun and dew,
And the song of the rain is forever new.

A wonderful thing is the rain!
Earth's sweetest harmonies meet in its train;
The soother of sorrow, the ease of strife,
Weaving its rhythm in every life.
Through sleepless nights, with its silver chime,
Winging the weary wheels of time.
Oh would that I were a blessing or die!
Who can speak to the heart like thee?

A wonderful thing is the rain!
Licked to the spirit's joy or pain,
Joyous and hopeful, or sad and low,
All as the heart's deep fountains flow.
Bless me and sing me the song of things
Its light or shadow on earthly things—
There is the melancholy's mystic art,
A wonderful thing is the human heart!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OUR MARKET REPORTS.

DRYGOODS.—Business is dull at present. It was not much.

FOODSTUFFS are about the same as at last quotations. Dark-ey raises are up to 2 cents. Fall summer session. Blunders will wear white.

LUMBER.—The market shows an increased supply, and many buyers have their last purchases still on their hands.

BALLOONING.—Stocks are good—Inter-Central Pneumatic Rail—The supply has not been large, but has shown a tendency to fall.

TURBOMOTORS are leading downward.

"What do you take for your rat-trap?" cried a lady to a grocer. "Cheese, pickled cucumbers, a day, mainly," was the prompt reply.

A barrister having wearied the court by a long and dull argument, the judge remarked that he could not see the point of his brief. "Perhaps not, my lord," replied the judge, "but I see it."

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"I shall speak as long as I please," he replied, angrily. "You have spoken longer than you please already," replied the judge.

With a little house well filled, a little land well tilled, a little wife well willed, a husband well skilled, and a conscience well drilled—a little time may be well killed.

THE FENCIBLE OF FENIANISM.—A patriotic party has been formed in this city, bearing exclusively Irish sentiments. These respectable styles themselves Fenians. The similarity of this name to the Irish Fenians is a curious Fenomenon.

EPITAPH ON DR. JOHNSON.

Here lies poor Johnson; Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you cause a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was, but self-convicted, rude, and vain,
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar sure, a Christian, yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
Read his sermons, writings, words, and melancholy?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he lived, and talked, and spit.

RAILROAD MAXIMS.

Delays are dangerous.
A train in time saves nine.
There is no place like home—the difficulty is to get there.
Do not believe till you see safe.
A railway train is the child of time.
The great charm of a railroad accident, no matter how many persons are mangled, is the individuality of every body.
A railroad is long, life is short, but the longer the railway the shorter the life.

A correspondent tells of a little girl who, attending Sabbath School for the first time, and being asked if she loved the Lord, replied: "Don't know, ma'; I hain't got nothin' ugin it."

UPON WHAT "LOSS" HAVE THE GREATEST SPEAKER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPENED?—On the C.R.I.N.O. line.

A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a great shock, but soon over.

WHAT TO EXPECT AT AN HOTEL.—Inn-attention.

DESCRIPTION FOR STREET LETTER-BOXES.—"Free Filler to Mail."

QUITE THE WORST THING OUT.—Why is the Atlantic Cable like a railroad across a valley?—Because it's a subterranean bridge.

DIFFICULT TO SUIT.

I do not like a man that's tall;
A man that's short is worse than all.
I must abhor a man that's fat;
A man that's lean is less than that.
A young man is a constant pain;
An old one would by ghosts be taken.
Nor do I like a man that's fair;
A dark man I can't bear.
A man of sense I could not rule;
And yet I would not wed a fool.
A sober man I will not take;
A drunken man my soul would break.
All these I most sincerely hate,
And yet I love the human race.

BUSINESS MAXIMS.

Never say "Will—unless you are a bailsbroker and want to be responsible for doing your business.
Do not cry "stinking fish"—unless you happen to be a vender of cerates.
A stitch in time saves nine sewing machines.

QUITE RIGHT.—It is exceedingly bad husbandry to barley use the plough of your wife.

BUSINESS.—"Don't you mean to marry, my dear Sir?" "No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the rhe I've got than take another."

WHEN WAS RUTH very rude to BOAZ?—When she pulled the ears and let go his corn.

KISS.—A receipt given on "paying your address."

Why should marriage be spoken of as a tender tie, when it is so confounded tough that nothing but death can sever it?

WANTED.—Some of the bear produced when "alcohol is brewing."

The orator who "carried away his audience" is generally well humored as compared to bring it back, by persons who had friends present.

BOYS are a good deal like Parlan jelly—just as you mould them they are likely to turn out.

A GREAT CONTRADICTION.—A printer her at a public house.

The vessel that no woman objects to embark in—A courtship.

WANTED FOR CRIMINAL PURPOSES.—A lady dissolved in tears.

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

Roll on!
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pain and woe, through years of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I can not meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's pains?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!
Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through sun and rain of July wet
Roll on!
It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
It's true my tootsie's bill is dear;
It's true my hat has seen its days—
But don't it this unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!
I'll roll on.

A SURE TEST OF MILLS & WEAVERS.—The number of slips at the door.

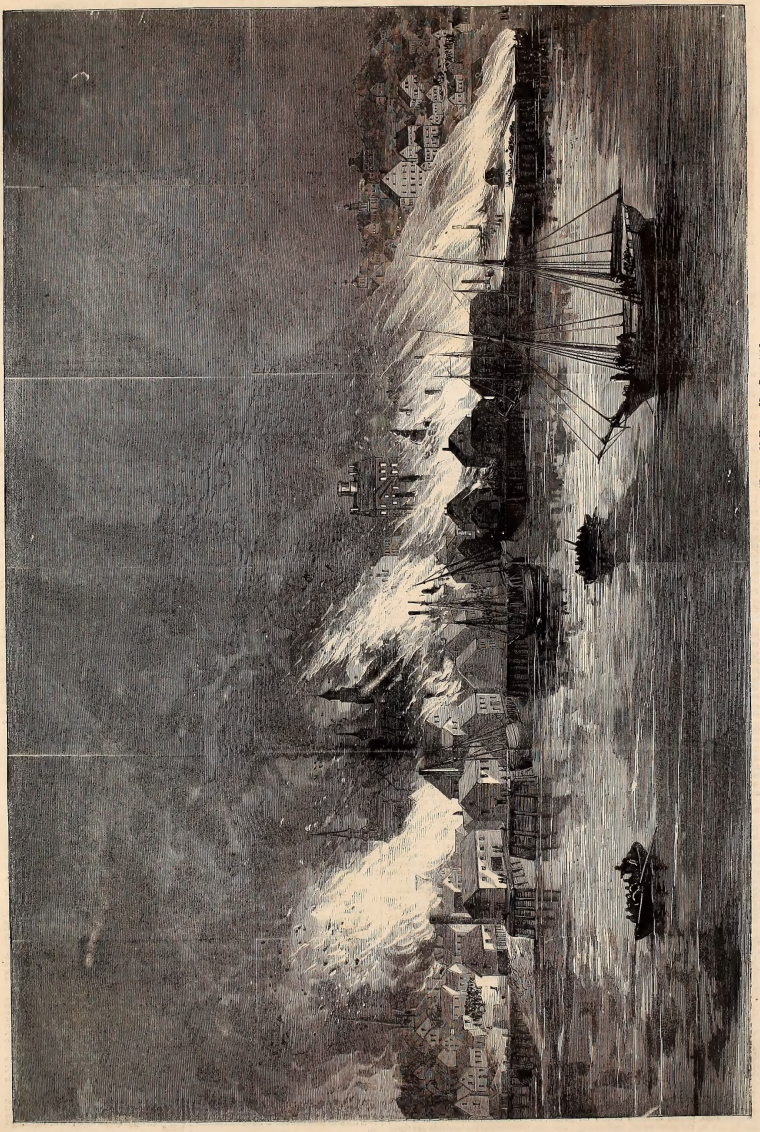
"I say, Pat, why don't you use that railroad preparation for damages you have received; both of your legs are broken, and you have three ribs broken?" "Use it for damages, oh boy! I has damage enough already, for me head is broken."

A STRONG STORY.—It is reported that a sea sqabber was recently caught at sea for a violent storm, when he saved his life by taking a bottle of his soap and washing himself ashore. The soap, or the story, must have been made from whole cloth.

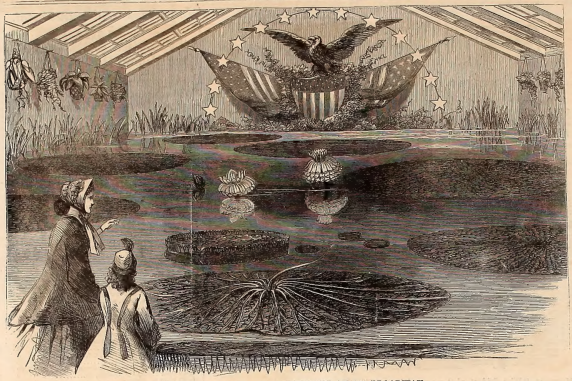
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.—The Bangor *Advertiser* tells a story of a Yankee who was refused a license at one of the hotels in that city. "But what is your business, Mister?" Business! then did his best, and at the ringing of each bell in which he was interested, he would run over top of the table, turned to his host, and said: "Mister, you've read my notice, and I've read your advertisement by-by!"

"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens, as they looked over the Mississippi. "Well, you-aa-hem!" was the reply; "we have about half the people that come to the second story windows."

Two doctors were once disputing about the proposed duel in which one was to fight the other. "I remember," remarked the first, "I never lie buried in the ground as long as I live." "What a remarkable man!" said the second, "I say like a squirrel, I will."



GREAT FIRE AT BELFAST, MAINE, OCTOBER 17, 1865.—SECURED BY WILLIAM M. HALL.—[SEE PAGE 691.]



THE VICTORIA REGIA, ON EXHIBITION AT 807 BROADWAY.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

We give on this page an illustration of the Victoria Regia, which is on exhibition at Reid's Floral Establishment, 807 Broadway. Mr. E. BALKEY is the cultivator and proprietor of this magnificent plant.

The Victoria Regia is an annual plant, a native of South America, and is found on the Amazon and some other rivers of that region. It received its botanical name, Victoria Regia, in honor of the Queen of England. It was first introduced into Europe in 1826, by the German naturalist SCHOMBURG, who discovered it during his travels in South America. But not until 1850 did the gardeners of Europe succeed in raising a plant approaching in size and beauty the giant lily of the Amazon. On that year, after great expense and exertion, the late Sir JOSEPH PAXTON, architect of the London Crystal Palace, succeeded in raising a handsome specimen of the Victoria in bloom in the botanical garden of the Duke of Devonshire, and thousands flocked thither to behold one of the rarest wonders of the floral world. It is said that Sir JOSEPH PAXTON conceived his pattern for the construction of the Crystal Palace from the structure of this flower.

The leaves of the Victoria Regia are nearly circular, and when full grown from fifteen to eighteen feet in circumference, turned up two or four inches at the margin, green above, the back crimson and traversed by eight large veins and numberless veinlets, which form nearly square apertures, from one-third to two and a half inches deep. The reversed leaf is protected by innumerable sharp thorns, as also the stems, which attain a length of over fifteen feet. The leaves are floating flat on the water, and on its native rivers children use the same as a sort of canoe to cross rivers and streams on them. The young leaf, on reaching the surface of the water, resembles very much a hedgehog, being folded up so that only its back, with its sharp thorns, is visible. The vitality of the plant is such that about nine days after the rise of the young leaf to the surface it has attained its full size. When it makes its first appearance on the water it measures about one foot in diameter. The flower itself resembles, the first time of its opening, a gigantic white rose, diffusing its delicate perfume. Then the color changes to a dark pink. The flower attains a size from twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. It is expected one plant will produce from twenty-five to forty blossoms in succession.

THE JENNER MONUMENT AT BOULOGNE.

We give on this page an engraving showing the monument erected on the 11th of September at Place des Bains in Boulogne, France, in honor of Dr. EDWARD A. JENNER, who first introduced vaccination as a means of preventing small-pox. It is somewhat curious that this monument, dedicated to the celebrated English physician, is first thought of by Frenchmen. It was at Boulogne that Dr. WOODVILLE and Dr. NOWELL, two of the disciples of JENNER, landed during the peace of Amiens, as soon as English visitors had permission to land, with the humane and friendly purpose of introducing his most useful invention to the medical practitioners of FRANCE. A sculptor of some repute, M. E. PAUL, furnished the design, and has superintended the casting without any pecuniary reward.

Dr. JENNER was born May 17, 1749, at Berkeley, in Gloucester, England. At the age of twenty-one he went to London, to study under the celebrated JOHN HUNTER. His progress in medical science procured for him an invitation to accompany Captain COOK in his first voyage around the world, but Dr. JENNER declined the offer. After staying two years with HUNTER he commenced practice at Berkeley. His discovery of some curious habits of the cuckoo procured his entrance to the Royal Society. It was Dr. JENNER who first proved satisfactorily, by experiment and theory, that vaccination was a safe and certain means of preventing small-pox. There is good evidence that vaccination existed among the Hindoos at a remote period. There are also proofs of its existence in other countries, independently of Dr. JENNER'S services. It is certain that in various parts of Devonshire, Somerset, Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Middlesex there is a tradition that some persons, by handling cattle, contracted pustules on their hands, and became in that way exempt from small-pox. It is thought that Dr. JENNER made use of some such tradition, and his careful attention to the subject caused to be adopted systematically by physicians what had been already by chance or by some vague instinct adopted by a few obscure people.

On the occasion of the erection of the monument an oration was delivered by Dr. GROS, a physician practicing at Boulogne, and eminent in his profession, who enlarged on the benefits derived by mankind from the investigations and ultimately the great discovery effected by Dr. JENNER, whose memory they had assembled to honor.

The statue stands on a marble pedestal about twelve feet high; the statue itself measures nearly ten feet in height. It is of iron, bronzed by galvanic aid, and cast by M. BROCHON, of Paris. The pose of the figure is easy, and it is clothed in the costume of 1810. The head is slightly inclined, as though absorbed in thought. In the right hand he holds a lancet. The left hand reposes on a pile of treatises placed on a pedestal, from which depends a sketch of a cow. The right foot is firmly placed over the word "Angleterre," while the left is advanced over the word "France." On the border of the ground-work is inscribed the name "Jenner," and on the pedestal is imprinted "A Edward Jenner, la France reconnaissante, 11th Septembre, 1865."

In the evening of September 11 a fête, with fireworks, was given in the Jardin des Tintelleries; and a grand *bal paré* at the Etablissement des Bains, which was most numerously and fashionably attended, closed the festivities.



STATUE OF DR. EDWARD JENNER, RECENTLY ERECTED AT BOULOGNE, FRANCE.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Malden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

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NEW MUSIC.

"THEY SAY THAT TROY ART BEAUTIFUL." Ballad. A. W. Wrolstad.

"YOUR DOORS." Song. Wm. H. Stevens.

"THE ARMIES OF LIBERTY." In memory of President Lincoln. O. Clark.

"A MAIDEN FOR SALE." Comic Song. Despecker.

"GIVE ME HONEST FRIENDS." Tucker.

"I RELIANCE." Song. F. Muller.

"TOO LATE TO MARRY." Song. Sidney Pratten.

"HAPPY HOME." Song and Chorus. G. W. H. Griffin.

"ONLY YOU AND I." Song. Mrs. Parkhurst.

"WHAT LET ANY OWN WIFE." Ballad.

"STAND UP FOR THE FLAG." Song and Chorus. Foster.

"OH! HERE ALL DEAR HOMES." Song. Foster.

"THE SONS ARE MARCHING HOME." Song. Hunting. Price 50 cents each, or 4 for $1, mailed free.

"WE BLESS THEE, O LORD." Griffin. 50 cents.

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THE HORACE WATERS Grand, Square, and Upright PIANOS, MELODEONS, and CABINET ORGANS, Wholesale and Retail. To let, and sold when rent if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second hand pianos at bargains from $60 to $225. Factory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Factory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. HORACE WATERS.

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A Drum Cylinder Printing-Press.
Size of Bed.....34½×51 inches.
Four Rollers; Table Distribution.
Has been used till Oct. 1st to print HARPER'S WEEKLY. Price $1000.
Also, One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution. Bed 31×47. Price $700.
The above Presses are in good working order, and are offered for sale in consequence of the recent purchase by Messrs. HARPER'S WEEKLY requiring the "Lightning Press." Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS,
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NEW COMIC SONG. 15c. With picture, colored ..... 50c.
I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS ..... 25c.
SUNLIGHT WITHIN MY HEART ..... 25c.
HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY? (comic) ..... 25c.
REMEMBER HAPPY HOURS. Quartette ..... 25c.
IF WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE ..... 25c.
Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME,
168 Bowery, New York.

SOMETHING NEW.
Every body want it. Agents or soldiers can make $10 a day. Sent by mail for $1. Address
W. GLOGGE, Woodbury, L. I.

Pile Remedy
DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Blind and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.
For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Coughs
DR. STRICKLAND'S HELLEBOROUS COUGH BALSAM is a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the throat and Lungs.
For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

CLOCK'S
[Hair Restorer—to restore grey hair.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer makes hair on bald heads.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer stops Hair from falling out.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer prevents headache.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer is perfectly perfumed.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer is all that can be desired as a dressing.
CLOCK'S
Hair Restorer possesses all the merits claimed for it. A single trial convinces the most skeptical of its value. If, after a thorough trial of two bottles, it does not give perfect satisfaction, the money will be refunded. Sold every Where at $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.
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No. 6 Astor House, Broadway, New York.
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TRADE MARK. JOSEPH GILLOTT. WITH
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FRANKLIN & JAGGERS, Cohoes, N.



MISTRESS. "Why, Bridget, what are you doing—nailing those biscuits down to the tray?" COOK. "Yes, faith, Mum, or they'd be afther lifting' the tops off your oven, Mum—this Yaste Powdher's so moity powerful."

[MESSRS. TAYLOR & YOUNG, and the Trade generally, are successfully proving the Pioneer Yeast Powder a good thing with which to "raise the wind."]

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Of interest to all. Inclose three 3cd Stamps, and send for Circular, to H. S. GREER, Astor, St. John Street, New York.

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$10 A Day can be easy made $10.
By selling Engravings, Card Photographs, and Stationery Packets. Our Stationery Packages send all others. Each packet contains paper, envelopes, pens, pencil, &c., and Jewelry worth a dollar at retail. Prize gift with each. We will sent agents 10? PACKAGES and a SPLENDID WATCH for $17. We have a first class Stationery Book, Will send TOOLS and PORTRAITS, very popular and will retail at $50; will be $10 saved in ordering of us. We will send a sample lot for $1 by mail, postpaid, &c.
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Warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the finest principles, into short ringlets or waving moderate curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1.00. Address THE HENDERSON HAIR-CURLING CO.,
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For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a beard or whiskers on the smoothest face in 6 weeks, or upon bald heads in 8 weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Under each direction, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address F. L. SUTTON, P. O. Box 92, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

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WITH B. T. BABBITT'S
Pure Concentrated Potash,
OR READY SOAP MAKER.
WARRANTED double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier for family use in market. Put up in cans of 1 pound, 2 pounds, 3 pounds, 4 pounds, and 7 pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make 15 gallons of soft soap. No lime in powder. Consumers will find this the cheapest potash in market.
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It is an impossibility for any person afflicted with a diseased liver, or with any disorder of the digestive organs, to have a good or clear complexion. Beecham's Pills are a mild Purgative, will remove all disease from the liver and digestive organs, and by thus giving health and vigor to those organs, remove that sallowness of appearance and roughness of the skin so much to be avoided. The Pills are and a beverage. Agent—H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, New York.

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TO BE DISPOSED OF AT
ONE DOLLAR EACH!
Without regard to value!! Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive!!!

SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES!
All to be sold at One Dollar Each!!

300 Musical Boxes, each	$20 to	$150
250 " with Bells and Castinets	30 to	200
250 Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 to	80
500 " Chasing Dishes	20 to	100
1000 " Ice Pitchers	20 to	60
1000 " Fancy Cups with Saucers	10 to	30
2000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 to	50
1000 " Castors	10 to	50
2000 " Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	10 to	80
5000 Dozen Silver Tea-spoons, per dozen	10 to	30
10,000 " Table Spoons and forks,		
per dozen	20 to	40
750 Gents' Gold Hunting-Case Watches	50 to	100
750 Ladies' Gold and Enamel Hunting-Case Watches		
	35 to	70
500 Gents' Hunting-Case Silver Watches	20 to	40
500 Diamond Rings	50 to	100
5,000 Gold Pens and Pencil Cases	3 to	10
5,000 Gold Vest Band Bracelets	3 to	8
5,000 Set and Gold Bracelets	5 to	10
5,000 Gentlemen Chains and Guard Chains	5 to	10
5,000 Ladies and Gold Breastpin	3 to	8
5,000 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Brooches	3 to	8
5,000 Diamond, Ruby, Lava, and Emerald Ear Drops		
	4 to	6
7,500 Coral, Opal, and Emerald Ear Drops	4 to	6
5,000 Gold Diamond Stone Set Sleeve Buttons	2 to	4
5,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 to	8
5,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	2 to	5
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs,		
&c.	3 to	8
5,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	3 to	6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50 to	10
4,000 " Magic Spring	10 to	50
5,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	3 to	6
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4 to	10
5,000 Set Gold Studs	3 to	10
10,000 Stone set and Signet Rings	2 50 to	10
10,000 Cameo and Intaglio Rings	3 to	10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet and Gold	5 to	10
6,000 " " Jewelry—Lava, and Enamel,		
Opal, and other stones	4 to	15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-Holders and Pencils	4 to	10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold-Mounted Holders	6 to	10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension-Holders	15 to	25
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Watches	5 to	10
5,000 Ladies' Gold and Jet Side Bracelets and Brooches	10 to	20

ARBADALL & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, No. 24 Broadway, New York, announce that all of the above list of goods will be for sale IMMEDIATELY.
In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, the agents for working out of the supply of cotton, a large quantity of valuable Jewelry originally intended for sale in that country, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT A SACRIFICE.
Under these circumstances, ARBADALL & CO. are selling at one dollar each the above and European Manufactures, have created upon a large scale for this purpose, to be divided according to the following regulations:
A certificate of the various articles—put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up; and, when ordered, are inclosed in wrappers and sent by mail, or delivered at the store without any to mention. On receipt of the certificate you will inform me how many you have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any one of Jewelry on our list for ONE DOLLAR.
Read the Certificate.
In all transactions by mail we shall charge for forwarding the article, for registering, packing, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is returned. Five certificates for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred and fifty for $20.

What the "Press" say of us.

GREAT GIFT ENTERPRISE.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, diamond rings, gold, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arbadall & Co., at No. 107 Broadway. They have a large assortment of articles, varying in value, and all are offered at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—persons to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not obliged to pay the one dollar unless they are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $100 or $200. An excellent plan for the investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, N. Y. City, Feb. 12, 1865.*

MESSRS. ARBADALL & CO. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be worthy our worthy of public confidence.—*N. Y. Scottish American Journal, of date 11, 1865.*

We have inspected at the office of Arbadall & Co's establishment, No. 24 Broadway, New York, the immense assortment of fashionable and valuable jewelry of the newest and latest styles. We also noticed a large number of persons and understand that the sales of these articles are proceeding with great rapidity, and to a most prepossessing extent. Those who wish to avail themselves of this excellent opportunity to secure a bargain, we know the firm in question to be very responsible and trustworthy, and we can therefore cordially recommend our friends to send their advertisements to Messrs. Arbadall & Co.

By Messrs. Arbadall & Co.'s arrangement the advertiser has the option of the sale of the article, or of the money tiling to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He receives a list of the articles to be disposed of, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*N. Y. Weekly News, Feb. 18, 1865.*

EXTRAORDINARY FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable advertisement we have seen is that of the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arbadall & Co. A family of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only in filling her own purse, but also in finding a good deal of fun in the matter. We have seen the certificates, as will be seen by our advertising columns. Arbadall & Co. can also be engaged.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury, August 14, 1864.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arbadall & Co's Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of their advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*The Democrat (Lexington, August 11, 1864.*

Arbadall & Co., of *Kingston, C. W.*, say, Nov. 28, 1864, one of our lady subscribers has received a gold watch from you, and is highly pleased with it. Another, one of your delicate, real as gilded lockets, and a third a handsome gold pen. We are glad to see that cute and successful Yankees are coming to Canada to introduce their enterprise, and some of them six times.

We have seen some very pretty specimens of Tabb and Tee Spoons, Gold Watches, Ladies' Chains, Rings, Bracelets, etc., which have been sent by Arbadall & Co. in this city.—*Argus Reporter, N. Y. State, Feb. 18, 1865.*

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every county and town in the country, and those acting as agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered. In this way they can realize their expenses as well as for Dollar. Agents will collect 50 cents for every Certificate, and remit us 40 cents in cash, and keep the balance for their services.
ARBADALL & CO.,
Manager.
107 *Broadway, New York.*

J. H. Winslow & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1860).
100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.,
Worth $500,000!
TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH,
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$125 00
200 Gold Watches	60 00
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
600 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15 00
10 0 Breathing Castors	$15 00 to 18 00
300 Drinking Cups	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Oval and Chased Gold Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Pearl, Jet, and Garnet Sets	5 00 to 10 00
300 Ladies' Californian Diamond Rings	5 00 to 8 00
400 Magic Spring and Long Dog Lockets	4 00 to 8 00
1000 Gold Pens, Silver-Mounted Holders	4 00 to 6 00
300 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
300 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00
500 Dozen Tea and Table Spoons, per doz.	12 00 to 24 00
500 Dozen Gold Table Forks, per doz.	24 00 to 48 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
4000 Sugar Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
1000 Otter Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates, naming various articles, stating that each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mix'd, and, when ordered, are delivered without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of those envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; eleven for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted everywhere. Great inducements to libral and genteel men. Full list and terms to send for circular, which gives specimen terms, full list, and particulars.

Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 609 Broadway, N. Y.

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Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
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In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, we have headquarters for the following:
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Of the most extensive and complete assortment.
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Obtained at great expense, and comprising the most complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT WHITE CONFLICT.

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Richmond,	Murfreesburgh,
Poop Bottom,	Belle Plain,
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American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Copies of Works of Art, and Miscellaneous Subjects, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

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We were the first to introduce them into the United States and we nanufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 25 cents to $25. Our ALBUM LIST is the very largest of any exhibited in America, and complete in any style. Sent to any address on receipt of stamp.
The Trade will find our Albums the most Salable they keep in Stock.
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Our Catalogue contains nearly one Five Thousand different subjects (to which additions are constantly being made) of Buildings, Antiquities, &c., viz.:

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The prompt attention and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy.

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Forced to grow upon the smoothest face in from three to five weeks by using Dr. Sarigny's
RESTAURATEUR CAPILLAIRE,
The most wonderful discovery in modern science, acting upon the tissue of the hair in an almost miraculous manner. It has been used by the elite of Paris and London with the most flattering success.
Names of all purchasers will be registered, and if satisfactory in no way given in every instance, the money will be cheerfully refunded. Price by mail, sealed and postpaid, $1 50. Descriptive circulars and testimonials sent free. Address
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Auburn, Golden, Flaxen, and Silken Curls produced by the use of Prof. DE GOLYER'S
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One application was sufficient to curl the most straight and stubborn hair of either sex into very ringlets or heavy massive curls. He has been used by the Nobility of Paris and London with the most gratifying results. Done so before the ball. Price by mail, sealed and prepaid, $1 00. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Address
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ACHE AND CURE
Will relieve the severest ruptures than any other. It gives perfect satisfaction, and is used by Surgeons, Physicians, Druggists, Dentists, &c. &c. It IS ANY STREET, established 20 years.

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Have the best assorted Stock of Parlor, Dining-Room, and Bed-Room Furniture, Spring Beds, and Bedding, in the Union.
Our Facilities for manufacturing at Low Prices defy Competition.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR, June 29, 1865.
AN EXACT and RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. A certain, daily unique and wonderful Novelty. Correctly constructed on the most approved Scientific PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute certainty and the most perfect regularity. Should fall one the most costly and elaborate timekeeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. Has a perfect Astronomical Motion. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is known by Count Leotard's Patent. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt cases, only $1. Sent, postpaid, to any address in the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. Full and CLEAR DIRECTIONS for regulating and using will be LEGALLY PROTECTED from infringement, all persons are cautioned from making or selling, without my INVITATION, imitations of this valuable invention. Address all orders to the inventor and manufacturer. Beware of IMPOSITION. Each one bears the fac-simile signature of the inventor, who invites the most searching scrutiny with a view to rendering the public, by offering a useless article (with a slight alteration of name) unworthy of our patronage. Liberal discount. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DOLLAR-HIDE & CO., Sole Proprietors, 609 Broadway, N.Y.

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Fine imported watches for the retail trade at greatly reduced prices. A splendid article for $8, open face, solid silver, small size, EXCELLENT TIMEKEEPER, WITH GOOD LUCKEY ATTACHMENT to wind and set, for only $8. Cost one half of hundreds, $250. A sample one free by mail for $8.
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These CELEBRATED MACHINES we can recommend to the public as being the best of all the Lock-Stitch MACHINES which EXPERIENCE has proved to be meritorious. Our System of Sewing Machine Agency will be found in all parts to call and examine THE ELLIPTIC before purchasing elsewhere. 577 Broadway, New York.

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That will curl the most stubborn hair into wavy ringlets, and will last 6 months. Price $1 by mail.
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$5 SEWING $5
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WARRANT ALL JEWELRY GOLD
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Plates, Gold and Silver Watches, Diamond Rings, Sets of rich Silverware, Fine Gold Jewelry,
Five thousand articles, many
Worth $2,500,000,
All to be sold for two dollars each, an average price of each article the most valuable, and to be paid for until you know what you will receive.
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Into, and a watch, and a chain, and a pin,
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Is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

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DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,
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Four Doors below Broome Street,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 463.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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NOT QUITE IN VAIN.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

How often in days of our sore distress,
When we faint with an absolute weariness
Of endless labor and endless pain,
The sickening thought in our souls will rise,
Clouding with gloom even the brightest skies,
And chilling the pulse and filling the eyes—
"We have lived—we have lived in vain!"

When the hearts we thought golden and trusted best
Prove but shriveling dross in the fiery test
Which the Fates for all friendships ordain;
As we turn the false picture with face to the wall,
Or veil the lost idol with charity's pall,
How cold on the soul seems the whisper to fall—
"We have lived—we have lived in vain!"

When some prize of ambition, for years postponed,
Is at length attained, yet we feel unadorned
For the struggle that gave us the pain—
Oh, spurning the dead-sea fruit we sought,
"Must it ever be thus?" is the weary thought,
And again to our ears is the whisper brought—
"We have lived—we have lived in vain?"

Oh friends! how rare in this workaday life
Are the prizes, if won, that are worth the strife,
The clangor, the dust, and the strain!
There is only one in the world below,
But one, that, whatever its price of woe,
Bids the soul in the veins to exultingly know
That we have not lived in vain!

'Tis that moment unspeakable—best unsaid—
When blushingly downward the dear drooping head
To our breast for the first time we strain;
And the promise is given, not in words, but in sighs,
And the sweet, humid tenderness filling her eyes—
"Oh soul of my soul! In my love be a prize,
Then you have not lived in vain!"

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THIS country has fresh reason to be proud of its Minister in England—the Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. His part in the remarkable correspondence which has recently taken place between him and Earl RUSSELL places him side by side with his father and grandfather as a defender of his country in the English court.

For CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is the third member of his family who has represented this country in England. His grandfather, JOHN ADAMS, was the first American Minister to the Court of St. James. It was to him that KING GEORGE THE THIRD delivered the famous apostrophe: "I AM, Sir, of all men in England, as you may imagine, the soriest to receive you here." This was in 1785. Thirty years later the son of JOHN ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, was sent to England as our Minister, remaining at court two years. He took with him his son, the present CHARLES F. ADAMS, who was eight years old at the time they arrived in London, and went to an English school. Report states that he took his first lessons in the art of self-defense from some English fellow-pupils, whose sarcastic flings at his country was more than the young Yankee could tolerate.

Mr. ADAMS has lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. In 1848 he was a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention, and was chosen President of that body—a post of which he discharged the duties with credit. He subsequently published the Life and Writings of his grandfather, JOHN ADAMS—a work of great merit, which occupies a standard place in our political literature. In 1859 he was elected to Congress. He was not a prominent member of the House; but it is a curious fact, when considered in relation to his subsequent efforts in support of the war, that from him came the first proposition for a compromise when the country was first threatened with civil war. He represented Massachusetts in the famous perilous committee, and probably his was the most finished speech delivered in Congress at this remarkable crisis in our national affairs.

Mr. ADAMS is now fifty-seven years of age, and has, it is said, a splendid fortune, part of which he derived from his wife. His position for the past five years has been one which demanded not only unusual sagacity but also an extraordinary equanimity of temper. His great reward is, that his expressions of confidence as to the success of his Government in the war for its self-preservation have been so triumphantly justified.

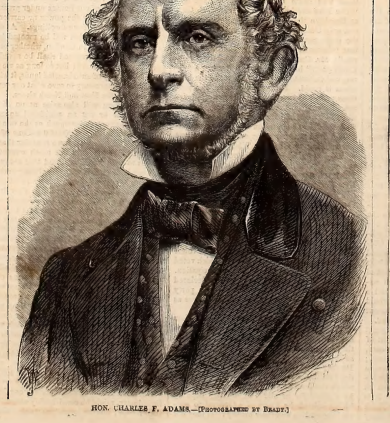
EARL RUSSELL.

EARL RUSSELL, better known in history as Lord JOHN RUSSELL, is the third son of JOHN, sixth Duke of Bedford. His mother was the daughter of the fourth Viscount TORRINGTON. He was born at Mayfair, August 18, 1792. After a preparatory course of study at Sunbury and at Westminster School, he completed his scholastic education at the University of Edinburgh, where he was for some time the pupil of the metaphysician THOMAS BROWN and of DUGALD STEWART. Under the tuition of the latter the liberal opinions which came to him as a natural inheritance from his ancestors were doubtless confirmed.

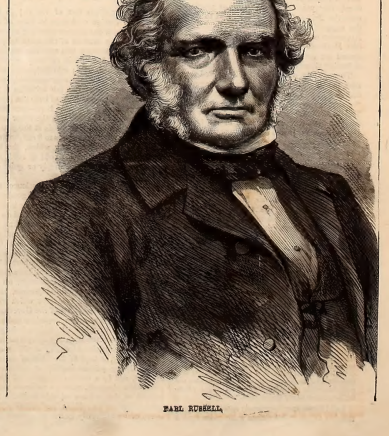
In 1813, after the formation of the Liverpool Ministry, Lord JOHN RUSSELL entered Parliament as member from Tavistock. The Whigs at this time possessed great influence, though not in office. One of the first "hits" made by Lord JOHN was an eloquent speech on Foreign Treaties, which immediately gave him a high place among Parliamentary orators. At the time of the popular outbreaks in 1817 Lord RUSSELL urged that, instead of adopting harsh measures, timely concessions ought to be made to the people; but his advice was not followed by the Government. He threw his whole soul into the cause of Parliamentary Reform, and came at length to be the recognized leader in the movement. He was a strong advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and an opponent of Test and Corporation oaths. When WELLESLEY—the Duke of Wellington—came into power, in 1828, Lord RUSSELL saw his long-cherished projects carried into execution. Then came the excitement about the Reform Bill, in 1832. Then it was that Lord JOHN RUSSELL arrived at the zenith of his glory.

During Lord MELBOURNE'S Administration Lord RUSSELL became HOME Secretary, and from 1835 to 1841 was the guiding spirit of the Whig party. He succeeded Sir ROBERT PEEL as Prime Minister, and remained at the helm until 1851. As often happens, Lord RUSSELL while in office became more conservative and cautious; many of his supporters, and even Lord PALMERSTON, fell away from him; and in 1852 Lord DERBY came into power. In 1859, under Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL became Minister of Foreign Affairs. In July, 1861, he was raised to the peerage as Earl RUSSELL.

Earl RUSSELL has proved a very prudent, if not a very satisfactory Foreign Minister. He has forever been protesting and menacing, but has always failed to follow up his protests or menaces with any efficient action; and although by his caution he has kept England out of hot water during three important wars, the English people would have been better satisfied if he had said less and made fewer angry expostulations. We give elsewhere a resumé of the recent correspondence between Earl RUSSELL and Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, in relation to claims made by our Government upon England for injuries done by Anglo-Rebel privateers during the rebellion.



HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



EARL RUSSELL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

THE BRITISH CORRESPONDENCE.

WE print elsewhere a full and clear abstract of the late correspondence between MR. ADAMS, our Minister in England, and EARL RUSSELL, the British Foreign Secretary. It is of the greatest interest and importance, and fully displays the skill of both gentlemen. But the candid reader, of whatever sympathy, will scarcely deny that MR. ADAMS has the strongest case, and that he presents it most strongly. Indeed his part in this correspondence is the crowning labor of a most honorable, sagacious, and arduous public service rendered at a time of unprecedented national peril, and requiring not only the most various ability and preparation, but the most fortunate temperament. In this, as in every official act, MR. ADAMS is a master. Calm, dignified, exhaustive, and forcible, his letters are free from mere rhetoric or bluster or sentimentality, but a true American heart beats in every line. He clearly exposes every sophism and corrects every misrepresentation of his antagonist, and courteously tears away every disguise in which the British Minister seeks to conceal his conduct during the war. To every duty of his difficult and delicate position MR. ADAMS has been fully equal, and he not only preserved unimpaired, but he has graced with fresh lustre the honorable traditions of his name.

The point in dispute is plain. It is the duty and responsibility of neutrals. What is the object of neutrality and of neutrality laws? Obviously to keep the volunteering of either party, and to prevent by penalties the giving of such aid. Now when a Government is blown that neutrality is not observed by its subjects, and when the evidence is overwhelming that its laws to secure neutrality are insufficient, what does an honestly neutral Government do? Can it honorably do more than one thing? Will it not secure neutrality by additional legal precautions? This was what the United States did at the request of Portugal nearly fifty years ago, and this was precisely what the British Government refused to do at the suggestion of the United States. Lord PALMERSTON said in the House of Commons that Ministers would certainly not revise or amend the laws of the realm at the dictation of foreign Governments.

There can be no fact more fully proved than that the Alabama would not have escaped if ordinary care had been taken. But did not the circumstances demand extraordinary care? The British Government, indeed, were not compelled to sharpen the edge of the law at our request, but it was unfriendly not to do so. It was especially unfriendly, because, in the case of the *Grand Admiral*, during the Russian war, our Government had shown itself peculiarly sensitive to guard its neutrality in the interest of Great Britain. This was so undisputed that "Historicus," in one of his earliest letters to the London *Times*, toasted absolutely upon the evidence of the *Alabama* and *Florida* from British ports, because of the generous conduct of our Government in similar cases.

Neither military nor extraordinary care was taken. EARL RUSSELL pleaded somebody's stomach-ache as a reason for not seizing the *Alabama*, and she ran quietly out of the British port and began to burn American ships. Thus the British law was shown to be insufficient to secure British neutrality. But Parliament declined to ask for any change in it. Even the law as it stood was not faithfully executed, and now EARL RUSSELL says:

"Her Majesty's Government are the sole guardians of their own honor. They can not admit they have acted with bad faith in maintaining the neutrality they professed. The law officers of the Crown must be held to be better interpreters of a British statute than any foreign Government can be presumed to be. Her Majesty's Government must, therefore, decline to make reparation and compensation for captures made by the *Alabama* or for the question to any foreign State."

EARL RUSSELL subsequently speaks of a Commission to adjust all claims arising during the war; but only such claims as the two Powers shall agree to refer to the Commissioners, but he had just said in effect that Great Britain would not refer those against the *Alabama*; and the *Times* officially repeats the statement.

British neutrality, under the present British laws, swept United States commerce from the ocean. The chief offender was the *Alabama*, and the British Government declares that no reparation or compensation for her ravages will be made. It is a violation of international law. If the United States Government decides, upon a full review of the facts, that Great Britain has failed in her duty, it will unquestionably, after proposing an amicable settlement, redress the wrong as it best can.

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

THE States of New York and New Jersey will say on the Seventh of November whether they believe that the war is a failure or a success, and whether the Emancipation Amendment, the cardinal point of President JOHNSON'S policy, shall prevail. The Democratic Legislature of New Jersey rejected the Amendment as it refused to allow soldiers to vote. The orators of the Democratic party in New York are such gentlemen as MR. COX, who voted against the Amendment in Congress, and MR. SEYMOUR, who publicly declared that if the Union could not be preserved without emancipation the Union ought to be dissolved.

Is there any reason why a loyal citizen who has faithfully and zealously supported the war should withdraw his sympathy from the men who have supported it with him, and turn for fellowship to those who have opposed every effort to dishearten the country and compel an ignominious surrender to rebellion, and who stealthily solicited British interference to settle the war?

This is the simple question offered to the people of the States of New York and New Jersey. In the latter State the open opposition of MR. RUNYON, the Democratic candidate for Governor, to the President's policy, and the fact that he is supported by people who were open allies of the rebellion should, even in that State, secure his defeat. As usual, the true issue of the election is obscured by an alarming zeal, and their prospects were never so promising. But whatever the result, the true Loyal States will not accept the peace the State is released from the remorseless hold of a party which repudiates American principles and clings to injustice.

In New York the question is not less simple. If the platforms are similar, the voter will ask himself what are the antecedents and character and probable intentions of the candidates. Has the Democratic party been the faithful friend and supporter of the country during the war, or has it done what it could to make the Union party faltered in the war, or does it show any incapacity under the leadership of the President whose policy it has opposed for a great problem of reorganization? Which of the two is the more likely to yield every point to the late rebels? For the success of which do the late rebels most earnestly pray?

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

THE most curious fact of the day is the weakness of foreign exchange in view of the preponderance of our imports over our exports. For the first few months of the financial year our exports of produce and merchandise were valued at $126,600,000 in currency, equal to say $85,500,000 in gold at 67½ cents, now for exports of specie, and the aggregate shipments from this port—which is a fair criterion of the whole country—for the same time, our import and export trade being done here—amount to $111,600,000 in specie. On the other hand, the importation of foreign goods at this port in the same time, currency value, was $161,600,000 in specie. Notwithstanding which, the best banker's bills are selling @ 108¾ @ 108¾, that is, only at a discount of nearly or quite one per cent.

Merchants and bankers of experience, noting the active import trade in foreign goods, the profits of importers, and the steadily increasing importations, on the one hand; and on the other, the unprecedented movement at the West, which has caused over two million bushels of wheat to be hoarded this season at Chicago, and which the present time would probably render it profitable to import wheat from the Baltic or from Liverpool, have looked for an active demand for exchange, an advance in gold, large shipments thereof, and a drain upon our specie resources which would seriously impede the efforts of the Government to restore the currency to a specie standard.

The failure of those calculations is in great measure due to the enormous exportation of American securities to Europe. No record, unfortunately, is kept of this class of exports; it is only by private inquiry at the foreign bankers, and by a careful digestion of the reports thus obtained, that an estimate can be formed of the volume of this traffic. It is known that over a million dollars (very much over) of Five-Twenty Bonds go abroad every week. It is also known that the great bulk of the stock of the Illinois Central has gone abroad. And it is reported that the Erie Railway that within a fortnight over $2,000,000 of the stock of that concern has gone to England, swelling the foreign holding to $11,000,000 out of $16,400,000. These exports, which are not cleared at the custom-house and appear in no trade tables, nevertheless furnish a large amount of exchange, and supply the place of specie.

But a still more potent agency in keeping down the rate of exchange has been the withdrawal from the country of money sent thither during the rebellion by people who had lost faith in the national cause. No estimate worth printing can be made of the amount of money transmitted to England by Americans or residents in the United States during the years 1861 and 1862; but that can be said is, that it must have been very large indeed. There was hardly a merchant or a banker in this city who did not place at least a portion of his capital on the other side. Quite a considerable number of the leading men of Wall and South streets bought gold at 200 and upward to the extent of their means, and transmitted it to London. Others put half their capital in gold and sent it out. The Kentucky banks sent their entire means to London. Leading private bankers in New York did not reserve currency enough to buy a potato; when they wanted money they borrowed with the security of their bills on London. These people were not only convinced that the currency was going to the dogs, but, by the teaching of Democratic speakers and newspapers, in the daily dread of a success of confiscation, and burned to get their money out of the reach of "ABRAHAM'S estrays."

They are now enjoying their reward. There has been no confiscation. No satrap has appeared in Wall Street in the shape of hidden gold. The Chairman of the National Democratic Committee has not been subjected to the thumbscrews by JEFFERSON DAVIS'S janissaries thirsting for the ROTHSCHILDS' bullion. The friends of British Consul ARCHIBALD, who declared they could not sleep with crowbacks in their possession, or words to that effect, have gone moaning they would wake up and find them worthless, have not yet been despoiled.

But all these classes of timid losses of people have now the satisfaction of drawing back from England the gold they sent thither at an average loss of fifty per cent. MESSRS. A, B, C, D, E, C, the smartest of our English merchants, MESSRS. D, E, and F, eminent German bankers, Messrs. G, H, and I, French importers (for that matter, so on throughout the alphabet of our foreign merchants and bankers), are reimporting at 146 the gold they sent to Europe at 200 @ 210. And this making an operation which they can not help, but one which, nevertheless, they will not hereafter recall without some private misgivings of fresh. It must console them to reflect that unwittingly they are rendering a great help to this country by keeping down the rate of exchange.

A WORD WITH THE SOLDIERS.

UPON another page we present the true defenders of the Constitution as contrasted with those who claim to be its especial friends. "The Democratic party," cried MR. S. S. COX at Brooklyn the other evening, "is the true and only Union party of the country." This is the same gentleman who declared in Chicago that "LINCOLN was no better than JEFF DAVIS." MR. COX and his friends of the "only Union party" have declared the war a failure, and exhorted the country to make the best terms it could. HORATIO SEYMOUR, the previous year, standing at "the prostrate fortunes" of the Fourth of July, at the very moment when hundreds and thousands of the true defenders of the Constitution were falling wounded and dead on the fields of Virginia, declared surrendering to GRANT. While the soldiers were dying on the field MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR was openly declaring that the Administration which ten days afterward raged in the city of New York, and the frenzied, bloody perpetrators the same party, as Governor of the State, called "my friends."

These are the gentlemen who now wish to persuade the soldiers that they are the true and only Union party. The soldiers do not forget that it was the party of MR. SEYMOUR and MR. COX which tried to deprive them of their votes. It was the party of these gentlemen which voted against the military necessity of emancipation. It was their party which unanimously declared that we were fighting for a false issue, and whose members derided the Union soldiers as "Bull Runners."

Do these gentlemen suppose that the soldiers of New York have forgotten who were the true defenders of the Constitution and Union? Do they suppose them to have forgotten such scenes as that depicted upon page 712 of this paper? Do they hope the soldiers have forgotten their dead comrades any more than the living cause which the dead and the living soldiers together have saved for us all? Or do they hope by hiding behind the figure of a General to conceal themselves and their history? If they do, we believe with General BARLOW, who expresses the utmost respect for the character and services of General SLOCUM, but who adds: "I do not believe, fellow-citizens, that those soldiers of New York who followed him so gallantly when he was marching against the enemy will follow him now that he is marching against their friends.... I have seen them fight for their country. They struggled, they fought, they died, and they were conquerors. Their glory, the trophies, and the treasure they have won, they have left to your care. Those trophies will not let you sleep. You, too, I have firm faith, will march and struggle and fight; and I believe you, too, will be conquerors."

Soldiers of New York! was it HORATIO SEYMOUR and his confederates at Chicago or Albany, the villifiers of LINCOLN and JOHNSON, or your comrades in the field, who were the true defenders of the Constitution?

CROTON WATER.

THE Commissioners of this Department have at last made their selection of the ground for the first reservoir for storing water to be supplied to the Croton pipe at such portion as the stage of water may require. The place selected is about one mile west of Brewster's Station on the Harlem Railroad, on the middle branch of the Croton, and about three miles above the station at Croton Falls. Its distance from this city, measured on the line of the aqueduct and river, is about 48 miles. It is 1 miles above the dam, and is seated at an elevation of 375 feet above mean tide. The area of this new reservoir is computed at 1,000 acres and a fraction, capable of holding 4,867,035,136 gallons, supplied from a drainage area of between 30 and 40 square miles. The height of the reservoir will be 12,200 feet, of the extreme depth of 73 feet. These details may be somewhat varied in the course of construction, but they present substantially the main points of the reservoir. Arrangements are now in progress for securing all the land required and for commencing the work.

A recent inspection of the situation enables us to say that a reservoir may be built at this spot with but little labor, as the river is confined between high hills which at the point selected for the dam approach so near to each other that the length of the dam will be about 400 feet. Above the dam the hills widen so as to present a broad but compact area, at present but thinly occupied, affording an extensive reservoir at reasonable rates, and for storing pure water not surpassed by any of the locations examined for this object.

The city may well be congratulated that this important work, delayed until now by questions between contending Commissioners, will soon be so far completed as to furnish a ample supply of water to make up the deficiency found to exist in periods of drought. Locations have been surveyed for 15 other reservoirs lying in the whole an area of over 4000 acres, which as the city increases in population will be required in whole or in part for future use. But the important matter of the supply of pure water no large city in the world has advantages superior to those of New York. The elevated land, consisting chiefly of the primary system in which the Croton rises, extend to the centre of the island, so that water may be furnished throughout the city by houses under pressure, its waste constituting the power or carrier for removing the refuse from dwellings. At some future time the question will be mooted here, as it lately has been in London, whether or not the material thus removed shall be saved for purposes of agriculture. But as we have no possess a great body of unexhausted lands, it will be considered unnecessary to save what our sewers now carry to the East and North rivers.

The question will also arise at no distant day, whether or not an additional aqueduct shall be constructed, inasmuch as the one now in use delivers but only 60,000,000 gallons of water per diem. But when we consider that the supply to London does not much exceed 12 gallons to each inhabitant, and that every one here can be furnished with 60 gallons per day—assuming the population,so amount to 1,000,000 in number—the question in this view is not likely to arise immediately; but there are other uses for water which may hasten the construction of a new aqueduct. It is said to be seen that in New Haven a machine constructed in Hartford has been used for driving printing-presses and other machinery by water drawn by the water from the New Haven water-works, supplied through an inch pipe, and applied in a manner so simple as to afford a means of industry and safe and economical that no one would become very extensive if there were a considerable surplus of water. The iron casing which inclosses the water-wheel is but little more than an enlargement of the water pipe, through which water flows discharging itself into another pipe and thence flowing to the sewer. Sewing machines, 60 or 70 in number, are worked together by means of this simple contrivance, which needs only to be oiled to be ready for constant use."

Our manufacturing, and especially our domestic industry, might be largely extended by such means; but the important want of the wa-

ter is for all household purposes and for putting out fires, in which respect our supply will be unexcelled.

The London *Times* lately devoted an article to an examination of the relative merits and capacity for growth of various cities of the United States, in which the city of New York was allowed only an inferior relative position. All the main points which give to New York her great eminence were artfully overlooked. The supply of pure water would not alone be deemed of controlling importance; but Paris and London are both suffering for the want of this necessary of comfort and health—a want which must limit the growth of each of those cities—whereas the drainage area of the Croton, consisting of 338 square miles, is ample (the water properly stored) for all the population that can be crowded on the island and its adjacent lands in Westchester. Soon the Bronx will be brought into use for the supply of the lower part of Westchester, as its waters can be stored at Bronxville at an elevation of 70 feet above tide; thus relieving the Croton of that duty and placing the question of a supply to New York beyond all the contingencies of growth and extravagance in use. When we connect with this the eminent advantages of immediate contract with the sea for the largest ships; of convenient contact with Canada and the boundless Westfirst with a tidal stream of 160 miles length, and next with favorable valleys for improvements already existing, and to be farmed as trade increases—we have a future for New York which no city of the world can compare with. WASHINGTON, as a new bred of empire, and, at a glance, when stationed in the Mohawk Valley, the power which would be contributed to this city by the use of that continental line for opening to the West, while the residue of the Atlantic sea-board was separated from it by intervening mountains, and he must be a sentiment ist blind in the valley the tide to which now is derived from his ancient conveyance.

Years ago Mr. SEWARD was referred to the prophecies made by WASHINGTON of the uses to which these natural advantages might be applied; and if we shall have from Buffalo to Albany, in an enlargement of the canal, a Mississippi of the North, it will be but carrying out the keen perceptions which enabled WASHINGTON, in the midst of the revolution, to see at the northernmost of the Hudson with the waters of the ocean a mighty city, destined, we believe, to surpass all others in the world.

BUYING IN CANADA.

It is becoming pretty generally known that the place to buy clothes and food is Canada. At coast, costing $75 in New York, can be got in Montreal or Toronto for $50 to $60, or $40 in currency; a suit, worth $100 here, can be got there for $45, say $67 in our money; boots, worth $10 here, can be had there for $7, say $10 of our money; and meat, poultry, and all kinds of produce can be had there at 25 to 35 per cent. cheaper than here. Add to that speculation in produce and merchandise which has so long prevailed here, and has carried every thing to far higher relative figures than gold, has not yet penetrated Canada, and smart men are making their purchases for the winter in the colonial towns. In the Detroit River, Windsor, opposite Detroit, no less than eight large clothing stores have lately been established, and are doing a large business.

The fact—which, as we explained a couple of weeks since, may in part be ascribed to the dread of currency contraction, which prevents the free conversion of capital into the country—may perhaps operate in favor of at least a temporary continuance of the Reciprocity treaty.

THE CITY'S NEXT GUEST.

There is little doubt that the cholera has appeared in England, and that it will be here in the early spring. It was raging in Madrid at the last accounts, and is supposed to be more deadly in Turin than in Naples. We have thus had timely notice. We shall have a year to set our house in order. Whether it be in order or not depends on the action of the City Government.

The Health Commissioners, at a late meeting, seriously addressed themselves to this subject, and appointed a committee consisting of Mayor Cleveland, of Jersey City, and of the Health Officers of Brooklyn and New York, with the resident physician of Bellevue, to apply to the National Government for a suitable site to detain cholera patients and passengers arriving at this port. Dr. SWINBURNE, our Health officer, is of opinion that if fifty acres can be obtained and stockaded at Sandy Hook no disorder need be apprehended. Dr. SMITH, the resident physician, is not at a little current expense will prevent all danger. Any one who feels the usual cholera symptoms should go to bed and be there for forty-eight hours. Rest, warmth, composure of mind, and regular habits he considers to be the true means of preventing or curing the disease.

Undoubtedly the disease is much better understood than it was when it first appeared, but apparently no more precautions will be taken than at. The best opinion is, that it is primarily an affection or taint of the atmosphere, which seizes upon favorable bodily conditions. Universal purification would therefore seem to be the natural and sensible remedy. But the main point should be the sanitary condition of the city. What candidate for Mayor will promise to clean the city as it never was known to be cleaned before—pledge his care that the street-boxes be purified and kept pure? Who is the Hercules who will turn the river through the Augean stable in which we live? Let that be a test question in deciding upon candidates. Let the people insist in public meetings and the papers, and by petitions after and remonstrances, that some part of the millions of dollars which they pay for the care of the city shall be spent for that purpose, and shall not be squandered by the rats of the City Hall; and let them organize private committees of relief and prevention.

It is now the commonplace that in our lives that the tax-payers should now, in the early winter, take the matter in hand. Choleras in the slums of Greenwich and West streets, in Mackerelville and along the North River, if cholera in the Fifth Avenue and in every hotel. The civic authorities will present Death with the freedom of the city, and the widows and orphans will be ground to pay his bills, if the people merely look on passively and "guess something will be done about it."

DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

THE tough old British statesman died on the 18th of October, just as he had completed his eighty-first year. In him England loses its most representative man, the statesman who was not its wisest thinker, not its shrewdest statesman, but the Englishman who most fully represented the average shrewdness of his countrymen. The most popular of modern British politicians, he alone was able to hold together in one Government men of liberal and conservative tendencies, and men of no serious convictions whatever.

For sixty years he had been in office, and such was his marvelous tendency that there was a general feeling that nothing would change in England while PALMERSTON lived and was at the head of affairs. He was a man of invincible good-nature, tact, and plausibility, and with a wide and personal knowledge of political history and men. He was the last great pupil of METTERNICH. He sought to maintain the actual condition, the *status quo*: Let us live while we may, and after us the deluge.

Lord RUSSELL will probably be his successor. He is now seventy-three years old; and he, too, is old in public life, having entered Parliament in 1813. His health is failing, and grave changes in British politics can now be long delayed. Earl RUSSELL is a Whig, but an old-fashioned Whig, not a modern Liberal. Mr. GLADSTONE is the party of the future. The destinies of the British empire must soon be intrusted to newer men, of whom Disraeli is the most striking representative—men who more truly understand the inevitable necessities of the time than either PALMERSTON or RUSSELL.

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

A PASSENGER writes to the papers that the Pavonia ferry-boat *Susquehanna* lately ran into the ferry-boat *Hoboken*, demolishing about thirty-five feet of the gentlemen's cabin. He asks that passengers shall be told what to do in case that the pilots of both these lines are in the habit of racing and endangering the lives of thousands of their passengers.

Let us suggest a very simple remedy. Whenever there is evidently racing upon either boat let a responsible person request the captain that the pilot does not leave the boat until a complaint is made before a justice and the offender is arrested and examined. If the passengers will give themselves a little trouble of this kind they may save themselves very serious disasters. It is very clear that nothing but the publicity of the fact can stop it. It can be made, will secure even tolerable security upon public conveyances; and nobody will stir in the matter if passengers do not.

MARTIN GROVER.

THE Angelica *Reporter*, in this State, has a long exposition of the political career of Mr. MARTIN GROVER. As Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR and Mr. GROVER are those which abolitionists say are the worst men in the State, it is important to look at the record.

He entered upon political life in 1833 as a high Anti-Mason. In 1834 he became a Whig. In 1838 he became a Democrat. In 1844 he supported the Free Soil ticket. In 1847 he became a Buffalo Free Soiler. In 1853 he became a pro-slavery Hunker. In 1856 he became a FREMONT Republican. In 1860 he voted for Mr. LINCOLN. The war began. Mr. GROVER had no word of cheer for the cause or the soldiers. He denounced as unjust and unconstitutional the law making greenbacks a legal tender, complaining that it reduced the value of his salary as Judge. He ridiculed the Union League. He was one of the "Bull Runners." He sneered at the employment of colored troops. He excused the Fort Pillow massacre as a just retaliation, and asserted that the rebel treatment of our prisoners was as good as our treatment of the rebels. In 1864 he voted for HORATIO SEYMOUR, and cast a Democratic electoral ticket with all the electors' names crossed out. In 1865 he was nominated for Judge of Appeals by the Rump of the Chicago Convention at Albany.

Following the tradition that Mr. GROVER was a Democrat, Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, a Copperhead, we spoke of him some time since as stolen from the Union party. But we confess our error. Mr. GROVER has never been the enemy better. They touch no man of whom they are not sure. Whatever a candidate's antecedents may be, and however strong may be personal feeling, the only safety is in distrust of every Copperhead nomination, and in voting the pure and simple Union ticket.

WHO ARE OUR ENGLISH FRIENDS?

We have little fear that the British Government will push to extremes its present difference with the United States, which we discuss elsewhere. Great Britain has no wish to go to war. She will consult the feeling of her people; for in this day it is really the people, not kings and lords, who determine questions of peace and war. And we can learn from the MORTON FETO what the British people are likely to say. He said last week in a speech in New York:

"I remember in the House of Commons when a vote of sympathy for the South was introduced, and I remember how it was received by the House. I was present in the House of Commons with you, and I must tell you that three-fourths of the House were with the heart and soul with the North. (Cheers.) In Yorkshire and Lancashire there were three millions of people starving because of your war, and if you had asked for a Southern meeting a man would not have appeared. But you had meetings and passed resolutions of sympathy with the North, but never for the South. (Cheers.) The House of Commons were with you, the people were with you; they were all with you. I must tell you that there were no more Southern sympathizers than those comforting the people who then were in New York. (Loud cheers and laughter.) I think I am entitled to be the authority of my country. If we had been together more we would have understood one another a great deal better."

POLITICAL POLITENESS.

THE *World*, which was so in love last year with "the strangely mature statesmanship" of the Chicago candidate, and which now professes an equally overpowering delight with the acts and policy of the President, whom in the spring it described as "vulgar, low-bred, and boorish," and as "the pander of the Irish infernos outrages upon American law and American liberty," illustrates its conception of the amenity of politics by describing a violent assault upon President JOHNSON as a conspiracy of State as *"The scraping of the old sow* SEWARD."

We challenge the production of any parallel to the scurrility of the New York *World* in speaking of ANDREW JOHNSON and Mr. SEWARD, except in the rebel journals early in the year, which described the President LINCOLN as a gorilla and a drunken ape.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

In the Mississippi Legislature—the first assembled under the new order of things—Governor SHARKEY is in the habit of a man, a majority of those who were at first opposed to him, and whom the former Shackey has to deal with, a full support. A resolution offered by Mr. Taylor to the effect that the freedmen of the State should have no men for the United States Senate who is in favor of granting to negroes political or any rights civil, political, or social, beyond those given to the same persons when slaves, was indefinitely postponed. The resolution was defeated by a vote of 71 to 8. The Speaker of the House is General Chalmers, whose negro slaves remained on the day of his action in support of rebellion. It seems quite likely that those members of the Legislature who have been most active in the rebellion will most eagerly sustain Governor SHARKEY in the line of action which he has taken. The Governor has been duly elected United States Senator to fill the seat vacated by Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS. Mr. J. L. M. CURRY has been elected to the Senate for the long term.

In the Alabama Legislature, sent at Milledgeville, October 25. Over 370 delegates were present. Herschel V. Johnson was elected President. In the opening message, the stage stated that the debt of the State was $20,310,525, of which only $7,000,000 was contracted before 1861. Only the latter he thought had any legal or moral obligation. President JOHNSON's letter in the case of North Carolina, insisted upon the repudiation by Georgia of her debt debt. The Legislature has repealed the secession ordinance and passed ordinances redirecting the State into every channel of peaceful industry, appointing the 13th of November as the time for holding an election for Governor and members of Congress, and an Electoral Ticket. A committee of five has been appointed to memorialize President JOHNSON for the release of Jefferson DAVIS and all other rebels now held as prisoners. A section has been introduced into the Constitution which abolishes slavery, and a proviso that the acquiescence in emancipation shall be no estoppel to future action. The impression is that it is thought that Joseph Brown will run for Governor.

EXPEDITION OVER THE TRAIL BY CARRIAGE.

On Sunday morning, October 29, a distressing catastrophe occurred opposite Thirtieth Street, on the North River. The steamer *Hoboken* of the ferry line plying to Jersey City, which left Albany on the preceding day at 5 o'clock, was approaching the dock at the usual hour for landing, especially for the accommodation of those who had come to bathe that day for fatality, injuries, and sickness. The Hoboken ferry-boat *Navigation*, which was at the time of the dreadful occurrence coming to New York, was immediately headed for the scene of disaster and rendered valuable service, taking off a large number of the passengers of the *St. John* and landing them safely at this city.

THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

President JOHNSON, on the 28th of October, issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday of November as a day of National Thanksgiving to the Creator of the Universe for the many and glorious deliverances of the year from the scourge of civil war, and for our preservation from the calamities of foreign war, pestilence, and famine. This appointment is peculiarly appropriate, and we hope that it will prove a permanent one, the last Thursday in November giving a National instead of a State festival.

NEWS ITEMS.

It will be gratifying to our city readers to learn that the police of the city have for once time past, in accordance with former instructions, been engaged in collecting the dirt which they have accumulated in great mass, to regard to the present condition of our streets, and the report is that many of the streets are shown to be in a very unsightly condition. A considerable force of men and teams have been employed against the present street-cleaning contractors.

Official duties have been issued for a further election of our national army by the disbandment of fifty-four regiments, comprising the organizations of the army at present time, in addition to those heretofore announced.

The steamship *Ariadne*, from this port on the 14th inst. for New Orleans, was towed into Hampton Roads on the 15th by the *Mahona*, having encountered a severe gale from the 14th to the 17th, and become completely disabled.

The steamship *Quaker City*, which sailed from this for Key Port on the 25th inst., with a party of excursionists, for the purpose of visiting the ruins of Fort Sumter, returned to this port on the 26th inst., having encountered a severe storm on the 25th inst., which compelled the vessel to put into Charleston harbor for safety.

The steamship *Republic*, which left this port for New Orleans on the 14th October, carrying over 200 passengers and crew, about fifty passengers, was wrecked on the coast of Georgia October 20, and of all those on board only seventeen, who reached Charleston in one of the ship's boats, have been saved.

It is stated that Mr. M'Pherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives, has made the intention of not including in the roll of members to be called at the opening of the next session representatives from any State which has been in rebellion. This is in accordance with several precedents established by Mr. CLAY.

A correspondent of the Detroit *Tribune* says that during 1864 and 1865, covering the active and stirring operations of the months which elapsed from the commencement to the retreat of the rebellion, has been completed, and will soon be issued by the Government.

The delegates to the Alabama Convention have memorialized the President to release Jefferson DAVIS on parole. C. Clay, of their State, who was one of the reputed rebel agents in Canada during the war, and who is now under bonds of implication in the plot which resulted in the assassination of President LINCOLN.

Hon. Freeman Clarke, Controller of the Currency, has written a reply to the suit of certain banks in Ohio, in which the latter denies that he ever asserted that the banks would be required to give up to the Treasury all of the national debt. Mr. Clarke unqualifiedly asserts that all the capital now constituting the debt, he will be unconditionally longing; and that he thereupon ordered them to be issued. Mr. Clarke further explains that in accordance with the official of the Secretary of the New York Legislature, he was present and heard the whole conversation.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

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CARLYLE is now seventy years old. He is the eldest son of a small Scotch farmer of Dumfries-shire, and both his parents are described as persons of peculiar force of character. He was first formally introduced to the American audience by RALPH WALDO EMERSON in 1838, who collected and published CARLYLE'S papers from the British Reviews with the consent and aid of the author, who was already EMERSON'S friend. The readers of that time will remember how their hearts responded to the words of the editor. "Many readers will find here pages, which, in the scattered anonymous sheets of the British magazines, spoke to their youthful mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep. It is a fact worth remembering in our literary history that his rich and cheerful genius found its earliest audience in or near New England from young men who had complained with the first Quaker that, in the multitude of teachers, 'none spoke to their condition.'"

The editor was a correspondent of the author, and had already seen him at Craigenputtock in 1833, when CARLYLE lived upon a small farm of that name in the wildest part of Dumfries-shire. The house was lonely among hills of heather, "surrounded by sea-mews and rough-necked sheep," CARLYLE writes to GOETHE. At school he had been the besom friend of EDWARD IRVING, whom, in 1855, CARLYLE called "the best man I have ever found in this world, or now hope to find." From the school at Annan he went to the University of Edinburgh, where he was chiefly eminent in mathematics, but, also, mastered English literature and the foreign languages. He taught for two years in the family of MR. CHARLES BULLER, intending to be a clergyman; but gradually devoted himself to general literature. His first work was a translation of Legendre's Geometry, prefaced with an essay upon Proportion. Then came the Life of Schiller, written in sinewy and limpid English. Translations of Wilhelm Meister and other German romances followed; and by 1833, when EMERSON found him at Craigenputtock, CARLYLE was a hard-working scholar and author, writing for the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, the Reviews, and the Magazines; and he was then engaged upon the most remarkable work of that period, that vigorous protest against the dilettante tendency of British literature and life, Sartor Resartus.

At this time his visitor describes him as "tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a screaming humor which floated every thing he looked upon." Yet already he took desponding satirical views of literature at that time, as the reader will find in Sartor Resartus, which was published serially in *Fraser's Magazine*. The next year, 1834, CARLYLE moved to Chelsea, in the suburbs of London, where he has ever since lived. It was a pleasant neighborhood, but with his grotesque impatience of every thing high-flown, he said in his broadest brogue to an enthusiastic American visitor who one day entered his house overflowing with admiration of the interesting walk from London, "Pretty, was it? Yes, and did ye see the dead dogs?"

In 1837 the History of the French Revolution was published. It is not a history so much as a series of wonderful pictures, yet every essential detail will be found to be preserved in them. The work shows a marvelous power of picturesque description, but it is painful and appalling from its Mephistophelian



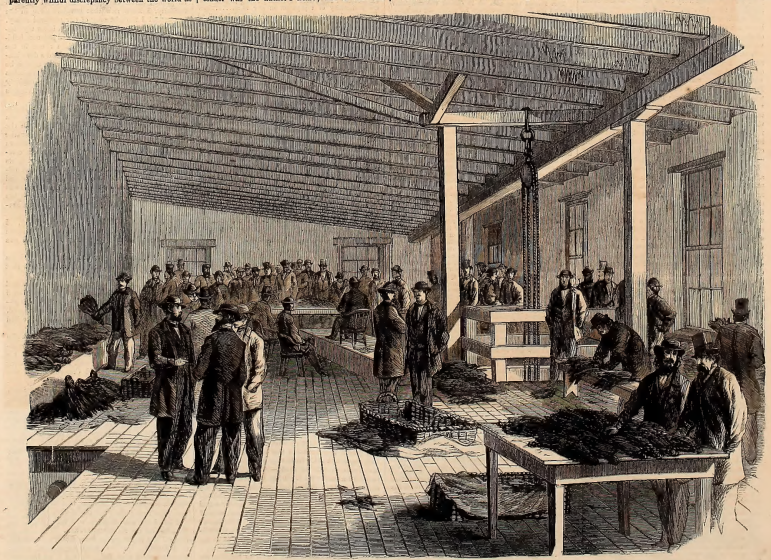
INTERIOR OF THE SEABROOK TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

tone, its want of deep and generous human sympathy. From 1837 to 1840 CARLYLE delivered lectures in London upon "German Literature," "the History of Literature," "the Revolutions of Modern Europe," and "Heroes and Hero-worship." His style was now entirely changed from the strong and transparent English of the Life of Schiller and the Review of Burns to a powerful and humorous manner, springing apparently from an admiration of the mystic suggestiveness of RICHTER'S works. The sneering and dogmatic tone of the new style indicated an almost misanthropic view of human nature and life; but the thoughtful reader will perhaps recognize in it rather an impatience of the apparently willful discrepancy between the world as man makes it and as he might make it. With this there is an overweening exaltation of brute force, as if a world which chose to be no better was rightfully ruled by clever despots however tyrannical.

In 1839 CARLYLE published "Chartism," and soon after "Past and Present." In 1845 he edited Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, and reversed the verdict of HUME and of the British traditions, in the lofty place among honest and capable rulers which he assigned to "Oliver." In 1850 the "Latter Day Pamphlets" were published, a series of brilliant and fierce snarls at the age and the general stupidity of modern man. In 1851 "The Life of John Sterling" showed how still true and tender was the author's heart; and in 1858 the publication of his "Life of Frederick the Great" began, and is just now finished. It is criticised as a revelation of the author's total inability to comprehend true greatness, and a Titanic attempt to elevate mere executive vigor above all human qualities. The style is stormy, truculent, satirical, but full of force, wit, and splendor. No living man has been a more marked literary power than THOMAS CARLYLE. A terrible iconoclast, he has shattered "shams" on every side, and like all iconoclasts he has valued whatever is genuine for its own sake, often unmindful of its essential deformity. But no modern English or American student and thinker, however he may regret the tornado of wrath and scorn in which the better genius is often astray and confused, will deny the noble and stimulating influence upon his mind and character of THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE TOBACCO MARKET AT RICHMOND.

We give on this page a sketch, by Mr. HAMILTON, of THE SEABROOK GREAT TOBACCO WAREHOUSE AT RICHMOND, Virginia. Although the growth and sale of this staple in Virginia is just now but a mere mockery of what it was at the outbreak of the war, it is still of sufficient importance to be one of the leading items in the commerce of the State, if not



VIEW OF THE TOBACCO EXCHANGE, CORNER OF VIRGINIA AND CARY STREETS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

its most important one. In 1860, out of an aggregate of 434,200,451 pounds of tobacco raised in all the States and Territories of the Union, Virginia produced 173,868,127 pounds, and Kentucky 108,126,868 pounds; these two States together producing more than half of the tobacco raised in all the States and Territories put together.

The enormous wealth represented by this staple made the Confederate Government peculiarly jealous about its falling into the hands of the Federal Government; and, consequently, when Richmond was evacuated, the most extraordinary exertions and the first edifices to be consigned to the cruel and devouring flames that made a wilderness of that fair city. Three of the largest warehouses were set on that fearful occasion utterly destroyed, and with them no fewer than 12,000 hogsheads of tobacco. The Seaboard Warehouse—the largest in Richmond—would also have perished had it not been at the time in use as a Confederate hospital.

This establishment was, by permission of the military authorities, opened to its former legitimate uses on the 26th inst. by Messrs. Westerman and Peters, Inspectors, and since that date they have already inspected 3780 hogsheads. This interesting establishment is situated at the corner of Second and Seventeenth streets, and covers a large extent of ground. On the ground-floor are ranged hundreds of hogsheads of the fragrant weed, which are opened at stated periods for the examination of connoisseurs. Four laborers are engaged in this work. One strikes the solid compressed mass of tobacco leaves with a hatchet, another thrusts a crow-bar into the aperture made, and then the two remove one of the gaps a handful of fresh leaves are pulled to give a taste of the quality. At the further end of the room the accumulation of hogsheads is seen in small structures leading to a room above, where, after daily examining buyers, the samples and contracts are completed to purchase at auction the various brands that are offered by the auctioneer, perched on the end of the long table with his samples.

The extent of tobacco culture next year—the planting season is in May—will depend altogether upon the state of the negroes, and the amount of labor essential to be given to working upon tobacco. It is a delicate crop, requiring the most careful attention from the planting of the seed to the pringing of the plant and making it ready for market, and any neglect on the part of the laborer would be a most disastrous to any one embarking in its cultivation.

During the war all the counties producing tobacco were entirely given over to corn by order of the Confederate Government; and it was only by a late order enforced that the writer only saw one field of tobacco during two weeks' ramble through the counties of Goochland, Louisa, and Hanover Counties. It, however, far too valuable a commodity for Virginians to neglect, and we safely expect that next year we shall have very large crops to offer for sale replanted with tobacco.

The laborers employed about the Seabrook Warehouse are all negroes. There are about twenty-six of them, and the proprietors represent them as all working very well and faithfully.

THE TOBACCO EXCHANGE, of which we also give an illustration, is situated over the commercial house of NEAL, LEA, & Co., at the corner of Main and Virginia streets, on the way to the old Danville Depot. Captain W. Y. SHEPARD is the auctioneer who conducts the sales; and the Secretary and Cashier—title of about as much in the trade—sits as permanent chairman of the Exchange, to preserve order that may arise regarding the sales. The building represented by our artist is the one at present in use in Richmond for the want of a better; but a change—which was in a fine large building close by—having been destroyed in the great fire.

The mode of conducting the sales is unique—where a daily sale occurs—as is follows: The hogsheads proposed to be sold on any day are ranged for the inspection at the Warehouse, as represented in the sketch, and which is called a "break" (from breaking open the hogsheads). A hogshead is opened in the centre of each longhead as a sample, and a small lead is attached to it, containing the initials of the owner of the tobacco, and a number for the inspector, to indicate that it has been inspected. A list is then made, containing the names of each commission merchant to whom the tobacco is instructed for sale, together with the private mark of each owner. The samples are then taken to the Exchange by the commission merchants, and the list handed to the auctioneer.

At the Exchange the auctioneer calls out each sample in succession; the commission merchant lands in the sample, and the highest bidder gets on, it is passed from hand to hand for examination. At the conclusion the buyer takes the sample, and the next on the list is called. Payment for the purchase is in which they are temporarily assembled, the scene daily presented at the Exchange among these odd accessories and habiliments of "the weed" is very animating and characteristic.

THE ADAMS AND RUSSELL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE present an abstract of the main points of the correspondence between Mr. Adams and Earl Russell. It covers a space of more than five months, Mr. Adams's last letter being dated August 5, and his closing one September 18.

April 24.—Mr. Adams wrote to Earl Russell stating forth the depredations committed upon the commerce of the United States by vessels built in ports of Great Britain or by British subjects, and since transformed into the *Alabama*. He therefore announced to him that *the claim must not stand outside upon the Government of Her Britannic Majesty responsibility for those damages.* He then alludes to the fact that the British steamer *City of Richmond* has been suffered to transport men and supplies from London to the French port *Nassau*, subsequently to fraud transformed into the Confederate *Stonewall*. He acknowledges that the British Government has endeavored to put a stop to those evil practices, but that the hostile policy which it has been the object of all the while to pursue, has not only not been met, but has been now going into execution with more and more complete success." This policy, being *nothing less than the destruction of the whole mercantile navigation belonging to the people of the United States*," has so far succeeded that "*the United States commerce is rapidly vanishing from the face of the ocean, and that of Great Britain is multiplying in nearly the same ratio*," and "*this process is going on by reason of the action of British subjects in co-operation with enlargers of the transports*," who have supplied vessels, armaments, and men. There is, says Mr. Adams, in this fact of the world's progress *one to this of endurance of one nation of angry ones to it by another without bringing on the latter complaint thereof*," and that no such event has followed has been owing to the "great forbearance" which the Government has assumed by no aggressive disposition toward the United States, but to a determination to fulfill the most exact operations of amity of its subjects.

Mr. Adams then goes on to say that the intolerable insistence of Her Majesty's Ministers," Mr. Adams declares his belief that "*the whole history of diplomacy* does not afford an instance which can *more be regarded by any Government as any other than an act of war*," and he accordingly does not scruple to say that the foreign commerce of the United States "*is now destroyed from year to year, not by the action of any of Her Majesty's subjects, perpetrated under the shelter of Her Majesty's flag.*"

Mr. Adams closes this letter by stating that during the last two months there have been no less than *seven* ports of the waters of the United States; and says that in the opinion of his Government the blockade cannot be legitimate if those hospitalities should be restored. The navy of the United States, he says, will be immediately and actively directed to ask "*as to the occupation which those vessels have been engaged in during the late civil war.*"

May 4.—Earl Russell replied to this note of Mr. Adams, that "*the duties of Great Britain toward the United States are to be ordered by the known principles of the law of nations.*" The only question was whether "the Government of Her Majesty had failed in the performance of those duties." He then proceeds to say that "*the British Government has not failed in the performance of any of those duties.*" Earl Russell, "*to avoid hopeless discussion*," declines to enter into the question of duty the nation which international law and their own laws have imposed upon them.

He then goes on to say that the war, "in the progress of which the United States have been engaged nothing the detriment to Her Majesty's subjects," who had powerful interests in the commerce carried on with the United States of the Union. Her there been no war the treaties of the United States would have been a subject of regret to the executive Government. But the President of the United States had declared that he was engaged in a civil war of the Union; and, argues Earl Russell, "*it could hopefully assert that a state of civil war could be forced upon States upon one ground only, namely, that the territory of the State was actually in the military occupation of the United States.*" Such, he says, was not the case.

Earl Russell then goes on to say that the British Government was then pursuing the same course which it had pursued in the case of Spain, which, after applying with an armament sent from the British courts." In the end of that disturbance, Spain, after the Government had paid the 752, and more fully on the 24th of May, 1852, some of the claims were settled by the mixed Court of the Confederate service. This evidence was reported upon on the 24th of May, 1852, and more fully on the 24th of August. The vessel "was taken to sea on the false pretense of a trial," and although the Government of Her Majesty had repeatedly found for detaining the *Alabama*, it was yet doubtful whether it would be seen fit to detain her upon the same conviction from a jury, or even a charge in favor of condemnation from the judge. Had the *Alabama* been detained here, under the name of the *Sea King*, a merchant-ship; no evidence was produced that she was engaged in any hostile service. Such a detention was not the action of the British Government in detaining the vessel. The Government of Her Majesty had no right to be charged, upon high authority, with having acted illegally and improperly, and without due care, when those facts was unfounded, "nothing but the strongest conviction that the vessel was engaged in hostile service could justify that unless detained they would escape, and that such an act might have produced serious results, and that such an act might have produced serious results, and that such an act might have produced serious results

Soon I had another.

One day I began to unpack my effects, and arrange them in my present home. Almost at the last of the work I came to that which was to have been our sleeping chenib, but which was now, like the hand which thought to mould it, a mere cold lump of clay.

I hid it on the table, and looked at it. I thought to weep, but amazement checked the tears. There, in the midst of the dry mould, was the impress of a foot—the lower part of a coarse, large, *unlined* man's foot.

The truth burst upon me at once. The robber had trodden in the clay. I remembered that the stairs and floors were spotted with it. I remembered his ejaculation and the fatal step of the print on the bedstead. It was all plain. I locked the door, and sat down with both hands to my head. A fierce joy possessed me. I knew what to do. My hands had dabbled in cast-making often enough.

I found some plaster of Paris, and soon the foot lay to the instep stood before me—a coarse, large foot, as I have said before, with two toes gone—the great toe and the one next it—and a bunion on the side, as though a piece had been cut away.

When I had done this, and, though it was a matter of some toil, I said no word to any one, I broke down, and lay ill a long while. The excitement had been very great, and brought on a brain-fever, from which I nearly died.

Yet, despite all this, nothing came of my discovery. I waited and hoped in vain. A year passed away—another sixth began and crept on until the winter, and yet, though I had written to industrial friends in New Orleans, nothing was made by my discovery.

At last I said: The secret is veiled from human eyes forever. I must give up hope. And I grew calmer after that.

My boy was now a comfort to me, and I had gone to housekeeping with a young sister for my companion. She was a beautiful creature, and very much admired. My house grew gay, for we could not deem her to dullness, and young voices and laughter and music filled the parlors almost nightly.

Sometimes, however, I was alone there, while she was away amidst gay scenes and merry friends, and then I thought until thinking was pain, and the hours seemed years.

One cold evening night I had been thus alone when my sister Grace came home. She was in a merry mood, and cast her fur wrappings from her gleefully as she sat down by the fire.

"I've made a conquest, my dear," she said.

"Is that my thing new?" asked I.

"*Ye is.* Will you say to a millionaire?"

"I should ask, what is he besides a millionaire?"

"Why, a Cuban, fiery—old, I suppose, and not a bit handsome; but he adores me already. It's no joke, Ella; and I always said I would marry a rich man."

"Not without loving him?"

"Bah! It's enough if he loves me. How do love-matches turn out? Either one dies and the other is wretched, or they quarrel and are divorced in a year or two. Better no love, say I."

I sighed. She was half right, after all.

"He's a mystery too," said Grace. "No one knows exactly what his occupation is, though enormously rich. He has bought the Elms—the finest place here, you know—and they are making a great pet of him—all the rich ones. He saw me at the—to the envy of every girl in the room, and he'll probably call to-morrow to ask how I am. Will you shut me in my room and wish me good luck, your sister?"

I tried to smile, and the thought came upon me that it might be better never to know the height of happiness if one must be plunged from it into the depths of misery.

"I shall not turn the Cuban away if he is a good man and my sister likes him," I said; and Grace laughed and went to bed.

The Cuban did call next day, but I was out and did not see him. The neighbors spoke well of him, however; and he had bought the great place next to "the Elms," and intended to be a resident of the town. In a worldly point of view it certainly was a match for any girl, and I waited anxiously to see the man himself. Three days after I had the opportunity.

Grace had been to church in the evening; my boy was ill, and I had staid away. When it was time for service to be over I sat by the window watching for her. The bedroom was dark, and the moon outside very bright; consequently I could see the garden plainly. Soon Grace came up the path on a man's arm. At the gate she bade him good-by, and stopped to say a few words. He stood inside, swinging the gate in her hand. He leaned with both arms folded on the fence outside.

I had seen the picture before. Where? With a leap my mind went back to the night before my husband's murder. I saw Jane, the mulatto cook, and her companion; and, oh merciful Heavens! the man's face was the same. This was shaded by a fashionable hat—a fashionable collar and cravat, and an elegant over-coat finished the costume, while the first face was set off by ragged and ruffianly garments, but the persons were the same. I could have laid my hand upon the Bible and sworn to that fact on the spot. As I grew positive of this my senses departed, and my sister, when she entered, found me in a swoon upon the floor.

When I recovered I doubted my own sanity. I laid what I had seen to the illusion of moonlight and distance. I argued with myself that until I had again seen this Cuban I must regard the whole affair as a delusion. I waited, not patiently but silently. Soon I met him face to face in my own parlor. The moment was a terrible one. I knew now I had made no mistake.

There had never been the faintest doubt in my mind that this companion of Jane's had been at the bottom of the dark deed of that horrible night. There was no doubt now that this was the man; yet my own common-sense told me that to accuse a wealthy gentleman on such slight grounds as the memory of a face seen once by moonlight would be absurd. It should be called insane. But, if I were, this was a bold, bad man, and Grace should have no more to do with him. I told her so that night, and she turned on me angrily:

"You should have spoken sooner," she said. "It has gone too far. I am half engaged to him. It is a splendid match for a poor girl, and I'll marry him."

"Do you love him?" said I.

She laughed. "No; but as I said once before, he loves me. That's enough. I shall get used to my wealth, you doubt; and I shall be wise—mistress of a splendid house, carriage, horses, etc., and shall enjoy myself. It is only for his ugly face you object to Cuban? Don't you remember Shakespeare: 'Dislike me not for my complexion,' etc. To be sure he is suspiciously dark; but it is Cuban—no doubt—color."

And changing at once from angry to gay she kissed me.

"He has a horrible face," I said; "but that is not all. Grace, this must not go on. I will tell you a secret. The last time I saw over the garden-wall night talking to Jane. The face of one connected, I am sure, with this murder was this man's and he, himself, is the man himself."

Grace answered with a laugh.

"You are wild," she said. "That, you have always said, was a ragged, wretched fellow."

"Yes; but still the man in other clothes—"

"My husband has no need to turn burglar."

"How did this man make his money—can you answer?"

"Nonsense—of course not. Cotton or sugar I suppose. I hope you are not going to have another brain-fever, my dear."

"My life is in your hands, Grace. Heed me."

"That I can't; you will see your folly soon. The idea! Because the poor wretch of dreams, I will make him tell how he came by his fortune! Sleep on it, and you'll see your insanity."

She danced away, and I crept to bed with a heavy heart.

The next day she came to me gleefully. "Mr. Cathlon called again in truth, Ella," she said; "took his father's business, and gave it up when his million was made. He is not a bad man, I suppose, and since things I didn't understand, though I pretended to. He didn't find his million in people's cupboards. And he has popped the question, and I have accepted him, so there's an end. Come, I know you've had too much trouble; but don't brood over it and go out of your head."

She tried to kiss me, but I held her off.

"Listen, Grace," I said. "If you marry this man and I discover that he is a Cuban known as a thing of that awful night I shall still denounce him."

"And welcome," said she. Then with a sadden childish burst of tears she clasped me and cried: "Oh, Ella, Ella, don't make me go crazy! Try to take comfort; try to be yourself!"

It was useless to argue further, and I left her.

I had resolved, but I had determined to watch him. With this end I endured the sight and heard him speak. I met him wherever I could, and went to all the places where he spent certain years. I confused him by blunt inquiries concerning Cuba. I became convinced that he was a Cuban who knows me not self. Then watching him still closer I saw terror as well as brutality in his eye. I knew the man who had murdered my husband. My delusion and proofs were gathering about him, until I began to see in him the actual murderer. The man who had stolen herefore about our room, and the clay impress of whose mutilated foot I had locked in a box in my own room. Could I doubt? There could be sure—not else. And that had now become the object of my life; and, all this while, despite all my prayers and protestations, the engagement of my sister's marriage with Mr. Zenree were going forward.

The day was set. The time narrowed. Before that wedding-day I had sworn to make my discovery. That wedding-day was mine. My old prayer, that of saving Grace from becoming the wife of a monster.

I watched the foot as a cat watches a mouse, but discovered nothing. My agony grew greater and greater. Time moved too fast for me; I could have prayed for days and hours to lengthen those months out. At last there was but one day between the future in which I lived and that in which my sister would become Mrs. Zenree. On that morning I awoke with my plan fully matured.

I said to Grace at breakfast: "Since the wedding is so near invite Mr. Zenree to pass the evening with us."

She looked up with a smile.

"You are coming to your senses," she said.

I made no answer. Grace—after a while I asked again, "Do you love him, Grace?" and she answered; "I told you once why I accepted him. That is my reason still. After all, what is love worth?" but she sighed.

My heart had been at ease on that score before. It was cruel, perhaps, to do so, but now it throbbed with anxiety! The day wore on tediously, and evening came with a wintry wind, but with it came Mr. Zenree. He took tea with us, and did his best to be agreeable; but somehow, in spite of the remarkably handsome dress he wore, he looked more the ruffian than ever. After tea we had out the card-table, and he showed us some strange tricks at cards. We sat placed against us, and cheated us both for fun, and laughed at Grace's wonder. Then Grace sang a while; and then, the clock striking ten, my time had come.

"It is a cold night," said I.

"Bitter," said he, shuddering. "But then I come from a warm climate."

"Something warm to drink would be a comfort," said I.

He brightened up.

"It would suit me," said he.

"A bowl of punch now?" said I. Grace stared.

"Punch! I thought you—"

I stopped her.

"This is a special occasion," said I; "and, to tell the truth, I have some prepared."

"Fond of a drop yourself of a cold night, and none the worse for it, ma'am," said he, with a laugh.

I laughed too as I left the room. In the kitchen I found my servant girl.

"Is it hot?" said I.

"Boiling," said the girl; and I seized it on its tray and took the bowl. Then I called John, our coachman, a burly fellow over six feet in height.

"John," said I, "stay near the door. If I call you, come and do what I tell you."

The man stared but obeyed.

I waited until I heard him plant himself upon the sill of the door, then entered the parlor.

"Taste it, Mr. Zenree, is it not fine?" I said, and then, as I stood near him, the bowl dropped from my hands, and the contents poured over the floor and the Cuban's knees. I screamed. He howled, for the boiling fluid had filled the lone shoes he wore; and down I went on my knees before the spot to which he had sprung.

"Oh, what an unlucky thing! Are you scalded? Let me see." And as he sat writhing with pain on the sofa I tore off shoes and stockings with great pretense of compassion and grief.

The feet lay bare upon a cushion. The right perfect. The left—that mutilated foot which had made its impress in the clay on the night of my husband's murder.

I gave a yell of almost insane triumph, and cried aloud for John.

"Hold him," I said. "Do not let him go. He is a murderer."

I forget the other details of that night, or remember them only as in a dream of dream. I have reminiscries of the law soon filled my house. I know my wild statement slowly gained credence. I had my proofs in the clay and plaster in my room above. At last, in the recognition of the man as a desperado of the Mississippi, and finally in his own confession.

His end was the one he merited, and my work was done.

Long since Grace married a man she loved with her whole heart, and they are prosperous. And I—I am patient and ready to bide God's will.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"SINGLE STRUGGLES!"—We read that "A new process of Photographing on Wood" has been patented. It is found to be specially adapted for all blockheads, and the members of Bunkie. Persons who are plain, however, object to this new style of portraiture, for fear that they might attend the wood be in the least ill-grained, come out a dead plainer.

A suffering mother, appealing to her boy for sympathy, exclaimed: "Oh, Charlie, mamma's hand aches! Can't you play without making so much noise? Suppose mamma should fall sick and die?"

"Well," answered the tiny man, gravely, "I guess I should have to get married again."

A schoolmaster tells the following good one. I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. "Is the dunce block?" I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips replied, "I guess so; the teacher always sits on it." The stool was unoccupied that term.

QUEER PERSONS IN QUEER PLACES.
An Irishman at a Quakers' meeting.
A sailor in a synagogue.
A mermaid asleep in an oyster-bed.

A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, observed the accumulation of the skies, being asked of what the was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wing ride of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

A "STRONG STOCK"—A suit of mail.



A son of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarreling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he had his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one. "One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid; "if you should come by the house sometimes, bust my beer-toplights if you wouldn't think we were about *twenty*."

"You do wrong to fish on Sunday," said a clergyman to a lad he saw so doing. "Well, Sir," replied the boy, "it can't be much harm, for I ain't catched nothink."

"That was a horrible affair—the murder of Dann, and the smiling up of his remains in a tin box!" "What Dean?" asked half a dozen voices at once. "*Sir-dine*," was the reply.

THE WAY THE FENIANS IN AMERICA MEAN TO MAKE IRELAND FREE.—By going into bond-age.

OWED TO A MOSQUITO.
Mysterious beast! that with thy long proboscis
A puncturing venomously for our blood,
Doth make our human ears so big so *show*,
And all our faculties as clear as mud:

Blood-thirsty being! say (see sing your answer),
For what disease dost thou my house apply?
I have no vertigo, cramp, colic, cancer—
Do not know is a wisser in your eye!

Or if no surgical intent inspire you,
Say what you would satisfy your greedy new—
A quart of blood—a gallon? What require you?
For what rich bribe will you withhold your jaw?

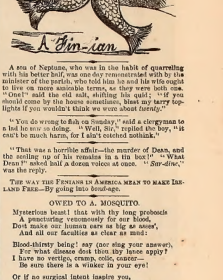
I vow I'd sacrifice my best blood-heifer
If for his blood my own calf you would leave:
Or knock my fattest pig thus paltry stifler
If my own bacon thus I might retrieve.

In vain! in vain! your voice is still for stinging;
A very Hydra in your fool instinct;
Yet one mere offer—only cease thy singing.
And take my blood—I'll have no more to give!

"How the deuce, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of herself?" asked a young man of his friend. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world: just introduce to her self-love unto itself; all that runs over will be yours."

In the author, writing of the manners of the last century in Scotland, says that even sons of the ladies were not behind the gentlemen in their ceremony. "Three gentlewomen one night had a merry making in a tavern in Edinburgh, near the Cross, where they sat till they were all pretty fou. On leaving the house and ascending to the street they failed to remember where they were, but as the moon was shining brightly they found little difficulty in getting along till they reached the Tron church. Here a prodigious obstacle presented itself. The moon, shining high in the south, threw the shadow of the steeple directly across the street, from the one side to the other; and the ladies, being no more clear-sighted than they were clear-headed, mistook the same for a broad and rapid river, which they would require to swim across before making further way. Under the delusion they sat down upon the brink of the supposed stream, took off their shoes and stockings, lifted their clothes, and proceeded to wade through to the opposite shore, upon reaching which they rearranged their shoes and stockings, and went on their way rejoicing."

A GOOD GAME OF CRICKET.—Eleven Bachelors play eleven Spinsters at Lady's Ground, and the result is a



THE TRUE DEFENDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.—[DRAWN BY MR. JAMES WALKER.]



"The drunken and beastly CALIGULA, the most profligate of all the Roman emperors, raised his horse to the dignity of consul—an office that, in former times, had been filled by the greatest warriors and statesmen of the republic, the SCIPIOS, the CATOS, by CICERO, and by the mighty JULIUS himself. The consulship was scarcely more disgraced by that scandalous transaction than is our vice-presidency by the late election. This office has been adorned in better days by the talents and accomplishments of ADAMS and JEFFERSON, CLINTON and DALLAS, CALHOUN and VAN BUREN; and now to see it filled by this insolent, drunken lowlife, is a comparison with whom even CALIGULA'S horse was respectable!—for the poor animal did not shame his own nature."—*New York World.*

1864.

"ANDREW JOHNSON is Military Governor of Tennessee, and this test oath is proposed by him, and substantially excludes every man opposed to the Administration from taking a vote. . . . Talk to me of a Democrat sustaining all these usurpations, these violations of the Constitution and of the elementary principles of civil liberty! I submit that no man who has a democratic heart in his bosom and a democratic intellect in his head could fail to seize this occasion to drive from power the Administration that has been signalized by acts like these."

JOHN VAN BUREN.

1865.

"Such did the Democratic masses find to be the record of ANDREW JOHNSON. They found as Civil Governor of Tennessee, member of Congress, or federal Senator, not one word or act of his which a national Democrat would not defend, and, as Military Governor of Tennessee, they appreciated the exigency in which he was placed. This cheered and delighted them."—*New York World.*

1865.

"I look upon him (ANDREW JOHNSON) as a patriot and as a statesman who for twenty-five years has been distinguished in the service of his country in the various offices that he has filled, from the Legislature to Governor of the State, in both Houses of Congress, as Vice-President and President of the United States. I look upon him as patriotic, wise, and prudent."

JOHN VAN BUREN.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "Hand and Heart," &c.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE LAST OF THE BATTLE.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Throughout the search at the barricade Saxon had seen the shells flying at a great height overhead, and heard the battle going on unceasingly in the streets of the town. Sometimes the sounds advanced, sometimes retreated; but never ceased for one minute together. Finding at length that neither friends nor foes came round to their direction, the men posted at the barricade loosened their muskets and dropped away one by one; and presently Saxon, being to all appearance no more likely to find his friend in one place than another, followed their example.

He traversed one whole street without seeing a living creature; then, coming to a cross-road, paused and listened. The musketry now seemed to be very distant, but he could not tell precisely from what quarter the sound proceeded. While he was yet hesitating a couple of Neapolitan soldiers came running toward him. Seeing an armed Bandinian they stopped short, as if doubting which way to turn; and Saxon called to them to surrender.

At that moment some six or eight red-shirts made their appearance at the top of the street in full chase. The Neapolitans instantly obeyed; fell upon Saxon, flung away their rifles, and fled down a by-street to the left.

But the fugitives were pursued by, and Saxon, anxious to know how the great interests of the day were faring elsewhere, went on his way, and left the fugitives to their pursuers.

A few steps further on he fell in with a detachment of Tuscans led by young Beni, now on foot.

"Hollo! amico," cried the Palermitan, "where do you come from?"

"From the barricade in the Via Lombardi. And you?"

"From the beach, where those cursed Regi have been pouring down shot and shell as thick as fire-stones. Fiume!"

"How goes the day?"

"Triumphantly. We are driving them up toward the centre from all sides. Where are you?"

So Saxon fell in with the Tuscan company; and as they pressed up against the hill, and wound round by a road on the eastern side of the town, the young men in a few hurried sentences exchanged such news as each had to tell.

"The whole of the lower part of the town is ours," said Beni. "Medici's men have done wonders. The Genoese carabineers have cut off their number—Peard's company has possession of an old wind mill on the heights above the castle, where they have rifled the enemy clear out of the northern works."

"This is great news!"

"It is glorious. Before another hour is past we shall have them all shut up in the castle like mice in a trap."

"Where is your horse?"

"Shot under me half an hour ago. Where is your friend?"

"Safe, I hope. He vanished in the mêlée down at the barricade, and I have not seen him since."

"Silence! I hear a tramp of feet—halt!"

The column halted, and in the sudden pause that ensued the approaching footsteps of a considerable body of men were distinctly audible.

It was an anxious moment. The hum of winding, steep, and narrow. On one side rose a stupendous cliff of solid rock; on the other ran a low wall overhanging the precipitous quarter of the town. A worse place for a hostile encounter could scarcely have been selected; but the young Palermitan, avowed no command as he was, at once saw the difficulty of his position, and prepared to meet it.

Silently and promptly he drew up his little troop across the road—the front row lying down, the second kneeling, the third standing—all ready to greet the enemy with a deadly fire as soon as they should come in sight. In the mean while Saxon, having his rifle over his shoulders and began climbing the face of the cliff. Where the rock afforded footing for a goat-track always footing for him; and almost before Beni knew what had become of him, he was posted behind an overhanging point of rock above the column. Before a dozen others immediately followed his example, till every shrub and projecting angle of rock concealed a rifle.

The Garibaldians had but just completed their preparations when the white cross-belts of the Neapolitans appeared at the turn of the road, some sixty yards ahead.

Evidently prepared to find their passage resisted, they recoiled at sight of the Garibaldians, who instantly poured in their first volley. Then their fire flew thick and fast from out of sight, as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat. The nature of the ground was such that neither party could see the extent of the other's strength; and Beni had been careful to turn this circumstance to his advantage. In the mean while his men had re-loaded, and were waiting in the same order as before.

They had not to wait long. In another second there arose a shout of "Viva il Re!" and the royalists, cheered on by their officers, came back with fixed bayonets, at the pas de charge—a narrow, compact, resolute torrent, which looked as if it must carry all before it.

Again the Tuscans delivered their deliberate and deadly fire—again, again, and again; and at each discharge the foremost Neapolitans went down like grass before the scythe. There seemed to be a charmed line drawn across the road beyond which they could not pass. As fast as they reached it they fell; as fast as they fell those behind rushed up, and were shot down in their turn.

And all this time the tirailleurs on the cliff-side dropped in their unerring bullets upon the advancing column, bringing down the hindmost men, and picking off each officer as he came into sight.

The struggle lasted but a few moments, and was over in less time than it takes to tell.

Mowed down by an irresistible fire, little guessing by what a mere handful, they knew not, they were being held in check, and left almost without an officer to command them, the Neapolitans all at once desisted from the attack and retreated as rapidly as they had charged, dragging off some few or eight of their wounded, and leaving a large part of their dead piled up half-way between themselves and their opponents.

"Viva Garibaldi!" cried Saxon, swinging himself lightly from bush to bush, and leaping down into the road.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted Beni's troop, eager to pursue, but held back by their young leader, who knew that they would be annihilated if once they betrayed the insignificance of their numbers. Throwing himself before them, he forbade a man to move. At the same time the tramp of the enemy, broken, hurried, and disordered, died rapidly away, and the Garibaldians, all two or three dozen of them, found that they had remained in undisputed possession of their little Thermopylæ.

It high spirits, they presently resumed their march; but they saw no more Neapolitans. When they had passed the northern torch pinetum, and overlooking the town, they halted. Above them rose the castle ramparts, apparently deserted. Below them lay the streets of the suburb of Mazzo, with the open country beyond. A strange silence seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the land. There was no echo of musketry to be heard upon the air—no smoke-wreath visible even in the distance. The battle had been fought and won an hour before. Save a distant shouting here and there, and an occasional shell thrown from the inner wall of the fortifications, that on the westward side of the castle, the tumult of battle seemed to have passed magically away.

"What does it mean?" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Well," replied Beni, "I suppose it means that the battle is over."

At that moment a detachment of Malenchini's brigade made its appearance in the further side of the platform, shouting, "Viva l'Italia!" and planted the tricolor on the highest point of the ancient watch-tower.

The battle was indeed over; the long day's fight fought gallantly out and finished to the last. The Royalists were all in the town, up to the very gates of the castle—all in the hands of the liberators.

CHAPTER LXVI.

SAXON PURSUES HIS SEARCH.

The battle over, orders were issued for the construction of barricades at all the approaches to the castle. Weary as they were after their long day's fighting, the Garibaldians fell cheerfully to their muskets and went to work with a will. Pavements were hastily torn up, carts dragged from the ruins in which their owners had left them, and doors taken from their hinges. Before sundown a chain of extempore defences was thrown up on all sides of the fortress, and the royalists were effectually imprisoned in their own strong-hold.

Then, guarded only by a few sentinels posted upon the barricades, the army dispersed itself about the streets and squares, and lay down to rest by hundreds in the churches, the deserted houses, and even the open doorways along the streets.

In the mean while Saxon went about from barricade to barricade, seeking his friend and questioning every one whom he met as to the positions of the enemy. One Garibaldian remembered to have seen him with the Tuscans; another to have seen him with the Genoese; but all agreed that he had been killed by the bursting of a shell; while a fourth no less positively asserted that he was lying wounded in the old wind mill above the castle. Confused by these contradictory statements, Saxon wandered hither and thither all the livelong afternoon, and when the sun had entirely exhausted, stretched himself upon a bench in the magazine, and fell asleep from sheer fatigue.

His sleep lasted only a couple of hours. He had lain down with his mind full of anxiety and hopelessness, and no sooner was the first weight of excessive fatigue passed off than he woke, oppressed by a vague uneasiness, and, for the first few moments, unable to remember where he was.

He looked round upon a spacious piazza deep in shadow, dotted scattered with groups of sleeping soldiers and stands of arms.

Melazzo taken; Castletowers missing; perhaps wounded—perhaps dead! He sprang to his feet as these recollections flashed upon him, and half stupefied with sleep, prepared to resume his quest. As he did so, a figure approached him—the corpse of a Neapolitan grenadier, lying as if asleep, with his white face turned up to the sky. A few paces further on he met a couple of Garibaldians bearing away a wounded man upon a shutter, and preceded by a torch-bearer.

Learning from these that there were several temporary hospitals in the town, as well as others beyond the gates, he resolved to visit all before pursuing his search in other directions. He then followed them to a church close by, the open door of which was filled to the very top with straw for the reception of the wounded. It was a strange and piteous scene. The groups here and there and there against the walls and pillars of the building served only to make visible the intense gloom of the vaulted roof above. All round, more or less dangerously wounded, lay some sixty soldiers; while gliding noiselessly to and fro were seen the surgeons and nurses busy on their work of mercy.

Pausing at the door he asked the sentry if he knew any thing of an English nobleman—Lord Castletowers by name—whom he had reason to fear must be among the wounded.

"An Englishman?" said the sentry. "Signornico, there was an Englishman brought in about two hours ago."

So Saxon went up the nave of the church and preferred his inquiry to one of the nurses.

She shook her head.

"Alas!" she replied, "his case was hopeless. He died about ten minutes after he was brought in."

"Died!"

"His poor body has not yet been removed. It lies yonder close under the pulpit."

Half in hope, half in dread, the young man snatched a torch from the nearest sconce and flew to the spot indicated. The shattered corpse lay placidly enough, with a smile upon its dead lips, and the eyes half-closed, as if in sleep; but it was not the corpse of Lord Castletowers.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief Saxon turns turned away, and passing gently along the line of patients looked at each pale face in turn. Having done this he inquired his way to the next ambulance which was established in the ground-floor of the Polizia. In order to reach this place he had to recross the piazza. Here he found the principal torch pinetum of the Garibaldians were still anxiously searching for the dead or wounded at the foot of the wall.

At the door of the Polizia he accosted the sentry with the same question that he had been asking at every hospital—and again with the same result. He could give him any information of the English gentleman styled Lord Castletowers? The sentry knew of no Englishman but a Frenchman, lifted his cap with the best brat air imaginable, and asked, in return, if he had the honour of addressing the friend of Trefalden.

Saxon replied in the affirmative; but—

"Alors, par exemple, on a donne la pierre d'enfer. Il trouvera son ami, mi-lord Castletowers dans la première salle a gauche."

Scarcely waiting to thank the friendly Gaul for his intelligence Saxon rushed in, and almost the first face on which his eyes rested was the face of his friend.

He was sitting on the side of a bench that had evidently been using him for a bed. He had a large cloak thrown over his shoulders, and looked rather pale; but was, nevertheless, tranquilly smoking a cigar, and chatting with his nearest neighbor.

"So, Trefalden," said he, as Saxon burst into the room, "I thought you were dead at last! I knew you would be looking for me all over the place, if you were alive to do it; so I left word at the door that you'd find me here. Why, because my left hand."

"Lord Castletowers!" exclaimed Saxon.

"Ay. I was never so glad in my life!"

"Gently, my dear fellow—gently. You need not shake me to pieces with extremity."

"What is the matter? Where are you hurt?"

"In the right arm—confound it!"

"Very badly?"

"No. That is to say, I am not doomed to amputation; but there's an end, so far as I am concerned, to glory and gunpowder—and that is quite bad enough."

CHAPTER LXVII.

IN DURANCE VILE.

THE mystery of the Earl's disappearance was sufficiently simple when it came to be explained. He had been carried over the barricade in the last great rush, and, instead of remaining on the spot like Saxon to fight it out to the last blow, had dashed on with some twenty others in pursuit of the fugitives. Having chased the Neapolitans into a blind alley, taken them prisoners, and deprived them of their arms, the Garibaldians had left them in with the Pavia company, and shared with them some of the hottest work that was done in Melazzo that day.

It was while thus fighting gallantly, and at the moment when he was assisting to plant the tricolor on the top of the watch-house in the bombarded garden, that Lord Castletowers received two shots in the right arm, and was forced to go off to the rear for surgical help.

His wounds, though severe, were not in the least dangerous; one bullet having lodged in the fleshy muscle of the upper arm, and the other having fractured the ulna bone of the forearm. Both, however, had been already extracted before Saxon found his way to the Polizia, and the surgeon in attendance assured them that a good Gentleman would in time regain the use of his arm as completely as if no mischance had ever befallen it. In the mean while, to be sure, the results were decidedly inconvenient. The Earl's military career was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and his hope of doing something brilliant—perhaps of winning even Miss Colonna should be forced to admire—was nipped in the bud. These things he had to bear, and he commanded all the patience that he could summon to his aid.

Their campaign thus unexpectedly ended, the young men would gladly have gone back at once to their little yacht and set sail in search of "fresh fields and pastures new;" but to that proposition the medico would not listen. So they lingered on in Melazzo day after day, keeping for the most part beyond the walls, and passing the hot and weary hours as best they might.

It was a dull time, though purposely enlivened by the surrender of the garrison. They saw the Neapolitan transports steam into the bay, and witnessed the embarkation of Bosco and his troops.

When this interlude was played out the Garibaldians began to look toward Messina and speculate eagerly on what might next be done. Then came rumors of a general evacuation of the royal strong-holds; and by-and-by they had learned beyond doubt that the tedium of success was not likely to be relieved by any more fighting in the island of Sicily.

Somewhat comforted by this intelligence, and still more comforted by a note which the Earl received from Signor Colonna the fourth day after the battle, the young men submitted to the semi-imprisonment of Melazzo, and saw Garibaldi depart with the main body of his army scarcely less regretfully than they might otherwise have done.

Brief as a military dispatch the Italian's note ran thus:

"CARO GERVASE. The victory which has just been won terminates the war in Sicily. Desirous until terror reign in the Cabinet at Naples, to bring about a peaceful issue before another blow is struck; and it is possible that even that blow may not be needed. In the mean while give ear to earnest counsel. Shunts thy seed and pursue thy journey in peace. This is the kindness that I crave of thy childhood.

"GIO."

It was something to receive this assurance from a man like Colonna—a man who knew better than even Garibaldi himself the probabilities and duration of the war. So the friends made the best of their position, and amused themselves by planning what they would do when they received the medico's order of release.

Norway was now out of the question. By the time they could reach Bergen the season would be nearly past; besides which, the Earl was forbidden to return to his wounded arm by a severe change of temperature. They therefore proposed to confine their voyage to the basin of the Mediterranean, and to make a pleasure-cruise, and touching, if possible, at Malta, Alexandria, Smyrna, Rhodes, Naples, Cadiz, and Lisbon by the way. To this list, for reasons known only to himself, Saxon added the name of Sidon.

The Earl, who had originally unanimously set it for removal, though not yet well enough to dispense with medical care. So Saxon cut the knot of the difficulty by proposing the services of a young Sicilian surgeon; and, thus attended, they once more went on board the *Ariadne* and weighed anchor.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

A LITTLE YACHT.

A LITTLE yacht rides at anchor in the harbor of Alexandria, and two young Franks, one of whom carries his right arm in a sling, are wandering, with a drowsy, shiny-eyed air of half cup of enchantment—a first day in the East.

Alexandria is by no means a delightful residence on a Oriental city. On the contrary, it is a meagre, modern trading port, with an unhealthy climate, a dreadful drinking-supplies, and no scenery worth remark; but it is the East for all that, and therefore a new world to those who have not seen Cairo, or Smyrna, or Constantinople.

The two young men Franks roam hither and thither in a state of semi-beatitude, conscious neither of hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, nor sleep, till the hour arrives, which is the last nine o'clock in the morning, is already tremendous.

First of all, having but just stepped ashore, they plunge into the Arab quarter of the town, passing through a labyrinth of foul lanes fenced in on either side by blank, windowless dwellings, that look as if they had their backs to the street; and coming presently to thoroughfares of a somewhat wider order, but in which houses seem almost toppling together, and the latticed balconies all but touch, and the sky is narrowed to a mere riband of dull ultramarine high overhead. Here are beggars at every corner, calling loudly upon Allah and the prophet; here, Greek shops, Italian cafés, and picturesque; vagrant dogs, hungry and watchful; now and then a mosque with its minaret, its fountain, its scattering of the foot-passengers before him right and left as he flies along. Here, too, are shops with open fronts and narrow backgrounds; some gorgeous with silks and shawls; some rich with carpets; some fragrant with precious gums and spices; others illiterately with scarves and daggers of Damascus. In each shop, sitting cross-legged on floor or counter, presides the turbaned proprietor, smoking his chibouque pipe, and indifferent alike to custom and fate. Now comes a Moorish herd of deformed cream-sellers, wearing glimpses of a shady court-yard set round with latticed windows, and inclosing a palm-tree and fountain; now a water-carrier, bearing shaft of sunshine falls direct on the green leaves and sparkling water-drops, and on an aqueous waist-coat, fringed with brass; now a jar as Morgiana may have filled up with boiling oil in the days of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid. And now comes a string of splay-footed camels, noiseless and dogged-looking, laden with bales of hemp covered as like as two straw and led by shiny Nubian slaves, with white loin-cloths and turbans. Avoiding this procession our two Franks plunge into a dark archway, and find themselves from above. This is a bazar—one path in a catacomb of passages, all full of Oriental names, Oriental goods, and Oriental perfumes. Here are alleys where they sell nothing but slippers; alleys of jewels; alleys of fur, of tobacco, of silks, of sweetmeats and drugs, of books, of glass and ivory wares, of harness, of sponges, and even of printed Manchester goods, Sheffield cutlery, and Coventry ribbons. Here crowds a motley throng of Europeans and Asiatics of every shade and hue, with the camel's-hair thread bound upon their brows; stately Moslems, tattered and savage-

pered; Greeks, in crimson jackets and dingy white kilts; dervishes, in their high felt-caps; magnificent dragomen, in huge muslin trousers; Armenians, Copts, Syrians, negroes, Jews of all climates, and travelers from every quarter of the globe.

The water-carrier, with his jar of sherbet on his head, tinkles his brass drinking-cups in the ears of the passers-by; the tart-seller offers his melon-puffs; and here, just leaving the fruit-shop, where she has doubtless been buying "Syrian apples and Ottomanne quinces, peaches of Oman, and Egyptian limes," comes the fair Amine herself, followed by that identical porter who was "a man of Rhenne, and had perused lectories."

Wandering on thus in a dream of Arabian Nights, the visitor soon finds himself, having forbidden with sherbet, presently mount a couple of very thorough-bred, high-spirited donkeys, and set off for the ruins of ancient Alexandria. Past ruins lie out beyond the town-walls, amidst a sandy, dreary, hilly-waste that stretches away for miles and miles beside the sparkling sea. Here they see Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's obelisk, and a wilderness of crumbling masonry clothed in a green and golden mantle of wild marigolds all in flower. Here, where once stood the temple of Serapis with its pale form of a hundred steps, the wild sea-bird flits unmolested, and the jackals have their home. And the traveler talks with bated breath of the glories of the Ptolemy.

At last, fairly tired out, our Franks are fain to strike their colors, and go back to the town. Here they put up at an English hotel, where they breakfast, lunch, rest till evening, and then they again sally forth—this time to call upon the English consul.

CHAPTER LXIX.

IN SEARCH OF A COMPANY.

The consul was not at his office when the travelers presented themselves; but his representative, a very magnificent young clerk, resplendent in rings, chains, and a fez, was there instead. He received this official in the act of writing a letter, humming a tune, and smoking a cigar—all which occupations he continued to pursue with unabated ardor, notwithstanding that Saxon presented himself before his desk.

"I shall be glad to speak to you, if you please," said Saxon, "when you are at leisure."

"No passport business transacted after two o'clock in the day," replied the clerk, without lifting his eyes.

"Mine is not passport business," replied Saxon.

The clerk hummed another bar, and went on writing.

Saxon began to lose patience.

"I wish to make a simple inquiry," said he; "and I will thank you to lay your pen aside for a moment or two, and—"

The peremptory tone produced its effect. The clerk paused, looked up, lifted his eyebrows with an air of mingled surprise and disdain, and—

"Why the deuce, then, don't you ask it?"

"I wish to know in what part of the city I shall find the offices of the New Cleveland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company."

"What! you mean to say the New Overland Route?" said the clerk.

"I mean a company so called—a company which has established an office here in Alexandria."

"Never heard of any such company," said the clerk, "nor of any such office."

"Where, then, do you suppose I can obtain this information?"

"Oh, very well," said he. "If you know it, that's enough."

And with this he resumed his triple occupation.

At that moment a little glass door opened at the back of the office, and a bald-headed gentleman came out. He hovered.

"You are inquiring," he said, "for some commercial office, I believe? If you will permit me to offer a suggestion, I would advise your calling upon Mr. Melchisedek. Mr. Melchisedek is our great commercial authority in Alexandria. He knows every thing, and he knows every body. A man of universal information, and very courteous to strangers. You are—not do better than call on Mr. Melchisedek."

"I am sure," said Saxon, "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all—not in the least. Mr. Melchisedek—any one will direct you. The Viceroy is my particular friend—Excuse me, Viceroy."

So saying the bald-headed gentleman bowed to the travelers to the door and closed it behind them.

"Why, Trefallen," said the Earl, when they were once more in the street, "what interest can you possibly take in an Overland Company? It is some obscure undertaking, depend on it."

"It won't be obscure for long," said Saxon, complacently. "It is a magnificent affair, and if the agents out here are keeping it quiet they have their own reasons for doing so."

"You seem to know all about it," said Cashenden, with some surprise.

"I know a good deal about it."

"And mean to take shares?"

"I may have shares already," replied Saxon, "to a large amount."

Whereupon the Earl only looked grave, and said nothing.

FALSE HAIR AND WHERE IT COMES FROM.

WHOEVER does it all come from? A spectator naturally asks, as he surveys the harvest of locks hanging in the windows of the fashionable hair-dressers, or disposed in every conceivable form on the heads of waxen dummies. And little does the spectator think of the Bluebeard's cupboard he is asking an entrance to: pitiless as the grave, and as natural of course, all products required for the artificial decoration of the "——kind" are equally to Paris and we accompany. d that they is the empire of the trade in human hair. One hundred tons' weight of this precious commodity, we are informed, annually taken there, whence it is distributed in a raw and manufactured state over the whole of Europe.

The collectors of hair on the Continent are generally peddlers, who travel from village to village on some other business, to which they add the trade of hair purchasing. The fact that the agents employed in collecting this precious material have usually been ostensibly employed in some other occupation, would lead to the inference that the trade is not of the most reputable kind. In one part of France, however, there appears to have been no false shame on the part of the women with regard to parting with their hair, and this for a very obvious reason. The peasant girls of Brittany cover the head with a quantity of hair, which, as a whole hides the hair; hence from this quarter the sale of the article has been for a long time openly carried on. Mr. Fraser, author of "The Romance of Industry," published a few years since, describes a most amusing scene at a fair in Cellerais, where he says, he saw several hundred women sharing the peasant girls like so many sheep. A crowd of fair Britishnesses assembled at the entrance to the fair, and sheared, he threw the long hair, tied up into a wisp, in a basket beside him. While he was operating on one the other girls stood waiting for their turn with their caps in their hands. The fashion which enforces the wearing of these caps on a whole province has made a tonsure callous to the loss of their hair, for which they generally get but a few sous, or a little ornamental jewelry in exchange. We have no doubt that even the simple Brittonesse have by this time become awake to the increased value of the article they sell, and that this fact has taken the place of cotton in the exchange.

Spain and the north of Italy furnish considerable contributions of the valuable if jet-black locks. The main crops of the golden hair, now so much admired, come from Germany, Belgium, and even from Holland. In all Catholic countries one great source of supply is the convent. The splendid tresses the nuns have been wearing change visits to back into the world again, and are offered up at the shrine of vanity. This hair is known in the trade as clerical hair.

Less fake hair is used in England than in France; for it is fortunately not the fashion to wear wigs. It is asserted that one woman in every ten in England uses more or less false hair with her own. The larger proportion of this comes from Paris, either raw or manufactured. The prevailing English color is brown, and as the home-grown article catches Parisian fashions from the time it leaves the mamma a proportionately higher price. When we say that the supply comes from Paris we mean, of course, we refer to the better classes. There are, perhaps, a greater number of distinct shades of color in Paris than in any other part of the world country, and this is accounted for by the mixture of races of which English men and women are built up.

The flaxen hair of the Saxon, the blue-black of the Celt, and the auburn of the Scandinavian, originate in special localities. Hair-merchants, by long experience, have acquired great proficiency in judging of the nationality of their goods. This is done either by the sense of touch or smell. Some nations have much coarser hair than others; indeed, there is a constant difference found with regard to length and weight.

Light hair is much finer and softer, in general, than black and brown. It is curious to see a hair-merchant take up a long tress, muff a long muff, and say at once what it came from. This is owing to the chemical constituents of the material in some measure lead him to a conclusion, as there is always found in the hair of each race a certain quantity in fair hair, and an excess of carbon in black hair. Local colors also are great tell-tales. The chiffonnier who goes about the streets collecting and picking out prizes from the gutter, have not overlooked human hair. Some of the most valuable parts of the fair Parisienne are returned once more to the human head; no doubt there is a dust-heap odor in the hair-merchant's shop.

But there is still another kind of hair, about which there is a deep mystery. A grim smile passes over the features of the hair-merchant when he is asked a long "leech" of hair (for that is the trade name for the small parcels which are done up for sale after being combed out from the brush of the churchyard hair! How this hair is obtained is a mystery which the trade has hitherto kept its own. When we so often hear of the desecration of churchyards, and the shoveling away of the old bones and decayed coffins, we may perhaps have a shrewd guess at the source from which this hair comes.

It must be remembered that hair is almost indestructible. There is a beautiful tress of golden hair now in the British Museum, which had lain in the tomb of a Theban mummy for three thousand years. And very little is found its way to the national collection, yet that hair is as fresh as though it had just come from the hands of the hair-dresser, and the curl is so strong in it that it can not be taken out even by the application of heat.

There can be little doubt that the majority of the long English tresses come from the heads of criminals, who are compelled to part with their hair. Fever, also, places its contributions in the merchant's hands; and there are still other resources from which human hair is obtained. Death is a terrible leveler; but enough has been said to show that when a lady pays false locks she little knows the curious and mysterious tale each individual hair possibly could tell her.

Raw hair comes from abroad in bales tied up in "leeches," and containing hairs of various lengths. The first step in its preparation is to cleanse it of its own matter. This is done by rubbing it in fine sand, which completely absorbs all the fatty matter it contains. It is then carded by hand, the workman throwing the lock of hair with great rapidity over the iron teeth of the card, and speedily reducing it to a state of smoothness. The next step in the process is to select from the different "leeches" the different lengths of hair they contain; these, length for length, are matched with others, and in this manner the "leech," as it is offered for sale, is prepared by the trade for the retail dealer. A manufacturer has markets to supply—the demand for single unarmed locks for the purpose of plaiting; curls, with the natural wave, and curled hair, for the ends of the wig and front makers, and for the thousand and one fashionables in which hair-dressers may help out clustering ladies. The curl is permanently fixed by twisting the hair tightly round small wooden rollers, and then boiling them for a considerable time in water.

The rarer kinds of hair, both in color, quality, and length, are so well known that they are sold over by the merchants by the ounce. The longer the hair is the more valuable, other conditions being equal. In general there is the greatest demand for the medium brown colors. But the precious colors are bright golden and auburn. We scarcely need say that the fashionable hair-dresser will endeavor to procure that fair golden hair is now the rage. The color for queens, however, proves just the true tint: the true opalescent gold which changes with every motion of the head—the color, in short, which has a little deal of the pale-blush are given to bleach their hair down to the required tone, and to mix, we may say flavor, their tresses with the proper shade. It is said that a celebrated Hamburg' sherry manufacturer flavors his made-up with a little of the true growth of the Xeres. This golden hair is now being sold by the ounce, at about three times the price of silver. But there is a rarer hair still, which comes from the rays of vanity are only surpassed by age. Gray hair is in great demand, and when fine and soft commands an almost fabulous price.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"EF not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Is a trite but sensible maxim: and skillful they who hit this happy medium. A great deal is said and with much truth against the rapid changes which imagine Imperial Fashion imposes upon ladies. Possibly, however, it is not only the ladies who are slave to Fashion. The gentlemen are quite as absolute Fifth Avenue of a fine afternoon is quite as particular that his coat, vest, and pants should be of the proper cut as that his bonnet and his cravat should be unexceptionable. To all, with large or limited incomes, whose business it is to be fashionable, we suggest that there is much good sense in Shakspeare's words:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man"

or woman!

We are happy to see, in glancing over the latest Paris fashions, a slight return to elegance of fashion—correct good taste. It is stated that "simplicity in the trimming of dresses is now very much adopted by ladies of good taste. In a dress as it was last year, when the trimmings cost frequently double the price of the dress: and, although rich materials are used, the ornamentation is no sure made plain, it is by no means a rule without exception."

We give one style of dinner or soirée dress which is simple.

A spotted satin antique dress, of a deep shade, quite plain, with a train. The body made with basques, and fastened with steel buttons.

One must not be too sanguine of a sudden revolution, however—the following quite throws our plain dress into the shade.

A ball dress of white tulle, with twenty narrow double quillings, forming flounces. Very low and short body, trimmed with one point of white satin ribbon, serving also as a sash for a small tri-pointed third. There are sixteen quillings on the skirt.

HATS are still so much in request that bonnets for the moment are almost entirely laid aside. But there are some elegant new models, mostly of the steppes Empire, which indicate a return to prettiness. The fall in tulled shows no promising tokens for the coming winter, the favorite color being light-gray, trimmed with black or cherry-colored velvet, and long square veils, the shape that of the Empire mollied.

A young Miss of some twelve years exhibited a somewhat unique dress on Broadway the other day. She had dispensed with her crinoline, and the drooping folds of her drapery contrasted strikingly with the stiff dresses of most of other promenaders. Her dress was of rich scarlet cashmere, heavily embroidered in black, and quite short, displaying scarlet and white Balmoral stockings and high buckle boots. A short, black velvet sacque, and pretty white hat, trimmed with narrow scarlet ribbon, completed her outfit, which attracted considerable attention.

Whether the following is in old or a new story we know not. Certain it is that it touches a good lesson. Many a person who, in the hour of sudden temptation, would have yielded to the impulse to steal, has not since had wors wrestled forth to help him rise. But the utmost universal custom is to give no trust to those whose characters are in any way tarnished; and woe betide the friendless man or woman whose foot slips in the rough path of life!

A "CONFIDENCE" CONFIDENCE.—Some years ago a bachelor let it be known to his baker, butcher, and grocer that he would set up housekeeping. He received fifty applications a day; none of value received. One morning while he was hard at work at his study—it was about 6, which is early for a M., in winter—somebody knocked at the door. He opened it.

"I am told that you wish a confidential servant, Sir."

"Yes, I do; but I think you are the sixtieth."

"I have recommendations, and tried, I dare say, ten times as many places."

"No, Sir. I am just out of jail."

"I beg your pardon the astonishment of M. Leguvre.

"Just out of jail?"

"Yes, Sir; I served a woman who required money; she pressed me every day to give her money. I gave her all I earned honestly, and as she required more, I was forced to get her connivance. I was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for three months, and I served last Saturday."

"Do you think that a recommendation to a place as confidential servant?"

"Yes, Sir; a man who has lost his character by an hour of folly will be on his guard against temptation. Besides, I know that I am to be sent to jail no more."

There was in the fellow's tone such an honest accent that M. Leguvre looked at once, and took a very good friend. The fellow served awaist his new tie term of the bachelor's life, and died of old age in his service. M. Leguvre says his household expenses are 33⅓ per cent. less than they were.

Winter is stealing on with silent steps. Eastern papers tell us that an inches of snow fell on the hills of Auland, Maine; and that the snow in the roads about there is fifteen inches deep. Still nearer, at Troy, it snowed last week.

The new comic opera, "L'Orpheo a la Comare," is a decided success. It has been received with universal admiration. While there is little in the plot of this opera to awaken interest, the music is charming in every respect, and is managed with the greatest possible skill and delicacy to restitute fun. The leaves of music and of fun find it in the libretto.

When once a sense of degradation has taken possession of an individual or of a race it is no easy matter to eradicate it. The most striking example of this is exhibited in the following somewhat humorous anecdote:

"Some of the Southern negroes are so convinced of the loathsom of his position—that labor was his natural lot—that they actually believe that God Almighty, believing that "they'd make niggers work; even if he go to heaven." A negro preacher was lately thus cited in a religion, by representing that this could not be the case, as there was nothing for work for him to do in heaven. His answer was, "Oh, you go way, massa, I knows better. If dere's no work for colored folks dere, dey'll make 'em hush de clouds away."

Gentlemen are always losing umbrellas, just as ladies are always losing parasols and shawls, or left-hand pair of gloves and handkerchiefs. Now that the cold weather is approaching we would recommend the ladies to buy an eye and a hand on their muffs. Furs are not to be laughed at nowadays—even an ordinary set costs a small fortune; but then there are such a sunday-looking imitations in the look-out.

SOMETHING A MUFF.—A scene took place in one of the city cars the other day. A lady stepped from the platform of the car, and left her muff on the seat. "Go ahead." In a moment the lady was seen in full chase after the car. The driver heard the cries and saw the gesticulations, and the car was stopped. Out of breath, and hot with the chase, the lady reclaimed the muff, and found that the muff in the car. Search was made. All arose but one female, who sat with her face buried somewhat uncomfortably contempt for a woman who could make such a fuss about a muff. The conductor asked her if she had seen the muff, but no muff was seen on her seat. The keen eye of a lady soon detected the muff, which was under the young woman's skirts, and pulling at the tassel it was found that the remainder of the muff was on the other end of the tassel, the table tassel she would have claimed it as her own. With a look of scorn she threw the muff in the same thing to her, and took the next car down town. She was quite well known, and has since passed the name by every car.

The latest whim of fashion in Europe is for ladies to wear their hair in the style of the days of Queen Elizabeth. The foreign papers have a pleasure supply of advertisements of waters for the purpose of destroying the hair on the cheeks, upper lip, chin and forms. The fox appears, as more economical, shave, and have a hideous bare mark, like the result of a fire, all over a strong beard.

The following item gives a lamentable view of Parisian life, since a similar record, doubtless, might be given of any city:

THE SUICIDES OF A DAY.—A French journal gives the following list of deaths, or attempts at suicide, in Paris, succeeding from love of one kind or another, in a single day: A young lady, a favorite in the Bal Mabille, burned with carbonic acid gas, because he could not endure a life of poverty with the man of her choice; another young Amber person, also an Italian, flung himself out of the window, because a brass bedstead was considered a similar refusal. Another, M. Auguste V——, having had his heart broken by a lady, to whom he was paying his attention, at two o'clock in the day he went to the grave of his mother, knelt down, and, having loaded, and fired a pistol at his head, fell dead on the spot. Another poor lover threw himself into the Seine, and was drowned. Another, a young man in the Rue Saint-Denis, was raised as he was about to throw himself into the river, by the timely sweep of the long black skirts of his mother.

Those who desire to enter into the matrimonial state may find it less embarrassing to come to a definite understanding with each other before the time for the ceremony arrives. The writer of a lady will not require any arrangements with the clergyman to leave the "obey" out of the service, and the occasion of her marriage to receive there is an arrangement beforehand, experiments at the altar are hazardous.

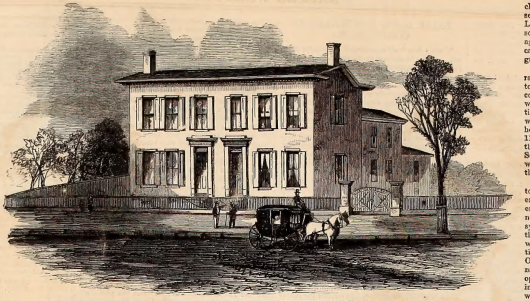
A CHANGE OF TEMPORARY SUPERINTEND.—The other day, in accordance with previous arrangements, a couple appeared at the Church of the Advent, Boston, for the purpose of being united in wedlock. All went well until the clergyman came to the indigenous portion of the service, the words, "I,——, take ——— to be my wedded wife,—for better, for worse," when the bride looked lovingly at her betrothed through her veil, and whispered in her ear, "I don't." The second gentleman immediately closed the book and quitted the church.

A story is going circulating through the German newspapers which illustrates the Continental idea of an English joke.

A REAL ENGLISH NOBLEMAN.—Lord S. is an eminent banker, and has a splendid country house, where he gives a deal of shooting. Dining one day with the great banker B., the latter asked the Lord to come down to his country seat on the estate, and at once made a note of the man's name and address. Next morning his butcher presented his horse and rode off in search of the celebrated athlete. He found him digging in his garden. "My good fellow," said the poor, dismounting and pulling off his gloves, "I've heard a great deal of your strength and skill; let us have a fight." The laborer looked at his visitor for a moment without speaking; and then suddenly grappling with him flung him over the hedge. "I say, my good man," cried Lord S., as soon as he recovered his breath, "will you do me a favor?" "What, haven't you had enough yet?" growled the laborer, sullenly. "Not at all; but I am personally concerned, but please throw my horse over too."

THE RESIDENCE OF GRANT'S FATHER.

We give on this page an illustration representing the residence of General GRANT'S father at Covington, Kentucky. This house is of course General GRANT'S stopping-place when he is in that vicinity. The association that must be linked with the place in the thought and affections of our Lieutenant-General also make it a very dear and interesting place to all of us. We have from a member of the family a certificate of the authenticity and correctness of the sketch sent us by our artist Mr. E. P. FRAZER, of Cincinnati.



RESIDENCE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT'S FATHER AT COVINGTON, KY.—[SKETCHED BY E. P. FRAZER.]

THE EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON.

CHAMP FERGUSON, the notorious guerrilla, suffered the death-penalty on the 20th of October. The emotions excited by the career and final fate of this man are those of mingled pity and horror—pity for the brutal wretch himself, and horror on account of the revelation which his life affords as to the possibilities of human cruelty. The wounded, the sick, the aged, and even helpless childhood, were not spared from his brutal murders.

Up to within a short period before his execution he was as profane and reckless as ever before. "He appeared," says a Western paper, "as braced against every feeling of humanity, as when, with his own hand, he murdered the venerable old man who had cradled him on his knee, and to whom he was indebted for a thousand favors."

Efforts were made, and with some success, to extract from FERGUSON the details of his career. He claims to have been a Union man up to the battle of Bull Run. His brother JAMES then joined the Federals, and he the Confederates. The former was killed in battle. He thought, he says, that he was engaged in legitimate warfare. "We were having a sort of miscellaneous war up there, through Fentress County, Tennessee, Clinton County, Kentucky, and all through that region. Every man was in danger of his life: if I hadn't killed my neighbor he would have killed me. Each of us had from twenty to fifty prescribed enemies, and it was regarded as legitimate to kill them at any time, at any place, under any circumstances, even if they were wounded or on a sick-bed."

FERGUSON admitted the truth of nearly all the specific charges made against him. In most cases he claimed that those murdered would have killed him at sight if he had not disposed of them. He looked upon his approaching and violent end with great coolness. He was nearly forty-four years old. His wife and daughter were with him the day before his execution. They were very much affected at parting with him, but he preserved his usual coolness up to the last moment.

CHAMP was very anxious that his body should not be given to the doctors to be cut up; in fact, this was the burden of his speech on the scaffold.

WADE HAMPTON.

AT the beginning of the war WADE HAMPTON was among the first of the aristocrats of South Carolina. He was a man of fortune, being among the richest of Southern planters, and the largest slaveholder in the South. He was born in Charleston in 1818. His grandfather, WADE HAMPTON, was an eminent military officer, and in the Revolutionary war served with distinction under SUMTER and MARION; he was also a member of Congress from South Carolina from 1795 to 1797, and again from 1803 to 1805; in 1813 he was made Major-General, but his career was somewhat blemished by his insubordination. He was forever "receding" from the authorities placed over him, and is said to have frustrated the attack on Montreal by his refusal to co-operate with General WILKINSON, with whom he had been long in enmity.

The present WADE HAMPTON'S father was also a military man, and served in the war of 1812. The son, the subject of our sketch, was educated at South Carolina college. While a young man he married the youngest daughter of General FRANCIS PRESTON, of Virginia, by whom he had three children, two of whom became officers in the rebel army. His present wife is the daughter of Governor M'DUFFIE, of South Carolina.

The pursuits of HAMPTON before the war were exclusively agricultural, though he served in both branches of the Legislature of his State with some distinction. His argument against the opening of the African slave-trade was one of his greatest efforts.

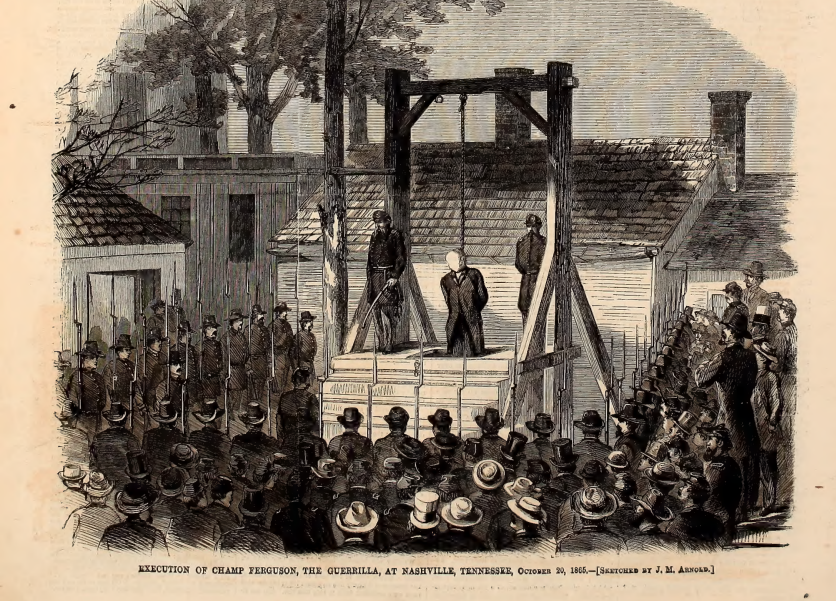
When the war commenced he raised a legion—called the Hampton Legion—consisting of six companies of infantry, with which he arrived in Virginia in time for the battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded in the head. Of this Legion, 800 strong, 110 were killed or wounded in this battle. In the battle of Seven Pines Colonel HAMPTON was again wounded—this time in the foot.

HAMPTON was then promoted to the position of Brigadier-General of cavalry under Major-General STUART. He took a prominent part in the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1862 and 1863. In the battle of Gettysburg he was wounded three times. In the action on the Boydton plank-road, October 27, 1864, he attacked the national force in the rear in co-operation with MAHONE'S attack in front. One of his sons was wounded in this affair, and another was killed.

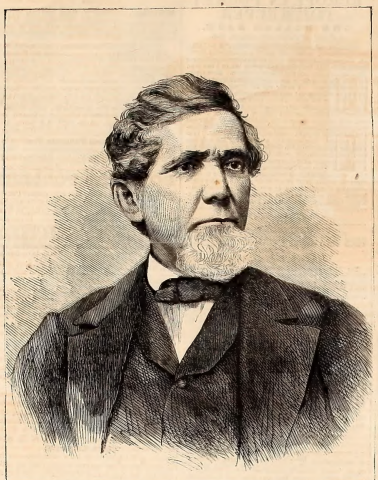
HAMPTON was well fitted for success as a cavalry officer, having been all his life passionately fond of field sports, and being possessed of a wonderful organ of locality, becoming acquainted instantly and almost instinctively with all the features of whatever locality he may happen to pass over.

Major NICHOLS, in his interesting "Story of SHERMAN'S Great March," gives the following description of WADE HAMPTON, as he appeared in the interview with General KILPATRICK on the occasion of JOE JOHNSTON'S surrender:

"WADE HAMPTON, a large and powerful man, gave but little opportunity for the critical examination of the graces of his person; for during the morning he lay stretched in an indifferent manner upon an old carpenter's bench by the side of the house; and when he afterward followed his superior out of the inclosure, dangling after him an immense sword which must have been imported for the occasion, either mature or his tailor, or both, gave him an appearance of vulgarity and clumsiness which surprised those who had been educated to believe that a South Carolinian who owned many



EXECUTION OF CHAMP FERGUSON, THE GUERRILLA, AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, OCTOBER 20, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY J. M. ARNOLD.]



GOVERNOR JAMES M. WELLS, OF LOUISIANA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES & PITTET, NEW ORLEANS.]



WADE HAMPTON, GOVERNOR ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

slaves was necessarily an elegant and refined gentleman. It should be said of HAMPTON's face—that is, what could be seen of it, behind a beard which was unnaturally black for a man fifty years of age—that it seemed bold even beyond arrogance; and this expression was, if possible, intensified by the boastful fanfaronade which he continued during the whole period of the conference."

WADE HAMPTON, as the Governor of South Carolina, will hold an important position, which will give him much power for good or evil. As he has been elected under the auspices of the working-men of his State, we hope that he will administrate the State government in the interest of labor rather than of capital.

GOVERNOR WELLS AND LOUISIANA POLITICS.

THE politics of Louisiana have long been a vexation of spirit. General BANKS established a Government based upon a small number of voters, and MICHAEL HAHN was elected Governor. The Legislature afterward elected Mr. HAHN United States Senator, but he has never taken his seat. The Lieutenant-Governor, JAMES MADISON WELLS, assumed the chair, and seems to have been tacitly recognized by the Administration, very much as Governor PIERPOINT was in Virginia. The BANKS Government has been for some months the only *de facto* one in the State, and an election is now to be held for Governor and other State officers.

There are two parties in the field: the "National Conservative Union party" and the "National Democratic party," and each party has set forth its principles. The "National Democratic party" declares that the late issue was made "openly, manfully, and honorably," and that, having failed, the party now frankly supports the Federal Government under the Constitution. It declares that the Democratic is the only Union party; approves the views of President JOHNSON as it interprets them; asserts that ours is a white man's Government; repudiates the BANKS Constitution as a creation of fraud, violence, and corruption, but yields to the necessity of recognizing it as the only existing civil Government; asks compensation for the losses caused by emancipation; advocates economy, the repeal of laws inharmonious with the United States Constitution, a labor system to relieve the planters and the people, and an early general amnesty and prompt restitution of property.

The National Conservative Union party "proudly hails" the restoration of the national authority; approves President JOHNSON's policy; declares that the allegiance of every American citizen is primarily due to the National Government; repudiates the doctrine of secession; opposes the rebel State war debt; supports the national debt incurred in suppressing the rebellion; opposes the political equality of "the African;" favors economy and a just regulation of labor; advocates a general amnesty and repeal of the confiscation law; opposes ostracism for nativity or religious opinion; and recommends relief to those who living beyond the national protection have been taxed by the rebellion.

Both parties nominate MR. WELLS for Governor, knowing that his immense official patronage in the present state of affairs would probably secure his election. MR. WELLS has accepted both nominations. The Democrats have selected the rest of their candidates for their devotion to the rebel cause. The National Union men have selected theirs for their devotion to the Union. The spirit of each party may be readily discerned in their resolutions, and from his speeches, as reported, MR. WELLS seems to be more in sympathy with the National Democratic than the National Conservative Union platform.

The test of the relative strength of the parties will be the vote for Lieutenant-Governor. The Union men have nominated J. G. TALIAFERRO, and the Democrats ALBERT VOORHIES. It is fair to presume that, as in Mississippi and South Carolina, the candidates most closely identified with the rebellion will be elected.

CRADLE SONG.

SOFT the twilight shadows fall,
The birds to the sunbeams tenderly call,
Sleep, baby, sleep!
In the purple lustre rich and rare,
In the hush of the evening, dreamy and fair,
Lovingly folded in mother's care,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Now the busy day is past,
My little darling is weary at last,
Sleep, precious one, sleep!
Quiet the restless, dimpled feet;
Hushed the prattle so dainty and sweet;
But mother's ears hear the little heart beat—
Sleep, dearie, sleep!

Had ever baby eyes so blue,
And cheeks like rose-buds washed in dew?
Sleep, darling, sleep!
While twilight wanes in slumber he'll lie,
But soon will awake with a tender cry,
And smile with delight to find mother nigh—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Bending low in a languor of joy
I drink to the breath of my angel-boy—
Sleep, precious one, sleep!
Deep where the heart-throbs come and go,
I fold him tenderly, tenderly so,
Murmuring blessings soft and low—
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE IVY LEAF.

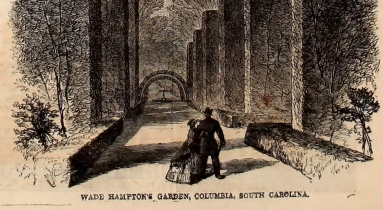
FLING garlands of ROSES to the young and fair,
Let them tread on the roses of life;
Let them call for their blossoms or for their hair,
Time will soon enough strip them and sow thorns there:
The petals will fall, even with tenderest care,
For earth with destruction is rife.

But bring me a leaf from the ivy tree,
Fluck it fresh in its beautiful hue;
And whisper quite low as you give it to me,
That unchanging as this little leaf will be,
Enduring and clinging most faithfully,
Shall your love remain firm and true.

Flow'rs may wither and die, joys soon are fled:
But this leaf, like true love, can not die,
Strew flow'rs—earth's fair offerings—o'er graves of the dead;
Wreathe with flow'rs—brief delights—the young victor's head,
Bring flowers—sweet hopes—for the bride to tread,
But *this leaf* for my life, say I!



VIEW OF WADE HAMPTON'S RESIDENCE, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.



WADE HAMPTON'S GARDEN, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement*. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR SALE.

A Drum Cylinder Printing-Press.

Size of Bed.....39½×53½ inches.

Four Rollers. Table Distribution.

Has been used till Oct. 1st to print HARPER'S WEEKLY. Price $3000.

Also, One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 38×51. Price $2800.

The above Presses are in good working order, and are offered for sale in consequence of the increased circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY requiring the "Lightning Press." Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS,

329 Pearl-st., New York.

MATILDA TOOTS.

NEW COMIC SONG, 32c. With picture, colored ..... 50c.
I CAN NOT FIND MY OLD POCKET ..... 30c.
SUNLIGHT WITHIN MY HEART ..... 35c.
HAVE YOU SEEN OUR LATEST COMIC SONG ..... 30c.
SOLDIERS' HAPPY RETURN, Mazurka ..... 30c.
IF WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE ..... 35c.

Mailed postpaid. FREDERICK BLUME,

286 Bowery, New York.

"RIT-TA-TINNY."

THE HORACE WATERS Grand, Square, and Upright PIANO-FORTES, and VOLUMES and VOICE, Melodeon and Seraphine. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second hand pianos at bargains from $50 to $250. Factory and warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, N. Y. Illustrated catalogues and Piano. Piano tuned and repaired.

HORACE WATERS.

Pile Remedy.

DR. STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY has cured thousands of the worst cases of Piles and Bleeding Piles. It gives immediate relief and effects a permanent cure. Try it directly. It is warranted to cure.

For sale by all Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Cough's

DR. STRICKLAND'S MELLIFLUOUS COUGH BALSAM is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

For sale by Druggists. Fifty Cents per Bottle.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer restores gray hair.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer makes hair grow on bald heads.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer stops Hair from falling out.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer prevents headache.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer is elegantly perfumed.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer is all that can be desired as a dressing.

CLOCK'S

Hair Restorer possesses all the merits claimed for it. A single trial convinces the most skeptical of its value. If after a thorough trial of two bottles, it does not give perfect satisfaction, the money will be refunded. Sold every where at $1 per bottle; six bottles for $5.

Dr. F. CLOCK, Proprietor,

Manchester, N. H.

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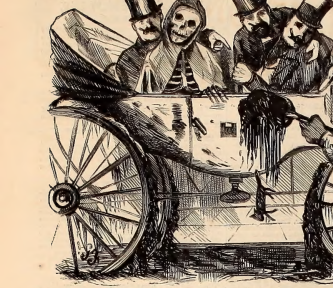
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VOL. IX.—No. 464.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

"I SAY, I say, General Jackson, for fear you should think I have some axe to grind because I try so hard to keep you at my poor house all night, I will agree to entertain you free of expense!" exclaimed the landlord of the only inn in the village of Jefferson, Ashe County, North Carolina, to General Jackson, late one evening in the autumn of 18—, as he entered his carriage to pursue his journey toward Tennessee. "The Blue Ridge, Sir, is infested with bandits, and you will certainly be robbed, and possibly murdered, before morning. Isseech you, stay!"

"You are very kind, Sir, and I thank you," replied the General, "but I shall proceed, and try and reach the Tennessee line at all events. I have no fears of being molested. Drive on, Ned, briskly. Adieu, gentlemen all!" and the old hero drove off at a rapid pace.

"Hillon there, youngster!" cried the landlord to a slim, wiry, flaxen-headed stripling standing in the muddy street in front of the tavern, "if you are going to Tennessee, you had better jump up behind and go along with the General; it's as cheap riding as walking."

"Sure enough; I reckon I'd better, and thank you," replied the young man, jumping up behind the coach as it drove off.

They rode on quietly for some hours until they began to ascend the mountain, when the General, hearing a slight cough behind, called out, sternly:

"Who's that?"

"It's me, Sir—Andrew Johnson. I am a traveler, on my way to Tennessee, and I thought I might get a lift on your carriage, Sir. I beg your pardon, Sir."

"You are quite welcome, Sir, to my carriage. Come forward and take a seat with me."

"Thank you, Sir; but as the mountain is rather steep here, I'll jump off and walk up."

He walked forward up the mountainside in advance of the carriage, but had not gone far before he saw a man ahead of him ascending the mountain. He appeared to be intoxicated. He lurched this way and the other way, staggering backward and forward; now his knees would double up, and he would miss a step, as if the earth had suddenly vanished before him; then he would cross his legs, and a lurch would send him diagonally across the road. He stopped and turned himself up so as nearly to fall backward, and then drifted helplessly along. Presently he turned an angle in the road and was out of sight.

"That man is beastly drank!" remarked the General.

"Drank!—not much, Sir," laughed the young man; "he's no more drunk than I am. He's playing 'possum, and means mischief. Look there! he's lying in the road.

As they drove up he raised himself lazily and hiccuped. "Hic! ah! I—I say, gentlemen, can't you give a man a lift? I—I—hic! can't walk. I'm loaded too heavily with d——l mean whisky."

"Then stay where you are and get rid of it!" replied the General, sternly.

"The devil!" exclaimed the man, springing to his feet with the agility of a cat. He gave a keen whistle and planted himself in front of the coach. Three men sprang out from the bushes, and made a rush at the carriage.

Quick as thought the General sprang upon one of them, and they rolled over in the road together. A dull, crushing sound was next heard over the conflict, and a second one rolled over in the dust, propelled by the loaded whip in the powerful hands of the driver. The young man, by a timely shot, fired and brought down a third, and then sprang to the assistance of the General, who still fought manfully with his Herculean antagonist, while the driver engaged the remaining robber.

"Stand back! stand back!" cried the General to the young man; "we are man to man. I'll give the villain fair play. By the Eternal I have you now!" and he threw his antagonist over, apparently lifeless.

"Are you hurt, my boy?" asked the General. "And you, too, Ned?—what's Ned?"

"Here, mass!" replied the boy, puffing up the road. "My robber coward—he run—he! he! he! I golly! I save one, mass save one, an' de young gentleman save one—he! he! ha!!"

All this occurred in less time than it takes to record it.

"But you, General, are you hurt?"

"No; nothing but a few bruises, thank God! But, look there! one of them is stirring. You, Sir, and Ned, pinion his hands, while I examine the others."

None of them were found to be dead. Two were only stunned, and the third had received a pistol-shot through the shoulder, and was crouching in affright. They were all soon pinioned, and a council was held, when it was determined to disarm them and let them go, rather than be detained on the road. No further incidents befell our travelers during their jaunt.

On their separation in Tennessee the General gave the young man much good advice. He recounted to him his own history, and bade him aspire to be good and useful. The General continued en route for his home in Middle Tennessee, and the young man stopped and settled in the town of Greenville, Tennessee, as a journeyman tailor. Of his subsequent career it is needless to speak; it is a part of the history of our country.

M. E. D.

JOHNSONBORO, TENNESSEE, Nov., 1865.

THE CHOLERA.

THE news of the arrival of the *Atalanta* from London on the 24 instant with cholera on board has given increased interest in this country to the subject of the epidemic. From fifty to sixty cases during the passage were reported, and sixteen deaths. The weather is not yet so cold as to prevent a prejudice flourish of the grim old monster this fall, nor is it safe to reckon too confidently on the security which winter may afford us. The disease has been known to defy the Frost King even in the colder latitudes of Russia. We have had ample warning, but what has been effected in the way of security? The street-cleaning commission of this city, with the Mayor at their head, have given out the work to men who certainly have done any thing else but clean the streets.

The Police Commissioners have felt obliged to take the matter in hand and have preferred charges against the contractors. The latter claimed that the trouble was due to the police, who should prevent citizens from throwing garbage into the streets. To this the reply was made that the police have reported cases (in one year to the number of 60,000) of violation of the city ordinances, but they were rarely, if ever, prosecuted to conviction.

According to a late work published by General VIELE, it appears that the original and natural drainage streams of the entire area of the city have been imperfectly filled up, and their places supplied by artificial sewers that utterly fail to drain off the water that is constantly accumulating. This water becomes stagnant, filth and garbage are allowed to mingle with it, and the miasma and noxious vapors arising therefrom are the fruitful and inevitable sources of disease and mortality. When one reflects upon the frightful masses of putridity that underlie the streets, alleys, public buildings, private residences, vacant lots, and a number of the public parks of the city, he can not be at a loss to divine the reason why fever and ague, intermittent fevers, and like complaints are chronic, and why epidemics prevail with such virulence in those localities when once they break out.

In Europe, in the mean time, the cholera appears to be declining in the places where it has been prevailing, on the eastern and northern shores of the Mediterranean, the coasts of the Euxine, and the banks of the Danube. Not more than eight or ten new cases have been reported at Southampton. The application of ice to the spinal column appears to have been a highly successful treatment. Although the cholera has been a month in Paris, the paternal care of the authorities avoids alarming the public with official returns. It is announced that on the 11th of October it attacked about 380 persons, 190 of whom died. But what are they among so many? asks a writer in the *Times*. Even at Marseilles the cholera deaths have been only four in a thousand among the whole number of inhabitants.

We give on page 724 an illustration of a scene which recently occurred in the streets of Marseilles on the occasion of LIGHTING FIRES NEAR THE PALACE OF JUSTICE TO DESTROY THE CHOLERA.

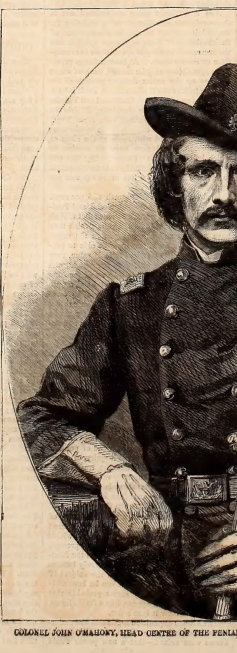
HON. JAMES L. ORR.

IT appears from the latest returns that WADE HAMPTON has been defeated in the South Carolina election for Governor by a majority of 500. If this is true Hon. JAMES L. ORR, whose portrait we give on page 723, is the Governor elect of South Carolina—a result of the election which will afford gratification to the loyal people of the country.

Hon. JAMES L. ORR was born May 12, 1822, at Craytonville, South Carolina. On both sides he is of Irish descent. His grandfather, JOHN ORR, was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary war. His father, CHRISTOPHER ORR, was a successful merchant, who devoted his means liberally to the education of his children. JAMES began his studies at a very early age, and in his eighteenth year entered the University of Virginia. He left college in 1841, and the subsequent year entered the law-office of Judge WARDLAW. He was admitted to the bar in 1843, after a highly creditable examination, and began to practice at Anderson, where he also established and edited a newspaper.

Mr. ORR was elected to the State Legislature from his district in 1844, at the age of 22, by a larger vote than was given to any other candidate in the State—a convincing evidence of his popularity in his own neighborhood. His very first speech was against nullification, which was the baby-form of secession, and was received with great favor throughout the State. He became a candidate for Congress in 1848 and was elected, and for more than ten years he held his seat without opposition. While he deprecated the agitation of the Slavery question, he was devoted to the Union. He was opposed to the Compromise measures introduced and passed by the Thirty-first Congress. When South Carolina, in 1851, threatened to secede alone, he opposed the movement, and although the State seemed determined to go out of the Union, through his influence the current was stayed.

In the reconstruction of South Carolina Mr. ORR has taken a leading position; and it is fortunate for the State that he is elected Governor. No man in the State so clearly understands the necessities of the situation in which the war has left the rebel States, and no one is more disposed to conduct affairs in such a manner as to steer clear of the delusions which have proved so fatal to Southern interests. Mr. ORR's past conduct gives good evidence of the spirit with which he will govern the State.



COLONEL JOHN O'MAHONY, HEAD CENTRE OF THE FENIAN ORDER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNALOW.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

TWENTY years ago MR. HENRIETTA WELLINGTON BOOTH was invited in Europe by an American family of large possessions at the South to travel through the slave States and see for herself their actual condition. Her rhymed reply was this singular prophecy:

You tell me of a bright land far over the sea,
But, ah! can you call it the land of the free?
Where the image of God, for a handful of gold,
Like a beast of the field in the market is sold—
Where the child from the mother's fond breast is torn—
Where the father is clothed, leaving orphans forlorn—
Where the anklet is tortured, like sufferings that rise
From damned to the lash and the groan of despair!

Woe! woe to thee, fair land! for ever the stain!
For the anniversary of death—dark thereby's stain!
Shall pass by in sight, while every child
From the victims who writhe, mourn for justice on high.
And He, the great Lord, of the universe, shall
Shall smite thee to earth in thy strength and thy pride;
For wrongeous hand fall for foul rebellion!
On the bridge reformed by His own beloved son!

This sound of the war-drum shall thrill thee at night,
At day time and thy brothers are borne to the fight;
The shot and the cotton shall rain their vain pain,
And the North and the South be divided in twain,
And brother 'gainst brother shall strike in the fight,
And battle be fought in the field of the night;
And the white maid and widow in sorrow shall mourn,
And the flags of the freedom in tatters be torn.

* * *

The North in her might like a whirlwind shall rise,
And the spirit of the nations be borne in her cries,
And though the warm blood of her heroes be shed,
The light of her freedom shall never be dead;
The Stars on the Stripes an Empire shall be,
Proud Liberty's banner from land and by sea;
And the Union, though spurned by the slaveholder's scorn,
Shall be guarded by Northmen for ages unborn.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE HOUSE.

THE next vital point of public interest is the organization of the House of Representatives. In the Clerk of the House devolves the place upon the roll the names of the representatives who may appear from the unorganized States, and may they take part in deciding the question whether they are entitled to seats?

To state the point would seem to settle it. But the law is happily coincident with the suggestion of common sense. The Statutes at Large provide that the clerk "shall make a roll, and place thereon the names of all persons whose certificates show credentials show that they were regularly elected in accordance with the laws of their States respectively, or the laws of the United States."

Now as there is no government in the unorganized States which has been recognized by the United States, as their governments are sex parely provisional and experimental, and are entirely dependent for validity upon the approval of Congress, it is clear that until Congress has approved the Constitution under which the representatives are elected there are, in the eye of the law, no representatives. For suppose that the names of the claimants from South Carolina, for instance, should be enrolled; suppose that they should be able to affect the choice of Speaker and the whole organization of the House: they would then be also in a position to determine whether Congress should approve the Constitutions under which they were elected. In other words, the late rebels and their Northern allies would determine upon what terms the unorganized States should resume their relations in the Union; and they would also be strong enough to repudiate the National debt!

This preposterous proceeding is gravely urged as the only lawful one—by whom? By the late rebels and their friends at the North. The Government has been saved against a gigantic rebellion, and—according to these gentlemen—it can be now lawfully intruded only to blow into the war upon it, and their allies who cheered them on! The Constitution was always pleaded by the rebels and their friends against a war to suppress the rebellion, and it is now pleaded against the natural and legitimate action of the country in securing the fruit of its victory. Thus it appears that the Constitution, as interpreted both by its open and its disguised enemies, is only valid to embarrass the Government in saving the Government first from the arms and then from the intrigues of its enemies.

Before the representatives from any lately rebellious State can take part in the proceedings of Congress, Congress must determine whether that State is duly organized for its normal relation to the Union. In the case, for instance, the Provisional Governor of South Carolina has forwarded to the President the proceedings of the Provisional Convention, and the acts of the people and of the Legislature in accordance with them, and these have been laid by the President before Congress and approved by it, then, and not before, can the representatives regularly elected under the laws of such States be admitted to Congress. Until then a representative from South Carolina has no more right to a seat or a voice in Congress than one from Canada or Guatemala.

The conditions upon which the whole work of provisional reorganization proceeds were indicated by the President. He authorized some of the people of the States named to take certain steps in order "to present such a republican form of State government as will entitle the State to the guaranty of the United States therefor." The United States, of course, will decide whether the State shall have that guaranty; but the State itself will have no voice whatever in the decision. If the President had taken up with the Provisional Governor his under Constitutions which had for four years repudiated the national authority, sent representatives to Congress, would not the HON. MR. MCLANAGHAN or HORATIO SEYMOUR claim that they ought to be admitted equally with the representatives from New York and Ohio?

If the State of Ohio, or that of Indiana or New York or Ohio are, then the action of the President is not only an impertinence, but lays him liable to impeachment? And if the representatives may come without question, like those of Massachusetts—as Provisional Governor HOUSTON intended—then the action of the President was constitutional and necessary as a measure of public safety, and this is the view of all the loyal men. The representatives must wait until the United States in Congress bid them enter.

THE LAST EXCITEMENT IN WALL STREET.

THE Latin proverb to the contrary notwithstanding, people do not learn by experience, at least in Wall Street. For several years it has been evident that the Bears have been trending a dangerous path. Men who sell that which they have not got, and that which, under certain circumstances, they can not get, court ruin. Nine years ago Harlem Railroad stock jumped up from 20@40 to 50@60 per cent. The advance was justified on the theory that the Harlem Railroad Company is going to obtain the Broadway Railroad grant. It was soon ascertained that this expectation was fallacious. On this fact a number of Bear operators undertook to sell Harlem short. It chanced that a leading operator, who was backed by Commodore VANDERBILT, was at the time a holder of Harlem. He realized the situation, encouraged the speculators to sell Harlem short, purchased the stock, and compelled the short sellers to buy @ 250 to 280 that which they had sold @ 75 @ 100. The lesson was severe—it proved fatal to many parties concerned—and it was supposed that it would prove salutary. It would seem, however, that Wall Street is not yet cured.

The case is similar to that of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Railroad. The road runs from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. It was built and originally run by the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad Company, a concern which came to grief and was practically bankrupt in the panic of 1857. In the hands of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Company, which has been skillfully managed, the road has done well, and the stock has ranged in the market from 30 to 60 per cent, rising in the expansion of April 1864 to 89 per cent, and falling in the panic of April 1865 to 30 per cent. This autumn, owing to the heavy wheat crop of Wisconsin and Minnesota, the line has done a large business, and the stock rose in consequence in October to 70 per cent.

This advance of 840 a share in six months attracted the attention of the clever Bears on the Stock Exchange, and they began to sell the stock short. Their operations were closely scanned by an operator of experience, nerve, and capital. He began, quietly to buy up the options offered. Presently, questions arising as to the intrinsic value of the stock, he said his friends were against a sale of the road of the Company, where they were informed by the President and Directors that there was no likelihood of dividends being paid for some next. Under these circumstances it was evident that the stock was selling for more than it was worth, and the speculators sold more and more of it short. The wary old operator took their contracts quietly. As a general rule they sold the stock for cash or on short options, and borrowed it for delivery. Hence the scarcity. Full half the capital could be borrowed, and the Bears were encouraged in the belief that no money was coming into the market, for the 1st of October a heavy falling off in the receipts of wheat at Milwaukee was reported, and the short sales increased to seventy-five per cent. This promptly met by the operator for the rise, and simultaneously two new developments took place.

In the first place, without any obvious attempt to corner the stock, it rose with marked spasmodic bounds of 5@8 per cent a day.

And secondly, all purchases of stock on long options began to be made on the terms of the Open Board of Brokers, and not on the terms of the Stock Exchange. The motive of this was obvious. Under the rules of the Stock Exchange, a buyer or seller on long options may, within twenty-four hours after his purchase or sale, call for a deposit of 10 or 20 per cent in the Trust Company to secure the fulfillment of his contract; but after the lapse of twenty-four hours he can not call at all, nor, if he has called 10 or 20 per cent. within this period, can he afterward call for any more money. Under the rules of the Open Board buyer or seller may, at any time during the pendency of his contract, call for 10 per cent., and, as often as the market-price of the stock varies, may call for more and more, so as always to have a margin of 10 per cent. Buyers of Prairie du Chien, by stipulating that the contracts must be made on the terms of the Open Board, secured the right of calling for deposits to an indefinite amount. Thus, on 31st October contracts were made on the basis of 70 per cent., and 10 per cent. was called up. On 1st November the price was 80, and 10 per cent. more was called; on 2d the price was 90, and 10 per cent. more was called; on 3d the price was nearly par, and 10 per cent. more was called; on Saturday evening, 4th, the price reached 113, and 10 per cent. more was called; and on Monday, 6th, the price was 225, and 100 per cent. more was called, making altogether 150 per cent. called up—say $15,000 on every 100 shares of stock.

Thus the clever operators who, when Prairie du Chiens was selling @ 70 or thereabouts, concluded it was not worth so much, and sold for future delivery at that price, have now in the Trust Companies twice as much money up as the whole amount of their contract sales, with a fair prospect of being obliged to make still greater deposits. A man who on 1st November sold 1000 shares on 10 per cent margin—that is, knowing nowadays deals in less than 1000 shares—and, on 6th, in six days, a loss of $150,000 must find him in the fence, with a prospect of its indefinite increase. Harlem was terrible, but Harlem was nothing to this. Settlements were made on 6th, by which the short sellers of 1000 shares compromised with the buyers by paying $100,000 in money for a week's diversion. Of the future nothing can be predicted. When "corner" may break; before these lines are published Prairie du Chien may be selling at 70 again; or it may be selling at 500. All that can be said with certainty is, that he who sells that which he hasn't got and can't get must pay the price which the holder chooses to name, no matter how unreasonable that price may seem.

Just a fortnight since we pointed out in these columns the danger of speculating for the fall in railway stocks, in consequence of the smallness of their aggregate volume, and the increased capacity of speculators to monopolize or corner them. At least a dozen prominent speculators may be named, each of whom can buy up the entire floating portion of the Illinois Central, Erie, Hudson, etc., etc., and the speculator who corners these stocks may find himself loaded with them at the close of his operations, and may have no market for which he can dispose of them. But this will not console the Bears who have been compelled to settle with him at a loss of 100@200 per cent.

Harlem was not really worth 285 per cent. when the corner in that stock closed, and Prairie du Chien is not worth 500 now! But Wall Street gamblers will sell the thing which they have not got and can not get, on the vague theory that they will somehow be able to procure it for delivery at its intrinsic value, they must not be surprised if they are caught, and forced to pay fancy prices by way of teaching them the fundamental laws of political economy. To be reasonably safe speculation here after must run in governments, which can not be cornered, or in the price of which will be governed by the general law of supply and demand.

OUR FRENCH RELATIONS.

THERE is a general feeling that our Mexican and French relations are not satisfactory. The Secretary of State assured us at Auburn that there was no spirit upon the horizon; but he was looking resolutely through his resolute telescope. The unanimous declaration of the House of Representative in the midst of the war; the plain opinion of the leading Generals since the war ended; the rhetoric of political conventions; the persistent inquiry of many representative constituents; and the tradition of the Monroe doctrine carefully revived and emphasized—all show that there is great dissatisfaction with the presence of the French in Mexico holding an Austrian upon the throne.

Yet is it not wise to trust the course of events a little, seeing how feebly they are? Nobody, except a minority of this country, wishes to see it hurried into another war at present. With whatever ardor we may profess the Monroe doctrine at this time, it is surely best to avoid a war with France upon the subject of her Mexican enterprise, if it can be honorably avoided. And it really seems probable that the difficulty will disappear, like a feeble flame, if we do not blow it into a fire.

The French expedition to Mexico was undertaken upon the assumption that the United States were ruined—that a new power would be established in the Southern States which would be only too glad of a strong alliance upon its border, and that the dwarfed and enfeebled Government which had proclaimed the Monroe doctrine would never whisper that word again. Notwithstanding these favorable auspices the expedition was always immensely unpopular in France, and was keenly ridiculed and indignantly denounced in the Chambers by the Opposition. The entire French force in Mexico has never been considerable, and its Mexican allies are of no importance. MAXIMILIAN has been trying to influence himself upon his very uncertain throne, but the French Emperor has been painfully silent and inactive, while JUAREZ, the Mexican President, still maintains a struggling but persistent warfare.

Now the assumption under which the French came to Mexico is utterly destroyed. Instead of two new neighboring powers, the nearest of which was to be necessarily friendly, LOUIS NAPOLEON finds the one old power, with which the Monroe doctrine is a fond and universal tradition, more imposing than ever, with the most severe military training, with an immense navy, and flushed with victory. His prolonged stay in Mexico involves probable war with that victorious Power, and to what purpose? It would be a war unpopular and opposed in France, and opposed because of no adequate advantage to France which could be possibly secured.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, then, is the probable secret wish of LOUIS NAPOLEON? To let the destiny of the Latin race take care of itself, and to leave MAXIMILIAN to take care of his own. If such a man has made up his mind to go, he does not wish to be bullied or kicked out. Indeed such is human nature, a man will fight as fiercely under such circumstances as if he were conscious of a good cause. An attitude of courteous but positive expectation is much more agreeable to the French than the most arrogant impatience. If the Government of the United States politely and firmly expresses its confidence that the favorite theory and doctrine of "the consent of the peoples" will be suffered to have its course in Mexico as in Savoy, there is little doubt that the imperial power will devise a convenient plea for withdrawing. But journals and orators, and all organs and influences of public opinion, should not forget that they have duties to the good fellowship of nations and the peace of the world, as well as to Buncombe and Yankee-doodle-doo.

INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.

THE intelligent citizens of the Southern States are naturally anxious to see the industry reviving upon which alone the prosperity of the country and the permanent peace established. They are calling for immigrants, and, possibly distrusting the good-will or capacity of the freedmen—which seems to us entirely groundless—are until they have given them the same fair chance that we all demand for ourselves—they propose that immigrants may be persuaded to come southward and invest money and labor in the land.

But do not our honest well-wishers to the South see their few arrangements for peace or rest in that part of the country until it is tranquilized and can promise the new-comers security in labor and property and prosperity? While the States at the South remain unorganized that stability is wanting which alone invites foreign immigration. Besides, Mexico has never had any charms for that valuable immigration which brings enterprise and capital to the States of peaceful industry; and any state of society which appears to the Mexican will always repel the most truly desirable population.

The industrial destiny of the disturbed States is the peculiarity in their own hands. They can be rebuilt in prosperity only by peaceful enterprises of agriculture and commerce. Those depend entirely upon confidence, and confidence will be restored only as fast as the people of the States show that they have fairly swept the situation. While the acts of secession are merely repealed; while the rebel debt is reluctantly repudiated only upon palpable compulsion; while the acquiescence in emancipation is merely verbal and formal, and an evident unwillingness to treat the freedmen fairly appears in every step taken in the new and provisionally intrusted with the work of reorganization, so long, of course, every sensible man will feel that there is no security of permanent quiet, and he will wait until the horizon clears before he sets out upon his journey to town fields and pastures new.

Here, for instance, is the State of Georgia. The Provisional Convention repeals the act of secession; but the legislature should pass at once that had become for the present inexpedient. It declares slavery abolished; but higgles about repudiating the rebel debt until the freedmen seals a peremptory telegram that it must be done. What provision it will advise for justice to the freedmen does not appear. That any body takes the very plain and logical position that, as the system of slavery is at end, all the laws that sprung from it fall to the ground, we do not discover; and we fail to see that there is any other spirit in the Convention than that of doing exactly as little as is imper-

actively necessary to resume the State relations with the Union. In Mississippi, indeed, every loyal man will observe with pleasure that Provisional Governor SHARKEY and Mr. ALCORN, the two Senators of the United States elected under the new Constitution now awaiting approval by Congress, do take this ground. But our private advices assure us that the condition of public sentiment in Mississippi, in Alabama, in Georgia, and in South Carolina is extremely unsatisfactory to those who hope for an early and sincere reunion.

We shall be told, of course, that this is natural. We understand Mr. BEECHER to say that he should not respect our Southern brethren half so much if they felt otherwise or did differently. That may be. We do not ask nor expect our fellow-citizens at the South to profess satisfaction with the result of the war. But if they acquiesce in that result we do expect them to do it frankly and fully, not sullenly nor maliciously. They may still believe in State sovereignty and the right of secession. They may declare the war upon the part of the United States to have been unjust and cruel. But if they agree to accept their State rights under the authority of the United States we have a right to expect that the measures they adopt will be such, both in substance and in the spirit with which they are adopted, as to leave no doubt that they have taken the only with their hearts as well as with their lips the formal assent to the strict letter of the required conditions, while all the incidents of daily life show an unwilling feeling, and a great difficulty to secure a formal recognition of the fact of compliance, but it certainly can not inspire that confidence upon which alone the prosperity of the Southern States is to be built.

Many of our own friends at the South think it very hard that we say many things that do not tend to conciliation. We do not mean intentionally say one. We must speak plainly, but plainness of speech is not unkindness. We are asked, Why not leave the Southern citizens to thus accept the conditions imposed? They may refuse to accept them, if they can not take them in the spirit in which they are offered. That is one thing they can do, and we should respect their refusal. Every thoughtful man at the South knows that true reorganization is not a letter but a spirit. How can any fair part of the country who read these lines do not know neighbors and friends who take the oath with one hand and sneer at it with the other?

That is not the way in which civil troubles are composed. If it be natural that those who have lost nothing should be left in such a frame of mind, it surely is no less natural that those who have won should regret and distrust it. And certainly the citizens of the Southern States will earnestly wish to see them more at peace, and an influx of capital and labor, must perceive that nothing will prevent such a result but a popular conviction of the acquiescence of which we hear is formal and not sincere.

THE FENIANS.

THE Fenian movement is an enterprise for Irish revolution against England. We can not see that it is wise, however natural it may be, nor do we believe the elements of success upon which it counts. A revolution imposed upon a country by those of its citizens who have chosen to deny it rather than to remain in the country and assert its independence at all costs, has not at the first view the promise of victory. The *emigrés* who left France at the outbreak of the revolution of 1789 hoped to return in 1815 and place LOUIS XVIII. upon the throne. But they returned with the bayonets of Europe behind them. A similar party in France formerly aided Irish revolutions, but still the revolutions failed. Upon what alliance do the Fenians count?

Our peculiar interest in the present movement, which does not recommend itself by any illustrious name, but is made itself known by the leadership and sympathy of the Church, which seems to us essential to the vitality of any Irish insurrection, springs from the fact that it is apparently a movement from the shore of the sea. The United States are apparently the moral base of the Fenian enterprise against Great Britain. We say the moral base, because there is no evidence that any men or munitions have been dispatched from this country; and indeed, such is the vast and accurate knowledge of the lively race, that it is by no means sure that the whole thing is not a burst of rhetoric.

The practical point is just here. The Irish population at home could not hope to do today more than SMITH O'BRIEN and his friends did fifteen years ago. That was to be one of the most ignominious of all the efforts to throw off the English yoke. There were noble men, to our knowledge, involved in that movement, but the movement itself was a total and almost ridiculous failure. If, however, the Irish population of the United States intend to cross the ocean in person, unite with the Irish at home, and fight with Great Britain; and if they can organize and equip adequate expeditions and fall upon the shore by sea and land, there may be serious trouble.

But even granting this intention—even supposing that our fellow-citizens of Irish descent are burning to leave their wives and children to the poor-house in this country in order that they may cleave the Sassenach to the chine in Ireland or England, it will be a most perplexing question for the government of the United States to decide whether the Constitution under which we live is not a satisfactory

LIGHT IN TEXAS.

THE following extracts from the Houston *Telegraph*, in Texas, are significant. If the education of the people is to continue—and even the Democratic party have not yet declared openly and directly against it—all other questions will be easier of solution. The first extract is from the issue of September 20:

"More than half of the school-age children in Houston go into the haunts of ragpers. Several schools for colored persons are now in operation here and in Galveston. Many planters buy a stock of school-books for the schools already not unfrequently upon plantations. We believe this is the proper thing, and that the education of the negroes in the elements of knowledge will aid in a hopeful solution of the question of how great labor will be controlled, and whether the negro race will survive their freedom."

The next is from an editorial in the same paper of September 30:

"Meanwhile the northern State, desirous of increasing its political power, should present a Constitution admitting of universal suffrage some time or in some way, it seems to us that the people of Texas will not be slow in both the Northern contestants. We are not the summer prepared to say that any plan can be wonderful or strange to be possible. Politicians are mighty sucretals, and what they will do are not be foretold by what they have done."

We do not despair of seeing a party of equal rights in the Southern States to join that in the other parts of the country; and when that party controls the late rebel as well as the loyal States we shall have once more an era of good feeling.

LITERARY.

"OUR Mutual Friend," DICKENS's new novel, is just issued by the HARPERS, in two forms: the two parts in paper at $1, and one volume in cloth at $1.50, both uncut and illustrated. It is one of the most characteristic of his works, full of that humor and pathos and peculiar creation which have put at the head of all living novelists. The plot is ingenious and interesting, and the multitude of characters that flit through the pages are very much in wonderful society to which Pickwick, and Peckniff, and Toots, and Dick Swiveller, and Little Nell and scores of other familiar and immortal friends belong.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has ordered Governor Sharkey to exercise his official functions until ordered otherwise. Governor Humphreys, it seems, has been issuing a proclamation calling the State organization of the Legislature together, and Governor Sharkey's telegram is petitioning the President to prevent the Legislature from assembling.

The Legislature has assembled upon this notice, however, and the excitement among the latter is very great.

The Constitutional question is the supposed validity of the State debt. The President has in a special dispatch to Governor Johnson instructed measures as indispensable to the peaceful restoration of the State. Governor JOHNSON has advised the Convention to protest against the Government for the action destroyed by Gen. SHERMAN in the guaranty of faith through the State.

Governor Perry in his message to the South Carolina Legislature urges the importance of an early election for Congressmen. He suggests that the latter will take their seats and aid in the reorganization of Congress. He claims that the Constitution is legally bound to guarantee upon the toil. He pronounces the special oath (to support the laws of Congress) as "disqualifying members to swear that they have never taken active part in the late war." He recommends a general amnesty proclamation. No man in South Carolina could take such an oath. He says, "If the Southern members are present when the roll is called by States they will take part in the organization of the House, and by voting against the oath bring to the front to the members when they are sworn.

Governor Perry also recommends that giving some very pertinent advice to the negroes of that State. He tells them that they are free but they should become industrious men and ladies, and advises them as a matter of courtesy to continue to call their former masters "master and mistress." The Florida Convention met October 26.

THE DEBT.

According to the official statement of the public indebtedness on the 31st of October there has been a further decline of $3,000,000 in the national liabilities during the month of September. The cash balance remaining to the credit of the Treasury on the same date amounted to $116,000,000 in the currency of gold. There has been a reduction in the currency of nearly forty-five millions of non-bearing during the months of September and October.

THE ANDERSONVILLE CEMETERY.

The New York *Times* of November 4 publishes a full list of the names of the 12,000 men who died in the prison at Andersonville. It appears that of the whole number buried at Andersonville about one-fourth were of New York soldiers.

LOYAL SOUTHERN GOVERNORS.

Virginia has given to these loyal gentlemen, whose names are as follows: Thomas, Terrill, Cooke, Reno, Pendleton, Letcher, Smith, Johnson, Dupree, Jackson, Pickens, Graham.

Kentucky, "My Maryland," has given us ten generals, namely—Orel, Cooper, Buckner, Grimey, Preach, Kenley, Breckinridge, Hardin, Lyon.

Delaware has given us three generals, namely—Lockwood, Thomas, Anderson.

Kentucky—the birth-place of President Lincoln—the nurtured and the adopted State, stands in the most unenviable relief in the number and efficiency of the rebellion virtues she has sent into the field for the defense of the Union. She has given us twenty-eight generals, whose names are Cook, Cox, Crittenden, Dumont, Ewing, Garrard, Helm, Hartzer, Quigley, Stahl, Shelby, Tompkins, McClernand, McMillan, Clay, Clay Smith, Morris, Prentice, Pope, Burbridge, Fry, Shackelford, Germain, Johnson, Jackson, Wood, Ward, and two Bolivars.

Tennessee has given us twenty-six generals, namely—Trousdale, Campbell, Abercrombie, Spears.

Missouri, the Border State that gives us five generals, namely—Hunter, Orme, Pleasanton, Brannan, Getty.

Arkansas has given us three generals, namely—Two Bowers and one Crittenden.

North Carolina has given us two generals—Meredith and Johnson.

South Carolina has given us two generals—Barbuse and Pleasant.

Missouri has given us Reno; Louisiana, Weet, and Georgia, Bledsoe.

Here we have a list of seventy-three Southern generals of land forces, many of whom have already, with loyal valor and blood, intermingled with the valor and blood of their compatriots from other sections of the country, added strength and indissolubility to the Union.

If we take the list of naval officers that the South has spared at least which will be famous in history so long as the American flag floats, we have a record of fifty-one seamen: Farragut, of Tennessee; Porter, of Louisiana; Goldsborough, of the District of Columbia, and Winslow, of North Carolina—that brave and dauntless Old Coon who captured the pirate *Alabama*.

NEWS ITEMS.

In the return match, played November 8, at Brooklyn, between the Atlantic and Excelsior Clubs, the Atlantics made in one action 96 runs to the Excelsior's 84 in the score.

Brigadier-General Barnum has received a brevet appointment as Major-General, as a reward for distinguished and brilliant services.

The Treasury of property seized and occupied since the 1st of June, 1865, by order of Treasury Johnson, been very guarded in New Orleans. The property, at 11, there occupied by General Banks, that of Mrs. Slocomb, occupied by General Sheridan, and that of Mrs. Fenner, Jefferson Davis, and other prominent citizens, has all been restored.

Brevet Brigadier-General Lieutenant-Colonel Lee, of the 2d United States Artillery, Howard's Battery, has been brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant conduct in the war.

Large numbers of Germans, Swedes, and Danes are pouring into Virginia. But the supply is not equal to the demand. The price fixed for their services as farm hands is, however, $150 a year, with board and lodging. This is between twenty and fifty years old, and for women $100.

The New Orleans Times, the Republican organ, had on the 3200 majority, beating Perez, who was the late mayor.

The 70th volume has been issued of Harper's Magazine. Cheese selling over $200. Eight of the ten counties in the Territory elect Republican members to the Legislature.

It is said that $1,020,000,000 have been paid to the army alone since the commencement of the war.

The Treasury is receiving on the coin of Governments through the port of New York, in October, amounted to $1,064,000 in gold, and $3,037,000 in currency, or $4,101 less. Thus far in the current week it has averaged $424,167 a day, or equal to the monthly payment of $7,500,000.

The Rochester *Union* says there are three authentic coal mines, two of which have already taken fire, which yield a superior quality of coal.

A dispatch with official notice given by Mr. Seward heretofore, a large quantity of claims against foreign Governments, which, for reasons by private, have been filed in the State Department.

The Brooklyn city government has passed an order, authorizing the Cobblestone Water Board to build a reservoir on Prospect Hill, with capacity of 50,000,000 gallons.

In Brighton and Newton, to cost $500,000, and to purchase lands for the Cochituate Water Board, to cost more than $1,000,000, and authorizing the Treasurer to borrow the above amounts.

The Democratic Party Wade Hampton, Brown, Butler, Martin, and Bruinan are members of the South Carolina State.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of November 8 a hot was discovered in the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, 23, 25, Greenwich Street, and placed on the sidewalk exploded, and injured twenty-four persons, either by pieces thrown around it, broke windows and shook the buildings in the vicinity. It was not known who was the first long, but was the property of a German named Theodore Lorey, who resided in Jersey City. He had taken the can to sell to the hotel with his baggage. Smoke issued from the box before it was delivered to the cook. The cook, supposing no cream. The German owner of the box was severely injured. He had at least twenty pounds of it were, though he supposed they were chemical oils. The cook, whose name is William Lee, of Yorkville, he said, put the box into his charge, setting him to sell the oils it contained. No doubt occurred in consequence of the explosion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT preparations were made in England for Lord Palmerston's funeral. He was to be buried in Westminster Abbey, near Lord Fox. The Government took the lead the imposing cortege. The pall-bearers were to be ten Cabinet Ministers, Lord Derby, Prime Minister. In the Abbey, and business generally suspended on the occasion, and the Government of Parliament assembled to attend the Peerage in her own right.

The Emperor of Brazil has removed all restrictions on American vessels in English ports.

It is understood that the naval commanders in the Pacific have received orders from their Government to protect the persons and property of foreigners.

The Brazilians and their allies continue to be successful in the war against Paraguay. Our latest intelligence is to September 29. The Paraguayans had suffered another defeat in the vicinity of Uruguayana, in which five thousand prisoners, who were immediately disposed of by being drafted into the Brazilian army. The allies were in great rejoicing at Buenos Ayres. At this rate the Paraguayans will not be numerous long.

Prussia has taken the part of Kini under her juridiction. The Prussian Minister has been instructed to remain in the port.

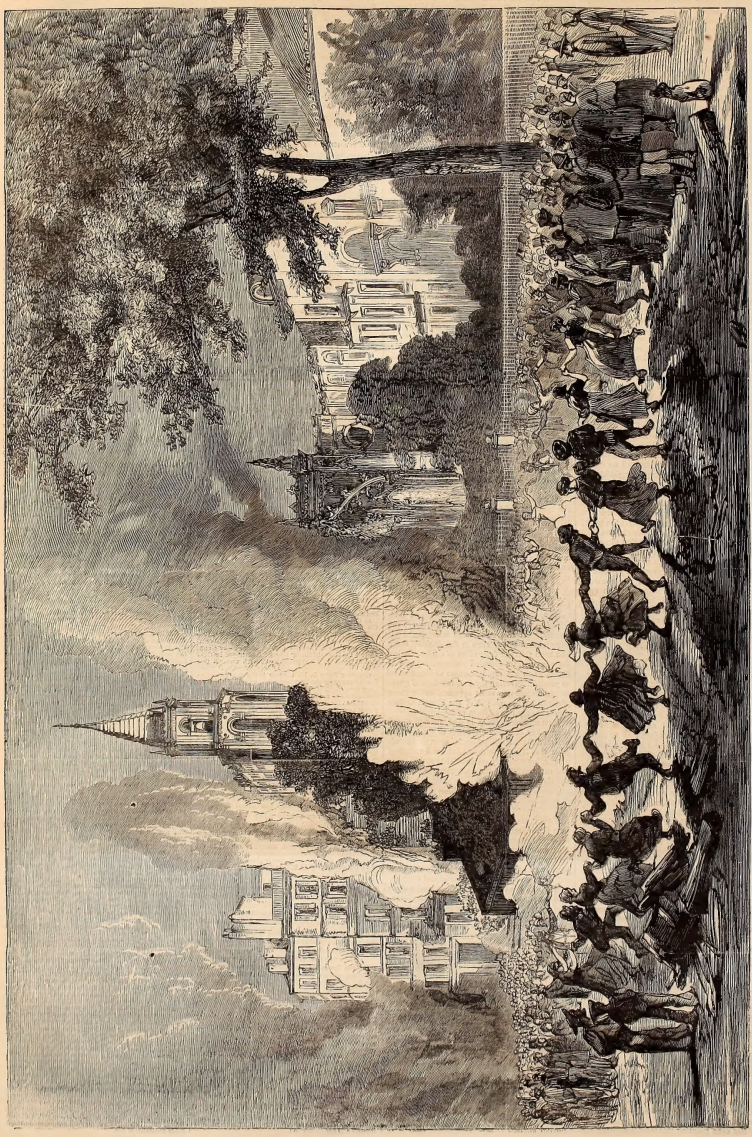
The British Government seems to have caught all the Irish Fenian it cares for. The Archbishop of Dublin thinks the insurrection is entirely at an end. Napoleon, He says also, that when Irish patriots saw Garibaldi, a leader of the same religion as themselves, fighting for Italian with acclamations and petted by bishops and the highest ecclesiastics, they would be bold to attempt the same of getting up a revolution in Ireland.

Cheyney has been appointed Consul of France for a Saxony Congress. The Porte has appointed a Commission to investigate the affairs of Candia, and to endeavor to put the causes of the recent outbreak, and to indemnify upon the Christian inhabitants for their losses. The Cretan commissioners will include the Italian consul to the Porte.

The Pope has addressed to the origin and progress of the troubles in Candia. He says that the Greek clergy is around Morato Bey, which is the part of the island against the Turks. He is the District of Candia, and these hundred men, armed with swords, left Dimitres and separated in small bands. They then held a meeting in the Baptist Chapel. The ringleaders wrote to Spyridi Spin and Bish Dimitri, who were arrested on the 11th. The mob, now numbering four or five hundred, rushed on the Police Station in Dey Street, seized the guns, swords, and powder, and triumphantly hurried on to the Turk-house. Mustapha Pasha escaped by means of "Hot Act," which he read amidst a storm of stones and bricks. The subsequent proceedings of the mob will be found recorded every account of the rioters were read or sounded.

A fight between the Turks and the Candiote insurgents, in which the latter were worsted, and narrowly escaped with their lives. The Turks were not so fortunate as to that. The insurgents now gave full vent to their fury. They killed two of the magistrates and many other persons. The tongue of a clergyman was cut out. The Church-house was burned. More troops were sent for, and those, together with the inhabitants, succeeded in making headway against the mob. Forty of the insurgents have been hanged.

It is proclamation dated the 8d of October, at the city of Candia, the Governor-General authorized and ordered the execution of every prisoner thereafter taken by his forces, any Mussulman who should be in the vicinity of the rebels, the commander of the troops who capture him, and to be shot within twenty-four hours; and this whether he be made resistance or not.



CHOLERA AT MARSEILLES—FIRES LIGHTED IN THE SQUARE OF THE OLD PALACE OF JUSTICE TO DESTROY THE PESTILENCE.



THE LATE HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, K.G., G.C.B.

LORD PALMERSTON.

On the 18th of October Lord PALMERSTON, the most popular Premier and the most experienced statesman of England, died of an inflammatory attack on the bladder, brought on by a severe cold. Though the event ought not to have been unexpected, yet the English people have felt no shock so sudden since the death of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. PALMERSTON was to Englishmen a sort of Palladium—so long as he was present no serious misfortune could befall the state.

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, Viscount PALMERSTON, of Palmerston, County Dublin, and BARON TEMPLE, was born October 20, 1784, at Broadlands, Hampshire, England. His early education commenced at HARROW. From Harrow he went to the University of Edinburgh, and thence to Cambridge. At school and college he was thought rather dull. When he was only seventeen years old his father died, leaving the son heir to his estate and title. The young lord was easy in his manners, arrogant to his equals, and condescending to his inferiors, and, though not dissipated, was a lover of gayety and a scrupulous devotee of Beauty and Fashion.

The fearless audacity of Lord PALMERSTON was shown in his first advent into public life. At the early age of twenty-two he ventured to contest the seat of Cambridge in Parliament with Lord HENRY PETTY, then Chancellor of Exchequer. Defeated in this contest he took a seat for Bletchingly—a pocket borough. Afterward he represented Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In 1811 he first represented Cambridge. From 1835 until the time of his death he sat for Tiverton.

When Lord PALMERSTON entered Parliament Lord GRENVILLE was Premier at the head of a Whig Administration, with FOX in the Foreign office and ERSKINE Chancellor. But the opposition of the KING to the Catholic Disabilities Removing bill upset this government, and with the accession to power of Lord PORTLAND Lord PALMERSTON came into office as Junior Lord of Admiralty. One of his first speeches in Parliament, if not his very first, in 1807, exhibited some degree of that talent in respect to Foreign Affairs, for which he became afterward so distinguished. PONSONBY had assailed the ministers on account of their diplomatic reticence in regard to the expedition sent to seize the Danish fleet at Copenhagen. PALMERSTON defended the ministry, justifying its silence and the expedition at the same time—the latter on the ground that the enormous power of France enabled her to coerce a weaker state to become an enemy to England. In 1809, upon the accession of Mr. PERCIVAL as Premier, PALMERSTON was appointed Secretary-at-War, which office he held until 1828, under five successive administrations. We have an indication of his modesty in the fact that, having offered to him his choice of the Chancellorship, the position of Secretary-at-War, or a seat at the Treasury Board, he consulted with a statesman much his inferior (Mr. PLUMER WARD) as to which of these positions he could most fitly and prudently fill. It was during his tenure of the war office that Lord PALMERSTON was shot at and wounded by a half-pay lieutenant named DAVIES.

At this period Lord PALMERSTON had little to say in the House of Commons except on matters relating to the army. When he did speak on other matters he sided with the Whigs rather than with the Tories. He followed closely in CANNING's lead. There was a great difference between the two statesmen. CANNING acted from principle, and would have supported his reform measures against any opposition. PALMERSTON acted upon practical grounds, and waited for conditions favorable to reform. He advocated Catholic emancipation with great force and clearness. But in the matter of Parliamentary reform he was backward; though always willing to yield as much as popular opinion demanded he was always sure to add not one little more.

In 1830 PALMERSTON succeeded CANNING as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. The Tory Administration of WELLINGTON had retired and the Whigs had come into power with Lord GREY at their head. Lord PALMERSTON now commenced a long career of distinction, as Foreign Minister of England, in which he sometimes met with opposition but was always triumphant. The London *Times* thus speaks of him at this period:

"He stepped into the post so long identified the right man in the right place, and during that long term of power with it he (he says Bill goes) as the Whigs, he stood forth as the most brilliant representative of that school, the man of men, the minister of ministers, the type and the glory of England. No English minister ever attained to more world-wide fame than he acquired in those and subsequent years of office. All over the globe his name was lavished as the symbol of English generosity and English omnipotence. The Bedouin of the Desert recognized in PALMERSTON Pechaw a being whom Allah had endowed with more than mortal power. The negro on the Guinea coast knew that PALMERSTON was his friend, and watched day and night against slavery. Brown in the backwoods of America, or in the gardens of Siam, felt that he had an intelli-

the safeguard if he had PALMERSTON'S passport to show. PALMERSTON, it was imagined, would move the whole force of the British empire in order that this *Brown-Rousseau*—might not be defrauded of his Werther-sacs amidst the ice of Siberia, or of his pale ale on the Mountains of the Moon. He could do any thing, and he would do every thing. Nothing great was accomplished without being attributed to him. He was supposed to have his pockets full of constitutions, to have a vein in half the Cabinets of Europe, to have manœuvred past reckoning under his hands. He humbled the Sultan, he conquered Abdel-Kader, he abolished the Negro, he conquered Cochin-China of the Sun, he went to the world's end, and there had been walled round for centuries by impregnable forts; he defied the Czar, and he humiliated the French fleet into when he received the assurances of the brilliant Turkish thereby.

LORD PALMERSTON, though opposed to the politics of independence in Europe which the people must favor, had the most complete faith in the moral power of public opinion. It was as the exponent of the popular opinion of England that PALMERSTON came to great power. This power was exercised in the affairs of the Continent in the interest of Liberalism.

The Republic of Belgium was established mainly through his influence. He took the part of the Greeks against the Turks, and more recently of the Italians against the Pope. He even went to the extent of an armed interference to prevent the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire by the Egyptian Pashaw. It was probably the brilliant success of this interference which alone made it palatable to the English people. Lord PALMERSTON was made most strenuous efforts to suppress the slave-trade.

In 1841 LORD ABERDEEN succeeded PALMERSTON at the Foreign Office. Five years later the latter resumed the duties of Foreign Minister. These duties now became very difficult. PEEL's policy had to encounter great opposition both at home and abroad. His enemies succeeded in carrying a vote of censure in the House of Lords, but failed in the Lower House. Lord PALMERSTON's speech in defense of his administration was considered to admit what could not be delivered. Even Sir ROBERT PEEL, who was opposed to him, was forced to declare "We are proud of him."

Lord PALMERSTON gave offense to the Queen in 1851 by his hasty recognition of NAPOLEON's coup d'état, and resigned. But in a few months he succeeded in upsetting the RUSSELL Administration. Lord DERBY then became Premier, and after him Lord ABERDEEN. Lord PALMERSTON succeeded in 1855. Under the auspices of the latter peace was made with Russia in the following year. In 1858 Lord DERBY again became Premier, but the next year he gave way to PALMERSTON, who was at the head of the Government until his death.

Lord PALMERSTON was fifty-nine years in the House of Commons, and nearly four-fifths of that time he held office. His career is complete beyond that of any of his contemporaries. This was due to his practical experience, to his rare tact in all threatening crises, to his regard for public opinion, and, above all, to his thoroughly English nature.

Lord PALMERSTON married, in 1839, the sister of Lord MELBOURNE, and the widow of the fifth Earl COWPER. It was a happy union, and it is said to be due to his wife that a social influence was reconciliation was brought about between himself and Lord RUSSELL, thus preparing the way for the powerful combination of the late Administration.

RAE GIFFORD.

CHRISTOPHER GIFFORD had married the druggist's daughter at Clodds, to show that he did not need to look out for rank or wealth in a wife, and that he did not care for being cut by the community; in fact, he professed it, not to be vain of winning the countenance of his one equal—his sister, Miss Gifford. The latter forgave her brother's low marriage, for she could not help it, because a Gifford could not do wrong; and continued to stay at home because nobody could arrange its housekeep and order the domestic economy perfectly, as it had always been ordered, but a born Gifford or somebody very near a Gifford.

Mrs. and Miss Gifford, the sisters-in-law, were sitting at work together among the grim institutions of the parlor, when the cross country cousin of the drawing-room. It was not five o'clock in the afternoon, but the table was set for tea—not the women's five-o'clock tea, as we anticipate it, but the five-o'clock dinner of the present generation—but the family ten of the past.

The two women were both young—about of an age—three and five-and-twenty, and ten and twelve years Christopher Gifford's junior. They were dressed alike—in gray silk gowns, with little cuffs and cuffs; they were working at the same piece of work—for a couple of aprons for one of Clodds' but nothing could make them like sisters. All that was reached was the look of two entirely opposed soldiers in an enemy's country. Eunice was tall, she was a handsome woman, with the clear-cut face of the Giffords. She did not look older than she was, for self it would have been evident that her neck, shoulders, and bust were fine. She was bare-browed, with no alive complexion that clears to a glowing brown or gets thick and sodden, according to health of body and mind. Her eyes were not often seen, they were bent on her work as at present; at church "the only place where she appeared in public, she never lifted them from her prayer-book.

"Rae, what are you doing with that square?" cried Eunice, suddenly: "don't you see the sides are not even? It is out of shape; it will never fit."

"I did not notice: I shall pull it down again?" asked Mrs. Gifford, raising those frozen eyes, helplessly.

"Of course; you don't grudge the additional work, Rae: it would make an ugly blunder in the quilt," explained Eunice, condescendingly.

"Oh no: I had as lief pull down as pull up," answered Mrs. Gifford, stolidly, beginning to tug at the cotton.

"Not 'as lief,' as soon: the one is as easily said as the other. And take care, Rae, or you will have the whole square down: you know you can stop at the row which is amiss."

Eunice did her teaching gently, as a wise woman guides a child; and, taking the work from her sister-in-law's hand, put it right for her. When she was returned, Mrs. Gifford said, "Thank you," let the cotton drop, and began to pick it out, and then began again to pick, pick at the loops, as if she had been set on a trend-mill for crocheting cotton, and, after a pause which was brief, but long, she gone on again.

She is little short of an idiot in practical matters, thought Eunice, as her theories well enough," meditated Eunice. "What would poor Christopher have done without me? What would become of his child, if it be spared? I wonder what he saw in her, a common, ignorant girl, very rustic, if not altogether vulgar—but even a beauty! a flower and not slovenly figure, which repulse me. The lad Penn, her father's apprentice, gave her up, after keeping company with her, when he went away and got on in the world. Yet they called her 'talking,' at Clodds; I call her 'quiet.' . . . a wonderful fellow, my girl was Joe Corbet's daughter: took strangers, took Penn, who was a young genius, took Mr. Gifford. All the people that Mr. Gifford took up the Corbets have been accustomed to please themselves. I suppose she has fallen off; but it is a mercy I am here to care for the interests of the prosperity of the family."

Eunice took off the thread of her reflection at this point, in the entrance of her brother, and the punctual appearance of the urn for tea.

Christopher Gifford was a man with marked features, fine teeth standing apart, and a sprushed-up top of light hair, where grey could not be seen. He wore clothes of the fashion of the day, and of the span, woven, cut, and stitched at Clouds; and, in consequence, rather coarse in their texture, dingy in their shades, purple and faded, and ill-made in their form. But he was not ungentlemanlike. There was a good deal of the soldier about him, and he loved study in itself, though he loved his own attainments better.

"Rae, you reminded the mistress of the house," "we are waiting for you." And Rae shuffled to the tray.

Mr. Gifford had good spirits and was talkative. His own family, with one member to sympathize with him and reply to him, was quite enough of an audience for his mood.

"I have been looking over the right-hand bookcase, Eunice, and observed a few books that call for concern. . . . I think the looks had better be shifted. I have all the Roman men there; they are valuable editions; I should not like them to suffer, and it is damp at that window. Indeed, I began to do a little: but I opened Virgil where my old friend was having Georgics, and I—I—well, Rae—as Mrs. Gifford's company."

"I am aware Virgil is a favorite of yours, Christopher, since you used to translate him for me. You have not done it this long while."

"Well the winter months come," answered Mr. Gifford, much gratified: flattered both in his love of consequence and his love of study. "I hope we will not be shut up long, Rae?" he added, "Have another trout Do? Try the brown bread?"

"No, thank you: and I never sleep on a chair."

"That is scarcely complimentary," retorted her husband, with a look of fondness. "I have remember something about Æneas. Come, tell us, Rae." Awaiting the information.

"He fondled his wife," Rae said, briefly.

"So he did. Any thing more?"

"He was blind."

"But only when he wooed queen Dido."

"I found the *silene quinquevulnera* to-day, Christopher," announced his sister, shortly afterwards.

"Ah! did you?" he continued, with interest, putting down his cup; "a sufficient specimen?"

"I think so: it was in a very good condition, in spite of the authorities, that it is a distinct genera. Not only are the petals marked, but the styles differ. I take the liberty to say a good deal, and study for her, and she thinks her father used to gather it."

"Indeed. I wish you could be particular Rae," he suggested. "Precision details is absolutely necessary in botany, and in every thing else, if you would have a well-ordered mind," he counseled her.

Unless, in the same patronage, there was no fault to be found with Christopher Gifford's treatment of his wife. He was considerate, and in her not that he over-estimated the social sacrifices he had made for her, or that they came to gall him. He after being "struck" with Rae's beauty, and deferring to the saying of which Eunice had been thinking, he had reckoned on moulding Rachael to his tastes and habits.

Christopher Gifford did not take his mistake too deeply to heart. He was accustomed to disappointment in the seclusion of his life few witnessed his failure. Besides, Christopher Gifford was too much of a man and a gentleman to visit upon Rae his pet by harshness and unkindness to Rae; and the hope of an heir filled him with pride and gentleness.

CHRISTOPHER GIFFORD had returned to his library, and Eunice was in her own room, when she heard the postman's knock, and, with no being followed by any business letters to her or to Christopher, whose sanctum was next door to hers. Servants were always gathering round when she wished they were always profitable letters, Eunice said to herself, and went on with an inventory she was engaged on, until the blue of the afternoon sky had deepened to its evening purple, and the last cow had left the fields for the yard. Then she went with her light, swift, assured step, down stairs, and entered the drawing-room; but stopped after the first step across the threshold.

Mrs. Gifford was there, seated in the window-seat, catching the last beams of the falling light, with an open letter on her knee. It was not the letter which struck Eunice—for sister-in-law, at intervals few and far between, got letters from Australia—but something she could not on the instant fix upon, strange in the aspect of the orderly room. The next moment she saw a chair and footstool were pushed out of their places, and the piece of the quilt Rae had been poring over was thrown down on the floor, with the cotton warped backward and forward, as if somebody had passed blindly across the room, dragging it from chair to chair.

"Rae, you have not been at work at all: the cotton got into a tangle: you should take better care of it. The square will not look nice when it is so often pulled out, or when the thread is broken and joined: and it is far from nice to work it when it is soiled." Eunice advanced, after stooping to pick up the work, then she stood still again, and spoke abruptly, "Rae, what is it? What have you heard? Is any thing wrong?"

Rae sat up, grasping the letter in her hands; her face was a ruddy brown: her eyes—those cool, blueeyed eyes—were red and glistening, and looking straight into Eunice's face, piercing it, burning into it, with their intelligence.

"Matt Penn has written, Miss Gifford," gasped Rae, going back with a jerk of the body and a reversal eye, to the letter. "He says he is coming to give me up. He did not pass the first examination, and he could not stand to write that he had not. His vessel till he had gained. He was always a proud lad."

Eunice remained standing, and looking down on her brother's wife with a shade of a blush reflected on her ivory white of her cheek. Her mouth, drawn in, and with thin-lipped, closed hard, and narrowed to a faint red line.

"Why do you tell me this, Rae? What do I know of Matthew Penn, except that he ever was once or twice in your father's shop? He may have written to you not knowing the event that has taken place." Eunice spoke the last in a low voice, with out opposition. Sure enough it was addressed, "Rachael Corbet, Joseph Corbet, Druggist, Clodds."

But what is it to you?" Eunice spoke in a tone of low, cold, wondering remonstrance. She touched Rae on the arm, and the letter fell on the floor, and fell on the fevered, throbbing flesh chill, unsuppressionable, unyielding as iron.

Rae's light-brown eyes waxed wider, and at the same time a film descended over them, and a mounting quiver ran through her body.

"I had forgot—I had not a mind that I could have just risen and gone to him," she said, in a high-strained key. "I thought it were all as one as then I wouldn't—whether I opened further and another, and took Mr. Gifford at his word, or went away home and left him to the reach of Matt's repentance; but oh! I see it is a fell difference."

"I am shocked," Eunice interposed, sternly. "But my poor girl, I will not answer you such foolish words to my brother. I could not repeat them to him, and yet you could say 'them to me!' You must compose yourself, Rae—as Mrs. Gifford began to rock herself with a feeble, crushed, wailing sound—"you must not give way to these expressions. You will hurt yourself. Think of your state: think of your child."

Rae screamed at that word a short sharp cry, as if Eunice had stabbed her, and fell back, trembling in every limb, with a horrified, scared expression, flashing out the pain to the face, and replacing it by other and deeper suffering.

Eunice was not easily frightened, but she was frightened now, and proceeded to rebuke and protest any more.

After a while, when Mrs. Gifford remained still, except for a feeble effort to draw up the apron she was in the habit of muffling her hands with to cover her face, Eunice asked whether she would go to her room; and taking no refusal as a consent, put her arm round Rae—a dead weight on Eunice's arm—and assisted her to rise and proceed to the dark, frigid room, with the heavy stuff bed; helped her to bed, and sat beside her there till she saw the grey-cold light, before their old deputy, Sarah, a secret they had petrified at their source—close like bark, and not to be penetrated.

The next day, to Eunice's relief, Mrs. Gifford wandered into the drawing-room as usual, and began mechanically to pick the wool eyes, and her half-apart lips, and a little shiver now and then, as if she felt colder than formerly—like another Sisyphus, the old lot seemed drawn up her mountain of white crochet cotton-work.

MR. GIFFORD's place was always staid and dull; but early this October morning there was a stillness about it that was not of life. Death had crossed the threshold of the house, and of front window and the trees bustle, and fixed his bony clutch where it is most felt, on the head of the house: he who has his right and left hand, and who has drawn all together the rest. Christopher Gifford had rusted in his confirmed ways, and he had never indulged in his place by a stroke, as such men are apt to die, leaving some to mourn and more to miss him.

One person he had singled before his visitation. The new-made widow, worn with fatigue and awed with the blow which had fallen, was standing at one of the closed windows with her three-year-old child in her arms. A leaping arose in the widow's heart—something Eunice had called it by with all its impulses long ice-bound—to go out with her child and breathe the cold, keen air. Rae got her ordinary dress, put on her little girl's pink hood, and walked abroad—with small remark from the servants, who had come to regard her as an out-of-the-way thing, and to consult their notice—into the watery sunshine, and along the road where swine of open like were hanging from the dank, crimsontipped leaves, and a robin was singing its solitary song. Rae had no thought of irreverence to the dead. She was an unconventional being, to whom manners could not easily be taught. And both she and the child wanted air and light, space and freedom, after close confinement; for Rae had watched during the last fortnight, with little intermission, and had sat up all night, by her husband's pillow. She was mourning, too, in a stunned, self-reproachful, simple way for her husband, from whom she had never known any thing but friendly dictation, and affectation for their will.

"Miss Gifford has sent me for you and the child," said a servant, advancing, and recalling Mrs. Gifford to the house.

Rae returned immediately, and met Eunice at the drawing-room door. The same neat, exemplary Eunice throughout all her sisterly duties, indeed, ending in the baffling mystery of death, with only her eyelids red for the brother she had clung to, her sole kindred, save the child in her arms.

"You must stay within doors, Rae, for the present," said Eunice, with the tone of mild decision she had always used to her sister-in-law. "If baby frets, Barbara or Hannah can carry her out."

She obeyed so implicitly as to stand when she was a wife, and she had even a more frightened look in her face now; while Eunice commanded herself to see her late brother's lawyer, and to give thought to her own and the widow's mourning.

Mr. Gifford's will was to the general mind a wild and reasonable one. He left his estate, burdened with an inconsiderable annuity to his widow in life-rent, to his sister, to pass on her death to the child. And Miss Gifford was a very superior woman, getting music—it in years and able for the business intrusted to her. Mrs. Gifford was nobody and nothing. The public were apprised of Mr. Gifford's decease, quiet as he had kept it. The somewhat talking girl, who had been deemed bright and original as she played about the streets of Clouds, and who walked in the twilight beside Mr. Gifford, with the genius who was raising himself and was going to raise her, had proved, in the sudden lift in life which had appeared to realize her ambitions, a poor-spirited, inept, incapable woman. Mr. Gifford had done well by his sister to leave it under the care of his sister. Miss Gifford was worthy of trust willingly; she had no positive dislike to her sister-in-law; but at first there had been a somewhat repugnance never broadly displayed, existing in the two toward each other.

It never entered Eunice's head that no account would be required of her; that her pupils would slip their bonds, steal a march on her, and leave her with her labors, her duties, and her sorrow believe it, when a week after the funeral, without accounting any longer to her instructress, Rae Gifford, in the misty morning, before even the farm people were about, walking and carrying Delia, and placed a letter on the lobby table for Miss Gifford.

The letter said:

"I know you will be angry with me, Miss Gifford; but you will not be angry when I thank you for all you have done for me, and more you have intended to do, as I would thank you for my child, if I had one to thank you for, instead of belonging to you and Mr. Gifford but Delia. I know she will be better with you than with me, and that you will be much more kind to her; but I must have my child to myself, though I am not fit to have her, and I am going to take her. I am not ungrateful to you, Miss Gifford, nor any thing to disgrace Delia; I will try to grow a fitter mother for her, and I am tempted to work for her. I am quite able to work for my child. I want you to know that it was chiefly for Delia's sake that I married Matt, and pray your pardon and pray God to bless you, Eunice Gifford.

RACHAEL CORBET."

Surprise was Eunice's first sentiment. Yet it was like Rae—that singularly unpractical woman, who had only known how well off because she had been good hands—the whole eccentric proceeding was like Rae, and so was the absurd supposition that she could support in the future inheritance for Christopher Gifford's daughter. Eunice did not so much as think the supposition worth a lapse of time, with the utmost pains, be recovered. Eunice had to suffer the same "days' seeding," as Rae had done months passed, that she had lost sight of her brother's child and representative, little Delia, and regard, with a sympathy which had no relief, and wormwood with her own diet, that while she dwelt in peace and respectability those poor creatures, in their weakness, might be facing badly.

IV.

"DR. PENN, Miss Gifford; Mrs. Gifford, Dr. Penn."

The man and the woman introduced, on one of the rare occasions when Eunice went into company instead of out with a brother with whom the excuses of controversy between them, and there was ground for sympathy. Eunice Gifford had fallow-feeling with this man. Too proud to be ashamed after eight years' work as a professional man—he returned to Clouds, to Christopher Gifford's knowledge, so much more simply held than Christopher's had been: his manly power, a certain grandeur in his every movement, the passion of a woman to be pleased with his person, that had outdrawn the traits of the plain, precocious lad, who had grated at a gentle and refined home, whose classes, and grocers, except during the charmed moments he had in the old time lingered with Rachael Corbet. He was a man now, with the seal of nature's nobility stamped on his irregular features, and the expression of his face gave ease as a druggist's lad, could have had an infatuation for Rae Gifford.

Dr. Penn, on his part, could not help valuing Eunice Gifford's clear head, her application and perseverance, the species of single-heartedness and gallantry which had made and kept her a student of solid old books, a naturalist who knew bugle from graminivorous, the species of single-heartedness and gallantry which had made and kept her a student of solid old books, a naturalist who knew bugle from ground ivy, and a type which improves with a certain number of years. She had passed the exaggerated glow of great brightness. Her well-defined features were rather mellowed than become sharp

ish. A handsome woman of a certain age, bearing the indexes of a sensible, equable, occupied, and healthy temperament. Perhaps Dr. Penn, in his empiricism, held also the Chaucerian traditional respect for Miss Gifford.

A week after their introduction Dr. Penn met Miss Gifford on one of the quiet field roads, showed her the yellow pumpkins, and a relative of the purple empress-vine in those parts, and offered to send or bring their fellows to her.

Within a few months Dr. Penn visited her simply as an intimate friend, and the country neighbors fixed that Eunice Gifford would at last change her state, and pronounced the match a fair one.

Dr. Penn was sitting in his office at Clouds; and so courageous or careless was he in facing his acute dents that he had lengthy the very shabby, tumble-down house which he had inhabited, with the rest of the family, as an apprentice to Joe Corbet the druggist. The doctor was reading by the height of the forenoon. A ring came to the doorbell, and the Doctor's servant interrupted him with the vague communication, "A person wants to see you, Sir."

"What sort of person?" inquired Dr. Penn, mindful of a brother practitioner's rights.

"A better sort of a person, Sir; a woman; and she has a girl, and she said, 'Is Dr. Penn at home? Can I see Dr. Penn?'"

"There is no mistake—there, show her in."

The Doctor had only to wait a moment, when—under the broad light of the April noon sun, casting golden motes on her black dress and striking her hair under the bonnet and bringing out its auburn wood—Rue Gifford walked into her old home. Mather Penn's home, holding her little child.

"Rue! Mrs. Gifford!" stammered the Doctor, starting up and bowing his visitor to a seat. He was much excited, and his heart sank and beat tumultuously. Rue, whom he had known as a girl, touched by a straw and transparent as cryst l, was prepared and dressed in competition.

"I have come to you, Sir, to ask your help for my girl. I was sure you would help her if you could."

Then Dr. Penn recognised the old Rue, in the unbounded faith in his abilities, the simple devotion to the object of her affection, which could bring her back to Clouds, to him and Eunice, which could cast aside stubbornness, and pride, and to destroy the one independent plot and act of her life to rescue Delia from real or imagined evil.

He looked at Rue. Time had dealt harder with her than with him and Eunice Gifford, and her widow's dress and her look still showed the ravage on her, but the face remained a unique face, with the changing light of the hair, the steel-blue eyes, which could grow clear, warm and tender, the lips of the mouth which he kept seeing tender and mobile as a child's now that it was still. Then he had to thrust from his comfort of telling himself that he and the little town of Clouds and pompous Christopher Gifford had always been right. he had not seen such another face over land and sea.

"Thank you, Mrs. Gifford," he was saying, formally; "I am in my power to help you, and to help her; I am sorry she should need my help." And with that he looked at Delia.

The rosy, bold, frank child of two or three had grown into a pale, shy little girl of nine, with her head dangling very much on one side, with the same saucy that remained between her and her meek shepherdess's name.

Rue kept actively to detail the child's symptoms of weakness as if she had lost all consciousness in her care for her darling.

But Mather Penn was a humane man and somewhat of an enthusiast in his beneficent calling. He bent his mind to see a little pallid creature, not laying with features of Christopher Gifford's, which it stung him yet to acknowledge—to understand the case, treating it strictly as a case of suffering and disease. When he had mastered the account and formed his judgment he drew Rue a little aside and spoke gravely and abstractedly, like a simple physician.

"I think I can help her—I hope so; but it can only be after a long trial. It is my duty to tell you she is suffering from what is always a lingering complaint, but not incurable, not necessarily incurable. If I am to do her any good I must attend her for weeks and months." Here the Doctor broke down, and the man spoke out short, sharp, and decisive. "Rue, she must go to her mother's home, to her own house, and to her aunt, Miss Gifford. It is impossible that she can remain here under other circumstances."

"I will go there if Eunice will take me in to wait upon my girl. I know she will receive Delia, and I think she will let me in to see after the child," said Rue, resolutely.

Dr. Penn gave Rue no assurance, but he turned to his desk and wrote—

"DEAR MISS GIFFORD,—Mrs. Gifford and her child have just come to me. The child is in a bad state of health and the mother has had a fancy, a superstition, that I could cure her. You had better come and think them away immediately, in case of any change of mind on Mrs. Gifford's part. Yours faithfully,

MATHER PENN."

Eunice answered the appeal at once in person, to the great glorification of the Clouds gossips.

"So you have come at last, Rue; let me see my brother's child," was all the reproach Eunice made before she conveyed the two home.

V.

EUNICE, without being unkind, took far less notice of Rue than Delia. However Eunice's mind might have been diverted from its abiding care, she was much taken up about the child, and not only with her health, in which she could not credit there was any thing far wrong—it was nothing worse than a temporary disorder brought about by the mismanagement of the ignorant mother. There were in many other things to be looked to—Delia's mind, manners, habits; every thing to be done over again to fit her for growing up such a girl as Eunice would have her.

But just when the cowslips were nodding in golden tufts in the fields for the little girl to pluck and dry in pedantic play, since she was too old to toss them in cowslip balls; and streams of new milk were flowing for her to bathe in, if need were for the waste; and her aunt Eunice was ready to stoop for her private benefit all her round, well-digested theories of early hours, mingled exercise, and study, Delia was fast bound to the narrow house of her father's grave.

"When may Delia be able to sit up again, Dr. Penn?" This lying on her back does not seem to agree with her. I half think I know her weaker every day." Rue said to the Doctor one day morning when she had followed him to the drawing-room, where he was consulting sadly with Eunice, in order to read his face with eyes straining themselves, yet recoiling in anguish from what they were to read there.

"Yes, this is a great deal weaker," said Dr. Penn, very curtly and gravely. "Should you like me to bring another doctor, Mrs. Gifford?"

"No; why should I?" She set her mouth to repel the suggestion.

"Rue, these are very white, and he put up his hand to his mouth.

"Because I am very sorry—I am afraid—"

"Don't say it, Mather Penn. How can you be so cruel? Oh! spare me, spare me—don't tell me that!" cried Rue, putting out her hands to stop him. "I will not have you be cruel now, because I believed in you after all; and you will kill me also if you tell me that I must give up my child, my little lamb, the only one thing on earth I have to care for. How can you expect me to bear it?" Rue burst readily.

"Rue, these are most improper words. This is most unbecoming conduct to Dr. Penn. Do you not see how you are making him your enemy, when he is your friend?" cried Eunice, more harshly than she had ever spoken to her sister-in-law.

Rue sat up at her aside quickly and caught Mrs. Gifford by the arm. "Rue," he said, piteously, "I would do anything I can with power with you to save you all unnecessary pain; but I cannot tell you more than I have done. These bellows-changing the Queen Bee may offer obvious opportunities for choking. Three dwellings are offered without rents, as food would allow a dangerous scarcity of gas.

Gas and water (when it rains) will be put in every dwelling. No person having means of gain will be permitted to agitate perfect ventilation.

An easy and unexpensive mode of access and egress is by jumping. But rope-ladders and hanging baskets are also provided.

The dwellings will be ready on the first of next April.

Professor Love, in deference to the advice of friends, has had his name changed to Professor Hate.

For further information address a note of inquiry to No. Peter High, No. 1001 Main Avenue, and send it up by a kite.

OLD SAWS NEW SET.

Least broken soonest paid for. (Recommended to the notice of servants of all work addicted to the grave offence of smashing.)

Spitted fish waits on dividend.

It is never too late to repair. (Said to have been originated by some humble fowl.)

Keep your breath to cool your Revalenta Arabica.

The better the day the better the deed.

An ill-looking fellow was asked how he could account for Nature's forming him so ugly. "Nature saw me to design," said he, "when I was two months of age. I considered the handsomest child in the neighborhood, but my mother, having satisfied upon my parents for exercised injury at her hands, one day arranged me quite for another by coming to a friend of hers, whose child was rather plain-looking."

"A THING THE WORLD WOULD NOT WILLINGLY LET DIE!"—A lady whose hair is already pretty-colored.

THE COW-KEEPER'S PARADISE.—The Milky Way.

TWO sons of Erin were standing by a hydraulic press manufactory in Philadelphia, when one asked out to the other: "Jim, I'd like to put ye under and squeeze the water out of ye." "Will you please, mister, say by?" was the answer. "Spare the divil out o' you, sir; there'd be nothing left!"

WOMAN is said to be a mere delusion, but it is sometimes pleasant to beg delusion.

OBJECT TEACHING.

"First class in Philosophy of Common Things; come up, uncle Jacks. John, how many legs has a quadruped?"

"Six legs, Sir."

"How do you make that out?"

"He has five (four) legs in front, and two behind, sir."

"Right. Now, Sam? Where does the sun rise?"

"In the east, Sir."

"When does the sun rise in the east?"

"I suppose the (e) east makes him rise, Sir."

"Very good. Now, Jake, spell brandy with only three letters."

"D (d'ye dem de vil).

"No. Next."

"I (aye).

"Right. Next boy. Why is a rat like the Emperor of France?"

"Because there's a queer tale about 'em."

"No."

"Because the cat has for the son, and the Empress is further off."

"Wrong. Next."

"Because both are fond of a Nap."

"Right. You've all answered very well, and all of you may go to the bull's play."

BOYS IN COURSE.—"How can we all go to the bear?" THE TRAGEDIE.—"Why, you little fools, each of you go to your own hotel."

An awful trouble once asked a lady if the person living in the next house to her was an idiot. "Not even I know of," replied the lady. "Why do you ask, child?" "Because," said the child, "mamma says you are next door to a idiot."

"SIR," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of mine, "I don't think Solomon was as wise as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother. "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so wise he would have had a bed of his own."

A CONSTABLE KNOT.—An old lady had married a young and rather fast man. On one occasion, shortly after their marriage, the husband was about to set off on a journey. His wife accompanied him to the railway station, and gave him many a kiss. "Darling," she said, "remember that you are married." "Caroline," he rejoined, with alacrity, "I will make a memorandum of it." And he at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

At a recent meeting of a parish a small-hand and neat exemplary epistle submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "As you can perceive, dearest Sir," looked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all in widows!" But still he looked for bad.

THE Moore said to Feel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator, "You can see the very quiver of his lip." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who said, "He meant arrah coming out of it."

BEN JONSON said of a certain lawyer who died: "He has simply gone to stay with his best client."

CLERICAL INDUSTRY.—A clergyman has shown resenting the power of uniting debtor or creditor second letter than has ever been done by even the most intelligent accountant. In his new church he has two distinct pews, one side of the church being for those who have paid *per* cent, who are his creditors, the other side for those who do not pay pew rent—that, is the reverend gentleman's debtors.

BREAD FOR USE.—"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and jam on it."

Poor consolation for us survivors that "the good die first."

For a nation to be largely in debt, is, in the nature of things, such its credit.

Why is a stock gambler like a railroad train?—Because he may be expected to smash up at any moment.

The woman who rushed to a soldier's "arms" has been found to prison for having Government property in her possession.

"There, now," cried a little girl, while rummaging a drawer in a hurry, "grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles."

"I CAN'T come now, my tears have no effect on you at all!" Well, drop them, dear."

PRETTY INNOCENT!

LITTLE JESSIE. "Mamma! Why do all the Railroad Tunnels smell so strong of Brandy?"

[The fair Lady thinks her sweet sister was fond of Children, and thinks she never met a Child she disliked more than this one.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IMPORTANT TO THE LOWE-LY MINDED!

HOUSES GONE UP!—NEW ERA IN BALLENAST!!

WE understand that Professor Love, the great ballastic and thunder-bolt, has just the Demand for houses in New York, will arrange a range of balloons for residence.

The space above the city is laid out in certain avenues and streets, numbered as upon the ground. These avenues are named from the holders of the solar system viz: "John Avenue," "Mercury Avenue," etc.—while the names of the streets are taken from the fixed stars. The balloons are hung from the above avenues and streets, forming the parlor story of the city, and making the inhabitants of the ground live in a basement.

Those who wish an elevated situation, and all who have children, or anything else, will prefer lofty balloons, which are all proportionate—and those with love in one pair only. These balloons are hanging the Queen Bee may offer obvious opportunities for choking.

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EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER ON BOARD THE "ST. JOHN," OCTOBER 29, 1865—SCENE IN THE MAIN SALOON.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN P. NEWELL.]

EXPLOSION ON THE "ST. JOHN."

WE give on this page three illustrations relating to the recent distressing catastrophe on board the steamer *St. John*. This boat is one of the finest river boats in the world, and plies between Albany and New York. On the morning of Sunday the 29th ult., as she had arrived opposite Thirtieth Street on the way to her landing at Canal Street in this city, her boiler burst, and thirty tons of scalding water with an immense volume of steam rushed through the huge fissure in the boiler into the state-room hall, carrying destruction in its track. Almost instantly nine persons were killed. The state-rooms in the immediate vicinity of the boiler were completely destroyed, and their inmates were killed. The boiler on one side being empty the vessel careened over on her other side, and the pool of scalding water followed the motion of the boat toward the opposite state-rooms. At the moment of the accident many fell victims to the destroying current by opening the doors of their state-rooms to discover what was the matter, and were stifled and scalded by the steam.

The scene in the main saloon, as presented by our artist, was heart-rending. Frightened passengers leaped barefoot into the hot water. Poor, struggling creatures lay helpless and bruised, tossing in unutterable agony.

Among the fatally injured were Captain F. J. Lyon and his wife, MARY INOCENT LYON. When the explosion took place Mr. and Mrs. LYON, both undressed, rushed into the state-room hall. At that time the hall was full of steam, and both were fearfully scalded. They had been married only three days, and were returning from their wedding-trip to Albany only to be buried in the Church of St. Luke's, where they had been married. Besides those killed fifteen were severely injured. JOSEPH LAMBERT, fireman, rushed overboard when the explosion took place and was drowned. Mr. REYNOLDS and his child were providentially saved, having left their state-room just before the accident. The wife and mother, however, was left behind, and was among the killed.

The Hoboken ferry-boat *Morristown*, seeing the signal of distress flying, went to the assistance of the unfortunate passengers, and succeeded in taking a large number of them off the steamer and landing them safely; while those on shore did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the scalded, and tried to make the others as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

A coroner's investigation has been held, but no satisfactory result can be attained from the evidence presented.

Mr. NORMAN WIARD of 46 Pine Street, New York, has written a paper upon boiler explosions, which is of great interest in connection with this disaster. These explosions, he says, are not due,

1*st*, to the direct pressure of steam, for it is not the weakest part that gives way; nor,

2*d*, to the decomposition of steam, giving it the quality and character of an explosive gas; nor,

3*d*, to the overheating of the boiler-plates; nor,

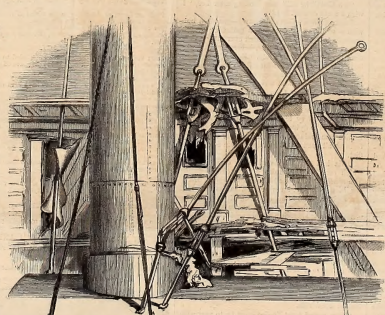
4*th*, to the increased pressure of steam from injecting water up on heated plates after the water has been low for a previous time, since not enough extra steam is produced in this way; nor,

5*th*, to the projection of a large amount of "solid water" with momentum against the shell of the boiler, when the pressure is relieved suddenly from the surface; nor,

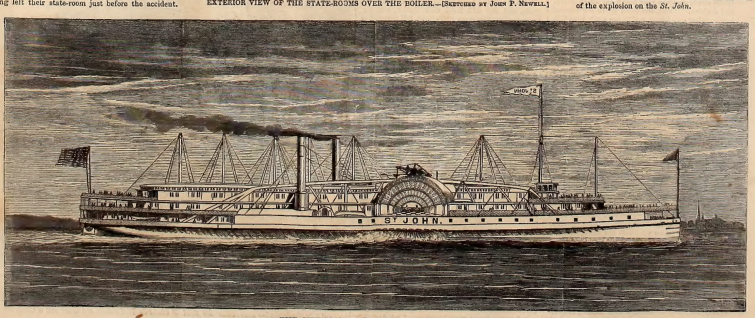
6*th*, to the mysterious action of electricity; nor,

7*th*, to a new sudden increase of steam from the overheating of steam, plates, and stays, the surplus heat being communicated to the water.

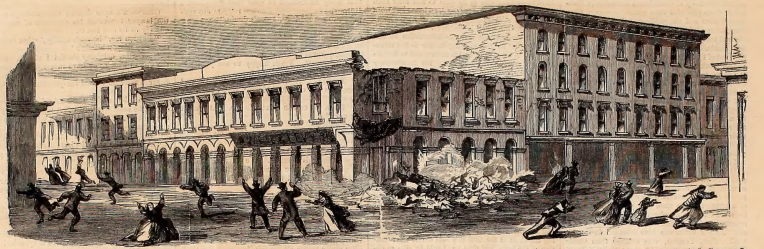
Mr. WIARD attributes these explosions to the unequal expansion of the boiler plates, they being heated in one part more than in another, while there is the ordinary or less than the ordinary steam pressure. Successive unequal expansions of this sort in some particular part permanently weaken the iron in that part, and hence the explosion. Mr. WIARD considers this to have been the cause of the explosion on the *St. John*.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE STATE-ROOMS OVER THE BOILER.—[SKETCHED BY JOHN P. NEWELL.]



THE HUDSON RIVER STEAMER "ST. JOHN."



EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, OCTOBER 8, 1865—VIEW ON THE CORNER OF BATTERY AND SACRAMENTO STREETS.—[SKETCHED BY C. L. BUGBEE.]

EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We illustrate on this page the recent earthquake in San Francisco, the most severe shock of the kind ever known in that city.

The shock occurred at 1.35 P.M., October 8, frightening almost the entire population from their houses into the streets. During half a minute there were two tremendous shocks, which caused the buildings to rock to and fro in a manner altogether alarming. It was on Sunday, and services were just over in the churches; the congregation of the Unitarian church was being dismissed when the shock commenced, and the excitement among the women and children threatened serious consequences. The rush from the Catholic church on Vallejo Street was so great that the doors to the main entrance were carried away, and several persons were injured by being trampled upon. The walls of many buildings were cracked in several places, and more or less plastering fell from perhaps half the ceilings in the city. The cornices and fire walls fell from many buildings.



EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., OCTOBER 8, 1865—VIEW ON THE CORNER OF THIRD AND MISSION STREETS. [SKETCHED BY C. L. BUGBEE.]

We show in one of our sketches the injury done to a building on Third and Mission streets. Two-thirds of the front fell into the street, and a small section of the side into an adjoining building. The rear wall of the upper story fell upon and through a frame building nearest to it. Another illustration which we give is a view of the two-story brick building on the northwest corner of Sacramento and Battery streets. Here the front of the upper story fell out. The motion of the shock appeared to be from east to west. The tide, as is usual in such cases, rose to an unusual height.

VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY.

On this page we give a sketch, by our Richmond artist, of the Virginia State Penitentiary at Richmond. It has been in existence a good number of years, having been enlarged and devoted to the services of the State, in its present capacity, as far back as 1800. It is capable of accommodating 300 prisoners, and at the time of the evacuation of Richmond contained 267 within its gloomy



THE VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

walls. On that eventful Sunday which saw the general break-up of Confederate authority in Richmond, these prisoners were under the care of Lieutenant SMITH and the public guard; but the latter being compelled to withdraw on the approach of the Federal troops, the prisoners took the law into their own hands, broke up and made instruments of escape out of their iron bedsteads, set fire to the building—a portion of which is yet in ruins—smashed the place, taking every thing valuable they could find, including some 7000 pairs of shoes, and left themselves loose upon the community. Some of the 287 who escaped only 87 have hitherto been recaught; and of these have, after examination by a military commission, been remanded back to their old prison-house to fulfil the remainder of their sentence. The officers of the guard have absolutely upon the track of the others. There are at present only 160 prisoners confined in this building, and on the arrival of two whites to one blacks.

This building has historic interest, both past and present. It is here that were confined every criminal of any considerable note in the State. It rec ives no prisoners for petty offenses, or for a term of confinement less than one year. Those sent here are for rape, murder, and all the great social crimes, or political offenders of extraordinary interest, etc. AARON BURR was here confined for a trial. DICK TURNER, who escaped from Castle Thunder and was brought about the 1st of June, is now here for extra security, as well as several other notable prisoners. It is also here that, in Confederate times, Major GENERAL PRICE and Seventh West Virginia Cavalry, was immured for eight months in company with eight other Federal officers.

Captain J. M. SCHOONMAKER is the commandant of this and all the other prisons of Richmond. Lieutenant LYMAN HOYSRADT was in charge of this prison from May 8 to July 12, when it was turned over to the civil authorities; but he still remains there in command on account of the Government prisoners, and the guard under his control is a military one from the Seventieth New York Militia.

Mr. A. B. HOLMES is the general superintendent.

THE BASE-BALL MATCH AT PHILADELPHIA.

We present our readers on page 733 an illustration of the base-ball match played October 30 at Philadelphia, in which the Atlantic club of Brooklyn and the Athletic of Philadelphia contended for the championship. The match created a great excitement in Philadelphia, and the ground at Germantown Street and Columbia Avenue was thronged with spectators. The two clubs engaged in the contest are considered the best in the country.

During the early portion of the game the Athletics were ahead, all the seventh inning the score for each side was 14. In the ninth inning the last man of the Athletics was put out, and the score of the Athletics 27 against 23 of the Atlantic Athletics.

At the request of the Athletics another match was played between the two clubs on Monday, the 6th instant, at the Capitoline grounds in Brooklyn.

THE SWAFFHAM TINKER.

THERE is a remarkable dream, of which the hero was a tinker of Swaffham, England, over a hundred years ago. This dream is both traditional and historical, being well known, in its first form, in the place where it occurred, and having been recorded in the legendary histories of former ages:

"There lived at Swaffham, in Norfolk, a hardworking, industrious man, who followed the trade of a tinker. This man dreamed one night that if he took a journey to London, and placed himself on a certain part of London Bridge, he should there meet with a person who would communicate something to him of great importance to his future prospects in life. This dream made a great impression on the tinker's mind, and he related it very circumstantially to his wife in the morning. She, however, half laughed and half scolded at him for his folly in putting any faith in such an idle dream, and told him he had better get up and go to work. The next night he dreamed the same again, and likewise the third night. Now the impression was so powerful on his mind that he determined, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife and the ridicule of his neighbors, to go to London and see what would befall him. Accordingly, having made the requisite arrangements as to the management of his business during his absence, he furnished himself with a sum of money, and set out on foot for the metropolis, distant about ninety miles. He reached the end of his journey late on the third day, and having refreshed himself with a night's rest, he took his station next morning on a part of the bridge which corresponded with the description in his dream. There he stood all day, without any one accosting him as to the purpose of his journey. The next day it was the same—and the third, so that, toward night, his confidence in the dream as well as his patience began to be considerably shaken; and he inwardly cursed himself for his folly in not yielding to his wife's advice, and resolved that next day he would leave London and make the best of his way home again. However, he kept his station during the evening; when, just as he was about to leave it a stranger, who had noticed him standing dejectedly on the same bridge for the same space of time days, accosted him, and asked him what he was waiting there for. After some hesitation the tinker told him his errand, without, however, acquainting him with the place he came from. The stranger smiled at his simplicity, and advised him to go home, and in future to pay no attention to dreams. 'I myself,' said he, 'if I were disposed to put faith in such things, might now go a hundred miles into the country upon a similar errand. I dreamed three nights this week, that if I went to a place called Swaffham, in Norfolk, I should find an apple-tree in a certain garden, on the north side of the town, I should find a box of money; but I have something else to do than to run after such silly fancies! No, no, my friend, go home and work well at your calling, and you will find there the riches you are seeking here.' The tinker was astonished. He his doubted not was the information he was seeking; but he said nothing further to the stranger than to thank him for his advice, and to declare his determination to follow it. He immediately went to his lodgings, and the next day set off for his home; which he reached after a long walk. He hastened to his wife on the subject of his journey, but rose early the next morning, and commenced digging on the spot supposed to be pointed out in the dream. After proceeding with his work a few feet downward the spade struck against a hard substance which, upon clearing the mould from the top of it, proved to be an iron chest. He quickly removed it to his house, and having with some difficulty broken off the lid, to his great joy found it full of money.

"After securing his treasure, he discovered, upon the inside of the chest, a parchment roll, which, being no scholar, he was unable to decipher. He therefore hit upon the following expedient to ascertain its meaning. There was in the town a grammar school, several of the pupils of which were constantly in the habit of passing his dwelling on the way to and from school. The tinker judged that by placing the chest at the door it would excite the attention of the boys, that he would be able to obtain the object in view, without exciting any suspicion among his neighbors. He had soon the opportunity he sought. A number of the boys soon gathered round, as was their custom, to witness the operations of the forge, he had to contrive to address their scholastic skill in the translation of the inscription. Some shook their heads: others, after conferring over it for a few minutes, declared at length one, older than the rest, anxious to display his superior learning, after scraping and breaking off the rust, gave the following solution of it—

'Where this stood
Is another twice as good.'

Overjoyed at this information the tinker next morning resumed his labor; and a little below the ground already cleared he found a second chest, double the size of the first, and, like it, filled with gold and silver coin. The second goes on to state that, becoming thus a wealthy man, the tinker showed his gratitude to Providence by building a new chancel to the church, the old one being out of repair. And whatever fiction the marvelous taste of these ages may have mixed up with the fact, certain it is that there is shown at this day a monument in Swaffham church, having an effigy of a tinker, with at that of the tinker, with his dog at his side, and his tools and implements of trade lying about him."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 734.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXX.

MR. GREATOREX IS SEARCHED FOR AN INVESTMENT.

WHILE SAXON and his friend were yachting and fighting, and London was yet full to overflowing, and Francesco Secondo was still, to all appearances, firmly seated on the throne, Mr. Laurence Greatorex bent his steps one brilliant July morning in the direction of Chancery Lane, and paid a visit to Messrs. Trefalden.

He had experienced some little difficulty in making up his mind to take this step. It was an exceedingly disagreeable one, and required no small amount of effort in its accomplishment. He had sent once for a lawyer of Oxford Street only during the last two or three months: but he had never spoken to him since that affair of the stopped check. His intercourse had been with exchange civil speech or salutation with William Trefalden again; and to hate him heartily, and manifest his hatred openly, all the days of his life. And he would have done this unscrupulously, if his regard for Saxon had not become in the way. But he liked that young fellow with a genuine liking just as he hated the lawyer with a genuine hatred; and, since what he might, he was determined to serve him. So, having thought over their last conversation—having conversation which he had had on the train, between Portsmouth and London; having looked in vain for the registration of any second will—he seemed likely to be the one referred to; having examined no end of reports, prospectuses, lists of directors, and the like, with a keen, despising his animosity and his reluctance, to see William Trefalden face to face, and try what could be done with him in person.

Perhaps, even in the very suspicion which prompted him to look after Saxon's interests, despite Saxon's own unwillingness to have them looked after, there may have been a lurking hope, a half-formed wish, of some day discovering the vengeance. If William Trefalden was not acting quite fairly on Saxon Trefalden's behalf, if there should prove to be any thing underhand in some particular of these unknown transactions, would it not be quite as sweet to expose the defrauder as to assist the defrauded?

Laurence Greatorex did not plainly tell himself that he was actuated by this double motive in what he was about to do. Men of his stamp are not given to analyzing their own thoughts and feelings. Straightforward and honest, and frank in their motives of others, they prefer to make the best of themselves, and habitually look at their own acts from the most favorable point of view. So the banker, having made up his mind to accept the disagreeable side of his present undertaking, complacently ignored that which might possibly turn out to be quite the reverse, and persuaded himself, as he walked up Fleet Street, that he was doing something almost heroic in the cause of friendship.

He went in his coat, and was shown at once to William Trefalden's private room.

"Good-morning, Mr. Trefalden," said he, with that noisy affectation of ease that Sir Charles Bergoyne so especially disliked; "you are surprised to see me here, I don't doubt."

But William Trefalden, who would have manifested no surprise had Laurence Greatorex walked in o his room in lawn sleeves and a mitre, only bowed, pointed to a seat, and replied:

"Not at all. I am happy to see you, Mr. Greatorex."

Trefalden looked his questioner haughtily in the face.

"You labor under some mistake, Mr. Greatorex," he said. "I do not, in this place, you are referring to some association with which I am unacquainted—"

"Exactly—"

"And in the second place, I am at a loss to understand how my cousin's affairs should possess any interest for you."

A first-rate speculation possesses the very strongest interest for me," replied the banker.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"The law, perhaps, has made me over-cautious," said he; "but I abhor the very name of speculation."

"And yet, if I understood your cousin rightly, his money has been invested in a speculation," persisted Greatorex.

The lawyer surveyed his visitor with a calm hauteur that made Greatorex fidget in his chair.

"I can not help," said he, "but feel curious, in his ignorance of money-matters, may have unintentionally misled you upon this point; but it must be pointed out to you right in one particular. Saxon Trefalden has certainly not speculated with his money. Because I should no more counsel him to speculate than he would speculate without my counsel. I trust I am sufficiently explicit."

"Explicit enough, Mr. Trefalden, but—"

The lawyer looked up inquiringly.

"But nothing," said the banker—confoundedly disappointing. I made sure after what he had told me—"

"May I inquire what my cousin did tell you, Mr. Greatorex?"

"Certainly. He said you had invested a large part of his property, and the whole of your own, in the shares of some new company, the name and objects of which were for the present to be kept strictly private."

"No more than this?"

"No more, except that it was to be the most brilliant thing of the day."

Trefalden smiled.

"Poor boy!" he said. "What a droll mistake—and yet how like him!"

Seeing him so much amused, the City man's belief in the success of his own scheme was momentarily staggered. He began to think he had made too much capital out of nothing at all.

"I hope you mean to share the joke, Mr. Trefalden," he said, uneasily.

"Indeed, I do. As it always the case in these misapprehensions, Saxon was a little right and a good deal wrong in his story. He may have been *led to* a company on first-rate security—he not invested in shares, or embarked in any kind of speculation. I am not at all acquainted with the company—it is sufficient that he could nowhere have found more satisfactory debtors."

"I suppose, then, there is no chance in the same direction for outsiders?"

"My cousin has advanced, I believe, as much as the entire property warrants, to borrow."

"Humph!—just my luck. Well, I am much obliged to you, Mr. Trefalden."

"Not in the least. I only regret that I can be of no service to you, Mr. Greatorex."

They rose simultaneously, and, as they did so, each read mistrust in the other's eyes.

"Does he really want an investment?" thought the lawyer, "or is it a mere scheme of detection from first to last?"

"Has he caught a scent of my little game?" the banker said himself. "and is this plausible story nothing, after all, but a clever invention?"

These, however, were questions that could not be asked, much less answered; so Laurence Greatorex and William Trefalden looked coldly enough, and hated each other more heartily than ever.

There was one, however, who witnessed their parting, and who, from the window, also marked the expression of the banker's face as he left the office, the look of dismay on William Trefalden's as he returned to his private room. This keen observer was Mr. Keckwich; and Mr. Keckwitch well knew how to turn his quick apprehension to account.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE GREAT COMPANY WITH AUTHORITY.

THE young man had no difficulty in finding the mansion of Mr. Melchisedek. It was a large, white, Oriental-looking house, with immaculate balconies, a fountain playing in the courtyard, and a crowd of Nubian and Egyptian servants, in rich Eastern dresses, lounging about the gates.

When Saxon inquired for the master of the house, a grave Armenian in a long drab robe and lofty cap stepped forward and conducted the visitors across the courtyard, through a long corridor, and into a small room furnished like a European counting-house. Here they were received by a gentlemanly person seated before a large desk covered with papers.

"Mr. Melchisedek, I presume?" said Saxon.

The gentleman at the desk smiled, and shook his head.

"I am Mr. Melchisedek's secretary," he replied. "Can I have the honor—"

"I particularly wish to see Mr. Melchisedek

himself," said SAXON, "if he will oblige me with five minutes' conversation."

The secretary smiled again; much as a vizier might smile at the request of a stranger who asked to see the sultan.

"If you will do me the favor to state the nature of your business," said he, "I will acquaint Mr. Melchisedek with the particulars. He may then, perhaps, grant you an interview."

So SAXON explained all about the inquiries which he was anxious to make, and the secretary, taking their cards with him, left the young men for a few minutes to themselves.

"The Commercial Authority seems to be a mighty man in the land," said Lord Castlestowers.

"The Commercial Authority has a princely garden," replied SAXON, looking out of the window upon a wilderness of gorgeous flowers, clumps of sycamores and palms, and alleys of shadowy cypress-trees.

"Princely indeed!" said the Earl; and quoted a line or two of Tennyson:

> "A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
> And many a shadow-chequer'd lawn
> Full of the city's stirs asound,
> And deep with plots like dizzy noon
> The stately cedar, terrarkes,
> Thick meadow of roseated bloom,
> Tall orient shrubs, and obelisk,
> Greeves with emblem of the lime,
> In honor of the golden prime
> Of good Harun Alraschid!"

—by-the-way, Trefalden, what if the Commercial Authority keeps the Persian girl 'with argent-lidded eyes' hidden up behind yonder cypresses?"

At this moment the door softly kreopened, and, instead of the secretary, the Armenian appeared.

He bowed almost to the ground, and requested the effendis to follow him.

Up a broad flight of marble steps they went, and through a long suit of rooms magnificently furnished in the most oriental style, with divans and hangings, carpets in which the foot sank noiselessly, statues, massive bronzes, ornamental clocks, and large paintings in heavy Italian frames. Having led them through five of these stately reception-rooms, the Armenian paused at the entrance to the sixth, held the velvet curtain aside, and stood back to let them pass.

A spacious room, still more oriental, and, if possible, still more costly in its decorations, opened before them. The windows admitted the last crimson rays of the autumnal sun, and the air was heavy with a mixed perfume of orange-blossoms and roses, and the scented fumes of Turkish tobacco.

As the young men entered a gaunt figure, clothed all in white, rose from a sofa at the upper end of the room, and stood to receive them.

This was Mr. Melchisedek.

The great Commercial Authority was, beyond doubt, a very extraordinary-looking individual. He was a Jew, par et simple. It needed no ethnologist to see that. A Jew of pure Asiatic lineage, with deep-set, fiery eyes, a complexion almost the color of a Roxburgh binding, high, narrow, aquiline forehead, and a well-developed "beard and mustache. He wore a crimson fez, and a suit of fine white linen that showed all over like a honeycomb satin. The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were also of linen; but in his shirt he wore two superb brilliants, and the long, slender brown hand which held his chibouque was all ablaze with jewels.

Handing the chibouque to one of four gorgeously attired Nubian slaves that stood behind his sofa, Mr. Melchisedek inclined his head, pointed to a couple of chairs, and said, in the tone of a sovereign giving audience:

"Gentlemen, you are welcome."

Pipes and coffee were then brought round in the Eastern fashion, and for some minutes the two smoked and sipped in silence.

Mr. Melchisedek was the first to speak.

"May I inquire," he said, "which gentleman I am to address as Mr. Trefalden?"

"Myself, if you please," replied SAXON, blushing.

The Commercial Authority removed his pipe from his lips and looked at him with some appearance of surprise.

"I know your name well, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "You came lately into the possession of a fortune twenty thousand years ago."

"I did," replied SAXON, laughingly. "But I did not expect to find that fact known in Egypt."

"All remarkable financial facts are known among financiers," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "and the fame of the Trefalden legacy has been considerable."

Hereupon he resumed his pipe, and a second round of coffee made its appearance.

SAXON and Castlestowers exchanged glances. The semi-Oriental gravity of the man, the peculiarities of his appearance, the pashaw-like splendor of his palace, and the train of slaves shoot the place awoke and amazed him.

In obedience to a sign from the Earl, SAXON left Mr. Melchisedek to conduct the conversation according to his own pleasure.

Presently the Nubians removed the coffee-cups and brought round a silver bowl of rose-water, and three embroidered napkins. The guests dipped their fingers in the one and dried them on the other. The slaves then closed the lattices, lit the lamps, and withdrew.

They were no sooner gone than Mr. Melchisedek turned to SAXON, and said:

"If I understand my secretary aright, Mr. Trefalden, you have been informed that a second Anglo-Indian Company, calling itself the New Overland Route Company, has lately been incorporated; and you wish to know whether that information be correct?"

"Not precisely," replied SAXON, "for I have reason to know that such a company has actually been formed; but—"

"May I inquire what that reason is?" said Mr. Melchisedek.

"I have taken shares in it."

"Will you permit me to see your debentures?"

"I have none—that is to say, they are doubtless in the care of my lawyer. He takes charge of all my papers, and transacts all my business."

Mr. Melchisedek looked at SAXON with something like a grim smile hovering about the corners of his mouth, and said in his oracular tone:

"Sir, there is no company. All joint-stock companies must be publicly registered as the Act directs. They do not exist as companies till this registration has taken place. And, being registered, they become capable of legally carrying on the business for which they are formed, according to the provisions of their deed of settlement. No such company as this New Overland Route Company has been registered in England or elsewhere—consequently, no such company exists."

SAXON changed color, and was silent.

Mr. Melchisedek touched a silver bell, and the Armenian chamberlain presented himself upon the threshold.

"My volume of maps," said the master, laconically.

The Armenian vanished; but presently reappeared with a huge folio, which Mr. Melchisedek opened on the eastern hemisphere.

"Be so good, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "as to show me the suppositions route."

Thereupon SAXON placed the map from Marseilles, through the Straits of Messina, to Sidon on the coast of Syria; from Sidon to Palmyra, through the fertile valley of the Euphrates, down the Persian Gulf, and over to Bombay. He explained the scheme as he proceeded. It seemed so brilliant, so easy, so feasible, that before he came to the end of his commentary he could see that it had become quite triumphant, and all his doubts had vanished.

But the great Commercial Authority only smiled again, and shook his head.

"No Oriental undertaking can be set on foot without my knowledge," replied Mr. Melchisedek, stiffly. "I employ agents throughout the East, whose business it is to keep me informed of all such matters."

"Good Heaven!" murmured SAXON. "I do not know how to receive it!"

"Besides," added the Commercial Authority, "the thing is impracticable."

"Why so?"

"In the first place, the obstacles to the Euphrates route by land are innumerable—perhaps insurmountable—especially the Arab tribes and pillage. Sidon, which is to this scheme what Alexandria is to the genuine route, is one of the most dangerous districts of the Syrian Coast."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed SAXON. "I have read with much labor of Sidon in Homer—in the Bible—in ancient and medieval history. Surely it is the sea-port of Damascus?"

"It was," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "but it has not been a sea-port for more than two hundred years. When the Emir Fakreddin defended his territory against the Turkish general Amurath the Fourth, he built a fleet in the harbor in order to prevent the Turkish vessels from entering the town. Since that time no vessel of size has dared to attempt an entrance."

SAXON stood bewildered, with his eyes fixed upon the map.

"I fear you have been defrauded to a considerable extent," said Mr. Melchisedek, quietly.

"To be defrauded is, I suppose, the lot of the ignorant," replied SAXON. "But it is not so much for himself as for others that I care. It is for these—"

"Precisely," said Mr. Melchisedek. "The swindle."

SAXON shrank from the word as if it stung him.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said, hastily.

"Pray do not name it, Mr. Trefalden. I am happy to have been useful to you."

And with this Mr. Melchisedek again touched the silver bell, and, with five rivers of salaam by fashion, and remained standing till the Armenian had ushered them from his presence.

Back they went in state through the five magnificent rooms, down the marble staircase, now all ablaze with lamps of quaint and beautiful design, and out across the spacious garden.

It was now dusk. A delicious breeze was blowing off the sea; the Frankish quarter was full of pronomaders; and the whole place was in the great square, before the French Consulate.

But Saxon strode on toward the Hotel de l'Europe, observing nothing; and Castlestowers followed him silently. Not till they were again alone in their own sitting-room did he venture to break in upon his friend's meditations.

"I am afraid this is a bad business, Trefalden," he said.

"A terrible business!" replied SAXON, leaning moodily over the window.

The Earl laid his hand upon the young fellow's shoulder.

"Is your loss very heavy?" he asked, gently.

"Nearly half my fortune."

"Good Heavens, Trefalden!"

SAXON smiled bitterly.

"Yes," he replied; "it is a loss not to be counted by thousands, or tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands—but millions. I have been robbed of two millions."

"But not irrecoverably robbed! You have the law to appeal to?"

"The law can do nothing for me," replied SAXON.

"The law can do every thing if one has prompt recourse to it. Supposing that these gentlemen have not, you can set a hundred detectives at their heels; you can hunt them down like vermin—you can—"

"I tell you, Castlestowers, I can do nothing," interrupted SAXON, impatiently.

"Why not?"

SAXON was silent.

"Who laid the scheme before you? Who sold you the forged shares?"

Still SAXON made no reply.

A foreboding of the truth flashed suddenly across Lord Castlestowers's mind.

"Trefalden," he said, "I believe—"

"Don't ask me!" said SAXON, passionately; "don't ask me!"

Then, breaking down all at once, he exclaimed,

"But oh, it's not the money, Castlestowers! it's not the money that I grieve about!"

"I understand that," replied the Earl, scarcely less agitated than himself. "Who would have confidence in Mr. Trefalden could be robbed?"

"My own kinsman—my friend whom I loved and trusted!"

The friend whom we all trusted," said the Earl.

SAXON looked at him with an alarmed, almost an imploring, expression—opened his lips as if to speak—covered his face with his hand, and turned away with a heavy sigh.

He had now no doubt that his cousin had wronged Lord Castlestowers of that twenty-five thousand pounds; but he could not bring himself to say what he suspected. Besides, there was still a hope.

At all events he would wait—wait and think.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

VALE.

"I'm over Farewell" is this world I wot.
Nor ever a meeting but without it.
In shadow falls over each lovely scene,
The dying word, the last, the last, the last.

Farewell! Farewell! and in shrieks the train
Through mountain and sunshine with one long shiver,
On the platform there parted two hearts with pain,
And away, away, went the fleeting river.

The bell of the steamer rings loud and long,
And white hands wave far over the railing;
Like far lines we part with the parting throng
Who wave as the ship goes rearward sailing!

The wind sprang up in the day grew dark,
The black waves tossed in wild commotion;
Farewell! we shall see them back here,
Went sailing alone on that fearful ocean.

We saw not far off the shining strand—
We knew not the rocks, the reefs, the peril—
Yet we knew that at last she had reached the land
Where farewells follow not on the meeting.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY body has heard how presence of mind displayed by Sir Thomas Lawrence saved his life; but the tale bears repeating. One day while Sir Thomas was walking on the roof of his palace, but in contemplation, an insane man came behind him, and struck at him unresisted to push him the battlements. The chancellor was in his power, and before any one could make to struggle with such a strong fellow. He had a little dog with him. "Now," said he, to the maniac, "let us first throw the dog over, and then we will throw you." The dog was first so thrown over. "Is not this fine sport?" said his holding; "let us have the fellow." The dog was so, and the madman was going down Sir Thomas fastened the door and called for help.

One evening, not long ago, a peaceful-minded gentleman, who probably never fired a pistol in his life, was perusing the columns of a newspaper, when one of our city swindlers suddenly was accosted by a half-intoxicated ruffian with "Here, you!" said the latter, "what are you looking at?" A three-barreled revolver," was the instant reply: "What have you got?" The drunken wretch turned, and walked away in a sobered state.

Somebody has said that "presence of mind is good, but absence of body is better." Very true. But danger rouses us face to face on every hand. In these times when a smash-up on the rail or an explosion on the water is of almost everyday occurrence, we may well bethink himself how he shall act should he be one of a terror-stricken band of hapless passengers. Some are never gained by rash impetuosity, even when the mind, half-paralyzed by fear, yields to the instinctive urge from impending danger. If there is but one moment in which to save one's life, half that moment is well spent in thinking how to do it. Could the passengers of the ill-fated St. John's steamer the impulse to throw open state-room doors to the deadly ocean, and to spring headlong through the opening window, what agony would have been saved to many! Since almost everything is controlled by habit, a certain amount presevering is to notoriously unsafe, a certain amount presence of mind across the equinox, and to prove a saliguard.

It is a brief, and history which is involved in the two items which follow:

MARRIED.

LYON—GREENE.—On Tuesday, Oct. 26, at St. John's Church, by the Rev. J. H. Tuttle, Francis J. Lyon, to Mary Augusta, only daughter of Edward Greene, all of this city.

DIED.

LYON.—On Sunday, Oct. 29, from injuries received by a railroad accident on Saturday last, Mr. John A. Lyon, aged 21 years. Also, on Monday, Oct. 30, at 7 A.M., Mary Augusta, wife of the above, and only daughter of Edward and Martha Green.

Years ago when the cholera was striking toward this country some people were in the habit of making wills who not. The mortality was in the ratio of the preparation. In Boston there was no panic, and none left the city who had any inducement to remain. Public meetings were held, and money freely contributed for the thorough cleansing of the city. Numerous committees, of two gentlemen each, were appointed, who visited every dwelling, inspected cellars, closets, drains, and yards. Every sort of rubbish and filth was removed by public carts, and orders whitewashed. The infected houses were ruled and fitted up with beds, medicines, etc., and physicians appointed to each. What was the result? Only two or three cases of cholera, and not a single case taken to either hospital. Was ever money or time better spent?

At the recent grand banquet given at Delmonico's by Sir Morton Peto to his American friends the "Bill of Fare" was a unique and elegant affair. It was arranged in the form of an eight-paged book, each leaf being of satin, and containing the numerous dishes of the banquet in regular order, while the covers, which were of morocco, were stamped in gold with Sir Morton's coat of arms and the name of the particular guest at whose place the book was laid. This dinner is said to have been one of the most elegant affairs of the kind that has ever taken place in this country.

It is rumored that an Anti-marriage Club is about being organized in our city—the idea coming, as all new fashions do, from France. The grand object of this society is to discountenance the habit of extravagance among young ladies. It seems that a couple of gentlemen, at their club room the evening before last, were discussing the late fashion, sought rest on a lounge in the smoking room, each with a fragrant Havana. But either the lounge was uncomfortable or the cigars were poisonous, for a heated discussion ensued, which resulted not long after in a meeting of sixty or more determined young men who could not afford the expense of a wife). The general idea promulgated at this interesting meeting seems to be that all the money expended in a family was spent by the wife; consequently, if a man wanted any for his own use he must not be a husband. A report was made on this vexed but still great accuracy, by five gentlemen, in the space of half an hour! The meeting came to a abrupt conclusion by the appearance and unexpected arrival of a married gentleman, and the important documents were hustled away into some secret corner. The movement will undoubtedly be successful, and a flourishing club be formed, composed of young gentlemen about town, who decide that the proper destination of their billiards, cards, cigars, and retreat. Will their nobody will disturb them! However much ladies may be said to be in favor of a retrenchment, we may need to attach to the bellows.

The public has been interesting several times by Beauty, of Syracuse, and Miss Jenkins, formerly of St. Louis. The bridal costume of the former was of white satin, richly trimmed with velvet a shade darker than the material, and velvet bonnet, veil, and flowers. Hat and bonnets to match.

The bridesmaids' dresses are of lavender moire, trimmed with point lace and ornaments of gold. One of the bridesmaids is the sister of the bride, the other the daughter of the bridegroom. Between this young lady and her proposed step-mother there is only one year of difference in age, and both will be in society at the same time.

The bride's *trousseau* includes every thing that is re shevhe landscape in a lady's wardrobe.

And in this connection we will give our lady readers a few lines from the latest Paris fashions.

Long veils are definitely re-appearing. The small muslin tucked in tight at the sides of the face, and reaching barely to the chin, are the most fashionable. Some are worn to the extreme, being long, wide, and flowing, and very nublike in effect. Others, again, have been made in the mushroomed genius, measuring scarce a span long and a half; but they are not worn by persons of consequence. The long veils are worn by ladies of fortune, sometimes embellished with beads. They require to be gracefully worn.

Our readers will be glad to hear that dress-circle ribs are likely to be curtailed during the winter, for the great annoyance that exists at the present time, when the rising dress-makers are making plain skirts for promenade costumes. Those already provided with ribs have the greatest bands of satin round their skirts, and in the centre of the back a corresponding piece of the same material to the dress.

A principal feature to be remarked in the make of winter dresses is the absence of all pleats both in front and at the sides of the skirt. To manage this, the material is cut in the Princess form, and the bodice and front breadth of the skirt are made in one piece. Sometimes the back pleats are arranged at the back of the skirt, but all the rest is cut on the bias. Now, such a dress is liable to absolute bagpan. As for crinolines, we are reported to that they are "coming out," but that there are very few sources in of the country. In Paris the mode-absurd article are certainly worn in front, but to the back they have by no means diminished—rather the contrary.

Industry is carried out on the most extensive scale. A gentleman in that country has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn. It is no contrivance of the mice to do this, but he deals atonement to society for past offenses by twisting and reeling the to 10 hours per day. Now, such an invention is really worth something! We wish we had some machinery by which we could only make bad coffee could be used at some useful trade—provided they could be caught! New York is becoming overrun with rats. Even in many fashionable houses they are not infrequently seen at stretching—nothing is secure from them. And then they meet you with such a look of scorn as to say, "Can you do such impudence that it is—will, to say the least—not pleasant. The surest remedy is a good cat! We have tried and know it to be a thing worth trying. Try it, reader, and try Tabby.

A story is going the rounds of a man living out West who completes eight pairs of large-sized boots every day. That would be considered small doings in New York if the following statement is true. "There is another shoemaker down in the swamp, who, as fact as he finishes a pair of boots, he takes them around to the Legislature, and He keeps one in the air all the time and don't half try."

The following appears to us to be a very good story:

An Englishman who emigrated some years ago to see one of the schools in Dublin devoted to the conversion of children to Protestantism. The master got the other small class in attendance through a very fair lesson in Holland Scripture, and then proceeded to the Catechism, one of the practical instructions received by his pupils. "Now, boys, you know who David Was?" "Yes, Sir, we do." (Every hand up.) "Is it right to go to Donnybrook Fair?" "No, Sir, it is not." "Why is it?" "It's a fight, Sir." "Very well, boys," replied the master. Turning to his pupils the master said, "Now we do not neglect to combine practical precepts as well as religious opinions!" "Quite right, Sir," replied the boy. "Now, boys, I will put a question to the boys myself." "Oh, certainly, Sir!" answered the boys. "Well, then, boys, tell me honestly, every boy who has been to Donnybrook this year, hold up his hand!" Up went every hand in the class. Of course the boys, being Irish, saw the intensity of the joke, and laughed accordingly, and the master being of the same nation was not more backward, in spite of his defeat; and visitor, teacher, and scholars joined in a good hearty roar, which had hardly calmed down when the little genius of the class stepped forward to distribute the hand. "Please, Sir, I want to distribute the hands." "Why, what do you want to do with reference to Donnybrook to tell truth, or coming alive out of it?" "Please, Sir, I want to count the fingers!" Yes, the boys, with all again with renewed vigor.

AMERICAN TORPEDOES IN ENGLAND.

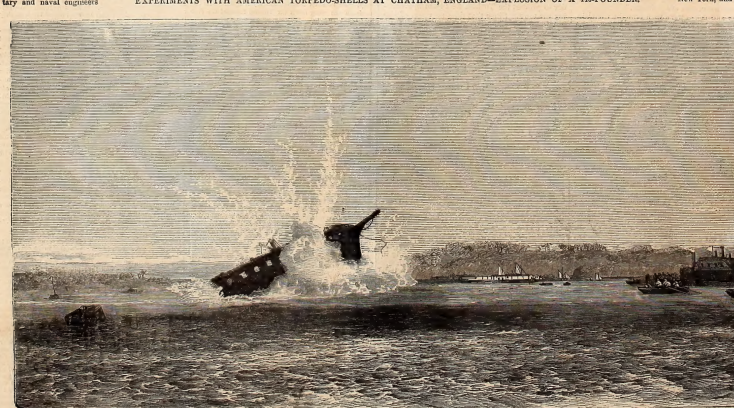
THE first use of submarine explosive shells for the destruction of hostile ships of war was introduced by MR. DAVID BUSHNELL, of Connecticut, about 1777. He contrived a machine in which the operator, with air enough to breathe for half an hour, could dive under the bottom of an enemy's vessel and fasten to it a keg of powder, which was afterward to be fired by means of a gun-lock and a long cord. This machine, which took its name from its shape resembling the American turtle or torpedo, was tried without success against the British squadron in New York harbor and in the Delaware. Twenty years later ROBERT FULTON, the author of steam navigation in America, devised a method of applying submarine bomb-shells, which he laid before the British Government. It was discountenanced by the naval authorities, but found some favor with Mr. PITT, who on one occasion witnessed, near Walmer Castle, the blowing up of the brig *Dorothea* by means of an 180-pounder torpedo. FULTON's shell was provided with clock-work to set the gun-lock in action and fire the powder, after the lapse of a given time. The whole subject, however, seems to have lain in abeyance till the Russian war of 1854, when the channels leading to Cronstadt were defended by sunken magazines of powder, laid by buoys at a certain depth beneath the surface. The intended method of ignition, when the enemy's ships passed over, was by the breaking of a small glass tube containing sulphuric acid, which would then flow down a long flexible tube, containing at its bottom a preparation of chlorate of potash, so as to produce a flame communicating with the magazine. These Russian torpedoes, however, did not prove very efficient, and were harmlessly fished up by the exploring boats.

Our late civil war has occasioned the practical application and modification of these engines of warfare in a great variety of forms. They were extensively used by the military and naval engineers of the Southern Confederacy, the most successful example being shown by the destruction of the *Tecumseh*, at Mobile, in August, 1863. A torpedo diving-boat, with steam-engine and screw-propeller, and with two vanes, like the fins of a fish, to regulate its upward or downward motion, was constructed by them at Charleston, and another at New Orleans; but in these instances the torpedo-shells, as employed by the Southerners, were to be thrust forward at the end of a long arm or spar, so as to be placed in direct contact with the bottom or side of the ship to be destroyed.

This principle, which seemed fatal to the usefulness and convenient applicability of the invention, has been entirely superseded by the new kind of torpedoes exhibited recently at Chatham. The merit of the novel combination, in its present shape, is shared by Mr. W. W. WOOD, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, and Mr. G. W. BEARDSLEE, of New York, inventor of the magneto-electric telegraph, which had already been employed with remarkable success for military and engineering purposes on land. Without going into a description of Mr. BEARDSLEE's invention, which supersedes the galvanic battery as well for the transmission of messages as for the explosion of mines or magazines, at any distance, either on land or under water, and sunk at any depth, it may be stated that the magneto-electric apparatus, requiring no acids or plates, is carried in a small box as portable as a writing-desk; it may be worked very easily upon an open telegraph wire on land, or a wire, in the water, insulated by a coating of vulcanized India rubber. In August, 1864, when Mr. BEARDSLEE's apparatus was experimentally applied to the ordinary line of telegraph wire between New York and Washington, a charge of gunpowder at Washington was fired in an instant by the operator at New York, and nice ver-



EXPERIMENTS WITH AMERICAN TORPEDO-SHELLS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND—EXPLOSION OF A 440-POUNDER.



EXPERIMENTS WITH AMERICAN TORPEDO-SHELLS AT CHATHAM, ENGLAND—BLOWING-UP OF THE "TERPSICHORE" BY A 75-POUNDER.

sd, at a distance of 240 miles, whereas in former experiments of this sort with GROVE's galvanic batteries, the combined power of no less than 150 pairs was required to ignite powder by means of burning a platinum wire at Baltimore, forty miles from Washington. MR. BEARDSLEE employs a patent fuse or cartridge for mines and torpedoes, which is so ingenious that we must give it particular notice. It consists of a small wooden cylinder about three quarters of an inch in diameter, and three inches long; at one end of the cylinder is a cavity which holds the combustible, which is confined only by pasteboard or membrane, so that when ignited it will blow straight into the heart of the principal charge; the two wires of the electric circuit, entering at the other end of the cylinder, terminate upon the little wooden disk which forms the bottom of this cavity, so that the end of one wire is about a quarter of an inch from the other; the electric circuit is completed by drawing a dash with a black-lead pencil across the tiny space of the wooden surface connecting the two ends of wire; and the fuse is then charged. It is a property of black-lead or plumbago to burst into flame when reached by the electric current; hence, by sending a current through the circuit thus composed, which may have wires of any length, the pencil-mark lying in the tract of this current, and consisting of a few disintegrated particles of plumbago, is infallibly set on fire, and must infallibly set fire to the whole charge of the fuse, and of the torpedo or mine. The use of such a fuse is in every way superior to the method of producing ignition by platinum wire, which involves a great waste of electric power.

The illustrations which we give on page 732 relate to a recent trial made of these torpedoes in the Medway, England, in the presence of the DUKE OF SOMERSET, First Lord of the Admiralty, and other eminent naval authorities. This test resulted in a complete success. Several experiments were tried. One was to try the effect of the explosion of a torpedo charged with 440 pounds of powder and sunk under mud and sand at the entrance of Chatham Harbor. The depth of water at high-tide was 26 feet. The train being fired, in an instant there rose from the placid bosom of the river high into the air a huge column of water, in shape and action much resembling those great waterspouts occasionally witnessed by sailors in mid-ocean, and to which, though very beautiful to look upon, they do their best to give a wide berth. The splendid volumes of snow-white feathery spray soared quickly to a height of little less than 200 feet, and then fell gently again in exquisitely graceful curves into the vortex whence they had risen, leaving no trace of themselves behind save a slowly-expanding circle of bubbling, foaming water, the muddy, yeasty aspect of which showed that the river had been stirred to its lowest depths. The illustration on page 732 will give some idea of the appearance of this huge column of water.

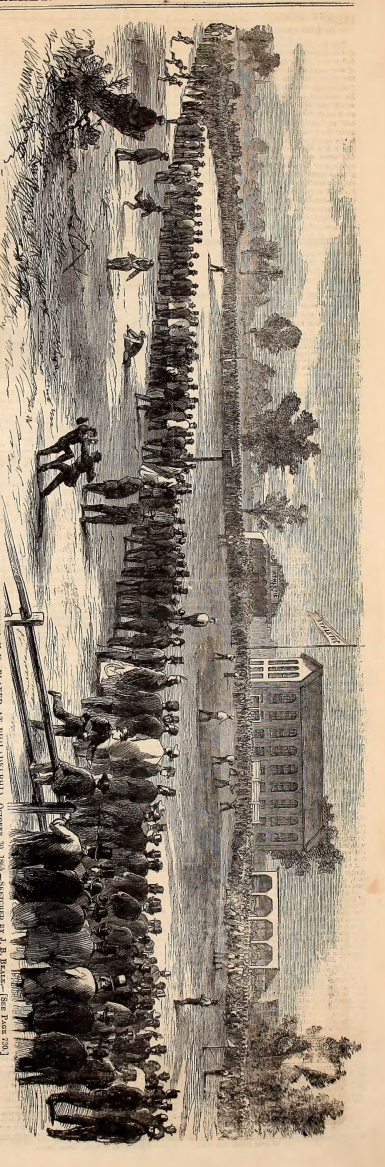
Another experiment, which we illustrate, was the destruction of the *Terpsichore*—an 18-gun English sailing frigate—by two 75-pound torpedoes. These were let down alongside of the ship. Only one of these bore upon the ship, the other being borne away by the tide too far to have any effect on the vessel. Upon the explosion the *Terpsichore* suddenly rose at her bows ten or twelve feet into the air and keeled over on her starboard side, while great masses of water burst up through her decks, her whole frame being convulsed and heaving as with agony, till she began to settle down forward. In another moment her stern stood up at an acute angle, and her low sunk deeper and deeper. Not a fragment, however, of her timbers was seen to be detached from the rest of her hulk, not a splinter had been shot up into the air or had fallen off into the water, and she appeared to be going down bodily. The mischief she had received would seem to be a broken back; for she still continued to go down by the head until, in about five minutes from her first movement, she lay fast aground in the Medway mud on an even keel, with the tide up to within a few inches of her port-holes.

It is now admitted that one of these torpedoes, with a charge of 440 pounds, would be sufficient to destroy the strongest of her Majesty's ships-of-war.



HON. JAMES L. ORR, GOVERNOR ELECT OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

BASE-BALL MATCH BETWEEN THE "ATHLETICS" OF PHILADELPHIA, PA., AND THE "ATLANTICS" OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., PLAYED AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 30, 1865.—SKETCHED BY J. R. BEALE.—[SEE PAGE 730.]



THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.

THE HIGHEST PRIZE AWARDED TO THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINES.

On Monday morning EARL RUSSELL announced the awards to the successful exhibitors in the International Exhibition, Dublin, and the Prizes were afterward presented by the DUKE OF LEINSTER. Among the exhibitors who obtained Medals were the GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine Company, Liverpool and London, this being the fifteenth first-class prize gained by these Machines this season.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

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AN EXACT TIMEKEEPER. Elegant Pocket Timepieces for Ladies and Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and wonderful Novelty. Correctly constructed on the Patent supposed Scientific Principles and warranted to Discount Solar Time with absolute certainty for the shortest space possible. We defy fair then the most exact and elaborate timekeeper of modern manufacture to keep more correct time. It requires no key or winding up; Solar Time knows, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most interesting study. Just introduced into this country from Europe, and is now offered for sale at the low price of $1. Five for a single case, with plain or fancy outside dial, in gold or silver gilt case, will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of $5. Safe delivery guaranteed. Each watch is packed in cases neat, artistic being the only one ever introduced into this country, and no one can afford to lose buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, and a no matter at what price, as in this case we will be able to Free and Instantaneous. Beware of Imitations, who imitate this advertisement with a view to swindling the public, by offering a useless article with a slight alteration of name; we'll TAKE OFF a good Time-Keeper. All orders must be address to J. W. DOLLY-MORE & CO., Solar Timekeepers, Jersey City, N. J.

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THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

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The name of each article is offered for sale on Gold Hunting Watch, Musical Box, Silver Cake Basket, &c.—is written on a card and inclosed in a sealed envelope; and envelopes so thus placed in a drawer and well mixed; then so as to afford a certain, with 25 cents for postage, package and charges, one of the cards or certificates is taken out at random, and sent by first mail to the purchaser, who will see at once that he can get for ONE DOLLAR. One certificate will be sent for 25 cents; 3 for $1; 7 for $2; 14 for $3; 65 for $10; and 150 for $15.

Agents will be wanted in all parts of the country to operate for us. A large compensation will be paid. Send for terms, &c., in forming agency. Write your NAME, TOWN, COUNTY, and state plainly, and address

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FIFTY CENTS EACH.

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FOR THE CURE OF

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Warranted a certain cure, without the slightest danger, for Piles, Old Wounds, Scrofula, Salt-Rheum—all Boils and Skin Diseases, &c. 93 Bowery, New York.

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Magnifying sixty times. Mailed free on receipt of **50** CENTS, OR THREE FOR **$1.00.**
Address E. C. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
WARD, 387 B'WAY, N.Y.
One Ladies' Collar sent free to the Trade, with list of prices and drawings of different styles.

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FOR THE MOUTH.
TO KEEP CIDER SWEET, use the Siphonic Faucet, to be had in all first-class groceries. Manufactured by WM. CLEVELAND, Orange, N. J.

SEND 25 cts. for sack, to TOWNSEND, Novo Dealer, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and receive the best MAP or the PETROLEUM OIL REGIONS, Free, by Mail.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. IX.—No. 465.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GENERAL GRANT'S BIRTH-PLACE.

We present our readers on this page a sketch of the birth-place of Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT, at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio. The house in which the distinguished General was born has undergone no changes, with the exception of a new roof. The weather-boarding gives evidence of age in the numerous crevices which are apparent in our illustration.

Point Pleasant is on the Ohio River, twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. With the exception of being the place of General GRANT's nativity the village has little to distinguish it from any other.

Indian Creek runs close to the house a short distance before entering the river. The house was built before the General's father came into possession. It is now occupied by a German family.

Our sketch is from a photograph taken by Mr. JAMES GOODWIN, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, to whom our thanks are due for his courtesy in allowing us the copy.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT IN ERIE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

THE inauguration of the monument erected at Girard, Pennsylvania, to the memory of the fallen heroes of Erie County took place November 1. Six or seven thousand people were congregated together on this interesting occasion. Among these were many veteran officers of the army.

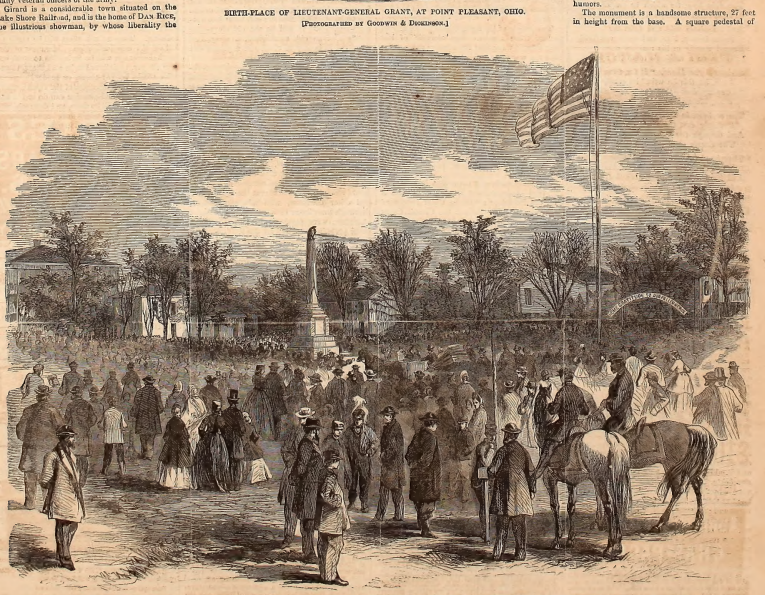
Girard is a considerable town situated on the Lake Shore Railroad, and is the home of DAN RICE, the illustrious showman, by whose liberality the monument was built. It would not be amiss if his example were followed by other wealthy men in other counties. The monument is located in a small, uninclosed square in the centre of the town.

At 12 M. the ceremonies commenced with an imposing procession, an important feature of which was a tableau car, drawn by the elephant "Romeo," accompanied by a "baby elephant." The car contained thirty-six young ladies, representing the States of the Union. After the uncovering of the monument Governor CURTIN delivered an address which was eloquent and appropriate to the occasion. After the address a fulsome impromptu was introduced. A young lady, who represented Pennsylvania in the tableau car, and another representing South Carolina, approached Governor CURTIN, each holding two bouquets. Pennsylvania presented her bouquet, and said, addressing Governor C., "Accept this as a tribute to the Soldiers' Friend;" and South Carolina then presented her bouquet in silence. The Governor received both bouquets, and gallantly saluted the fair givers with kisses. Proceeding then to DAN RICE, seated near, Pennsylvania offered her second bouquet, saying, "We appreciate your noble munificence. Accept this." South Carolina, as before, presented her gift in silence. Mr. RICE hesitated about giving the salutation of Governor CURTIN, but not long. This pleasant affair was followed by an address from Ex-Governor TOD, of Ohio, who was followed, reluctantly, by DAN RICE, who made a few remarks, putting his audience in the best of humors.

The monument is a handsome structure, 27 feet in height from the base. A square pedestal of



BIRTH-PLACE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GOODWIN & DICKINSON.]



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT DEDICATED TO THE FALLEN HEROES OF ERIE COUNTY, AT GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 1, 1865.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS SWEENY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.]

nite and marble, with four upright cannon at
corners, supports a plain round column draped
th the American flag and surmounted by an
gle. It was built by MR. LEONARD W. VOLK,
Chicago, at a cost of about $2000. The cost
ll be increased by the addition of a fence, in
ne of the temporary ones of wood that now in-
ose the monument. Its location is in the cen-
of the Square, the roadway passing on each side
t. On the northern side is the inscription:

IN MEMORY
OF THE
OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS
FROM
ERIE COUNTY, PENN.,
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES
IN DEFENSE OF THEIR COUNTRY.

HYMN TO PEACE.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Amid the tinted umbrage now,
The scarlet vines and yellow weeds,
With gracious smile and pensive bow,
See Autumn tell her closing deeds.

When last I watched the deep'ning blue
Of sea and sky, her tranquil glow
Was stained by battle's lurid hue,
And darkened by a nation's woe.

Serene once more her blazoned crest
Of purple bars and amber fleece
Kindles the vistas of the West
With Nature's heredity of Peace.

While fragrant smoke from burning leaves
With incense fills the crystal air,
On shore and upland clustered sheaves
The harvest's mellow luster wear.

O Peace! no listless spell is thine,
The ruddy end of aimless strife,
We fondly linger at thy shrine
To hallow, not to deaden life.

Thy prelude Bethlehem's shepherds heard,
In holy evidence never cease
For the Redeemer's parting word,
His welcome and farewell, was "Peace!"

And when the hard whose lofty fame
In exile rose, by age renewed,
To the lone convent's portal came,
Wistful and wan but unsubdued;

As in the friar's hand he laid
For coming time the pensive scroll,
The only boon for which he prayed
Was Peace—tranquillity of soul.

And he whose wild and fitful lay
From beauty, love, and scorn was bred,
Paused ankle in his reckless way,
When on a maiden's tomb he read:—

She prays for Peace; "If far from kin
I die, let this be writ," he cried,
"Over my grave—that death may win
What life and love and fame denied."

The zephyrs, in their gentle play,
Benignly cast the downy seed,
And through the quiet summer day
The clouds electric currents feed

The placid lake reflects the skies,
The calm drift yields the alpine rose,
And Truth's pure image ever lies
In hearts that own thy blest repose

Thine is fruition's brooding sleep
When passion's lull binds thought awake,
Wisdom her patient vigil keep,
And Love her sacred mission take:

To stay the ruthless hand of crime
And awe the rage of lust and fear,
The fruits of Nature and of Time
Again to earn and to rear;

Our country's rankling wounds to heal
By faith supreme, with tender pride,
And guard with consecrated zeal
The cause for which her martyrs died

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE Autumn Elections are over. Several local and the largest State of the Union have voted for the first time since the end of actual hostilities, and the result is another impressive manifestation of popular government. Foreign statesmen and many Americans have always feared that a free people must be a mob, and would show itself as extremely bold, fierce and fickle. The trial has revealed that these were exactly wrong. No nation in history, tried as this has been, has been at once so humane and patient, so reasonable and resolute.

But party-spirit had hoped and predicted that with the cessation of armed hostilities would come a reaction which would sweep away the real results of the war. The party which first palliated the rebellion; then, dismayed by the vehemence of popular patriotism, held its tongue; then, when the pressure of the war began to be felt, opened its mouth to disheartten the people, to thwart the Government, and to encourage the rebels, fondly believed that the return of peace would demoralize and destroy the great party which had saved the Government. It was supposed that such a party was held together only by the necessities of the war—that it was composed of those who had a hundred different views of public policy—and that it would disappear with the occasion that created it. Probably it will, when that condition is fulfilled. The political blunder was in supposing that the occasion was past.

The Union party grew out of the danger of the Union. It will have finished its work when the Union is secure. But the Union can be menaced by intrigue as well as by arms. The Union is not secure until every late rebel State has shown that it accepts in good faith the conditions required by the judgment of the world. This point is doubtful the necessity of the Union party is as imperative as ever, and it is that instinct which has carried every where and unanimously the autumn elections.

Another element must not be forgotten, and that is the feeling of the soldiers. The men who have been offering their limb in the field will never forget the party which declared their efforts useless and the country conquered. Those who betrayed the soldiers they will not remember. A Copperhead is henceforth more odious in this country than a Tory after the Revolution; and because the Democratic party was controlled by Copperheads it has lost its ascendency as absolutely and irretrievably as the Federal party after the last war. Nor can such a party be resuscitated, even upon new issues, except by the overthrow of its old leaders. There are men in the country who can rebuild parties as dead mice scent a louse. They must be utterly removed or the house is not habitable by decent lodgers.

But the crowning glory of the autumn elections is their revelation of the fact that the people of the United States stand heartily together in support of the Executive and Congress. That is the text from which the United States are to be the sermon. Hitherto we have not been true to our republican principles even in ourselves. The world has been able by a single sneer to put us on our defense; and our apology has not been accepted because the offense was inexcusable. But by infinite sorrow we have expiated the crime, and the election show that we mean to make the expiation effectual. If we do not imagine the millennium will, no State legislature or convention and no national party will be able to prevent the country from securing the freedom which it has bestowed.

The people of the unorganized States should ponder these results. The autumn of the year showed them that the country did not believe the war to be a failure, and that it meant, to fight it out upon that line to victory. The election of this year should show them that the popular purpose is unrelaxed, and that all the advantages gained by the war are to be definitely, finally, unconditionally secured. The country has solemnly proclaimed that it is not so necessary that the disorganized States should resume their relations to the Union speedily as that they should resume them safely.

THE TRIAL OF DAVIS.

THE only authentic statement in regard to the trial of JEFFERSON DAVIS for treason is that the President asked the Chief Justice of the United States whether the Circuit Court in Virginia would be soon prepared to undertake the trial of great treason; and that the Chief Justice replied that it was not becoming the courts of the United States to sit in regions still subject to military rule.

We can easily imagine that the Chief Justice may have also thought that there was one consideration at least which rendered the question partial undesirable, and that is the possibility, as in all trials, of a disagreement of the jury. The country has decided by the most prolonged and careful war, by the successful operations of vast armies and navies, by an incalculable sacrifice of precious life and an enormous expenditure of money, that whether lawful or unlawful, constitutional or unconstitutional, there shall be no secession of States from the Union. The doctrine of State sovereignty, which was the only plea of the rebellion, has been judged in the battle-field and overthrown by arms. The national decree is irreversible except by another appeal to war.

Now if the jury upon the trial of DAVIS should think him guilty of treason, they would merely affirm what the country has already decided. If the jury should disagree, that result would have the same effect as an acquittal. If it should acquit him, the Government and the country would be convicted of the unspeakable crime of vast and desolating war unlawfully waged against men whom the highest court of the country would have justified in their action. Is there any reason why the country should be exposed to this tragical and absurd dilemma?

But we are told that there are a great many persons who wish to have the highest judicial assertion of the fact that there is such a crime as treason. That is undoubtedly true; and if the result of the trial could be assured, and a verdict against the prisoner were a matter of course, there would be no difference of opinion. But if the jury were packed, not only would its verdict settle nothing, but the fact could not be concealed, and would overwhelm the country with ignominy. And if it were not packed there remains the chance of disagreement or acquittal, in which case quite as many persons as those who wish to have the judicial affirmation that treason is a crime would curse the Government for the lives of husbands, sons, and kindred massacred in an unlawful war.

We are also asked whether the enormity of the crime should condone the offense. Certainly not. But neither the conviction nor acquittal of DAVIS would in the least degree affect the public judgment of the enormity of his offense; and although his execution might gratify the natural feeling of those who wish to see at least one traitor executed, yet the remarks of the President to the South Carolina delegation plainly implied that, even if convicted, he would not be hung.

The simple question then recurs, Is it desirable, for the purpose of having JEFFERSON DAVIS judicially declared guilty of treason, to take the chance of having the Government convicted of waging a cruel and unlawful war?

Shall nobody, then, be punished for this fiendish crime? asks some impatient friend. But what is the object of legal punishment—is it revenge or prevention? Did not the old judge truly state the theory of legal punishment when he said to the convicted horse-thief: "Friend, you are to be hung not because you stole a horse, but that horses may not be stolen." Are not the consequences of the war the universal ruin of the rebels, the freedom of the slaves, the political guarantees which in a single exact, the vast loss of rebel life in the field—are not these to the rebels the punishment of their crimes? If the object of punishment be to deter offenders, will the hanging of any dozen men prevent future rebellion if the waste and ruin and mortality of the war do not?

We are told, moreover, that the public mind regards this point very differently, now that it can more calmly survey the whole question.

THE WARS OF THE BROKERS.

IN the course of the coming month the New York Stock Exchange will remove into its new building on Broad and Wall streets; and then, it is understood, the enmity which has so long been smouldering between that institution and the Open Board of Brokers will burst into active hostilities. It will be the old story—the struggle of the established, wealthy, and powerful monopoly to crush out a young and enterprising rival.

Until within two or three years the stock-brokerage business had always been monopolized by the New York Stock Exchange. This was a close corporation. To obtain admission to membership required to pass the ordeal of a secret ballot; five black balls out of an aggregate vote of over 150 excluded a candidate. Needless to add that the most worthy and unexceptionable applicants were frequently excluded. The Board had traditional prejudices. One was against foreigners, meaning Germans. One German—a young man of high character and fair capital—obtained admission; but the Board resolved never to repeat the indulgence, and other Germans, with adequate means, thorough knowledge of business, and stainless character, were constantly excluded. Another prejudice was against Jews. Two Jews had by accident crept into this sacred body. But the Board inexorably closed its doors against their co-religionists. Men who were in every way entitled to seats in the Board, whose character and responsibility were beyond question, were firmly excluded, for the single reason that they frequented the synagogue. Prejudices thus flatly recognized as good grounds for exclusion, they were excluded according to the views of members. One man was excluded for many years because he was loud and rough—a foolish talker. Another because he displayed a silly vanity. Another because, at a time when Democracy was akin to Copperheadism, he had presided over a Democratic meeting. Another, it is said, because his manners were coarse, and it was rumored he ate peas with his knife. Many were shut out for no reason at all except the foolishness of old members, who had seen business pass away from them, and who sought revenge and solace by obstructing it in the faces of younger aspirants. When five votes out of 150 sufficed to exclude a candidate it was easy enough to monster the requisite number among the slaves of prejudice and the spiteful veteludinarians. Of course there were very many members to whom this was distasteful, in whom were as liberal in their business principles as in their private dealings; but they could not or would not control the Board.

It may seem incredible that such principles governed a body which actually controlled the traffic in public and corporate securities. If the Stock Exchange had been a social club their exclusiveness might have been understood. But to deprive a man of the right of following his trade—in the only place in which that trade could be followed to advantage—because he was German born, or a Jew, or a vulgar man at table, or a young man without friends seems, at this day, almost too preposterous for belief. It was, however, the policy of the New York Stock Exchange for many years. Its monstrous absurdity may be realized by anybody with other trades. If the corn dealers, for instance, should refuse to suffer Jews to buy and sell corn or wheat, or the grocers to allow Germans to deal in teas and sugars, or the tailors to permit their journeymen to cut out breeches on their own account, or lawyers to tolerate ill-bred men in the courts, or doctors to admit duly licensed students to consultations, what a storm of ridicule would be showered on the heads of the would-be monopolists! Yet this is what the stock-brokers did successfully for many years.

When the suspension of specie payments in 1861 led to an increase of general business in stocks the brokers who were excluded from the Stock Exchange established a Board of their own, known to those days by the dingy title of the "Coal-hole." To the annoyance of the Stock Exchange business poured in upon the new organization. It was immediately determined to crush it out. Resolutions were passed forbidding members of the Stock Exchange from visiting the "Coal-hole" or sending orders thither. This vermilion edict was expected to annihilate the mushroom upstart. Within a month, however, a remarkable discovery was made. This was that speculators in stocks proposed to control their own business, and had no notion of being excluded from a market because brokers did not choose to deal there. Members of Stock Exchange discovered that if they would not send orders to the "Coal-hole" their customers would, and so, to avoid losing their business, they rescinded their edict.

Since then the "Coal-hole" has made way for the Open Board of Brokers, a vigorous and wealthy institution, with ample rooms, open to the public, and as many members as the New York Stock Exchange, for some time this Board has done more business than its older rival.

To cope with it the Stock Exchange has relaxed many of its rules. A man is not now necessarily excluded because he is a Jew or a German. He is not taken for black balls to exclude instead of five. And members of the New York Stock Exchange send their orders to the Open Board to be executed just as freely as to their own rooms.

All this, we hear, is to be changed when the Stock Exchange takes possession of its new building. Every effort will be made to kill off the new institution. Members of the Stock Exchange will be forbidden to send orders thither, to deliver stocks there, to receive stocks bought there, or to deal directly or indirectly with members of the Open Board. The wealth and prestige can do a great deal, if the Open Board will be done, and done with relentless purpose. It might have been supposed, in the light pursued in other trades, and the equities of the case, to say nothing of the obvious impolicy of provoking a conflict among brokers, that an effort would have been made by the New York Stock Exchange to conciliate all parties, and to gather under its ample roof all responsible persons engaged honestly in the business of stock-brokerage and exchange. But the old traditions, it seems, are too powerful to be overcome. In the eye of an old member of the Stock Exchange no man has the right to make a living as a broker outside of that body: perish the business rather than our monopoly!

So, within a month, dealers in stocks may look out for a "pleasant fight." The Stock Exchange offers to the public greater prestige and stronger rival. The latter proposes to do the business of brokerage at one-half its ancient rival's rates. The Stock Exchange transacts its business with closed doors in secret. The Open Board admits every body to its sessions; an operator sees his order executed under his eye. Whether under these circumstances the public will submit to be deprived of the markets now offered by the Open Board is—to obedient ears—the behest of the New York Stock Exchange—remains to be seen.

HENRY WIRZ.

THE guilty agent of the men who determined that one brave boy should die by cruel and horrible torture in the pen of Andersonville has been hung. He did not deny that somebody ought to suffer for those unimaginable crimes; and he trust that "COLONEL FORNEY, Master of the Guards," and all who believed with him that the horrors of rebel prisons were "a Federal device to fill the ranks with rebel wounds of HENRY WIRZ: "I admit that prisoners were brutally treated, but deny that I am the guilty party."

The real instigators of this atrocity will perhaps never be personally known. But history and the human heart will forever hold those morally responsible who in high positions and by the necessity of the case were familiar with all military details within the rebel lines. If rebel prisoners in our hands had been "brutally treated," as WIRZ confessed ours in rebel hands had been, by tens of thousands, until the land shuddered with shame and indignation, and

ABRAHAM LINCOLN had set plainly in the White House, and General GRANT had smoked calmly in his tent, and neither of them had stopped absolutely and finally those dreadful deeds, their names would justly be as infamous as now they are honored and beloved. No sophistry could conceal their guilty responsibility, and none can acquit the men who held corresponding positions among the rebels. Those are crimes against God and man which ought not to be forgotten, and those for which WISE suffered and of which his masters share the guilt are of them.

It is a curious and awful retribution; but these horrors of Andersonville were but the natural and almost inevitable result of the system of cery which this country so long tolerated. You can not deny his natural rights to any man without becoming indifferent to the rights of every man. When man, under any circumstances, is systematically regarded and treated as a thing or a brute, the supersession of the slave-code is exquisite and perfect that humanity itself pays the penalty.

The declaration of the late rebel slaveholders in the Southern States, that emancipation has been imposed upon them, and that caste shall be maintained, is another expression of precisely the same spirit which led the jailers of WIRZ, of Belle Isle, and Salisbury, and Andersonville, and which at this moment taunts and murders the colored soldiers in the streets. That spirit is the unclean devil which tortures this country, and there will be no national health until it is utterly cast out.

WHAT IS A STATE?

WHATEVER the differences of philosophy in the various views entertained of the present relation of the late rebel States to the Union, there are points that are realized by common opinions: one that of the late rebels themselves and the Northern Copperheads, which is, that the rebels in certain States having laid down their arms the States are by that fact restored to all their former rights and privileges in the Union; and the other that of the Republican and loyal men in all the States, which is, that they can resume their ancient position only by the consent of the Government and people as represented in it may impose. The grounds upon which this latter view is held are very many and even conflicting. But it would be difficult to find a clearer or stronger statement of one view than the one which we subjoin:

"A people having a government to, so long as it conforms to its idea of right, is sovereign within the limits of that State. So long and no longer, one year or a thousand years. When Rome had only Rome to govern, she governed Rome. When she had Italy, Italy was hers. When she had Poland, and Algiers, and Naples, and Mexico of the Montezumas, and Peru of the Incas, and Asia Minor, and Armenia, Peru and Mexico became possessions of Spain, and Naples of Victor Emanuel, and Algiers of France, and Poland of the partitioning powers, and Rome of the homeless nations and tribes that broke through her barriers. If the land they stood on has been subsequently lost, then those States would not have been more efficiently destroyed than under a war which had overwhelmed their armies."

Now, on the other hand, the Old Thirteen were there to explain until they acquired governments, then they became States, and in simply calling the Constitution the bond of the Union. So all the new accessions except Texas were first Territories, then States, then, on admission, States in the Union. Texas was not a clockwork-machine, but a machinery in it, or from which the machinery has been removed, a clock, or a people which never had a clock or government, or whose government has been destroyed, a State. To do so is absurd for obvious reductions. Last week the thousand feet above all other lands around is a mountain. Why, if we were to sink, leaving a lake in its place, that still is a mountain still?

"States to the Union" differ from States out of it only in certain relations they bear to each other. These relations ceasing in fact as to any one or more States, the difference in fact ceases also, and such States are out of the Union.

No doubt we lawyers often say very pretty things, and poetical things, on matters which have nothing to do with, to exist, *as still existing in contemplation of law*; and the unlimited field is then somewhat like, they not referring that law is not an intelligent being, but a mere machine based on the supposed unity, and, therefore, on the mere contemplate at all, though these who administer or talk about it may. Say, then, that the law contemplates or not—but what will it do? Is there no governing power? If there is in fact no State, or where there are in fact no relations of unity there is in fact no union.

"Five years ago, then, South Carolina was a State in the Union. By force, and not by any combining arrangements of the slightest, she broke up these relation, one and all, and said every officer, every one connected with every fort, and excluded every vessel of the United States. The other two did substantially the same thing, and formed a sort of kernel. The *fact* of a union between them and the United Sta.... as a status as between—say, upon unjust—then between the United States and United States. Not only a political separation, but that separation was guarded by three hundred thousand men under arms. That is the fact down to the day to defy dictionary and common sense.

"But a government still lingers, for they maintained their respective governments. For a time. At length that long line of armed rebels was met in a field and fired, driven back, and State after State overran, their governments in disorder, their laws inoperative, courts closed, and functionaries displaced, and generals and soldiers disposed merrily law alone under authority of the United States. Is a foreign government more a State than after the fall of Algiers there was an Algerine government, or after the fall of King Bomba, one Neapolitan? Those geographical spaces, once States, are now provinces of the United States, now governed and held by the sword.

"It is *only in States* in the Union that the United States are to guarantee a republican form of government. *These* are not to but only belong to the Union as Utah belongs to it. And when or whether they shall become States in the Union is just as much in discretion as when or whether Utah shall become one.

"Congress has never created nor attempted to create a State even as our own territory. That is the work of the people. Congress can only 'admit' States already existing. Tennessee I suppose to be such as forbade State, just as California and Michigan and all the other new States were such, having formed governments in fact on national territory by national sufferance. When admitted, this sufferance hardens into a title good against the United States in all circumstances except dissolution by force. In war, the great source of nations, municipal law furnishes no rule and the strongest take the verdict, and the vanquished are at mercy, with not a right on earth except rights to the violence and leniency of the victors.

"That is the condition of all the eleven now. And the whole subject of this is now open to Congress as it is much open in regard to them as is the question of what is due and humane in regard to the Indian tribes, except where Congress has power of exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever, limited only by amendments to the Constitution.

"Those things being so, then,

"1. The States are unrestored loyal are the whole United States.

"2. The Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery has been adopted.

"3. Touching the extent of the Union majority in both Houses of Congress and the like majority in nearly every State Legislature, there would be no difficulty about any other amendments whereby distinctions of race before the law, and before all laws, may be obliterated, the amendment in the last proposed by Congress commending itself to common order and some limits imposed on military courts.

"No long important subject would remain for any vote in acts, nor a better time to dispose of them well soon to occur."

CLERICAL SOPHISTRY.

In the *Weekly* of October 7 we published a letter from a friend in Memphis, in which the object of a Methodist Episcopal Church "South of the Confederate dead," and a discourse in aid of it by the Rev. MR. ROGERS, were mentioned. The extract from the letter is reprinted in a small pamphlet, which comes to us with the respects of the Rev. J. W. ROGERS, setting forth the object of the sermon and soliciting subscriptions. To the remarks of our correspondent, Rev. MR. ROGERS says: "We render not thanks for rebel sentiments, but Christian duty, as will only add, by way of defense, the following sketch of Westminster Abbey." He then proceeds to show that, in the English cathedral, monuments to those of CROMWELL'S party are permitted to remain, and that FOX and PITT, the great rivals, sleep side by side, while a herd of WASHINGTON appears upon ANDRÉ'S monument.

The Rev. MR. ROGERS sophisticates himself sadly. Westminster Abbey is a national monumental church, in which, by his own showing, several "rebels" are incidentally and exceptionally commemorated. But the rebel dead, in the words of his pamphlet, is to be erected by "the people of the Southern States," to the memory of "heroic dead." Again, says the Rev. MR. ROGERS propose to commemorate in a cathedral the memory of LYON, of RENO, SEDGWICK, of M'PHERSON, of WADSWORTH, of WHITNEY, and Sidney of GENERAL ALBERT SACKSON and LIEONDAS POLK! Is his monument national or "Southern?" Is it built to the glory of the country or that of a section? The answer is written on the pamphlets which he sends us, "Please make your offering to Rome Confederate soldiers' Memorial Church."

When the Rev. MR. ROGERS says that the projectors of St. LAZARUS's cathedral, "while they weep over their heroic dead, exhibit no bitterness, accept in good faith, etc.," he speaks not as an American, but as "a Southerner," and his enterprise is intended to foster the sectional feeling which induces certain people who are not friendly to the Union to call some of the Southern States their "country." The Rev. MR. ROGERS should also understand that his country is the United States of America. If he wishes to honor the memory of men who died to destroy it, let him do it as he will. It is wise he will not justify a church in their honor by the example of Westminster Abbey.

MAKING HASTE SLOWLY.

THE President's reply to the Committee from North Carolina, hopefully urging the restoration of State as fully restored to the Union, and to ask from Congress a repeal of the test-oath, contains what we said last week of his views in regard to the unorganized States.

The President replied courteously that the North Carolina Legislature had not yet adopted the constitutional amendment, which was an essential condition of restoration, and he declined to answer specifically the other questions which a reply to the Committee would involve, but would continue to act as Provisional Governor until relieved *from Washington*, and not by the result of the election in every case of the Convention. In a word, said the President, "My action must depend upon events."

The Secretary of State, by the President's order, has also informed Provisional Governor PERRY of South Carolina that he will learn from Washington when he may cease from withstanding the election of MR. ORR; that the adoption of the emancipation amendment is a condition of the restoration; and that it "it is impossible to anticipate events."

These things all show that the measures adopted by the President are experimental. He is testing the condition of the unorganized States. He is ascertaining whether they faithfully accept the situation. Therefore he can not anticipate events. While he sees that South Carolina merely repeals the ordinance of secession, and does not repudiate the rebel debt, and does not voluntarily adopt the amendment; while he sees ... refuse to repudiate her rebel debt, notwithstanding his plain instructions to Governor JOHNSON; while he sees Mississippi elect an unpardoned rebel for Governor in place of a technical Unionist, and in North Carolina the Union candidates defeated; while he sees every where in the Southern States an animosity toward the freedmen which warns him and the country not to abandon them to the mercy of State laws, the President very naturally says to MR. REID of North Carolina that his action must depend upon events.

Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that the policy of the President receives the unqualified support of the friends of the late lamented Democratic party. Supported thus by his opponents, as well as his friends, the ora of good feeling must be at hand.

A SIGN.

WE have seen with pleasure the "Colored Man's Almanac," calculated by WILLIAM H. MILLER, of Zanesville, Ohio. It is peculiarly interesting at this time, when the pitiless and unmanly depreciation of the race to which MR. MILLER belongs makes it necessary to emphasize the plain fact that they are men like the rest of us, and ask nothing but the fair play which all the rest of us have. A book like this inevitably deepens the conviction that people who, under every disadvantage, accomplish themselves to such a point of exact mechanical skill as to be trusted like other business beings, and intrusted with the same privileges that we all enjoy.

THE STRENGTH OF A LITTLE FLOWER.

THIS INCIDENT IS RELATED IN THE "EXPERIENCES OF A PRISON MATRON."

From the wicked, woeful streets
The prisoner is come
To do penance for wicked and woeful deeds,
With the prison for a home.

She is callous, hard, and bold,
Reared in the ways of sin,
From her soul the woman seems driven out
And the devil entered in.

She has no belief in love,
You can not tell her by fear,
Speak to her gently in Christianwise,
The reply is an oath or jeer.

Dark night had fallen down
On the silent prison within
The prison's hard unflinching walls
That inclosed that world of sin.

I, in my nightly round,
Paused by that woman's door.
The silence of her stormy cell
Astonished me far more
Than oath or yell shout or song
Her lips were wont to pour.

Propped on her sturdy arms,
Her dark and sinful face
In her whole prison table bare;
At once I marked the place

Wherein her gaze was fixed,
And there before her lay
A daisy she had plucked by stealth
From out the yard that day.

And while I gazed her face
Contracted as in pain,
And o'er her coarse and swarthy cheeks
Down fell a tear like rain.

And on her linked arms
Her heavy head fell low,
And sobs convulsed the woman's frame,
Best with all of woe.

Months upon months went by,
When one day I, by chance,
Took up the Bible in her cell
And there my search did glance:

Between the pages spread
The withered daisy lay.
God has a language of His own
We can not write or say.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

On Tuesday, the 7th, elections were held in the States of New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In every one of these States the Union ticket was successful by large majorities.

In New York, GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES was elected Secretary of State in 28,000. The rest of the Union ticket is elected by a majority of 30,000.

In NEW JERSEY Governor WARD'S majority is over 3000. What is chiefly important in the New Jersey election is the Union gain in the Legislature, securing the only ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

In MASSACHUSETTS A. H. BULLOCK was chosen Governor by about 15,000 majority. GENERAL BANKS is chosen to Congress from the Sixth District.

In MARYLAND Governor Swann is elected Governor. MARSHALL is elected Governor in MINNESOTA.

In WISCONSIN, where the Union candidate, BASHFORD, was elected to the State Senate from Dorchester County. This secures a Union majority in that body.

RECONSTRUCTION.

President JOHNSON, having been so strongly supported by the recent elections, has given no clearer intimations as to the policy which he has decided to maintain. He continues to receive small farther assure the Provisional Governors of the South of his views, but upon this question, which was already becoming an exciting one, in regard to the rights of the States, he has given no intimation since the fall of Congress. He has also declared the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment no part of the Southern States necessary to their restoration. Governor SHARKEY has instituted a court of special equity for the freedmen of Mississippi, and the Legislature of that State have passed a bill enabling his action in the matter he has vetoed the bill.

In accordance with the demand of President JOHNSON in regard to emancipation, South Carolina, on the 19th, in both Houses of her Legislature, adopted the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. The first of the Southern States to recede, because slavery could not "live one more hour and be glorified" in this country, South Carolina is also the first to adopt the last step in the final abolition of the cursed institution.

GENERAL WADE HAMPTON, rebel-nation candidate, has beaten President GOVERNOR ORR under 5000 to 10,000 votes in the Democratic Union Caucus! Mr. HAMPTON, the Governor elect, is one of the "rebel" Congress, is elected to Congress by the Legislature, is already in Washington, and will soon be admitted to the Northern district over Lehman, who can take it.

JUDGE ROBERTS, Union candidate for Governor and Northern for Lieutenant-Governor have carried Texas by a majority of 5000. GENERAL GRANGER, of Mobile, in the First Congressional district, beats JOHN HANCOCK, of Galveston, 1000. MAYFIELD, in the Fifth, is elected by large majority.

The election for Governor and members of Congress and the Legislature in Georgia, on the 1st instant, for JOHN Baldger, it is rumored, has been elected Governor.

The members of the Florida Reconstruction Convention, elected on the 10th of October, assembled in Tallahassee on the 25th of October, and by the same day the whole machinery of Provisional Governor MARVIN was delivered and read to the body. The Governor does not think it would be wise at present to confer the privileges of voting on the negroes, and believes the majority will not demand the concession on the part of the States lately in revolt as an indispensable preliminary step to the admission of such representatives; but he urges upon the Convention, as a matter of the highest justice to a class of residents, that they be the most complete protection of the freedmen's civil rights by the laws, and that their testimony be received in the courts. Without these, he says, the colored people will have no ample safeguard for the enjoyment of their indisputable employers, and with them he thinks the emancipated people will soon appreciate the benefits of labor, and enterprising even in the absence of the presence of the whites. The Convention has also taken the action to declare the secession ordinance null and void, and annuls the adoption by the Legislature of the amendment to the National Constitution forever prohibiting slavery throughout the country.

TRIAL OF JEFF DAVIS.

Chief Justice CHASE has given his opinion in regard to the proposed trial of Jeff Davis in his circuit. He stated that the court would be convened by Congress until commences this year on the 5th of November, the present month, only one week before the assembling of the Supreme Court, when all the Judges are required to be present, allowing but little time for the trial. Under this fact, which, in the opinion of the Chief Justice, would be too much a term for the transaction of any other important business. But the Chief Justice adds that, were the facts otherwise, he could not, under the terms of the last Judiciary Circuit Courts of the United States in States which have been declared by the executive and legislative departments of the National Government to be in rebellion, and which have been subjected to military rule, and in which the operations of the civil tribunals conflicts with the rights and the supremacy of the military by the civil administration, and in which the unwilling to hold such courts in such States within his circuit, which includes Virginia, "until Congress shall have had an opportunity to consider and act on the whole subject."

NEWS ITEMS.

President JOHNSON has appointed General Judson Kilpatrick our minister to Chili. The Secretary of war has changed the name of Fort Jackson to that of Fort Gaines.

Tulu has been a great season for Generals, and what is a little remarkable, in no instance, perhaps, have we been aware of, has a soldier, who was running as a candidate of the Union party, been defeated. General Joseph R. Hawley, Colonel, Illinois; Fairchild, of Wisconsin; Marshall, of Minnesota; Bullock, of Ohio; Ward, of New Jersey; Sickles, of New York, have, as the candidates of the Union party, been triumphantly elected.

Alexander H. Stephens, rebel ex-Vice-President, having been admitted to the privilege of taking the oath of allegiance, his written a letter in which he positively declines to allow his name to be used in that connection. Mr. Stephens has also refused, though strongly urged, to be a candidate for Governor.

Colonel A. H. Bowman, of the United States Corps of Engineers, died of yellow fever in Aiken, South Carolina, on the morning of the 15th inst. He superintended the building of Fort Sumter, and, at the time of his death, was President of the Board of Engineers charged with selecting coast fortifications.

Major-General Thomas J. Wood has been assigned to the command of the Department of the Cumberland, and General Osterhaus, who succeeded General sloum in virtue of his rank.

A bill was introduced in the Senate of the Tennessee Legislature on November 2 to authorize the sale of the Hermitage estate, the home of General Jackson, which is the property of the State, excepting two acres containing the tomb of the hero, providing that the land be divided into lots and sold at public auction.

The ladies employed in the Treasury Department at Washington will receive an extraordinary claim as the respective introduction of a bill in Congress to dispense with their services. But even may be consoled by the large number of discharged soldiers now seeking place under Government patronage.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IT is now quite settled that Earl Russell is to be, for a time at least, at the head of the English Government. It is thought that Lord Clarendon will be Foreign Minister, and that MR. Gladstone will consent to retain his present position in the Government as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

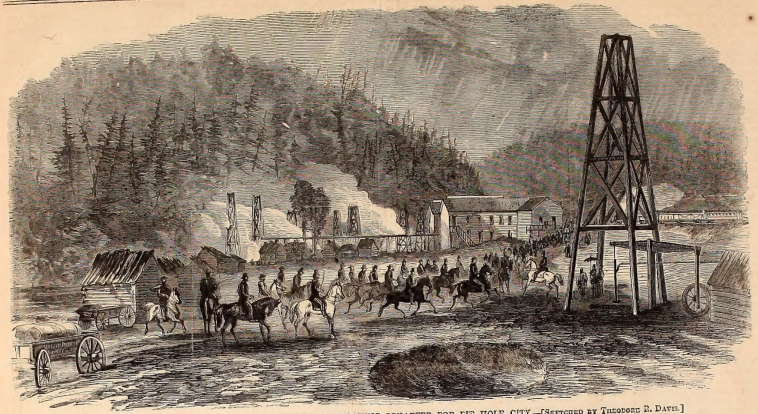
The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says: "It is generally reported that the Emperor has determined to abolish or withdraw by instalments, not less than by degrees or periods, the octroi duties on wine, and that he will shortly announce his intention to that effect. It is said that from a desire to afford no reasonable ground of complaint to the United States, but also on economical principles."

The cholera still prevails at Paris. The Government takes great pains to remove the sick from the city, and it is impossible to disguise the truth. The Emperor and Empress have given up their popularity by their frequent visits to the cholera hospitals, followed by large subscriptions. The Empress has contributed 100,000 francs, and the Emperor has given 200,000 francs.

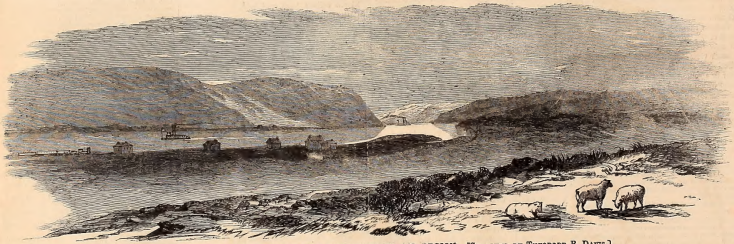
The President Elect of Hayti has issued a manifesto in which he announces that ships of war, purchased for the Government in New York, are on their way to Hayti. All the other Haytien steamers, to the number of six, have been entirely repaired and armed. Thus the President hopes the rebel strong-hold, Cape Haytien, will soon be reduced.

A terrible conflagration, the flames spare terror, died, October 19, in the Limekiln Asylum of Panama, Italy. He had been insane two years.

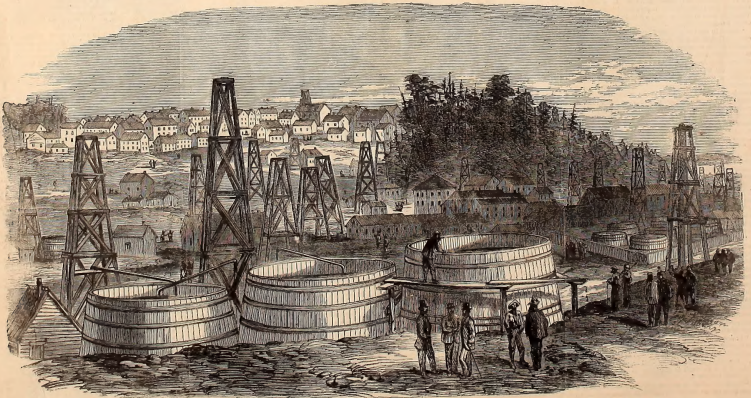
Hiram Sibley, who has contracted with Russia and England for submarine telegraph route the world by laying Straits and Eastern Asia, is now in Paris making arrangements for the execution of the contract. He has all the materials, wire, etc., have been contracted for, and will soon be shipped to the United States.



EXCURSION TO THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—LEAVING SCHAFFER FOR PIT HOLE CITY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



RENO, THE FUTURE METROPOLIS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL REGION.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—PIT HOLE CITY, VENANGO COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



'CHAMPION NINE" OF THE ATLANTIC BASE-BALL CLUB OF BROOKLYN, L. I., 1865.

THE ATLANTIC BASE-BALL CLUB.

We give on this page portraits of the nine members of the Atlantic Base-Ball Club in Brooklyn, who were engaged in the recent contests for the championship with the members of the Athletic Club of Philadelphia. The "nine" of the Atlantic were victors in two successive matches—one played in Philadelphia, October 30, of which we gave an illustration in our last paper, the other a week later in Brooklyn. This latter established the claim of the Atlantic Club to the championship until some more successful rival shall arise to dispute it.

EXCURSION TO THE OIL REGIONS.

On page 740 we publish three interesting illustrations relating to the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. A short time since invitations were issued by Mr. C. VERNON CULVER to the capitalists of different cities to meet at Meadville for an excursion through the oil region of Pennsylvania. The party, consisting of senators, bankers, capitalists, and a necessary number of the journalistic fraternity, visited Corry, where extensive refining of petroleum is carried on.

Thence via the Oil Creek Railroad to Titusville. The next place visited was Schaffer, near which the first oil was discovered. Here horses were in readiness to convey the excursionists to "Pit Hole City." The ride was a merry one despite the rain and mud. The arrival at "Pit Hole" was the signal for the inhabitants to enjoy a joke at the expense of the bespattered excursionists. They were designated as "Bummers," "De-Revs," "Raiders," etc.

Through the streets, where six months since there were no houses, we rode to the Pit Hole Creek. Here every thing was oil—thousand-barrel wells and hundred-barrel wells were plenty. Here we met men that hardly knew how much they were worth. "But the wells will give out," they said. Vast fortunes have been made by enterprising men who "went in" early. Messrs. DUNCAN and PARHAM associated themselves with several other gentlemen as early as December, 1864, in the purchase of the land interest in the Holden Farm, which contains 171 acres of land, selling the same in December last for one million and a half dollars.

The Second National Petroleum Company of this city bought the M'Kinney Farm, adjoining the H—den Farm, for $250,000, and soon after re—used $600,000. This land is said to be wonderfully productive. After resting at the "Mercy House" during the night the excursionists mounted their steeds for the journey via "Cherry Run" to Oil City.

It seems strange that such a common-sense race as our Yankees are should have built in such an impossible spot. Nature left the spot for a few oil wells, but no room for a city. Two miles more and we reach Reno, which place it is designed to make the metropolis of the oil region. Mr. C. VERNON CULVER owns the 1200 acres of land upon which the town is laid out. After a comfortable lunch, Mr. CULVER rose and proposed a very satisfactory scheme for persons desiring to invest their money.

"I propose," said he, "to stock this ground at $10,000,000. The money as paid in for the stock (which will not be sold for less than par) to be placed in the hands of trustees, and by them placed in the United States Treasury. The interest of this money up to $1,000,000 to be expended in developments of the property. I also propose to be ready at all times to return the par value of the stock when it is called for.

"If I can make this stock so satisfactory as to keep it out, which I am more than confident that I can, I shall be in the receipt of $600,000 each year, the interest of the stock at six per cent."

The proposition was received with great favor by the excursionists, and soon started in the train in waiting for Franklin thence to Meadville, where the comforts of the Mansion House were not to be forgotten.

Explosions are of frequent occurrence in the oil regions. One occurred very recently (on the evening of November 8) at Pit Hole City.

EXECUTION OF WIRZ.

In accordance with the sentence promulgated on Monday, November 6, Captain WIRZ, the Andersonville jailer, was hung in the yard of the Old Capitol prison at Washington on Friday, the 10th instant. Perhaps in no single instance on record has the execution of any criminal been so clearly demanded by justice. Certainly it is a rare thing for men and women to read the air with cheers as was the case when WIRZ was hung. In ordinary

against cases this exultation would have seemed against nature; but in a case like this the processes of nature are reversed, and the shock usually incident to the spectacle of a violent death is overpowered by the popular rejoicing on account of the extinction of a monster of cruelty.

The execution, of which we give illustrations on pages 748 and 749, took place at 10.30 A.M. Since his arrest the prisoner had been treated in a manner befitting a great nation—distinguished, but lonely. He had had a fair trial; even the petitions and importunities of his counsel were allowed to have no harsh influence against him. When he was sick, though it could not be forgotten how he had treated the sick and the charge at Andersonville, every comfort necessary to his situation was cheerfully accorded. His cell was made cheerful by a grate. But, notwithstanding he withheld it could not comfort from our prisoners. This was as it should have been. Inhumanity is not to be answered by inhumanity—it must be doomed by the stern sentence of judicial authority.

The day before the death Wirz was similarly engaged in writing. His cell, "No.8—Wirz, H., Captain U.S.A.A."—was on the third story on the north side of the prison, commanding a view of the Soldiers' Home Cemetery and the West-Side Hospitals. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes it:

"The cell of the man over paupy white with limewash. His iron bedstead, with its army blankets, his small desk-table, his shelf, and his clothes scrupulously neat. The fire in the grate and the light-cotton vial of Kentucky tobacco on the shelf were evidently comforted the man, who could not relieve himself deemed. He was busy almost incessantly from the hour he entered those hours of his life, taking stimulants freely, but not to the excitement of the degree. Of course he was not allowed up to this very morning. This is now in the hands of his brief friend, Mr. Schade."

About two hundred and fifty tickets were issued, and the holders with a few officers comprised the entire audience in the yard. The immediate spot looking the yard and the trees in the vicinity were occupied with the various sets of the prisoner, for whom no considerable portion were soldiers who dained to see the last of "Andersonville."

The scaffold was erected in a distant corner of the yard, and around it is a hollow square were four companies of soldiers. While waiting for the appearance of the criminal many were the jocular, grim or jocose, made to Andersonville by the spectators.

A short time before his appearance in the yard WIRZ had an interview with DECK WEBSTER. "I cry, but I am not afraid. I am going, now. Those stories they have circulated about us are false. You will probably be made to suffer for a portion of these crimes; but try not to do so; but you are stronger than I, though just as much. Promise me, if you live, to do all in your power to wipe out this awful stain upon my character. Make my name and character stand as bright before the world as it did when you first knew me. Promise me that you will do something to assist my wife." WEBSTER, much affected, gave his promise, and they parted.

At a quarter past ten WIRZ made his appearance, accompanied by Fathers BOYLE and WIGGER. His nerves had been supported by a copious draught of whisky drunk in his cell, and he walked to the gallows without flinching, which was a hard thing to do in the presence of those soldiers calling out to him to "remember Andersonville." With the two Fathers on either side, preceded and followed by two police, he ascended the scaffold and took a chair which was offered him; Father BOYLE with a gold inlaid ebony cross standing on one side and WIGGER on the other. While there, engaged in spiritual advice Major HOWARD, the death-cap and superintendent—the record of his conduct and the solaces of a divine religion by a strange inconsistency falling upon the culprit's ear at the same time. After reading of the order for the execution, turning toward WIRZ, offered him his hand, saying he commiserated his fate, and deplored that this duty had fallen to his lot. WIRZ said, "I know what orders are, Major," and shook hands with him, whereupon the Major turned away, saying "I am hung for obeying them." He then shook hands with the priests, and they commenced saying the hands with the beads. He kissed the crucifix in the priests, and when Father BOYLE urged him to a confession he finally chose his hand, and said, "I am not guilty." They had, by Father BOYLE's recommend trying his feet, and he turned, and spoke to Father WIGGER again inquiring about his wife. Father BOYLE, twice kissed the cross. But his manner seemed to indicate that he was more moved by emotion and apprehensive than by any fear of death. Here WIRZ again spoke, saying, "I go before my God—the Almighty God—He will judge between us. I am innocent, and I will die so." Father BOYLE then turned to Captain WALDHORN, and said, "Good-by, Captain; I thank you and the other officers of the prison, for you have all treated me well." Again the priest urged confession upon him, and again he shook his head.

At half past ten the cap was drawn and the rope adjusted. Suddenly a spring was touched, the drop fell, and WIRZ struggle with the rope was still prolonged the lying man doubtless heard the shores which were tending in the current from the land such shouts as no victory in the battle-field ever elicited from soldiers rugged in his ears did the inhuman jailer have of life.

Captain WIRZ, whose birthplace was Switzerland. He came to the United States in 1849, settled in Louisiana. He went first to Connecticut and thence to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where he was employed in a shawl factory. After remaining there several years he went to Kentucky, where he married. At the outbreak of the war he was a physician on a Louisiana plantation. He enlisted as a private, and was made clerk of the Richmond prison. Soon after he became Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on General WINDER's staff. He was wounded, at Fair Oaks, was made Provost Marshal of Manchester, Virginia, and finally sent on an inspecting tour of Southern prisons. In 1864 he went to Europe for his health, and on his return was put in charge of Andersonville, Georgia. He admits that his prisoners were brutally treated, but denies that he is the guilty party.

The body of Captain WIRZ has been buried in the Penitentiary yard, by the side of the conspirators for the murder of LINCOLN.

The illustrations which we give of WIRZ's execution are from photographs taken by Mr. A. GARDNER of Washington, whose courtesies on this as on many former occasions we gratefully acknowledge. These photographs are published by PHILP & SOLOMONS, of Washington.

THANK THEM AGAIN!

THE VOICE OF LOYAL NEW JERSEY AFTER THE ELECTION.

THANK them again, the brave "boys in blue,"
The tried and proved honest, the faithful and true;
They have stood in the gap and to save us again,
Thank them! Oh thank those brave loyal men!

To the polls they are hieing with crutch or with cane,
Marked they on their brows are the furrows of pain;
They've suffered. "No matter, they'll suffer again,"
All citizens thank them—those brave loyal men!

Here a right hand is missing or hanging unnerved!
Had he minded the bullet it still might have served;
But it went to his country—it's the best he can do!
For the ballot: I'm maimed; but my heart is yet true."

Thank them again, a new battle is won.
The spots are wiped off from our great central sun;
Marked they on their brows are the scars of men,
And the *folds* in our flag float for freedom again!

We thanked them when blood and when graves marked their way,
When tears, like the bullets, were falling in showers;
Life was not too much to have given for victory,
For the battle was bloodless; the triumph of right.

Let us not recite in all the thanks we would give;
For soldiers may know that we love them well:
By good deeds let us show that our thanking is meant:
Applied with a purpose who sees of the spirit?

Set them up on the watch-towers we raise in the land;
Give them places of trust, where they're worthy to stand:
Let not on the last day the record be read,
For one returned soldier or maimed boy in bloo.

Don't say, now he's wounded, he's worth less to you;
His one hand, oh merchant! is worth more than two;
For one that is gone brought to battle-grounds saved,
Saved your home and kept open the channels of gold.

Let us thank them again when we pass through the street,
Prefer them when questions of interest shall meet;
Let us say how we love them, and honor and heed,
And blasted forever their progeny of wealth.

Then we'll thank them again, who our battles have fought;
Nor forget the high service their sufferings have wrought:
We'll commend them to God when we petition for rain,
And thank by our deeds the brave "boys in blue."

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXII

WHAT TO DO NEXT.

THERE are some emergencies in which men must and can only turn to their own thoughts for guidance—emergencies in which the least experienced are better able to help themselves than others are to help them; in which the direct counsel of friends is of less value than that counsel which comes from within. Such was SARAH'S position when, in the terrible discovery of his cousin's baseness. He was stunned —crushed—bewildered. He neither knew what he must nor what he must not do. A danger and a shadow seemed all at once to have come over the face of the heavens. That simple faith in his fellowmen which, from his childhood upward, had been sweet, the present so sunny, and the future so rose-hued, was shaken to its foundations. He felt like one who is overtaken by a sudden earthquake. Where his home stood but a moment before there is now a heap of ruins and confusion. Where his garden lay, all bright with trees and flowers, there is now but a yawning chasm. He stands to-night on the edge of the abyss; and to-morrow, or the day after, he will be driven forward, lest the ground should open and swallow him. There is nothing before him, nothing behind him, but ruin.

As he had told Castletowers in the first outbreak of his anguish, it was not money. "The money" that he lamented. He would have given more than he had lost to believe again in William Thorndale, and know him to be a good man and true." It was not the money. He scarcely thought of it. He was rich without it, perhaps—for the time—happier. It was the wealth which had wrought all this evil—he loved him, loved him as he never still will have possessed it. No—it was that he had, in his simple, manly, hearty way, truly loved his cousin —loved him, loved him as he loved no other, explicitly. It was that he had been, all along, the mere blind victim of a gigantic fraud, deliberately planned, mercilessly carried forward, cruelly consummated. This was the blow. This was the wrong. This was the cause of it.

He had to bear it, to fight through it, to think it out for himself. He had, above all, to control and subdue the fierce thirst. That was the great problem—what to do next.

For he was determined not to have recourse to the law. He had made up his mind to that from the first. The money might go—was gone, probably. At all events, he would never feel the Thorndales name in a public court, or drag the man whom he had called to the sacred name of "friend" before a public tribunal. At the same time, however, might it not yet be possible to recover some portion of the money? William Thorndale believed that there, in the secret of doubtless calculated on the three months which Saxon had laid out for his northern trip. Was it not, at all events, possible that the lawyer had not yet taken flight?

The more Saxon thought about it the more he became convinced that his wisest course would be to hasten back to London, confront his cousin, and wrest from him whatever might yet be recoverable of the stolen millions. There were almost irresistible reasons in the way: but even in the face of these improbabilities the effort was worth making.

And then there was the Castletowers mortgage—But Saxon had already considered how that difficulty might be met.

Poor young John! He lay awake all night turning these things over in his mind; and in the morning, when the Alexandra was under way and stirring, he went down without even knocking at Lord Castletowers's door as he passed by, and cut into the saloon.

When he came back to breakfast his face wore a bright look of decision and purpose.

"I have been down to the landing-place, Castletowers," he said, "looking after the *Alhola*, and making some inquiries of the people about the quays. I think I ought to give up this Mediterranean tour and go back to England."

"I am sorry for it," replied the Earl. "I was about to suggest it to you myself if you had not proposed it."

"And if there well 'twere done,'" said Saxon, "'twere well 'twere done quickly.'"

"You will go by steamer, of course?"

"I would if I could; but the French mail left yesterday, and the Ostrland packet will not be in time (till several days hence) for anything else to be done is to stick to the yacht for the present. The wind is direct in our favor; the *Alhola* will skim along like a bird; and by hurrying forward at once to Malta we may catch one of the Italian boats. At all events we shall not be dragged with you. There is to be nothing in something, when one is so intolerably restless."

"I am sorry to part with you this very moment," said the Earl.

"Thank you," replied Saxon, with a sigh. "You must remember here, you know, that you have got rid of me, and go on to Cairo and the Pyramids, as we had intended before this happened."

"Without you?"

"Why not? I shall, of course, leave the yacht in your charge."

The Earl shook his head.

"No, no, Thorndale," he said. "The yacht can be sent home in the care of the master; but you and I must certainly not part company," unless you feel you would rather be without me."

"That's impossible; but—"

"But me no buts. Solitary traveling has no charm for me. If you reject my society I shall simply go home to Castletowers as fast as I can."

So it was settled. The friends should remain bark without an hour's delay, making direct for the nearest port in which a Marseilles steamer was likely to be found.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

THAT fate is always severe to a man in haste, that nothing important in this world is ever to be had at the precise moment when it is most needed; that the chance is certain to be half an hour late, or the watch ten minutes slow, when every moment is more precious than gold, and when being too soon is to be concerned on the one act of pushing forward—are facts which fall for no evidence beyond that which comes within the range of our own experience.

In obedience, then, to what may to called the Law of Disappointment, the *Alhola* just missed the steamer at Valetta by an hour and three quarters. Being told, however, that by running before the wind to Messina, without delay, they would be certain to catch the French mail steampacket for Marseilles direct, the travelers crowded all sail, and, on the 3d of January at Messina, they learned that their boat had started at noon, and would not be back again for a full day more.

There was now nothing for it but to go on to Naples.

They then landed their Sicilian surgeon, whose services were no longer needed, and again put to sea.

But the wind was no longer directly in their favor, and their progress was consequently so much the slower. Sailing laboriously against the Calabrian coast, they beheld all that wondrous panorama unfold itself before them as they passed: Reggio, Amalfi, Salerno, Pæstum, and, at last, the glorious bay, with its sentinel isles lying out to sea.

They landed at the Molo Grande. The white flag of the Bourbon was flying from the twin castles down beside the quay, from the arsenal, and from the battlements of the steamers in the harbor. There, pacing to and fro upon the broad, level flag-stones, were groups of white cross-belts—those same cross-belts at which Saxon and Castletowers fired so many shots at Palermo.

They soon found that the boat which they had missed at Messina was, above all others, the one which they would have taken. No other was due to Marseilles direct, and no other would go at all for at least a fortnight longer than the time of their arrival in the harbor. It was now Thursday morning, and the order of departure was as follows: there was the boat of the Messageries Imperiales, which left Naples every Tuesday at five P.M.; there was the boat of the Two Sicilies Mail Steam Navigation Company, which went every Wednesday at the same hour; and there were two boats every Saturday, besides the chance of a merchant steamer, which had no fixed dates for departure, but was expected to be ready that time. Saxon decided on one of these packets, without exception, touched at Civita Vecchia, but also at Genoa and Leghorn.

In short, they could not possibly get off before Saturday at noon, and even then must suffer loss of time by putting in at the Papal port by the way.

However, there was no help for it. Wait one whole day and part of two others they must; so Saxon determined to make the delay as pleasant as possible, and the Earl undertook to show Saxon all that could be seen of Naples in the time.

How they rattled down to Pompeii by rail, dined on the Chiaja; heard the "Barbiere" the San Carlo; stopped in the open air on the terraces of the Albergo della Villa di Roma; ate macaroni and ices in the saloons of the Galleria; and wandered on the Molo, watching the red glow above Vesuvius long after those honest Neapolitans whose reasonable hours are in their beds—needs no recapitulation here.

To a stranger the fair city seemed all careless gayety, mirth, and jollity. Who that knew not every inflection of the popular voice, every fluctuation of the popular pulse, could have guessed that there was revolt at the heart of that shouting, laughing, noisy crowd? Who would have suspected that the murmurs which welled up in the Largo del Mercato were only kept from preaching the "monotonity" by the sight of those crossbelts scattered here and there, among the crowd? Or that the Canta Storia on the Molo, chanting his monotonous stanzas to an eager circle of bootblacks and lazzaroni, was really the substitute the name of Garibaldi for that of Rinaldo wherever the safety was out of hearing? Who would have supposed that in every coffee-shop and trattoria, round every lemonade and macaroni stall, in every group of contadini immediately in front of the porch of every church, the one prevailing, absorbing topic on every lip was the advance of the national army?

Yet so it was. Garibaldi had crossed from Sicily and landed in Calabria only a few days before, and all Naples was boiling over with hope and exultation. The wildest tales, the most extravagant rumors were accepted as facts. Every man whispered "Viva Garibaldi!" in his neighbor's ear; but none had yet dared to give voice to the popular watchword. In short, the whole city in irrepressible under-current of revolutionary propagandism was beginning to agitate the surface of Neapolitan society. Though not yet opposed to the casual observer, this disposition was perfectly understood by the Swiss mercenaries, who were doing all in their power to keep it down by means of the strong hand. The guns of St. Elmo, the Castel Nuovo, and the Castel dell' Ovo were pointed ominously upon the town. Small bodies of military were constantly permeating the streets, and thoroughfares, marching in every crowd, and loitering about the places of public resort. Above all, in the front of the San Carlino, in the Largo del Castello, was shot up Saxon and Castletowers had gone down there, on their arrival, to engage something to pay a visit to Pulchinello; but they found the doors closed and a sentry pacing before them. That witty and patriotic drama had fallen a victim to his political opinions, and was now a state prisoner in his own little dwelling.

Such was the condition of Naples when Saxon made his first acquaintance with the beautiful city. That it was still at the Bourbon feet before the people were in a ferment; and Garibaldi was on the march.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

COLONNA'S HAND.

THEY were going up Vesuvius!

Happy moments, which can forget its cares so easily, and float with every tide! Here were two young men snatching a hasty breakfast on the terrace of a little inn at Resina, on the carriage which was to convey them to Resina waiting at the door. They had risen with the sun; they had come by the early train; they had seen they ate, and laughed more than either. Who would have supposed that either had been robbed of half his fortune, and the other deprived by the lady of his love? Who would have supposed that a cloud had ever come over it? And, above all, who would not covet that healthy elasticity of temper which enabled them to put their troubles behind them in the midst of the sunshiny present?

"Confound the arm!" said the Earl. "I don't know how I am to get up the cone without the help of it!"

"You must be carried," replied Saxon, vigorously attacking a fragrant "bifteck," surrounded by a golden fence of "pommes de terre frites."

"Carried—carried—carried indeed! You'll suggest something better."

"Ask Cossa to become a parcel!" exclaimed the Earl. "Never. Am I not a man and a biped?"

"Men and bipeds must occasionally do what they don't like. Presents, as well as women and quadrupeds," replied Saxon.

"There is one consolatory fact, of which I am quite certain," replied the Earl; "and that is that men and bipeds have the best of the bargain—at all events, in this world."

"Not always, of its. What splendid stuff this Lachryma is!"

"Stuff, indeed! a poor wretch down there, however, who looks as if his worldly bargain had been bad enough!" said the Earl, tossing a handful of carlini to a beggar who had been mumbling and bowing in the road below, ever since the young men had sat down to breakfast.

The waiter in attendance shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Sou' tutti lofroni, signore," said he, with a variety of saints to shower down blessings on the giver.

"God Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, setting down the glass which he had just raised to his lips.

The Earl looked up in surprise.

"Why, my good fellow," said he, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

But instead of replying Saxon turned to the waiter.

"Bring me a cup of strong coffee," he said. "Bring it immediately."

The waiter stiffened. Saxon at once laid his hand on his friend's arm, leaned closer to him, and said in a hurried whisper:

"It's Signor Montecuculi—that Montecuculi whom I saw once at Castletowers!"

"Montecuculi! Where? What do you mean?"

"There—the beggar yonder—don't you see? He has something to say to us!"

"But are you certain?"

"Certain. I saw his face quite plainly. Ha! What's this?"

The beggar had withdrawn a little into the shade of the road-side trees; but a stone came whirring through the air, and crashed down, in Saxon spoke, into the midst of the breakfast-table. There was a paper twisted around it when the Earl had barely time to secure before the waiter came back. As soon as that functionary could be again dismissed the young men have cured to examine it.

"Colonna's hand it" exclaimed the Earl as his eyes fell on the writing.

There were but three or four lines, and they ran thus:

"In great peril. Conceded near the coast. Enemies on the alert. Bring a sailing boat. Anchor off shore. Be a fine with the moon. Will be perceived with row-boat, and look out for signals about dusk."

"How lucky that we were detained here!" was Saxon's first exclamation.

"We must not think of Vesuvius now," said the Earl.

"Of course not!"

"We can say that we have changed our minds, and prefer a day on the water. It will be easy to cruise about the coast in that direction, fishing or shooting."

"Nothing easier."

"And we'll get him off somehow!"

"That we will, in spite of Francesco Secondo!"

CHAPTER LXXV.

ORTHODOX BRITISH TOURISTS.

THE *Alinda* coasted ostentatiously about the bay all the forenoon, but shortly after mid-day rounded Sorrento Point, and cast anchor at the point indicated in Colonna's note.

Her crew was now strengthened by the addition of a second lady, swarthy Italian sailor, with gold rings in his ears, and a scarlet cap upon his head. He was an "odd hand," whom Saxon had, apparently, picked up upon the quay; and he had not been on board five minutes before he had his sister surreptitiously handle a rope. This sailor was Montecuculi.

Himself proscribed and in hourly peril of recognition, he had been for three days vainly trying to get Colonna off from his hiding-place at Cumæ. Finding it impossible, in consequence of the vigilance of the police, to make the attempt by sea, he was in the act of organizing an armed expedition by land when he heard that an English yacht had just come into port. Going down himself after dark, he found, to his great joy, that the *Alinda* was lying on Trefalden's property, and that Lord Castletowers was with him at the Hotel Gran' Bretagna.

"I tried to see you last evening," said he, as they leaned, chatting, over the side of the vessel; "but Angelo heard of you at many places, I could find you at none. This morning, however, I was determined not to let you escape. I have been hanging about the Chiaja ever since daybreak."

"It was an act of great imprudence on Colonna's part to venture over to the main land before Garibaldi was in Naples," said the Earl.

"Imprudence! It was madness. Nothing less. I have been in Naples myself for the last three weeks, attending the meetings of the secret societies, and distributing the Dictator's proclamations; but then I am known only to our own people, and there is no price on my head. I heard some days ago that Colonna had been seen at Gaeta; but I did not believe it."

"At Gaeta!" repeated the Earl. "Nay, what could he expect, save danger, in a royalist stronghold like Gaeta?"

"What, indeed! Ma che volete? He has been running his head into the lion's mouth all his life."

"Heaven grant that he may not have done so once too often!"

"Were it not that no hand on earth could imitate his writing," said Montecuculi, "I should have suspected a trap; but of the genuineness of his note there can be no doubt."

"How did it reach you?" asked the Earl.

"It was left for me, somewhat mysteriously, at the little trattoria where I dine. The messenger was a boy whom nobody knew, and he merely gave it in without a word, and went off."

"But what was Signor Colonna doing at Gaeta?" asked Saxon.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"Garibaldi has only to enter Naples by one gate for Francesco to walk out by the other," replied he; "and Gaeta gave shelter to the Pope ten years ago. It is a difficult place to deal with, and, of course, if it *could* be gained over by treachery, our position would be materially beforehand, our position would be materially strengthened. But Colonna was not the man for such an expedition. A less precious life should have been hazarded."

"I wonder where he is now?" said the Earl, taking an anxious survey of the coast through his glass.

"I think I can guess," replied Montecuculi. "You see that volcanic hill lying back yonder from the shore? That is the Acropolis of Cumæ; and a regiment might find a hiding-place in the mysterious caves and passages with which it is perforated in every direction."

"I think I can see them," exclaimed Saxon. "They look like rabbit-burrows."

There are hundreds of them—all hewn in the solid tufa. They were ancient beyond all record in the time of Virgil; and no one knows whither they lead, or by what hands they were excavated.

It was now proposed that Saxon and Castletowers should land on pretext of sketching, leaving the *Alinda* at anchor about half a mile from shore. They put off accordingly in the small boat, and Saxon's English sailor with them, and leaving Montecuculi on board the yacht.

The scene was flat and swampy, fringed with tall reeds, and scattered over with fragments of very ancient masonry. Among these reeds they moored their boat, and, landing, found themselves face to face with a Neapolitan sentry.

Up till this moment no human creature had been visible upon the broad plain. Scanning it carefully from the deck of the *Alinda*, and detecting no sign of life for miles on either side, they had said to each other that nothing would be easier than to bring off the fugitive in open day; no one would find them out, and the sun had been their friend's danger stood boldly before them in the shape of an armed sentinel.

The soldier had challenged them upon opening their landing; but stood by, leaning on his musket, quiet and observant. Saxon and Castletowers, on the other hand, with an air of the utmost unconcern, lit their cigars, and began looking about for a favorable point of view.

Presently the Earl went up to the sentry, and addressed him.

"Scusate, amico," said he, "but what hill is that yonder?"

"È la rocca di Cumæ, signore," replied the soldier.

"Cumæ?" repeated the Earl.

"Sì, signore. Cumæ antica."

"Grazie tanto," said Castletowers, and immediately pulled a book from his pocket, and began rapidly to make notes. Childe Harold, no doubt, but the last edition of Murray could not have answered his purpose better. The sentry constituted himself a guide-book, and, like all such comers as inoffensive tourists, and took no further notice of them.

They had conducted a little way up the shore till they came to a clump of pines, in the shade of which they sat down. There Saxon, who was in truth no artist, proceeded to make a sketch.

Presently another sentry made his appearance. Like the first, he was a fierce Saxon, who was in earth, and yet made no show of watchfulness. Having paced slowly past the pine-clump twice or thrice, he halted, and drew out of the way of the young men, and there to a point of rising ground about a quarter of a mile distant, and there took up his position.

"Splendid," said the Earl, "we are watched."

"Evidently."

"What is to be done?"

"Heaven knows!"

"It is my belief that the pines swarm with soldiers."

"And I feel as if the very air were full of eyes and ears."

"Poor Colonna!"

Then, for a few moments, they were both silent.

"I'll tell you what I think we must do, Castletowers," said Saxon. "Seem to sail away, and then come back again at dusk."

Despite his anxiety, the Earl could not forbear a smile.

"Decidedly, my friend," said he, "you have no genius for intrigue."

"Isn't my plan a good one?"

"It is the most artless artifice that ever oozed from an honest brain. No, no. We must do something much more matter-of-fact than that."

"Then I fear you will have to invent it."

I think I have done so already. You must go on sketching for a little longer. Colonna must then pretend to be hungry—"

"No need for pretense on my part," said Saxon. "I'm as hungry as a hunter now."

"You will have to fast for some time, then, because it is my object to prolong our stay here till dusk; and, in order to do that, we must drive off the dinner question to the last moment. Having done so we will go to boddy to one of the sentries, inquire our way to the nearest inn, and get something to eat. By the time we have finished it will be dark, and then we shall only have to steal down to the shore and hide himself in our hold; and the object for which we are here will be triumphantly accomplished."

"It seems to me," said Saxon, "that we should have done better had we followed Colonna's own instructions more closely, and not come till after sunset."

The Earl shook his head.

"Our only course," he replied, "was to land openly—to skylark, as it were, and play the orthodox British tourist. By doing this we disarm suspicion; by stealing along the coast after sunset we should infallibly have aroused the suspicions of every royalist within half-a-dozen miles of the place.

"I dare say you are right," said Saxon; "but in the mean while I am starving."

"I fear you must continue to starve for the present."

"Then I beg you to understand that I decline to sit still under the treatment. Suppose we go over the ruins."

"Will you not finish your sketch first?"

"My sketch!" ejaculated Saxon, contemptuously. "Pshaw! my sketches are the most unsatisfactory daubs in the world. The more I finish them the worse they get. If I had put this down half an hour ago it would have been ever so much better than it is now."

The Earl still hesitated. Not knowing where Colonna might be hidden, he doubted whether they ought to go up to the ruins or not. At last they decided that orthodox British tourists would be certain to see all that could be seen; and so went across the bristling plain and up to the foot of the Acropolis. Massed Arrivoli, however, at the Arco Felice, they were met by a third sentry, who interposed his bayonet somewhat unceremoniously between them and the gate. The ruins, he said, were closed to the public, and could only be seen by order of the Royal Chamberlain.

They tried expostulation, they tried bribery; but in vain. The man was immovable, and Saxon had to make another sketch, and then another, to pass the time away.

At length the sun began to decline, and the Earl judged that they might proceed to the second step in their plan. So they went back to the sentinel at the Arco Felice, and inquired if he knew where they might purchase something to eat.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders, and believed there was no albergo nearer than Patria.

"How far are we from Patria?" asked the Earl.

"About eight miles."

"Eight miles! But, amico, we have not eaten since breakfast—we are starving. Is there no farm-house near at hand?"

"Oh, sicuro. There is a farm-house about a quarter of an hour hence."

"In which direction?"

"Following the coast-road toward Linterum."

"A thousand thanks. Good-evening, amico."

"Buona sera, signori."

With this the young men turned away, and hastened in the direction indicated.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTAS.—*"Where are the opposite boundaries of Manhattan Island?* R. *What is the derivation of the word?"* Manhattan is bounded on the north by a railroad bridge; on the south by the residence of the Governor; on the east and west by the North and Hudson rivers. The explains its name, "Manhattan," which is an Indian compound word. "Man-with-the-hat-on" is the name which is the tradition.

TOUCHSTONE.—This correspondent says: "In Dickens's 'Christmas Carol' Scrooge says, 'I don't believe,' returns my affection, and when I desire to wish you a merry Christmas, you say, 'Bah, humbug!' Now I think Mr. Dickens is quite wrong in this case. Can you advise me how to proceed?" Certainly. Proceed to Scrooge's residence, and in a case of *attachment*, and your remedy is by a writ according to the form given in the Revised Statutes, which are very ancient. Your next step is to direct your writ to the sheriff of the county, and request him to put the key entitles you to appear and plead to the declaration. In other words, to lay your action; and this course will give you the best chance of success. *Vide Long Livers*, by Adam Fitzadam. Your declaration having been put in, you await the answer of the respondent, and in the meantime keep your client well and well then. You will then proceed to court; and should you gain your case, you will proceed to *execution upon the capias*; in other words, try the effect of a few kind expressions. But if the opposite interlocutory proceedings *judgment* will undoubtedly go in your favor. Then proceed to the execution of the capias. You say:

EL LAUTO.—"I am a lawful voter of this city, but was not registered in time for last election, owing to the illegal neglect of the proper officer to call at my boarding-house. Can I vote at the approaching election?" You vote to be forced on election day. How can I now deposit it?"—Inquire at the Board of Aldermen, and, if sufficient cause, at the Board of State Canvassers. Albany, and deposit it in the mail-bag. If you can't get there yourself, it will have to be prepaid; and you are entitled to charge the postage to the State, and collect it from your next fat job.

CUCKOO.—"Is there not plainly an error in Scripture where it says that 'Solomon slept with his fathers'? Did not Jonathan sleep with his fathers?" How can he possibly have had four fathers? Did not Jonathan have an own father, a step-father, grandfather, and father-in-law. Your question, like those of many grammatical students, shows the ignorance of its author, not the fallibility of scripture.

MARIE.—"Is it true that you have been disinherited. None of the Messrs. Harper took kindly to the proposition.

TABLE DIGEST.

What dish may you always conclude to have been elected on manner on whose table you most is?—Pastried steps.

Which is the silliest you can put on the table?—Goosberry-fool.

Which is the fiercest?—Caper sauce.

Which is the quickest?—Many pudding.

And which is the coolest?—Ice cream.

Why should you not suppose the cook to have prepared in a regular but temper?—Whipped cream.

Which dish is esteemed after one of the fathers of the human race?—Ham.

And which after a country in Europe?—Turkey.

Buonaparte, the French Ambassador to Spain, was telling Henri Quatre how he entered Madrid. "I went in state, and all the people came to look at me." Ah," said Henri, "what an amusing sight—the biggest ass on the smallest mule!" "I was your Majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of whiskers and mustaches, remarked: "It is one of the hardships I do certainly set my face against."

Why is Chang the tallest man in the world?—Because, on account of his standing, he has the longest bed.

Seasonable clothes—Pepper and salt.

Pride goes before a (water) fall.

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day during a conversation about the Acts and the Apostles. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that he would eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience' sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

The way in which words are often divided when set to music sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A singer was once heard in hearing a congregation, mostly of women, crying out

"Oh Lo o mas!
Oh for a man!
Oh for a man-slain in the ekies!"

While on another occasion a girl was heard at the first shot ability:

"We'll catch the flee!
We'll catch the flee—
We'll catch the flee—ting hours!"

It is hoped nobody was bitten.

"Tat you call dem tings vit long bills aat fly and make a noise—fie—fie—what you call 'em?" exclaimed the other day.

"Woodcock," we replied.

"Woodcock! I kill de morning, before mine breakfast, twenty-five woodcock."

"Indeed you did! Where did you find them?"

"In mine chamber bed."

"Twenty-five woodcock in your bed-chamber! You must mean mosquitoes."

"Eh, him, I mean. I kill twenty-five mosquitoes."

Josh Billings says that "If a man professes to serve the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions as well as when he makes prayer-books."

If the wife of a Japanese don't suit him, he can send her back to her parents and try again. That is to say, all the new is "worn out" in Japan.

SMOKING IMMORTALITY.—How often do we hear of people lying at the point of death.

Tooth-drawing is an operation that should be performed at a distance from the patient's mouth.

In an Eastern village when the plate was being passed in church, a newly-populated editor said to the collector: "Go on, I'm a-land-lord—I've got a pash."

At a *soirée* the other evening one gentleman pointed out a disabled friend to another as his friend as a sculptor. "What!" said his friend, "such a looking chap as that a sculptor! Why, you must be mistaken, for I'm sure he must be the kind of cue you may mean," said the intimate friend. "Indeed, sir," she chiselled a tailor out of a suit of clothes last week."

At a recent masked-ball in Norwich a young lady was highly praised in newspapers. She made a good "impression."

A gentleman was once arguing with a lady, when at length he observed, "I'll not argue with you," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction." "I am open to conviction, sir," was the indignant reply; "I adore the inquisition, sir; I am open to conviction, sir," she added after a moment's pause, "show me the man who can convince me."

Brown is a married man now. A few days since he received a package from Paris. One of his friends meeting him in the street inquired, "Well, Brown, my boy, what are you doing?" "Nothing much, my boy, only my wife with you?" "No; it is a voyage of pleasure."

General Mowrie, after struggling through a Catalan sentence, turned to his companion, and said, "What an incorrigible native boy for it was to term *firmas*." "I don't know," she added, "I'm sure I've seen a good many of them."

NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

"A CHIEFTAIN TO THE HIGHLANDS BOUND."—Premises.

Fitzsharp is a queer place. The other day three men were found lying in the street, and two commenced catching all the the thieves, while the third ate the insects as fast as caught. It is a bad day when cod there quicker than his companions could catch them.

The young woman who was "driven to distraction" now has that she has to walk home.

A robust countryman meeting a physician one day ran to hide behind a wall. On being asked the cause he replied, "I am afraid of being struck dead. I have sinned, and I am ashamed to look a physician in the face."

"Honesty is the best policy," said a Scotchman. "I know it, indeed," said another, "*for I have tried both.*"

An Irish witness in a court of justice being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied, "He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

A butler advertises that he hath fit so easily upon the body that no master should ever find them. Unquestionably the best hath are not *felt*.

A BARE ASSERTION.—The naked truth.

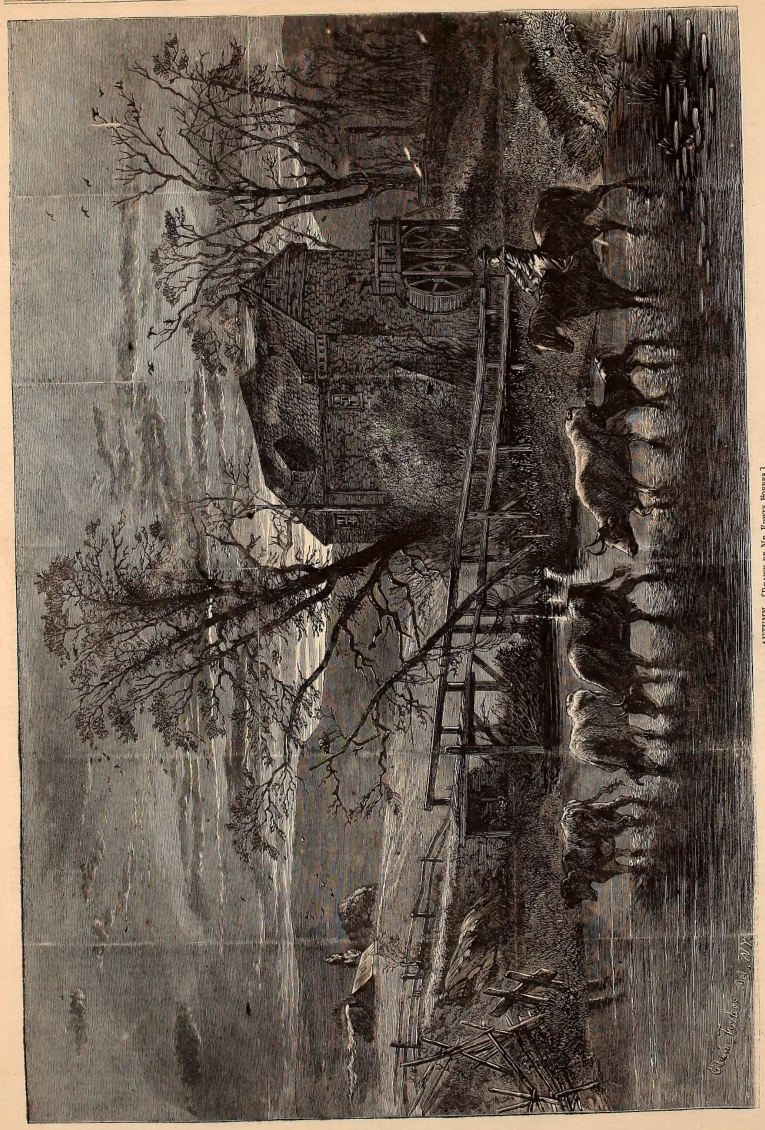
Why are lawyers and doctors sole people by whom to take example?—Because they always practise their professions.

Tennyson speaks of "the angel of the rainbow." That angel must be an umbrella.

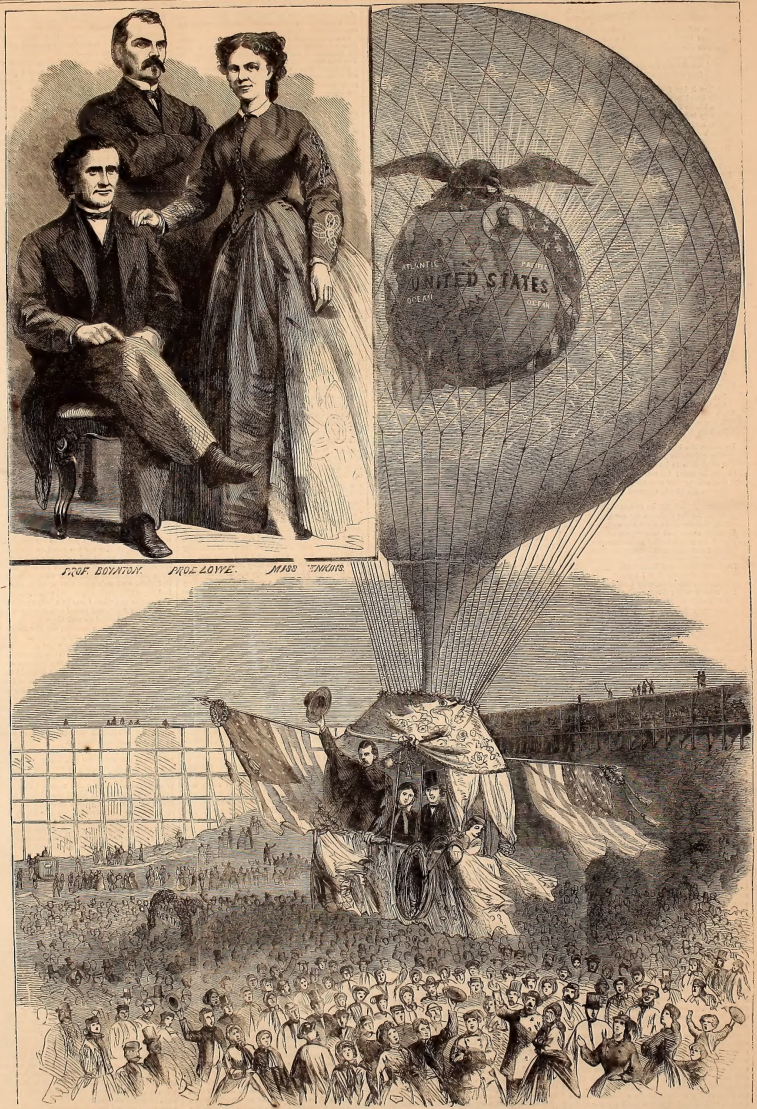
Why talk about not stopping a wink when people in their sleep never wink?

Preachers profess to teach people how to live. Lectures on the seabird would like to learn.

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AUTUMN.—[DRAWN BY MR. EDWIN FORBES.]



THE BALLOON BRIDAL PARTY STARTING ON ITS AERIAL TOUR FROM PROF. LOWE'S AMPHITHEATRE, CENTRAL PARK, NOVEMBER 8, 1865.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 746.]

WINTER COMETH.

Whence voice is that which sounds outside?
Whose footstep is it that I hear
Across the open plain draw near?
Who comes this way at break of day,
And knocks against the gable-door
To fright the children of the poor?

His face it has the look of death;
His beard is white with frost and snow;
No kindly sun his dull eyes fires;
His step is hid; his breath is cold—
Oh, hark! it is his tread I hear,
Each day it sounds more loud and near.

He passes not beside the way.
But like a conquering hero comes,
With gathering sound of muffled drums
From yonder night of dead of night.
When all besides is hushed and still,
His clarion tones the wide air fill.

In icy fetters strong as steel
He guards his torrent in its course
That through the chasm thunders hoarse;
Beneath his look the meadow brook,
Which babbled on through weeds and grass,
Grows on a sudden smooth as glass.

The stately palace windows shine
With glances warmth and brilliant light
To charm away the gloom of night;
And guests are there, the rich and fair,
Who to and fro on joyous feet
Move to soft strains of music sweet.

He enters not, but straightway goes
On to the hovel, damp and low,
Where sadness reigns and poverty
The old man greans; the mother moans;
The infant opens wide its eye,
And gives a low and piteous cry.

He threads the city's heartless streets
See where you lonely taper burns,
Up the steep flight of stairs he turns;
Where starry rays, around her fling
She wraps the coarse shawl, torn and old,
To keep her from the bitter cold.

He meets the beggar in his path,
Who shivers as the fire draws nigh,
And shrinks to let the tyrant by;
On on he goes; his cold breath blows
The pelting rain and stinging sleet
Adown the blank, deserted street.

On mountain heights he ranges wide;
There, by the darkness left astray,
The hunter sinks upon his way,
Helpless, alone, and weary grown,
And there half buried in the snow
The brave dogs and the lifeless form.

So comes the tyrant Winter on,
It is his footstep that I hear,
Each day it sounds more loud and near:
His voice is bold; his touch is cold;
Oh, hark! he knocks against the door
Now may the Great God help the poor!

THE BALLOON BRIDAL.

Our readers will find on page 745 some interesting illustrations of the bridal trip above the clouds, made by Dr. JOHN J. BOYNTON and his newly-married wife in Professor LOWE'S balloon, November 8. It was an occasion that had been much talked of and long deferred, and it attracted to Central Park a huge concourse of spectators. The marriage took place at the Fifth Avenue Hotel before the departure of the bridal party for Central Park. The bride's maiden name was Miss MARY WERY ZEMMER. We have a group of portraits, including those of Dr. BOYNTON, his bride, and Professor LOWE. Miss ZEMMER, the bride, was born in Northampton, Virginia, and is twenty-two years of age. When an infant she was made an orphan, and was adopted by Mrs. J. J. WERY, of St. Louis. She was educated at Monticello Seminary, Illinois, and displayed great ability in drawing and music. She has a fresh, clear complexion, dark hazel eyes, and in figure is tall and commanding. Of course the bridal outfit was peculiar, to suit the exigencies of the occasion. It was the usual gauze and tarlatan, displayed by a dress of the richest poplin, of the tint known as that of roses, trimmed with white velvet, somewhat darker in color, with a silk hat of the same shade, and gloves to match.

The bridegroom, Dr. JOHN J. BOYNTON, is from Syracuse, and has been known for some years as an able lecturer on geology. He was graduated at a medical institution, but is rather known as a geologist and practical surveyor, having served the Government frequently in this latter capacity.

At the time of the arrival of the bridal party not less than six thousand persons were present within the inclosure. The party in the balloon consisted of only four—the married couple, a sister of the bridegroom, and Professor LOWE.

The bridal car was composed of wicker-work, through which were interlaced the iron wires, to the hooks of which the ropes of the balloon were attached. Its dimensions were six feet long by four and a half feet wide and two and a half feet deep. The bottom of the car was covered with a cushioned seat, covered with rich green flowered satin, stretched round it, an was padded up to the edge. The cords from the circumscribing ring were of alternately red, white, ar d blue silk, wound round with colored cords and stripped with velvet. These cords were crossed by silken twisted ropes of red and green, thus making a net-work which combined great beauty with considerable strength. On the top a canopy of blue and silver damask covered the car, and needed to within about six feet of the bottom, from which point handsome lace curtains were hung, the whole surrounded by the Stars and Stripes. These curtains were gathered together at the corners by silken cords and tassels of Union colors. The car itself was draped with heavy folds of crimson and gold damask, which contrasted admirably with the other decorations. On one side a space was left, which formed the door, over which was suspended a heavy tassel of white and silver, while similar ones hung from each corner of the canopy. The appearance of the entire car was one tasteful and elegant.

The flight at length was cut from its fastenings and went skyward, at first taking a northwesterly direction, but at the height of two thousand feet veering round to the east. A morning contract was signed by the bride and bridegroom while on the voyage. This, according to its style, was a "sacred compact at high altitudes," and written above the clouds, floating in mid air, and in accordance with the laws of the Empire State."

A wedding cake was kindly presented by Messrs. STURGIS & BRADFORD, of the Casino, to the bride and bridegroom, and also to the balloon crew. The cake was ornamented with a fine representation of the balloon, with cords, car, flags, etc., complete.

After a delightful trip, rendered remarkably so by the clear and cloudless state of the sky, the balloon landed as gently as a snow-flake, and without any difficulty in Mount Vernon, at sunset. The party then returned to the city by the night train, and drove back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

DEATH—*IN ACCOUNT.*

It was very odd! It could not have been the freak of an ill-regulated fancy, for Mr. Ollapod was a man of system, and had nothing ill-regulated in the house. It was not an attack of the nerves, for Mr. Ollapod was an iron man. Mr. Ollapod was not drunk, for Mr. Ollapod had taken his pint bottle and his glass of sherry at dinner, as he had done for the last thirty years. Perhaps you will try to explain it away under the plea of an indigestion. However, Mr. Ollapod never had any illusions. Mr. Ollapod was a common-sense, that is unfeeling, practical, that is unimaginative, humdrum, that is money-making man. He sat in his arm-chair before his desk. His eyes were fixed upon a crackled counterpane ceiling, as it did every evening. There was a little light filtering through a globe, and heavy shadows lurked in the corners, and about the door, and making up strongly against the circle of fire-light on the polished floor; but the shadows were there every evening. Mr. Ollapod liked that half light; and, if you insist on your optical illusion, why did it occur on that particular night? Why not on another evening? Why not every evening?

You will find no explanation in the occurrences of the day. They had been pleasant—that is, Mr. Ollapod had made money—nor in his occupation. He was examining the Stock Exchange list, which had dried dollars in small bills; and that refutes another theory with which doubtless you are prepared; he was not asleep. He was standing in his memory, and broad awake, you see, when he found himself in that room. You ask me why? Because I am sure I have not the least idea. I do not think Mr. Ollapod himself could have answered that question as he stared about him in bodiless astonishment. Somebody's counting-room, for there were the high desks and the ledgers, but that is all I know. This is all he knew, though it was odd that he should have found himself at such loss, since there was not another Peter J. T. Ollapod in the Directory but it was Mr. Peter J. T. Ollapod whose name they quoted with such easy familiarity, as in accounts, in making entries.

When I say "they," I mean such a set of clerks as no one before Mr. Ollapod ever saw—just thumbscrews, pale, writing-office machines, precision and celerity, after the dictation of a tongue hanging from the ceiling, like the clapper of a bell, as thus:

Paid Mr. Ollapod.....Two Intermittents.
Paid " " .....Two Remittents.
Paid " " .....Ten Drunkids.
Paid " " .....Ten Habitual Zymbe.
Checked to his Account: See Book of the Receiving Angel.

Fancy Ollapod's astonishment!

"It is a case of brain-fever," he said, mourn ully, to himself. "I should die! I have overworked myself. What I should die! I have been tricked down as he thought of the loss—to himself. "But it was not so! hands were to be had out of a brain-fever! Nevertheless they would not! Mr. Ollapod was no officer! No need then of lordships, no rows about salaries, no bill-dog, no wife and family to discover in the way when any thing is to be done. If this be delirium it is a sensible one, and I should like to pat it on the head and then all would be angels and fevers. I must be very bad, after all."

"So you are, Peter J. T. Ollapod!" said the tongue, hastily. "Be quiet, sir! What are you stopping for? You there—write!"

Dr. D. P. J. T. Ollapod, for one undrained court. Dr. Tabb: Case gall of green stone. Dr. Ollapod: Scraps of garbage; one gutter overflowed; one mad alley.

Dr. to D. P. J. T. Ollapod, for one dwelling house without windows, called "Rooms to Let."

Dr. to D. P. J. T. Ollapod, for three muddy cellars, overflowed at high tide, called "Rooms to Let."

Dr. to D. P. J. T. Ollapod, for one dilapidated, unclaimed, ruined forever-and, called a "Tenement House."

Scratch! scratch! the thumbs and fingers setting all this down in black and white. Scratch! scratch! more thumbs and fingers counting off a pile of greenbacks smartly, and laying them out in rows. The one hundred dollars, in small bills, that Ollapod had just counted, and locked up in the third left-hand drawer of his walnut secretary.

"Are vouchers?" said the tongue. "Copy as I read out."

Four dollars from the widow in the little dark closet under the stairs, dying of consumption, brought on by starvation, bad air, and hopelessness.

Six dollars from the woman whose two children died of the surrounding nastiness—called, in their case, scarlet fever.

Eight dollars from the family who take boarders, and sleep fourteen to one small room at night.

Six dollars from an abandoned wretch, whose home is often overflowed, and is always green with mould, and who is drinking himself to death because he never has any comfort except when drunk.

Five dollars from a wicked creature, aged seventeen, born in dirt and vice, raised in dirt and vice, and who abandoned a virtue of which she scarcely heard, for Vice who nursed her.

Six dollars from a man whose wife and children died of the "fever-and," and who, finding no hope any where, is going desperately to the bad.

Eight—

"What of it all?" can Ollapod, not relishing the tone of the tongue. "Life is not full for all these people die or go to the devil? Do I oblige them to be vicious and dirty—or, for that matter, had I reason then to live in my house at all? Was in the world ever heard of such book-keeping before? In account for dysenteries, and typhids, black-balls, and the results of the wretches who live in them?"

"No one in the verld hears of such things—very true," returned the tongue, with a blandness that made Ollapod shiver; "and for your question the answer is not in my department. We deal in the office simply with the physical facts of the case; but speaking as an impartial intelligence, and for myself, I have no hesitation in saying that I believe the Receiving Angel, who settles these matters, will inform the views of that woman who is killing just now room 31 of your 'fever-nest,' you know."

Ollapod listened, and heard a weak voice saying, tremulously:

"I came here because I had trumped the streets for after day, and tracked the city, high and low, and there was nothing better for me. Rents are at such a pitch that poor folk can't pay them. Rooms are no dear that poor folk can't hire. My work was here, and if it wasn't here, where could I go with three little children? I knew that I had never been from one year's end to the other, and that the sickness was in the black ceiling, and the greasy floor, and the damp hall, and the rank and stench and mud all around it; but we couldn't stand out in the street—we must go somewhere. I have tried to be decent. I have tried to be economic. I would, anyhow, before I come here; but it is so discouraging to lie down at night and know that the next day's will be worse, and the next day worse than that, and the next day worse than that, and the next day worse than that. You say, sir, that the children; but who is to think of talking to them? They can't stay here in this little room, three children of them, and stifle all day long. If I open a door and whatever comes in, can, to be sure, but I can't keep out other folk's dirt; and somehow I can feel I am getting careless of those directions. That is the sin that will be laid, trying to shovel away one pile, when there's a bigger one behind it? And when I go out of trying to teach the children, when they learn outside more of the devil in one hour than I can tell them of God in one day, it is not for pleasure, for I am not used so bad; but they're worn down and worn out, the most of them, like me, and they have give up and give in. You ask me why I don't go away? How can they? They must crowd together, for they can't pay for room by themselves—you must, if you are so crowded you can't be clean if you try. I know, for I have tried it. And then look! Its poverty, sickness, and dirt over you; it is sickness and dirt on your right hand; it is wickedness and dirt on your left hand. Maybe there is, as you say, something better outside, but how are we going to know it—how are we going to feel and believe it—when we are and hear nothing but what I have told you, day in and day out? Top that with, part of the time, no food, no work, and always, always never any meat, and no decent clothes; and work, work, work forever, with no prospect of any thing better! Any one can see that I am trying to be a mire and slime?' Mr. Ollapod is our landlord, and I hear tell that he is a rich gentleman, and a deacon, and has gentlemen and gentlemen's gentlemen to charitable institutions, and goes in for reform; but if Mr. Ollapod would only reform its own houses a bit, he would be charitable to us! If for five hundred dollars a quarter he would take three hundred, or even two hundred and charge two rents, and make rules forbidding folk to cram themselves in his houses, three and four families at a time in one room, and I'm sure we could be genteel once. He could do it. He is rich enough to spare the time and money to do it. He could take only good and some of that money he gives away in cleaning out his fever-nests. If Mr. Ollapod would spend some of that money in the fever-nests of his houses, in putting in sewers and drains, and letting in the light and air of heaven; if he would spend a set sense of his money in hiring folk to look after his houses when done, and make those poor lynx-eyed creatures keep themselves clean; if he would only give us poor struggling wretches room and air—pure air! I don't know if he could put his name to the new tenement lists, or if he could get a seat any higher in the church, but I do know all we poor folk would bless him and pray for him every day of our lives! Yes, sir, we would!"

The tongue had no eyes, and yet Ollapod felt that it stared at him with a cold severity. The thumbs and fingers had no eyes, yet Ollapod angrily felt that they were waiting too.

"Is this a case for Ollapod," spluttered Ollapod, "and impracticable, and it is no answer at all. It is mixing up business and charity. I never mix charity with business. Next!"

"I should think not," said the tongue, dryly. "Write. Sundry cases. Eight dollars."

"Are you never going to have done with that stuff?" interrupted Ollapod, getting in a rage.

"The question is, are you never going to have done, Mr. Ollapod?" answered the tongue. "Eight dollars—from—the old man in the attic, and write him off." He started to death an hour ago, leaving the sum of money due on his rent, neatly folded in a paper, and addressed to his landlord, Mr. P. J. T. Ollapod."

Scratch! scratch! all the thumbs and fingers trying to write it down.

"I'll be hanged if this is a fever," quoth Ollapod, fuming and walking up and down. "No, Sir. Not even in the most reckless of delirums, or the most abandoned of nightmares, could so insult, could I so insult myself. It is joke; a practical joke, and it will be better for the—"

"Make out a receipt in full," pursued the tongue, relentlessly, "and the promissory note to Peter J. T. Ollapod and his heirs—payable—with compound interest—in dollars—six as much as now due."

"Good Heavens!" shouted Ollapod, and rushing madly toward the desks, was heading the pause in the tongue, when he was confronted with Peter J. T. Ollapod."

It was an optical illusion, it had vanished. If it was a dream, it had gone. If it was a warning, it has failed. Peter J. T. Ollapod started from his chair, rang the bells furiously, roused the lives, naked his feet, went to bed with ice on his head, and was very careful of breakfast for a week afterward. Ollapod had triumphed over his fever. For the fever-nests, the black holes, and the places where the drains and sewers should be, they are maturing the interest on that promissory note.

A RESURRECTION.

THOMAS UPHAM and myself had, in our boyhood's days, been school-fellows, and had thus formed a friendship that ever after-wards did not diminish. I had made friends of all the family, consisting, besides my friend Tom, of his parents and four sisters. Tom was my senior by some three or four years, and was now married. His latest bride had been a favorite of mine, as well, and the rest of the family now usually resided there in preference to their house in town. My friendship and intimacy with the family, though it led me to go with Tom, had during these years extended to the members of it, and I had been wont often to go to Westfield for a day or two, whenever I could persuade my business ties to make it convenient.

The Uphams were a somewhat peculiar family, and though, proximately speaking, I was nowhere, I was always treated as one of themselves. There was a sort of intimacy in a family which, for even four daughters had, as may well be supposed, made my feelings for one of them somewhat warmer in the seconds of my friendship—for do not mind now owning a fact, that I, some years since, guarded with a sufficient care, and in the most delicate fashion, Tom, notwithstanding my humble position, and great inferiority to the family, I was rash enough to fall into love with Miss Upham, and was in this was the fact, that my love was returned as heartily as it was given. My prospects were good at the time in question, for I had strong hopes—why, a certainty—of, in another two years, finding myself with an annual income of not less than £1500, and at not would rise to £1500. This, I knew, would not serve to keep Polly Upham in the position she had been in, or to give her the luxuries she enjoyed at home; still, as she did not throw cold water on our hopes, it was not for us to do so. Besides, there was no hurry—a long engagement I knew and could well wait some two or three years. I had hopes that Polly would be content to wait, and a favorable eye when I was in a better position to advance my hopes, and placed considerable reliance on the feeling I had given them.

So, for some fifteen months, did the secret engagement between Polly and myself exist till engrossed all health shattered my love to the future, and caused me to relinquish that situation from which I had hoped so much. We had corresponded frequently; but I knew thought it would be the only plan that I could honorably pursue to discontinue our hopeless engagement. I wrote to her judgment barely a match for the promptings of my heart; but Polly, though silent on the matter, could not have interpreted my letter as I had meant it therefore by our dearest hopes was upraised. Besides, we were apart, at the time, and whether all our reasonings would have convinced us

It may have been a foolish thing—after the disappointment of my hopes—to have gone to Westfield again to seek the company of one who should, for the future, only meet me as a friend. Yet, whether it was foolish or not, I did so repeat that I went down to Westfield and joined the Upham family. My greeting from each of them was cordial, and met hearty in the extreme. As usual with them, they had much company, and it was owing to this reason that Polly and myself had so few days kept apart, and therefore much unpleasantness for each of us avoided. Thus, though possibly on the same side in a game at croquet, or at chess, or at baratelle in the evening (and we somehow managed to get on the same side pretty frequently), we could prevent our chat from being on any but indifferent topics; and for some reasons I thought this a blessing, though I did not feel, I think, why other by Polly's side; and the thought that I used to be so favored came to my mind, and would cause me momentary pleasure, but I knew that reason that was for them pleasure. But of course this was not jealousy. Oh, dear no!—nothing of the kind. So things went on for some weeks, till, laying by all my former prudent resolves, I determined to try and find out whether Polly felt as much regard for me as before.

By this time some of the visitors had departed, and I had more opportunities of seeking Polly's society than had been before afforded me. I need not detail the steps I took; but suffice it to say, I found that, under all her assumed coldness, she cared for me as much as ever. I found that a proposal that had been made to her in my absence had previously had been declined; and, without pressing her for her reasons, I was pleased to find that recollections of myself had principally caused her refusal being given. We may have been foolish—are not love and youth always said to be so?—but without any fresh vows being registered, or any fresh engagement being entered into, we seemed as we have again entered upon our course of love. This, in our daily rides and walks, we indulged in the sweet converse that to ourselves proved so utterly delightful, but seems so insipid to those outside love's charmed circle. At night we found some opportu-

nity of giving and taking a kiss as of old; and in every way possible I found myself head over ears in love, yet with no prospect of arriving at the desirable consummation of marriage. We were both, however, of determinedly independent spirits; and one day, being (or more correctly, we had overlooked) on opposite sides in a fiercely-contended game of croquet, one of those points of dispute to which the game so often is subject arose. Polly sided with her side, I with mine; the rules were produced, but did not seem to bear on the point; umpire party none; what was to be give way; the game was left unfinished, and I saw that a coldness between myself and Polly had set in. For days I strove most thoughtlessly did that best to widen the breach, which continued for upward of a week. There was to be a wedding in the family, and during the bustle and confusion of preparations Polly and I saw little of each other. The wedding-day arrived, the great manœuvre was to Polly's bridal-recess, I excused myself from being present. I thought over in my mind, that though this was an unintentional misunderstanding, it would be as well for me to take this opportunity of bringing my visit to a close.

With this object in view, as soon as the family returned from the wedding I made my preparations for departure, I succeeded in having a few minutes' private conversation with Polly, and told her that I seemed to be under the necessity of that pleasure (I knew not for what reason); I thought it would be better for us to part. I gave her to understand that, whatever hopes I had once entertained of calling her mine, my ill health seemed to have dispersed them, and that, in wishing her farewell, I trusted she never had the misfortune to repent her present cruel treatment. Her reply was in just as lofty language. She had, she said, been suffering the while from which she had been treated by me, she thought it better we should bring our engagement to an end.

Thus mutually satisfied that each of us had suffered very grievous treatment at each other's hands, we parted. Making a point to each of the Misses Bowles I left Westfield, and wondered whether I should ever revisit it. As I was carried away by the express-train I thought from the lofty stilts of illusage I had mounted, and was forced to allow by myself that many a little of the blame of our quarrel was to be attached to myself. But we had now parted; Mary Upham and I were to be no more to each other than if we had never met. Perhaps it was better that it should be so, now I had to do something for myself, and for myself alone.

I resolved to visit, at rare regrets, to endeavor to forget the history of the past few weeks, and to seek for some employment which would in a partially restore it health. In this last object I was successful; I met with a commission, which, without being any great affair, was sufficiently well-fitted to keep me comfortably, and nothing more. But I was content; the dream of my life some months before had left me, now, like a cloud, and, in fact, I found all I required was the gratification of my bachelor wants. I had not forgotten Mary Upham, nor did I think I ever should; but the enjoyment of everyday business, and the thorough change of my habits, had worked wonders in my spirits, and deadened the activity of all painful remembrances.

So time swept on in the great City, as it was doing elsewhere all the w ld over; Christmas was at hand, and I had determined to spend it with friends in New York. It was on Christmas-eve: it thought I would spend the evening with a friend, and set off to do so. The clouds were heavy when I started, and before I had got half-way to commence a downpour of rain. I did not take a carriage, for I knew I should not find one waiting at home before a certain hour of the evening, but turned into the first restaurant I came to, and ordered some tea. While my tea was preparing, I looked placed over the daily papers; suddenly my eye was caught by the sight of the name of Westfield. Though all my ties with the place were severed, I read the fragment of news with interest. It gave an account of a terrible gale that had recently raged round the Eastern coast, and went on to say that a stranger had, some days before, been found dead and ill-ground from one of the cliffs. He was supposed he had literally been blown off the cliff by the violence of the gale. I perfectly knew the spot referred to, and my thoughts wandering to my friends at Westfield. I pictured them to myself with a happy fall of company for the festive time. And Mary Upham, or Polly as I had delighted to call her, what was she doing, who was she ing about? My thoughts, which during all this festive season have been charitable to all the world, were for some unaccountable reason full of bitterness. I pictured Polly (lately my Polly) flirting with some fresh face; no sooner off with the old love than on with the new. "No," said I, "she is not." "I was right when I expressed a doubt of her ever recruiting her sorrowful treatment of me when we parted."

With these thoughts in my mind I took another cup of tea, and gave the paper a contemptuous *Afredo- dardo!* here my eyes rest upon the list of deaths, and what is it I see? Though marriages and births share the honor of being the only portion of a paper that the ladies think it worth their while to study, what inducement can I have to glancing to be a casual reader of deaths, find in it anything the list of deaths? But it is sufficient for me now to state that I was caught my eye, and I may say literally ray took my breath away, was the announcement of my own death! Yes, there it was, in plain, staring black letters, on a white ground, and the longer I looked the larger it seemed to become:

"Died, in Hampton Hospital, on the 18th inst., Charles Gilbert, formerly of Boston."

"Hampton Hospital! I was never in the place in my life!" But my name was Charles Gilbert, and my native place was Boston. "It must be some one of the same name," said I, and with this I endeavored to dismiss the thought. But the idea came into my head, and calling for ink and paper, I wrote those few lines in haste:

"*To the Editor of the Westfield News:*

"SIR,—Please insert this notice of death to your issue of Friday n st. Yours, etc."

After writing as above I cut out the notice from the New York paper, and inclosed it with the note I had written, and all the postage stamps I had with me. Having paid my reckoning, I found the rain had ceased, and set out for my friend's, posting my letter on the way. I well knew that the Westfield *News* was read by my Eastern friends, and trusted the announcement would meet Polly's eye. Should it eye, for at the moment I felt much incensed against her.

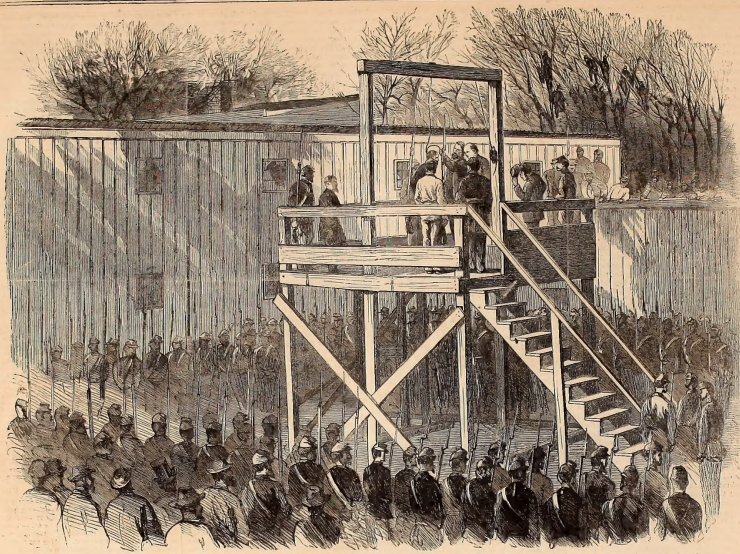
Christmas passed, and with it all thoughts of my recently-announced death. I was still in New York working my commission; but a change was coming.

Many of my relatives had a firm conviction that a large amount of very valuable property had fallen to our family. Lawyers were consulted, and all the proper processes were gone through; but still the trial did not come on. So great did my cause had this affair been coming on and successive terms; when, thoroughly disgusted with the pleasure-uncertainty of the law, I gave up all hopes I had entertained when I first heard of the impending trial. I had now been nine years at it, nursing my thing about it, and wishing I might not have the heartache till I came into my share of the property. But all these things were to have come off, and we were victorious. The spoil which now came into my hands had to undergo a number of divisions, and was consequently comparatively. But it made a considerable difference to myself; for while I had at the approach of the proceedings had been reduced to a small salary, I this year saw the same season approach having no occasion to put my hand to the pen. This was the fortunate possessor of an annual stipend of $2000.

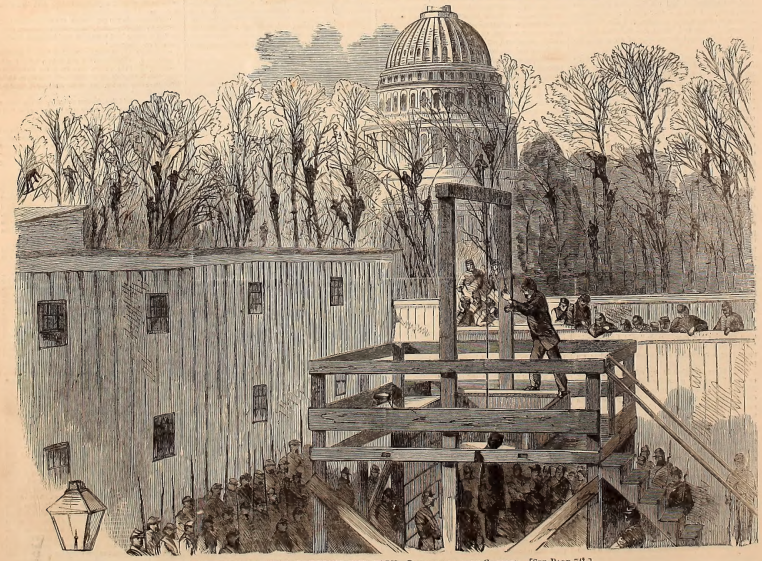
But there was to be a great gathering of all the branches of the Gilbert family at Boston, where I had kept most royally among us. Our festive season made us good friends; and at the festive season we mutually laid aside all former differences that existed among us. For a time I visited one or another of my relations, but I determined eventually that time and distance had weakened, if not severed.

But I soon began to long for a change, and determined to spend a few weeks in New York. Here I looked on many who had forgotten me, and half remembered many more. I was again launched into lor life. One evening, tired and thirsty, I turned into a restaurant and ordered tea. While my tea was being prepared I sadirally remembered that it was from here I had sent that remarkable announcement of my death. It was the first time for the first time that it might have caused pain to those whose eyes may have seen it. A flood of memories swept over me. I remembered all the recollections of all my kind friends at Westfield were presented vividly to my mind. I thought I would go to the post-office, and determined I would the next day go down to Westfield, stop at the hotel, and see my friends before they could be informed to them. This being determined on, and having made my few preparations, I took ticket for Westfield on the morning of the 18th inst. The 18th! yesterday: so when I arrived I took up my quarters at the hotel, and resolved I would not leave it for the next twenty-four. I intended beholding the Upham family from my seat at church, and flattered myself that the attendance at church on that day would screen me from discovery and prove my incognito. I must own to a degree of nervousness the following morning as I dressed for church. I was arraying myself for church. I tried to reason to myself, arguing that Mary Upham was now no more to me, and with very indifferent success. I wondered whether I should be known, and, though my features were somewhat altered by growing a mustache and drooping beard and whiskers, which were novelties since they last saw me, would effectually disguise me. I was in a perfect state of trepidation, I set off. I was late; the service had begun; and somewhat vexed with myself, it was some minutes before I could find a convenient pew. I felt at entering a place of worship during service.

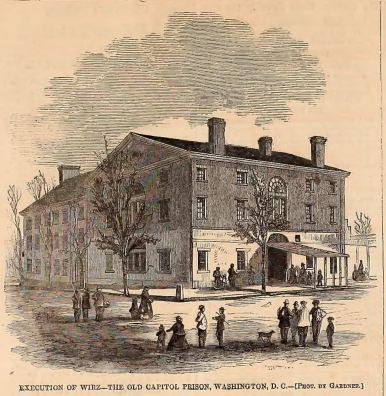
When I had recovered my equanimity I looked round the church, and there they were in their old place, all but the eldest daughter, who I knew was married. There was Mary Upham, a young-at daughters, a cousin (female), and last, but foremost in my eyes, Polly, looking paler, more delicate than I ever saw her, and, to my eyes, more lovely than ever. I was in a great measure out of their view, and remained so till the close of the service. Then I rose to leave, being sure I noticed her eyes fixed on me, her face ghastly pale. I hurried from the church, and, calling for my horse, I rode to go, and by the action faced Polly Upham. A full look of recognition lights her face; but it instantly passes, and she looks at me as to save her from falling, but others are before me, and finding I can do nothing, I leave the building. I remained in the town a few days, but I was



EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN HENRY WIRZ—ADJUSTING THE ROPE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



EXECUTION OF WIRZ—LOWERING THE BODY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.—[SEE PAGE 743.]



EXECUTION OF WIRZ—THE OLD CAPITOL PRISON, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOT. BY GARDNER.]



MEMBERS OF THE PRESS AWAITING THE EXECUTION OF WIRZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

The costumes represented in the engraving are a morning dress in violet silk—a color quite in vogue now, and lately worn by her Majesty the Empress—its shape, the "Gabrielle," is to the last degree becoming; the trimmings at the back of the bodice and on the shoulders are in insertion of gimp with angles; the shoulder-knots and tabs being of the same material, with pendent buttons. The dress of set thin introduced display to advantage the elegant simplicity of this costume. At the bottom of the skirt one row of the same trimming is mostly preferred, which is similarly carried along the seam of the sleeve. In front large buttons, of the same pattern, in gimp insertion, reach to the bottom of the dress.

In the second figure will be found a "Toilette de Visite," in *reps-pomme* silk, with jacket and skirt of the same shade. It will be observed, however, that the pattern of the jacket is modified, the edges being cordoned with lace; if below this a trimming of Mechlin lace is added a very pretty effect is produced. The jacket is trimmed like the skirt.

The bonnet is very elegant. The front and inside being in black velvet considerable brilliancy is given to the gold pendants by this dark ground. The aigrette is black, and, with a spotted lace veil, completes agreeably this article of attire, which, if slightly flattened over the forehead, has a most coquettish air.

The third toilet approximates to a winter dress. The form of the cloak in black velvet, with passementerie of the same color, is very graceful, the lower border being trimmed with lace. The color of the dress is "havanne," the ribbons being in white taffeta, covered with black guipure insertion. The lappels upon the flounce, as well as the circular trimming shown in the engraving, are of the same material, and set off admirably this very distingué toilet. The bonnet is in black velvet, in the style known as the "Empire," trimmed with white feathers. Bonnets generally remain very small, and the "fanchons" pattern is especially worn at concerts and theatres in *fantaisie legere*.

In jewelry cameos will be especial favorites, and complete "parures" are already exhibited by the leading houses. These gems in variably command the admiration of all persons of taste. The settings must, however, be simple and chaste, to coincide with the prevailing gout.

Russian buckles, ornamented with little chains, will be much worn over dark dresses of every shade.

Dresses without plaits, but with gored skirts, are quite in vogue, while passementerie, with white bugles or jet, is much used in trimming. Walking dresses are, of course, looped, and display petticoats trimmed to correspond with the dress itself.

In "coiffures" the back hair is not being worn so low as it has recently been; corsets and curls are being generally adopted, these styles suiting so many different classes of features.

"Pardessus" are demi-saison, so as only to define but not fit the figure. They are ornamented with "capuchons." The materials used are of considerable substance, and those speckled patterns now made in every variety of color are much in request.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1865.

SECURING PEACE.

IT is pleasant, although not surprising, to know that Mr. M'PHERSON, the Clerk of the last House of Representatives, will not enter upon the roll of members of the new House the names of those who claim to be representatives from States lately in rebellion, and which are still in a purely exceptional condition. Had he adopted any other course Mr. M'PHERSON would have stood singly to declare that the United States have resumed their original relations with the Union, and that persons who were yesterday traitors to destroy the Government may to-day administer it upon equal terms with its friends and supporters. The utter absurdity of such an assumption we have heretofore considered.

But this position, gravely defended by those whose sympathies were practically with the effort to overthrow the Government, should serve to warn us what is to be expected. The spirit which was baffled in the rebellion will seek to achieve its ends by political stratagems and intrigues. The party in the Southern States which asserts "State sovereignty" will try to unite with it the party which asserts "State rights" in a tone which is not unfavorable to the Southern claim. Under the plea of conformity to the executive constitution the Southern wing will claim to be allowed to resume their relations and settle their interior questions, meaning the condition of the freedmen: and the Northern wing will insist that we must assent to this demand.

If we do, two results will follow. In the first place, the Union men at the South will be dishonored. As the dominant party in the Southern Conventions and Legislatures were noted when the elected Senators were those such—as the distinctively "Union" candidates have been generally defeated, it is plain that to have been known during the war as a friend of the Union will ruin a man's political prospects; while to have been a conspicuous friend of "the South" will commend him to popular support. In the second place, under the form of vagrant laws and codes for freedmen, the men who have been freed by the United States will be unfairly treated by the separate States.

We trust, therefore, that Congress will proceed with the utmost deliberation. It is impossible, indeed, to destroy the dogma of State sovereignty. Men who have lived in that doctrine are not cured of it by compulsion. Civil war does not immediately remove theories, although it affects action. But in every conceivable way the spirit of State sovereignty should be prevented from controlling the local governments. For example, the mere repeal of an act of secession is an insult to the United States, which has spent the time and money of a civil war to establish the opposite assumption that such an act can have any validity whatever. Congress should require upon this point the most explicit declaration that the ordinance of secession was unconstitutional and intolerable, and that the only right which any citizen of the United States can have to resist the Government was by disproving, which the war has indeed settled this point, but the plainest confession of that settlement should be an indispensable step toward the restoration of a disaffected State.

Then it is equally plain that the freedmen can not be left by the war to the local State legislation. Universal testimony shows that the morbid feeling both among the white and the colored population will long render any other than a strictly overfull enough to enforce justice. We have little doubt that this view also will be entertained by Congress.

The forgive and forget policy is not to be persistently preached in some quarters, is mere political insanity and suicide. The people at the South are profoundly exasperated. We suppose that there is any vindictive feeling among Unionmen; but they are still more fatally deceived if they imagine that the Northern affection tends of the Union are blind to the plain necessities of the situation. They mean to secure what they have won. They would not—at least the body of the people—think of throwing a single man for a political offense after a bloody war; but those are the very men who would insist upon the severest penalty against possible war hereafter. The Union men of the North truly commiserate those whose wicked folly has ruined their fellow-citizens, but they are neither weakened by their pity nor deceived by it into criminal carelessness. They would willingly give bread to the hungry rebels who starving, but they will be infinitely wary of giving them the ballot.

To call this "cruelty," or promoting "bad feeling between the sections," is simply folly. The war was not a pretty episode in which each side showed its heroism. It was a contest of principles, in which Liberty and Union won, and in the settlement of which Liberty and Union are to be secured, as the only foundation of permanent national peace.

THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN.

In the criticisms upon the policy of the Administration toward the unorganized States there has been often a tone of censure as if it were too lax and well deserved by fear of blackdomination and by injudicious legislation. Capital thus avoiding the island, the last two years of communication with the main land the unemployed negroes half-starved and desperate; and they have risen not only against the white but also the white population.

Nothing is proved by the Jamaica troubles but that ignorance and wretched men, when ground by hunger and privation to the last degree, will desperately turn like wild beasts. Their ferocity and their crimes, however, are not dependent upon their color, and men who are not black are not white, but are only maddened by passion, are often guilty of equal enormities. The horrors of the late war in the Southern States, the fiendish acts of the rebels, and the untold crimes of the mob in the streets of New York two summers ago, had not the excuse of ignorance and poverty, and the atrocities of the French Revolution were more pardonable than what we have ourselves witnessed upon our own soil.

Crime is crime, wherever and by whomsoever committed. But the attitude of the colored race in this country during the rebellion presents infinite reasons for its unmerited and inhumanity than any crimes committed by the starving blacks of Jamaica prove against them.

Meanwhile the suppression of the rebellion in Hayti, which is evidently imminent if not already accomplished, shows that other governments than those of "white men" are competent to maintain civil order. And why should any American citizen be unwilling to recognize with pleasure every proof that men of all races under fortunate conditions are capable of maintaining stable and humane governments? The example of France could be an example of what white men are not equal to a free popular system as that of Jamaica or Hayti to show that colored men are unfit for political trusts of any kind whatever. Liberia is an outpost of civilization, but its government is in hands of African descent. It is placed under peculiar disadvantages, but even so situated it has compelled respect from the neighboring native tribes which now come to the Liberian courts to settle differences. The unity of the world must ultimately be established upon the mutual good-will of races. And if we are long in learning the lesson, we shall yet learn it, and the world have peace.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF GOVERNMENT.

WITHIN ten days after these lines are read the Secretary of the Treasury will have laid before the people his Annual Report containing a specification of his policy and his recommendations to Congress on the subject of the National Finances. It is no exaggerate to say that it will possess an importance second to no Treasury report ever issued. The holders of $2,000,000,000 of Government securities; all the capitalists of the country, who are now keeping their money idle in dread of contraction; the South, which pleads earnestly for money in order to raise its shattered industries; the West, which is being swiftly developed by greenbacks, and which fears the withdrawal of its life-blood; the merchants and manufacturers, to whom contraction means collapse, and further expansion the highway to ruin; the laboring classes, the bankers, and every man in short, high or low, rich or poor, looks for the forthcoming Treasury report with eagerness and anxiety.

The last authoritative expression of opinion from the Secretary of the Treasury was the celebrated Fort Wayne Speech, in which Mr. MCCULLOCH stated that his theory of no method by which the premium on gold, and consequently the price of commodities, could be reduced except by a curtailment of the currency by funding legal tenders into long bonds. He proved his sincerity by funding $50,000,000 of legal tenders (exclusive of interest-bearing) into Five-Twenty bonds @ 103. As might have been expected, the operation produced a temporary stringency in the money market. A call compelled a number of individuals and banks to turn the Government securities they held into money. This involved a decline in Five-Twenty bonds, which were actually taken at par less a fractional discount, to 96 per cent.; and in the new Five-Twenty bonds, which were subscribed for at 103, to 100 per cent. The fall would have been heavier but for repeated official assurances from Washington that no further "funding" operations would be issued prior to the meeting of Congress.

Should the Secretary reiterate in his report the opinions expressed in his Fort Wayne Speech, and call upon Congress to authorize further conversions of currency into long bonds, with a view to the permanent withdrawal of the former from circulation, the result will, of course, be a further decline in the market-price of Government securities. No man, possessed of ordinary intellect, will continue to hold Five-Twenty bonds or Ten-Forty bonds or Seven-Thirty notes at present prices when he learns that further issues of United States bonds are forthcoming—and forthcoming in a way which will involve stringency in the money market, and consequently depreciation in the current value of all classes of securities. There will be a rush to sell, and possibly a panic. To what point Government securities would decline in this event it is impossible to say. The funding of $50,000,000 of inert interest-bearing notes caused Five-Twenty bonds to fall from 103 to 96. The funding of a second list of fifty millions might depress the bonds to 94 or 95, and a third batch to 90 or even lower. It must be borne in mind that the Fort Wayne Proposal for Funding" took the financial community rather by surprise, and that very few persons realized what would be the effect. But the holders of the first fifty million Funding Loan foreseen its effect on the money market, and consequently on the price of securities, and how would have subscribed at 103; had the holders of Government bonds and notes throughout the country foreseen the result, how would have hastened to be beforehand with the Treasury Department, and would have placed their securities in market.

A decline—however sudden or severe—in the price of Government securities, seriously as it might embarrass the Government and the national banks, would perhaps be cheerfully endured were it accompanied by a corresponding decline in the premium on gold, and in the market-price of commodities. But it seems by no means certain that the funding process recommended by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Fort Wayne Speech insures a fall in gold. When the "Proposals for Funding" were issued gold was 145; when the loan was closed gold was 147. Notwithstanding a subsequent reduction of $80,000,000 in the legal-tender currency, and a monetary pinch which caused Government securities to fall 3 @ 4 per cent., gold rose instead of falling, and consequently either rose or remained stationary. It is pretty difficult to explain this anomaly other-

wise than upon the theory that the people at large do not believe in the ability of the Government to contract the currency in any material degree, and, guided by such experience, are led to expect that greenbacks and violent efforts made by the Treasury Department to restore the currency to a specie standard will, in effect, operate to debase it still further. Are there any grounds for believing that new "Proposals for Funding" would prove more successful than the last proposals in reducing the premium on gold?

The country is now generally prosperous. Our foreign trade is large. Our material wealth, as measured by the business of the jobbers, the traffic reports on the railways, and the internal revenue receipts, is beyond all precedent. For the four months ending 1st November, Government is said to have received from internal revenue nearly $115,000,000. The receipts of duties will yield this fiscal year over $100,000,000 in gold. At this rate, Mr. MCCULLOCH would be enabled by 1st July, 1866, to pay off £ 95 per cent. of the whole debt besides meeting all his current obligations. Is it wise to disturb this condition of things? Is it prudent to make experiments which may or may not result in a decline in the premium on gold, but which are sure to embarrass trade, to ruin the holders of Government securities, to place the National Banks in a position of danger, to vastly diminish the demand for and wages of labor, and so largely to reduce the proceeds of the revenue as to cause a policy to necessitate new loans to meet current expenses and pay the interest on the debt? Is it safe to pursue a policy one of the first results of which would be to reduce importations, and consequently to diminish the customs revenue, on which holders of national securities rely for the interest due in July? How would the public credit stand if the revenue from duties fell back again to $50,000,000 or $60,000,000, which would be the case if the rates were generally compelled to curtail their discounts?

Suppose we let things be. It is very bad, certainly, to have gold worth 147, butter worth 65 cents, and boots $17 a pair. It would be far better to have gold at par, butter at 40 cents, and the best calf-skin boots at $6. But, meanwhile, the men who eat the butter and wear the boots are getting wages which enable them to buy the present high prices, and easily as in former times they paid low prices. There is no want anywhere. On the contrary, labor of all kinds, skilled and unskilled, was never so much in demand. No cry of distress reaches the ear. No soup kitchens are projected; no relief bills proposed. The Treasury basement to attic has adjusted itself to a depreciated paper currency, and is getting along very well, better by far than it did with gold at 40 or 150. The paper currency was not depreciated at all. *Cui bono*, then, disturb matters?

If the Government should quietly resolve to make no more fateful attempts to lower the premium on gold, but to leave that article to find its own level, and meanwhile devoting its whole energy to the collection of the largest possible revenue from taxes and customs, should use the excess of its revenue over its current expenditures in the repayment of the debt, extinguishing first those obligations, legal tender or not legal tender, which first mature, and gradually reduce the volume of unfunded interest; would it not be pursuing a policy which would commend itself to the approval of clear-headed mercantile men? The result would be the avoidance of any shock or financial crisis, such as would inevitably follow a pursuance of the funding policy; the liberation and employment of the large amount of capital now locked up in dread of contraction; a continuance of the prevailing activity of business and consequent fair demand for labor of all kinds; large revenue from taxes, and a general willingness to pay them; a reduction in rents, and in the cost of all articles which now rule high largely through the want of competition; and a steady appreciation of Government securities. The effect on gold, though not so immediate as we might desire, would be none the less certain. The premium on gold is but the measure of public distrust in the Government promises-to-pay. Let it once be clearly seen that the public revenue is in excess of its expenditure, that the people are paying taxes willingly, and that there are to be no further attempts to "fund" our debt, and it will not be long before those "promises-to-pay" command as high a price in gold as the promises of other solvent and prosperous Governments.

PRESTON KING.

THE death of PRESTON KING is peculiarly and keenly regretted by universal party among which he inspired. Many men in office are faithful, industrious, exact. They perform their duties thoroughly and satisfactorily, but they are automatic, mechanical, and give the impression merely of good officers. But Mr. KING overflowed his office with his genial personality. Whoever came to see him went away left with a kindly regard for the man. And all such persons will feel a shock in hearing of his melancholy end, which is so touching and lovely relative to the man.

Mr. KING'S exquisite sensitiveness to responsibility or reproach sprung from the same amiable and affectionate nature. He was simple, frank, genial, and the base aspersion of his motives in regard to a failure in the relief of some Americans during the Canadian troubles of 1838 wounded at that time as a laceration of mind. But his judgment was sound and his counsel wise, and with the purity of his nature and his fortunate training of his principles, he was an invaluable public officer.

He was, doubtless, sadly harassed by the impossibility of effective action in the face of the successful will resolutely refuse to be worried as he was. Of course, if a man takes office under express pledges, he can not help himself but he has nobody to blame if he succumbs to their pressure. It is the difficulty, also, of the Collectorship of the Port, that, by tacit understanding, is a property a leader who in all his patronage must be governed by partisan considerations. If Mr. KING'S successor will also declare his independence of such rule he will promote his own comfort and the public welfare.

Such a course would keep thousands of honest people industriously at home and at their occupations instead of tempting them by the hope of a prize into the disappointing lottery of public employment. The cruel and dreary pursuit of a place from which the fluctuations of politics or party necessity may exclude him in four years, and then leave him helpless to any man. And the deplorable fate of the late good Collector will be truly serviceable if it shall save the Republic from the fatal and fatuous resolution of his successor not to tolerate it.

THE SUFFRAGE.

THE suffrage question has many aspects. It is both denied and asserted with equal vehemence that political rights are natural rights; but every American at least must be very wary how he commits himself to the negative of the proposition. If Government justly exists by the consent of the governed, it is rather difficult to show that there is no higher claim to a share in political power than the consent of those who already enjoy it. That it may be withheld is very possible. That it can be justly withheld is not evident.

But in the question of impartial suffrage in the late rebel States we may descend from the heights of abstract right, and regard the point in the purely *ex post facto* light. That is very fairly enough, whether in the condition of public opinion in the loyal States, as shown in the Connecticut and Wisconsin votes, or in that of the defeat of the same proposition in Wisconsin by a majority of ten thousand in the popular vote, while the Union party carried the State by eight thousand; and in the disabling suffrage laws of many of the other States, it is advisable to insist upon impartial suffrage as the basis on which are to be reorganized. We say this question is fair and natural enough, but the subject must be regarded from the point of view of the making of welfare.

Thus, in a State like Connecticut, which is indisputably faithful to the Government, it is not directly essential to the national safety that the two thousand colored men should be allowed to vote. It is a pitiful disgrace to the State; but it is not essential to the nation, because the non-voters are so few, and because the political power remains steadily in patriotic hands. So also in Wisconsin and Illinois. But in States like those in Carolina or Mississippi the considerations are very different. In those States the question of impartial suffrage involves directly the question of safety. The point of inquiry is, whether if political power be intrusted exclusively to the late rebels with their present disposition, they will maintain that intimate and hearty relation with the National Government which is indispensable, and whether the dangers of rebellion will be as great as or not very much more than balanced by those of partial suffrage?

It is not a question for passion or rhetoric, but for the calmest and most thorough deliberation.

A NEW CLUB.

THERE is a new Club just established upon the Fifth Avenue. It is called the "Manhattan," and its object is "the dissemination of Democratic principles."

What are "Democratic" principles?

If JOHN BIGELOW and JOHN LAIRD should arrive together in New York, which would go instinctively to the Manhattan? and he who would —the man who built the *Alabama* for the rebels, or the man who stood straight and sure for the Union?

If every English Lord who sneered at the Government and sympathized with the "gallant gentlemen of the South" should come here, would he go naturally to the Manhattan—and why?

If it were desirable to find the gentlemen who approached the British Minister with overtures of foreign interference in our war, would or would not the anxious inquirer knock at the door of the Manhattan—and why?

What are "Democratic" principles?

THE STARS AND STRIPES.

THOMPSON CLARK, of Mississippi, who is a famous rebel, lately wrote a very bitter reply to an invitation to address the Legislature of that State, in which he said of the national flag: "With all of you I marched under that flag in a foreign land, and it was victorious. With all of you I marched against it, and it was victorious. It again waves over us, is our flag, and may it ever be victorious." Amen!

A REMARKABLE PROPHECY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

IDAHO SPRINGS, Colorado Territory, October 16, 1865.

I HAVE been much interested and gratified by your kindness in reproducing in your last issue a poem of mine entitled "Andersonville—The Prophecy," which you are pleased to designate "a remarkable prophecy." I would call attention to what I wrote in the second stanza of my introduction. First, my name is not MR. HENRIETTA WELLINGTON SMITH, but MRS. HENRIETTA WELLINGTON SMITH.

Second, for more than seven years I have been very sage. It was written in 1858, the year I was married, and it appeared in the columns of that year. There were three verses more to it originally, which seem to have been lost on the passage from the pen to the printing the last sixteen years. I would not trouble you, only I prefer my own name to be what it rightfully is, and there seems to be many painful recollections that I at least would not endulge having it changed. I wish the verses of the "Prophecy" were not at all true of the little effusions of my early life to be given to another, and reproduced under the name of BOOTH.

I am, dear sir, very truly,

HENRIETTA WELLINGTON SMITH.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

In South Carolina the Convention has been at work modifying the slave code. Measures have been introduced by parties who have long been active in the secession. The following resolution has been adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Portland Governor be requested to convey to the President of the United States immediately the assurance of the General Assembly that the continuance of colored troops in this State subverse no public interest, but, on the contrary, tends to increase the demoralization of the colored population; that it is the desire of the white and the colored people themselves that the condition of antagonism resulting from the presence of these troops should be removed as speedily as possible; that if any good reason existed for the removal of these troops from the interior of the State where the white population predominates, a much greater necessity exists for their removal from the coast of the State where the colored population is largely in excess."

A petition has been introduced to prevent free negroes from "keeping open shops and other marts of trade within the State."

General GILLMORE has lately issued an important order declaring that the Freedmen's Courts shall be duly authorized and put in operation in the State of South Carolina. In this order he declares his purpose to afford full and ample protection to refugees and agents of the Freedmen's Bureau in the exercise of their official duties. All civil officers and magistrates are notified that they will be held responsible for any failure to arrest, hold in custody or agents, or to issue any writ of injunction or other process, prescribed by law, for the protection of them in the discharge of their official duties.

The Legislature will probably send three rebel generals to the United States Senate.

On November 20th the President received the following address from the Legislature of Governor MORTON of Indiana:

"The Convention has annulled the ordinances of secession, repudiated the rebel debt, and abolished in all the States of the State, without distinction of color, are free; that the rebel debt is incompetent to control the action of the citizen on account of color, is, no matter wherein a colored person may differ from a white citizen, that the State debt, contracted in support of the rebellion, amended the Constitution in such respects, and adjourned."

GENERAL GRANT IN NEW YORK.

During the fortnight of General GRANT'S stay among our citizens he was the recipient of triumphal honors. The reception given him on the evening of the 20th at the Academy of Music was the most splendid every way in the worthy of the city as it was due to the Lieutenant-General. It is altogether likely this reception again in a manner more pleasant to our readers.

THE HONDO DOCTRINE.

The appointment of Major-General John A. Logan as Minister from this country to the Republic of Mexico seems to us eminently wise and judicious. He is known in our military record Maximilian. This General is well known in the State of Illinois. He also left his home at the order of General M'DOWELL strides directly at the Jefferson Davis. Of course, he is familiar with the usual examinations of war. The sea-ports are all in the hands of the French, and the City of Mexico itself, but also the west, or California coast. Of course the only remaining channel of trade is by the Rio Grande. Governor HOGG'S peculiar warlike supplies from San Francisco; and the capture of Matamoras and of El Paso make this route still more desirable and feasible. But General M'DOWELL, whose command is in California, maintains that intimate and hearty relation with the National Government which is indispensable, and whether by the dangers of Governor HOGG'S route or not, will not very much more than balanced by those of partial suffrage?

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FOREIGN NEWS.

THE "SHENANDOAH."

OUR latest news from Europe indicates that the notorious pirate *Shenandoah* has surrendered to the British man-of-war *Donegal* and arrived at Liverpool November 6. Captain Waddell took great pains to communicate immediately with Earl Russell. Notwithstanding the well known fact that he has been guarding informant of the close of the war Captain Waddell appeared very anxious to get some definite information on this important matter.

The crew of the *Shenandoah* numbered 183 men all told, and, as soon as she was surrendered, Captain Waddell, together with some of the officers, separated. Steps are being out on her work of destruction the *Shenandoah* has destroyed 38 vessels, the majority of which were whalers, and these were destroyed after the cessation of hostilities. On board the *Shenandoah* were found a number of rebel sailors, some of whom had a number of accounts collected for them, but, with the exception of a few, all were ready to respond to be part of the proceeds of Waddell's late raids among the whalers. It is said that the Earl Russell still remains a large quantity of ammunition, together with six rifled guns and a large variety of arms.

The London *Star* says: "The feeling of the country and the impression of the law officers of the Crown is that officers and crew should be put on their trial. Although we have had during the war abundant evidence of the active energy of the customs authorities to oppose, in any country of the world, the fitting out in the interests of the vessel not accepted, the exploits of the *Alabama* and her consorts have shown the imperfections of the Government being taken. If these defects have been added to in the interval, and permitted in connection with these privateers, is only to prove the more necessary that we should learn more energy and vigor about their navigation."

The London *Times* considers the reappearance of the *Shenandoah* in a British port as the present juncture "an impropriety of the most serious kind." The *Times* adds: "Captain WADDELL and his 120 men can not be treated even as accessories of the piracies and depredations committed with that of the war being at an end. Nor can any such pretension be set up as is given over to the United States. They might politely be prosecuted under the Foreign Enlistment Act, but our officers are shown the extreme difficulty of establishing offenses of that nature. The offenses of the crew of the *Shenandoah* are of a staggering character to have wilfully incurred the intermission of the British law of piracy—all the more staggering as it is possible that they may be apprehended and tried before an English court of justice."

THE PERSIAN EXCITEMENT IN CANADA.

Although the Persian excitement is quite over in England, the echoes of them bring the cry from Canada. Here there is great commotion. A battery of artillery has been ordered from Toronto to Prescott to reinforce the Kingston. From Montreal a company of Chasseurs Canadiens, and another company of infantry, with a detachment of the company has been ordered out, and military orders have been issued to the effect that all the men belonging to the military school are required to take the oath of allegiance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EARL RUSSELL, Foreign Minister, and EARL CLARENDON, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, were formally installed into office by the Lord Mayor of London, in the City of London Girl Clarendon received the whole of the diplomatic corps at his residence.

THE French people evidently don't like the vicinity of the Prussians on the Rhine frontiers. A correspondent says: "According to the *Independance Belge*, there is some talk of the Emperor NAPOLEON paying a visit to Algeria, on board the Federal cruiser *Rivolta*, on a tour of visits to our possessions on the coast of Africa. He will be absent during and distinguished American seaman contemplate a visit to the same coast; so it is quite a coincidence that the interior questions in case of a rupture should break out."

A dispatch from Madrid says that the troops who are now sailing frolicsome in the vicit of so determined a sea-captain.

A dispatch from Constantinople has announced the fact that all his forces be withdrawn from the outposts and concentrated at Candia, Canea, Retimo, the City of Candia, and San Iuli Pokes. He will make these three places his headquarters, and the negotiations will proceed with the arrival of his expected reinforcements.

The Egyptian Government and the French have quite abandoned Shaken, except that 800 troops held the city and fortress. There is a large Mussulman force in the interior, the following will be the strength of the political

The Egyptian contingent, 5,000 men.

The Mexican delegation has left Rome, and the evacuation of the city by the French troops goes on rapidly. The troubles in Algeria are quite formidable. The Algerian correspondent of the *Times* says that the insurrection is not at an end, and that the Arabs are in possession of the whole south side of the Tell Atlas.

In the late Italian elections the Government of KING VICTOR EMANUEL has a decided majority. The Italians have been re-elected members of the Chamber of Deputies.

The Spanish Government, Marquis PIDAL, Generals CALONGE and RIOS, and Signor RETIZARO, PANZANI, MIGHETTI, PEPOLI, and CASTELLI, Ministers of the Kingdom of Italy, Yrissari, Patin, Jacini, and Crispi. The majority of the Ministers are Piedmontese, having to do with the Piedmontese party. The following will be the strength of the political

The Spanish Government, Marquis PIDAL, Generals CALONGE and RIOS, and Signor RETIZARO, PANZANI, MIGHETTI, PEPOLI, and CASTELLI, Ministers of the Kingdom of Italy.



FUNERAL OF LORD PALMERSTON.—THE PROCESSION TO THE GRAVE IN THE INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—[SEE PAGE 758.]



REV. GEORGE W. GORDON, RINGLEADER IN THE JAMAICA RIOTS.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY DUFFELY BROTHERS, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.]



THE LATE HON. PRESTON KING.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION.

IN a former issue we gave some details in our news column of the negro insurrection in Jamaica. The trouble has now been settled for the most part, and those participating in the outbreak have suffered condign punishment. As in the Fenian movement, so in this rising of the negroes in Jamaica, it is clear what must have been the motive, though it is hardly possible to find any justification. The negroes of Jamaica have not only been petted, but they have been allowed political franchise. They have been made the dupes of fanatics and would-be revolutionists, who have persuaded them that their violent uprising would result in their obtaining possession of the entire property of the island. The plot exploded before it was fully ripe, not over the whole island, but in the eastern portion, in the parish of St. Thomas.

Though the English are so ready to enter a plea for mercy in behalf of rebels against any other Government upon earth, they are most unwilling to show the least tittle of that divine quality to the infatuated wretches who dare for a moment to disturb their peace of mind. They have inaugurated a series of executions in Jamaica which have no parallel in history outside of British annals. These punishments may have been deserved, but it would be difficult to prove them to have been in all cases necessary, or even judicious. In regard to the ringleaders in the late outrages, however, there can be no doubt as to the justice of the penalty inflicted upon them. Especially is this the case with regard to the execution of GEORGE W. GORDON, whose portrait we give on page 757. Yet even here there was needless cruelty in compelling the victim to witness the execution of his confederates in crime, his own execution not being simultaneous with theirs.

Reverend GEORGE WILLIAM GORDON, the master-mind of the insurrection, was a Baptist minister, a man of wealth, nearly white, and a member of the Legislature, elected for seven years. He was executed on the 23d of October, himself and eighteen other insurgents being hanged on the same gallows. The prisoner was marched under a strong guard of the Sixth Royal Regiment to the place of execution. With an apparent firm step but a sorely-troubled mind he, mounted the ladder placed beneath the centre arch of the burned court-house—the rope hanging from the same—and stood on the barrel prepared as a trap-board. Standing thereon, gazing beneath him on the loyal hearts assembled, as well as the prisoners paraded to witness the deed, he so justly merited, *and an eighteen of his brothers in crime, who were hanging below.* On his arms and legs being held to be pinioned, he handed his spectacles to a sailor of the *Wolverine*. The Provost Marshal then uttered the words "sentenced to be hanged;" the order was given, "Pull away," and the traitor was launched into eternity.

THE LATE HON. PRESTON KING.

UNDER the influence of insanity the Hon. PRESTON KING, Collector of the port of New York, terminated his life by drowning on the morning of November 13. For some days Mr. KING had suffered from mental derangement, of which he was himself well aware, and had been attended by a young relative on that account. It was not the first attack of the kind, though more serious than any previous one. His illness was probably due to the cares and responsibilities connected with his position, which upon an uncommonly sensitive temperament had more than their ordinary effect.

There was a degree of method in Mr. KING's actions on the morning of his death which proves conclusively that deliberation is consistent with insanity. He arose before his attendant was awake, and leaving his room at the Astor House, was not again seen by his friends. His absence gave rise to the most painful conjectures, which were in the course of the day only too surely confirmed. From sources unknown it was ascertained Mr. KING had in the morning jumped from the deck of the Hoboken ferry-boat *Paterson*, and had perished before he could be rescued.

Mr. B. G. CAMPBELL, ferrymaster, who was on duty in the Christopher Street ferry-house on Monday morning, declares that at a few minutes before



DREDGING THE HUDSON RIVER FOR THE BODY OF PRESTON KING.

nine o'clock a man, whom he describes as being stout, thick-set, with smooth face and gray hair, genteelly dressed in a suit of dark cloth and dark blue clothes, and who, he judges, would weigh between 250 and 275 pounds, jumped from a Hudson River Railroad horse car, and came into the ferry-house. The man paid his fare, asked a few commonplace questions, and then went on board the ferry-boat *Paterson*, which started a few minutes later. He states further that two small children who were on board the boat saw the same man, when about two hundred yards from the New York side, walk toward the stern of the boat, take off his hat and set it down on the deck, and then, while closing his mouth with his fingers, jump from the stern of the boat and sink immediately. The boys gave the alarm, and the boat was backed up as quickly as possible; but no trace of the man could be found. The hat was taken by one of the boat hands to the Superintendent of the ferry company, and it was shown to Mr. Kisko, who at once recognized it at once.

It was afterward found that Mr. Kisko had before his appearance on the ferry-boat purchased twenty-five pounds of shot, which he had secured about his person, and which prevented his reappearance after the fatal plunge.

Up to the time of his writing Mr. Kisko's body has not been recovered. We give an illustration of the dredging process, showing the machine in its course over the bottom of the river. The machine consists of a chain to which a large number of grappling-hooks are attached, and is dragged by parties in boats, against the tide, to sharp on the parties. After dragging for some distance against the tide, the boats drift back and resume the process.

BURNING OF Dr. TYNG'S CHURCH.

It frequently happens that a fire occurs in this city involving much greater pecuniary loss than was suffered in the destruction of St. George's Church, November 14, but rather less than the city ever before lost in a single number of property. The destruction of St. George's Church, November 14, but rather less than the city ever before lost in a single number of property. The loss of a mere tasteful specimen of architecture.

The occasion of the fire, which we illustrate on our first page, was the carelessness of the workmen making repairs in the roof of the church. The fire broke out first in the roof, and was observed at about half past two o'clock. In an hour the whole roof fallen in and the edifice was a complete ruin.

The church of St. George, situated at the corner of East Fifteenth Street and Rutherford Place, was entirely completed in 1859 by the efforts of the Reverend Doctor Tyng, formerly pastor of St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street. The cost of the building and ground together was $250,000, the towers of the church alone costing $70,000. The style of architecture was of the Byzantine order, employing the rounded arch. The architect is Mr. Emlen, who has also designed the Church of the Epiphany of Music. Though his original plans were not strictly adhered to, he yet gave to the church of St. George's perhaps the most symmetrical and imposing specimen of church architecture in New York. The body of the building, which was of massive timbers projected slightly in advance of the facade, and were—as they still are—surmounted by the three towers, the middle one being the representation of Trinity Church.

The entire basement an impressive spectacle, the towers and spires still standing. There are also singular evidences of the freaks of fire. For instance, high up on the north side of the church still several handsome foliated ornaments quite unhurt by the heat; and the pulpit is preserved, at least in outlines, for it looks charred and disfigured. It still remains, with the tiny wooden balustrade still around it. This is the only consecrated article in the interior of the church that is not utterly destroyed.

The organ was built in 1853 by Erben, at a cost of about ten thousand dollars, and was the second instrument in point of size in the city, ranking next to Trinity. It was one of high grade, containing fifty-four feet high, thirty-six wide, and nineteen deep. The central front pipes were colored blue, and those on the side silvered. The case was depressed in the centre to allow the light of the fanciful rose-window to enter the church, and the front was, from the body of the Church, was one of the handsomest sights of the kind in existence.

Dr. Tyng was present at the commencement, and although his congregation is more than wealthy enough to rebuild the church, he was of course much affected by the spectacle.

LORD PALMERSTON'S FUNERAL.

Lord Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey October 27. The funeral pageant would have lost a part of its pomp if the ceremony had been at-id out, and Lord Palmerston had been buried in the family vault at Broadlands. That vault, indeed, had been already opened when, by the express desire of the Queen, it was arranged that the late Minister should be interred in the Abbey.

All parties united to honor the memory of Lord Palmerston, and although his name had not, like that of Peel or Cobden, been connected with any particular measure for the benefit of the working-classes, he had ever participated to a great degree in the general expression of national grief. This being the universal state of affairs, it would have been a severe disappointment to all the Londoners if they had been deprived of the opportunity of greeting with silent observance the funeral procession of the most popular of English statesmen; and it would have seemed to the whole country a sort of desecration, from the respect due to his great office of dying as he did in the actual possession of the Ministry, he had not been buried in the venerable north of Westminster which is consecrated to the glories of English history as well as to the sanctities of Christian faith.

The coffin in which Lord Palmerston was buried was one covered with rich crimson velvet, thickly studded with gilt nails, and having gilt handles, with its lid displaying a large gilt plate bearing the Temple arms, the shield being surrounded by the Garter motto, and the supporters resting upon the Temple motto, "Fiecit non fregit."

Various corporations headed the funeral procession. After the hearse came a long array of state carriages, close up to the line, including, among many others, those of her Majesty the Queen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Inverness, the Queen Dowager, the Russian Ambassador, and many others. The route was along Piccadilly, down Parliament Street, Pall Mall to Charing Cross, down Whitehall and Parliament Street to the Broad Sanctuary in front of the great door of the Abbey, a distance of perhaps a mile and a half. The ordinary traffic in these streets had of course been stopped. The side-pavements were every where crowded; at the windows, in the balconies, and sometimes on the roofs of the houses was a great multitude. The Abbey was opened at 1 o'clock P.M. The great bell of the Abbey was continually tolling, and surrounding the building was the people to the stern fact of death, ever relentlessly repeating, like a fatal monosyllable, the same deep, unmalleable tone. Several thousands of persons, of all sexes, of all ages, and of different classes, filled the whole available space, and saw the proudly-decorated hearse draw up to the entrance of the nave. The crimson coffin lifted out covered with that large black and white pall of velvet and satin, which some of the most illustrious men in England stood ready to bear. The central part of the floor of the nave was kept clear and open for the procession to pass up from the west door to the transept, but the side aisles were filled with a closely-packed congregation, all dressed in black. Immediately in the nearest to the coffin, as it was borne along, were thirty or forty of Lord Palmerston's servants and retainers, who had come to London from Romney and elsewhere, who had come to London that morning or perhaps the night before.

Our engraving on page 756 illustrates the scene in the interior of the Abbey. In full view was the extreme grave which was to receive the mortal remains of the departed statesman. The vault in which the body of Lord Palmerston was to rest was opened but in front of it a large monument of marble statuary erected to the memory of three naval officers—Captain Burdett, who died on board Admiral Rodney two years before Lord Palmerston was born. But this is properly the Statesmen's Corner. Here are buried Pitt, Fox, Canning, Castlereagh, Wilberforce, and Charles James Fox are buried there, on the right hand of Palmerston; while Castlereagh, on his right, commemorates the authors of the Treaty of Vienna, and Wilberforce, from whom he imbibed his earnest philanthropy, is close to the slave-trade, in on his left hand; and his feet are close to the grave of Canning, who, more than any other statesman, prepared the way for Palmerston, the latest follower of these illustrious statesmen, was about to descend, his coffin was let down with reverence and solemnity by the surviving members of the Cabinet and the nearest relatives of the deceased took their last sorrowful look. Then all at his reading-desk above, waited until the singers, ranged on a platform at the other side of the transept, had finished singing the solemn and beautiful hymn of the burial-service which are set to the most solemn and affecting music; and as the last note of the unaided human voice died away the coffin was lowered into the vault; the mourners, drawing jewelled rings from their fingers, dropped them down in token of affection for the dead; the voice of the Dean was then heard, uttering "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to call to His mercy our brother, our dear brother here departed," and so on with the rest of the service. Then the choir sang Handel's anthem, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." As this ended the spirit lighted at the top of the lofty pinnacles of the Abbey, and, flung from the vast interior of the venerable Abbey, was suddenly exchanged for the deep gloom of a passing cloud. The procession then moved off with a benediction from the Dean; and while the "Dead March" in "Saul" pealed from the mighty organ the congregation slowly dispersed.

THE CLOSED STAIRCASE.

BY AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

I was waking up and down the cloistered cool of St. Oswald's, with my friend Tom, returning early in the Lent Term of 185—. It was only my second term of residence, and as Tom was quite at the point of taking his degree, I regarded him with a considerable amount of respect, not to say awe; for he is one of the kind that can lay rule of thumb freshmen upon him, and saved me, by many a timely hint, from several of the errors and gaucheries incidental to the undisciplined freshman's first term. I had fagged for him at school, and the mutual friendship then begun there, and interrupted for a space of three years by his residence at the University, had now sprung up again more warmly than ever. And now, therefore, I was in the position, which he had spent in hard reading in his college rooms, there was the usual comparing of notes on every possible subject between the impeccible graduates from skating to politics, from politics to theology, and thence round again (taking in the origin of evil, and the intermediate state of existence by the way), to the nearest meal-to-be and of obtaining a large quantity of the former. At last it seemed as if we had pretty well exhausted every thing "conversable;" the current of our Life had dried in shallow and stagnant places, and we were on the point of separating for the night, which was far advanced, when a casual question of mine alarmed the whole course of affairs, and kept us out of our respective beds for a considerable period longer. It arose thus: from the court, at regular intervals, staircases opened, each one leading to three or four different sets of rooms, all with their occupants, as there was never a set of rooms vacant for any length of time in college. But in one part of the staircase, at the south corner, where, in the natural course of things, one would have expected to see a staircase likewise, there was simply a door, shut close. Passing it for perhaps the hundredth time in our circuit of the court, I carelessly kicked against it, found that it was fast, and had no handle, keyhole, or other means of opening; and turning to Bryce, asked what this door was for. He was surprised to answer useful or ornamental by the intelligent architect of the court. To which he replied with rather a surprising smile:

"Decidedly useful in this case, if tradition is to be believed."

"What," said I, "is there some special and peculiar vintage of old port, reserved for the most solemn carouses of most ancient fellows, to which this door is opened by a secret spring, known only to the hereditary and inviolable butler?"

"No," said he, laughing. "Bottles, if any be behind that door, must deserve the *adsit* we give to empty ones, as we roll them into the corner of the room at midnight—'dead men.' And however, if you choose to hear the story as it was told me by my old Tutor, who was a junior fellow of St. Oswald's when the event occurred, I'll tell you the closed took place" (here he gave it another kick, which made one roll to my toes), "and if you will sit down on the floor, I think I am not presuming on your ingenuous innocence, I can entirely at your service."

Of course I gladly assented, and though I had felt so sleepy five minutes since, at that moment I could have remained for hours awake for a week. Bryce started off with the story, which I give in his own words as far as I can remember them:

"I think I may have been better limitated than most men in the lore of the university, owing to old Johnson, who spent at least half the time when he ought to have been publishing up his Greek Iambics, in reciting thrilling tales of his own undergraduate life, to his admiring, undutiful, pupils of those days, and much better fun than composing a dialogue (as long) after Sophocles; none of them ever, I am convinced, were so much read or known as the one connected with, or rather sealed by, that door. It appears that one of his most intimate friends, a commoner of Trinity, lived into those rooms only a short time before his degree, having previously kept in the town. The college was very full that year, as many other colleges, which have now sunk into comparative insignificance by the side of the huge modern establishments with its point of numbers; and he chose these rooms as being in a quiet and retired corner of the court, where he might study undisturbed and undisturbed, and generally unsuccessful, experiment of making up for three years' laziness by three months' reading. He had got comfortably settled in the rooms, and had begun carefully to parcel out the day, as is the custom of those who have been idle all their lives, to exercise. One evening, it was the 15th of November, 17—the had every reason to recollect them, he had been reading very late, rather later than usual, having been detained at his 'couch's rooms' over an unusually refractory and hysterical Greek prose, and was engaged in ascending the stairs to his rooms an unusual illumination in the sitting-room. Not being aware that any one might not have left his candles burning, or whether his bed-maker, who was not averse to trendy, had fallen a victim to some unusual temptation, and was in unwilling holocaust on his hearth, he hurried up and in, when a most remarkable sight presented itself. The room had been brilliantly lit up by wax candles, both in sconces against the wall and in massive candelabra, evidently old-fashioned things, which were set on the table. The table itself extended from end to end of the apartment, and on each side were seated young men in the dress of the end of the seventeenth or early part of the eighteenth century, carousing much after the manner of their descendants of the nineteenth. The whole chamber was occupied by a remarkably handsome young fellow, somewhat older apparently than the rest, and with a certain air of command about him, a remarkable touch of dissolute living, and who seemed every now and then trying to sing some song which thought would have had its brow, though he was the life of the party, and seemed to be continually firing off fresh witticisms to keep them going. Over his head was suspended a wig and there; he kept glancing at the door as though expected for the first time to see some one enter. Before he could recover himself, and ere the wig had found the host was vacated. No sooner had he noticed this fact than he fell with a crash upon the floor, but with every faculty save that of speech (at its extremest tension) than the seat was filled, and filled by a figure, whose head, whose boyish and innocent cast of features strangely contrasted with that of the head of the table. Over the face of this last was a mask of unutterable evil, expressed in the malicious smile, as he lifted his glass and pledged the new-comer. While this was going on Maunders was not conscious of having any sound, nay, by a sort of double sense, while kept alive to the quasi-reality of the scene before him, he was also in a shadowy back-ground, *his own body*, surmounted by his own bust of Plato, which looked far more beautiful than it ever appeared before.

"And now the drinking seemed to become fierce; the youth on the right hand, who at first refused to drink, was now yielding to the entreaties of his next neighbor (who again and again motioned to the servants to replenish his glass) and was gradually becoming flushed and heated. The whole company appeared to get disorderly, healths were drunk with great rapidity, and all the well-known accompaniments of undergraduate suppers in their most advanced stage, seemed to be taking place; and just at this time Maunders was aware of the appearance of all the others, with the exception of the fair guest, were such as would stamp them as undergraduates whom we should call the 'worst set,' and their expression was not improved by intoxication. At last all seemed to be either asleep or maudlin, save the host and his next neighbor, who, doubtless from the lateness of his arrival, together with his abstemiousness at first, had thus held out. But now he too seemed rapidly becoming like the rest, when on a sudden the host rose, went to a small cabinet (for the servants had quitted the room), and took thence a small bottle labeled 'Tokay.' Filling a glass, he handed it to his friend, who drank it off with a sort of foolish, half-spiy smile; but in one instant the whole changed, for the youth gave a cry, the cry of terror, and then, as he caught the eye of the host fixed in his malicious smile, he sank in one of indescribable hate. Making a violent effort to rise from his chair, and a fruitless one to clench his fist and strike him in the face, he would have risen and fell forward; and at the same moment there was a hideous groan, and the whole sight—supper, guests, drunkard, and host—vanished, and he was left alone in utter darkness.

"Maunders awoke to find himself in his bed, diligently attended by his old bed-maker, who was giving him and herself alternate spoonfuls of brandy-and-water.

"The state of insensibility in which she had found him, required, alas! no explanation from him in her eyes, as he was not a very uncommon specimen of hers to discover her 'young gentlemen,' one or more of them, prone on the floor, rather late on the Sunday morning, after the arrivals in the early mornings, and had she sought for or expected any account, Maunders was by no means the man to give one. At first, indeed, he made up his mind to tell nobody, and of course, ten minutes afterward, when his friend Johnson came to see him, he detailed his strange vision of the preceding night at length. Said he to Johnson's countenance expressed the belief that Maunders had entered for one night at least to the somewhat reckless orgies which had adorned the latter days of many years of close suffering in consequence thereof, and his only comment on the story was, 'My dear fellow, if you will go on getting drunk in the way you appear to have begun, you will most undoubtedly be plucked.' So Maunder said no more, and merely contenting himself with writing to his friend to say that on no account he himself knew not how to account for, he did the most outrageous thing under the circumstances, and tried to forget all about it. A month rolled by, the term waned, all but a few steady readers were departing, or had already departed to their homes for Christmas. The fifteenth of December was just closing in, gloomy and dang, and Maunders settled, with a sweet sense of the security of all, to read, as it not uncommon at two-and-twenty, to his books. Wonderful to relate, he had been reading for several hours flew by without his relaxing his attention. However, on looking at his watch, and seeing it was past eleven o'clock, he thought of proceeding to go to bed, when on a sudden his whole room seemed to become illuminated. He was at the time standing at an open window, with his back to the interior of his room, and instantly faced about. To his horror and astonishment he beheld the same scene already described of the supper party, the drinking, re-enacted in every particular. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

"'Johnson,' as you rather soon, old boy,' said Johnson to him, as he bent over him about a fortnight after the above date; 'but you have succeeded in making yourself into a brain-fever, and may consider yourself lucky that you have escaped with no worse consequences than temporary baldness and the appetite of an orchid.'

"Maurden replied by two questions:

"'What day of the month is it? and when can I be moved?'

"'It is the second of January, and in about a fortnight's time you will be able to leave here.'

"To Johnson's surprise, and almost alarm, Maunders sprang up, or rather half sprang up, in bed, and, seizing him by the arm, said:

"'If you don't get me away in less than a fortnight you may spare yourselves the trouble, for I undertake to die the job more satisfactorily.'

"Johnson endeavored to quiet him, thinking, not unnaturally, that the fever was not yet left him, and indeed he was worse for some hours afterward. But later in the evening he repeated the request, and as the doctor was of the same opinion, and Johnson sensibly informed the doctor, when he called, of his friends dread of a repetition of the same scene on the corresponding day of January, if he were suffered to remain so long; and with considerable difficulty Maunders, happily unacquainted with bad results, he was moved out on the fourteenth of that month.

"The rooms have never since been occupied."

"Well," said I, as Bryce paused here, "had no one the courage to brave the spectral symposium?"

"Well," said he, "the next night Johnson made a point of sitting up in the rooms, but he unfortunately had taken so much in the way of goods himself as to prove him for the expected terrors that he awoke, after a somewhat uncomfortable nap in the arm-chair, with a violent desire to go back to find himself in profound darkness, and with a violent colt in the head."

"Is that all?"

"All!" said Bryce, "was no explanation ever offered of the extraordinary scene of which Maunders was witness?"

"Why," replied Bryce; "some weeks afterward, when he was slowly recruiting his health at his father's house in the country, he found among a bundle of old papers in a disused room, a strange confession of an ancestor of his, whom he had heard of as a boy, and who, in his youth, had been sacred down, gone abroad, and turned monk, but of whose history but little was known. The manuscript contained a very ordinary account of loves and jealousy, induced by a handsome young rival in the affections of a certain young lady, ending with an obscure vow of vengeance against him. Then came a blank, and afterward these singular words:

"'Thanks to God! I have escaped from the most horrible evening again? Not a soul but myself knows or suspects that I had any thing to do with the death of —. God! God! I have been drinking and excitement; and here am I forced by some

frightful fate to commit the same ghastly crime in spirit as each thereafter day of the month comes round! Forgive me, O God!—but I knew it can not be. I must carry about a living hell within me till I die! Here the MS. ceased abruptly. Whether its contents were intended to be made known by the unhappy man (who before the end of the year had quitted England forever), or to be left in obscurity, it is impossible to say. As after the separation it was not found till the time I mention, and I need hardly say materially retarded Marsden's recovery. He was never able to ascertain whether the vision had appeared to others before his time, or whether, as a descendant of the murderer, he had been specially haunted by his ancestor. Nobody else ever repeated the experiment, which failed in Johnson's case, for the story came to the Marsdens only as told in the house occupied by Marsden were not particularly convenient or particularly wanted, and as he had a perfect dislike, as he said, to further adding the brains of undergraduate members of the college by any additional distraction, he caused the door you see at the bottom of the staircase to be fixed firmly in its place; and it hasn't, as far as I am aware, occurred to any succeeding college tenant of rooms to have it opened since. But I do not despair of a source being held there yet, as there are one or two of the old panes of glass in the window still left sort of thing—and in nothing else. But come," concluded Bryce, "I ought to have been off to bed an hour ago, for I am not hopelessly subsided, we will contrive a small jog of 'Bishop' before we turn in."

THE MERCHANT'S STORY.

As my story will be a very short one, I will commence at once, without any unnecessary introductions—plunge as neatly—as, which I suppose is the best way of coming round the jump," and first forcibly stirred by some sharp fellow who despised the Greek character of the Italian nationality. I will commenced life twice—once when I went into business on my own account, and the second time when I got married. I don't count my entrance into this world, disliking introductions, as I said before.

Ten years ago I got married. I was then twenty-one, my wife, Emma hair—golden, as the poets would say, but, being a matter-of-fact business man, I deem it my duty—as a decent citizen—to describe her as I then existed and present; therefore I my distinctly—down hair! I must confess, however, that I was not quite well fit as to my circumstances ever her face (well, perhaps I can admit the poetry in this case, with the proviso that it is not to be considered a precedent), and when, I come to speak upon it it was pure gold—not a merchant—to be sure—not one that would have been—but a gentleman—and was something to consider at, and make even a vagabond artist a sensible man, by forcing him to put down such a sum as would buy a most skill. She was a prudent little creature my wife, quiet, and of a stature that could have been stated only in inches, as one could not say that she was so many *per* high. Perhaps if I suggest Titania's Court, and leave it as one of imagination to the fairy tales, I shall be the shelter of violets in a storm, I should convey something like the fancies that occur to one when, in a vulgar way, one says that I caught a glimpse of her occasionally before our marriage. I am not admitting here the respectability of meeting a young lady under cover of dust.

She was an orphan, and lived under the sway of Tippoo Saib in peninsula, as they call it, of India. I knew how she made her mind to marry me, as I was so entirely matter-of-fact; but I have a faint recollection of my once asking her if she had a will on which pedestrian fret terminated at a church-door, through which we passed five people, and come out as man-and-wife, and that was all. A sorcery had not entirely vanished. It is not at all pertinent to the story to say that she had a mother who was a widow, and a friend: that she was an artist, poor, and lived principally upon dreams; that I loaned him a sum of money—a very trifling one, transactions, as I took no note of hand for it, that he was a delicate creature, that he fell into a consumption, and wandered and wandered about in his own cloud-dreams: that I watched with him by night, and lured him at last under the wild-doves' Tower (dove!). In the world's estimation he would have been a great man if he had lived. He was better than that, and died—a good man and a Christian: and when he died he grasped my hand, looked at his little sister, who was silently weeping over him, and gave me a glance which I could not fully read, "Take care of her; she will be alone in the world, with no companion but her better memories." He said this expressly to me, the fact that we many months afterward Alice and I walked quietly to the church.

Alice told me that I was desperately in love with her, but being a mere matter-of-fact business man, I must maintain that the idea was a pure impossibility. Every one will readily admit, when I state that I was in the Queen's wars, glass, and porcelain line, the opposition to have been grossly improbable, to say the least. However, matters—as I left Tippoo Saib to her solitude—a sovereign without subjects; were so mercilessly put to the test in Spain, where we still live, and as all stories end, or should end, with a marriage, I might end mine here, excepting for the fact that, from a worldly point of view, the story would go too short—to say nothing of its being slightly deficient in point, plot, time-honored, adventurous characters, and incidents, and not at all a business-like transaction.

Alice was a most unusual little creature, and living known poverty, was continually gazing at a mental landscape, the principal feature being a steep declivity at the foot of which stood a fortified, ding-dooking alms-house. Nothing during the first year of our marriage could dispel the illusion that this was to be the terminus of my miserable career; a sacrifice of the household furniture, and a permanent imprisonment in the establishment which had provided for reckless paupers. My little wife, however, fought steadily against this foreshadowed horror, and kept watchful watch and ward over those insidious marauders, the household expenditures; while the solitary servant received lectures, in a quiet way, such as would have doubtless astonished and confounded Adam Smith himself. I can safely say that nothing was wasted except on beggars, and they flocked to the house in regiments and battalions. Professional beggars they were, every one of them, farmed out upon the public by some Italian or other vagabond foreigner. I dislike beggars myself. It is a business-like way of getting a living. I don't object to feeding the hungry—in fact, I protest energetically against the starving of them, but I can not attend to business on an empty stomach; but, as I pay my taxes, I am opposed to the city fathers allowing a set of vagabonds to make a trade of begging, and extracting sixpences from the unprotected females of the community through a revival of Christian charity. A firm belief in the outrageous romances invented by these ragged harpies was an unhappy weakness of Alice's, and there were few days always instantaneously awakened at the first whine of a surly mendicant. The moment one of these professional beggars approached the alms-house was forgotten, and away went the savings of economical housekeeping. Her liberality in this respect was so startling that I was obliged to put a stop to it at last by borrowing all her subscription money at the beginning of the month, and exchanging the pretext of begging for a handsome check of cutting off further supplies. This was compelled to succumb, however, as I couldn't endure Alice's tears, and "she gave in to everything," being "all she had" (see another of the disreputable poets); so fearing that the drawing-room would be given away to "poor objects," I gave up, furnished the supplies, and tacitly encouraged the impostors—one of the most unbusiness-like transactions I ever was guilty of.

One of the consequences of this morbid dread of poverty entertained by Alice, on her part, of indulging in a species of practical economy the point of which I could never thoroughly see, but which insist on the advisability of making her purchases of dresses and such woman-gear from peddlers—a race of people who do assist themselves to a fair livelihood, by the most obnoxious specimen of the race who constantly haunted the premises was a Portuguese Israelite, the possessor of a villainous face, an uncatchy grin, and a Babelish tongue, equal to confounding the Father of Lies himself. He was distinguished in my business-like way with a huge white bundle on her back, suggesting the startling supposition that she had removed from the premises a considerable quantity of the household effects, and which, on being opened out, revealed a heterogeneous assortment of articles, which, what I can only suppose to be the contents of the white bundle, which, like Pilgrim's, seemed constantly glued to the old woman's back. It is my opinion she was a witch.

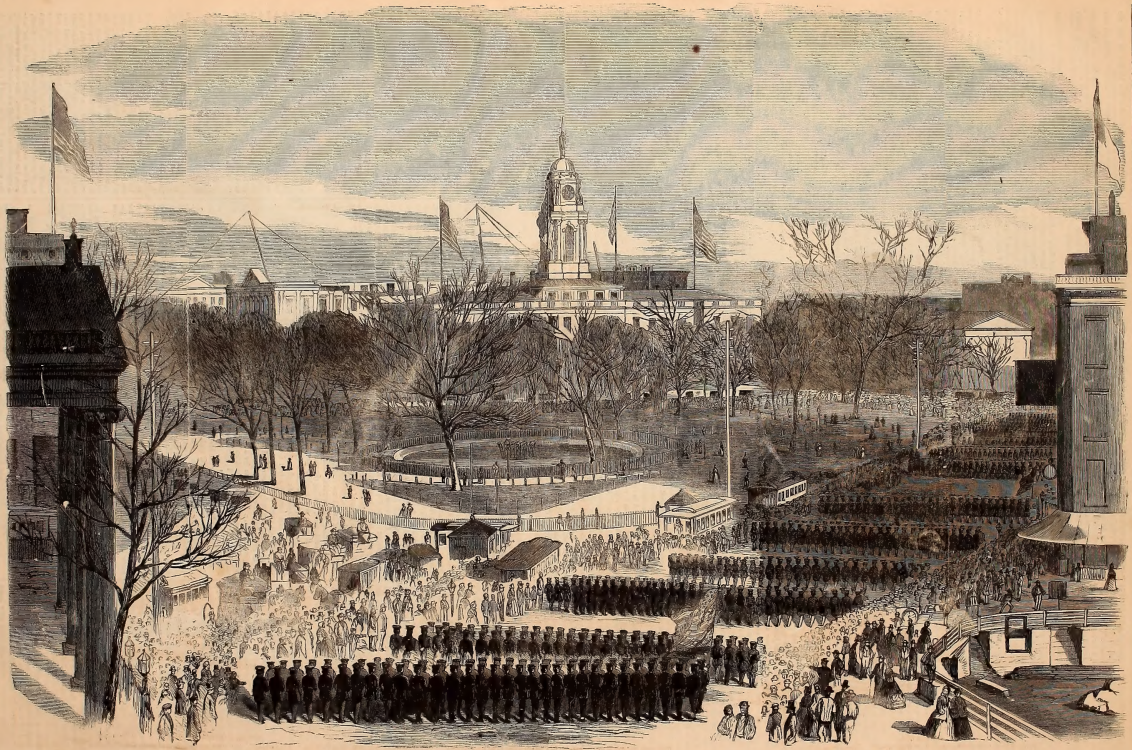
There was one class of these wandering vendors from whose inflictions I could myself shield her. This confidence that Alice would never exhibit that almost universal weakness of her sex shown in acquisition by the purchase of all the useless knickknacks offered by dealers in vases, cut-glass bottles, etc.—those pictoriglic vagabonds who sell you a penny penny, but do not give it back. My confidence in this respect was based upon the fact that I myself was supposed to understand the value of articles of china. The history of sieges shown, however, that it is the unguarded strong point which often falls before the enemy, and so two things startled irreverent Frenchman has traced a parallel in this respect between a fortress and a woman; I, however, quote the Frenchman, as he precedes his fanciful comparison, for the best of all possible reasons, I have forgotten its exact phrase, and as there is no judgment in my language will no doubt lift up their hands in thankfulness. I shall content myself with the observation, that I myself can not recollect whether it was suddenly brought to my mind in the most unexpected manner only to discover one of the defects in my wife.

I was sitting one morning near the front-door of my establishment, reading the morning paper, when Alice was accosted by a man at the street-door. Upon my way. Looking up I saw standing on the threshold a few yonder of Bohemian appearance, and a small quantity of crockery. The man evidently had been to several mansions before he had selected a flaw in two small red vases exhibited in the shop window, which he had evidently determined to purchase for the ultimate benefit of some unscrupulous mortal of the gentler sex. I said them for a trifle. I was in a good humor, as I had had a run in the way, and I saw him no more forever. I regret to say that I heard of him afterward.

I returned home to dinner the first objects that struck my eye, and filled my soul with direful misgivings, were a pair of vases on the hall table, gaudy and glared at them with something of the same feeling of the irruption who designs the evil-doer in the Inferno, and who is seized in the anger in the air. By a strong effort I managed to approach the fire-place. The fire-place was empty, and on the ultimate benefit of some unscrupulous mortal of the gentler sex. I said them for a trifle. I was in a good humor, as I had had a run in the way, and I saw him no more forever. I regret to say that I heard of him afterward.

I returned home to dinner the first objects that struck my eye, and filled my soul with direful misgivings, were a pair of vases on the hall table, gaudy and glared at them with something of the same feeling of the irruption who designs the evil-doer in the Inferno, and who is seized in the anger in the air. By a strong effort I managed to approach the fire-place. The fire-place was empty, and on the mantle-piece stolidly stood the blood-red vases I had parted with to the Jew, and I knew by the look that if the subject was broached at a test of its worth, I was then gazing at my most expensive chattels.

A sensation from this mental inventory of my suddenly-acquired wealth by the opening of the room door, where a gleam of sunshine burst into the room,



GRAND PARADE OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE IN NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 16, 1865.—SKETCHED AND DRAWN BY J. R. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION IN THE SOUTH.



EX-SLAVES.

"Why, Master, we's gwine to draw." "Draw what?" "Draw rations, Sir."

INQUIRING STRANGER.

"Well, now the war is over, what are you people going to do for a living?"

EX-DOMINANT RACE.

"I reckon we'll run—" "Run! After what?" "O! we'll run for offices of some sort—Congress, Legislature, Constables, or Notary Public, or any thing!"

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE PARADE.

We give on page 763 an illustration of the grand parade of the Metropolitan Police, which took place in this city November 17. The Police force, eleven hundred strong, paraded through the principal streets of the city, and were reviewed by Governor Fenton at the Battery, and by the Mayor of New York and Brooklyn at the City Hall.

The procession was formed under the direction of Captain Copeland, of the Broadway squad, who handed them over to Superintendent Kennedy. The body was formed into four battalions, of eight companies each, at half distance. Among those present at the Battery were Inspectors Carpenter and Leonard, and together with Inspector Chace of Brooklyn; also John Hubbs, Chief of the Boston Police, and Captains Myers, Wyckoff, Jourdan, Carmichael, Irving, Taylor, and Hogan, of the same force. The gathering also included a number of officers and soldiers from the different military stations, who seemed to take a great interest in the marshaling of the Metropolitans. The procession comprised twenty-six carriages, sixty-two regulars, one thousand and sixty-two patrolmen from New York, and one hundred and twenty from Brooklyn.

The men looked well, and executed their manœuvres with much precision. The column was headed by Donaworth's brass band and a mounted escort. At the conclusion of the review by Governor Fenton, which took place at the Battery, the procession moved up Broadway and through Park Row to the City Hall, where a marching salute was paid to the Mayor and the heads of departments.

From the City Hall the column moved up Broadway—saluting Tiffany & Co., the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, and the Commissioners of Emigration—to the Metropolitan Police Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, up Fourth Avenue to Twenty-seventh Street, through Twenty-sixth Street to Fifth Avenue, and down Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street, where the men were dismissed.

A marching salute was paid by the Governor at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and to Moses Taylor at his residence in Fifth Avenue.

The thoroughfares through which the procession marched were lined with spectators. The parade was the finest ever made in this country by a police force, both for number and the appearance of the men, and elicited much credit upon the department. The men were full looking, their uniforms were handsome, and their marching was admirable.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By Amelia B Edwards,

Author of "Barbara's History," &c.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE CRY OF THE CHIC.

There path lay down by the shore, and the sun was low before they reached the house of which they were in search. It was a large, rambling, old-fashioned place, with the dovecote plaster all scaling away from the walls; an old stone trough standing out in the broad cobble-way, and bundles of sacked hay and straw sticking out through the shutterless windows of the basement story. A few half-starved poultry and a lean pig about on the scant sward behind the house; a rock strutted on the dunghill before the door; and two sickly-looking women plied their needles under the shade of a vine in a crazy little pergola, overlooking the sea.

These women dropped their work with alacrity when accosted by Lord Castletowers, and hastened to provide the travelers with such poor fare as the place afforded. And it was poor enough: as omelet, a loaf of rye bread, a plate of salted fish, and a bottle of wine, all that they had to offer; but Saxon and Castletowers had not fasted all day for nothing. They feasted as heartily at a bare table had many times sat in the best hotel in Naples, and emptied a bottle of the thinnest country wine with as keen a gusto as if it had been the long imprisoned Falernian or "fiery Falernian."

When at length they had eaten and drunk and were satisfied, and had recompensed the good woman of the house for their hospitality, it was quite dusk. The magical effect of the early autumn evening in south Italy, when the earth is folded to rest in a deep and tender gloom which only serves to make the light of the stars the more lovely, and the air kindling with fire-flies, and the sky one vast mosaic of stars.

The difficult part of their undertaking was now at hand. Even in traversing the open road between the podere and that point where their boat lay moored, they had to exercise all the discretion of which they were capable. It was important that they should neither attract, nor seem to avoid, observation. They had to tread lightly, without risking the appearance of caution; to walk neither slow nor fast; to avail themselves of the shelter of every rock, and wall, and bush along the road, and yet not to seem as if they were creeping in the shade; and, above all, to keep eyes and ears, and all their senses open for fear of surprise.

Going along thus, they soon left the solitary podere behind. There was no moon; but the darkness was strangely transparent, and the mountainous outlines of the two islands, Ischia and Procida, were distinctly visible on the far horizon. Where the lanugid sea just glided to the shore a shifting phosphorescent glean faintly came and went upon the margin of the sands; and presently, lying a little off, with her sails still furled like the folded wings of a sleeping bird, the *Alfonia* came dimly into sight.

They paused. All was profoundly quiet. Scarce a breath disturbed the perfect stillness of sea and shore. Now and then a faint shiver seemed to run through the tall reeds down by the water's-edge; but that was all. Had a pebble fallen, the young men must have heard it where they stood.

"I don't believe there's a living soul on this beach but ourselves," whispered Saxon.

"Heaven grant it!" replied the Earl in the same tone.

"What shall we do next?"

"I think we can not do better than go down to the boat, and there lie in readiness for whatever may happen."

In the mean time the boat just where they had left it six or seven hours before, and their sailor lying in it at full length, fast asleep. Without rousing him they crouched down in the shelter of the reeds, and waited.

"You have your revolver, Trefalden?" whispered the Earl.

"Yes, in my hand."

"And you can pull an oar if necessary?"

"Of course."

The Earl sighed, impatiently.

"This coming and going," said he, "renders me more helpless than a woman. Hush! did you hear a footstep on the sand?"

"No: I heard nothing."

"Listen."

They listened breathlessly; but all was still, like death.

"There is something awful in the silence," said Saxon.

"I wish to Heaven we knew what the signal would be," muttered the Earl.

And then they lay a long time without speaking or moving.

"I feel as if my limbs were sniffing," whispered the Earl by-and-by.

"And I never longed so much in my life to hear a human voice. I would stake my life on it."

"No, no."

"I tell you, yes. It is the signal."

The Earl would not believe it; but Saxon imitated the note, and it was echoed immediately.

"There," said he, "I told you so!"

"Nonsense; all owls will do that. I have often known a screech-owl answer a whistle."

But Saxon pointed eagerly forward.

"Look!" he said; "look, close under that wall yonder. Is there something moving?"

The Earl stared into the darkness as if he would pierce through it.

"I think I do," he replied; "as something—a shadow?"

"Shall we not show ourselves?"

"Suppose it is a sentry?"

"Try the cry again."

Saxon tried the cry again, and again it was promptly echoed. He immediately roused the sleeping seaman, and stepped out cautiously beyond the shelter of the reeds.

As he did so the shadow under the wall became stationary.

Then it bounded, advanced a few paces, treading so lightly and swiftly that the sand scarcely showed the print of its feet, and having wavered about half the intermediate distance, came to a halt.

He had no sooner halted than the shadow was seen to move again, and steal a few yards nearer.

And now Saxon, watching the approaching form with eyes trained to darkness and distance, was struck with a sudden recognition. It was not a human figure at all—but his doubt flashed through his mind the shadow stopped again, and a low, distinct, penetrating whisper came to him on the air:

"Chi è?"

To which Saxon, quick as thought, replied:

"Montecucoli."

Instantly the shadow lifted its head, cried aloud: "Chia ella! chia!" three times in succession, and, leaving the gloom of the wall, came bounding over the sand to the boat; but Saxon, with rough kindness, thrust him back.

"You young fool!" said he, authoritatively, "sit still."

At the same moment they beheld the gleam of a distant torch, heard a rush of rapid footfalls on the beach, and saw a man running down hastily toward the sea.

Saxon darted out to meet him.

"Courage!" he cried. "This way."

But the fugitive, instead of following, staggered and stood still.

"I can not," he gasped. "I am wounded. Save yourselves!"

A tossing fire of torches was now visible not a couple of hundred yards away, in the direction of Cumæ, and more than one bullet came whistling over the heads of those on the beach.

In the mean time the boatman had taken Colonna up bodily in his arms, and strode with him to the boat, like a young giant.

As he did so the full discovery broke from the lips of the pursuers. On they came, firing and shouting incessantly, but only in time to see the boat shoved off, and to find a broad gap of salt-water between themselves and their prey.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted Saxon, firing his revolver triumphantly in their faces.

But the lad in the blouse snatched it from his hand.

"Give me the pistol," he said, "and help with the oars. How can we tell that they have no boat on hand?"

The boy now spoke in English, but Saxon scarcely noticed that in the overwhelming excitement of the moment. The voice, however, sounded strangely familiar, and had a ring of authority in it that commanded obedience. Saxon relinquished the weapon instantly, and flung himself upon his oars. The boy, heedless of the bullets that were whistling into the water all about their wake, leaned over the gunwale and discharged the last round of cartridges. The soldiers on the beach, looking gaunt and shadowy by the waving torch-light, fired a parting volley. But the pursuers, as the boat moved forward under the double impulse, and in a few more seconds they were, if not beyond range, at all events beyond aim in the darkness.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SAIL.

Pulling swiftly and strongly, the rowers threw a fierce energy into their work that soon left the coast behind far enough behind. Each moment the glare of the torch-light grew fainter on the shore. Each moment the hull of the *Alfonia* seemed to become bigger and blacker. In the mean while no one spoke. The boy, having fired out all Saxon's cartridges, crept to Colonna's side, and there crouched silently. The Italian had sunk exhausted in the bottom of the boat, and lay with his head and shoulders leaning up against the side; Castletowers steered, and the two others bent and rose upon their oars with the precision of automatons.

Presently they shot alongside the yacht, and were hailed by the familiar voice of Saxon's human master. Ropes were flashed overhead, a rope was thrown and caught, a ladder lowered, and in a few seconds they were all on board.

"Thank Heaven, you're safe!" exclaimed Lord Castletowers, turning to Colonna, as soon as his foot touched the deck.

But the Italian leaned heavily upon his shoulder, and whispered:

"Hush! let me be below. I am wounded."

"Wounded?"

"Not so loud, I implore you—not a word here!"

"But not badly?"

"I don't know. I fear so!"

"Good God, Colonna!"

The crew were busy hauling in the boat and fastening her on. Even the boy and Montecucoli were doing what they could to help; for life and liberty depended now upon the speed with which they could get the yacht before the little breeze was blowing. They must get away, no matter in which direction. It was the one signal, imperative, of pressing necessity.

Under cover of the haste and confusion on deck Lord Castletowers helped his friend down the cabin stairs, assisted him to the sofa, struck a light, and hastened to examine his wound.

"Where is it, Colonna?" he asked, eagerly.

"Look the door first."

Wondering somewhat at the request, the Earl obeyed. Having done so, with his own hands opened the bosom of his shirt, and Castletowers saw that he was wounded just above the left breast, about an inch below the collar-bone. The spot where the ball had penetrated was surrounded by a purple margin; but there was very little blood, and scarcely any laceration of the flesh.

"It does not look so bad," said the Earl; "and seems scarcely to have bled at all."

"It is bleeding inwardly," replied Colonna, feebly. "I shall die a little faint."

The Earl bestirred.

"I am not sure that you ought to have it," he said.

"I must have it—I—I—"

His voice faltered, and a ghastly look came upon his pallid face.

"I will call Montecucoli," said the Earl, with a throb of exultation in his heart. "He understands these things better than I do."

Colonna half raised himself upon the couch.

"No, no," he gasped; "wait—wait—do not alarm—"

Then, making a desperate effort to articulate, he pointed to his throat, and fell back insensible.

At this moment some one tried the cabin door on the outside, and, finding it bolted, tapped loudly on the panels.

The Earl rushed to open it.

"Run," he cried, seeing the boy whom they had just brought off from shore: "fetch some cold water—an ingot Montecucoli! Quick—the Colonna is badly wounded, and has fainted away!"

But the lad, instead of obeying, thrust the Earl aside, uttered a piercing cry, and flung himself upon his knees beside the sofa.

"My father!" sobbed he, passionately. "Oh, my father!"

Lord Castletowers drew back, full of amazement and pity.

"Alas!" he said, in a low, tremulous tone, "Miss Colonna!"

In the mean while, those on deck were moving heaven and earth to put as many miles of sea between them as possible before the dawn of day. The breeze was languid and fitful; but, such as it was, they spread their sails to it, and, taking a short tack, made some little progress.

By degrees the shadowy outline of the hills faded away in the darkness, and shortly after midnight a brisk southwest wind sprung up, as if on purpose for their service.

All that night they ran before the breeze, making close upon fifteen knots an hour, and bearing right away for Corsica. All that night Giulio Colonna lay in his little cabin below the deck of the *Alfonia*, sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious, passing from fainting fit to fainting fit, and growing hourly weaker.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE SORROWFUL ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

Pale, silent, unconscious, Olimpia sat beside her father's couch through all the hours of that dreary night, wiping the cold dews from his brow, binding up his wound, and watching over him with a steady composure that never faltered. Sometimes when he moaned she shuddered; but she did not weep.

Toward dawn the Earl beckoned Saxon quietly from the room, and they went up on deck. The morning was now gray above their heads, and there was no land in sight. The breeze had dropped with the dawn, and the *Alfonia* was again drifting but little way. Both sea and sky looked inexpressibly dreary.

"How has it seem now?" asked Montecucoli, hastening toward them.

The Earl shook his head.

"Sinking slowly, I fear," he replied. "The fainting fits are longer each time, and each time leave him weaker. He has not spoken for twenty-seven minutes, and he has not spoken since."

The Ferrureo threw up his hands despairingly.

"Dio!" he exclaimed; "that it should end thus!"

"And that it should end now," added Castletowers. "Now, when the great work is so nearly accomplished, and the hour of his reward was close at hand."

"How does the signora bear it?"

"Like a Roman—nobly."

"I will go down and share her watch while you remain on deck. It is something to look upon when death is yet afar off."

With this the young Italian stole gently down the cabin stairs, leaving Saxon and Castletowers alone.

"Alas, Trefalden!" said the Earl, after a long pause, "this is an ominous dawn for Italy."

"Do you not think he will live the day out?"

"I think that he is going fast. I do not expect to hear him speak again in this world. I scarcely expect to see him alive at noon."

"If we had only kept that surgeon with us one week longer!"

"Ay—if we had!"

"Poor Giulio!"

"Poor Olimpia, indeed! I dread to think of all she has yet to suffer."

And they were silent again.

"I can not conceive what we are to do, Trefalden, when—when it is all over," said Lord Castletowers, presently.

"Nor I."

"He ought to rest with his own people; and it must be our task to convey his poor remains to Rome; but, in the mean while, what is to become of her?"

"I can escort her to England."

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You have not the time to travel so far. You could not expect to be night and day upon the road; and, do what you will, may still be in London too late."

"Nay," replied Saxon, quietly, "I can suggest a plan. I know of two ladies—English ladies—who are now residing at Nice. They would receive them well; and if Miss Colonna would consent to accept their protection till such time as you had returned from Rome and could take her to Castletowers—"

"An excellent idea, Trefalden. Nothing could be better."

At this moment Montecucoli came back, anxious and agitated.

"Do you not better come down," he said, in a low, awe-struck tone. "I think he is dying."

"So soon?"

"Indeed, I fear it."

They went. Colonna still lay as when they saw him last, with his head supported against a pile of pillows, and a blanket thrown across his feet and knees; but it needed no second glance to see that a terrible change had passed over him in the last half hour. A ghastly, gray hue had settled upon all his face; his eyes appeared to have sunk away into two cavernous hollows; and his very hands were livid. For two hours he had not moved hand or foot. For more than two hours he had not spoken. His heart still beat; but so feebly that its action could with difficulty be detected by the ear, and not at all by the hand. He still breathed; but the lungs did their work so languidly, and at such long intervals, that a stranger would have taken him for one quite dead. Now and then, not oftener than once in every fifteen or twenty minutes, a slight spasmodic shudder, like the momentary rustling of still waters, passed over him as he

lay; but of this, as of all else, he was profoundly unconscious.

"Has he moaned of late?" asked Lord Castletowers.

Olimpia, with one of her father's cold hands pressed between her own, and her eyes intently fixed upon his face, shook her head silently.

"Nor moved?"

She shook her head again.

After this, the Earl stood for a long while looking down upon the face of Colonna's friend. As he did so his eyes filled with tears, and his heart with sorrowful memories—memories of days long gone by, and incidents still more forgotten. He saw himself again a boy at Colonna's side. He remembered boyish pleasures promoted, and vacation rambles shared. He thought of classic readings under summer trees; of noble thoughts, and done, and hoped for; of high and heroic counsel solemnly given; of privations uncomplainingly endured; of aspirations cruelly, of virtuous labor unrewarded except of a patriotism which, however mistaken in many of its aims, was as gallant and seldom as that of the noblest Roman of them all. Remembering these things—remembering, too, the open hand, the fearless heart, the untainted honor which had characterized the dying man in every relation and act of his unselfish life, the Earl felt as if he had never done justice to his virtues till this moment.

"Alas, poor Italy!" he said, aloud, and the tears that had been slowly gathering in his eyes began to fall.

It was a fatal word—that omnipotent word which for so many years had ruled the beatings of his heart, colored his every thought, and shaped his every purpose—a word of strange and terrible thrill swept over Colonna's face. A livid mask but the instant before, it now seemed as if lighted from within. The eye yields upward, his lips moved, and a faint sound was audible in his throat.

"Oh, God!" cried Olimpia, flinging herself upon her knees beside him; "he is about to speak!"

The Earl held up his hand in token of silence.

At that moment the dying man opened his eyes, and a rapt, radiant, wonderful smile came upon all his face, like a glory.

"Italia!" he whispered; "Italia!"

The smile remained; but only the smile. Not the breath—not the spirit—not Giulio Colonna.

A DANGEROUS CURE.

"TOM, my dear Tom, you are mistaken—indeed you are, said Harry, with a forced laugh.

"I—"

"Mistaken!" interrupted Tom; "don't, indeed. When did you ever find me mistaken, Harry? No. I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since—since, in fact, it's no good mincing the matter—since you were inissus enough to marry. There, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered fellow going to flow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, cast-down—"

"Tom, for goodness' sake, stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this manner. You have been annoying and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But, as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, as all married men would be complete, but—"

"But—but, that's it, Harry; we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unburden your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private.

Harry remained thoughtful a moment. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow, it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he was almost worried out with the continual eruptions which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject would send his wife into violent hysterics, till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact, he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.

"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."

"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; "but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Now, take no advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of giving in, and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by pet names, clearing out the sal volatile, and burning yourself a brute of a husband for causing ever calling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in the future she shall reign supreme, and all kind of absurdities—take in a *loud voice*; say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer; something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear every sentence during such a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to do a jug of cold water over her head, that is a marvelous effect of lavishing hysterical people to their senses, particularly if nature has not beneficially bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to lung the street-door loudly after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is *seriously* aroused, and that it would take some time and great alterations in her conduct to bring you round again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequences of exciting you into a passion. Once do that and you'll have very little trouble with her afterward."

"Impossible, Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Little as I see of her, I know my treatment would kill her."

"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice you'll repent."

* * * * *

"Lilian, dear?"

Lilian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.

"Lilian!" he repeated, in a louder tone.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you startled me! What?"

"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is long since we have been, and I am afraid she will think something is the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.

"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why put the paper down, and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book if you keep interrupting me. No, don't!" she unsettled poor man as he was never seen contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."

"But, my dear Lil, it is quite a month since we saw her: I should not like to think she is neglected."

"Oh! well, Harry, if you persist in making an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it wise to spend a long cheerless evening in a cab, as you are always tempests me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me recipes for infuse extraordinary cordials."

Harry was astounded. Was it possible that was Lilian—his darling—speaking in that disrespectful, light manner of his saint-like mother? It was more than he could put up with.

"Madam," he exclaimed, passionately, "you strangely forget of whom you are speaking; for the future, if you can not speak in a different strain, I beg you will not speak at all." He looked deadly as he word the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair face! The closed eyes, and passionmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before forth in all its violence it burst. Lilian was in hysterics stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done? Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's friendly advice. In battling Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? any how he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation. He acted at once. He could be consumed by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his hands clasped in a distracted manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had caused him quite ill, and that he would not stand it; made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted as an undertone, as Tom suggested, the probability of a husband's murdering a wife. Then he cold water over her and placing her under the maid's care, made his hasty exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door.

"Oh! Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was busily engaged in bathing her mistress with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched!"

"Yes, ma'am, I dessay yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so to say, and would go off into fits of her—let me see—'attacks,' I think she called 'em."

"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lilian, plaintively.

"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful but with 'stericks, I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."

"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane?"

"Well, ma'am, he was for a time; but gentlemen ain't got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things at all. I shall never forget one day if I live to be a hundred years old. Mistress was in awful sterics, I bathed her and, and gave her all volatile, and all sorts, but nothing seemed to do her good, she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden up jumped master, like a madman, and gave her, O lor! such a shaking: it was a mercy he didn't shatter the very life out of her."

"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lilian, in a frightened voice.

"No! bless yer soul, no. 'Stericks don't kill."

"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"

"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good: she never hed 'em after the shaking."

"But, Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."

"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peaceable gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worrit him, and it was more than he could stand."

"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lilian.

"Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me. I'm sure I'm not strong enough to have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that what your master would ever—whew me, do you?"

"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who—"

Lilian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities? She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She must find a better plan out to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.

"Jane," she said, wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone I might try and sleep a little."

When Lilian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed. She felt sure he would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching, heart-sending language that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again he can not look to her for mercy. But listen—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Harry's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected; she thought he would have rushed in suddenly, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was enough: it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there. Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no; he must have meant all he said and did; or why would he not speak now? Why look so cold and stern? Oh, that she could die! yes, that very minute. What had she now to live for? what would the future be to her?—a dark and dreary.

Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in his easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lilian watched him anxiously, expecting every minute that he would throw some symptom of contrition; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Harry's heart remained hardened; at last she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer: it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him never to act so again.

"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice. No answer.

"Oh! Harry, dear Harry! Do speak to me! I'm so very, very miserable."

Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.

"Well, Lilian," he said, gravely.

"Oh, Harry! I've only knew all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."

"Lilian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that you never give me cause to do so."

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Lilian, earnestly.

"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."

And Lilian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "scenes," and his home now is a perfect elysium.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RULE FOR RAILWAY TRAVELING.—"Will you allow me, Sir, to offer you a cigar?" "Thank you, but I never smoke." "Have you any objection to my lighting one, Sir?" "Oh! no, none in the least." This plan is infallible with the most Fortunio-looking fellow-traveler. Never think of putting the second question first. The production of the cigar and the generous offer are sure to disarm all cruity objections. Try it.

A dashing young bachelor lately appeared in Central Park with two handsome ponies, whose hill were thought to look like a lady's waterfall, and escaped up in small fat ness. The reconciliation was capital, and the team created a great sensation.

As a jubilee meeting in Richmond, one week after its evacuation by General Lee, a colored church-member related his experience as follows: "Brethren, I'se jis one week and a half old in haven three times. For I was haven occasion to die in sin, when I come into de world. Den I was haven de sin of sperit, when I was converted. Last of all I was haven to labor under de same sin. So I jes let a week go, I quit my sperit, come out at 6 o'clock, and goes out to mill and smaller the fresh in de air. Oh, it is sweet!" A friend of ours is crowing the State of New Jersey lately, found the people all unite before election, but after election they would all shred friend, were adjuring the "elegant" free frish air.

"I don't like to patronize this line," said a culprit to a police magistrate the other day, "was the reply, "it will soon suspend its operations."

"John," screamed a country girl, seated by the side of her dull lover, "leave me alone!" John, astonished, cried, "What's it a bunding you?" "No," replied she, "but you might have done—if you liked."

"Poker Sharps says his wife is equal to five 5's flu." Doubtless, stud-ish, arm-ful, truthful, and—full.

At a young lady's seminary recently, during an examination in history one of the not most promising pupils was interrogated: "Miss Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated from the church."

DOUBLE FOR.—The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled by a stitch ever since.

A wag, speaking of the cruel treatment of a child by its mother, says: "The child certainly should have the careful attention of some one, or it will be prematurely added to the kingdom of heaven, and thus, perhaps, permanently separated from its kindred."

A tall fellow, standing in the parquette of a theatre, was repeatedly asked to sit down, but would not. Then a voice from the second circle called out, "Let him alone; he's a taller, and he's resting himself!"

A very disagreeable era—the civil-era.

THE RICHMOND *Times* says of waterfalls: "We have heard them extensively discussed, and they have been growing larger every Sunday, and the tails of the bonnet of the young ladies' pass six grades steadily."

To remove stains from the character—get rich.

An exchange gives reasons for not publishing a poetic effusion, as follows: "The rhythm sounds like pumpkins rolling over a barn floor, while each verse seems to have been measured with a yard-stick, and others with a tenfoot pole."

Some of our religious exchanges tell a story about a woman being relieved from speechless grief by a hymn. We have known a number of cases to be strongly affected and greatly benefited by hims before this.

A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CLOTHING—Habits of business.

A man, being reproved for swearing, replied he did not know there was any harm in it. "No harm in it!" said a friend, "certainly not. Why, don't you know the commandment, 'Swear not at all?'" "Why, I do not swear at all." "No! what do you call those oh's you are always

A good motto for young women whose beaux don't toe the mark—Double or quit.

An amusing debate took place between Mr. W., a skeptic on religious matters, and a German Lutheran. The skeptic, ridiculing the truth of certain passages in the Bible, and opposing his antagonist almost screamed in anguish, asked him if he believed Balaam's ass ever spoke like a man. The Lutheran was silent for a moment, and then said: "Me mad tell Balaam he bin one ass, Balaam bet he schackass, and she spake dhust like a man. Me believe dat. Me never hear a schackass speak like a man myself, but me hear a good many man speke dhust like a schackass."

It is said that "waterfalls" are prohibited by the English game-laws. The clause which applies to them runs as follows: "Nothing in the laws shall be punished by fine and imprisonment," etc., etc.

A little girl, four years old, was one day home from church with her father when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and nesting her mother, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"



THE FENIAN JOAN OF ARC.—[BY OUR CANADIAN ARTIST.]

"Arrah, Johnny Bull, we're after you! Whillaloo! Whist!"



FRANCIS SOLANO LOPEZ, PRESIDENT OF PARAGUAY.

FRANCIS S. LOPEZ,

PRESIDENT OF PARAGUAY.

On the death of his father, CHARLES A. LOPEZ, in 1862, FRANCIS SOLANO LOPEZ became President of Paraguay—each Paraguayan President having the right to appoint his successor in case of his death before the expiration of his term. The Government of Paraguay is dictatorial, and the President wields an immense amount of power. To all intents and purposes LOPEZ is Paraguay. The extent of his power both naval and military is shown in the war which he is now waging with Brazil and the Argentine Republic. His subjects obey his will as that of a master from whose mandates there can be no appeal. That they can also die for him, and bravely, is shown in the sanguinary resistance offered by the Paraguayans in the Battle of Yatay under the leadership of DUARTE, the warrior monk—a resistance which did not cease even after the issue of the action had been decided against them.

It now seems that Paraguay will be subdued—an event which will be followed by the disposition of her territory according to the will of her conquerors. LOPEZ's power will certainly be broken, whatever may become of Paraguay herself.

The value of the imports and exports of Paraguay for 1859 was estimated at over $3,000,000, the imports being somewhat in excess of the exports. The revenue of the country for the same year was $2,438,499. Paraguay has a population of nearly a million and a half.



GEN. BARTOLOME MITRE, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

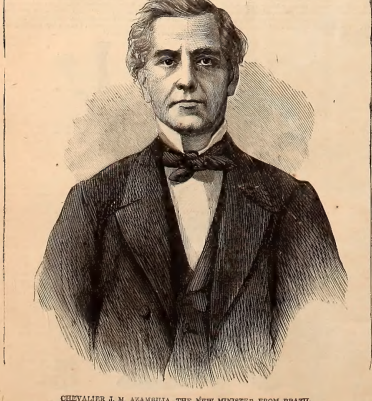
GEN. BARTOLOME MITRE,

PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

BARTOLOME MITRE, the President of the Argentine Republic and Commander-in-Chief of the allied Brazilian, Argentine, and Uruguayan army, is now in his forty-fourth year. He belongs to the class of "self-made men," like LINCOLN, DOUGLAS, and JOHNSON. General MITRE is a member of various scientific societies both in Europe and America, and is now recognized as a poet of good repute in the Spanish language. Born at Patagones, on the extreme frontier of the State of Buenos Ayres, a military post for defense against the Indians, he was compelled to make his own way. Early engaged in the war against the Dictator ROSAS, MITRE was exiled to Chili, where as a periodical writer he still carried on the war. Thence he went to Bolivia and served with distinction. But upon the final uprising of Brazil and the Plata countries against the sanguinary tyranny of ROSAS, MITRE returned to his country, and took a distinguished part in the victory of Caseros which overthrew ROSAS.

The Government of URQUIZA, which succeeded that of ROSAS, was not satisfactory to the people of Buenos Ayres, who called MITRE to their head. He defended the city against two assaults of URQUIZA, and in 1854 gained the decisive victory of Pavon, which secured the peace of the country, and MITRE was unanimously elected President under a liberal constitution framed upon that of the United States.

His career as a statesman has been illustrious.



CHEVALIER J. M. AZAMBUJA, THE NEW MINISTER FROM BRAZIL.



H. E. DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO, MINISTER OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

He has healed the wounds of forty years of civil war, and has fostered every kind of internal improvement, keeping the peace with all the world, until LOPEZ, the Dictator of Paraguay, indignant that the Argentine Republic would not allow the passage of his troops across her territory to attack Brazil, seized two Argentine non-of-war and marched an army into an Argentine province. There was then no alternative. MITRE signed the triple alliance between Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and Uruguay, and is now at the head of the allied army of 80,000 men, by far the largest force ever collected in South America. His old antagonist, General URQUIZA, commands a corps in the army. At the last accounts the allied forces continued to be successful, and should final victory crown their arms no name in South American annals will be more illustrious than that of BARTOLOME MITRE.

CHEVALIER D'AZAMBUJA,

THE NEW MINISTER FROM BRAZIL.

IN two ways has Brazil during the past year shown her willingness to enter into a closer relationship with this country. In the first place, she has just joined the United States in subsidizing a line of steamers to run between New York and Rio de Janeiro; and, secondly, the Emperor has nominated Senhor J. M. D'AZAMBUJA to represent the largest country of South America at Washington.

In Senhor D'AZAMBUJA's past history we have a guarantee that the United States will have a friend as well as Brazil an efficient minister. In 1836 he was a judge in the important province of San Paulo, and had then attained the degree of LL.D. In 1840 he was appointed Brazilian Secretary of Legation at Washington, and the next year he became Charge d'Affairs and Consul-General—the duties of this latter office requiring him to reside mostly in New York, where he is still remembered by many of our older citizens. In 1842 he was recalled to take the place of Chief Clerk of the State Department at Rio de Janeiro, and five years later was appointed to the responsible position of Under Secretary of State, which he has maintained through various changes of cabinets until March, 1865, when DON PEDRO, in addition to other previous honors—such as conferring upon him the knighthood of the Order of Christ, making him Commander of the Order of the Rose, etc.—appointed him Brazilian Minister to Washington.

We look upon the sympathies of the Chevalier D'AZAMBUJA for the United States, and his love for our literature, as happy auguries in respect of the future relations between the two countries. We welcome him to our shores at a time when a great social problem is being solved. Brazil has been quietly doing away with slavery by the mild process of her laws since 1850, but the complete downfall of the "institution" in our land has led the South American Empire to consider the best means to be more speedily rid of that which weighs like an incubus upon any country. We have reason to know that Senhor D'AZAMBUJA has devoted especial attention to this subject.

H. E. DOMINGO F. SARMIENTO,

MINISTER OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

MR. SARMIENTO was born in 1811 in San Juan, one of the fourteen States comprising the Republic. He has been prominent in the public affairs of his country since the age of eighteen, although part of the time an exile, while the Dictator ROSAS held the government in his merciless grasp. While Mr. SARMIENTO's military record is most gratifying to his friends, his chief ambition has always been to promote the education of the people, and to this cause he has given most of his life, one of the main objects of his present residence with us being to study in person the school systems of the different States. During the past six months Mr. SARMIENTO has written in Spanish the Lives of Abraham Lincoln and of Horace Mann, which are now in press, and will be extensively read in all Spanish South America.

DANCING BY LUNATICS.

THE Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island was the scene of a most interesting and remarkable spectacle on the night of November 6. The completion of the first of a series of four frame buildings was celebrated by a ball, in which the patients of the Asylum were the dancers, "tripping the light fantastic toe" after a fashion even more fantastic than MILTON dreamed of in "L'Allegro."

The new buildings were rendered necessary by the increased population of New York city, and the consequent increase in the number of the insane. The accompanying illustration gives a fair idea of the festivities, as well as of the interior of one of the new structures. A prominent fiddler, himself a patient, is lost in ecstasy in the sounds which he produces, and in their influence upon his fellows. Every variety of "pigeon wing" is being cut by the active dancers. Now and then there darts out one who enchains the attention of all her sesquinatance by her excellent execution of the most difficult pas. Miss FANNY L—— may be considered to have carried off the honors of the evening by her Highland Fling, Sailor's Hornpipe, and Spanish Cachuca.

The reader will have trouble in descrying beauty in any of the countenances in the sketch, and had he been present at the actual scene he would have succeeded no better. The faces are not caricatures, but good character representations. Wild action was to be expected from such a gathering; extravagant gesticulation and absurd antics were common enough, but of real impropriety there was nothing.

Occasions of this sort no doubt tend in a great degree to relieve the chagrin melancholy which too close confinement or too monotonous surroundings are apt to produce in our institutions for insane people. It is often the case that isolation renders incurable diseases of the mind which a more cordial rain treatment might ameliorate, or perhaps entirely relieve.



DANCING BY LUNATICS.—BALL GIVEN TO THE PATIENTS OF THE INSANE ASYLUM ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1865.—[SKETCHED BY W. H. DAVENPORT.]

SEWING MACHINES.—We are having a great many inquiries for Sewing Machines from various parts of the country, and as we can not conveniently reply to them all by mail, we have thought it proper to state our opinion in regard to them in this public manner. We have used WILSON'S patent, manufactured by the WHEELER & WILSON Manufacturing Company, No. 625 Broadway, and we can say in regard to it that it is without a rival. It is simple, not easily put out of order when in proper hands, and in point of effectiveness and finish no other machine stands ahead of it. This famous Sewing Machine is highly appreciated the world over. We state this much in regard to this excellent machine upon our own responsibility.

This Company have made and sold during the last three months about 10,000 machines, and are now producing and selling 150 per day. The very low price from $50 to $100, and the liberal terms ones sell best. In their business there is over $1,000,000 invested, and they keep 600 men regularly employed manufacturing machines. The system pursued is the same as that adopted in the manufacture of arms: every piece is made to a gauge, and consequently the parts of any machine may be transposed with those of another machine of the same kind, or, should an accident occur, the broken part can be immediately replaced on application to the office.

There is not an establishment in this country, whose stitching of any kind is required, in which the Sewing Machine is not employed; and there are few private families in which it is not an acknowledged article of furniture. This Company have just won the highest premium at the International Fair, Dublin, exhibiting their 200,000th machine, beautifully ornamented with the American coat-of-arms.—*Scientific American.*

DO NOT WASTE YOUR MONEY buying any of the numerous worthless articles called GOLD PENS, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the BEST IN THE WORLD.

Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose stock of brains compels them to attempt IMITATION, *even to the advertisement.* If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORRISON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MATILDA TOOTS.

NEW CORNU SPOR, 15s. With picture, colored ..... 30s.
I CAN NOT SING THE OLD SONGS ..... 30s.
SUNLIGHT WITHIN MY HEART ..... 35c.
HAVE YOU SEEN HER LATELY? (comic) ..... 30c.
SOLDIERS' HAPPY RETURN, MAZOURKA ..... 30c.
IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE ..... 25c.
Mailed postpaid.

FREDERICK BLUME,
203 Bowery, New York.

MOORE'S PATENT RUBBER SCOURING AND SHIELDED PEN is unsurpassed of the hands and joints, and rubbing off the nib and will glide over the roughest paper as can be done in any other needs, and will retain more ink than any pen ever made. Price, $1 00 each, sent by mail, postpaid. Send size of hand one inch from point of the fingers. MOORE & CO.,
171 Broadway, New York.

STOECKEL'S
P. G. B. & V.
For Druggists' and Physicians' Use.

Holiday Presents,
MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from one to sixty-six different tunes, and costing from $5 50 to $500 00. The most complete assortment ever offered for sale in New York. Fine ornaments for the parlor, and pleasant companions for the invalid. J. F. PALLARD & SON, Importers,
21 Maiden Lane (up stairs), New York. *Musical Boxes repaired.*

HOPE.

There is yet hope for the dyspeptic. Do not despair. If you have been unable to find relief, HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS will cure any case of Dyspepsia. It will cure every case of Liver Complaint. It will restore a sallow and unwholesome face to the skin and eyes. It will restore the nervous system to its original vigor, and give entire health to the body. For sale by all druggists. They are not used as a beverage.
H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, New York Agent.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE, SORE LIPS, CHILBLAINS, &c.—HEGEMAN & CO.'S CAMPHORINE WATER AND GLYCERINE CREAM are the most immediately, and will keep the skin soft and smooth in the coldest weather. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail for 35 cents. HEGEMAN & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists, New York.

SEDENTARY HABITS.

There is no class of the community more subject to disease of the digestive organs than those whose business compels them to be comfortably sitting down, and carried at a desk, or standing behind a counter. *Hoofland's German Bitters* will prove a true friend to this class of persons, and enable them to fulfill the duties of their station with a spirit and activity unknown to the sufferer. The bitters can be had of any druggist. They are not a nostrum for sale by the trade. H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 594 Broadway, Agent, New York.

MME. YALE'S superior, beautiful, and reliable TOILET PREPARATIONS. LILY BLOOM for the complexion, 25 cts. DEPILATORY for removing superfluous hair, 50 cts. CURLING CREAM for the hair, 50 cts. PERFUME PACKET, very durable, 50 cts. Mailed free on receipt of price. Mme. HEGEMAN'S Emporium of Fashion, No. 489 Broadway, N. Y. Sold by all the Druggists.

In those cases of scanty, retarded growth the present one 16), the Baloom of the Tennessee Stump Orator has been found to certainly restore the whiskers, &c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See Testimonials.) The History and a sample bottle of this Baloom sent sealed on receipt of return postage.
JOHN HAWLINS, 9 & 10 Broadway, New York.



MISTRESS. "Why, Bridget, what are you doing—nailing those biscuits down to the tray?"
COOK. "Yes, faith, Mum, or they'd be affher lift in' the tops off your oven, Mum—this Yaste Powdher's so misty powerful."

The Pioneer Yeast Powder is manufactured by Taylor & Young, No. 186 Front Street, New York.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.
EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.
ONE DOLLAR EACH.
PATENT APPLIED FOR. June 20, 1865.

AN EXACT AND RELIABLE POCKET TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. A decidedly unique and wonderful Novelty. Correctly constructed on the most approved Scientific PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME with absolute correctness and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate timekeeper of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER NEEDS POWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by PATENT. LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy white dial, in gold or silver gilt case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Sale delivery guaranteed. Specials secured. Our unusual action being the only one LEGALLY PROTECTED from infringement, all persons are cautioned from buying or offering for sale any IMITATION, under no matter what ALTERATION OR NAME; as the Agents of AMERICAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, West Trop, N. Y.

$25 A DAY. AGENTS WANTED to sell a new and wonderful SEWING MACHINE, the only thing one Needed. Address
SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

$90 A MONTH. AGENTS WANTED for six articles just out. Address
O. T. GARLY, Clay Building, Biddeford, Maine.

Make your own Soap
WITH B. T. BABBITT'S
Pure Concentrated Potash,
OR READY SOAP MAKER.

Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or lye in the market. Put up in cans of 14 pounds, 7 pounds, 4 pounds, and 1 pound, with full directions in English and German for making hard and soft soap. One pound will make 10 gallons of soft Soap. No boiling required. Consumers will find this the cheapest potash to purchase.
B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., N.Y.

GOLD PENS.—The best Pen for the least money is the Johnson Pen, warranted for one year—14 carrie Gold. Also, every variety of Pen-holders on hand. Pens reduced on receipt of 6 cts. Five and ten per cent. Send for Circular. E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office No. 15 Maiden Lane, New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? Our Grecian Compound will force them to grow on the smoothest face or chin in 6 weeks, or hair on bald heads. Price $1, or three packages for $2. Sent by mail any where. Address VARNER & CO., Box 128, Brooklyn, New York.

ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR
KEY'S AMERICAN UNION WRITING FLUID.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.

Curl your Hair. One application will curl your hair like ringlets, and last 6 months. Price 50c., by mail. Address M. A. JAQUES, Colleton, Ill.



Window Shades, Curtains,
AND CURTAIN M. TERIALS OF ALL KINDS, at
KELTY'S, 330 Broadway.

We Illustrate the use of J. BALL & CO.'S CATCH INPROVED EYE-CUPS. These CUPS will RESTORE your EYESIGHT in case of loss by OLD AGE, SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS, all kinds of WEAKNESS, INFLAMMATION, ULCERATION, &c., &c. They permanently CURE the WORST DISEASES of the EYE, and preserve them through life so as NEVER TO USE GLASSES. The best Physicians and Oculists recommend their use in practice. 5000 Certificates are exhibited at our office. The Eye-Cups are put up in neat cases, and will be forwarded, with directions and Pamphlet, to any person, by mail or express, on receipt of $6 00. Give the name of your Post-Office Town, County, and State. Money can be sent by Mail or Express. Or send Fifteen Cents, for a Descriptive Pamphlet, to
J. BALL & CO., 10 John Street, New York. (Box 91 Post-Office.)

J. H. Winslow & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1850).
100,000 Watches, Chains, Silver Articles, &c.
Worth $500,000!
TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE,
AND NOT TO BE DISTRIBUTED TILL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES.

	EACH.
100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$125 00
100 Gold Watches	75 00
100 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	20 00
200 Invisible Gaiters	$15 00 to 20 00
3000 Drinking Cups	2 00 to 10 00
2000 Gold Plated Cased Bracelets	10 00 to 20 00
3000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Ladies' California Diamond Rings	4 00 to 8 00
3000 Ingle Spring and Snap Lockets	4 00 to 10 00
1000 Gold Plated, Silver-Mounted Holsters	4 00 to 10 00
2000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases	4 00 to 6 00
3000 Sets Studs and Sleeve Buttons	4 00 to 6 00
5000 Tea, Dessert, and Table Spoons, per dozen	12 00 to 24 00
5000 Dessert and Table Forks, per dozen	14 00 to 24 00
4000 Butter Knives, per pair	4 00 to 10 00
3000 Napkin Rings, per pair	6 00 to 10 00
3000 Other Articles	4 00 to 10 00

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put in an envelope, sealed up and mix-d, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving a fair chance to all. On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 6 for $1; eleven for $2; 32 for $5; 65 for $10; and 100 for $15.

Agents wanted every where. Great inducements to ladies and gents to act as such. Full nut to send for circular, which gives special terms, Price List, and particulars.
Address J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, N.Y.

ARCANA WATCH.

An elegant, durable, and reliable as the finer gold watch, Arcana, Glass, Hunting case, Lever, Key Wind, Hunting case, $25 sent by mail. ARCANA WATCH CO., 62 Fulton Street, New York.

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Of Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, sent by EXPRESS. SAUNDERS EXPRESS, No. 65 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

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All who desire an artificial leg, untrivaled for *comfort, strength, durability, appearance, and cheapness,* will apply to THE SALEM LEG COMPANY, 23 HOSE STREET, SALEM, MASS., for circular No. 4, containing full information concerning this original, ingenious, thoroughly tested, and unrivaled leg. Soldiers entitled to Government aid receive this leg without charge. Manufacturing facilities having been lately increased, all applicants are supplied with promptness.

$3 ALBUMS—finely bound—two gilt clasps—for 50 $3 photographs. Sent by mail or $3 40.
$5 ALBUMS—very handsome—arms brass bound—two $5 gilt clasps—for 100 photographs. Sent by mail or $5 50.
Articles, postcards, Yankee notions of all kinds. Everybody send for catalogues. W. G. WILKINS & CO., Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted.

$10 A Day easy made $10.
By selling Engraved Portraits of Washington and Sothron. Our stationary Packets contain all others; each Package contains Portraits of Washington, Lincoln, and a pocket worth a dollar at retail. *Price only* $2 cents. We will send Agents 100 Stationary Packets on receipt of a Waiver Watch for $17. We also publish splendid steel engravings, very popular with the Army and Navy. Send for $5 that will sell for $15. Send stamp for Catalogue, &c. Address, HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS, LOOK AT THIS.

A sample and catalogue of articles every body wants, sent free for ten cents.
H. IRVINGTON & CO., 609 Broadway, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.

They expel the poisons which threaten life. Every time a sickly person takes a dose of this wonderful pill he has less vitiated humors, and more life and vigor, as any one can prove by taking a single dose. Persons of pale brides and sickly complexions will find using them for a time we rent a few days or weeks from the purgation we make new fluids from our food, which replace the unhealthy ones that the Brandreth Pills have caused to flow. Each time we repeat this process we expel further quantities of impurities, which are again replaced by fluids less and less impure, until, by a few months' faithful persistence in this treatment, we bring back the whole mass of fluids or humors to a standard state of purity, when the health of Brandreth's Pills only take away humors which are unsound.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See name in B. BRANDRETH on the stamp.

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For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

FREE.—A 48-page Catalogue of Articles all want. Address BLAKE & CO., 713 Broadway, New York.

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A sample of BARRY'S CURLING FLUID will be sent FREE to any address. The Curling Fluid will curl the straightest hair, the first application. Curls, not ringlets. Circulars, testimonials, &c. Address, with stamp, PROF. B. ROSE, Parkman, Ohio.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—A complete priced Catalogue of American and Foreign Postage Stamps mailed free for 10c. by W. LINDELL, Jr., Postage Stamp Dealer, 64 New Oxford Street, London, England.

The Improved Elliptic Lock-Stitch Sewing and Braiding Machines.

These CELEBRATED MACHINES we can recommend to the public, combining as they do all the IMPROVEMENTS which EXPERIENCE has proved to be essential in the perfection of Sewing Machines. We invite all intending to call and test a machine before purchasing elsewhere. SILENCE, 537 Broadway, New York.

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Use *PERRY'S Moth & Freckle Lotion, which is prepared only by* DR. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St. *Sold by all Druggists. Price $2 a bottle. Send for Circular*

Metropolitan Enterprise.

GREAT GIFT SALE

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Capital.....$1,000,000.

An immense stock of Pianos, Watches, Jewelry, and Fancy Goods, all to be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be sold for more than one dollar when you will receive.

CERTIFICATES, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed.

These envelopes will be sent by mail for 25 cents, regardless of choice, or last as ordered, or in club rates, together with the following premiums:

5 for 50 cents, with a premium picture.

8 for $1, with a steel-engraved picture, worth.....$1 00.

11 for $2, with a silver napkin-ring, worth.....2 00.

17 for $3, with a gold pen and pencil, worth.....3 00.

50 for $5, with a gold locket, worth.....5 00.

65 for $10, with a large gold pen, worth.....10 00.

100 for $15, with a good silver watch, worth.....15 00.

200 for $30, with a silver-plated tea-set, worth 30 00.

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your choice to pay the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain, as a gift, Pianos, Gold Watches, Sewing Machines, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for $1, and in no case can they receive less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks.

Agents wanted. Great inducements to Ladies and Gents. You will act as such.

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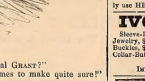
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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 467.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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GRAND RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 20, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 774.]

COLUMBIA'S THANKSGIVING.

1865.

THANKSGIVING! our Thanksgiving! After years of toil and pain,
Years of watching o'er the living, and of mourning for the slain;
It has come just when the glorious sun has hid the tenpest cease,
And the voice of War is mute, before the coming in of Peace.

With outstretched hands Columbia stands giving her children greeting;
From East and West—from North and South she bids them to the meeting:
She stands upon no party line, she gives no partial call,
Beneath the flag of Liberty her welcome is for all.

Fill all the glasses to the brim! Bring up the Old Thirteen,
And let the other States stand round and fill the space between!
One hand about our starry flag for friendship's sake we'll hold,
And pledge anew with swelling hearts "The days of auld lang syne."

If, in the fury of the fight, both North and South did wrong,
If lust of power or gold have crushed the weak beneath the strong,
If sometimes we have both drawn back where we should have been true friends—
Whatever debt each owes to each let this day make amends!

Thanksgiving, our Thanksgiving! See the Old World's sages and sweet singers!
How they dread the sound of revelry Columbia's children make!
Let's fill our empty glasses fresh and give them clear cause for cheer!
For our land is all our own to-day, we crown no monarch here!

Then, with our hands still on our flag, toward Heaven uplifted our eyes,
We'll give the toast of another sort—let none but free men rise!—
"May Peace and Union, hand in hand, strike every cruel croaker dumb,
Binding our hearts to freedom in the days that are to come!"

But hush! Who rises in our midst with grave and lordly brow?
Two servant of the only King to whom we ever would bow!
One reverent glance brasenward he sends, then motions us to stay,
And kneeling there beneath the flag he murmurs, "Lord, remember me!"

And not alone he seems to be, for gathering close around,
The souls of all the martyred dead seem with him—
Sharing his every thought,
Of spirit voices do we hear, but standing by his side,
We know they too are praying for the Lord for which they died.

And now the prayer is ended—softly let the curtain fall
On the White-robed Penitent Thanksgiving Day of all!
When Columbia's scattered children have gathered round one knee,
And the harvest of Peace has been offered to the Lord

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1865.

THE HUMANE AND INEVITABLE POLICY.

WE occasionally receive public and private suggestions from the late insurrection ary States that it is mean, as a letter before us says, "to heap abuse upon a prostrate foe." We agree heartily. It is the sign of a coward and a dastard. But it is neither cruel, nor base, nor insolent, nor unmanly for a nation which is still panting with a hard-won victory in a civil war to consider earnestly and profoundly how it can secure peace.

That conciliation is desirable and essential is surely no reason for disregarding facts. There seems to be a large body of people in the South who suppose that all is settled because they acknowledge themselves to have been overcome by force. If it be proposed to consider upon what terms revolted States should be reorganized—if testimony be elicited as to the actual feeling of the Southern population—if the country be warned not to believe every thing said by men who confess that they speak under moral duress—if we ask for calm discussions to be sure, and not to allow their impulence of prudence to warp their judgment, but to look everything and see what is the wisest course—we are denounced as mischief-makers, enemies of the Union, promoters of ill-feeling between the sections; and one South Carolina paper, in the modesty to expose our motives, adds that we are bitterly opposed to the reconstruction policy of President JOHNSON!

This kind of misrepresentation, and possibly misapprehension, is, of course, unavoidable. But we beg our Southern fellow-citizens to remember that it is for the very reason that they fought so long and so well, because they insist, as a correspondent says, that the war "was decided only by superior courage and superior numbers," because they still frankly declare their feelings unchanged, because all testimony shows that it was unchanged, and because we have learned by long years of sharp experience that they are skilful and audacious politicians, it is for such reasons that we obey the dictates of common sense and intend to do just what "the Confederacy" would have done if it had succeeded; namely, take every wise precaution against further trouble.

If the South heartily accepts the situation, as it declares, it will join us in its good work. If, for instance, it sincerely acquiesces in emancipation, it will take every step necessary to make the late slaves an intelligent, self-respecting, industrious, and respectable part of the community. If it does not—if, while it proposes to assent to an act of the United States Government, and even adopts the Amendment, it still does its best to continue the confusion of the country by a legislation which virtually repudiates the Amendment, it need not quarrel with us for looking at acts rather than words. Governor HOLDEN recently telegraphed to the President that if the colored troops were withdrawn the State of Mississippi would allow the freedmen to testify. The President replied that the troops would be withdrawn as soon peace and order could be maintained without them.

That is the whole case. The United States must by the necessity of the situation directly control the unorganized States until it is plain that they may be safely left to their own control. That can be determined only by observation, study of disposition, pledges, and laws. This is the policy which we have supported in President JOHNSON. This is the policy which the people have ratified at every election of the autumn. It is neither mean nor cruel. It is humane and inevitable.

A SATURDAY SERMON.

IF there could be a law restricting manual labor to six hours a day and securing constant and ample employment upon those terms, with increased wages to the laborer and higher profits to the capitalist, who would not favor it with all his heart? So if there could be a law by which disease could be abolished and the limit of the dog-days and the cold of mid-winter mollified, who would be so inhuman as to oppose it? Yet one of these laws is as practicable as the other. All the laws of nature are effective only so far as they re-enact the higher law of nature. When they are opposed to them society pays the penalty in misery. It is useless to legislate against the attraction of gravity or of cohesion, or to attempt to redistribute the oxygen and nitrogen of the atmosphere.

The laws of political economy are not less absolute than other laws. They are not determined by our wishes any more than by the actual condition of society. The rate of wages will always depend upon the demand for labor. Capital will always invest itself where it can count upon the highest return. These are axioms or indisputable truths. That capitalists are often unjust, and that labor is oppressed, is true; but that fact does not affect the great law of the relation of wages to the supply of labor and of capital to profits.

Therefore, in the legal regulation of the labor question, we must always bear in mind the inflexible laws which we do not make and which control those laws. The most fashionately Political Economy like all other sciences is capable of development. There are truths already discovered, and there are others which may yet be ascertained. For instance, the exact amount of manual labor measured by time, which may be most profitably performed by the average laborer under certain conditions of climate and other calculable circumstances, is a fair subject of investigation and experiment. But when it is determined, the result can not be disturbed. It must be accepted and treated as a truth.

Now labor is a commodity like cotton or corn. Its price must depend upon its supply. Where the supply is greatly in excess of the demand the price will be low. Where it is scarce it is inadequate the price will be high. Every man can understand that proposition. He is not at all disturbed by the statistics of every man not to be overworked, and to have time for education and recreation. Suppose there be a law of New York restricting by a law restricting the working-day to four hours, upon the principle that, if every man in the world did his fair share of the work of the world, four hours would be enough, what would be the consequence? The demand for labor in the city would cease, and, with its ceasing, wages would cease. And how could that result be avoided? Would you pass a law compelling employers to pay the same wages for four hours' work that is for eight hours' work? Certainly you would not; and even if you did, and enforced your laws, the inevitable consequence would be the destruction of capital. You may forcibly compel capital to remain in one spot, but no law can force him to use his sagacity to his own disadvantage.

The laborer then who wants a mere drudge, and shall the great mass of mankind who must always live by the work of their hands be hopelessly doomed to mental darkness, expansion, the delights of art, and of intelligent leisure, which we call mental culture? Surely not, unless the world is a total failure and the deepest human faith a lie. But there are no short cuts to happiness. The British laborer is to-day a better man, in a certain sense, and without any individual responsibility, defrauded of many of his birth-rights as a man. But our Parliament legislates him out of poverty and ignorance into comfort and intelligence? The British laborer drudges fourteen hours a day for a pittance. Why? Simply because the supply of labor is in that excess of the demand. Let the laborer see that in this country or elsewhere he can get higher wages for a shorter day, and he will come here. His result would be that wages would ultimately rise in England and fall in the United States.

Where, then, is the daybreak? In what direction lies hope? It lies, first, in the growing intelligence of mankind; and, second, in invention and science. As we come to see that the comfort and security of every member of society depends upon the general welfare selfishness will be checked, or, if you choose, refined, while increasing wealth will ease misery and facilitate labor. The cure for all social evils lies in the moral elevation of society in the increasing spirit of fraternity and co-operation. And that is as sure as it is slow.

CORNERERS CORNERED.

THE verdict in the case of CARE *vs.* KENDALL, which was tried ten days ago in the Superior Court in city, is of considerable importance to operators and brokers in stocks. The facts were simple, but not devoid of interest.

Some months ago the stock of a concern, called the Napoleon Oil Company, was placed upon the list of the Petroleum Stock Board. The Company, as was subsequently established, owned no land, and no oil-wells, but held a lease of certain property in Kentucky, upon which it was supposed that oil might be found. Under these circumstances the promoters of the concern, who desired, as all projectors do, all the loaves and to interest the public in their enterprise, found it impossible to tempt the greenest of the Wall Street greenhorns to invest money in their scheme. They did not, therefore, abandon it. By no means. If the public would not buy, perhaps they would sell. To plan people engaged in legitimate trade this experiment may seem gratuitous. But in Wall Street people are always ready to sell the thing which they have not got, if they think it is selling above its real value. And it was a chance that the operators in petroleum stocks who declined to buy Napoleon at any price might be induced to sell it. If, in the first place, its worthlessness were sufficiently vouched for; and if, secondly, the stock could be borrowed at a moderate rate. It seems that the managers of the Napoleon Company did their best to realize these two conditions. No secret was made of the extremely meanie show of assets. According to the last estimate the stock might be worth 5 cents a share. It was selling for $2. Half a dozen prominent petroleum brokers were anxious to lend it. No Wall Street speculator could resist such a temptation. Quite a number of persons sold the stock "short," and borrowed it of the confederates for delivery.

But the game did not stop here. By employing a multiplicity of brokers the promoters contrived to make the stock active; large sales and purchases were reported daily. It is well known now that these transactions were wholly fictitious, and that the brokers, i. e., the nominal buyer and seller being in collusion. The "washing" process was made the instrument of increasing the short interest. The stock was sold by one broker to sell 500 or 1000 shares, and these orders would be countermanded in a night and the stock sold to another broker in time; he would then be privately advised to take the sale for his own account; and the whole process would leave him the owner. Again, orders would be sent to a broker to buy 500 or 1000 shares; and these orders, like the orders to sell, would be hastily countermanded in a night and the stock intimated that "in consequence of recent news from the Company's property the order to buy was revoked." In this case, the confederate would sell stock to the broker in time, and generally had the effect of tempting the broker, if he were a man of a speculative turn of mind, to sell a few hundred shares short on his own account on the strength of the "recent news from the Company's property."

When, by all these various devices, the promoters or confederates of the Napoleon Oil Company had succeeded in inducing the public to sell a good many hundred or thousand shares of the stock for future delivery, the trap was sprung. The stock was "bid up" at the Board. No one had to sell but the confederates, who held aloof. From $2 it was bid up to $10 a share. Calls were then made upon the parties who had borrowed stock to "mark it up" to the market-price. Then it was "bid up" to $20, and further calls were made upon the borrowers of stock. Then it was "bid up" to $30, and further calls were made. There is no saying how high the stock might not have been carried, but for the fact that the Petroleum Board interfered, investigated the subject, and discovered that, so far as could be ascertained, the entire capital stock was still in the hands of the original owners, and that the purchases and sales which had been made at the Board were sham and fraudulent. On this the stock was struck from the list, one at least of the promoters was elbowed out of the Board, and contracts in Napoleon were outlawed.

Fortified by this decision the Plaintiffs in the case above mentioned—who had been borrowers of stock from the Defendants, and had "marked up" the price to $30 a share—sued for the money which they had paid out, under the ruling of Justice GARVIN recovered the entire amount claimed. The Judge charged that, if there had been but one sale by which the market-price of the stock had been advanced, the Plaintiffs must recover; the only held that the sale had been fraud, and gave the Plaintiffs a verdict.

It will at once be perceived that the principle involved in this case will go far toward covering every "Wall Street corner." In the famous case of Harlem there can be no question but that the stock was forced up far beyond its real value by manœuvres which, if they were not fraudulent, were certainly not straightforward in the mercantile sense of the term; and in the more recent case of Erie and Chicago similar operations caused the stock to advance from 60 to 256—a figure far beyond the intrinsic value of the property. Of course the Napoleon oil case was more gross than either of these. But still, under Justice GARVIN'S ruling, it would seem that the stock might be even cornered in Harlem or Prairie du Chien and paid thousands of dollars to the cornerers might recover their money by a suit at law.

It may, perhaps, be questioned whether this verdict will be sustained on appeal. Common sense tells us that no man can be compelled to pay his win of money on a disputed bet, and with it as that price, unless it be required for the uses of the commonwealth. If BROWN undertakes to settle JONES'S bonus account in his to ROBINSON without having previously bought them or secured the refusal of them, he can not compulsorily make JONES pay him the half a million for the house or $500 for the hat. He had no business to make a contract which he had not the means of fulfilling.

This case of "corners" will ere long become more generally understood than it is at present. No amount of punishment will deter the old members of the Stock Exchange and their associates from selling stocks short when they rise, and the prospect is that we shall see certain railway "corners" in the future. If the parties cornered can resort to the courts and recover the money they pay to the cornerers, very serious difficulties will arise.

A NEW FACT ABOUT THE "ALABAMA."

MR. GEORGE BEMIS, whose faithful and indefatigable study of international relations has been so serviceable in the debate upon British neutrality, and whose plain expositions of law and fact "Historicus" has vainly sought to answer, has just contributed another chapter in the history of the *Alabama* to the Boston *Advertiser*. Upon a careful investigation of the Parliamentary testimony Mr. BEMIS has discovered, and presents the official proof, that the *Alabama* sailed from British waters after the confession of a part of her crew to the British officers that they were in the way to join the gun-boat," and after an order from the Foreign office to detain the vessel had been issued.

On the 30th July, 1862, our active and faithful Consul at Liverpool, Mr. THOMAS H. DUDley, wrote to Lord RUSSELL that information, according to Earl RUSSELL'S statement, had been ordered on the 29th to detain the *Alabama*, that the steamer was *ready*, with her armament and the privateer out of the harbor, had returned to Liverpool, and was at that moment at the wharf taking on board men and coal. The *Alabama*, which was then cruising off Point Lynas.

On the same day Mr. MORGAN, the Surveyor of the port of Liverpool, wrote to the Collector that he had seen the *Alabama* when she had nothing suspicious on board—no guns or powder; but that there was "a considerable number of persons on deck who, from appearance, he thought that they were "a portion of the crew, and were going to join the gun-boat." Notwithstanding this information the *Hercules* was suffered to leave, duly kept its appointments with the *Alabama*, transferred the men while the *Alabama* lay in Bouzanda Bay, from time to four miles from the shore, and the privateer, having completed her enlistment within British territory, departed to prey upon the United States. When she was safely off the British official activity was prodigious; but every fresh ray of light upon the case has only made more manifest the culpable remissness of the authorities.

The truth is, that the British Government could not be fairly neutral. It had prejudged the case. It anticipated, without the least regret or doubt, the overthrow of the United States Government. It really sympathized with the best terms with the great new "nation" of MR. GLADSTONE'S and JEFFERSON DAVIS'S declaration, and therefore allowed the legitimate stock to check its activity. MR. BEMIS'S vari-

one elucidations of this matter—and the documents in his last article are now for the first time published in this country—are essential to a thorough knowledge of the question. Certainly no nation ever went before the world with a fairer claim than we have made upon the British Government. If its conduct in the affair of the *Alabama* should become a precedent every power in the world could become a silent but most efficient belligerent in any war made upon another nation, and could effectually assert that she had done all her duty. The course of Great Britain annihilates international comity. It threatens not only the power of British name, but to imperil civilization, for international usage is a moral treaty for the peace of the world. Whatever power flagrantly disregards it is an offender against mankind as well as curiously blind to its own interest. Thus Great Britain is a maritime nation. She absolutely refuses redress for the losses caused by privateers equipped and manned in her ports. The United States may remain silent. She may not enforce the claim she urges. But what is Great Britain to gain by her refusal? She can not protect against her own precedent; and although the United States in any quarrel to which she was a neutral would doubtless remain in good faith a neutral, yet in every case she has studied the nature of her laws to the detriment of Great Britain that power by its own conduct has bound itself to silence.

OUR FRENCH-MEXICAN RELATIONS.

THE President's Message is anticipated with universal and profound interest, both for what it will say and for what it will not say in domestic affairs. It will inevitably have one most desirable result, for it will put an end to the uncertainty of the public mind as to the probable policy of the Government in the matter of reorganization, and it will speak plainly of our British and French relations.

Upon the latter point the signs of the times are very clear. The nomination of General LOGAN as Governor of the Republican department in Mexico, after his very plain talk at the Brooklyn Academy, the emphatic reply of General GRANT to Mr. BERNHAM at the Union League Club, and the significant publication of a dispatch of Mr. SEWARD to Mr. DAYTON now first made public, and, of course, by the Government—all show that the Administration is not favorable to the establishment of an Austrian emperor in Mexico by the arms of France.

But it is less clear that the Government expense to France of the Mexican occupation, the inability of MAXIMILIAN to keep the country in order, the plain refusal of the people by the popular will, the unpopularity of the enterprise at home, and the undisguised hostility to it in this country indicate that the Austrian tenure is weak, and that at any moment the imperial bubble may burst.

The Emperor of France will, we presume, be reminded by the traditional policy of the United States upon this continent, which is unrelenting hostility to the planting of monarchies along our borders by European arms. With the interior policy of the other American powers, when it is determined or debated, either in monarchies or on the republican side, we have no right of interference until our own safety is plainly involved. But the interference which we do not claim ourselves we shall certainly not tolerate in a European power which evidently coerces the will of the population. If, in the case of Mexico, it could be made clear to the sumpathies of MAXIMILIAN to the throne was truly the popular wish, we should have no reason for interference, however much we might regret the fact. But in that case the MEXICANS would be his body guard. They would be the first to resent the presence of foreign troops. And the fact that the MEXICANS who asked the Prince over enlisted upon foreign arms to support him upon his throne is sufficient proof that they do not represent the MEXICAN people, and that the Austrian empire in MEXICO is exactly what we called it at the time of its establishment—a French conquest. And the UNITED STATES are endangered by a French conquest of MEXICO.

It is indeed not doubtful that the original expedition was conceived in the most hostility to this Government. We have had no earlier enemy than LOUIS NAPOLEON. It was he who incessantly urged ENGLAND and SPAIN to interfere. It was he who proposed the armistice to which RUSSIA would not accede and LOUIS NAPOLEON's own unquestionable terms of terms of the armistice from the rebel agents in PARIS, who were in favor at the TUILERIES. His operations in MEXICO were made under the direful flank movement for the rebellion. They were leveled at the UNITED STATES, and the UNITED STATES are not likely to forget it.

There is no question, therefore, that the official tone of this Government will be very resolute. The French Emperor will be left in no doubt that we expect him to leave. But we do not believe that he will be peremptorily ordered to quit this country. We are wise, and we are quite ready to go to war again? We shall not unnecessarily impose a disagreeable dilemma upon any other power. A hint is as good as a kick, and produces the same result with much less friction.

THE PRESIDENT'S FIDELITY.

THOSE of the friends of the President who have feared that he would imperil the advantages won by the war by a fatal leniency, or still worse, by joining a party which has been bitterly rejected by the people of the country, have allowed their fears to obscure their perceptions. Whatever the President has said has been full of a determination that the rights of freedom which the war has conferred upon a certain class of the Southern population, and the class which is most friendly to the Government, shall be maintained. He expresses himself in his own way, but he never varies the strain.

Thus, to the Governor and Legislatures and Committees of the unorganized States he has constantly said: "Certain things are essential. The emancipation amendment and equality before the law are among them. Father I say nothing. My action will depend upon events." To MR. STRADER he said that, as a citizen of Tennessee, he was for the ballot of negro suffrage there under certain conditions. But he has said nothing better than what GENERAL FRANK CARPENTER in speech in Brooklyn. The General went to the White House to offer his resignation. The President said to him:

"People say sometimes I was born a fool, and I am not trust the negro as a freeman. I mean and desire to carry out the views of the great and good ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and I see that they require the negro to have their freedom. I may not believe with you in their ultimate enfranchisement, but I mean to secure a fair chance. (Cheers.) I wish the people of the North knew what I had to contend with. They have no conception and letters from all parts of the South of dreadful import. If they could but see me and read my letters, they would say that I am not give me their prayers.' This he said with tears in his eyes; and I asked him if the President's Proclamation was not irrevocable. He answered: 'I am ready in his hands—and he said to me, 'Go back; go to your work, and let justice done to both white and black. The President's Bureau will only cease to exist when the Southern States are ready to do justice to the negro, and by these freedmen.' (Applause.) And I came away from his presence with prayers of faith and hope in ANDREW JOHNSON more than I have ever had."

It is apparently forgotten that during the war ANDREW JOHNSON was at the front. He was with his own troops in the details of the struggle. He measured the spirit of rebellion. He knew the conduct of rebels, and he knew also that of Union men. He knew the value of their fidelity as every other Union soldier proved it. It was ANDREW JOHNSON who marked from the seat of war the course of SEWARD and the other conspirators in the Senate, and shook his finger in their faces, denouncing men who should lift what they called their arm against the life of the President's friend the chief of MOSES.

Such a man is not easily seduced. The blandishments of his enemies are not likely to dazzle a man who has looked behind the servile manner and the smiling mask. No man knows better than he that the party which sought to use him, and monopolize his influence, has no regard for him and support of his policy, in order to carry an election, and which disastrously failed, is a party which has no interests or forgives. It would no more adopt him as a candidate than it did TYLER or FILLMORE. The future of ANDREW JOHNSON is bound with that which he has done, and where the war party while the war lasted, and who intend, now that it is over, to plant peace upon justice, and exalt the Union by liberty.

CONSOLIDATION.

THE fear of consolidation or centralization which haunts some honest minds in this country curiously obscures their vision. They ignore the plain inscrutable way the city of Washington and the national Government may play the same part among us that Paris and Berlin do among the nations of Europe. The bugbear of "centralization" vexes their sleep. "What," they cry, "would you touch the sacred ark of State rights, the vital system which is the very palladium of our liberties?"

Here is a palpable confusion. The Government of the United States is the service of the United States. It is not a power independent of the people and hostile to it and maintaining its own standing army—it is the whole body of the people themselves; and no natural right, like that of personal liberty, for instance, is any where safe if it be not guaranteed by themselves. If, then, the people of the general government be sound, that the people ought to govern, because such a method is the surest pledge of popular liberty, and if the will be misdirected by confiding it to the whole people instead of a part of them?

If the national Government stood in the same relation to the States that a medieval feudal baron did to his dependents, or a prince to a circle of free cities, the fear of centralization or of some form of governmental tyranny would be more natural. But as it is, it is a misconception of the most necessary character and tendency of our system. The counties of a State might as well fear the centralizing power of the State as the State fear that of the Union. The people are the source of power in all of them.

As a matter of fact the local State governments have never been the security of our personal and political rights. All the assaults upon the principles of our institutions, all the great outrages upon personal and political rights have been the work of States. For the whole people is wiser and nobler than any portion of them. And hence the overpowering importance of the Emancipation Amendment. Its very object is to place the personal liberty of every American citizen beyond any local or subordinate power whatever, because such a responsibility can not be safely delegated. The abolition of a State's rights, but the people of the United States have rights, and the protection of a citizen of the United States can not be intrusted to any other authority than that of the Government of which he is a part.

FACES ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

THE celebrated report of Dr. Chenu on the mortality caused by war, contains some interesting information concerning the appearances presented by some who die a violent death on the field of battle. One surgeon says that, wandering over the battle-field of the Alma on the third day after the fight, he observed with astonishment a number of Russian corpses whose attitude and expression were entirely different from those of the rest. Some did certainly present an aspect which showed that they had suffered severely just previous to dissolution, but these were few in number compared with those who wore a calm and resigned expression, as though they had escaped away in the act of prayer. Others had a smile on their faces, and looked as if they were in the act of speaking, or had been surprised while they were silent. One, he was lying partly on his side, his knees were bent under him, his hands were clasped together, and resting upon his breast, his head thrown back, and he was apparently still praying—evidently he was in the act of doing so at the moment when he received the fatal spark. Another medical man relates that after the battle of Inkermann he found a number of the dead still very much the faces of many of them with a threatening expression. Some lay stretched on their backs as if friendly hands had prepared them for burial. Some were still resting on one knee, their hands grasping their muskets. In some instances the cartridge remained between the teeth, where the marker had bitten in the bend, and the other was uplifted as though he were of a blow, or speaking to Heaven. The faces of all were pale, but not livid, nor cut in marble. A wind swept across the battle-field it waved the hair, and gave the bodies such an appearance of life that a spectator could hardly help thinking they were about to rise to continue the fight.

Another surgeon, describing the appearance of the corpses on the field of Magenta, says that they furnish indubitable proof that man may cease to exist without suffering the least pain. Some remained on the head generally lay with their faces on the ground, their limbs retaining the position they were in at the instant they were struck, and most of these still held their rifles: showing that when a ball unexpectedly breaks the nervous centres the contraction of the muscles that there is not time for the hand to loose its hold of the weapon before death. Another peculiarity observed is that those who receive mortal wounds in the brain, was the suddenness with which they did not appear to suffer pain. A case in point: During the battle of Solferino a fifeman was wounded in the head by a ball which passed through the temple, and buried itself in the brain. His wound was dressed, and he was stretched on straw, with his head resting on his knapsack, like all the wounded around him. He retained the full use of his faculties, and chatted about his wound, almost with indifference, as he filled his pipe and lay smoking it. Two hours after, before he had finished it, death came upon him, and he was found lying in the same attitude, with the pipe still held between his teeth. He had never uttered a cry, or given any sign that he was suffering pain.

In most cases the ball entered the heart, nearly the same appearances were presented as in the cases of those who had been struck in the brain; death was what is called instantaneous, but it was not quite so swift as in the former case; there was generally time for a movement in the act of dying. There was a Zouave who had been struck full in the breast: he was lying on his rifle, the layount was fixed, and resting in such a way as to show that he was in the act of charging when struck. His head was uplifted, and his countenance still bore a threatening appearance, as if he had almost stumbled and fallen, and were in the act of rising again. Close by him lay another Zouave, mortally wounded in the abdomen, and upturned eyes, who had died in the act of praying. Another foot-soldier had fallen dead on the field of fighting. His features were closed, one arm was in the act of warding off a blow, and the other was drawn back in the act of striking.

On another battle-field, several French soldiers lay in a line, with their bayonets pointing in the direction of the foe they were advancing against, when a storm of grape mowed them down. On the left hand of this line, Dr. Chenu, several days after, came by dead. Some of them were remarkable for the noble expression of their faces, the extreme neatness of their dress, and the calmness of their persons. Most of them had fair hair, and their countenances bore the stamp of manly resignation.

The best opportunity of seeing the aspect of the masses who died on the field was when they lay stretched beside the trenches which were destined to be their final resting-place. So far were their features from presenting the livid appearance and the expression of despair which painters are in the habit of producing in pictures of battle-field, that a spectator could hardly help calling to their companions to rouse it little before covering them up. They were so like life.—*All the Year Round.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON has replied to Governor HOLDEN's request that the United States soldiers be withdrawn from Mississippi to the following effect: "The Constitution of Mississippi, the President says, will be place wherever it is found in operation will assure to the United States all the rights to which it is entitled. It assures the people of Mississippi that there is no disposition on the part of the Government to violate its obligations. rity with them. Only a loyal compliance with the laws and Constitution and the inauguration of such measures as will insure full civil protection to the freedmen are required; and these, it is hoped, will in such measures prove beneficial to all concerned. There must be mutual confidence. the President adds, between the National Government and the people of the lately rebellious States, or all will be lost that the war and the work of reconstruction will be thrown away.

The Alabama Legislature met, November 22, at Montgomery. Governor PARSONS in his Message urges the immediate adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. He is opposed to the slave code which has been proposed, and recommends a civil rights act, the provisions of which will bear upon blacks and whites alike.

HON. C. J. FAULKNER has been elected unanimously Governor of Georgia.

RESULTS OF THE CITY ELECTIONS.

THE TAMMANY Convention met on November 21, and nominated Recorder JOHN T. HOFFMAN for Mayor and Richard CROKER for Corporation Counsel. The same day the MOZART Convention nominated John HECKER for Mayor and GEORGE OPDYKE for Corporation Counsel. The nomination for Mayor was first tendered to FERNANDO WOOD, who declined it. The Union Republican Convention have nominated the present Mayor, A. OAKEY HALL, for 1866. November 24 the Union Convention nominated Gen. SICKLES, who has been elected unanimously Governor of Georgia.

NEWS ITEMS.

President Johnson has received the order of Major-General Thomas, standing up the Episcopal churches of Alabama until such time as they could conform to the ritual prepar for the President of the United States.

The Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, the command of the Western District has been assigned to General Sheridan. The General thinks he can do what has been assigned to the Department of Columbia, including Washington Territory, Oregon, and the Territories of Idaho—land-quarters at Fort Vancouver. Letters received from Victoria, Vancouver Island, dated the 6th ber 23, state that it was very sickly among the troops. General Steele commanding upwards of 1,000 men than half his officers, were down with the broken-bone fever.

Reports from Arkansas, Kentucky, Missouri the rebel Choctaws and Chickasaws are busily recruiting for service.

Crime is fearfully on the increase in Nashville, Tennessee, robberies, assaults and murders of the most atrocious, and special measures have been taken to put a stop to these outrages.

On the night of November 23 a horrible murder was committed in the house of Mr. Fay Pyrl, No. 7 Jones, was Jose Garcia Olero, who not long since drew a prize of $15,000 in the Havana Lottery. He was slain for the money that he was murdered. He came to New York to purchase goods for a new business in Havana. Cuba. Gonzales and Pollner, the alleged murderers, have been arrested.

A New Bedford paper gives a list of forty-six arctic whaling vessels, with a total of 14,000 tons and 1,000 men. Of these, two barks of, destroyed by rebel pirates during the war, and the *Nassau*, which was burned in the Confederate States, and the *Rockland*, which was lost on the coast of Labrador. Of the remainder, twenty-three are now in the Arctic Ocean, and the remainder are expected to arrive in the spring. Three vessels are now fitting out for the Arctic, and two more will be added to the fleet in the spring.

Miss Caroline Waddell, of the *Shenandoah*, reached Liverpool, and returned to Earl Russell the money sent to her by the Secretary of the Navy.

"In obedience to orders I found myself in the Arctic and Okhotsk seas, far removed from the ordinary channels of communication with civilization, and under circumstances I was engaged in acts of war until the 28th of June, when I received from the commander of the Confederates and the total abstention of the Government under which I had so faithfully served for two years. I could not believe that the downfall of the Confederate cause on the 10th of August was the result of the action of the Government I had served, and therefore I continued to cruise in the Arctic ocean until after the 2d of November, when I was convinced by the testimony of several vessels that I met that the intelligence was true, and that I had been actually left alone in the Arctic ocean. I then took counsel with my officers, and finding that there was no country upon the statements of the officers, I diligently sought for a port where I could surrender the ship, with her guns, stores, and apparatus, to the United States Consul, and by her own Minister, or should deem proper."

The officers and crew of the *Shenandoah* have been released unconditionally by the British Government.

The Fenian Brotherhood have an office in Nassau Street and Chili. It should be remembered that the greatest of Spain figure in the Fenian Brotherhood, and have been and apparently settled, when Admiral Persig arrived at Valparaiso, September 17, 1865, with the ultimatum of the Spanish Government, and received the Spanish demands, treasure, and the Spanish flag. The affair has not been concluded with. The demands were refused peremptorily by the Chilian Government and the Spanish fleet left for Callao before the Diplomatic Corps received their dismissal. The Corps sent to Callao and Lima, demanded their passports immediately after the departure of the fleet from Valparaiso. On the 7th, Congress received the declaration of war, and authorized the construction of a loan of twenty millions dollars. On the 27th more than two hundred of the foreign merchants of Valparaiso presented a memorial to Rear-Admiral Pareja in which they said Admiral Pareja's high-handed injustice had caused a loss to themselves of millions, and to the rights and duties of the representative of civilized nations. The memorial was signed by all the leading houses under the influence or command of the foreign consuls, in those cities, and by the British and Spanish consuls. The Spanish

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE cholera is flying out of Malta, where of 2378 persons attacked in the month of July, 1865, 1,600 died; and in January, 1866 have died. The last account reported only one case daily among the troops. The illness is now commanding great ravages in Jerusalem. The streets and bazars are deserted. The Governor and the other principal officers of the population taking flight in all directions. The Pashaw, the Governor, the Greek archbishop, and the foreign consular agents, with the exception of the French consul, have been the first to fly. A fatal example of cowardice which has done only remain at Jerusalem those inhabitants who are too poor to leave the city.

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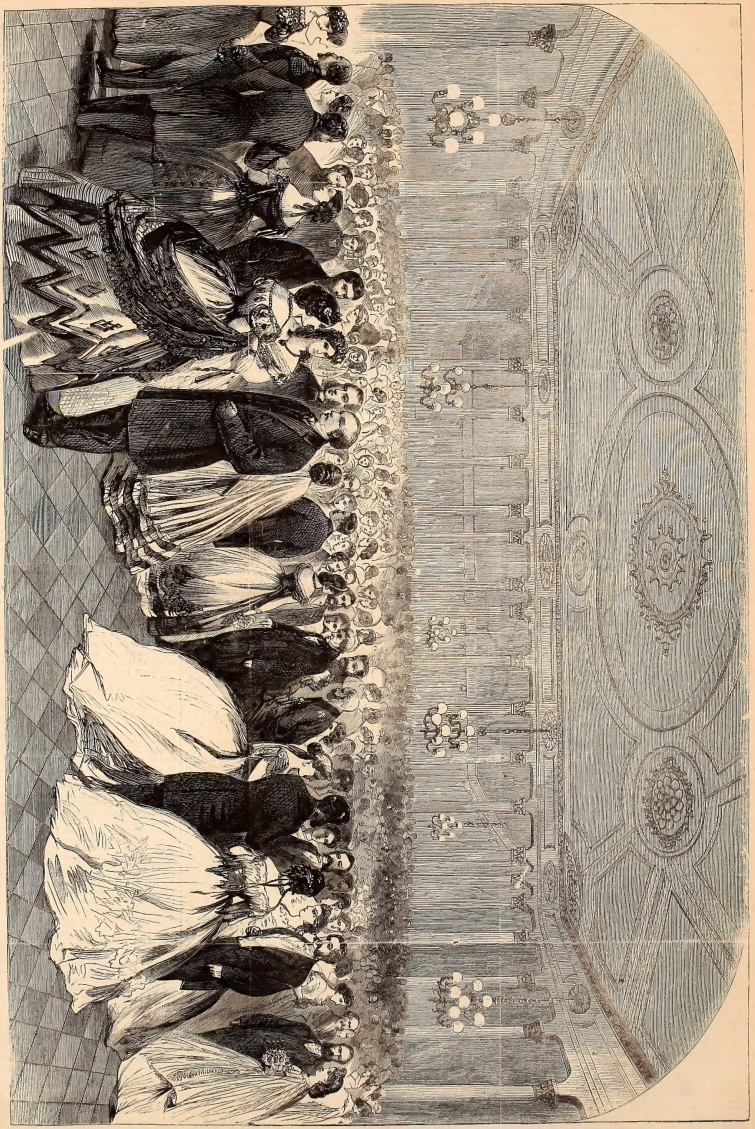
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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



RECEPTION OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY—GUESTS IN THE REFRESHMENT-ROOM. [See Page 774.]

DAISY STARS.

Two little daisy stars shining on me,
Out of a letter from over the sea.

Shed their soft lustre o'er the dim track,
Into my childhood's haunts all the way back;

Into green meadows fringed white with the spray
Of blossoming thorn-bush decked with the May,

Where the dear daisies grew, spangling the sward,
With silver and gold for Peasant and Lord.

Beautiful vision of long-buried years;
I see it again through eyes dimmed with tears!

There's never a hillside, never a lawn,
Unspent with the daisy where I was born.

But searching in vain 'neath Western sky,
No glance of the crimson-tipt flower I spy.

Here are meadows and vales of emerald hue,
But never a daisy is wet with their dew.

The Prairie's broad beauty with blossom is gay;
But "Ah, those old daisies!" no pilgrim can say.

From ocean to ocean, from fir-tree to pain,
No daisy in spring-time claims its low pleasure.

While those I left England each season will sod
Looks lovingly up through the day's eye to God.

Thickly the blossoms gleam in the church-yard,
And the young grave with their light is starred.

Thus am I looking beyond the great sea,
Lighted by daisy stars shining on me.

Thus am I living my childhood again,
Linked to the Past by a frail daisy-chain.

Rhymes for her daisies, my friend asked of me;
So we change trifles across the wide sea.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL GRANT.

GENERAL GRANT is a man not more characteristic for his military ability than for his simplicity of character. There is nothing pretentious or assuming about him, and such a man in public and entertainments parade is distasteful. It was, therefore, on the part of General GRANT, a great favor to consent to a public reception in this city. Although there were some things to mar the occasion, it was one which will ever be remembered by all who were present. It was an event in which the mass of the people did not participate except by sympathy. Only the wealth, fashion, and, in high degree, the intelligence of the metropolis were represented. The place in which the reception was held—the Fifth Avenue Hotel—was the most expensive of New York gold-solidity.

Circulars were issued beforehand to one hundred and fifty gentlemen of the city, who each contributed $100 to defray the expenses of the reception. Invitations were issued for the hour of duration, and every preparation was made in view of imparting all possible splendor to the occasion.

Early on the evening of the 20th of December the guests began to congregate. Between rows of policemen they passed up the grand stairway, where chandeliers and dressing-rooms were in readiness. Soon the corridors were crammed, and the large and elegant parlors, which were richly adorned with flowers were distributed among the gentlemen, and flowers were given to the ladies. After making their arrangements to conform to the law which limited the crowd of twenty-five hundred people, the Committee amused themselves by making cordites hither and thither, and doing all in their power to obviate the the noisy promulgation of orders impossible to be obeyed. General FRANCIS C. BARLOW, the head man of the Committee, particularly distinguished himself. Now he stood on a chair, and with vigorous elocution called out, "Order!" and again he would rush fiercely against the crowd, crying aloud, "Make room here! why will you crowd so?" and then subsiding for a brief moment he would distribute partially broken bouquets to his friends near him.

The reception room was one of the parlors of the hotel, at the further side of which a dais had been placed, on which were several chairs. The only decoration in the room was a magnificent $500 (the cost was a prominent topic of conversation) arrangement of flowers, presented by Harper's Weekly. It was made of tuberoses, jasmines, forget-me-nots, camellias, and heliotropes, representing on either side an American flag, with the letters U. S. G.

In this room a favored few were gathered together in the enjoyment of comparative comfort, while the crowd in the corridors were being momentarily and still larger crowd outside was being drenched with rain.

At last it was whispered that the General had arrived. General WETMORE seemed to think so, at any rate. Opening the door he announced, "Gentlemen, I'll say," "Make room here; the General is coming!" and then holding because his orders were not obeyed. General GRANT entered then, accompanied by five ladies, and was escorted to the dais, followed immediately by the Committee, and more clamorously applauded. The General was accompanied by his daughter, Miss NELLIE GRANT, and his three boys. In the procession of ladies next to General GRANT there was the most ludicrous disorder. Says the *Times* reporter:

If one had gazed solely away from the hot and badge room, and had endured for an hour and a half the presence of thousands of the crowd, he would have found at the door of the reception-room, on the very threshold of his destiny, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury CHITTENDEN, turning to another, aimed by a third, and opposed by a fourth, who asked him in a voice of "WINDSOR," and "Mr. CHITTENDEN," repeated the committee man; the guest bows to the crowded lobby, and then, turning to the committee, begs the predicter he finds himself pushed before Mrs. GRANT, who smiles gayly at his awkwardness, and then at the sole rear remnant him. Before he fairly knows who he is, he is ushered in by the committee, he is passed on by a deputation of excited members of the committee, who mistake him for some one else, and then—for my dear fun, forgive up, pose on; this is no time for "after speeches." On he goes, and in the face, perplexed in the midst of a hundred to help, and every way unlucky.

In front of the flowers stood General GRANT, with the committee at his left, and the ladies with a large space just by and at his right were Mrs. GRANT and other ladies unnoticed; at his left were Mrs. GENERAL HOOKER, Mr. EDGAR ALLEN, General WOOD, JOHN VAN BUREN, Miss IDA, General CORBIN, and occasionally General GRANT and the members of the press. In front was the multitude shoulder, jostling, hot, tired, cross, and excited, badgered and bullied, and pushed and pulled by the infelicitous committeemen. As each couple approached a little man seized their names; he generally managed to get them wrong, and announced to the General all queer kinds of expressions, which were so amusing to the parties presented as they were unintelligible to the General, some of the people offered prayers for him as they passed, and others pledged him the opportunity of making good their promises in the future.

"I'm so glad to see you, General. God bless and preserve you always."

"General, this is my eldest son, WILLIAM MASON—WILLIAM, GENERAL GRANT—GENERAL, WILLIAM MASON. Say for him every night." (WILLIE attempts to do so, but is bored on every side by the committee-men.)

"I had a brother in the Twenty-ninth Connecticut. I wonder if you knew him?"

After the reception there was a select banquet given in honor of the General.

Notwithstanding the confusion which every where prevailed, we are able through the facilities kindly offered to our artists by HIRAM HITCHCOCK, Esq., to give our readers illustrations of the reception. But for Mr. HITCHCOCK'S courtesy the public would have been deprived of any faithful pictorial representation of the affair, for it was impossible to illustrate.

The portrait of Lieutenant-General GRANT, which we give our readers on page 772, is from a recent photograph by F. GUTEKUNST, Philadelphia—the best that has been produced.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR PERRY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BENJAMIN F. PERRY, Provisional Governor of South Carolina, and lately elected to the United States Senate, was born in Greenville, in Pickens District, South Carolina, November 20, 1805. His father fought in the Revolutionary army. In 1826 he was admitted to the office of Judge EARLE. He was admitted to the bar in 1827.

Mr. PERRY was originally not an opponent of nullification in 1832. He was delegate to the Union Convention which met at Columbia in that year. He opposed secession, and published a majority of only sixty votes as a Union candidate for Congress. In 1836 he was elected to the State Legislature, and was re-elected in the following year. In 1844 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1850, when the disunion feeling again rose high, Mr. PERRY published a Union paper at Greenville, and persevered in its publication, though at great personal risk. A speech which he made in the Legislature was widely published throughout the North and South. Mr. PERRY'S speech and President JACKSON'S action against nullification led to a sitting-off secession in South Carolina, and when in 1851 an election was held for a State Convention to dissolve the Union nobody but the Union men voted, and the State did not secede.

Mr. PERRY has taken strong grounds in favor of the admission of the Southern representatives to Congress before the organization of that body. In this regard PRESIDENT JOHNSON coincides with him. Although we can not coincide with many of the opinions expressed by Mr. PERRY since his appointment as Provisional Governor of South Carolina, we are not now prepared to say that he has not acted as a regards the illegality of secession, and that whatever else he may be he is not a Democrat after the fashion of our Northern SEYMOURS and VALLANDIGHAMS.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXIX.
O DELLA ETA DELL' ORO!

CAREWORN and intent, his lips pressed nervously together, his brow contracted, his eyes, dark, and apt, all traveling swiftly in concert, William Trefalden bent over his desk, working against time, against danger, against fate. All that day, long before, and long after, he had been sitting in the same place, laboring at the same task, and his work was now drawing to a close. Piles of letters, papers, memoranda, deeds, and account-books crowded the table. A waste-paper basket, full to overflowing, was placed at his left elbow. Within reach was a large cash-box to the right of his desk. Although it was early in the morning, the atmosphere, and the warm evening sunlight was pouring in through the open window, a fire burned in the grate. The Tregunnions, and all the house, and the charred tinder heap below indicated plainly enough for what purposes that fire had been kindled.

The sun sank lower and lower. The sullen roar of the great thoroughfare rose and fell, and never ceased. Now and then, however, voices up for a few moments and grown suddenly garrulous, chimed the quarters, struck the hours, and, having discharged that duty, dozed off again directly. Then the last glow faded from the housetops, and the evening lamps began to gleam even in City streets and stifling offices—came gently over all.

Still Mr. Trefalden worked on; his eager pen now flying over the page, now arrested at the close of a calculation, now hurrying with aside to several minutes at a time. Methodically, resolutely, rapidly, the lawyer pursued his task; and it was a task that required no ordinary application, demanding all the patience of which he was master, and taxing his memory to the uttermost. He had told his clerks that he was going out of town for six weeks, and was putting his papers in order before starting; but it was not so. He was going away, far away, never to set foot in that office again. He was turning his back upon his profession, upon England, upon his cousin Saxon, for ever and ever.

He had intended to do this weeks before. He had planned it when all was safe enough in advance. He was to have been in Madeira, perhaps many an ocean-league farther still, by this time; but fate had gone against him, and here, on the fifteenth of September, he was yet in London.

Mrs. Riviere was dead. They had believed her to be gaining strength at Sydenham, and she had seemed to be so much better that the very day was fixed for their journey to Liverpool, when, having committed some trifling imprudence, she caught a severe cold, fell dangerously ill, and, after lingering between life and death for weeks, died passively in her sleep, like a sick child. This event it was that delayed William Trefalden in his flight. He dreaded, he wanted, he burned to be gone—but in vain; for he loved Helen Riviere —loved her with all the depth and passion that were in him. To leave her, to go, could no more have tet her in her extremity of grief and apprehension than he could have saved her mother from the grave. So he waited and waited on, week after week, till Mrs. Riviere was one day laid to rest in a sheltered corner of Norwood Cemetery. By this time September had come, and he well knew that there was danger for him in every rising of the sun. He knew that Saxon might come back, that the storm might burst and overwhelm him at any moment. So he hurried on his final preparations with feverish haste, and thus, on the evening of the fifteenth, was winding up his accounts, ready to take flight on the morning.

Now he united a bundle of documents, and, having addressed it to their indorsements, consigned them, unread, to the waste-paper basket. Now he opened a packet of letters, which he immediately began to tear into countless fragments, thrust into the heart of the dull fire, and watched as they burned away. Deeds, copies of deeds, bonds, letters, returned checks, and miscellaneous papers of every description were thus disposed of in succession—some being consigned to the flames and some to the basket. At length, when table and safe were both thoroughly cleared, and the cash-box deposited into that, Mr. Trefalden lit his office-lamp, refreshed himself with a draught of cold water, and sat down once more to his task.

This time he had other and pleasanter work in hand.

He drew the cash-box toward him, plunged his hands into it with a sort of eager triumph, and ranged the contents before him in order. Those contents were of various kinds—paper, gold, and precious stones. Paper of various colors and sizes—bank-notes, checks, thick, semi-transparent, bluish, yellowish, and white; gold in rouleaux; and precious stones in tiny canvas bags, and in a small red tape. Money! Money —all money; or that which was equivalent to money!

For a moment William Trefalden leaned back in his chair and surveyed his treasure. It was a great fortune—a splendid fortune, a fortune realized off, as it were, at the sword's point. He had his own audacity, his own matchless skill to thank for the whole of it. There it lay, the half million of money!

Was he satisfied? Was his satisfaction troubled by no shadow of remorse? Not in the least. If some fresh lines had shown themselves of late about his mouth and eyes, it may be safely presumed that they were summoned there by no "compunctious visitings." If William Trefalden looked pale and haggard, it was because he felt trembling of the mine beneath his feet, and knew that his danger grew more imminent with the delay of every hour. If William Trefalden exhibited a regret, it was not because he had robbed his cousin of so much, but rather that he had not taken more.

Two millions of money! Pshaw! Why not three? Why not four? Two millions were barely his own rightful share of the Trefalden legacy. Had not Saxon inherited four million pounds sterling, and two-and-sixty thousand pounds, and in simple fairness should not he, William Trefalden, have received at least seventy-five hundred and eighty-eight thousand for himself?

There was one moment when he might have had it—one moment when, in a moment's pause of a word, he might have swept all, *all*, into his own hands! That moment was when Saxon gave him the key of the safe in the library of Castletowers. He remembered that his cousin had even proposed with his own lips to double the amount—a proposal which, Fool! overcautious, apprehensive fool that he had been to refuse it. He had shrunk from the deed at the moment he grasp at the whole of the golden prize. He had dreaded lest the young man should not keep the secret faithfully—lest suspicion might be excited among those through whose hands the money must pass; lest something should happen—some accident, some delay, should be done to bring about discovery. So, fearing to risk too much, he had left a certain chance slip through his fingers, and now, when he might have secured all, he had to be content with less than half.

Well, even so, had he not achieved the possession of two millions? As he thought thus, he looked round upon the wealth before his eyes, as he saw before him not mere gold and paper, but a dazzling vision of freedom, luxury, and love. His wife, his children, the Adelaide, and her—in a new world, among a new people—he saw himself surrounded by a gorgeous home; in lands, equipages, books, pictures, slaves; adored by the woman whom he loved, and surrounded by all that makes life beautiful. Nor did he omit from this picture the respect of his fellow-citizens or the affection of his dependents. The man meant to live honestly in that magnificent future; nay, would have preferred to win his own million of money by fair means, if he had been fine a taste, too keen a sense of what was agreeable, not to appreciate to its fullest extent the luxury of an unsullied conscience. He liked, he liked a clean conscience as he liked a clean shirt, because it was both comfortable and gentlemanly, and suited his notions of refinement. So he fully intended to sin no more, but to cultivate all manner of public and private virtues, and die at last in the odor of popularity.

This delicious dream indulged through his mind in less time than it occupies in the recital. Hopes, regrets, anticipations followed each other so swiftly that the smile with which his reverie began had scarcely faded from his lips when he again took up his pen and proceeded to note down in their order the various items of his wealth.

For months past he had been quietly and cautiously disposing of his money, not selling out the whole two millions at once, but taking it a little at a time, placing some here, some there, and transferring the greater portion of it under his assumed name of Forsyth to foreign securities.

One by one he now examined each packet of notes and shares, each rouleau of gold, each bag of precious stones; returned each to the cash-box; and entered a memorandum of its nature and value in the pages of his private accountbook. This account-book was a tiny clasp volume, fitted with a patent lock, and small enough to go into the waistcoat pocket. Had he lost it, the finder thereof would have profited little by its contents, for the whole was written in a cunning cipher of William Trefalden's own invention.

English bank-notes to the value of thousands and tens of thousands of pounds; notes of the Banque de France for tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of francs; American notes for tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars; Austrian notes, Russian notes, Belgian and Dutch notes, notes issued by many governments and cities of the highest denominations; certificates of government stock in all the chief capitals of Europe; shares in great Indian and European railways; in steam vessels; in companies, insurance companies, gas companies, docks, mines, and banks, in all parts of the known world—in India, in Egypt, in Rio Janeiro, in Ceylon, in Canada, in New Zealand, in the Hebrides, in Australia, in New Granada, and Java; rouleaux of English sovereigns, of Napoleons, of Frédrichs d'or; tiny bags of diamonds and rubies, such as are used for a pleasant gift in money, money, in a thousand channels, in a thousand directions; it lay, palpable to the eye and the touch; there it lay, and he entered it in his book, packed it away in his cash-box, and told it over to the uttermost farthing.

He alone knew the care, the anxious thought, the wearisome precautions that those investments had cost him. He alone knew how much it had been to choose the safe and avoid the doubtful; to be perpetually on the watch for one letter, then in that, without attracting undue attention in the money market; to transact with his own unaided hand all the business connected with those purchases, and yet so to transact it that not even his own clerks should suspect how he was employed.

However, it was all over now—literally all over, when, at half past nine o'clock in the evening, he at length turned the last page in the last rouleau, and noted down the last sum in his account-book.

Then he took a deed-box from the shelf above the door, locked the cash-box inside, and put the key in his pocket. That deed-box he inscribed in white letters with the name of a former client —a client long since dead, called "Mr. Forsyth."

Having done this he placed both in a large portmanteau, lined throughout with oil-cloth, and fitted with a curious and complicated padlock—a bag which he had made for this express purpose a fortnight or two before. Last of all, having strapped and locked the bag; locked the empty safe; stirred the ashes beneath the grate to see if any fragment of paper were left to ruminel; cast a farewell glance round the room in which so many hours of his life had been spent; put out the lamp, and put it by, that William Trefalden took up the precious carpet-bag, and left the office, as he believed, forever.

But it was not forever. It was not even for ten minutes; for, behold, when he had gone down the gloomy staircase and unbolted the house-door at the end of the passage opening upon the street, he found himself face to face with a tall young man in a shabby hat and a shabby coat, who, having rung the housekeeper's bell—a tall young man with a sunburnt face and the lamplight and barred the way, exclaiming:

"Not so fast, if you please, cousin William. I must trouble you to turn back again, if you please. I have something to say to you."

CHAPTER LXXX.
FACE TO FACE.

OLIMPIA'S fortitude broke down utterly when all was over. She neither sobbed, nor raved, nor gave expression to fear as to sorrow as were to do; but she seemed suddenly to loose her hold upon life and become lost in measureless despair. She neither spoke nor wept. Consigned nor thirsted; but remained, hour after hour, pale, motionless, and silent as the one for whom she mourned. From this apathy she was by-and-by roused to the sharp agony of a last, heartbreaking farewell. The wooden coffin in which corpse was removed at Civita Vecchia, and Lord Castletowers left them in order to attend the poor remains to their last resting-place in Rome; but this trial over, and her disguise exchanged for mourning robes befitting her sorrow and her sex, Miss Colonna relapsed into her former lethargy, and passively accepted such advice as Saxon where she had to offer. Under his care she went on to Nice, where, in accordance with Saxon's suggestion, Olimpia was to await the Count's return.

It is unnecessary to say that Saxon cast an

chor in vain in the picturesque port of that pleasant town. In vain he called upon the English consul; in vain applied to the chief of police, to the postal authorities, to every official personage from whom he conceived it possible to procure the information of which he was in search. The name of Riviere had not been heard in the place.

He examined the visitors' list for the last three months, but found no record of their arrival. He inquired at the bank with the same success. At factory result. It was the slack season, too, at Nice—the season when visitors are few, and every stranger is known by name and sight—and yet no ladies answering in any way to his description had been seen there that summer.

Having spent the best part of a day in the prosecution of this hopeless quest, Saxon was forced at last to conclude that Mrs. and Miss Riviere were most assiduously unobservable in Nice, but that they had never been to Nice at all.

And now, he asked himself, what was to be done? To leave Miss Colonna among strangers was impossible. To remain with her at Nice was, for himself, equally impossible. Moreover, Olimpia cut the knot of this difficulty by announcing her desire to be taken at once to England. She had friends in London, dear and tried friends, who had labored with her in the Italian cause for many years, among whom she would now find tender sympathy. She expressed no wish to go to Castlemere, as she would surely have done a few months before; and Saxon, knowing the cause of her silence, dared not propose it to her.

So, having written a hasty line to Lord Castlemere, informing him of their change of plans, Saxon dispatched his yacht to Portsmouth, bade farewell to Monteneuil, who was now hastening back to south Italy, and conducted Miss Colonna back through France as fast as the railroads could take them. On the fifteenth of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they landed at Dover. At seven o'clock that same evening a young man had conducted the lady to the house of a friend at Chiswick, and, having dispatched a hasty note to the club, found himself standing face to face with William Trefalden.

"This is indeed a surprise, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they withdrew into the passage.

"I fear and regret to intrude upon you, Cousin William," replied the young man, sternly.

But the lawyer had already surveyed his position, and assumed his line of defense. For a moment, his heart failed within him, he betrayed no sign of confusion. Quick to think, prompt to act, knowing the trouble that lay before him, he answered promptly, he became at once master of the situation.

"Nay," he replied, quite easily and pleasantly, "how should it be other than agreeable to welcome you back after three months of silence? I scarcely expected, however, to see you quite so soon. Why did you not write to tell me you were coming?"

But to this question, Saxon, following his cousin up the staircase, made no reply.

Mr. Trefalden unlocked his office-door, lit his office-lamp, and led the way into his private room.

"And now, Saxon," said he, "sit down and tell me all about Norway."

But Saxon folded his arms, and remained standing.

"I have nothing to tell you about Norway," he replied. "I have not been to Norway."

"Not been to Norway? Where then have you been, my dear fellow?"

"To the far East."

He looked hard at his cousin's face as he said this; but Mr. Trefalden only raised his eyebrows the very least in the world, seated himself carelessly in his accustomed chair, and replied:

"A change of programme, indeed! What caused you to give up the North?"

"Chance. Perhaps fate."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear Saxon," he said, "you have grown quite oracular in your style of conversation. But why do you not sit down?"

Saxon paused, and I am friends no longer," replied the young man; "because you have betrayed the trust I placed in you, and the friendship I gave you, because you have wronged me, lied to me, robbed me; because you are a felon, and I am an honest man!"

Mr. Trefalden turned livid with rage, and grasped the arm of his chair so fiercely that the veins swelled upon his hand, and the blood almost stood out white beneath the skin.

"Have you reflected, Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a deep, suppressed voice, "that this is such language as no one man can forgive from another?"

"Forgive!" echoed Saxon, indignantly. "Do you talk to me of forgiveness? Do you understand that I stand—all—all—alone—utterly ruined by all your baseness? I know that your Overland Company is a lie. I know there are neither directors nor shares, engineers nor works. I know that the whole scheme was simply a gigantic fraud devised by yourself for your own iniquitous ends!"

The lawyer bit his lips, and his eye glittered dangerously; but he kept his passion down, and replied, with forced calmness:

"You know, I presume, that the New Overland Route scheme was a failure. I could have told you that. I could also have told you that I have not the honor to be the contriver of that bubble. On the contrary, I am one of its victims."

Saxon looked at him with bitter incredulity; but he went on:

"As for your money, it is all safe—or nearly so. You have lost about sixteen thousand pounds by the transaction—I am sorry hundreds."

"If it were not that I can scarcely conceive of so much villainy as would be implied in the doubt," said Saxon, "I should say that I do not believe one word you tell me!"

"You will repent this," said Mr. Trefalden, grinding the words out slowly between his teeth.

"You will repent this from your very soul!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow, and pushed back his hair in an impatient, bewildered way.

"If I only knew what to believe!" he exclaimed, passionately.

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I will not waste the goodness to come here to-morrow at twelve," he said, "I will send one of my clerks with you to the Bank of England, to satisfy you of the safety of your money. In the mean while, I do not see that any thing is gained by a conversation which, on both sides, at least, consists of mere vituperation. Have you any thing more to say to me?"

"Yes. Where are Mrs. and Miss Riviere?"

"Mrs. Riviere is dead. Miss Riviere has returned to Florence."

"Is she married?"

"I believed it when I told you so, but I was misinformed."

"One more question, if you please. What have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds paid to Mr. Behrens's claim?"

The lawyer rose haughtily from his seat.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Simply this—what have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds placed in your hands by Lord Castlemere, for the purpose of the payment of Mr. Behrens's claim?"

"This, I presume, is meant for another insult?" said Mr. Trefalden, "but I refuse to reply to it."

"You had better reply to it," cried the young man, passionately. "For your own sake, I counsel you to reply to it. To-morrow will be too late."

The lawyer took another minute to himself, and flung it disdainfully upon the table.

"There is Mr. Behrens's card," he said. "Go yourself to his solicitors, and get another bill of mortgage has been paid off or not."

Saxon snatched up the card, and read: "Ottavius Behrens, *Solicitor, 19, Bread Street, E.C.*"

"God forgive you if you are again deceiving me, William!" he said.

But Mr. Trefalden only pointed to the open door.

"Whatever more you may have to say to me," he replied, "it will best be written."

Saxon lingered for a moment on the threshold, still looking earnestly, almost imploringly, in the lawyer's face. Then, once more saying "God forgive you if you are deceiving me!" he turned away, and went slowly down the stairs.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

HOW MR. BECKWITCH PASSED THE SUMMER HOURS.

RETURNING to his chambers weary and anxious, Saxon found it particularly delightful to find his dear friend, Mr. Laurence Greatorex, in possession of a sofa, making himself thoroughly at home with a newspaper, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. Somewhat over-demonstrative at the best of times, the banker's greetings were more than commonly oppressive on this occasion.

"I happened to drop into the club," he said, "and, hearing that you had left town, went home today, I wouldn't lose an hour in coming to see you, my dear boy—not an hour!"

And then he shook hands with Saxon for the twentieth time, and again protested that he was never so glad to see any one in his life—never, by Jove!

"But you don't look much the better for your Norwegian trip," he added.

"I suppose I am tired," replied Saxon, with a glance at the time-piece. "I have been travelling incessantly for many days."

"I hope you are not too tired to hear something that I have to tell you," said the banker.

"What is it about?"

"Well, it's about your precious cousin in Chancery Lane."

Saxon shook his head impatiently.

"Oh, Mr. Greatorex," he said, "that will wait to-morrow."

"I am not so sure that will. I am not sure, Trefalden, that you have come one day too soon."

"Has the Overland Route Company in a bubble," said Saxon, gloomily, "I know it already."

"You do?"

Saxon nodded.

"And knowing it?"

"Yes, some."

"All that Mr. Trefalden undertook to invest for you?"

"No; less than one hundredth part of it."

Only sixteen thousand pounds!" exclaimed the banker. "Why, a hundredth part of it!" repeated the banker. "By all the powers, then, you had invested him with something like two millions of money!"

"Just two millions."

"What has become of the remaining nineteen hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds?"

"It is re-invested, I presume, in Governments stock."

"You presume? What do you mean by saying you 'presume?' Don't you know so?"

Saxon shook himself, not an hour ago. He said he would send one of his clerks with me to-morrow to the Bank of England, that I might satisfy myself as to the safety of my money.

Mr. Greatorex got up and took three or four turns about the room, thinking profoundly.

Then he told me he was going shortly out of town?"

"No."

"And you took him by surprise, did you not?"

"Quite by surprise."

"Hump! Made an appointment with you for to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At his office."

"What hour?"

"Twelve."

Mr. Greatorex struck the table sharply with his open hand.

"Then he won't keep it!" exclaimed he. "I'd stake my head that he won't keep it!"

Saxon, looking at him moodily upon his hands, was of the same opinion.

"Now, my dear Saxon, Trefalden," said the banker, excitedly, "I have had my suspicions of your cousin all along. You know that; but some things have come to my ears of late. Do you know where he lives?"

"No."

"I do. Do you know *how* he lives?"

"Not in the least."

"I do."

"How did you come by your knowledge?"

"By means of his own head clerk—a fat fellow with a waxy face and a face like an overboiled apple-pudding."

"I know the man—Mr. Beckwitch."

"Beckwitch. And now, if you will just listen to me for five minutes, I'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

Then Mr. Laurence Greatorex related all about his interview with the lawyer, telling how William Trefalden had declined and changed colors at the latter mention of the new Company; how speciously he had explained away Saxon's statement with regard to investment; and how, at the close of the interview, the banker found that he had not really advanced one step toward the accomplishment of his friends. About a week or ten days, however, after this interview, Mr. Abel Beckwitch presented himself in Lombard Street, and, with a little deal of caution and circumlocution, gave Laurence Greatorex to understand that he would be willing to open negotiations with him. Then came a string of strange disclosures. It appeared that, at the same time, the banker learned the mystery of the lawyer's private life. A long course of secret and profuse expenditure, of debts, of pleasure, of reckless self-indulgence, was laid open to his astonished eyes. The history of the fair but frail Madame Duverray, the actress and the protégée of Elton Hope, down to the annual sum-total of Mr. Trefalden's wine-bill and the sale of his French cognac, was unfolded with a degree of method and precision eminently characteristic of Mr. Beckwitch's penchant. He had learned every thing which it was possible for any man not actually residing within the walls of Trefalden House to know. He had followed Madame's elegant little brougham to the parks, listened to her singing in the stillness of the summer evenings, and watched his employer in and out of the house over and over again. He had ingratiated himself with the Rousquon people; he had made an acquaintance with the tax-collector; he had even achieved a ponderous, respectable, church-going reputation with his employer's housekeeper, who was a serious person, with an account at the savingsbank. In short, when Mr. Beckwitch sought Mr. Laurence Greatorex in Lombard Street, he knew quite enough to be a valuable coadjutor, and Mr. Laurence Greatorex was only too glad to grasp at the proffered alliance.

"And now, my dear boy," said the banker, "the most important fact of all is just this—William Trefalden is preparing to bolt. For the last two days he has been posting up his accounts, clearing out old papers, and the like. He tells the people in Chancery Lane that he is going out of town for a week or two; but I don't think he'll believe it, and no more do I. He has his eye upon the Stars and Stripes as sure as your name is Saxon Trefalden!"

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE BLIND MAN RECOVERS SIGHT.

OBITUARY.

DYER.—On Monday last, Mrs. Dyer's, in this city, of a jet black, Mr. James Grizzlebury's whitener, in the prime of his youth and age. Deeply regretted by all who knew them.

Also, on the same day, at No. 792 Broadway, Miss M'Elmsley's merino shawl, aged thirteen years.

Sent out on a visit and stole here

To whiger to us "Then went dear."

Why is a drowned donkey like a horse-doctor?—Because it is a wet-ass-dentist.

Sheridan was walking in the suburbs of London one day arm in arm with a bosom companion. A passer-by recognized him, and whispered to his friend, "That is Sheridan, is that Sheridan." "That fellow has murdered his own language," observed Sheridan. "Oh, no," replied Sheridan, "he has only knocked an eye out of it!"

A man coming home one night rather late, a little more than usual one even, was suddenly startled, beyond a glow of water and drunk it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end, and the ball ball unwinding, he soon had seventy yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Will! will! I say, wife, come here! I am a-unravelling."

It is easy to say "Know thyself," but who is to introduce you? Persons may live through life without making the advantageous acquaintance in question.

SAINT PATRICK AND KILPATRICK.

Saint Patrick had a neat estate,
His very pride and joy;
They called it Jersey, but of late
'Twas Camden and Amboy.

Saint Patrick's title's the sword's secure;
From out his sainted bed
He dumpt the bribes, fix'd and sure,
Or changed them with his nod.

His hand wand that laid the snakes
Republican did slay;
In every race he swept the stakes
As in a sure play.

But soon another Patrick came,
With sweeping arm and will;
He drops the "saint" and mends the name
With dirt, properly still.

The hand rod once reptile spared—
The Copperhead lived still—
But changed into the fate declared
Her Patrick should be Kill.

Hibernia Patrick gave a Kilshed,
And Killed outright is Ronyon;
The Irish speak a queer tongue indeed
And Wakned by the Union.

A WICKED SORT.—When is a fisherman like a candle? When he's a-bait-in'.

"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the bravest of lieutenants. "All in my way," answered the King. "I will have you hanged." "Sire," replied the soldier. The King shortly, whistled, and signed.

Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could comprehend the law. They made a bet at length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they went. "Well, Cheny," said the judge, "what is it you tomorrow?" "I shall think it vash," said John. Wasn't that going to a quandary?

"I knew a young lady who said she didn't like turtle soup. Affectionately rebuking her, I was answered, pleasingly, that it made her sick. I went to the taste, but that she thought it so cruel and wicked to kill turtle-doves."

A miller had his neighbor arrested under the charge of stealing two bushels of corn. The neighbor was with difficulty enabled to clear himself of the charge, and the miller asked him how he could manage to do it. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat; I can't prove it, and so you must go free."

EXCUSE FOR CITY CLERKS.—A run on a bank.

THE ADVENTURER'S PARADOX.—Puffin Island.

At a school examination a young tyro in declension, when asked to parse by the teacher that he must genticize into according to rule, in connection with which sentence "The cruel Mohawk in fiery toil," lifted the toil of his coat to a horizontal position, causing a roar of laughter.

FIG AND LETTUCE.—What's the difference between Typhus and small-pox? Just enough.—The one is good enough for the sage's cave and the other for the sausage.

TO PROVE DOWN BY THE WORLD.—Try the new Hotels: they will give you a bill.

WHITE BAIT.—Widows caps.

The newest thing out is "plompers" for hollow cheeked damsels. The plumper is made of porcelain, pear-shaped in form, the large end being placed in the mouth the other. They fit on the inside of the cheeks, giving a round, plump appearance to hollow cheeks and sunken eyes.

A thrifty wife wonders why the men can't do something useful. Mighn't they as well amuse themselves in mending the roads as in smoking cigars?

There is said to be something consoling for every ill in this life. For instance, if a man is bald-headed his wife can't pull his hair.

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers the poet, "What do you think of my husband's looks?" "Why, he would look very well for a baboon on purpose to please me." "The dear little man," replied Rogers, "he is a perfect Adonis."

If a shoemaker, in approaching his end, cannot cold and gives up his soul, what will become of his sole if he can not finish his last?

LITERARY NOTE.—People have been greatly puzzled to understand the changes in the name of the firm of Longman, Brown, Green & Longman. It is explained—Mr. Brown has a Green. But now the mystery is explained—there is a Brown in the firm.

A little girl being sent to a store to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the storekeeper:

"John, what do folks dye with?"

"Why, some dye with rheumatism," replied John.

"Well, I believe that's the name. I want to have three cents' worth."

The following is said to be the private recipe of a Washington editor—but we don't believe it: "Take one pint of whiskey, and one pint of new-milked cow; then add one gill of whiskey, and one gill of whiskey, and one gill of whiskey. Fill a large bowl with water, and sprinkle the powder in the bottom of your pash. Take a tea-spoonful of powder into two spoonfuls of water; pour out the whole into a jug with whiskey, and add to the above. Flavor with whiskey to your taste. A dose: three 'fingers' every half hour."

HOW TO LEARN TO LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.—Play at Croquet.

Robbers come just like rain—they fall on the just and the unjust.

NEW NAME FOR A STEALER OF WATCHES.—Procrastination.

A satchmed judge had a very sleepy wife. On one occasion she received a friend of your coach. She came with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said his honor to her, "to have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

Milk makes a man fat, but whisky makes him lean.

"It is never too late to mend," as the old lady said when she took up with 12 yrs. to darn her husband's stockings.

Why is the letter R the embodiment of every American party's political principle? It is the end of war and the commencement of re-action.

"Do you like cod's balls, Mr. Wiggin?" Mr. Wiggin, hesitatingly: "I really don't know, Miss; I don't remember attending one."

"Pa, how many legs has a dog?" "A dog has no legs, my child." "Why, pa, the paper says a dog has four."

It was told Lord Chesterfield that a lady, who was a great favorite of his, was married to a gamester, on whose life lordship said "that cards and fortune made the best matches."





PEACE & UNITY.



FRUITS OF AN ABUNDANT SEASON.

NATIONAL TH

DECEMBE

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLA

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, during the year wh try from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us a great enlargement of CIVIL LIBERTY; and

Whereas our Heavenly Father has also, during the year, g ilence, and famine, while OUR GRANARIES ARE FULL OF THE F

Whereas righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a r

Now, therefore, I, ANDREW JOHNSON, President of the Uni they do set apart and observe the First Thursday of Dece the Universe for THESE DELIVERANCES AND BLESSINGS.

And I do further recommend that on that occasion the His infinite goodness, and with one heart and one mind li and holiness.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my Hand, and at the City of Washington this twenty-eighth day of dred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the U

By the President,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.



ANKSGIVING,

L V. 1865.

WASHINGTON, *October* 28, 1865.

MATION.

ch is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved coun-
to secure the blessings of PEACE, UNITY, and HARMONY, with

aciously averted from us the calamities of foreign war, pest-
UITS OF AN ABUNDANT SEASON; and
proach to any people;
ed States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof that
ober as a day of National Thanksgiving to the Creator of

whole people make confession of our national sins against
plore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue

caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done
October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hun-
nited States the ninetieth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.



PLENTY OF WORK.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Tune weary night of war is gone,
Its shadows grim and ghastly flee;
The day her robes of Peace puts on,
And chants her matins, Lord, to Thee!

The morning's song that soars to heaven,
We join, O God! with voice and heart;
At Thy command the chains are riven,
Thou smilest and our woes depart.

When the red tide of blood ran high,
And Treason like a demon raged,
Our banners drooped not in the sky,
For Thy great cause our battle waged.

Before its front, where fiery hail
Fell thick and fast, our Ark we bore,
Twas Freedom's death it we should fail,
And Life, or Death, the choice no more.

In the blue heaven of Peace we see,
Serenely shining, orbed and great,
The quenchless Star of Liberty,
That pours its beams on every State.

For broken chains that fettered men,
For flags once torn that flutter free,
For bonds of Union forged again,
Twixt States at Freedom's altar wed:

And more than all, for holier Peace
Than that the Sword can hope to win,
Our grateful songs shall never cease,
Till Praise in Death's sad silence sleeps.

FARMER BELL'S THANKSGIVING.

A cozy, comfortable home was Farmer Bell's. Originally it was one of those old-fashioned, square houses which are pretty much all kitchen," and that kitchen as delightful a spot to pass a winter evening in as you would find in a day's ride. But he prospered Farmer Bell had built a modern front to his house, so that he now had a parlor, where there was a stuffy carpet, some surmounted by two vases filled with dried grasses, and a center-table covered with books and daguerreotypes, and a fashionable stove to make the couple on the floor. On great occasions, such as Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, the parlor was ventilated and opened; and throughout this goodly land there was no man who observed Thanksgiving Day more religiously than did Farmer Bell. Every day had never passed over his head without its every item of customary observance—from the going to "meeting" in the morning, down to the evening sermonizing which no holiday turkey is a perfect success. And it was even so with Farmer Bell's cheerful host that Thanksgiving Day had never passed over his head in gloom. But this year the great man looked forward to the coming of that day with painful feelings, for it promised to be accompanied with little comfort. Farmer Bell had been unfortunate.

In the spring Mr. Bell, looking forward to his son Leonard's contemplated marriage with Miss Emily Sutton, the prettiest girl within ten miles of large, had resolved to risk his all in a great speculation that would, inside of a year net him a good thousand dollars of clean profit, and that was to be Leonard's marriage portion. So Farmer Bell commenced buying up lean cattle. Owing to the stray demand for them, they were brought up from almost all over the country, and prices were very high. At that time there was a good prospect of an abundance, and when fat prices held on as they were he would make an excellent profit. He mortgaged his farm to Squire Grips, a land and old fool in the village, who refused to take a mortgage for a full year on the house, but agreed to transfer it to the cattle in the field if the money was not ready to pay; and Farmer Bell was not the kind of man to trouble himself about such a matter. Though I said his resources were fabulous, it was no act of his own to order of enterprise which flourishes in Wall Street; it was simply that if prices held on as they were he would make an excellent profit. He mortgaged his farm to Squire Grips, and also sold out to

the duty of being good to the poor, and leading to the Lord, and go on just like a printed book.

Well, one morning, when I was right in the middle of my talking, I heard one of those little tinklings at the bell that always seemed to say I hain't no business to ring, and I hope to goodness they won't hear. I knew it was one of my pets with a stomach like a Dutch oven and empty, of course, so I didn't stir. But of course she heard it and called me. Then I had to go, and I suppose I did speak a little piece of my mind all to myself as I went upstairs, and Aunt Sally she must have heard me, and was just coming enough to follow me to the door for fear I would drive one of her saints away. When I opened the door there was a little girl about eight years old, and, though it was freezing weather, she hadn't a mite of a shawl or cloak on, and looked so pitiful and that, if I hadn't been so hopping mad, I shouldn't have been so ugly as I was, for I just burst right out; and says I to her, 'you just clear right off from that door and go along home; and if you haven't got any home, you can go to the poor-house, for you can't come here.' Then when I heard Aunt Sally's voice. "Jerusha, how can you speak so to this poor lamb?" "Well, mum," says I, "she can come back in two or three hours after the bread is baked, for there isn't a morsel of any thing to eat in this house; that last ragged saint that was here stole or ate every bit of it." But Aunt Sally didn't take the slightest notice. She actually pushed past me, and had taken the child's hand and carried her right into the parlor. I had got half-way down stairs again when I heard her call me, and I went back into the parlor. "Jerusha," says she to me, "did you ever?" "Yes," says I, "often;" but says she, "did you ever see?"

"Yes," says I, "and never expect to see any thing else." All the time the little thing was standing near the hearth and looking wistfully, first at Aunt Sally and then at me; and as Aunt Sally was about to speak to me again the little girl took off her hat and kneeled down and buried her head in the folds of Aunt Sally's bombazine dress and burst out crying. Aunt Sally she looked a little more pleased, and I didn't know what on earth to do; but Aunt Sally she took her in her great motherly embrace, and put her hand gently on the little thing's head, and never said a word to her at first, until by-and-by the poor little thing seemed to stop all of a sudden and looked up and tried to smile, and made such an effort that, says I to myself, she's got the real stuff, and I'll let a cookey-cat be drawn in pill if I don't behave civil too when she gets to be an old woman.

Aunt Sally looked at the child and seemed to be dead beat. "Jerusha," said she, "did you ever see such a likeness?"

"Whose likeness?" said I.

"Oh! I forgot," said Aunt Sally; "but she is wonderfully like—"

"Well," said I, "I think she is."

"Who?" said Aunt Sally, rather startled.

"Why," said I, "she's wonderfully like one of those little things in the cathedral that I see sitting up in the clouds. No, I don't mean *sitting* up, cause, goodness knows, they can't do that, for they haven't got any thing but heads and wings."

"Yes; she is a perfect little cherubim," said Aunt Sally; "and I wonder I never saw it myself when I felt just like saying dito to that: for, come to take a good look at her, she was just prettier than any wax-work we have in a Noah's ark, with all the biggest and the bluest eyes, and the most splendid head of curls golden hair that curled down all over her shoulders—well, I never did see any thing half so pretty in a picture."

Aunt Sally was just as cunning as the serpent in the Scripture that was as harmless as a dove; for she never said one word to the child till she saw she was able to speak without bursting out crying. Then she said to her, says she, "What is your name, dear?"

The little thing looked steadily up at her, and says she, "My name is Etta, mum."

"Etta!" says Aunt Sally.

"Yes," says the child; "they called me Etta, but my real name is Juliet."

When she said that, Aunt Sally just caught her right up in her arms and kissed her, and almost burst right out a-crying herself. "Etta—Juliet," says she, "what a coincidence!"

"Yes," said I, "it is indeed;" though what a coincidence was I had no more idea than the Pope.

"Jerusha," says Aunt Sally, "you can go down to your work."

"Yes, mum," says I; "but perhaps the poor little critter is hungry;" for I had no idea of going down till I found out all about her.

"No," says Aunt Sally, "I don't want any thing. I want to see my father and mother. Oh, what has become of them! I shall never see them any more!" And she had her head down in Aunt Sally's lap, and though she didn't make a bit of noise I could see that she was crying all to pieces. So I thinks I to myself, that's the first beggar I ever saw that was troubled with a father; but that child ain't no beggar, and what she is to turn out in the end cut; and though I ain't a bit curious, and never ask no questions of my body, yet I did feel kinder anxious to know all about it myself, and my body with half an eye could see she was something out of the common way.

Well, it turned out that the little girl's father was an artist, and she had lived in Italy all her life, and could speak Italian as well as any organ-grinder. It gave me quite a turn when I found out she was a foreigner, cause I never could abide them, as it showed in me that every one of them that came to this country was a beggar, and goodness knows how they all got here unless they walk. But she wasn't exactly a foreigner neither, cause her father and mother were both Americans, and they lived in Italy for it was cheaper. So the little girl told the story, how her father and mother and herself all went on board of a ship where they made Laughing, and sailed on and on, and became to come back to America. And after they got into the Atlantic Ocean there came on the dreadfullest storm that ever blew since Noah, and the ship fell overboard, and the Captain cut away the masts, and after every body was nearly drowned drinking salt-water the ship got up, and then they found it was leaking dreadfully, and 'twan't no use pumping, for the water poured in faster than they could pump it out. So they had to get into the little boats, and the most dreadful part of it was that the little girl's father put her into one of the boats, and was going to put her mother in, but the boat-hooks were pushed away from the ship with every body that was in it; and then her father and mother got into another boat, and away they went, was, and they had to wait to lower the water and provisions in, and the other boat drifted away clean out of sight. The little girl never guess she'd see them again, and she never saw her father or mother afterward.

I declare I don't know whether Aunt Sally or I cried the most when that pretty little critter was telling her story, and when she got done she just screamed after her mother, and begged the sailors to take her back, and how she could hear her mother calling her to come. And they picked up the next day—I mean the boat that had the little girl in it, and by an American brig that was homeward-bound—and after a long voyage they arrived in New York, and the Captain, who was a clever old critter, he brought the little girl as well as he could to where his wife lived, and where he lived when he was to home, and he had been to home about a week, and thought that he'd better inquire a bit that very city once they couldn't find out any thing about the child's relatives, for you see it turned out afterward that he was a stranger there, and the little girl didn't know any thing about her father's folks, and the old sea-captain had just made up his mind to adopt the little girl as one of his own little thing and was an orphan, and by a special providence the Captain's wife was childless.

But the child couldn't forget her father and mother, and was always thinkin' of them, and was always crying for them, and would wake up in the night and say she saw them on the water in a little boat, and they looked so sad, and her mother was always crying, and she was a little angel, and she went to go to them, and would go on dreadfully, and at last the whole family thought that she would die all this afterward, when we came to know that old sea-wife brought her home.

That very same night the first thing ran out of the house, because they told her he pa and ma had gone to heaven, and she wouldn't see them any more in this world, and that they had gone across the city and had rung at folk's doors, and they had turned her away, and it was when she had got fairly bothered out of her wits, and was crying in the street that I suppose she couldn't think of any thing but wanting her head down in Aunt Sally's lap, and crying from weariness and heart sickness and sorrow.

"Now," says Aunt Sally, says she, "Jerusha, I've made up my mind to keep this child, and I'll do it." "Dew tell," says I. "I've made up my mind, for I feel as if I had a right to." "Why, Aunt Sally," says I, "you've got no right at all, for the child is my relation of yours?" "I don't know about that," says she. "Why how on earth can that be?" says I, for I was that flabbergasted and convinced that it was old Hic's grandchild. "Why," says I, "actually, Aunt Sally, you don't say so! I never was married, how was it *possible* that little girl should be his grand-daughter?" If ever I was struck all of a heap it was then, and I thought the old Hic had been married after all, and his wife had died and left a little girl a year old, and that little girl had grown up and was the prettiest little critter I ever saw that ever lived, and that old Hic and Aunt Sally thought there was nothing in the world good enough for her, and they just petted and spoiled her to death, and she fell in love with a young man who was a regular out-and-outer, and they married, and him, because old Hic wanted her to marry a rich man when she didn't like, and Aunt Sally didn't even know his name, and old Hic disowned her and wouldn't allow her name to be spoken, and Aunt Sally never could learn any thing about her, which showed how artful she was, for she was at first cross and savage, and then changed all of a sudden—because she was a woman—and was absent old critter that I don't believe he knew his own name all the time, and served him right, too.

Now there was a regular knock-down argument to the door, and Sally brought in the little girl that I didn't say any thing about, because I forgot it had any thing to do with the matter. "Jerusha," says she, "license in our street—No. 42—a real pretty fellow. He was six feet two inches high, and had dark curly whiskers. Well, I believe he was a sort of a beau of mine—least I guess so; for Hiram Doolittle used to call there, and he was a regular fright. Well, very well; for he pulled Hiram up more than twenty times for stopping on the crossing, and at last he asked Hiram's leave to call, and Hiram let him, and 42 pitched into him, and they both got a good whipping. Now if there was a part of his beat that 42 paid attention to it was Sally's door-step, and I'm sure as you live, when I opened the door when that little critter came to it, she looked so like a picture of the street with his brazen face. He grinned when he saw me, and winked one of his eyes, just to intimidate me, I s'pose, for he was a real impudifyer, for I was mortal afraid he would give me some of his impudence before Aunt Sally. But I mustn't have been so awful bad looking, for the policeman was just cute enough to bamboozle old Satan himself. Says he, says he, 'I've got a letter for you,' says his face, "Jerusha," says he. "What?" says I. "I've been watching that child, and it's my opinion she's lost. Now I'm off my beat, and I'm off duty, and I'm going to see after her." And with that he



THE CHINCHA (OR GUANO) ISLANDS—DUMPING THE GUANO INTO SHUTES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

SPAIN AND CHILI.

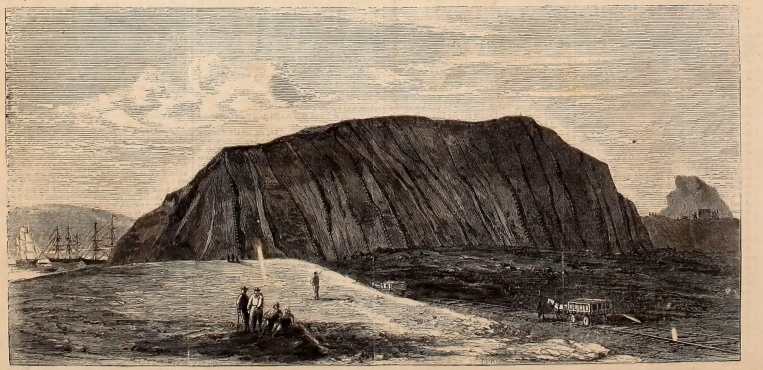
ONE civil war furnished to the Emperor NAPOLEON an opportunity to invade the republic of Mexico, and to establish, temporarily at least, an imperial form of government. Spain also, deeming that a similar opportunity had come to her, invaded San Domingo, and on the slightest pretext seized the Chincha Islands, belonging to Peru. What the result has been of the first of these attempts on the part of Spain is well known to our readers. Unable to sustain the burden of expense and the sacrifice of blood involved in the conquest of San Domingo, Spain withdrew her armies, and accepted humiliation in preference to bankruptcy and ruin.

In regard to the difficulty with Peru the result was different. Peru was compelled to pay an indemnity of four millions of dollars to defray the expenses of the cowardly attempt made by the Spanish Government. Stung with humiliation by the ill-success of her attempts to embroil the South American republics in war, Spain then turned her threatening face upon Chili, because the latter had refused coal to Admiral Pareo's marauding fleet, and had offered moral encouragement to Peru.

This has led to a rupture between Spain and Chili. The latter refusing to be intimidated by the Spanish demand for indemnity, the harbor of Valparaiso has been blockaded by Admiral PAREJA. What may grow out of this threatening movement is as yet uncertain. The recent speech delivered at Panama by Señor MACKENNA, Special Envoy from Chili to the United States, is of great importance. With much eloquence this gentleman dwelt upon the disinterested sympathy which Chili had always given to her sister republics, and for which she is now attacked. He said that the time was not far off when a stronger power would not be allowed to make war unjustly upon a weaker. Chili had already won half her victory by taking her position so bravely on the side of right. There remained only the physical conflict to be decided—a conflict which she would gladly avoid if she could do so with honor. He said that Spain was fighting for the possession of the Chincha Islands, and that all the republics of America should unite to avert the disgrace, and to avenge the insult which was intended for them all alike. The Isthmus of Panama should close all her ports against the Spanish fleet, and if they should thus become involved in the war, they would not fight alone. "There will fight by your side every man of courage who has come to reside in this city, the centre of the universe from its furthest extremities; there will fight with you the English, the German, the Scandina-



LOADING LIGHTERS WITH GUANO FROM SHUTES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



GREAT GUANO HEAP OF TWO MILLION TONS, ON THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER.]



BENJAMIN F. PERRY, PROVISIONAL GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 774.]



MARCUS L. WARD, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN.]

vian, the Italian—and, above all, there will fight with us those sons of North America whom I perceive here in a considerable number; for all those men adore in their hearts that sublime motto, the Isthmus of gold, as eternal as the Isthmus of land on which we tread, and which must always unite the two continents of America in one single group, in one single family, in one single home—the doctrine of Monroe—America for the Americans.'

It is a matter of some interest that at such a crisis General KILPATRICK has been sent as a Minister to Chili. The appointment becomes more suggestive, followed as it has been by the appointment of General LOGAN as Minister to the republic of Mexico. Not one of the least important matters which will come up for the consideration of the next Congress will be the attitude which this country is to take toward Mexico and the South American republics.

We give on page 780 some illustrations relating to the shipment of guano on the Chincha Islands. The property of these islands is estimated at a thousand millions of dollars. *Guano*, or *Huano*, is the Peruvian name for manure, and is applied to the solid excrement of carnivorous sea-birds, which is found in immense quantity on the coasts of South America and in other tropical countries, as in South Africa. This substance, though brought to Europe for the first time in 1840, has been employed by the Peruvians ever since the time of the Incas. The chief sources of supply are the Chincha Islands, off the coast of Lower Peru. So ignorant were the Governments of Peru and Bolivia of the value of this compost that they sold to private parties a nine years' monopoly of its shipment for the trifling sum of $40,000. This contract was broken in two years, when the value of guano was more fully appreciated. But the commerce in this article soon returned to the hands of monopolists, where it has since remained. The photographs from which our illustrations on page 780 are taken form a portion of the "Rays of Sunlight"—a collection of interesting photographs by Mr. A. GARDNER, recently published by Messrs. PHILP & SOLOMONS, Washington.

GOVERNOR WARD, OF NEW JERSEY.

WE give our readers on this page a portrait of MARCUS L. WARD, recently elected Governor of New Jersey. Mr. WARD is not in any sense a politician, having never participated prominently in purely political affairs. He has at the same time always maintained decided convictions, acting uniformly with the party opposed to the Democracy. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which nominated Mr. LINCOLN, and in 1864 was again a Senatorial delegate to the Baltimore Convention. His relations with Mr. LINCOLN were always of the most cordial and intimate character.

When the war broke out Mr. WARD at once took a decided stand, and from that time down to the present has given his time, resources, and energies to the promotion of the national cause. He was the first man in the country to devise and organize a system for collecting and forwarding the pay of soldiers in the field to their families at home; and during the war over *two millions of dollars* were thus sent to the homes of New Jersey, New York, and New England troops. All this was done without the loss of a single dollar, and without a dime's expense to those benefited—Mr. WARD giving his whole time and attention to the work, employing clerks and paying, out of his own pockets, all the cost incurred in the great charity—abandoning his personal business to labor in behalf of the nation's defenders. This fact added vastly to his popularity, the soldiers of the State voting almost unanimously in his favor. As exhibiting the estimation in which he is held at home, it may be stated that he carried his ward, city, and county by larger majorities than were ever before cast for any candidate—his city (Newark), which has heretofore been largely Democratic, giving him 1760 majority, and his county a majority of 2505.

Mr. WARD has always been a liberal patron of the arts, and is a gentleman of culture and admitted breadth and solidity of character.



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All are Warranted Gold of the Finest Workmanship.

Our customers will also have the great advantage of a constant succession of the most attractive styles and patterns with which we shall keep our New York Agency supplied.

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See Advertisement on Page 793.



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On Inside Page.

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Superior to Farina's best genuine: and indispensable toilet article, sure to give satisfaction.

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Sleeve-Buttons, $1, $2, and $3 a pair. Ivory and Pearl Jewelry, $1, $2, $3, and $5 a set. Ivory and Pearl Bristle-Brushes, $1 50 to $20 each. Scarf-Pins, $1 to $10 each. Cedar-Buttons, 25 cents each. Wholesale and Retail.
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Send for a list, with cuts and prices.

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TWO PRIZES AT ONCE.
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OVER ALL COMPETITION, TO
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The "Extension" Yeast Powder, the great favorite, perfectly pure.
We are "*Not Asnds*." Established in 1847.
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That wasting form; that glassy, expressionless eye! That fitful starting sleep! That picking of the nose with the thin fingers; all tell in plainer language than pen can describe, that worms are killing your child, whom you can save by the timely use of Van Deusen's White Worm Confections, and for which we give you five good reasons for using:

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Never give your children Colored worm candy.

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VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS,
Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y.
PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 468.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE BIBLE AND THE MONK.

THIS remarkable picture carries us back to the time when the priests of the Roman Catholic Church denounced the possession of the Bible as a sin.

The highly interesting situation so well imagined and vividly realized in this picture must have been one of common occurrence at the period of the Reformation, and can not fail to be deeply and variously suggestive to every thoughtful person. It would be beyond our province, however, to attempt to illustrate all the bearings of such a subject as this. The artist's principal aim and meaning are obvious enough. The situation affords scope for representing well-contrasted emotion and three distinct types of character; while—of course assuming that the picture is addressed to a Protestant spectator—the leading intention is to show the irresistible moral and spiritual influences which in all cases of an established prescriptive creed oppose the first feeble efforts of an independent inquiry after truth. The monk is the very impersonation of that spiritual pride and arrogance which too commonly characterize the priestly profession in all ages and circumstances. Claiming infallibility, consciously or unconsciously, he stands resenting as a personal insult the attempt to defy or escape from his authority; he scouts it as a heinous sin; he is prepared to consign to everlasting perdition the tenderest and most innocent of his fellow-creatures if that attempt is persevered in. The enormities of the "Inquisition," so ominously suggested in the title, are but the logical and natural consequences of such a spirit as this. The poor girl, so interesting in her sweet, intelligent beauty and gentleness, must needs quail before the monk's domineering energy; nor can she steel herself to a mother's agonized entreaty, or be insensible to those habitual instincts of submission and reverence proper to her sex. The aged mother—too old to learn, however ignorant—is, of course only the slave and instrument of the "holy man's" will and pleasure. In representing a young female instead of a man as possessed of the forbidden Bible, the artist has doubtless wished to indicate the all-powerful influence and blind submission which priests every where exert over and exact from women, and of which we have all seen or heard such startling revelations.



THE BIBLE AND THE MONK.—[FROM A PAINTING BY MR. PETTIE.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1865.

CONVENTION OF THE OTHER COLOR.

AS faithful chroniclers, we can not deny that the various conventions of the colored people in the late insurrectionary States compare favorably with those of their white brethren. Their conduct is no less orderly; their reasoning is indisputably superior; their resolutions are of an elevated humanity and common sense to which those of the other Conventions make no pretension; while their expressions of gratitude and fidelity to the United States, and of Christian charity toward their late masters, rise in the highest degree encouraging and refreshing after the sullen, reluctant, defiant, acrid tone of the reorganizing conventions in those States.

There is no more hopeful sign of the times than these Conventions. They show that the colored men are beginning to be conscious of their duties as well as their rights. The address of the State Convention of the Colored Union men of South Carolina to the white men of the State says, manfully: "Now that we are freemen, now that we are elevated by the Providence of God to manhood, we will not always stand up, and like men, speak and act for ourselves. We fully recognize the truth of the maxim, the gods help those who help themselves." Every honest citizen who hopes for speedy peace and tranquility will say a hearty Amen to that. We are glad to see the colored men organizing and speaking, and hopeful, as to be torpid at a time when their welfare and their chances are at stake.

And it is really they who do the work of the Conventions. They are not the puppets of white men. It has been the fashion to speak of the slaves entirely influenced by their white leaders by savage, as people who must, at our own peril, be kept forever in the strictest bondage. Yet the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, a paper which uniformly maligns and ridicules the colored race, says of the South Carolina colored Convention that it "has been marked not by a display of ability and decorum that has won for its members great credit even from those who met in such gatherings more than ominous forebodings of insurrection and bloodshed." We venture to believe that those forebodings are not as likely to be justified in the case of the Convention in question as in the case of its "such gatherings" as the South Carolina Secession Convention of 1860. And we have yet to find in the resolutions of any Convention of the approved color which has met in the State of South Carolina or elsewhere in that region, so manly a good sense, humanity, and Christianity as in the following adopted by the body of which the correspondent speaks:

"*Resolved*, That it is with deep regret we perceive a willingness on the part of some of the people of this State to believe that there is danger of an insurrection, and we take this opportunity of making it known to the world that we part company as low-minding subjects shall be strictly allowed to act law-abiding citizens.

"*Resolved*, That as the old institution of slavery has passed away, we cherish in our hearts no feelings toward those who have held our brethren as slaves; but that we extend the right hand of fellowship to all, and will labor with them to our special aim to establish unity, peace, and love among all men.

"*Resolved*, That we shall encourage the freedmen in acquiring habits of industry and obtaining education."

If the other Convention in South Carolina had been animated by a spirit as manly, as politic, and statesmanlike, the State would at once enter upon such a career of prosperity as she has never known. As events are, such assembly and such resolutions and such addresses all written by men of the other color, partial proofs at least that justice may prove to be good policy?

The president of this Convention was THOMAS M. HOLMES, a native-born slave of the late Secretary of the Treasury, MEMMINGER. He was formerly librarian of the law library of Mr. MEMMINGER and his partners. Such facts should be remembered before launching the epithet about "barbarity" and "incapacity." The reader will remember George in Mrs. STOWE'S "Dred." He was a confidential manager. There are thousands of such men in the late slave States, who were trusted for their sagacity and integrity beyond any of "white trash" there. Nor was this surprising: for although Governor HUMPHREYS, of Mississippi, says in an amusing ly lofty way, in his inaugural address, that "Miscegenation must be the work and taste of other climes and other people," yet everybody knows that the clime and the people of the sunny South have succeeded in making the three-quarters of the colored population mulattoes of various degrees. That may not be miscegenation, but it is amalgamation, and they are very nearly related. Governor HUMPHREYS and his friends may spare themselves the stately strain. The court may be supposed to know some law, and the people of this country will smile if the Governor is too positive, for they know all about miscegenation in the late slave States.

It is plain from the proceedings of the various conventions of the colored race that they fully understand the logic of their situation. They are freemen, and they ask, "Why should we suffer on account of the color which an all-wise Creator has given to us?" "We ask for no special privileges or peculiar favors, we ask for even-handed justice, for the removal of such positive obstructions and disabilities as past and recent legislation has thrown in our way, and heaped upon us." "We ask for the right of suffrage, and the right of testifying in courts of law." These two things we deem necessary to our well-being and safety." They are the rights of every freeman, and are inherent and essential to every republican form of government."

This is certainly as reasonable as any thing we have lately heard in the quarter from which it comes. Whatever political disability may be imposed, say these men, let it be real and not arbitrary. Why allow those whom Mr. OLMSTED and other travelers describe as cheerful, acute and sand-hillers to vote, and exclude Captain ROBERT SMALL or Mr. MEMMINGER'S librarian? If, as the Providence *Journal* most aptly says, you gentlemen of the slave States, with all your Christianizing system of slavery for two centuries, have only succeeded in making this race idle, thievish, and false, suppose that we try the pagan process of treating them as men, and see what comes of that.

When we come to that conclusion we shall have a peace and union which we can trust, and not before.

AID FOR THE SOUTH.

IT is stated that in Alabama alone two hundred thousand persons are in danger of extreme suffering, if not of actual starvation, during the coming winter. It is a piteous and appalling prospect, and we trust that the same energy and humanity which originated and sustained the Sanitary and Christian Commissions during the war will find that labor work is not yet accomplished. The destitution at the South is not confined to any class or color. It is a general sorrow. Every body is famished with the circumstances of suffering, and there is no disposition in this part of the country to indulge any spirit of hostility or revenge. The same sympathy that moved so many men ago hastened to relieve the sick at Norfolk now embraces all the stricken at the South. Nor is it the folly of excessive charity or generosity to blind us to the actual necessities of the people.

The condition is exceptional, like civil war itself, and demands exceptional measures. According to the statement of Dr. STORRS at the meeting of the Union Aid Commission in Brooklyn, there are three societies which aim at special relief: the Freedmen's Aid, the Union Aid, and the Missionary Association. They are all voluntary associations, and devoted themselves to the actual subsistence and mental and moral education of the destitute Southern population. This purpose also has no hope except in our prompt assistance. The fires of war have ravaged their homes and fields. The capital of all this multiplied and variegated cultivation is that the Government does not get any thing like the whole amount which the public pays, and that the honest man pays their taxes, it is impossible to prevent rogues evading theirs. To collect so infinite a number of small taxes requires an army of agents. Nobody can collect them thoroughly as to prevent fraud would require every second man to be a detective. Of the extent to which the revenue is defrauded no one may be informed from the fact that for many months whisky has been selling for less than the tax alone. Of the cost of collecting the taxes very accurate estimate can yet be formed; we must wait for the returns from the Bureau of Internal Revenue. But it is probable that often it must be very much greater than the cost of collecting the revenue of other leading nations.

It has been found in Great Britain, which has had the whole century's experience of heavy taxation, that the true secret is to tax few articles, and to concentrate the watchfulness of the collecting agents. Great Britain now derives as large a revenue from seven articles as she used to draw from two hundred. Frauds are of rarer occurrence than they used to be, and the cost of collecting the revenue is much reduced. Applying the same system to this country, and making nothing but customs, excise, whisky, beer, land, incomes, and legacies, it is likely that in an average of years the income from each source would, with the exception of a stamp tax, be as large as it would be from the present diversified system, while it is clear that frauds would be less frequent and the cost of collection very much less. It would be quite possible to collect $250,000,000 a year from cotton, whisky, beer, tobacco, incomes, and stamps; a land tax and customs duties might pay $150,000,000 more without difficulty. With proper machinery such taxes might be collected for less than five per cent of the sum reducing the revenue, and frauds might be rendered almost impossible.

The question can not too soon realize that this matter of taxation is to be the topic on which parties will divide and elections turn. It will not take very long to determine the method in which the funeral of Slavery is to be conducted, and the ex-rebels permitted to renew their relations with the nation which they vainly tried to destroy. In a very short while those questions will become mere matters of feeling, touching which the people at large will be indifferent. But the question of taxation will strike home to the pocket of every voter, and as the people become better educated in fiscal science the successful men of the day will be they who best understand that science, and can most clearly show how to lighten the popular burdens without endangering the national credit.

HOLIDAYS.

"WHEN I return from Europe and have been a day in this country," said an experienced traveler, "the rush of life and the exhilaration of the atmosphere make me feel as if I had drunk a bottle of Champagne." This intensity of life is characteristic of America. It is both occasioned and aggravated by the circumstances of our society and by our climate. And the terrible evidence of the constant strain of the vital powers to which we are subject is the fact that paralysis is the most common form of disease. A thoughtful physician bids us expect a great increase of this disease in the coming decade—an increase which he attributes to the peculiar and prolonged excitement of the war. In the familiar passage of FRANCESCA the old chronicler accuses the English of taking their pleasure sadly; but we take our pleasure and our business and our duty almost fiercely.

But as the annual holidays upon us approaches, and the pretty books begin to multiply, and the shops to fill with new games and toys; as the Christmas-green gradually steals into the windows, and the sparkling frosty air seems to be getting ready for the Christmas chimes; as the exquisite romance which invests the season in the song and picture of the old traditions of our native tongue once more reasserts its power over our minds and hearts, we find ourselves asking why, in a land of crowded cities and restless a life as ours, we do not use the commonsense which enables us to pile up the means of securing life to enable us to prolong and enjoy it also.

The traveler who recalls the placid contentment of the exiles upon the Rhine, the Neckar, the Danube, the small circles outside the walls of Nuremberg, the pleasant counsels in the *Tiergarten* at Berlin, and the halls where formerly Goethe, and Heine, and Schiller, and almost the entire nightly furnishes the finest music for seven cents a concert—who remembers the gay leisure of Italian life, and where new scenes and picturesque habits of the Continent, and the universal power of enjoyment which distinguishes the European from the American, naturally wonders why we can not manage to keep a year a long trend-mill instead of pausing in our work with frequent holidays.

Indeed, we are almost impatient of the few and puny festivals we already have. We are almost ashamed to enjoy ourselves, and the musical congresses of our fellow-citizens of German descent have little influence, if no other, that they show us how simply and easily and economically people can enjoy themselves if they will only choose to do so. The true German gets more enjoyment out of a shilling than a true American out of ten dollars. There is no man in the world whose body and soul demands relaxation and recreation so much as the American.

It is therefore a matter to be urged to promote the institution and observance of holidays. We ought to disturb the incessant strain of mental and physical labor. We ought to let the vital forces gay by sparing them upon the vital forces, and withstand by wisdom the tendencies of our climate and social conditions. This can be done in no way so surely as by increasing the number of public and recognized holidays. Thus we hope the Thanksgiving which we have just observed will become a national festival, and that next year the President will follow his own good example of this year, and appoint a similar day, not indeed for special thanks, as in this instance, but for the annual harvest and happy ending of the year. The appointment of such a day as a State right belongs to the States still gladly yield to the nation; and if the States will order another feast of another kind at another season they will be the gainers. Why other season they will be the gainers. Why other season they will be the gainers. Why other

ery thing that tends to popular relaxation and amusement. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. We need not fear to fall into the folly of despotisms, which give bread and games to pacify the mob, for in the old Roman sense there is no mob in this country. The French proverb assures us that he who sleeps dines. But it is an infinitely sounder proverb that he who plays best works best. If we had more holidays we should be a more cheerful, more efficient, more satisfied, and less paralytic people.

"SOUTHERN" LITERATURE.

A LATE article in the *Richmond Enquirer* upon literary journals is both significant and amusing. It says that it trusts "the last has been heard of Southern Literary Messengers, Southern Monthlies, Southern Reviews, and Southern Punches." It then adds, "not that we have ceased to be Southern in every thought and impulse of our being, or despair of a literature which shall be contradistinguished in its more elevated and original tone from the literature of the North; but 'the time and the hour' illicit harmony, and for the security of all investments, whether of capital or mental labor, it is much to be hoped that the grand fact of consolidation will be accepted in its political significance, and that Southern authors will at once abandon all hope of erecting petty literary centres in each State. New York is the natural centre of every undertaking, and there the South must establish its magazines and reviews." *But*, again, says the *Enquirer*, "it will take a first-class literary weekly, fashioned on English models, would pay almost any where in the South, and nowhere so much as in Richmond."

The *Enquirer* falls into the very old folly which it expressly repudiates. It says that there never was a sectional feeling enough enough to sustain the "Southern" reviews, miscellanies, and magazines. Then, certainly, there is not now. It was the appeal to that sectional feeling upon which such periodicals depended. A "Southerner" was expected to buy a novel, or a book of essays, or a magazine, or a paper, not because it was better or cheaper than any other, but because it was written by "a Southerner"—or defended Slavery; or sneered at the Union; or called States rights sovereignty; or was printed in Richmond or Charleston. Nothing could be more pitiful or childish. It is possible for people in a frenzy to refuse to buy any thing whatever that comes from a particular part of the world, but it by no means follows that they will therefore use what they make themselves to replace it. It was conceivable that the people in the insurrectionary States should be inflamed even before the war so as to refuse to buy Northern books and papers from the other parts of the country. But it is inconceivable that a cultivated man or woman at the South should read the *Literary Messenger*, for instance, because they would not buy a "Northern" magazine. It does not follow because a man abstains from roast beef that he will eat fried eels.

If the most popular writers in the country, the finest editorial talent, the shrewdest critics, the soundest thinkers, can be paid more liberally for their contributions in Richmond than elsewhere, and if the expenses of publication are less and the facilities of distribution and business experience and genius are greater there than elsewhere, then a magazine or a paper can be established there which will succeed, but not otherwise. Hatred of the North, hostility to the Union, glorification of the Resolutions of '98, cheer for "Jackson and Lee" "niggers," and protestations of devotion to "the South" are not the capital which causes literary enterprises to succeed.

We have nothing but the kindest feeling for the *Enquirer*, which it will unquestionably spurn, but it is time, and time, in which, by its spirit of actual circumstances, that this ridiculous "poppycock" about "the South" should cease! Whatever generous, noble, patriotic word or deed comes out of the South as the West or the East will be heartily hailed by the American people, not because it is Western or Southern or Eastern, but because it is American, and for the glory of the common country. When the *Enquirer* speaks of the "murderous designs upon the white population of the South," of the literary journals "of the widest circulation and most commanding influence," it is silly and absurd, as well as untruthful. And when it adds that "the mob has lapped blood too long in HARPER'S *Journal of Civilization* to be content with any thing else," it means, and doubtless intentionally, insults the great body of loyal American citizens who have just suppressed a malignant and desperate rebellion, and with whom this journal is in full sympathy.

In its prospectus for resuming publication the Richmond *Enquirer* says: "For our course in the past we have no excuses to make, and for the future no promises to give." "The part that the *Enquirer* will take in politics will depend in the future on circumstances." "We must keep green the graves of our noble dead," etc., etc. All this is matter of taste, and also of feeling. But the spirit from which all this springs, which inspires praise of a paper in New York that seeks "to bring the Government back to the Resolutions of '98," and which denounces the entire liberal press of the country as "leading on the mob to fresh fields of gore," is exactly the spirit from which the rebellion sprang, the spirit which justly alarms every thoughtful patriot, the spirit which checks conciliation, and which indefinitely delays the possibility of reorganization.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE

AMONG the city reforms which we should gladly see in New York is a new Post-office: a Post-office which should in its very structure commemorate with the importance of the city, and having a few of the most obvious and necessary conveniences for public convenience. The present Post-office in New York is unquestionably the most disgraceful public building in the country. Frantic efforts have been made to stretch a small, old-fashioned church into the necessary size. Every thing is consequently cramped to the extremest inconvenience to every body. The accommodations are not only inadequate and contemptible both for the clerks and for the public. A covered, crowded, sloppy shed, full of mud in the winter, in which the people must stand to deposit letters, or to buy small lots of stamps. It would be a sanitary improvement to make it one of the necessary places to breathe the fresh air at least while they are kept waiting.

Yet no building in the present size can be more spacious than the old church, and unless there is a thoroughly efficient and satisfactory system of city delivery, which renders a central office of comparatively small importance, there must be a change of site before there can be adequate postal accommodation.

With the site unchanged, only the Post-office is strictly a popular institution. Every body is interested in it, and it is not one class alone—even if in that which receives and mails most letters—which should altogether control its position. The building should be in some airy, accessible situation, not far from the great centres of trade, but not lost in a corner. It should be so spacious that every department should be amply accommodated, and should have such facilities for the receipt, delivery, and mailing of letters, and the other details of service, as to relieve the intolerable pressure and long waiting which are now unendurable. No clique of interested persons and no false economy should longer delay the erection of a proper Post-office in New York.

HANGING.

THERE is a great deal of surprise and complaint that such offenders as WIRZ and CHARLES DAUGHTERY are hung, while the great chiefs of the rebellion, who caused such acts as theirs, are pardoned or not pursued. "The question," says one journal, "really becomes a serious one—are all the criminals *par excellence* to be pardoned, while those cheap scoundrels are sternly executed?"

But it should be remembered that every person who has been executed has suffered for a crime which is not political. If DR. LIEBER, in his investigations, had such proofs of the guilt, as his proof of DAVIS's direct complicity with the tortures of Andersonville, for instance, DAVIS would have been tried by a military commission, and if convicted, would have been promptly executed. Of his moral guilt, of course, there is no question. That JEFFERSON DAVIS knew, and WILKES BOOTH knew that the Confederate prisoners were starved and frozen at Andersonville and Belle Isle, there can be no doubt. But the law will not hang a man for moral guilt. There must be evidence of actual complicity. EURANDO WOOD is as morally guilty of the rebellion and the murder of LINCOLN as JEFFERSON, but the journal from which we quote would scarcely urge hanging him upon that score.

A GEM OF PUREST RAY SERENE.

FERNANDO WOOD lately said, with exquisite humor and the point and polish of a rapier, that

"Gentlemen, had I served the corrupt interests of the Democratic party as faithfully as I have served the police of New York, for years past, I should stand to-day as the nominee of the Democratic party. (Applause.) I will subscribe myself to the corrupt interests of Tammany Hall I would have been their candidate to-day. I have been faithful to the interests of the people, and for my manhood and honors the subtle incrustment of my party, regardless of my own integrity, that I have been discarded."

When the loyal ROBERT TOOMBS, to whom the manly WOOD regretted that he was not allowed to reveal his sympathy with rebellion and its fiends, reads that, in his foreign retirement, he will probably smile.

MR. CHILDS AND THE "LEDGER."

It is pleasant to chronicle deserved prosperity, and we are very glad to learn that the remarkable success of the *Public Ledger* newspaper, in Philadelphia, under the direction of GEORGE W. CHILDS, the eminent publisher, is such that he is about erecting the largest newspaper establishment in the world. The *Ledger* has now the largest edition and circulation of any daily paper but one in the United States, and its great value as an advertising medium is traditional. Its news is copious and fresh, and its comments upon public affairs keen, prompt, and brief, and always unexceptionable in moral tone. It is a curious fact that, with the increase of size in the paper, a single daily sheet of the *Ledger* is now equal to a whole week's issue when it began, thirty years ago; and this buyer pays only a cent and two-thirds for what cost a cent at that time. The peculiar ability and energy of MR. CHILDS are fitly rewarded; and with his *Ledger*, his *Home Weekly*, a family paper, and his *American Literary Gazette*, essential to all publishers and buyers of books, he appeals to every class in the country and satisfies them all.

MRS. GASKELL

THE death of MRS. GASKELL will be a grief to many friendly hearts in this country, for there was no woman in England of whose sympathy the truest Americans were more sure than of hers. Her fame was sought by travelers from this country, not alone in favor of the author, but in respect for the woman: for the watched our career with an intelligent sympathy which few of her countrymen shared, and with a tranquil faith in the issue of a war of which she learned. Indeed the woman and the author were, in her case, peculiarly one. The wife of a dissenting clergyman, in a manufacturing town, her mind and heart were early engaged with the problem of the life of the laborer. No books in English literature are fuller than hers of a sincere sympathy with the trials of the poor, or show a finer insight into the spiritual forces which relieve them. Her acute sympathy, however, was never morbid, and there is a sweet and healthful serenity even in her profound pity for pathos.

MRS. GASKELL'S "Cranford" is one of the most delightful and humorous domestic idyls. It has a ripeness and felicity of humor which almost the most charming illustration of her power. "Sylvia's Lovers," which, in the days of the war, she dedicated to the American friends: and "Mothers and Daughters," which was scarcely finished at her death, and will be now immediately issued, showed that she had easily held her place at the head of the living female novelists.

MRS. GASKELL was the friend and biographer of MISS BRONTÉ; and we believe there can be little doubt that, although professedly different, they will be considered the two most eminent names for scope of sympathy, force of imagination and characterization, and subtlety of discrimination, among all the female and noted English women who have written novels.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Thirty-sixth Congress began its session December 4, 1865. There were present at the time of assembling forty members in the senate and one hundred and seventy-five in the house of representatives, being all the number of those on the roll of the former body, and all but eighteen of those on the roll of the latter. The roll in the senate the names of no members from the States which took part in the rebellion. SENATOR COLLAMER was elected President of the House on the first ballot, and MR. M'PHERSON was elected clerk.

The Senate was called to order by Vice-President FOSTER. The credentials of MESSRS. LAKE P. POMEROY, Fremont, and JOHN P. STOCKTON, of New Jersey, being presented and accepted, the members took their seats in a body.

Bills were then introduced by MR. Sumner, and ordered to be printed, to secure to the colored people equal civil and abolishing slavery; to also negroes to vote in the District of Columbia; to authorize the trial by military courts of persons of African descent in sections where a large portion of the population is composed of negroes, and in which negroes are parties to the suits, and prescribing the rules by which the decisions of such tribunals shall be made to diminish their population form of government, to be known as the republic of Columbia; to encourage immigration, and to provide for the national debt, and to appropriate the proceeds of the sales of public lands to that end. MR. SUMNER also introduced a resolution declaring that of the adoption of the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution, it is expedient and important to have representation in Congress on the number of voters instead of on population, and requesting the President to withhold from any loyal citizens of the Southern States.

A like House of Representatives the members were called to order as twelve o'clock by Mr. M'PHERSON, Clerk of the last Congress, who announced the absence of a quorum. When the State of Tennessee was reached Mr. Maynard, elected a representative from that State, presented a petition to make a remark; but as his name was not on the list the clerk declined to entertain it. Mr. Maynard spoke of the reading on unlimited debate took place in regard to the exclusion of the Tennessee members. Mr. Brooks, of New York, denouncing it, and MESSRS. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, and WASHBURNE and WILSON, of Illinois, participating in the discussion of it. The matter was settled against the claims of the members from the rebel States.

The President and Senate were then informed that the House was organized, and MR. STEVENS introduced a joint resolution, which, after a suspension of the rules, was adopted by a vote of one hundred and thirty-three to thirty-six, to the effect that a joint committee of nine members of the House and six of the Senate be appointed to inquire and report whether any of the twelve insurrectionary States are now entitled to be represented in Congress, and that said report shall have been made no member from any of said States shall be received into either House.

RECONSTRUCTION.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, on December 30, issued a proclamation restoring the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in the United States, which had been in force for nearly four years.

The two Houses of the Alabama Legislature met in joint Convention, November 28, and elected MR. GEORGE S. HOUSTON and GEN. WILSON REYNOLDS United States Senators. The steps, GOVERNOR PARSONS is a native of Central New York. He removed to Alabama in 1836. MR. HOUSTON, a native of Tennessee, once represented the Fifth Congressional District of Alabama, and was Governor of the State at the time of the rebellion.

General Reynolds, in his message to the Alabama Legislature, considers the present of reconstruction as practically settled. He says: "The amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery. Alabama is the twenty-seventh State to ratify the proposed amendment. The one more State is required in order to consummate the work.

Governor Humphreys sent, on the 5th instant, a special message to the Mississippi Legislature on the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, which has been sent to him by the State of Mississippi. The Governor expressed himself favorably to the right of negroes to testify in court. He lays the vagrancy and pauperism in the State to the Freedmen's Bureau. The Legislature has passed a law excluding negroes from the judicial courts in all cases where white men are concerned.

The North Carolina Legislature met at Raleigh, November 28. Hon. S. J. Phillips was elected speaker of the House. On the 1st instant the President received from Governor Holden a telegram announcing the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment by the North Carolina Legislature.

The members of the Virginia Legislature assembled in Richmond on the 4th, organized, and received the Message of Governor Pierpoint. The Governor believes that the Legislature has no power in regard to the franchise. It required, but thinks that they should be allowed to testify in the courts. He tried and pardoned 1,500 cases asserted as white men.

The Legislature of Louisiana on the 24 instant adopted by acclamation a resolution declaring slavery forever abolished.

There having been considerable squeamishness in Texas about the ratification of the Amendment, Governor Hamilton, of Texas, has authorized the organization of special police to arrest the Secessionists to assist in the preservation of order.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Treasury Department obtained for the month of November two fresh issues, and there will be about a million dollars a week for the next twenty-seven hundred millions. The issue of the present month will be one month over twenty-six millions of dollars. A reduction of twenty millions of dollars a week will be made during the month in the amount of legal-tender notes in circulation.

MR. CHARLES CROSBY MERCER, the supposed rebel person implicated in the murder of Mr. Ogden, in Brooklyn, was captured by Mr. Ogden, after an exciting chase in Lake Pontchartrain, by detective Wonderly and Lieutenant Hall, of the Metropolitan police of the New York police force.

The funeral of the gallant seaman, Quarter-master William Conway, who so nobly refused to land in the face of his country when ordered to do so by the treasonable Mayor of Wilmington, took place in that city on the afternoon of Dec. 3, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who is well known in the history of the war, will soon be transformed into sterling silver.

It appears from the census reports that the population of the United States tribes in 1860 was 44,021, and that the Territories is 207,845. In the service of the Government during the late war 186,017 Indians.

A terrible disaster occurred on the morning of December 4, on the Erie Railway, several Italians were killed by a train of cars. Belle Haven, in Westerchester County. An express train going at the rate of forty miles an hour, ran into a gang of Italian laborers who had been detained by accident in the way to a freight car which was standing on the track. Eighteen were killed and the engineer brought the train passenger car, along the side of the same, but few escaped without injury. Seven were killed and seventeen wounded.

GENERAL GRANT, on his journey southward, arrived in Raleigh, North Carolina, on November 28, and remained there over Sunday, during which time he took his departure for Charleston. During his stay in Raleigh he had an interview with GOVERNOR HOLDEN, and with the members of the Legislature at his hotel, and, by invitation attended in a body the Episcopal Church, visited the State Capitol and carefully received in speeches of welcome from the two presiding officers.

By order of the Commanding-General of the Department of the Gulf, the Rebel General Buckner military parade, inaugurated on Powder River, Dacotah Territory, by Brigadier-General Connor, and Colonel Maynard, stationed at Fort Dane, in honor of General JOHN L. BOZEE, who fell at the battle of Chickamauga.

We have later news of the Collins overland telegraph expedition. It appears that on the 29th ult. they had been scattered in detached parties along the American and Asiatic coasts, and will spend the winter in surveying routes. Next summer, it is hoped, the work will be so far completed that the telegraph line can be employed in planting poles.

A party of two hundred Cheyenne and Apache Indians on the 26th ult. attacked one of the stages on the Colorado and Denver route, near a place called Cherry Spring, with seven persons, burned all the buildings in that vicinity, with a large amount of goods and provisions, and carried off all the stock.

Congress Block, in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was burned by fire on the morning of the 30th ult. The loss was about sixty thousand dollars.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

COLONEL DUNCAN, on November 13, signed a treaty of peace with Bhotan.

The most important event connected with Englishmen since the assassination of PRESIDENT LINCOLN, by the capture of Stephens, "Head Centre" of the Fenian conspiracy, and the arrest of many of his chief associates, as well as of all in the bands of Government," but "pity, literally like the dew from heaven, drops upon the place beneath." Expectation, were found in Stephens's residence. There remains, however, a considerable number at large, but from every part of Ireland, and Fenianism is now an open volcano, which the Government watches, but which it expects to explode harmlessly. Many arrests and prosecutions existences are finished. "I do not believe," says Bright, "that any particular danger will long exist."

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

The second batch of correspondence between MR. ADAMS and EARL RUSSELL, which is about to appear in quarter, is now nearly before the situation. MR. ADAMS, in the first letter, says that the Government of the United that he is decided, in view of the reasons given by his predecessor, not to make of complaint, but that attention would not be acceptable to her Majesty's Government, to which EARL RUSSELL replied that no answer to it might now be brought by the President, of umpirage between the two. To propositions of such kind the sentiment of existing differences will be considered as invited by the Government of the United States.

Shortly after EARL RUSSELL owed a dispatch, urging that the first difficulty of the present moment, and he based urges that in no case could her Majesty's Government recognize the right of a belligerent to search on the high of liability for the acts of British subjects committed beyond the limits of British waters. In a subsequent note, dated November 3, EARL RUSSELL tries to strengthen his former argument by saying that the proposition to search on the high seas his Government was negligent in their application of the laws of neutrality, and that the British Government had a right to call upon the United States to indemnify them on the ground of its supposed negligence in the subsequent conduct of the war. In a dispatch of the same date MR. ADAMS that if the British Foreign Enlistment Act should be found inoperative in its present form an Act of Congress the minister complained of might have been passed. EARL RUSSELL replied that the law between the two Acts is not of such a character as to justify the charge.

Subsequently to the above dispatch MR. ADAMS writes to EARL RUSSELL that he has no means at his disposal to submit to a Commission. EARL RUSSELL noted time for the Commission.

SPAIN AND CHILI.

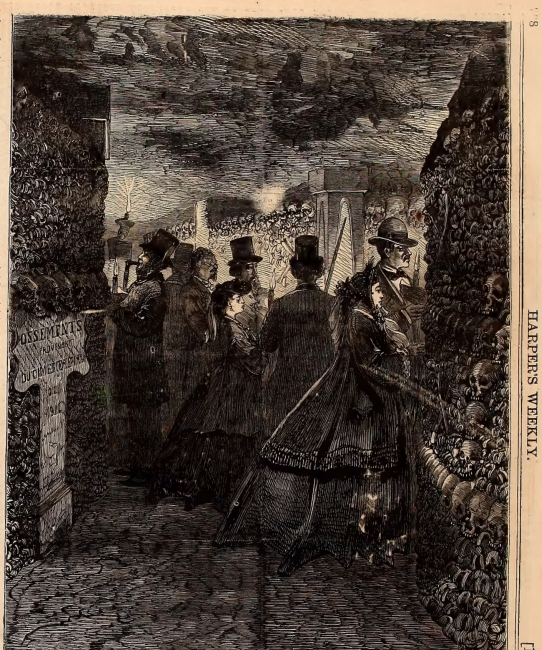
The affair between Spain and Chili is growing more serious than ever. The first shots have been exchanged between the Spanish and Chilian squadrons. A boat of the Spanish ship attempted to land on Valparaiso Bay, when, being warned not to do so, they fired on the Custom-house, by whom the fire was returned. The Spaniards were driven back in confusion, with several killed and wounded, in their fleet. The Spanish Admiral has limited his blockade to Chilian ports, but those are still only open in one for foreign commerce.

PERU.

In Peru the revolution has been terminated by the overthrow and flight of PRESIDENT PRADO, and the flight from the country of President PEZET, and the assumption of the Presidency by Vice-President CANSECO, the leader of the revolutionists.



THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS—L'OSSUAIRE (THE PLACE OF BONES).



A VISIT TO THE GALLERY OF BONES.

THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

AMONG all the wonderful sights which the city of Paris has to show, there is one that stands out prominently in the memory of the visitor long after the recollections of the rest are dimmed and their details forgotten. We are speaking of the Morgue, where numbers of people go to look at the faces of the suddenly dead or the drowned through that great partition of glass, behind which they are laid, in waxen stillness, on the marble slabs. But there is a still more extraordinary sight, to which a few years ago, those who went to Paris for the first time had their attention specially directed, but which is now, if not forgotten, very seldom visited, since it is only having special privileges, and no individual inspection is permitted. The Catacombs of Paris, like those of Rome, were, in fact, originally quarries from which the stone was taken to build the city; or, rather, the stones for the first building having been taken from the environs, the suburbs gradually extended over the quarries, so that all that part of Paris beyond the ancient limits of the city rested on this hollow foundation.

The name of Catacombs has been given to the immense extent of quarries under the plain of *Montrouge* (Montrose) and portions of the left bank of the Seine, since the time when these quarries were used for the deposit of the bones collected in old cemeteries. On the 7th of November, 1785, a decree of the Council was issued suppressing the charnel-house of *The Innocents*, where, according to the petition of the inhabitants, the number of bodies buried during ten centuries had raised the soil to a height of more than eight feet above the surrounding grounds. This ordinance was successively applied to the other cemeteries.

It is at the entrance of the street *Tombe-Issoire* that the remains of former Parisian generations find their last asylum, and the portion of the quarries devoted to this sepulture bears the name of *L'Ossuaire* (the Place of Bones). There are two other entrances to the Catacombs—one near the old "*Barrière d'Enfer*" for authorized visitors; the other, which serves for casual travelers, is in the plain of *Montsouris*. That portion of the Catacombs lying under Paris is beyond dispute the most curious. Each subterranean gallery bears the name of the street above it; and the numbers of the houses in the street above have their corresponding numbers in the subterranean gallery, which serve to point out where the works of consolidation ought to be built in case of tumblings in, which occur in spite of all precautions taken.

In collecting the bones together in these Catacombs the skulls were placed, in conjunction with the bones of the legs and arms, in a carefully-arranged series of stacks. Many of these belonged to the victims of the Revolution of 1792, and for these a yearly service was performed after the Restoration. The streets of this strange underground city present an extraordinary appearance, and are not a little incongruous when we consider to what purpose they were adapted. They were marked with names, and very frequently bills, notices, and advertisements were pasted on the walls. M. DE THURY greatly improved this marvelous subterranean charnel-house by stopping the water that dripped through the roof, making galleries through the walls of human bones, which were in some places piled to a thickness of thirty yards; ingeniously contriving to circulate the air through the necks of bottles; cutting channels for the escape of the water; making steps from the lower to the upper excavations; and building pillars to support the roof. These Catacombs were once made the head-quarters of a gang of robbers who infested Paris.

The extent of the excavations is said to be equal to one-tenth of the present superficies of Paris; and, according to the official report issued in 1857, the remains of 3,000,000 persons have been deposited there. The skulls and bones, which are built into walls in the passages, have inscriptions above or below them stating the quarter whence they were removed.

Our readers may imagine the strange and awful effect presented by this city of the dead, when it was recently illuminated by the electric light, that M. NADAR might obtain the photographs from which our engravings are taken.



SHIPWRECK OF THE SCHOONER "ENIGMA"—RESCUE OF THE CREW BY THE BRIG "PEERLESS."

A REMARKABLE SHIPWRECK.

We illustrate on this page one of the most remarkable instances of shipwreck and preservation of life at sea which we ever heard or read of. The following is the statement of a gentleman of Matanzas, who sends us the sketch from which our engraving is made:

"The schooner *Enigma*, JAMES T. MORSE, Master, sailed from Bath for Mobile on the 2d October, with a cargo of lumber, touched at Charleston and sailed thence on the 19th. On the 23d, near Abaco, she was met by a heavy gale, the vessel was hove to, and the crew, tired by their exertions during the day, turned in, leaving one man on deck. At about eleven o'clock at night a heavy sea caught the vessel's fore-foot, 'tripping,' and completely capsizing her. Of the fate of WILLIAM MAHR, who was on deck, nothing is known. The master and rest of the crew cut their way from the cabin into the hold with a small hatchet, and, after incredible exertions, cut a hole through the bottom of the schooner, and through that got upon the bottom. One of the men, while working in the dark, received a heavy cut from the hatchet which nearly severed his hand. After they had made their way out the vessel rapidly settled, but did not sink, being buoyed up by the cargo of lumber. With daylight they managed to fish from the hole in the bottom several pieces of scantlings and rope, with which they made a rude frame to rest upon, cutting and setting the ends of the timber into the centre-board. On this frail support they remained until November 4, eleven days, without any food other than a flying-fish, which was providentially caught by one of the men, and a small shark, their only drink being what they caught in their hands one day that it rained. On Saturday, the 4th, the brig *Peerless*, Captain F. L. BOSHOFF, bound to Matanzas from Philadelphia, hove in sight, and [illegible] marter, Mr. BOSHOFF, although a heavy sea [illegible] running, lowered a boat and rescued them. [illegible] of the men had become so weak as to be unable [illegible] stand, and was slung to the lower support of [illegible] frame. He died in about two hours after he [illegible] rescued. His name was JOSEPH ANDERSON. [illegible] names of the survivors are JAMES T. MORSE, Master, CYRUS MORSE, and HENRY SHAFE, eighteen and nineteen years old. They are at present in Matanzas, well cared for by the American Consul, and are nearly recovered from their severe hardships."



THE BRITISH PIRATE SHIP "SHENANDOAH" IN THE MERSEY, LIVERPOOL.—SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 737.]

MY COUNSELOR.

EVERY autumn flower by the wayside brought a pang to my heart. Here they were—aster and golden-rod—though August was not yet over. Ere nights and mornings were cold already, however warm it might be at mid-day. Now and then winds blew, those long, desolate, wailing, prophetic winds, such as you never hear in midsummer. My vacation was almost over. I must go back to the tranquil round I should have left unstirred. I felt tired of life as I thought of it. They say poets are born, not made; and I wonder if the same rule does not apply to school-teachers? My mother and my own will had done their best to make me one, but had failed signally. Not that I did not get good enough satisfaction. I understood my business, and was conscientious in its performance, but my heart was not in it. I hated it with a daily increasing disgust.

I was an orphan. My mother had died when I was too young to remember her—my father when I was ten years old. He had left a small sum of money, and a will directing that it should be applied to my education. He wished, as the best inheritance he was able to leave me, that I should be thoroughly well educated, and qualified to maintain myself by teaching.

So, for three years, I had been conscientiously myself," and I had the business executed. I was also so hard for me to be fettered by absolute rules and regulations, to have my time marked off by the ringing of a bell. I panted for freedom. I wanted to haunt picture-sales and libraries—to be at liberty to walk and ride and study. So was I excluded from the ordinary pleasures of young girls for flirtations and liveries. But all these girlish instincts had to be suppressed. For the best hours of my youth I was not my own. The whole of the last year I had been droning myself, for a purpose, every lesson I had learnt—every fact I inscribed in a family where the fast-days outnumbered the feast-days, done violence in every direction to my natural love of pleasure and prettiness—all, that I might have the money to pass my summer vacation in a manner that should afford an entire contrast to my ordinary mode of living.

Not that, after all this self-denial, my means were very extensive when summer came. Still I had enough to buy a few pretty dresses, and go in a quiet way to some pleasure-seeking spot. I had taken up my abode in the near neighborhood of the White Mountains, where tourists came and went continually. I had heard much and seen a little of their beauty—"the strength of the hills"—I had put out of sight, for the time, all the commonplace drudgery of my lot. I was to be the acquaintance for a while of a different sphere of life, girls of my own age—not prettier, not better bred, not more highly born, as regards it, I felt myself the peer of them all—but girls to whom fate had been kinder, who needed to take no thought for the morrow; who had never to be bleonsed, like the lilies and roses, in more than the glory of Solomon. With some of them I became friends even. I had not been without my share of something stronger and dearer than friendship when I came to Cleaton. I had had my little love-change of this gay summer from the old, weary, fettered life. And now the autumn flowers had come, and my pleasure was almost over.

Thinking of all these things I walked slowly along the mountain road. The sky was brilliantly blue. The clear air stimulated me like wine. An impulse came over me—a mad, reckless impulse as ever girl had. I had counted my money that morning, after paying my weekly bill. I had enough, I knew, to keep me there five or six weeks more. I could stay through September, and even then not take back my purses. There was yet time before the first of the month to resign my situation. Should I do it, and trust to fortune for an opportunity to earn my bread when my money was gone? I formed my resolution while I walked. I heard a small phrase—"Now for luck." That was what I would do! If I had deliberated for half a day without a doubt the item for the very thing that frightened me, perhaps I would have come to the rescue—I should have been wiser but I do not deliberate. I turned my steps straight to the house—went to my room, took off my bonnet and shawl, and wrote to the trustees my resignation of my situation as lady-in-chief of the School.

I went down stairs and gave the letter to a messenger to post, then back to my room, and laughed over my folly with a mad disregard of consequences worthy of an opium-eater.

"You leave next week, Madeleine, do you not?" asked Miss Hibbard at dinner.

Miss Hibbard was one of the girls with whom I had formed a summer friendship, chiefly made over a fete in our garden each other by our Christian names, and my listening to her stories of lovers and flirtations with considerable interest, and a considerable amount of slightly envious regret that I had no similar confidences to impart in return.

"No," I said, "I shall not go next week, or any rate. I have almost made up my mind to stay a month longer."

She looked as if she wanted to question me a little more, but was too well-bred, and I betook myself to my dinner-rose with perfect composure.

After all, my situation was not quite so forlorn as you may have inferred. If I failed to obtain employment when my money was spent, I need not starve. There was one house open to me. I could go to my guardian, and be certain of a welcome. He was not a rich man, to be sure, but his heart was as large as his purse was small, and I should be as free as his own children to sit at his board and his fireside. Not that I wanted or meant to presume on this kindness; but there was a difference between the consciousness of possessing such a possible refuge, and the terror which might otherwise have overtaken me of actual want.

I had no idea, however, of telling down ills. After dinner I wrote to this same guardian, and informed him of what I had done. I knew he understood my temperament well enough to take my words coolly when I told him that I would die if I had to go on another year in the old dull round, and begged him to advertise for a situation as governess for me, and find me one as soon as possible. Having thus thrown the responsibility of my next movements on one whom I could safely trust, I threw off with it the load of care and distress which had been oppressing me since the autumn flowers came, and became more like the girl Nature had intended me to be. The thought of returning to that old school-room with its confusion, and yet its certain routine, was unendurable—although the same things to be done, had been resting on me like the Old Man of the Sea—now that I feared it no more, the gayety and lightheartedness of being young in twenty-one years seemed to come to me, and take me by thought or care for the morrow I enjoyed myself hardily.

It was something less than three weeks when I received a letter from my guardian proposing an offer of a situation as governess in a family in the neighborhood of Bolton. The salary was liberal, and the whole arrangement very desirable. It came to me just before tea, and I thought I would answer it when I went to my room for the night. I was super to all well out on the September sunset, and somehow, before I knew it, I found myself walking alone with Judge Hibbard, my friend's father.

I have not mentioned him before. Indeed he had only been in the habit of visiting my friend for a day or two in each week, but for the last two weeks he had been there all the time, and I had become quite accustomed to see him. I suppose I was admired him excessively, but I had never thought of him, certainly, as the hero of any possible love drama. He was a widower, with only this one daughter, two years younger than myself—a man in the very prime of life, with good-looking head I ever saw—a strong, energetic, ardent, thoroughly-cultured gentleman. He had seemed to like to talk to me, and I had liked to hear him, but perfectly free from any designs on him that I presume I had been my best self in his presence. He was a keen lawyer, and this was to me a experienced no embarrassment. We talked for a while about the weather, and then he asked me where I was going. He had looked in other lands—which mirrored their crimson in the Rhine, or bathed the snowy summits of Alps and Pyrenees—while I was at school. We began to speak of more personal topics, and somehow—I hardly know how I came to venture on the foolishness—I told him my circumstances, so far, and asked his advice about accepting the situation. As he was my friend's father, I called him always Mr. Bradshaw, at whose house I purposed to take up my abode, and be able to decide whether the matter proposed to me was eligible.

"Yes," he said, "I do know Mr. Bradshaw, and I should think you might be comfortable in his family. But I should not recommend you to go there you would be more so in mine. In fact, that was what I had meant to say to you to-night."

I started with surprise, an utter unconsciousness of his meaning.

"I am sure Jeannette needs no governess. She is far more accomplished than I am. You must be jesting with me."

"Yes, Madeleine, Jeannette will marry, doubtless, and when she leaves me I shall be all alone. Is it strange that I should wish to secure to myself the pleasant companionship for the coming years? I can not hope that you have learned to love me yet, but perhaps you will consent to try, and to form an idea whether loving me would be possible —whether you could ever consent to be my wife."

I told him very frankly that his words quite surprised me—for I had never, for a single instant, thought of him in that light. I expressed my sense of the honor he had done me, and my desire to answer him the next evening.

With this promise he seemed satisfied, and we talked of other things till I began to form some idea of what manner of man he was; to see that the calm, judicious, self-possessed lawyer was but devoted him to his present position were not all his endowments; that poetry and sentiment and romance were not strangers to him, that he was a man of taste as well as of talent.

That night, alone in my room, I thought the matter all over. I had no particular fancy for governessing, yet I felt, in the depths of my heart, that to be a governess' friend would be a far pleasanter lot than to be obliged to marry a man who did not love me—whom I did not love. The sole question was—did Judge Hibbard love me, and was I capable of loving him?

The disparity in our years did not especially shock me. I was not a romantic girl, and I knew, in fact, but I felt that his longer experience of life had not made him less attractive. I had seen that he was considered one of the handsomest men in his native town, and I had been assured by my friend that he was universally loved by. I should have decided in his favor. But he had not even said so—he had talked to me of his social advantages, which might have given most young ladies a thrill of pleasant expectation, and made them harder for a middle-aged man to refuse. But I was differently organized in my disposition, and I felt like showing him that at least I was not to be purchased by them. I must not appear to be to his wife, and to love him, and then to find out that my love was superfluous or unwelcome. I had been accustomed to be loved. I had been petted in me only a well-bred mistress of his house, a well-informed companion for himself. I had a heart, a passionate, woman's heart, with a strong power of loving. It rose within me, clamoring against being defrauded all its warm and tempestuous rights of life. No, I would not marry Judge Hibbard—I would retain my freedom—I would not break myself against a rock, but would go on to the ocean. Some ship that should be mine some day, mine only.

Then I answered my guardian's letter, and accepted the situation of Mrs. Bradshaw's governess. Afterward I went to bed in a mood of virtuous self-satisfaction, expecting to sleep the sleep of the just. Instead I lay awake half the night, haunted by a strange series of loss—a vague feeling that I was missing something which might have made my life fuller, richer, better worth living. For Judge Hibbard—his position and stately honor—for the ease and elegance which would have been mine as his wife—I had not one regret. I liked such things; but I was no Circassian girl to be bought or sold. The sense of loss—the vague regret—were only for what I thought I might have had in the love of Judge Hibbard and I had loved each other. Believing that we did not, the matter became one with which I had nothing to do, and I tried to put it aside mentally.

The next evening I found myself again walking by his side. The sun had set, and the September moon was flooding the splendid mountain landscape with her silver rays. We walked for a while in silence, and then he said—

"Well, Madeleine, have you thought of that matter?"

"I have."

"And the result?"

I hardly dared meet his eyes, his face looked so eager and earnest in the moonlight.

"I am, indeed, a little afraid of acceptance," I said, slowly, half wishing, even then, that I had something else to tell him. "Next year I shall be Mrs. Bradshaw's governess."

For a little while he did not speak, and the moon shone steadfastly, the night-wind stirred my hair—a bird in a tree said going home to its nest dropped down a gush of quivering melody. The scene, so full of loveliness for me, was spoiled by my thinking me stirred my heart almost to pain. I felt the tears stealing up to my eyes, and was glad when he broke the silence.

"Well, Madeleine, I presume you were right. Of course if you had loved me you would have decided differently. Loving me, you have taken the only true course. When I remember the tenderness of your years, I wonder at myself, and the hope I had of pleasing you."

I longed to tell him that it had not been the years, but that I feared I loved him as he was, he did not love me. I had not the courage, and again silence fell between us, which after a time, as before, he broke.

"I can trust you, Madeleine," he said, with grave tenderness, "to feel a strong and peculiar interest in your welfare. It is fitter, perhaps, that I should be your friend than your lover—in such a capacity I feel that I must guard you from making any rash promises to me. I will not make me one promise—one which Jeannette made me two years ago—that you will never say yes to any suitor whom you have not tried the matter over with me? I know more of men than you possibly can. Perhaps I shall be able to save you from such terrible shipwreck as I have unfortunately come to my private friend knowledge."

I did not realize then how hard it would be to keep such a promise—his tender earnestness seemed to compel me. I felt that I owed him something—that I gave him something in return.

"Remember," he said, "I hold you solemnly bound. If you had had a father to watch over your interests you never have asked this; as it is, I am sure that I am right."

It was still a month before I went away from Conway, and Judge Hibbard remained there all that time. He did not avoid me, or I him, and his society pleased me—society constantly strengthened my conviction that he never had felt for me any of that fervor and tumult of passion of which novels, I thought in those days, no love was worthy a woman's taking.

At last I went to Mr. Bradshaw's. I had never enjoyed half so much the process of the journey, and buy me a full bonnet, and a new pair of gloves. There my mental state of as of an invalid, and a soon found that I was expected in some degree to take the place of mistress of the house to the family when she was indisposed. To this duty even the children's lessons were considered second to me, and I spent much more time with the society than I had expected. It was a great change from the dull, droning routine of my school-teaching days. I discovered that I was not only young but handsome—that, like the milkmaid in the old song, my face was my fortune.

The young heir of Clifton Bradshaw's young gentlemen friends were in the habit of dropping in now and then to inspect me at home and out of them the habit seemed to grow wonderfully. There was one very decided impression which my familiar acquaintance with the young gentlemen made upon my mind, and that was a profound conviction of their inferiority to Judge Hibbard. Not that they were not fine young fellows, every one of them—well-bred, well-bred, of sound morals forth that I knew, and quite worthy of respect. Only they did not have something which he possessed. There was an immaturity of judgment about them—a lack of experimental knowledge—a sweet ward of first love in life—a failure to understand what their work was. If I had never seen him, doubtless my eyes would not have been opened to their defects; but, unconsciously, I had made of him a standard, judged by which these younger men were all found wanting. I took some pains to distribute my courtesies among them equally, and to keep them at a distance.

But in one case these efforts failed signally—that of Mr. Clinton Bradshaw himself. It was in vain for me to keep him at a distance. Nothing short of a direct answer, I could see, would ever satisfy him. When he told me his love there was no lack of all the warmth and intensity in which I had thought the Judge deficient. His earnestness forced upon me the conviction that I was, at last, loved dearly—loved in very truth for myself. And yet, strange by enough, it failed to move me, even so much as Judge Hibbard's fewer and cooler words had done.

Mindful of the promise with which I was bound, I asked a few days to decide, and then went to my own room to think the matter over. The more I thought the more favorably I looked upon the proposal. Of this man's love for me I entertained no doubt. In his eyes I should be perfect and precious. I thought such love as his alone could put cold to awaken a corresponding regard on my own; for, finding my heart so unmoved by all these things, I began to doubt my capacity for such love. It was an opposite affection, and therefore to consider chiefly the feeling I inspired rather than that I myself experienced.

The next day I went into town, and made my way to Judge Hibbard's office. I found him a cordward thing to do, as I began to realize fully during the few moments I sat waiting in the anteroom; but I would not retreat from the promise I had given. Once admitted to my Counselor's presence, I told the matter before him in words as few and plain as possible.

"I know nothing against Mr. Clinton Bradshaw," I said; "I have had no pressure on all in my favor. The one question is," and he turned and looked at me searchingly, "do you love him?"

"That will be, of course," I said, "if I marry him."

"But you did not dare to risk the that in another case," he persisted.

"But Mr. Bradshaw loves me," I answered, driven to the last line of defense, "and I love nobody. Oh, Judge Hibbard, I am very lonely, and love is so sweet."

"Do you think he loves you better than I did?"

"At least he has told me so, and you did not. You had—" and there I stopped, feeling my face growing red.

"If I had," he exclaimed, eagerly, "would the result have been any different? Madeleine, child, do not trifle with me. If I had, would it have done any good? God knows I do love you, and did then, with all the strength of my heart. I did not talk about it, for I would not persuade you against your own heart, or make my forty-two years ridiculous in your eyes by a boyish fervor.

I knew when he said that, and I met his eyes growing pale, I wanted more, what it was that I was wanting—that in this one man only, of all the world, my heart could find absolute rest.

Do I need to tell you what answer I made to Clinton Bradshaw? After all, he consoled himself easily, and married Jeannette Hibbard when I had been for a year her step-mother.

A GUERRILLA'S DIARY.

THE cold-blooded atrocity and fiendish practices of the Border-State guerrillas during the rebellion can only be appreciated by those who have resided near the scenes of their outrages, or have been subjected to their barbarous treatment. As the commencement of the Missouri troubles, hovering in the balance between loyalty and rebellion, offered great temptations to Missouri men for enterprising marauders. She had not long to wait for their appearance, and Quantrell, Bill Anderson, Thrailkill, and a host of others, sons of either sex, made their names in letters of blood on nearly every acre of her soil.

A short time since a pocket Diary, formerly belonging to and kept by the notorious Joe Hart, fell into my possession, from which I propose making a few extracts, which I trust may prove interesting. Of the authenticity of this Diary there can be no question, as it was taken from the dead body of the grim guerrilla. It was subsequently identified by one of his men before a court-martial, and certain extracts from it admitted as evidence. It is a well-worn book, having printed headings for each day in the year, commencing with January 1st, and ending Sundays in 1863." Its leaves are crumpled and soiled, and their edges stained with the blood of him who was wont to carefully and methodically note which it tells. On the first page is recorded, in a clear but rather delicate handwriting, the name of "Joseph L. Hart, Bates County Border Rangers, of Savannah, Andrew County, Missouri, formerly of Bardstown, Nelson County, Kentucky." All the entries, one on each day of the year, were written by the same hand, resembling more the penmanship of a lady than of one accustomed to the use of sabre and pistol. On the second page, under date of January 9, 1863, are the following lines, which I copy *verbatim*:

"REMEMBRANCE.

"Frank I can not forget
Nor will I love you well
Your smile is evidencest
You whisper dwell
You haunt me forever
I worship you yet
Our late endearment
Will linger forever."

This interesting effusion is signed "Miss M. Lou Claybrook, Clay County, Missouri," and the name of that poetical young damsel appears more than once in the pages of the Diary. While the gentle guerrilla was indulging in his "tits enterments" the literary lady was composing her tender verses.

Another book, leaving therein these little traces of affection and false orthography which should recall her to his mind when he should be far away in the performance of those diabolical deeds, the telling of which made his "whispers a spell."

On the next page are two lines of a poem which the jolly Joseph had consumed—for he was a man of sentiment, and indulged in poetic fancies—and has reference, no doubt, to the military operations then being prosecuted in his native State, Kentucky:

"The land of my home is fitting,
Flitting from me afar."

If Joseph were now alive to complete the poem, he

would probably admit that Kentucky hasn't "filled" so much as she might have done.

The entry for the 12th of April—at which time Joseph was gathering together his clan—records that they

"ran into the militia and fired a few shots.—B. Wood and W. Gough were along."

The "B. Wood" here alluded to is of the brother of Fernando the First, who has acquired considerable notoriety in similar company. Joseph proceeds, with his company of cut-throats, to the vicinity of

"Rochester, Andrew County—hyred over all day—very warm—a pleasant breeze is blowing up from the Sunny South—quite warm on upper, throwing her sable mantle o'er the scene, and I am preparing to start for Hackberry Ridge."

It is a fault in our guerrilla's style of composition that he allows his fancy to descend too abruptly from the poetic to the practical. On Hackberry Ridge, he recovered by the light of his sweet-heart's eyes, and records the event as follows:

"I am with Calvert, Saunders, and Todd. Here at their stopping-place. I am for my sweet-heart, Miss A. V. Kimison. Virtie came, God bless her little soul, and we passed a pleasant day together. This, the 14th day of the 4th Dan., 1865, at Rosville. Night has come on, and I am going down to the neighborhood of St. Joseph, where there are said to be some good horses, which we need. This has been a pleasant day, and she happened so far of my life."

The fickleness of man is proverbial, and the entry made in Joseph's Diary on the following day shows that he was not free from that pleasant little vice, and leaves the impression that he has only been trifling with the affections of his dear "Virdie." He says:

"Layed over all day near St. Joseph—saw many friends, but no sweet-hearts—like it well as I had been there before me. I have been reading Washington Irving's works, and among them one entitled 'The Broken Heart,' which has caused me to determine never to expose my heart to any little sweet-heart shall not have cause to complain again."

The "Broken Heart" evidently made a deep impression upon the susceptible Bushwhacker, for after reading it he returned to his "Virdie," and then breathes forth his soul's ecstasy:

"I am now in company with my fearest sweet-heart, and Time is fast passing away on Golden Wings o'er me and her when I have best of all on Earth. To-day is a pleasant day, and the most stillness of all days that Sabbath is plainly to be noticed. Nothing breaks its Heavenly stillness except the soft rustling of the leaves above and the mournful cooing of the Turtle Dove, aided by the cheerful song of many other birds. The evening now draws and my heart is filled with sadness to think that I and my girl must soon part, and perhaps forever. Oh, sweet, sweet midnight—Holy Hour! All the world is wrapped in dream and sleep; but I am still sitting by my Virdie's side, my arm and left side stolen around her waist—delightfully I press her to my beating Heart, and one, two, three, yes, half a dozen sweet kisses I steal from her coaxing lips, and the clock's hour I bet! We part! Oh, shall I ever forget this hour! Shall I ever forget the glance of that dark Eye! the sweet, mournful smile of that Full Face! the soft thrilling pressure of that Lilly White Hand! Never! never! Never! Never!



CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND



DRIVE.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 794.]

THE DRIVE IN CENTRAL PARK.

CENTRAL PARK, the great play-ground of New York City, was first officially proposed in a message addressed by Mayor Kingsland, April 5, 1851, to the Board of Aldermen. The aldermen were immediately to work. At first it was thought that 100 acres would be sufficient, but the people were not satisfied with this confined space; an area of 800 acres was determined upon. The Central Park is more than twice the size of either Regent's or Hyde Park in London.

The total cost of the lands taken for Central Park up to January, 1860, was about five and a half millions of dollars. The Board of Commissioners was organized May 1, 1857. Since that time the receipts of the Board have amounted to about four and one half millions, nearly all of which has been expended from year to year in improvements on the Park. This expenditure is over and above the cost of the ground.

One of the most prominent features of Central Park is the Drive, which we illustrate in our double-page engraving. This drive is a spacious Macadamized road for vehicles, with a foot-path on either side. It makes the entire circuit of the ground, commencing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. In its serpentine course it embraces all the great architectural and scenic features of the Park: the lakes, bridges, lawns, and reservoirs. During the year 1864 one mile was added to the Drive, and the whole, extending over nine miles and a half, is now complete. The scene between the hours of three and five P.M. is magnificent. The Drive is thronged with vehicles of every variety known to fashion, and some which are not. Of late a great feature has been the large number of female charioteers.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS,
Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXII.

ON GUARD.

SAXON was fixed in his determination not to have recourse to the law. In vain the banker entreated permission to call in the aid of Mr. Nicodemus Kidd; in vain represented the urgency of the case, the magnitude of the stakes, and the difficulty—it might almost be said, the impossibility—of laying any thing before a tribunal in their own unassisted persons. To all this Saxon only replied that there were but three witnesses to Trefalden, and, however what might, he would not disgrace that old Cornish name by bringing his cousin before a criminal tribunal. This was his stand-point, and nothing could move him from it.

A little after midnight the banker left him, and, repairing straight to Pentonville, roused the virtuous Keckwitch from his first sleep, and sat with him in secret council for more than an hour and a half. By three o'clock he was back again in Saxon's chambers, and by five, which is the first gray of the misty September morning was visible overhead, the two young men had alighted from a cab at the top of Sidole Lane and were briskly patrolling the deserted pavement.

Dawn came, and then day. The shabby suburban sparrows woke up in their dewy places, and, after much preliminary chirruping, came down and hopped familiarly in the path of the watchers. Presently a sweep came out at his brushes over his shoulder, and was followed by three or four laborers going to work toward a white, that he should never come back again. Madam had been in hysterics ever since. Poor madam! Such a kind, devoted husband—and too— But there, what could one expect? Men were such brutes.

"Not all brutes, my dear Mrs. Filmer," wheezed the head clerk, tenderly reproachful.

Whereupon Mrs. Filmer blew her head, and believed that there wasn't so much difference between the best and the worst as some folks imagined.

"There's myself, for instance," said Mr. Keckwitch. "I abhor perfidy; I do indeed, ma'am."

"Ah, so you say, Mr. Keckwitch," sighed the housekeeper.

"I can prove it to you, Mrs. Filmer. If you'll get me a sight of that letter, so that I could examine the writin' and postmark, I'll go down at once to the City Police Office, where I've friends quarters that I know of; and if I don't succeed in findin' out which way your scamp of a master's gone, I give you leave never to speak to me again."

"Ah, my dear," sighed the housekeeper.

"Mean it, too, my dear Mrs. Filmer," wheezed the head clerk, tenderly reproachful.

Whereupon Mrs. Filmer blew her head, and believed that there wasn't so much difference between the best and the worst as some folks imagined.

"There's myself, for instance," said Mr. Keckwitch. "I abhor perfidy; I do indeed, ma'am."

"Ah, so you say, Mr. Keckwitch," sighed the housekeeper.

"

"Oh yes, if you like; but you'll find there's no such place."

"Did Mrs. Riviere seem to be much worse before she left here?"

"No. We thought she was better, and so did Miss Rivers."

Saxon turned reluctantly toward the door.

"Thank you," he said. "I wish you could have told me more."

"I suppose you are a friend of the family?" said the girl, inquisitively.

Saxon nodded.

"You can't tell me, I suppose, whether Mr.—"

"Fourth?"

"Ay—whether Mr. Forsyth was engaged to Miss Riviere?" and he, with some hesitation.

She screwed her mouth up, and jerked her head expressively.

"They weren't when they left here," she replied; "but you might call see how it would be before long."

Then, seeing the trouble in the young man's face, she added, quickly:

"On his side, you know. He worshiped the ground she walked upon; but I don't believe she cared a brass farthing for him."

To which Saxon only replied by thanking her again, and turned despondingly away.

He would go to St. John's Wood; but he felt beforehand that it would be useless. It was to be expected that William Trefalden would give a false address. It was, of course, a part of his plan to do so.

In the midst of these reflections, just as he had reached the further end of the terrace, the girl came running after him.

"Sir, Sir," she said, breathlessly, "I've just thought of Doctor Herbert. He was Mrs. Riviere's doctor, and he'll be sure to know where they went."

"God bless you for that thought, my girl!" said Saxon. "Where does he live?"

"I don't know; but it's somewhere about Camberwell. He'll be sure to find him."

"Yes, yes—easily. And again Saxon dipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket. But the girl shook her head.

"I lord love you!" said she, "I don't want any more of your money—you've given me too much already."

And with this she laughed and ran away.

Saxon jingled back into his cab, and directed to be driven to the first chemist's shop on the road.

"For the chemists," muttered he to himself as he rattled along, "are sure to know all about the doctors."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

DOCTOR FISHER.

DOCTOR FISHER dwelt in a big, stucco-fronted, many-windowed house, with gates and a portico—a detached house—in Camberwell. He stood back from the road, as if with a silly sense of its own superiority to the humbler dwellings around about—a house before whose grim portals no organ boy would presume to linger, and no beggar to set up his impertinent whine. A solemn-looking servant in a sad-colored livery opened the door and ushered Saxon to the physician's presence.

Dr. Fisher was a massive man, with an important manner, and a deep rolling voice like the pedal pipes of an organ. He received his visitor courteously, begged him to be seated, and replied politely and readily to all Saxon's inquiries. Mrs. Riviere was indeed dead. She died about a fortnight before, and was buried in Norwood cemetery. The Riviere family had removed from Camberwell about two, or it might be nearer three, months previous to this catastrophe. During the first six or eight weeks of her sojourn at Sydenham Mrs. Riviere had gained strength, and was so far improved as to be on the point of undertaking a voyage to Madeira, when she unfortunately took that cold which resulted in her death. Dr. Fisher did not attend Mrs. Riviere's funeral. He believed that Miss Riviere and Mr. Forsyth were the only mourners. He had never had the honour of meeting Mr. Forsyth, but he had heard both Mrs. and Miss Riviere speak repeatedly of their so-soon at Sydenham Mrs. Riviere had gained strength, and was so far improved as to be on the point of undertaking a voyage to Madeira, when she unfortunately took that cold which resulted in her death. Dr. Fisher did not attend Mrs. Riviere's funeral. He believed that Miss Riviere and Mr. Forsyth were the only mourners. He had never had the honour of meeting Mr. Forsyth, but he had heard both Mrs. and Miss Riviere speak repeatedly of their so-soon to be united daughter and friend. He had no objection to him as a friend to whom they were bound by many ties of gratitude and regard. Miss Riviere, he believed, was well. He had called upon her in the morning of the day following that on which her mother was buried, but not since. Her present address was Beulah Villa, Sydenham. He regretted that he had no further information to offer; proceeded that he was entirely at his visitor's service; and wished him a gracious "good-morning."

Ushered once more by the solemn lackey, Saxon pushed on at once to Sydenham.

Beulah Villa proved to be one of a series of semi-detached houses in a quiet-looking avenue, looking some fields, about half a mile from the Crystal Palace. His cab had no sooner pulled up, however, before the gate than an ominous card in the dining-room window prepared him for a fresh disappointment.

Miss Riviere had left nearly a week ago.

"She went away, Sir, the second day after her poor mother was dead," explained the new woman of the house, a cheery, kindly, good-humored-looking body, with floury hands and a white apron on. "She couldn't abide the place, pretty dear, after what had happened."

"If you will be so kind as to oblige me with Miss Riviere's present address—"

"Well, Sir, I'm sorry to say that is just what I can not do," interrupted the landlady. "Miss Riviere didn't know it herself—not to be certain about it."

"But surely something must have been said—something by which one could form some idea," said Saxon. "Do you think she was going abroad?"

"Oh, dear no, Sir. She was going to the seaside."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, Sir—positive."

"And yet is it possible that no one place was mentioned as being more likely than another?"

"Two or three places were mentioned, Sir, but I took no account of the names of 'em."

"You can't remember even one?"

"No, Sir—I can't, indeed."

"Try—pray try. Do you think you could remember if I were to repeat the names of several sea-side places to you?"

His intense earnestness seemed to strike the woman.

"I can very sorry, Sir," she said, "but I have no more idea of them than the babe unborn. I don't believe I should know them if I was to hear them—I don't, indeed."

"Did Miss Riviere leave your house—alone?"

"No, Sir. Mr. Forsyth went with her."

Saxon almost ground his teeth at that name.

"Mr. Forsyth is very often here, I suppose," he said.

"Very often, Sir."

"Almost every day?"

The woman looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion that showed plainly what she thought of this cross-examination.

"Why, yes, Sir," she replied, reluctantly. "I suppose it was almost every day lately."

The young man thanked her, and turned sadly away. At the bottom of the garden he paused.

"You don't happen to know to which railway terminus they went?" he asked, as a last chance.

She shook her head.

"Indeed, Sir, I do not," she answered. "I wish I did."

Saxon could even find the cabman who drove them—

The landlady clasped her hands together.

"There, now!" she exclaimed. "Why, to be sure, they went in one of Davis's fly!"

Saxon pounded up the steps again.

"You dear, good soul!" he said. "Where shall I find this Davis? Where are his stables? Where does he ply?"

She told him quickly and clearly—the second turning to the left, and then up a lane. And could not be very far off. Davis's stables.

He scarcely waited to hear the last words. Full of hope and excitement, he dashed into his cab again, and was gone in a moment.

OVER THE WAY.

Goest in her childlike purity
Over the golden sky;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Over the way.

Over the bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are pressed;
The lashes lie on her cheeks so thin—
Where the blue veins of the eyes hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed to rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
The golden hair is smoothed;
She was so fragile that Love sent down
From his heavenly gems the soft bright crown,
To shade her head with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep with the tender smile
Frozen on her silent lips
By the fervent kiss of the Lord so very breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death,
Like the last faint fall of a wearied breath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your soft night crown,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In silence are closed?

Rose-bud—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven to your timid sight?
It is beaming now in a world of light
Over the starry way.

Hearts—where the darling's head hath lain,
Hush into peace!
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she will be there in the angel band
Over the starry way!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

EVERY body is supposed to feel good-natured and charitably disposed after hearing a sermon in behalf of charity, and as the good hortative's harder continues, long after this festival, to send forth especially choice vinula, this state of mild magnanimity is expected to continue a while. There is no more fitting time to let one kindly feel how much more than the Fifth of November, the Thanksgiving and Christmas. Winter has come, and the poor are keenly feeling the pinches of cold and hunger, and so not to detract from good deeds by the knowledge that many of our city beggars are impostors; but by following a well-ordered plan of charity, as many of our churches almost every one might easily find one family, who, with very little effort, might be made warmer, happier, and better all through coming cold winter.

The Continental correspondent of the *American Literary Gazette* does not credit ladies with much love of books or of domestic peace. At any rate, his advice to men is, "Love books;" for enjoyment and occupation; but, "Marry a clever wife," for peace, because books are unassailable, and they are sent to an early grave. We conclude he has had some experience. Probably he gave his wife a lecture on economy with the household money one morning, and coming home at night with a bundle of books, she retorts, à la Camille. "Five dollars for Alfred's Cyclopedia, and a hundred new volumes on theft! Good gracious, Mr. Caudle, that's half our year's watermeal! And then you must give three dollars and a half for that man Agate's 'Doctrine of a Future Life,' as if all you, Agate, or any body else knew about a future life were not in the Bible, which you could get for the mere asking at the Bible Society's office. Money thrown away! Just as you threw away five dollars a year ago for Knox's Arctic Explorations. What in the world are those Arctic regions to you or any body else—they are nothing but a huge refrigerator. *Darwin on the John Pyndrin?* Do you know him? Did he ever invite you to dinner? Did he ever send you a complimentary ticket to a ball? Well, then, so much the worse for you to be spending your money for his book. He's a person whom all that are dead and gone. Why, Mr. Caudle, it is ten minutes past nine, and you don't seem inclined for bed. *Finish Agate!* Finish your own newspapers are you going to read? Do you mean to break down your health as well as reduce your self-denial to bankruptcy to supply you with gas and coal?" We suppose that at this point Mr. Caudle turned off the gas and went obediently to bed.

Apropos to Caudle's ever-ready following song, descriptive of

THE THREE-TAILED BASHAW.

You have read or have heard of that valiant of males,
The far-famous Turkish Bashaw of three tails.
Over a hundred wives owned this mighty lord's sway,
Who makes it a point that his word shall be law,
In a bad, horrible way, this three-tailed bashaw,
As a three-tailed bashaw.

At actual fighting he's not very bold,
But oh! how he rules his household!
He borrows from Satanus his method of war,
And conquers his foes with a goldacre jaw.
Oh! beware the tongue of a three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

If his breakfast is ready he's sure to be late,
But if it is not, why, then he's in a state!
If you argue, he swears you're Nonsense!" or "Pshaw!"
For nothing but action he's ever known law.
Oh! a hungering, hurrying three-tailed bashaw,
As a three-tailed bashaw.

While his wife puts the breakfast things back on the shelf
He sits down with the newspaper all by himself;
He reads of the battles that are made of the war,
But won't read her the story that makes him "feel ha!"
He is such an unnatural three-tailed bashaw,
As a three-tailed bashaw.

Then he goes to his office or to see the play,
And his wife breathes in peace 'cause he's out of the way;
But while he is gone she's not safe in her seat,
She finds it is like making bricks without straw
To keep house with the help of a three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

At his dinner, no matter how much he may eat,
He is sure to find fault with the cook and the meat;
The entrée is burned, and the lambs is raw,
And the joint isn't fit to wish dog to gnaw.
Oh! I wouldn't be cook to a three-tailed bashaw,
To a three-tailed bashaw.

On Sunday the house must be perfectly still;
He must have no children, no wife, who's more. he will.
It breaks the commandments for boys to hurrah!
Or cherry to whistle. Moses is far away from the law
Than a thoroughly orthodox three-tailed bashaw,
A three-tailed bashaw.

Young lady! not married, but meaning to be,
Accept, I implore you, this caution from me.
Don't marry your lover, unless you make you a vower,
Nor give your fair hand in exchange for the paw
Of an educated three-tailed bashaw,
Of a three-tailed bashaw.

And, gentlemen, listen, a word in your ears—
You had better encore me with laughter and cheers;
For if my words touch you, you'll find the true gist
The ladies will think that he doesn't because
He is one of those three-tailed bashaws,
Old three-tailed bashaws.

A rascally attempt was recently made to obtain the best envelope of a kind which has been genuine in one of the mills of Paterson, New Jersey. It seems that one received a quantity of envelopes with a fancy border, and was awarded a premium, by an association called the "National Protective Union. Only $10 or $20 for a ticket, giving a chance for ready wealth." Shortly after the lucky gift received a second communication, giving all the particulars, and a circular setting forth the charms of such concerns. To a poor girl it was an irresistible temptation; and she was about forwarding the $20 when a friend became cognizant of the matter, and advised her to keep her money where she could be assured of its safety.

The Strong divorce trial still continues to fill our daily newspapers with details. Public sentiment should "against giving needless publicity to such disclosures. The publication of these details encourages knowing the facts which are now laid open to the world, could invite such an exhibition is utterly incomprehensible.

In general, we are opposed to giving our readers any remedy or recipe which has not been tested by us or by some one whom we personally know. But, remedies, sympathy for his fellow-sufferers, has sent us a remedy for chilla sad fever, which have never had chills and fever, and we don't think it worth while to contract the disease for the sake of trying the remedy. It is a simple remedy, if we understand it, and those who are afflicted may reap the benefit of it. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*.

REMEDY FOR CHILLS AND FEVER.

1 oz. Sulphate of Quinine.
1 oz. Columbo Root—Pine.
1 oz. Gentian Root.

DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

Take wine glass full 3 times per Day for Robust Grown persons—Children less than the Fifth in Bowley and Tables upon full 1 time per Day after chill is Broken for 9 Days.

Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell, the popular English writer, whose death occurred some time since, was the wife of a Unitarian clergyman, and for several years resided in Manchester, although most of her work of her death has been written in that city. Her first novel, "Mary Barton," was published in 1848, and is said to have been written by the advice of a friend to divert her mind from the oppression of a domestic affliction. Perhaps her "Life of Charlotte Brontë" has been the most popular of all her works; and though not free from inaccuracies, its fascinating style, and the high powers of its author, will make it a work which will be an eagerly sought for as the most entertaining novel. Mr. Gaskell's last work, "Wives and Daughters," is now in press, and will soon be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A romantic story has recently been published—the "Love Life" of Dr. Kane. It seems that he was secretly married to Miss Margaret Fox; but the social position of the lady being inferior to that of his own family, the marriage was not publicly recognized. At his death Dr. Kane left money in trust for the support of his wife; but his relatives have withheld it from her, and brought her character into question. This "Love Life" seems to have been published for the purpose, in part, of vindicating her character.

A sort of contest has recently been going on between the French and English hairdressers—ludicrous in some of its aspects; but which has had the effect to bring forth a public various novel opinions respecting hairdressing in general. One who signs himself "An English Hairdresser," writes as follows:

"Whatever fashion may be in vogue, the darker shades of hair should be dressed as much as possible in the fashion so prevailing; while, on the other hand, the fair and golden locks should be opened up and dressed with the Asiatic-like as possible. Curl and flowing wave, not 'tortured ringlet,' should be the order of the night, and not ironfuctions. I believe the present fashion of tuft-dressing is a revival of the same in ladies generally of any style since the days of Louis XIV., when powder was generally worn, and which is perhaps the most universally becoming style that has ever been introduced. At both periods the forehead was left unadorned, no narrow-minded idea existed to be, in the former, the hair, being drawn directly back and lifted high, regardless of the many accompaniments of powder, rouge, and paint to soften the otherwise bold expression of the face. In the latter, our present, thanks to her Imperial Majesty the Empress of the French—and not less, though in a different manner, to Her Highness the Princess of Wales—there is a far closer following of Nature's guidance than has ever been adopted."

At a wedding which recently took place at Vienna, between a wealthy Jew and Jewess, a somewhat unwelcome gift was introduced among the bridal presents, which were exhibited according to custom. It consisted of a package of papers secured by a string, and on the outside the following inscription: "Inclosed is the tender correspondence between your parents and the writer." At the end appeared "Your sincere friend." On the examination of its contents the effect on the bridegroom, bride, and friends may easily be imagined. The party was soon brought to a close, and endless trouble commenced with the honeymoon. It is positively asserted that the day following the marriage the bridegroom gave instructions for a divorce from his new bride; but it is doubted if he can obtain it by the Austrian law for the time specified.

At a recent meeting of medical men in Edinburgh some statements were made in regard to a toy for children, which has since proved to be fatal. In one case, with the careful consideration of parents who are tempted to purchase them for delighted children. It was asserted that the chemical toy, called "Pharoh's Serpents," is composed of a highly explosive and poisonous compound, which is the sulpho-cyanide of mercury. Experiments have shown that one half of a sixpenny Pharoh's serpent is sufficient to poison a large-sized rabbit in an hour and a half's experience. A less dose also destroys life, but takes longer to do so. The toy, therefore, is much too deadly to be permitted as merely amusing; and seeing that it can be purchased by every school-boy, and be brought home to the nursery, it is rather alarming to think that there is enough of poison in one of the serpents to destroy the life of seven children; and we hope that the sale may be forthwith stopped as a crime with bright tin-foil, and much resembles in outward appearance a piece of chocolate or a comfit. It is certainly an anomaly in the law of the kingdom that a grain of arsenic can not be purchased except under proper restrictions, and that such articles as Pharoh's serpents, containing as deadly a poison, may be sold in any quantity, and by anybody, to children in the open street.

Education among the common people in England seems to be gaining ground. The Working Woman's College, Queen's Square, London, has recently completed its second year with a very satisfactory programme of classes. The subjects taught include arithmetic, grammar, English language and grammar, English literature and history, physiology, botany, Latin, drawing, French, and vocal music. There are also classes every evening for reading, writing and writing, and to prepare students to enter the college classes. The college affords great educational advantages to women of various employments, including teachers, dress-makers, domestic servants, and the like. The classes are taught gratuitously by ladies and gentlemen, who hope "that mutual help and fellowship may be promoted among all members of the college, teachers and pupils, by the educational work of the classes and the social life of the evening meetings." The college, provided with periodicals and newspapers, and the library, are open every evening from seven to ten, and are made pleasantly attractive to students.

ME MISERABLE! WHICH WAY SHALL I FLY!

KING CHOLERA has crossed the broad Atlantic, and is now looking out for convenient quarters with a view to pitching next spring and summer among us. Thanks to our local Government, the streets of our favored city are invitingly prepared for his presence and, by the courtesy of the owners of our wealthiest property-holders, numberless tenement houses stand ready to offer him cutting-room when he wearies of his excursions. Inhospitable as it may seem, however, most of our fellow-citizens manifest a strong disposition to unfriendliness manifested in the ceremonies attendant upon His Majesty's public reception, and many a succulent alderman and reluctant tenement-landlord, in advance of the prospective pestilence he has done so much to pave the way for, now propounds to himself the query of our caption. At whom you will, you find knots of timorous individuals discussing the probable advent of the epidemic and anxiously comparing all possible modes of escape from its dreaded ravages. Cholera is the one absorbing topic of private conversation and public print. Boards of physicians, the Monroe Doctrine, Fenian bonds—nay, even the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, have fallen into the background in presence of the one theme uppermost in the popular mind.

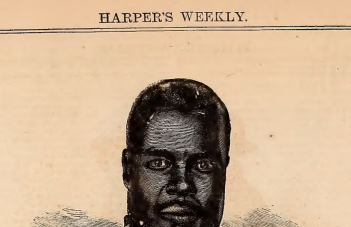
It is not at all likely that cholera will develop itself during the coming winter in New York; but there is every probability that with the opening of spring we shall witness the commencement of a more devastating visitation of the disease than has ever before scourged our city. The grounds for this supposition are obvious. The excessive condensation of our population, especially in the east-side and the lower portions of the city, and the consequent defect of proper ventilation and cleanliness; the poisonous exhalations from neglected accumu-

lations of decomposing garbage and obstructed or insufficient sewers; the vile, noisome gases liberated from the thousand and one bone-boiling nuisances, slaughter-houses, and factories of different kinds which hem in our population with a baleful belt, like sentries standing guard against the entrance of pure air; all these are not only positively deleterious by introducing morbific elements into the system; but negatively, by depriving the blood of its adequate supply of oxygen, exert a powerful influence in depressing vitality, increasing the liability to infection of those persons exposed to their action, and lessening the chances of recovery. That all or any of these inducements to disease will be abated before next spring is, of course, beyond the wildest imagining of any one conversant with the workings of our city Government. All that is left for us, therefore, is to inquire what individual precautions may be taken against the fell invader, or what avenues of flight may be free from his pursuing strides.

The question, "Is cholera contagious?" is frequently asked, and upon its satisfactory solution much depends as to the proper prophylactic measures to be adopted. Strictly speaking, this query must be answered in the negative. Cholera is not transmissible from one person to another by even prolonged contact, unless there exist a peculiar condition of the atmosphere; a statement sufficiently proven by the fact that the records of every summer in New York show a few "sporadic" cases of cholera, while the spread of the malady over certain neighborhoods only occurs at long intervals. On the other hand, however, when the particular *endemic area* necessary to the establishment of an epidemy is present, then cholera assumes a contagious character. In other words, the infection can not be introduced where no aerial influences favor its extension; while, *per contra*, we believe that even where such influences obtain, it may be denied admission by appropriate sanitary measures.

Last any one should here adduce the now exploded doctrine that "sporadic" and "epidemic" cholera are different diseases, or, at least, different forms of the disease, the former arising spontaneously and terminating with the individual attacked, and the latter possessing a specific property of contagion, we will strengthen our position by remarking that certain districts of country have always escaped this plague, despite the importation of patients from localities where it was raging as an epidemy and numbering its victims daily by hundreds. On the south side of Long Island, for instance, in the quite thickly settled stretch of land including the towns of Islip and Babylon, but four cases of cholera have occurred during thirty-five years—a period comprising three terrible visitations of the pestilence—and of these four cases two, at least, were brought from New York. This immunity, we believe, is shared by the whole extent of the south shore; but we have quoted only that portion concerning which we possess exact data. Again, in the city of Newport during two "cholera seasons" a number of cases arose, and the disease manifested a tendency to increase, while the surrounding neighborhood, notwithstanding the inducements of watering-place dissipations, entirely escaped.

And now, O patient reader! having set forth for your benefit the scientific aspect of the subject, we will proceed to deduce therefrom that sound advice which it is the duty of the journalist to offer, and at the option of the recipient to follow.



GENERAL J. W. LAMOTHE.

If business avocations or the devotional service of the almighty dollar absolutely necessitate your remaining in the city during the spring and summer months, the most scrupulous cleanliness must be enforced throughout your household as a preliminary step. Nor is this, Sir, as superfluous counsel as you may be inclined at first to consider it. We will grant that your personal ablutions are performed with matutinal regularity—that Master Jack and Miss Matilda twice daily grest the obnoxious bath tub with rebellious howlings—that your wardrobe yields resources for frequent changes of spotless linen—that the notable housewife who shares your name and income rigorously superintends the performances of the besom and duster, and insists upon the religious observance of ceremonials connected with step-ladders, hoop-skirts, slip-shod shoes, and window brushes; but we warn you against the rash conclusion that because conspicuous neatness meets the casual eye throughout your domicile, all the conditions of purity are fulfilled. Think of the "whited sepulchre," good friend, and descend to the cellar regions of your establishment. Note that small but odoriferous heap of decayed vegetables cast into you dark corner by Bridget the cook. Follow the guidance of your offended nose to where those waste scraps of meat, those two or three heads of decapitated fish, with maybe half a dozen flagrant relics of that last barrel of oysters, have reached an almost luminous stage of decomposition. Faugh! let us leave such a pestiferous climate, and ascend to the kitchen floor. What! even here? Bless us! whence comes that sickening smell, as of a charnel-house and glue-factory combined? See here! As we're alive, two barrels and a box reeking with putrid offal, remnants of past meals and Harrisonian sequestra from previous poultry, are festering at your basement door; and as we stand Mary superadds the contents of a pail of "slops." Tis, Sir! Is this what you would impose upon us as a clean abode? Will you have cause for surprise if pallid Cholera set his equal foot across your threshold as well as in the shanty or the tenement tomb? Go, and at once—procure the removal of this poisonous filth, purify your cellar with lime, prohibit future negligence of such criminal import, and see to it that the prohibition be obeyed.

If you be a sensible person, enjoying the good things of life in moderation, your diet requires but little change; but if Apician luxury characterize your banquets, a thorough reform should be effected. Discard from your hall of fare all the greasy abominations of pseudo "French" cookery; avoid rich, highly-seasoned dishes, and abjure desserts of pastry and confectionery. Satisfy your appetite with plain, nutritious viands, preferring beef and mutton to lobster-salad or pate de foie gras, and arrest the progress of your repast as soon as hunger is appeased. Above all, practice temperance in your potations; not total abstinence, unless "tee-totalism" have been your past rule; but guard against every thing approaching to excess.

There is another postulate, however, whose fulfilment depends rather upon your nervous temperament than upon your volition, but without which all other preventives are futile; and this is *fearlessness*. A bold heart and a calm mind are amulets of wondrous efficacy, while cowardly apprehensiveness will do more to predispose you for disease than any other two influences combined. Cholera and its congeners are blustering bullies, and will ever select for their attack the laid-hearted craven rather than him who returns their glare with a steady eye and bold front. If, therefore, you be of a timorous disposition, let discretion supply the place of absent valor, and fly the enemy you dare not coolly face; but in your flight let reflection guide your steps and prudence indicate your goal. Do not seek sanctuary in inland places, where vegetation is rank and where immature apples present a second Satanic temptation to the fall of your infant Adams and Eves; but select some quiet seaside sojourn, where robust breezes from the ocean meet and repel the land tide of infection, and where your flaccid nerves may gain a firmer fibre and more pungent tone by being, as it were, pickled in an atmosphere of brine.

Should further exhortations from our courage to your timidity be deemed advisable when the epidemic shall have appeared we will nullify them from our destined Long Island refuge. Till then, kind reader, vale!

ELIZABETH STREET, BROWNSVILLE.

We illustrate on this page the principal street of Brownsville, TEXAS. Brownsville is now the centre of great excitement. It lies on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, two miles distant. General STEELE's head-quarters are on Elizabeth Street, and the whole town is a scene of military bustle. This place was of great importance during the late war, being, while it was in rebel possession, an important dépôt for the introduction of supplies and munitions of war by way of Mexico.

GEN. LAMOTHE, THE HAYTIAN.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

I STAYED in my paper on the Civil War in Hayti that, with FRANÇOIS JEAN JOSEPH, the rebel President, there was another pure negro in GEFFRARD'S Cabinet; "but," I added, "he was a man of real force—LAMOTHE, now an exile in Jamaica, whither he fled to escape from condemnation for complicity." The General seems to have taken this remark in ill part, as will appear from the following note which has just reached me:

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, October 6, 1865.

Mons. Jaison Belpath:

SIR,—I had occasion to read your estimate of the recent situation in Hayti. You are responsible to yourself for your opinions, and are at liberty to think of a man as you choose.

I think I ought to relieve you of one of your misconcep-



ELIZABETH STREET, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

tions. You have stated that I fled to Jamaica to avoid being condemned as a conspirator. I know who your informant is, but as you have always honored me with the name of *friend*, it does not seem to me that you should be satisfied with the statements of my enemies, and that the sentiment of justice requires that you should obtain information from both sides. I refer you to the deliberations of the Senate of Hayti of June 9 and July 29, 1865. You will there find that Mr. GEFFRARD violated my rights as a Senator, that the Haytian Senate protested in my favor, and that your article has gratuitously calumniated me.

I remain, Monsieur,
Your very humble servant,
J. W. LAMOTHE.

The General is in error when he supposes that I would gratuitously calumniate him. I supposed, from the statement of Haytian papers, that I had correctly stated the cause of his exile. I regarded him as the ablest black man of Hayti, and hoped that he would succeed GEFFRARD, for he had all the qualities that the President lacked—firmness, vigor, audacity. What I feared was, lest, his power once established, his very virtues might lead him on to despotic acts.

But, if we may believe the telegraph, the fate of General LAMOTHE has been sealed. First, we are told that he has been implicated in the "negro insurrection in Jamaica; next, we are told that he was shot by the British soldiery or magistrates during the progress of the hideous massacre recently perpetrated by the English in that unfortunate island.

It is to be hoped that the English anti-slavery people will cause a searching investigation to be made into the recent acts of their military officers in Jamaica—acts which, like the Opium War in China and the slaughter of the Sheiks of India, will surely cover the British name with the execrations of the human race if reparation is not made for them. Like "the papers" which "implicated" LAMOTHE he produced, and if they are not forthcoming, I say, with Dr. JOHNSON, "Success to the next Negro Insurrection in Jamaica!"

JAMES REDPATH.

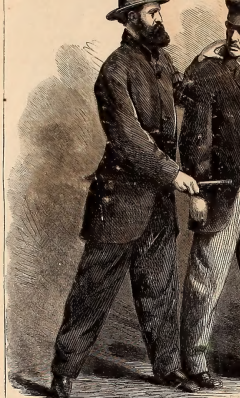
THE "SHENANDOAH."

We give on page 789 a picture of the British pirate ship *Shenandoah*, recently surrendered to the United States by the British Government. After a long cruise, which began October 18, 1864, and which has been terribly destructive to our commerce, this vessel returned to her home in England, and Captain WADDELL handed her over to the British authorities at Liverpool.

The *Sea King*, as the ship was at first called, was built at Glasgow, in October, 1863, by Messrs. ALEXANDER SYMONDS & SONS, on the composite principle introduced by them, which consists of an iron frame planked with rock elm below the water-line and with teak above. Her dimensions are 220 feet in length, 32 feet 5 inches in breadth, and 20 feet 5 inches in depth, with a tonnage of 1018 tons register, or 1130 tons builder's measurement. She was first chartered by the British Government to take out troops and a battery to New Zealand. Returning to London she was chosen by the rebel agents for a privateer. To evade the law a bill of sale was made out to Mr. RICHARD WRIGHT of Liverpool, from whom she was transferred to P. L. CORBETT, and cleared ostensibly for Bombay. She was met off Madeira by the Clyde-built steamer *Laurel*, which had also been purchased by a Liverpool man and had been sent from that port with the armament of the future *Shenandoah*. After taking on board her stores and guns, the *Shenandoah* hoisted the rebel flag.

Having thus started on her destructive mission, the *Shenandoah*, while the war lasted, did vast damage to our commerce. About the beginning of this year she turned up suddenly at Melbourne, Australia, and after receiving a fresh stock of supplies sailed for the North Pacific, where, notwithstanding that the commander was frequently told by the masters of neutral vessels whom he met on the high seas that the war was over, he refused to believe them.

Long after LEE's surrender and DAVIS's capture, Captain WADDELL sunk, burned, and otherwise destroyed whole fleets of whalers in the Ochotsk Sea and Behring's Strait. Early in November the *Shenandoah* appeared in the Mersey and surrendered to H. M. S. *Donegal*. She had no guns on deck, all her armament being stowed down below in boxes. The crew numbered 133 men. Both Captain and crew were unconditionally released.



CAPTAIN WADDY ARRESTING GONZALES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

THE OTERO MURDER.

Few persons will wonder at the possibility of an atrocious murder being committed at an early hour of the night and in the open thoroughfare of so poorly lighted a city as Brooklyn, followed by the escape of the murderers. The wonder is, in the case of the murder of OTERO on the night of November 22, that the perpetrators of the deed ever were found out. Two gashes in a glove furnished the one sole clew to their detection. Fortunately this was sufficient, and we are able on this page to give our readers portraits of GONZALES and PELLICER—two of the alleged murderers.

Last summer JOSE GARCIA OTERO, keeper of a public house and billiard saloon in Cardenas, Cuba, drew a large prize in the Royal Lottery of Havana. This money he proposed to invest in a new theatre, and was visiting New York on business connected with this enterprise when he was murdered and robbed of his money. When he arrived in the city he put up at the Hotel de Barcelona, Great Jones Street. It was here that he made the acquaintance of JOSE GONZALES, who had been boarding at the hotel for some days. On the day of the murder GONZALES was much with OTERO; at 7 o'clock in the evening he left the hotel with him, OTERO having with him eight or ten thousand dollars in gold and bills, although the clerk had advised him to leave the money at the hotel for security. GONZALES advised otherwise. It was a dark night, but OTERO accompanied his companion unsuspectingly to Brooklyn. Here he was seen in EVANS's drinking house, corner of Myrtle Avenue and Canton Street about 9 o'clock. GONZALES and OTERO were at this place joined by a third man, undoubtedly PELLICER. All three drank profusely. When they left they went in the direction of the park.

In this park, surrounded by occupied dwellings, the murder was committed without attracting attention. A few minutes afterward some one passing through the park stumbled over a body which he supposed to be that of a drunken man. A closer inspection revealed that the man was dead and his body frightfully mutilated. The police, upon their arrival at the spot, found near the body a dirk, two razors, and a pair of gloves. The latter were cut across the fingers, and evidently belonged to one of the assassins with whom the murdered man had struggled.

It was supposed that GONZALES would attempt to leave the next day in one of the Havana steamers. Officers were sent to the piers from which these steamers would leave. GONZALES did not make his appearance, but PELLICER did, and his appearance excited suspicion. It was observed that the first finger of the left hand was much larger than the others, as if it were bandaged. He was asked to remove his gloves and refused to do so. He was then arrested, and wounds were found on his hand corresponding to the gashes in the gloves. He was formerly a waiter in the Hotel de Barcelona. He confessed his connection with the murder, and gave information of the probable whereabouts of GONZALES, who was arrested on the evening of the 25th at 217 Centre Street. GONZALES is a native of Madrid, thirty-five years of age. He is evidently of the lowest class of Spaniards. PELLICER is about twenty-two years old, and has a more prepossessing, or, rather, a less repulsive, appearance than his accomplice. Both criminals have been indicted, and will be brought to trial.



JOSE GONZALES Y FERNANDEZ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN L. I.]



FRANCISCO GENEZ Y SALVADOR (*ALIAS* PELLICER).—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.]

THE HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.—The most desirable article in a household is a good Sewing Machine. The WHEELER & WILSON is undoubtedly the best, as it is the most popular for family use; and every woman should possess one of these magical agents in the exercise of the most tedious and wearisome part of her daily work. It will relieve wives and mothers of the burden of their lives; it will provide them with a wonderfully neat, rapid, obliging, and faithful seamstress, who will require neither food nor wages, and who will execute her work a thousand times better and with more exactness than could be done by the most skillful hand. Before the magic of her fingers, little shirts, aprons, dresses, drawers, sacks, and petticoats will disappear like dew before the morning sun, and the time that was once devoted to a slow and wearisome effort to reduce the pile upon the work-basket may be spent in reading, in visiting, in gardening, or in teaching the children from books and works of nature, those lessons which are invested with a double charm from the lips of a tender mother. The music of a bright WHEELER & WILSON'S Sewing Machine, telling, in its own silvery, birdlike tones, of work accomplished, of order and neatness preserved, of nervous headaches saved, of pleasures to be enjoyed, of happiness to be prospered, is sweeter by far than the music of a grand piano.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 469.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1865, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN,

MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY.

It is many years since the city of New York has chosen for her Chief Magistrate a man of the position and reputation of JOHN T. HOFFMAN. He is not only a gentleman of high social position, but a lawyer of distinction, a judge of eminent probity, a representative by descent of some of the oldest New York families, a citizen of unblemished reputation, and (as will appear by our sketch) one of the few New Yorkers who have received the unanimous vote of the city for high and responsible office.

JOHN T. HOFFMAN was born at Sing Sing, in Westchester County, January 10, 1828, and is now not quite thirty-eight years of age. His father, ADRIAN RISKAM HOFFMAN, M.D., is a distinguished physician, long resident and universally respected and beloved in his county, and was the son of PHILIP L. HOFFMAN and HELENA KISSAM, his wife, whose names are remembered with affection by our oldest citizens as among the most valuable members of early society in New York, and the founders of many public charities and benevolent works.

The other sons of PHILIP L. HOFFMAN were Dr. RICHARD K. HOFFMAN, whose lamented death occurred only four years ago, and CHARLES O. HOFFMAN, of the firm of FELLOWS, HOFFMAN, & CO., well-known merchants of New York.

The Mayor-Elect entered Union College, in the junior class, in 1843, but was obliged to leave for a time on account of ill health. He graduated in 1846; studied law at Sing Sing with General AARON WARD and Judge ALBERT LOCKWOOD, and was admitted to the bar January 10, 1849, shortly after which he removed to New York City and commenced the practice of law at 63 Wall Street. His industrious habits, united with eminent ability in his profession, insured his success at the bar. His law partner, Hon. W. H. LEONARD, was called to the bench of the Superior Court, and HOFFMAN was assumed the ermine also. In 1860 he was nominated for the Recordership by Tammany Hall, and elected by about 12,000 over the Mozart candidate, and about 4000 over the Republican. On the bench the high order of his ability became at once manifest, and his unflinching devotion to justice won him the respect and esteem of all parties. In the trial of the celebrated riot cases in 1863 the firm and noble conduct of the Recorder was the subject of universal approbation, and so highly was he regarded that in 1863 he was nominated by all parties, except a small Democratic faction, and received 60,000 out of 64,000 votes—a tribute of respect unparalleled in the modern history of this factionridden city.

There was a general regret that Judge HOFFMAN should leave the bench he adorned; but his nomination for the Mayoralty was made with the avowed object of defeating a notorious "ring" politician, and to do this no man so upright, unimpeachable, and universally popular was to be found. Against his own wishes he was placed in nomination, and he boasts with good reason of his election, accomplished without the expenditure of any money, against three candidates, each of whom was backed by large and very liberally-scattered means.

Judge HOFFMAN married, in 1854, a daughter of HENRY STARKWEATHER, of this city, and resides in Fourth Avenue. His career has been brilliant and successful, and he owes his honors, not to political favoritism, but to a popularity earned by steadfast labor and untarnished honesty, united to abilities of the highest order. He is a man of striking personal appearance, with a fine face, keen piercing eye, and an erect, commanding carriage. He is an accomplished literary scholar, a thorough gentleman, has traveled extensively in this country and Europe, and his election may well be esteemed an honor to the city.



HON. JOHN T. HOFFMAN, MAYOR-ELECT OF NEW YORK CITY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THANKSGIVING AT FIVE POINTS.

For several years the children of the Five Points Industrial School have had a Thanksgiving Dinner provided for them by the Mission. The city presented no marrier scene on this year's Thanksgiving Day than was afforded at this establishment.

Four hundred children, prettily and tastefully dressed, went through their calisthenic exercises, under the adroit leadership of a little German girl, with surprising grace of manner and movement. One who was there thus describes the various exercises of the occasion:

"The discipline of the children, from the youngest to the more advanced in years, the oldest not exceeding ten or twelve, was perfect in every way. Their little songs and hymns were sung in admirable concert, and some of their imitations, as that of a thunder-storm, their only instruments being their hands and voices, were quite an agreeable surprise to the visitors, who applauded them warmly. There was quite a number of colored children who partook with equal zest in all the exercises, seeming to excel in the fortissimo, as they danced their glistening teeth and shook their little woolly heads excitedly. The enlivening little melody 'A Farmer I shall be,' the chorus of which was whistled lavishly by the boys, received much applause, as it deserved to do, and led on to that a little fellow of a couple of years, who had his fingers in his ears, for a new effect, forgot to stop in time, and sang out lustily when all the rest had finished, 'And a farmer I will be.' Another, who had evidently been born and bred on a farm, by modestly pulling down the visitors' coats into one about one year old, proclaimed himself 'Johnny Jim,' whose father was killed at 'Bully's Run.' When the Principal asked the children who of them had lost a father or a brother in the war, two-thirds at least held up their hands. The grand finale in the singing way was the song of the Blacksmith, a real live Smith, of four years old, in scarlet jacket and rolled up sleeves, doing the accompaniment on an anvil with his hammer, keeping most accurate time, and eliciting sparks luminescible and unbounded applause. These exercises over, the children marched down to dinner in the basement, led on by two juvenile drummers and a colored brigadier. At dinner Mr. HALLADAY, the Superintendent, presided, and the children were waited upon by the officers of the house and friends who had left their own tables for that service, as those of the Five Points children have no tables to wait again round for the infrequent Indian children and their friends or parents, and after these the doors were thrown open to all who hungered, irrespective of age or sex. Over two thousand received a good Thanksgiving dinner."

The Five Points Mission, organized by a band of noble-minded Christian ladies in the year 1850, and still under their efficient management, has become one of the leading charities of the city. The average daily attendance of poor children during the year was past two hundred and seventy-three. There is also a large Sunday-school connected with the Mission which holds two sessions every Sabbath. Seventeen hundred children have been taught in the schools of this institution during the year. There are nineteen families living in the Mission buildings, who, by the observance of the rules, form a community of singular order in the midst of their evil surroundings.

THE JAMAICA MASSACRE.

WHAT is civilization? and in particular what is British civilization? The full report of the doings of the British authorities in Jamaica furnish a humiliating answer. How humiliating, will be understood when it is known that Englishmen themselves express their shame. "Deeds have been done," say they, "both by the insurgents and by the authorities, the bare recital of which makes the blood tingle in our veins." The English authorities in Jamaica have put themselves upon a level with the savage atrocities which they undertook to avenge by the summary massacre of two thousand negroes.

We have waited, before thus speaking on this subject, for a full disclosure of the affair on both sides. What we give now to our readers is in connection with our illustration of MORANT BAY, on pages 805, and is given on authority which is purely English.

MORANT BAY, at the Southeastern corner of Jamaica, washes a poor district not much more than twelve miles square, within which there are negro settlements, stricken

with poverty, which two years of drought had of course tended to aggravate. The black inhabitants are many of them Baptists, though inconsistent of the Baptist Mission. They have mixed up some of their heathen traditions with their Christian faith, and the influence of the British Government has tended to intensify rather than to alleviate the elements of barbarism which have remained.

The trouble at Morant Bay began at a Petty Sessions of the Peace held at that place October 7. There was some noise among the by-tanders, and the offending persons were summoned before the Justice. One counsel from the court, was caught, and then rescued by his friends. On the 8th a case of trespass was called on, which involved the holding of a large class of negroes. Naturally a number of this class were present. PAUL BOGLE, speaking for these, remonstrated on the main case, and was to pay the fine, but to appeal to a higher court. For this a warrant was issued for BOGLE's arrest, and a force of 27 officers for the execution of these warrants was resisted. The military was summoned to the support of the authorities. The negroes were refused access to the Court-house Square, but in their excitement they did not respect even the Riot Act, and the military fired upon them. Several of the negroes fell. This infuriated the people, who overpowered the soldiers, and helped themselves to the same means of warfare that had been used against them. In the excited state to which the negroes had been wrought we may well imagine the atrocities which followed. There were murders in hot blood, and possibly mutilation of corpses, and but little more. About 20 whites were killed and as many wounded. There was but one murder committed after this by the negroes. Governor EYRE admits that Indian and children were left unmolested, and that no attempt was made to extend the outbreak into a general insurrection.

Such were the outrages of the negroes, committed in the excitement of the moment—an excitement for which the Government was in great part responsible. To punish these outrages all the military force called together, were illegitimate so far as it was in the disturbed district, and then, with the assistance of a savage tribe of Maroons armed for the purpose, were marched through the island, shooting down negroes in cold blood, and hanging others after a mock trial. Not satisfied with this, the Governor issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. GORDON, a Member of Assembly and a Magistrate, who surrendered himself, and was hung after a hasty court-martial. It is said that, in one way or another, two thousand negroes have been slaughtered by the Jamaica authorities.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

THE PRESIDENT'S POSITION.

IN its temper, simplicity, and patriotic fidelity the Message is a model, and has been received with unprecedented unanimity of approbation. This result is due, on the one hand, to the hearty sympathy of the Union party with the aims and views of the President whom they elected; and, on the other, to the frantic hope of the traitors in the rebellion that the exists jealousies and dissensions between the President and his friends by ostentatiously patronizing him and insulting that he had deserted his friends. But the hope and the effort are vain. MR. JOHNSON has not Tylerized. He has not asked the rebellious States to take office and places without conditions. He has been steadfastly true to the emancipation policy. He declares himself, in his conversation with Mr. SHARKEY, in favor of negro equal suffrage. If his position upon these questions is not that of the Union party, what is? If it is not distinctly opposed to the whole spirit and action of "the Democracy," nothing can be. The "Democratic" plan, announced last April, was that of accepting State action as laying down its arms and send representatives to Congress, on the ground that it was not in rebellion, and had never been out of the Union. The President and the country have disposed of that folly, and forever. We feel a very comfortable faith that they will be equal to every similar sophistry hereafter.

In treating our domestic affairs the President frankly and clearly states his view of the character of the Government and the limitations of the State and National powers; and reaffirms, in a manly and noble strain, certain fundamental truths which seemed likely to be more or less faded from the national consciousness. "The American system," he says, "rests on the assertion of the equal rights of the citizen, and the pursuit of happiness; to freedom of conscience; to the culture and exercise of all his faculties." A man who sincerely believes that need not be doubted.

In his reasoning upon Reorganization the President's logic seems to us to be sound and fault. If, as he says, the sole right of the National Government is to enable the States whose functions are "suspended" to resume them, it certainly can not impose arbitrary conditions upon the resumption. For if it may it is of course the judge of the conditions, and must decide solely by considerations of the national welfare. The Presidents says: "After the close of the war it is not competent for the General Government to extend the elective franchise in the several States." Yet he had just said, in speaking of the emancipation amendment, "It is not too much to ask of the States which are now resuming their places in the family of the Union to give this pledge of perpetual liberty and peace." But why? If the States are merely in abeyance, with their powers all unimpaired, what can we do more than to enable them to resume their functions, and when they are in full possession of their powers, let them decide for themselves whether they will give such a pledge? It is not perfectly plain that if we may make the resumption depend upon their assent to a constitutional amendment which is not yet declared to be law, we may do it because we think the public safety requires it? And if we are of opinion that the public safety requires the same thing before we extend the suffrage, we have exactly the same right to demand that "pledge of perpetual loyalty and peace" before allowing those States to resume their functions.

But theories are of small importance when action is so plain and firm as the President's has hitherto been. The important point in reorganization is, that the suspended States shall resume their powers at the earliest moment compatible with the welfare of the Union. The President holds this point clearly in view. He informs the new Governors elected in those States that they will not exercise their powers until authorized by the National Government; and while he individually prefers to leave the further institution of civil offices in the suspended States to those whom he has already empowered to vote, he adds that he considers the national faith pledged to the protection of the personal rights of the emancipated class.

The tone of the Message in discussing foreign affairs is masterly. The clear and decisive statement of the position of England and the inevitable consequence of persistence in her peremptory refusal even to argue the question of the *Alabama* claims, is singularly able. There is no threat, no bluster. "If you choose to make your bed so, you must lie in it without fuming." The duty of the people and the duty of the United States to defend themselves against armed foreign interference in the politics of this country is plainly set forth in view of such passionless and absolute politeness that it can not fail to impress profoundly whomever it may concern.

In fine, the Message is one that will make no Union man regret that he voted for ANDREW JOHNSON. Like ABRAHAM LINCOLN, he stands singly to exercise the national will. Like his great predecessor, he has no way but the people's way; and confiding fully in them, and acting plainly his own views, he gives the practical solution of the grave questions of the hour to the people assembled by their representatives in Congress.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

WHILE we are not unmindful of the great value of this document, we shall not attempt to discuss the questions with respect to the Legal Tender act which have been accepted by many as being against its constitutionality.

The Financier, in presenting a synopsis of the Report, declares that the key to the policy recommended is the supposed opinion that the authority of Congress to make the obligations of the Government a legal tender *resides outside of the Constitution*." If this view of the *Tribune* is correct, the Secretary would be right. Many takes sides with those who have assailed the Legal Tender act in various courts, and who will presently appear before the highest court of the United States for the purpose of having the act declared null and void from the beginning. The effect of such a decision would be ruin. Bankruptcy to the many. If such a decision must have been disastrous to the great cause in which our armies were engaged.

The Constitution, which gives to the Legal Tender act, the undisturbed operation of which until the ends of the war are tied up being manifestly essential. This is the language of the Report: "The right of Congress, at all times, to borrow money and to issue obligations for loans in such form as it may be content to make negotiable; but their authority to issue obligations for a circulating medium as money, and to make these obligations legal tenders, is held only be found in the *unwritten law* which sanctions whatever the representatives of the people, whose duty it is to provide for the Government against its enemies, may consider in a great emergency necessary to be done."..... "Their authority may be considered as a war power, value thereof;' and inasmuch as a mixed currency, consisting of paper and specie, has been found to be a temporary necessity, it would seem also to be their duty to provide, as has been done by the National Currency act, that this paper currency should be secured beyond all reasonable contingency. To go beyond this, however, and issue Government obligations, making them by statute a legal tender for debts, public and private, is not believed to be, *under ordinary circumstances*, within the scope of their duties or constitutional powers."

It may, perhaps, have been the intention of the Secretary to maintain that the act as a war measure was constitutional, and that its operation must be limited to the duration of the war, and this latter necessary for closing the financial affairs incidental to it, but it is difficult to arrive at the precise meaning of what is thus announced. The theory that there is any "unwritten law" to which Congress may appeal in an emergency is new and wholly erroneous. The authority of Congress is confined to the powers expressly granted and those necessary and proper for carrying them into effect. The power to make the obligations of the United States a legal tender is not derived from this and no other source, and it is much to be regretted that the Secretary of the Treasury should have used the great weight of his official position either to declare against it or to leave doubtful his views of the constitutionality of an act which continues to be as vital to the administration of his department as it was throughout the heat of the conflict. When the question reaches the Supreme Court of the United States he will find that the fog will vanish, and that the legality of the act, which yet bestows upon his department what there is of life and vigor, is clearly within the powers conferred on Congress for the purposes of war.

Before designating the particular powers of the Constitution by which the authority in question hinges it may be expedient to notice a few historical and other facts. The expenditure made by the Government in subduing the rebellion was foreseen at the outset to be, as it has been, the most stupendous known in ancient or modern times. The chief agent of the associated banks of New York admitted, during the period when the Government was conducting the war on the basis of loans made by those banks to the National Government or the banks, if not both, would fail if those loans continued. The scheme, therefore, of conducting the war on the basis of specie payments was found impracticable. There was evidently not enough specie within the reach of the Government to furnish it for the expenditure in that medium, the greatest known to history, and this because, first, the precious metals are coined solely for the ordinary purposes of commerce and not for those purposes and the wants also of a great war; and, second, because the precious metals had been habitually expelled from the country by means of the small note circulation that had extensively prevailed in all the States. There was a clear necessity, therefore, for some other description of money to enable the Government to carry into effect the several granted powers to declare and conduct war, to provide and maintain a navy and army, and to regulate commerce during war on the basis of war. The question what that money should be was settled in the preceding history of other great nations involved in war. The Parliament of England, for the purpose of the war with France, was compelled to make the bills of the Bank of England—which Mr. Pitt said was a great engine of state—in effect a tender for debts, which continued in force and effect for nearly twenty years after the war had terminated. Without referring to the expedients of a like kind of France during her revolutionary period, or to those of another important nation, the experience of Great Britain, the most opulent nation of the world at the time of her conflict with France, would be sufficient to settle the question of fact that a resort to legal tender acts is an unavoidable necessity of war.

Does not the Constitution, in conferring the power to declare and conduct war, and to provide and maintain an army and navy, give to Congress that very war power which the Parliament of Great Britain in the war with France?

We think there can be no room to question this point. Although our Government is one of limited powers, yet, with respect to the powers conferred, its authority is as full, complete, and unlimited as is that of the Parliament of Great Britain over the same subject-matter. Whatever in the experience of great nations is shown to be necessary in the conduct of war is as necessary for us as for them. The Congress of the United States, when the great emergency of war arises, is authorized to decide as a question of fact whether or not it is necessary and proper to adopt any one of the usual *means* for securing the finances of a nation in war adopted by modern nations, and the decision made must, on the well-known principles applied in the United States Bank case, be final and conclusive. In that litigation it was held that a bank being one of the known and usual means for carrying into effect some of the special powers granted, the decision of Congress, that it was a *necessary and proper* means, was conclusive upon the court.

But the Constitution itself contains ample evidence to show that the powers of the Constitution in war are enlarged by that emergency beyond those powers which are suitable to a condition of peace. The restriction in the 3d and 5th articles of the amendments, and with respect to the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, show one rule for war and another for peace, which restrictive clauses imply that the power to conduct war is enlarged during the emergency of war so as to embrace whatever is necessary and proper for the safety of the country in that great struggle for its life. It is manifest that making the bills issued a legal tender gave them the required circulation and standing over the Union to make them objects of general desire, which qualities they would not have possessed if their acceptance had not been made compulsory. It is not reasonable to suppose that those who went to the field would have readily gone there if debts could have been contracted by them to individual creditors in gold and silver at home, while they were paid in Treasury notes not a legal tender, and consequently worth a large discount, measured by the precious metals. The power to make those bills a legal tender in war is as much conferred as is any power of the Constitution.

There is as much to command in the management of the Treasury Department that we regret being obliged, by the momentous importance of the subject, to differ from its head as to the legality and expediency of a power which we deem essential in the conduct of a war of great magnitude, and which others would use to our disadvantage in a struggle with them, and with unquestioned right as one of the necessities in war of modern nations.

CENTRALIZATION.

THE pleasant chronicle relates that when the doughty and pious cavalier Don Quixote beheld afar off the wind-mills quietly grinding their grist, he thanked Heaven for the opportunity, and proceeded to inflict summary and direful punishment upon those wicked and monstrous giants. It like manner some well-meaning *doctrinaire*, writing in the *Evening Post*, catches sight of a tranquil statement of this journal that the natural tendency of the times should be protected by the Government, and, commending his soul to Heaven, he sculls it and sneers at the lamentable ignorance under the solemn but sincere delusion that it is nothing but the wicked and monstrous giant Centralization which he is attacking.

The good Don Quixote was very valorous and thrust his lance vigorously into the sails of the mill, but when the winds of heaven filled them they wrenched the weapon from his hands and left him a rather sorry and absurd spectacle. So even as the mill placidly went on grinding after the defeat of the Don, the fundamental truth of our Government continues to be true whatever becomes of theories and theorizers.

The treatise upon the value and place of the local State Governments in our system to which our worthy critic refers has no readers, which he enriches with citations from DE TOCQUEVILLE and MILL, and which he properly calls the A B C of our political system, is excellent. It is true as far as it goes, but the superficial writer has yet very much to learn. He has yet to understand that the municipality in every despotism has always been found to possess what rights are guaranteed by the national authority; nor does centralization follow upon a rigorous protection of those rights. And he has yet learn the great folly of censoring from the absolute monarchy of LOUIS XIV.'s France to the Republic of United States.

Indeed, so unfitted is our vehement critic for a Mentor in American political philosophy that in a part of the same column in which the loghead of Consolidation is defied he virtually complains that the President did not insist more stoutly upon settling the question of reconstruction by himself instead of leaving it to Congress. The critic's "democracy" is of that kind which used to prefer the will of Andrew JACKSON to the Constitution of the United States. The President, on the contrary, is a democrat of the school which prefers to leave the practical and local questions of the public welfare to the representatives of the people, especially when, as now, their election of last year was based upon the very overwhelming unanimity of the country. A mind so morbidly alive to the least suspicion of centralization as that of our good critic would naturally seem to be a little more sensitive than it seems to be to the perils of power lodged in one man. Fortunately the President is not of that democratic temperament. He knows that his action has sprung from the necessity of the case, and has been purely arbitrary. He has declared not a point upon which he wishes to be stubborn.

The Emancipation Amendment is only an illustration of that national guarantee of popular rights, of justice and advantage of which we assert. And we claim that it should not only declare every man's personal rights to be secure, but that it shall take care also to make them so by giving the most ample redress for their violation. It will naturally look to the State authority to execute its will in this matter. But it will not leave that will at the mercy of the State authority. It will not again, for instance, suffer South Carolina or any State to expel MR. HOAR for seeking lawful redress in the State court; and if the State authority of Georgia is not sufficient to protect the editor of the *Post* in the fullest and freest expression of his opinions any where in that State, the supreme authority will hold that State author-

ity to rigorous account, and let our friend take heart. Neither consolidation nor horrors like those of the French Revolution will follow. Experience in this country has shown that with our peculiar system the danger to popular liberty will always proceed not from centralization, but from defiance of the supreme power. And just as in daily life it is necessary to insist upon generosity and not upon selfishness, so the local instinct is in growing with us that it is necessary to enforce the national supremacy.

The distinction is very clear to a mind which is not distempered by a morbid fear of the people. The personal rights of every man in Alabama are to be under the protection of the United States as they are under that of Alabama. Shall we seem even more ignorant than now if we ask why there are not the people of Alabama have their rights in that State. But the people of the United States have also their rights there; and the State will not be ready to protect them—as it certainly has not hitherto—the United States will doubtedly will.

CURRENCY CONTRACTION.

THE Secretary of the TREASURY, in his annual report, grapples with the Currency question squarely and manfully. He adheres to the doctrine of his last Annual Report. He still holds that the only way of bringing down the price of gold and commodities is by calling in and cancelling a portion of the legal-tender money now afloat. And this he proposes to do, first, by declaring the compound-interest notes no longer a legal tender after their maturity; and, secondly, by exchanging, from time to time, long six per cent. bonds for United States notes to the extent of from $100,000,000 to $200,000,000, the notes to be cancelled as fast as received. Many of the arguments which have been urged against currency contraction he understands to refute. He says that his plan will involve no commercial crisis, because the currency contraction will naturally be gradual; that no serious diminution of the public revenues need be apprehended, as, in fact, the public revenue depends on the productiveness of labor, which will be enhanced by cheapness. Intrinsic value of the currency: that, so far as the national banks are concerned, "it is better they should be embarrassed now than bankrupted hereafter." Should no contraction be inaugurated, he predicts that the inflation now in progress will continue steadily until it culminates, within two years, in a crash more terrible than the revulsions of 1857 or 1837.

This is excellent doctrine, and does credit to Mr. M'CULLOCH'S skill as a political economist. Nothing is clearer than that gold can not fall to par or commodities to their old prices so long as we have $715,000,000 of redeemable paper-money in circulation. Nothing is more certain than that if this volume of paper-money could, by a process of cancelling or by any other process, be reduced one-half, or even one-third, gold would fall, the currency would improve, living would be cheaper, speculation would decline, and industry and trade would be placed upon a stable basis.

But in real life it is not always or necessarily consequences to discover what is theoretically right as what is practically feasible. Abstract principles are very well indeed, and we should always contend for them as nearly as we can; but they can only be adopted as an absolute rule of conduct when they are susceptible of practical application. Before the country can acquiesces in Mr. M'CULLOCH'S plan for contracting the currency to the extent of one-third within three years, the people will naturally like to have some assurance that such contraction can be effected; and that it will not, if attempted and subsequently abandoned as a failure, involve us in worse evils than now surround us. It is hardly necessary to demonstrate, for instance, that a policy which might compel the Government either to break faith with its creditors or to issue more legal tenders in 1867 and 1868 would do more mischief than can be wrought by the present depreciation of the currency. And if there be reasonable ground for apprehending that such might be the ultimate effect of the application of a system of contraction at the present time the public will be slow to approve it, strongly as it may recommend itself to the judgment as a matter of science.

Let us look at the facts. A few weeks ago Five-Twenty bonds were selling at 103, and gold was 144. Mr. M'CULLOCH undertook to fund $50,000,000 of compound-interest notes which had passed out of circulation by the effect of the interest accumulated upon them. The consequence was a decline in Five-Twenties to 99. They have since recovered one-half of one per cent. Gold, which was 147 when the negotiation was completed, is now in the neighborhood of 145. Now, according to the estimates contained in this Report, the income for the fiscal year 1865-6 will fall short of the expenditure by $113,194,000. This sum will have to be borrowed—on Five-Twenty bonds, of course. There would be no difficulty in borrowing this sum on Five-Twenty bonds at or above par during the period were no currency contraction impending. With that prospect the issue of new proposals is uncertain. People certainly will not give par for new Five-Twenties when they can buy the issue of November, 1865, with six weeks' gold interest accrued, at 99½. It may be said that the Secretary need not insist on getting par for his loan. He may accept 98, for instance, as Mr. CHASE did on a memorable occasion. This is not Mr. M'CULLOCH'S view. He says in his Report that the United States ought not to pay over 6 per cent. for money. If he began to borrow at 6 per cent. or 7 per cent. for gold he would have to pay 8 per cent. for the next loan, 10 per cent. for the next, and so on. By submitting to much shorter Secretary would increase the debt about as rapidly as the War and Navy departments decreased their expenditures. We take for granted that, so far as the $113,194,000 is concerned, the Secretary will not offer his bonds below par. Nothing can prevent their being subscribed for except the refusal of contraction. That may. If it does, there is an end, of course, to all hopes of further sales of bonds with a view to the reduction of the currency during the year 1865-6.

During the fiscal year 1866-7 the Secretary figures a deficit of $111,615,000 exclusive of income over expenditure. But before December 31, 1866, $187,549,646 of debt certificates and other short securities will mature. To pay these will require not only the whole estimated surplus, but $76,130,000 besides—to be borrowed as before on Five-Twenty bonds. The retirement of more gold bonds before one dollar of currency can be cancelled.

In 1867 and 1868 not less than $848,323,951 of Seven-Thirty notes and certificates will mature as well as $173,000,000 of compound-interest notes—say in all $1,021,323,951. The holders of these securities are entitled absolutely to demand the currency for them. On the days on which they severally mature Government must stand ready to pay out three things—either to pay one hundred cents on the dollar for its maturing obligations, or give the holders a new security of equal value, or else in value in the open market to the old one; or to confess itself bankrupt, and to let its liabilities go by default.

It does not require much financial experience to discern the fact that if, in the year 1866, there has been any material curtailment of the currency Five-Twenties will not be maintained par in the year 1867. As we have mentioned above, the first attempt at contraction—which applied exclusively to the compound notes—clogged with large amounts of accumulated interest—caused Five-Twenties to decline from 103 to 99. It is easy to see that further contraction would have a more material "shrinkage" in the prices of all commodities—including public securities—would be caused by the suspicion of the fact. The object of this purpose to meet his maturing liabilities in 1867?

We have spoken of Five-Twenties alone, but no one can doubt that seven-thirties will feel the same influence which apply to them apply with equal force to every other form of United States security. The compound-interest funding operation of October was as marked on Seven-Thirty notes and Ten-Forty bonds as on Five-Twenties. The Ten-Forties sold at 94, the Seven-Thirty notes at 97. Bonds bearing a higher rate of interest than 6 per cent. would sell for less than 6 per cent. bonds, as the offer of an extra interest would be regarded as a confession of insolvency. If Five-Twenty bonds can not be sold no other bonds can.

This is the practical result of the actual working of Mr. M'CULLOCH'S plan of contraction. Within thirty-six months he has $1,200,000,000 of short notes and securities to redeem in 1867 in currency. On the day these notes mature they must be paid or the Government is bankrupt. If any important contraction takes place in view to contraction, Five-Twenty bonds have been depressed to 90, it will be idle to offer them in exchange for the maturing notes. The holders can take them, but will demand their money. And if the Government manages to get itself into a predicament of this kind, capitalists and moneyed men will naturally take advantage of it. When Conn left the Government without money to meet the interest on the public debt in January, 1814, the private loan bankers deemed 12 per cent. per annum not too much to ask for a temporary loan to supply the deficiency. It is to be hoped that Mr. M'CULLOCH theories the Government into a like strait, he will find the most ardent Republican bankers ready to drive with him quite as hard a bargain.

This objection will fall to the ground if Five-Twenty Bonds should be maintained at par. Information at home and abroad as to be continually in demand in all kinds of money markets at or above par. This being the case, Mr. M'CULLOCH'S scheme of contraction would at once become feasible, and would be the wisest possible policy. But unless the Secretary can give the country some assurance that his bonds will so continue to command par or thereabouts, it is to be feared that his method of bringing us back to specie payments will be generally regarded as involving at least as much danger as it promises advantage.

THE DANGER OF A MAJORITY.

CONGRESS meets under the most favorable auspices. There are very difficult questions to be settled, but the course of the President and the Elections have fully illuminated the situation.

We trust, therefore, that Congress will be mindful of the dangers of a vast majority. The party of the Administration has two-thirds of the House. It can do what it chooses, and it should therefore choose with the utmost calmness and deliberation. To the normal action of a free government in peaceful times a vigorous and able opposition is essential. But the present Opposition is weaker. It is curiously deficient in names of distinction, while the Administration is signally strong. If the Opposition candidate for Speaker is to be considered its leader, it is very clear that, had the members from the unorganized States been at once admitted, the Opposition would have been led and its policy dictated by the old masters of the Democratic party.

The chief danger of a huge majority is not so much indifference or contradiction from the Opposition as it is crudity and extravagance of suggestion from its own members, which the Opposition may have not enough thoroughly to research and expose. In the present Congress, therefore, if the majority be wise, a part of its own number will perform the regular work of an Opposition upon such occasions. There are many legislative propositions of which the spirit is perfectly right while the method is at once injudicious. The party Opposition will attack of course upon the ground of the intention, but the true difficulty will be found to lie with the upon the point of detail and execution.

It is with questions involving such differences that this Congress will largely deal; and we look for the most searching and essential debates. The crisis in public affairs is vital, as it has often been before. The action of Congress has a consequent importance which can not easily be overstated. But no body of legislators ever had a clearer knowledge of the wishes and views of their constituents; and the dangers of the vast majority are so obvious that we readily believe so intelligent a body will avoid them as much as possible, and do only what they ought, and not merely what they can.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.

FENIANISM seems to be in great danger of disappearing in a laugh. The American Senate of the Irish Republic have impeached and removed their President, Chief, JOHN O'MAHONY. It was a summary process. At four o'clock on a certain Friday President O'MAHONY was served with a copy of articles of impeachment, and was required to appear on the Saturday evening, and before midnight justice was done on him.

Thereupon the tempest broke. The Chicago Centre telegraphs to the impeaching body: "We intend a public demonstration sustaining action of Senate. *Will* we go on? Answer at length and immediately." To this request the Senate responded which, in its awful and heroic tone, might have announced an armed descent of invincible Celtic hosts upon the despicable and effete Anglo-Saxon Senate. Action is the removal of an officer charged with violating his oath and extravagant expense; and this is the announcement: "Go ahead!" Then the answer: We must meet it like wise and brave men! The Senate will do their duty to Ireland. The issue is doing yours."

The issue is, in fact, mainly endorsed by the party of O'MAHONY. They instantly raised the battle-cry, and "The Fenians of Manhattan" declare that "the attack of Senate Fenian America" in an address of the most Emerald eloquence. The Senate is denounced as "a packed conclave of malicious Irishmen," who "have prostituted the high position of Fenian Senatorship to the most ignoble purposes." The Senate is actually endorsed by the Party of O'MAHONY. They instantly raised the battle-cry, and "The Fenians of Manhattan" declare that "the attack of Senate Fenian America" in an address of the most Emerald eloquence. The Senate is denounced as "a packed conclave of malicious Irishmen," who "have prostituted the high position of Fenian Senatorship to the most ignoble purposes." The Senate is actually endorsed by the Brotherhood upon its present pinnacle of glory, while: "Foremost among its boldest, truest, and most loyal supporters stands the name of JOHN O'MAHONY, like a star in the heavens, receiving new lustre from the clouds which obscure for an instant but vainly hide its purity." And JOHN O'MAHONY is "to kick against the good." And an ardent volunteer writes in hot haste to the papers, imploring all faithful Irishmen to "Leave all to JOHN O'MAHONY—a man whose name yet can be only rivaled by the illustrious WASHINGTON, the savior of our adopted country." "Shall we forget him?" cries this enthusiastic O'MAHONIAN. "No, a thousand times no! Go in with O'MAHONY for glory or death!"

The Senate of the Irish Republic in America must look to its ways. There are plainly two sides to the question; and if once the inspiring cry of Erin-go-Shillelah! bursts out along the opposing Celtic lines the entire Senate tyrant may slumber yet a little longer before his hour of doom.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE President's Message is treated in another column.

REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

Secretary HARLAN, head of the Interior, reports that four millions and a half acres of public lands have been disposed of during the fiscal year ending June 30, of which over one-fourth were taken by actual settlers under the Homestead law. The receipts of the Land office during the year disposed of there are 12,735,925 acres.

Postmaster-General DENISON reports that his department the revenues have been $14,556,188, the expenditures $13,146,425, leaving a surplus of $1,409,763.

The money-order system has made no considerable progress during the year, having been established the year and moneys transmitted to the great amount of $3,161,122.

The Postmaster-General on this large amount of business being only a little over $2600.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. M'CULLOCH, reports the maximum of the debt in August to have been only $2,844,000,000. He is in favor of contraction of the currency. The subject is abundantly considered in the previous columns.

Secretary STANTON, of the War Department, begins his report with the following comprehensive statement: "The military appropriations by the last Congress amounted to the sum of two hundred and fifteen millions two hundred and forty thousandnine hundred and thirty-one dollars and seventy cents ($215,240,931 70). The military estimates for the next fiscal year, after careful revision, have been reduced to one hundred and fifty millions forteen thousand four hundred and sixty-one dollars and eighty cents ($150,014,461 80). The reduction is principally in the appropriations for the pay, subsistence and clothing of the army. It is proposed to reduce our military establishment to the number of troops, and over eight hundred thousand have already been mustered out of service—leaving in the service such only as are necessary." He then gives a detailed statement of the military operations of the last year during the last year. He pays a well-deserved tribute to Lieutenant-General Grant, from whose appointment he dates the greatest successes of the United States armies. On March 1, 1865, the aggregate of military force of all arms was 963,921 men, which, by the 1st of July, was reduced to the number of 1,153,000. In regard to our preparations for hostilities, in case of actual rebellion or a foreign war, the Secretary furnishes some valuable statistics. He says:

The chief reliance for defence as shown by our experience, are: 1st, troops; 2d, arms and ammunition; 3d, fortifications; 4th, transportation; and 5th, military supplies. The troops disbanded were chiefly volunteers, who, during the late rebellion, had become soldiers. Their victories, have not diminished the value of that Government to them in time of war; nay more individual remembrance equal or greater force for its retention; and none can even be disbanded with superior morale, ability or valor than those who have fought for the retention of the Union. Arms and ammunition, now manufactured by Government, are sufficient for the present peace establishment, and the discussion of the question of the expediency of abolishing the Bureau of Military Justice and Bureau of Military Commissions is also considered.

The Secretary recommends the transfer of the Union arsenals from the time of the appointment as Lieutenant-General in the army, and according to his seniority. And he discusses some novel features of Butler's share in the campaign against Wilmington, and the operations of Sheridan at Fort Fisher. He pays a graceful tribute to General Sherman and his officers.

RECONSTRUCTION.

On the 6th instant the Legislature of Georgia ratified the Constitutional Amendment by an overwhelming majority.

In Kentucky Judge Johnston, of the Jefferson Circuit Court, has dismissed the complaints against General Palmer, commanding the district, of citizens who threw down their muskets, on the ground that the requisite number of States had not ratified the Constitutional Amendment when the indictment was found, and that therefore slavery is not as yet, and therefore can be no criminal offence in such a case as this. General Palmer has issued a proclamation declaring that the Constitutional Law is in force in Kentucky, and calls on the citizens to co-operate with the civil power in permission to travel on public conveyances, to apply to the courts for redress.

Both Houses of the Louisiana Legislature have adopted a resolution declaring that the Hon. JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, elected United States Senators by the previous Legislature, are not entitled to represent the State in the National Senate, and on the 7th chose Mr. Randall Hunt to represent one of them.

On the 5th instant the Legislature of Virginia, by an almost unanimous vote, took the first step which will result in repealing the acts of the Legislature heretofore passed committing to the treasury of Maryland and Berkeley counties to the State of West Virginia.

CONGRESS.

December 5.

In the Senate, the House resolution for a special committee of fifteen on the subject of the rebellious States was laid over.—Other bills were introduced; and at 2.30 P.M. the President's Message was received and read.

In the House, Mr. RAYMOND introduced a resolution that Mr. Dodge be entitled to his seat. Mr. Dodge has always claimed the privileges of the floor, as a member-elect. Mr. BINGHAM moved into the expediency of abolishing the Bureau of Freedmen and Abandoned Lands. A resolution was passed against the republication of the public debt, with but one dissenting vote, given by Mr. CHARLES O'NEILL, Pennsylvania.—The President's Message was read.

December 6.

In the Senate, the Standing Committees were announced, and the Chairs did not differ essentially from those at last session.—Mr. SHERMAN, at the head of the Finance Committee, reported a bill to regulate duties.

In the House, a bill was introduced by Mr. THAYER to limit the civil service during the official term of the President of the United States in case of the death, resignation, removal, or inability of the President. It was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

December 7.

In the Senate, Mr. WILSON presented petitions of colored citizens for the Equal Rights of Citizens, and for the right of suffrage.—A committee to recommend appropriate action on the Message of President LINCOLN was appointed.—Certain amendments proposed by the Union State Convention of Tennessee, relative to the election of Senators, the location of the Rebel debt or the requisition of the National, also prohibiting slavery in the future, were read and referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Resolutions strongly supporting the Message were offered by Mr. W. WILSON.—An application was granted to refurnish the White House.

In the House, Mr. STEVENS offered resolutions concerning affairs in Mexico, condemnatory of the attempt to establish an empire there, and referred to the Foreign Affairs Committee.—A bill was offered to extend the Freedmen's Bureau for two years.—Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, introduced a bill to be reported by the Speaking Committee were then announced by the Speaker.

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NEWS ITEMS.

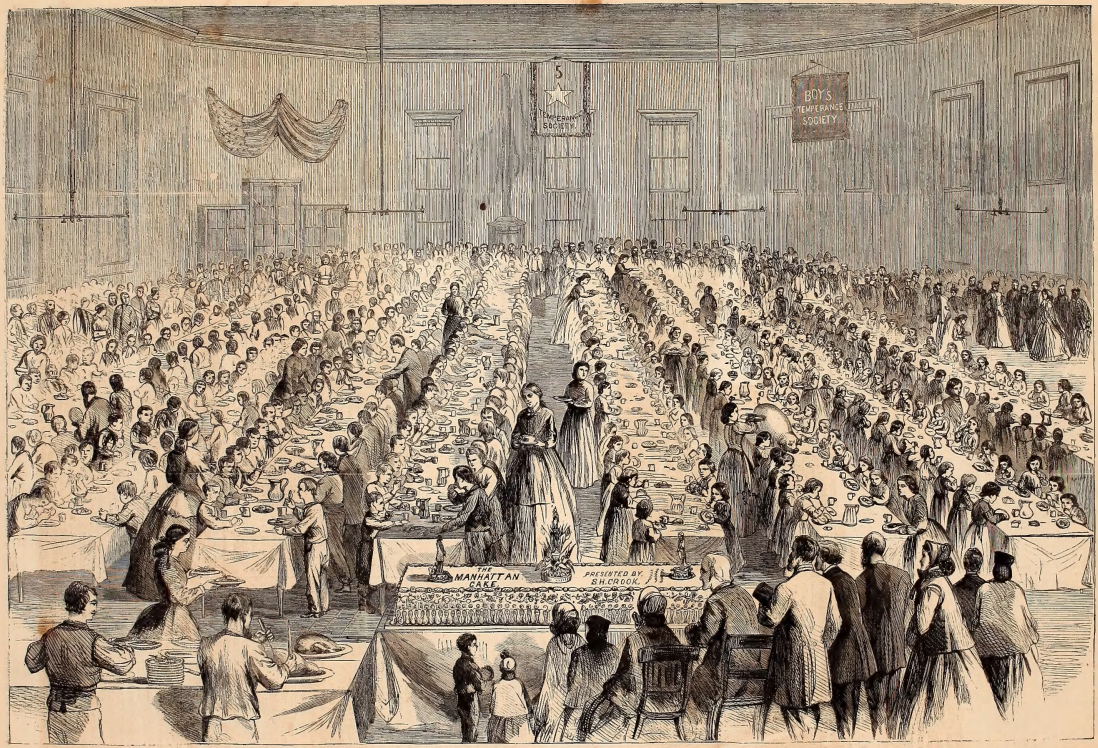
On the 1st instant General Grant arrived in Charleston and was received with great enthusiasm, an interesting feature of which was the demonstration made by the colored people.

The wreckers have raised a large portion of the steamer Republic, sunk off Wilmington, and will soon get Neptune, Metamora, and Huntress afloat.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that the city has leased to Gottlieb & Bailey the Richmond Theatre for a term of twenty-one years, the rental being $25,000 per annum.

The Richmond *Whig* says that the city has leased to Gottlieb & Bailey the Richmond Theatre for a term of twenty-one years, the rental being $25,000 per annum.

Major LIEBER, of Boston, has been re-elected.



THANKSGIVING DINNER AT THE FIVE POINTS LADIES' HOME MISSION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE PORT OF VALPARAISO, CHILI, SOUTH AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 806.]



THE TOWN OF MORANT, MORANT BAY, JAMAICA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

VALPARAISO.

VALPARAISO, the principal port of Chili, which the blockade instituted by a Spanish fleet has just brought prominently into notice, consists of a long, narrow street. Trade is in the hands of the English, American, and French; and a handsome suburb on the heights above Valparaiso is almost exclusively inhabited by them. Valparaiso has become a port of great importance since the independence of Chili. There are extensive bonding warehouses, in which goods are deposited to the amount of many million dollars annually. Besides the ships engaged in the import and export trade of Chili, Valparaiso is a most convenient port for vessels from the eastern coast of the United States, of the Pacific, the western coast of North America; and they may be provisioned without even coming to anchor.

It is stated that in the French and English Government do not intervene, the European commercial establishments in that city will be utterly destroyed. The foreign trade is said to amount to eighty millions of dollars. The entire transit trade to the lands of foreigners, and all the merchandise in Chili is foreign. The Chilian Government has valuable establishments at Santiago, Talca, Concepcion, and other towns in the interior; but they have comparatively few on the coast where there are only French, English, German, and Belgians.

It appears, therefore, to be against foreign commerce rather than against Chili that Admiral Pareja is making war. It is believed that both England and France have remonstrated, and this probably is the reason that Admiral Pareja has been commanded by his government to suspend warlike operations until he shall receive further orders.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY.

By AMELIA B. EDWARDS,

Author of "BARBARA'S HISTORY," &c.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

FOLLOWING UP THE SCENT.

DAVIS'S stables were soon found; also Davis —Davis of the double stable, all varnish, all pockets, all wide-awake, with a wisp of spotted cambric crushed in his neck, a stern eye, a mouth and no legs to speak of. This gentleman—not insensible to the attractions of her Majesty's profile in her relief on a packet of medium—indistinctly remembered supplying a fly on the morning in question. It was his large green fly, and he drives it himself. The gentleman desired him to drive to the Great Western Railway Station, as he had a train to meet morning, and looked as if she had been crying. When they got to Paddington, the gentleman gave him half-a-crown over and above his fare. Then he gave all belonged to the lady. A porter took it off the cab and carried it into the station. Davis thought he should know his fare again if he saw him. He was a tall, red-haired man with only one eye. Did not hear a said to what station or by what line the lady and gentleman were going. Was quite willing, however, to go over to the South Western Terminus and do what he could to identify the porter.

So Mr. Davis shuffled himself into a light overcoat, occupied a seat in Mason's omnibus, and was forthwith whirled away to Paddington. The one-eyed porter was found without difficulty. His name was Bill. He remembered the lady and gentleman quite well. The lady left her umbrella in the first-class waiting-room, and he found it there. He ran after the train as it was moving away from the platform, but could not get up with it. Everything soon reached the owner's umbrella. However, the gentleman came back to London that same evening and inquired about it. Gave Bill a shilling for his trouble. The luggage was labeled Clevedon. He was certain it was Clevedon, because he had labeled it with his own hands, and remembered having first of all labeled it Clevy, by mistake. Of all these facts he was positive. The description of the umbrella had impressed them on his memory; otherwise he did not suppose he should have remembered a single circumstance out of the ten travelers than of the hundreds of others upon whom he attended daily.

This testimony shaped Saxon's course for him. He dismissed Davis, recompensed Bill, and by two o'clock was proceeding away toward Clevedon.

It was the down express; and yet how slowly the train seemed to go! Leaning back in a corner of the carriage, he watched the flying of the landscape, and listened to the eager panting of the engine with an impatience that far outstripped its pace at which they were going. He counted the stations; he counted the minutes, the quarters, the half hours, the "three minutes' delay at Didcot, the ten minutes at Swindon, the ten minutes at Bristol irritated him almost beyond endurance. He was in search for the rich autumnal country. He saw not, or saw without observing, the "proud keep" of Windsor standing high above its antique woods, the silver-gray Thames, with its scarred willows and wooded banks, the fair city of Oxford, with its amidst her amphitheatre of hills; and Bristol, gloomy with the smoke of many furnaces. All he thought of was to be detained to see the end of at now, was Clevedon.

Shortly after half past five he reached Bristol. At half past six he had arrived at his destination. There were flys and omnibuses waiting about the little station. He took a close fly, being anxious to avoid all danger of recognition, and desired to be driven to the best hotel in the place. There was but one, a large white house with a garden, overlooking the Bristol Channel. The day was waning and the tide was high on the beach, as Saxon looked for a moment among the flowering shrubs, lovely over to the shadowy Welsh hills far away. The landlord, waiting at the door of the hotel to receive him, thought that his newly-arrived guest was admiring the setting sun, the placid sea with its path of fire, the little cove under the cliffs, and the steamer in the offing—and Saxon was scarcely conscious of anything before him.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE ABSENCE OF OCCAM.

No Mr. Forsyth had arrived at the Royal Hotel, Clevedon, and no lady whom any person belonging to the house could identify with the description offered by Saxon. The head waiter, a middle-aged man of clerical aspect, suggested that the gentleman should call for Mr. Slatter. Learning that Mr. Slatter was the superintendent of rural police, Saxon at once dispatched a messenger to request his presence; whereupon the clerical waiter respectfully inquired whether the gentleman had dined.

But Saxon had not. Indeed, he was unaware that day, nor slept in a bed for four nights past; so he desired the waiter to see that something could be made ready immediately, flung himself upon a sofa, and, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell profoundly asleep.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his eyes when a strange voice awoke him, and he found the waiter shouting in his ear that dinner on the table, and Mr. Inspector Slatter waiting to speak with him.

Mr. Slatter represented the majesty of the English law to the extent of some six feet three, and was a huge, broad-shouldered, florid, keen-eyed giant, with a soft rich voice, and a broad Somersetshire accent. He had not heard of any Mr. Forsyth at Clevedon, but he had learned that no such name had been added to the visitors' list up at the Bristol Rooms. He had, however, observed a lady in very deep black sitting alone on the Old Church Hill both yesterday and the day before. Not having been up the hill himself, Mr. Inspector Slatter could not say whether the lady was young or old; but that she was a lady there was no doubt, and that she had not been on the hill to-day. He had passed that way half a dozen times, and could not have failed to see her if she had been there. On finding out where this lady might be lodging, nothing more would be easier. Slatter could guarantee that information within a couple of hours.

So Saxon sat down to his solitary dinner, and Mr. Slatter went about his business. He would before than after the expiration of two hours he came back, having ascertained all that he had promised to learn. Miss Riviere was not to been at Clevedon. She arrived five days before, accompanied by a gentleman, and returned to London by the express train, leaving her apartments at Weston Cottage, down by the Green Beach, empty. The lady, however, came after twelve, the same gentleman had come to fetch her away to Bristol, and they had left about two hours.

Saxon snatched up his hat, bade the Inspector hold the way, and rushed off to Weston Cottage, to interrogate the landlady. He remembered in the passage by a gaunt spinster, who at once informed him she was very particular about letting to friends, and could not possibly attend to his inquiries. But Saxon was quite too much in earnest to be daunted by mere lack of courtesy; so, instead of politely requesting leave to call again at a more convenient opportunity, he only shook the door violently, and bade her "Stand back!"

"I have but two or three questions to put to you, madam, and answer them I am going immediately. Can you tell me in what direction your lodger was going when she left here?"

"If you call going to see Bristol, began the landlady, drawing herself up with a little dignified quiver of the head, "any time after twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"Gracious Heavens, madam, I may be a cousin of hundreds! Shall I find her there to-morrow?" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "Answer me at once, I beseech you."

"Protesting all the time that it was very extraordinary, very unreasonable, very inconvenient, the mistress of Weston Cottage then replied with a certain disgraceful alacrity to Saxon's last questions. Miss Riviere and Mr. Forsyth had left her house at a little before two o'clock that afternoon. They took the express train which passed two o'clock train to Bristol. Where they might be going she knew not, and cared not to say. Having heard Mr. Forsyth mention the words "high tide" and "Cumberland Basin," she had guessed at the time that they might be going to continue their journey by water. This, however, was a mere supposition on her part, as she had only overheard the words in question while bringing the drawing-room door. Mr. Forsyth, she had understood, was Miss Riviere's guardian. He did not arrive unexpectedly. He had all along been arranged that he should return to stay to fetch Miss Riviere away. All their arrangements were only engaged for one week. Some of Miss Riviere's luggage, indeed, had never been taken up to her room at all; and was now ready in the hall a good two hours before they arrived at the door. Miss Riviere's trunks. Here the gaunt landlady's unwilling testimony ended.

By the time Saxon got back to the Royal Hotel it was close upon seven o'clock. The next train to Bristol had been gone nearly two hours, and he must now either take post-horses all the way, or drive to the Harbor Station, and so catch the up-train from Exeter at fifty-five minutes past ten. Having taken counsel with Mr. Slatter, he decided on the latter as the more expeditious route, and in the course of a few minutes had paid his bill, and dismissed the inspector, and was once again on his way.

Then came the gloomy road; the monotonous tramp of hoofs and running of wheels; the dark rows gliding slowly past in the darkness, and now and then a house brimming over with light and warmth. Next the station, with the up-train just steaming in; porters running along the platform; first-class passengers peering out coyly through close-shut windows; and the engine all glow, smoke, and impatience, panting for release. Here Saxon exchanged the dismal hotel fly for a warm corner in a dimly-lighted railway carriage, and so sped on again till the train drew up at the Bristol station, where he alighted, jumped into a cab, and bade the driver take him to the Bristol Basin.

The way to this place lay through a tangled maze of narrow by-streets, over lighted bridges, and across docks, and beside the floating harbor thick with masts, till they came to an office close against a pair of huge gates, beyond which more masts and rigging visible. There were lights in the windows of this office, the door of which a man opened in answer by a sleepy porter, who, being questioned about the boats which had left Cumberland Basin that day, said he would call Mr. Lillicrap, and vanished. After a delay of several minutes Mr. Lillicrap came out of an inner room—a small, pallid young man, redolent of tobacco and rum, and disposed to be snappish. "Boats?" he said, "boats? Very extraordinary how hard to come there asking about boats. Did people suppose that boats went out from the basin at midnight? Had they hung out a board to say? Always about! Of course boats had gone out. Boats went out every day. There had been a boat to Ilfracombe —that went at ten. Had been a Bristol trader past three; one to Swansea—at half past four; and the last boat to Portishead at two. Any others? Oh, yes! To be sure—one of the *Daughter of Ocean*, for Bordeaux—" a fixed point. "West Indiaman two a month" and started to-day about four."

For Bordeaux! Saxon's heart leaped at the name.

"The *Daughter of Ocean* carries passengers of course?" he asked, quickly.

"Oh yes, of course."

"And there is a regular steam-service, is there not, between Bordeaux and America?"

Mr. Lillicrap stared and laughed.

"To be sure there is," he replied. "The French service left Bordeaux last Tuesday week, would go from Bristol to Bordeaux to get to *New York*, when he can embark at Liverpool or Southampton for the rest of the question."

But Saxon, instead of arguing this point with Mr. Lillicrap, begged to know where he should apply for information about those passengers who had gone with the steamer that afternoon: Liverpool Basin, he was very much afraid, supposed to be obliging despite his irascibility, offered to send the porter with him to a certain lodging-office where these particulars could perhaps be ascertained. So Saxon followed the man down a flight of slimy brick steps across a dreary yard full of boats and packing-cases to another office, where, although it was so long past business hours, he remembered the gentleman perfectly well. The lady wore deep black, and the gentleman carried a large carpet-bag in his hand. He recollected having seen the gentleman several days before. He came down in the train, and took the omnibus passage and paid the double fare in advance. They came on board a little after three o'clock —it might be half past three—and the *Daughter of Ocean* steamed out about a quarter past four. If, however, the gentleman would come again to-morrow, he could tell to-morrow morning, he could see the books, and welcome.

But Saxon could not wait to see the books now. They could tell him no more than he knew already.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

ALTHOUGH he left Bristol by the first morning express, Saxon yet found that he must perforce wait in town till evening before he could pursue his journey further. The early Continental Mail train was not due, and the boat-train reached Paddington, and the next would not leave London Bridge till eight P.M. As for the Great Western, he dared not take it so late in the afternoon that he would be in nowise a gainer by following it. So he had no resource but to patiently endure that hour's delay with as much philosophy as he could muster to his aid.

In the course of the day he was constrained to keep clear of his allies and accept no aid from without. The clew which he now held was of so slight a texture that the failure or accurate with which he should follow it up must be his own likewise. So he went neither to Lombard Street to see Mr. Bowles, nor to the news of Lorraine Crescent, nor to Chancery Lane to consult with Mr. Kenrick, nor even to Scotland Yard, having looked in at his chambers, and desired the new perturbable Gillingwater to prepare his travelling-bag. At half past dinner ready by a certain hour, the young man thought he could not spend his "enforced leisure" better than by taking a walk in the park, and so left, and learning from Mr. Behrens's own lips the true story of the Caribbean correspondence.

The wool-stapler's offices were easily found, and consisted of a very dreary, dusty, comfortless first-floor in a dismal house at the farthest end of Bread Street. On entering the outer room Saxon found himself in the presence of three very busy clerks, a tall porter sitting humbly on the extreme edge of a huge packing-case, a small boy sitting on a ruling over a long list of names and addresses, and a bulky, bald-headed man in a white hat, who was standing in a measure of wool, and who, with his hands full, his feet very wide apart, and his hands clasped behind his back. Saxon recognized him at once —keen gray eyes, iron-gray hair, white hat, and all.

"Mr. Behrens, I believe," he said.

The wool-stapler nodded with curly civility.

"My name is Behrens," he replied.

"And mine, Trefalden. Will you oblige me with five minutes' private conversation?"

Mr. Behrens looked at the young man with undissembled curiosity.

"Oh, then you are Mr. Saxon Trefalden, I suppose," he said. "I know your name very well, sir."

And he led the way into his private room—a mere den some ten feet square, as cheerful and comfortable as a condemned cell.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Behrens, for interfering with your business in this abrupt way," said Saxon, when they were both seated.

"Not at all, Sir," replied the other, bluntly. "I am glad you have had the opportunity of seeing me. You were a mere six days' wonder here in the City some months ago."

"Not for any good deeds of my own, I fear," laughed Saxon.

"Why no; but for what the world values above good deeds nowadays—the gifts of fortune. We don't all get our money so easily as myself, Sir."

"And a fortunate thing too. Those who work for it are happier than those who only inherit it if had far rather have worked for mine, if I could have chosen."

Mr. Behrens's rugged face lighted up with approbation.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said he. "It is a lovely morning, Sir, and as a mere matter of fact, quite true to fact. I know what work is to a man better. I began life as a factory boy, and I have worked my way up from the bottom of the ladder. I had no help, no education, no capital—nothing in the world to trust to but my head and my hands. I have known what it is to sleep under a hay-stack and dine upon a raw turnip; and yet I say I had rather have suffered what I did suffer than have dawdled through life with my hands in my pockets and an empty title inside my head."

"I hope you do not think that I have dawdled through life, Mr. Behrens," said the dawdle through it," said Saxon. "I am nothing but a Swiss farmer. I have driven the plow and hunted the mammals ever since I was old enough to do either."

"Ay—but now you're a fine gentleman!"

"Not a bit of it, I assure you. I have always been, and I am going home before long to be same school for six weeks. Rather unusual for him to take so long a holiday, isn't it?"

"Very unusual, I think," stammered Saxon, turning suddenly red and hot.

"It's especially inconvenient to me, too, just at this time," continued Mr. Behrens, "for I have important business on hand to-morrow which, though a clever fellow, is not Mr. Trefalden. Your cousin is a remarkably clear-headed, intelligent man of business, Sir."

"Yes. He has great abilities."

"He has acted as my solicitor for several years," said Mr. Behrens. And then he leaned back in his chair, and looked as if he wondered what Saxon's errand was.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question, Mr. Behrens, if I may take the liberty," said Saxon, observing the look.

"Surely, Sir. Surely."

"It is about the Castletowers estate?"

Mr. Behrens's brow clouded over at this announcement.

"About the Castletowers estate?" he repeated.

"Lord Castletowers," said Saxon, besing somewhat about the best to take advantage to approach the main question, "is—is my intimate friend."

"Humph!"

"And—and his means, I fear, are very inadequate to his position."

"If you mean that he is a drone in the hive and wants more honey than his fair share, Mr. Trefalden, I think I can do what you and I were talking of just now—work for it."

"I should be would gladly do so, Mr. Behrens, if he had the opportunity," replied Saxon; "but that is not it."

"Of course not. That never is it," said the man of the people.

"What I mean is, that he has been cruelly hampered by the debts which his father left encumbered the estate, and—"

"And he has persuaded you to come here and interceed in his cause, time? As is the old story, Mr. Trefalden—it is the story of every poor gentleman who comes to me. I am constantly coming to me imploring one week more. Lord Castletowers, he said, was a friend, and must not be left shabby. Money was promised, but had not yet come in. In short, one additional week was to put all right.

thing straight. I am no friend to coronets, as your cousin knows; but I would not desire to be harsh to any man, whether he wore a lord or a crossing sweeper—so I let your friend have the one week more. It expired yesterday. I expected Mr. Trefalden all the afternoon, and he never made his appearance. I have called at his office this morning, and I hear that he has left town for six weeks. I am sorry it be, because I must now employ a stranger, which makes it, of course, more unpleasant for Lord Castletowers. But I can't help myself. I must have the money, and I must foreclose. That is my last word on the matter."

And having said this, Mr. Behrens thrust his hands doggedly into his pockets, and stared defiantly at his visitor.

Saxon could scarcely suppress a smile of triumph. He had learned more than he came to ex8, and was in a better position than if he had actually put the question which he was preparing in his mind.

"I think we slightly misunderstand each other, Mr. Behrens," he said. "I am here to-day to pay you the twenty-five thousand pounds due to you from Lord Castletowers. Do you wish to receive it in cash, or shall I pay it into my bank on your account?"

"You—you can pay it over to me, if you please, Sir," stammered the wool-stapler, utterly confounded by the turn which affairs were taking.

"I am not sure that I have quite so large a sum at my banker's at this present moment, but I will go over to Signor Nazzari's, of Austin Friars, who is my stock-broker, and arrange the matter. In the meantime, I give you my word the amount, Mr. Behrens, you will not present it, I suppose, before to-morrow?"

"No—not before to-morrow. Certainly not before to-morrow."

Saxon drew his check-book from his pocket, and laid it before him on the table.

"By-the-way, Mr. Behrens," he said, "I hear that you have built yourself a pretty house down at Castletowers."

"Confo—idedly damp," replied the wool-stapler.

"Indeed! The situation's very pleasant. Your grounds once formed a part of the Castletowers park, did they not?"

"Yes; I gave hirelorship two thousand pounds for that little bit of land. 'It was too much—more than it was worth," he said.

Saxon opened his check-book, drew the instrument towards him, and selected a pen.

"You would not care to sell the place, I suppose, Mr. Behrens?" he said, carelessly.

"Hum! I don't know."

"If you would, I should be happy to buy it."

"The house and stables cost me nine thousand five hundred to build," said the wool-stapler.

"And yet are damp!"

"Well, I don't fancy it really nothing to speak of," replied Behrens, quickly.

"Let me see: I believe Lord Castletowers sold a couple of farms at the same time, which you buy those also, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, Sir. They were bought by a neighbor of mine—a Mr. Sloper. I rather think they are again in the market."

"I should be very glad to buy them if they are."

"You wish, I see, to have a little landed property over in England, Mr. Trefalden. I think it quite right, Sir; and, after all, you are more than half an Englishman."

"My name is English, my descent is English, and my fortune is English," replied Saxon, smiling.

The wool-stapler nodded approval.

"Well," he said, "I have lately bought an estate down in Worcestershire, and I have no objection to sell the Surrey place if you have a fancy to buy it. It has cost me, first and last, nearly five thousand pounds."

"I will give you that price for it with pleasure, Mr. Behrens," replied Saxon. "I shall I make out the check for thirty thousand pounds, and settle it at once?"

The seller laughed grimly.

"I think you had better wait till your cousin comes back before you pay me for it, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "The bargain's off, Sir, that's enough; but you ought not to part from your money without receiving your title-deeds in exchange."

Saxon hesitated and looked embarrassed.

"If you are afraid that I shall change my mind, you can give me fifty pounds on the bargain—will that do? People don't buy freehold estates in quite that off-hand way, you know, even though they may be as rich as the Bank of England; but one can see you are not much used to business."

"I told you I was only a farmer, you know," laughed Saxon, making out his check for the twenty-five thousand and fifty pounds.

"Ay, but take care you don't fling your money away, Mr. Trefalden. You're a very young man, and, begging your pardon for the observation, you don't know much of the world. Money is a hard thing to manage; and you have more. I fancy, than you know what to do with."

"Perhaps I have."

"At all events, you can't do better than buy land; always remember that. I do it myself, and I advise others to do it."

"I mean to buy all I can get in my native Canton."

"That's right, Sir; and if you like, I will inquire about those two farms for you."

"I should be more obliged to you than I can express."

"Not in the least. I like you; and when I like people, I am glad to be of service to them. You wouldn't be particular, I suppose, to a few hundreds?"

"I don't care what price I pay for them."

"Whew! I must not tell Sloper that. In fact, I shall not mention you at all. Your name alone would add fifty per cent. to the price."

"I shall be satisfied with whatever bargain you can make for me, Mr. Behrens," said Saxon, and handed him the check.

The wool-stapler shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I must give you receipts for these two sums," he said; "but your cousin ought to be present on the part of Lord Castletowers. The whole thing is irregular. Hadn't you better wait while I send round to Chancery Lane for Mr. Keckwitch?"

But Saxon, anxious above all things to avoid a meeting with that worthy man, would not hear of this arrangement; so Mr. Behrens gave him the formal receipts in the presence of one of his clerks, pocketed the check, and entered Saxon's address in his note-book.

"As soon as I have my news about the farms, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "I will let you know."

And with this they shook hands cordially and parted.

"I'll be bound that open-handed young fellow has got the best of this money," muttered he, as he locked the check away in his cash-box. "Confound the aristocrats! They are all either fools or knaves."

In the mean while Saxon was tearing along Cheapside on his way to Austin Friars, eager to secure Signor Nazzari's services while the Stock Exchange was yet open, and full of joy in the knowledge that he had saved his friend from ruin.

About an hour and a half later, as he was walking up and down the open space in front of the Exchange, having just left the Bank of England, where he had found all the offices closed, impatient with respect to the stock sold out by his cousin in virtue of the power of attorney granted by himself five months before, the young man was suddenly brought to a pause by a hand upon his sleeve and a panting voice calling upon his name.

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden—beg your pardon, Sir —one half-minute, if you please!"

It was Mr. Keckwitch, breathless, pallid, streaming with perspiration, and almost speechless.

"One of our clerks, Sir," he gasped, "appened to catch sight of you—gettin' out of a cab —top of Bow Church, Cheapside—followed you —ever since he came back. Mr. Behrens' directed me to Austin Friars—from Austin Friars to Exchange. Ah! here I am!"

Saxon frowned; for his cousin's head clerk was precisely the one person whom he had least wished to meet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Keckwitch," he said, "that you have given yourself so much unnecessary trouble."

"Bless you, Sir, I don't regard the inconvenience. The point is—have you learned anything of the missing deeds?"

Saxon was so unused to dissemble that after a moment's palpable hesitation he could think of no reply more prudent than to ask a question in return.

"Have none of your emissaries learned anything, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"No, Sir, not at present. I've had three telegrams this morning—one from Liverpool, one from Southampton, and one from Glasgow; all tellin' the same tale—the deeds ain't there. Mr. Keck has taken the London docks for his line; but he's done no better than other folks up to this time. If, however, you have already news of 'em, Sir, why then we can't do better than follow your lead."

They were close under the equestrian statute of the Duke when Saxon stopped short, and looking the head clerk full in the face, replied:

"Yes, Mr. Keckwitch, I do know something of my cousin's movements, but it is my intention to keep that knowledge to myself. You can, if you please, put a stop to all these useless inquiries; for I shall now retain this matter solely in my own hands."

"Not exclusin' me from assistin' you, Sir, I hope?" exclaimed Keckwitch, anxiously. "Of course, if you have found a clew, and it's your pleasure to follow it yourself, that's only what you've a rights to do; but I am a man of experience, and I've done so much in the affair already—"

"I am obliged by what you have done, Mr. Keckwitch," said Saxon, "and I shall make it my business to recompense you for your trouble; but I have no further need of your services."

"But, Sir—but, Mr. Saxon Trefalden — you can't mean to give me the go-by in this way! It ain't fair, Sir!"

"Not fair, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"Why after my talkin' all the summer through, as I have been tollin'—after all the trouble I've taken, and all the money I've spent to worm out your cousin's ways—why, you'll never have known even so much as where he lived if it hadn't been for me!"

Mr. Keckwitch," said Saxon, sternly, "whatever you may have done was done to please yourself. I presume—not to please me. Good-morning, or serve your ends. It was certainly not done for me. I do not consider that you have any claim upon my confidence or even upon my gratitude. However, as I said before, I shall recompense you by-and-by as I see fit. Good-morning!"

And with this the young man hailed a cab, desired to be driven to his chambers, and speedily vanished in the throng of Westward-bound vehicles, leaving the head clerk boiling over with impotent rage and disappointment.

"Well, I'm cursed if that isn't a specimen of ingratitude!" muttered he. "Here's a purse-proud upstart for you to step in and rob me of the man of his fair vengeance. Recompense, indeed! Damn his recompense and himself too! I hate him. I wish he was dead. I wish the whole tribe of Trefaldens. I wish they were all dead, and that I had the buryin' of 'em."

MAKING MEMORIES.

MAKING beautiful memories
To sweeten our lives in another day;
To be remembered in the years
Waiting for us in the far away.

Leafy groves, where long, cool shades
Woo unto rambling hour on hour;
To be remembered like a dream—
Leaf and bird and grass and flower.

Leaf-full hollows, old beech-tree
Where, with my penknife, thus I mark
J for Jennie, and F for Fred,
And a ring around them in the bark.

Under the white moonlight last night
Where we whispered, hand in hand,
Looking out from the pillars' shade
Over the beach with its white, white sand—

There was a picture! The far-off stars,
The near-by daisies, the sighing sea;
The good-night pressure of hands; the words
That fluttered down from your window to me.

I read the writing out under the moon:
"Good-night, my darling, my noble Fred,
I love you, and I shall dream of you—
Good-night, good-night!" was what it said.

The commonest thing of our to-day
Will sometime be a poem, a dream,
Bathed in the light of the far away,
How fair, how fair these hours will seem!

Much of this is for memories—
Which, perhaps, will be forgot;
But the word that told me you loved me, love,
Oh, that will not! oh, that will not!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FROM TONICS TO INITIATE.—Spain, not satisfied with her loss of Cuban rule, has now plunged herself into a Chili pickle. This episode shall never evidently does not intend to let it be a Peru-sal of peace. Let us kindness, or put her into a strait-orderer. I will not have any to cause her, to judge by the dexterity with which she has slipped out of her bonds on former occasions.

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.

(Our Own Manufactures.)

Your breath you'll not sweeten by talking of honey;
Soft soap cannot be smeared on the face of a man;
Foolish friends, more than foes, are the vials of sorrow;
Not long will they vile their horrid name conceal;
You'd better a friend than a kinsman rely on.
Though a spur to your foe, think him strong as a lion;
A hand may be white that is washed upon credit;
A word may be true, though by a jester hath said it.

In the midst of the Adelaide is an isle, verdant, fruitful, and habitable, magnificent. The pasture, might meet for a gentle prelate's retreat, undergoes little to be improved, save only the enshading breeze; the pasture, or wine of the country are without ceasing the prickly solace of the peasant; and the pipy, animal incomprehended, but asthma, shares the cook of either with his infants and his spouse.

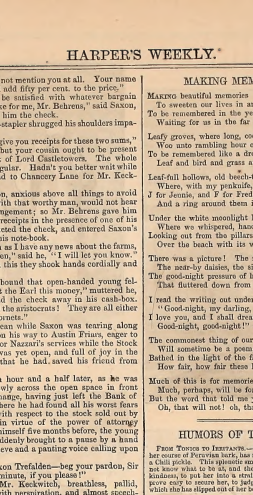
It is a lively isle, but it is martyrized by the sway of the Briton. And its name?

Oh, sad but illustrious memory of Danielle O'Brien, it is Erin!

By a queer mistake a package was lately received at the patent-medicine store, at Salt Lake, which was intended for another destination. On being opened, it was found to contain a pair of lady's gaiters, addressed to "Mrs. Brigham Young the twentieth."

FLOWERY.—"What flower of beauty shall I marry?" said a young specimen of his misery governor. To which the governor replied, with a grim smile, "Marigold."

A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck at hearing of her friend's engagement has since been provided with a lightning-rod.



DESCENDING FROM THE GENERAL TO THE PARTICULAR.

HONEST FRENCHMAN (*in the Ecstasy of his Heart*). "Ah, Madame! comme les Americaines sont Belles!"

CHARMING WIDOW (*appropriating the Compliment*). "Ah, Mocew! com hay Frongsay song *Flattisser!*"

HOW TO GET OF A CHARIOT, WITH A WIFE.—Wait until she is at her toilet preparatory to going out. She will be sure to ask you if her dress will do. Tell her that the lives of nine-tenths of the women are passed in the fear that their dresses are straight, and wind up with the remark that you never knew her to wear but one. Then sense about her. Will ask you who that was. You, with a sigh, reply, "Ah! never mind." Will ask you why you did not marry her. You say, absentedly, "Ah! why, indeed?" The climax is reached by this time, and a regular row is sure to follow.

THE TROTTOLANE'S PARADISE.—The Temperate Zone.

IT is funny to see a young lady with both hands in soft dough and a mosquito on the end of her nose.

WHY is a cat going up three flights of stairs like a big bill?—Because she is a-scending.

Why is a lead-pencil like poor human nature?—Because it never does right of itself.

A good story is told of a Methodist, at whose house an Illinois preacher was entertained the night, when the time came and family prayers were suggested, in searching for a Bible, finally produced a couple of torn leaves of the good Book, with the naive remark, "I didn't know I was to have one of these times."

In what color should a secret be kept?—*In violet.*

Why are authors of works on Physiognomy like an army of soldiers?—Because they "*right about face.*"

THE FLEA'S PARADISE.—Copper Linked.

"ASMITH," said four-year-old Alice, whose little head was full of Christmas, "I want to write a letter to Santa Claus.—or will you write it for me?" "Auntie" took her pen and wrote as follows at the child's dictation:

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I wish you would get me a little dolly, running around, if that belongs to Christmas; and a dolly cradle, if that belongs to Christmas. If you don't, I don't want it. And an apron for my doll, if Christmas must have one. And if it don't, I don't want it. That is all I want. ALICE."

Now send it to the post-office," said she.

Santa Claus will be pretty sure to answer that letter, we think.

Paddy's description of a fiddle can not be beat: "It was the shape of a turkey and the size of a goose; he turned it over on its belly, rubbed its back-bone with a stick, and och by St. Patrick how it did squale!"

MOTTO FOR A SMOKING PHILOSOPHER.—A short pipe and a merry one.

Why is a horse like the letter O?—Because G makes it go. And what is the difference between this conundrum and my aunt who squints? One is a query with an answer; the other is an aunt, Sir, with a queer eye.

Why are pen-makers like inciters to evil doing?—Because they make people steel and point to wrong.

When is a tired man like a thief?—When he needs *arresting.*

Why are seeds and gate-posts put in the ground?—To *prop-agate.*

The Illinois fat girl, weighing six hundred pounds, has been bound over for stealing a small sum of money. The amount of cash required to bail her over will be small.

So far as heard from the matrimonial market stands thus: Old stock married off, none; old stock bought at auction, 1; widows of first-class married or soon will be, 10; widows of second-class married or soon will be, 12; young ladies married, 0; young ladies engaged to be married, 95; betrothed and gone to get consent of parentfamilies, 67; still hiding and doing 97; market brisk, up to zero previous, 11; come together again, 3—but they have to dodge present, 1; in love, but not reciprocated, 671; no one to love, 49; elopements, 1; private marriages, 0.

An eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

That was not a bad reply of the English painter of "The Israelites in Egypt," who, on Pharaoh and his host being inquired for by his fellow-citizens, pointed to an expanse of water—"The Red Sea, my lord; they are all there."

In what circumstances is a woman that wears stays?—Stricken circumstances.



DEPARTURE OF THE SURE-EMINI.



THE DESERT.



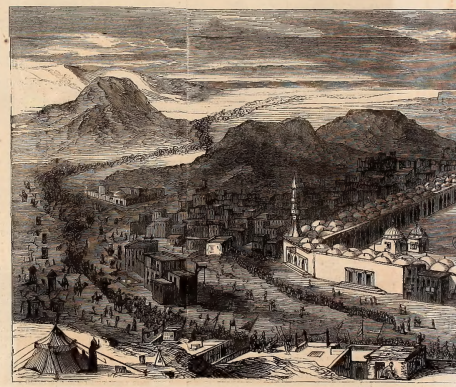
ENCAMPMENT OF PILGRIMS.



THE SACRIFICES NEAR THE VILLAGE OF MAHALLE'Y MINA.



THE VARIOUS ATTITUDES OF P

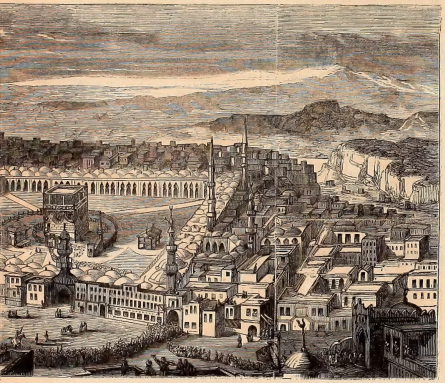




THE STARTING



AYER AMONG THE MUSSELMANS.



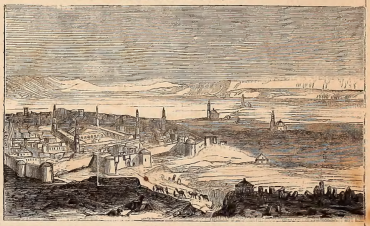
MECCA.



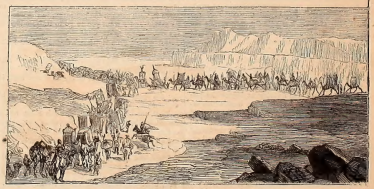
OF THE CARAVAN.



PREACHING AT THE MOSQUE



MEDINA.



THE STAMBOUL CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.



PILGRIMS ASCENDING THE HILL OF SAFA.

IECCA.—[See Page 810.]

THE PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA.

At this time, when, at the suggestion of France, a European Congress has been determined upon to investigate as to the means necessary to prevent the pilgrims to Mecca from bringing along with them that terrible pestilence from which so many European countries have suffered, our readers can not fail to be interested in the details of this pilgrimage, which is the grandest ceremony of the Mahommedan religion.

The pilgrimage to Mecca is an act obligatory upon all Mohammedans. Thus it happens that every year an innumerable crowd converges from every portion of Asia and Africa upon the same point, where it accomplishes a pestilential act of insanity. In making the number of these pilgrims three hundred thousand we understate the actual truth. There are two principal lines of procession, as the pilgrims gather about two grand centres—Cairo and Constantinople. The Cairo caravan which gathers together the Mohammedans from Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and from the desert of Sahara as far as Nubia, has some remarkable characteristics, made up as it is of the most curious and savage types of African civilization. The Shereef, or Commissioner, the caravan, makes a grand halt at Damascus, where it is augmented by arrivals of detached columns from Asia.

For several days previous to their departure the pilgrims of the Cairo caravan gather together at the doors of hospitals and mosques, and while listen to religious harangues, followed by the *adey*, a sort of philatory during which the pilgrims repeat sitting in a circle. This forms the subject of one of our engravings.

In the mosque at Mecca is the *Kibah*, an oblong edifice of fine gray granite, 55 feet in length by 45 in breadth, and from 35 to 40 in height. It is surrounded by a covering of black silk which hangs from the roof. Cairo and Stamboul share the honor of presenting to the *Kibah* every year a new silk covering. This covering, or tapis, intrusted to a pavilion of velvet and gold, is placed upon a splendidly bannered camel. This is the *Mahmal*. The entire caravan follows this trophy, preceded by the *Emir-el-Hadj*, the prince of the pilgrims. The *tenne, or Arabian dress*, is worn by all the Shereefs accompany the Emir. The officers of the viceroy, on horseback, carry rare pieces of gold among the crowd, and in the midst of the most clamorous music, accompanied by cavalry and artillery, the column of pilgrims advances along, waiting for the desert of Suez, its first halting-place. This setting out of the caravan forms the subject of another of our illustrations. But the eastern exit of the Isthmus the *Sirek-Essuez*, who has charge of the gifts of the sovereigns, the Sultan, or to Mecca. At Damascus the Pashaw joins the caravan with the *Emir-el-Hadj*, and the column moves on through the desert of Arabia, reaching Medina. Among the forces of the route by the caravans from Bagdad, Bassorah, etc.

The pilgrimage is not accomplished without peril. The unclothed Arab, regardless alike of law and religion, plays his part on the route to Mecca. The wind of the desert lifts up scorching columns of sand. Disease, fatigue, hunger, and the death of the beasts of burden, which are for future caravans the route of those before them by a long line of corpses putrified by the heat, or rebled of their flesh by wild animals. The desert is made a place of horrors.

At length the holy city is in view. Here the pilgrims lay aside the clothes they have worn thus far and are received in two pieces of white wool, not sewed together, without any dress for the head or the feet. The Shereef, or Governor, the pilgrim's first duty, whatever be the hour of his arrival, is to go at once to the *Kibah*. In the east corner of the *Kibah* is the *Black Stone*, which is an object of great adoration. This is about the height of a man, and is composed of small stones well cemented together. It is said that Adam had a vision in which he beheld all his posterity, in the midst of whom the Lord appeared and demanded whether he was their God—and they all answered, "*Aiwa Bely!*" This confession was called an alliance, and God surprised with this he forced upon him a black stone, which Adam carried away with him from Paradise, and which now reposes in the sacred *Kibah* at Mecca.

After the visit to the temple the pilgrims commence their sacrifices. They purchase and slaughter a large number of animals. They broil and eat a portion of the flesh, distributing other portions among the kindred. The neighboring villages are to feed. The remnants are left exposed to the sun and infecting the whole neighborhood. After this ceremony the pilgrim is at liberty to participate in all sorts of pleasures afforded in Mecca. The sin vitiated by the pilgrim is a crowd of pestilential diseases; and it is not wonderful that such pests as the cholera spring from so fertile a source.

Most of the pilgrims go from Mecca to Medina to visit the tomb of the prophet. Medina is a city in upward of twenty thousand inhabitants—one-half the population of Mecca. Its only attraction is Mohammed's tomb.

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC which started last summer among the pilgrims of Mecca has traveled over a large tract of Europe. The following is its route from the sacred city.

It commenced apparently on the Arabian coast, then traveled to Alexandria, thence to Constantinople, and thence again to various ports in the Mediterranean. From the Mediterranean it crept into the Black Sea, and afterward through the Straits of Gibraltar, along the west coast of Spain and Portugal. Yet it did not make the circuit of the Mediterranean, nor did it continuously ascend the Atlantic shores of the Peninsula. Its visits were capricious and irregular. To this day it has left not only Europe, but all the eastern coast of the Adriatic and the coasts of Barbary untouched. One coast of Italy was severely visited, while the other, up to the close of October, was completely empty. Sicily escaped, but Malta has suffered heavily. For a long time, too, it seemed as if the disease could not penetrate the interior of a country, but that exception has now disappeared. After escaping from the Mediterranean, the pestilence first appeared at Seville. Then it was at Southampton, afterward at Paris, and, later still, Madrid. From Odessa, where it established itself in the autumn, it advanced, and is still advancing, northward to the Polish provinces of the Russian Empire. Its path, upon the whole, that the plague is no longer confined to the basin of the Mediterranean, but has been hovering over Central and Western Europe. The effects of the visitation have been as uncertain as its course. At some places they have been comparatively light; at others extremely severe. In Paris and London the disease was obstinate as well as fatal, and was only defeated by the severest precautions and mortality. In Madrid and Paris, on the other hand, though the virulence of the epidemic was considerable, it was of short duration, the decline being now regarded as fixed. It is now upward of two months since the cholera showed itself at Southampton, England. Its operations were unmitigable; its severity in one or two cases equally marked. In most cases, too, though certainly not universal, occurred for its succession that the disease seemed established, and one or two attacks were reported from the banks of the Thames. Yet this feeling was not maintained, nor did the malady spread. In London there has not been even the symptom of an outbreak.

JOHN REDESDALE'S SERMON.

THE first beat I ever had was Ephraim Tucker. He was a tall young fellow, with eyes like a gypsy's, rosy cheeks, and yellow hair all of a kinky curl. Clever, too, for he was clerk to the apothecary of our town, and, consequently, had a good deal to say for himself. Every one spoke well of him, every one liked him, and he, from the first day we met, liked me better than any other of the girls, though there were many richer and prettier than I in the place.

So we went about a good deal together, and where every one knew every body it soon began to be said that Ephraim Tucker was courting Clara Speer.

For the matter of that, I did not mind hearing it said, for I was a poor girl and could marry as I chose, and had hard times often to please whimsical customers, or to make them pay for work I had toiled over all night, and, worse, sometimes to be derided miles away and whom I saw hardly once in the year, but I had a mother and kind, and was a happy thought that I should be mistress of a heart and home, and, in time to come, perhaps, a mother; and I liked Ephraim, and was not insensible to or being loved and cherished by some one than on that one being Ephraim Tucker.

It was not the way a woman should love her husband; but I did not know it then, for I was as ignorant of any stronger liking as a babe at its mother's bosom.

Perhaps it might have gone on so, and I might have married him, and spoken the marriage vows more to hope or wish for, if I had kept to my work one bright summer day, when Ephraim came tapping at my door, dressed in his best clothes, to leave it. "There's a camp-meeting in the woods," he said, "and I want you to go to it. Besides, it is too fine a day to stay in."

"But, Miss Free Hollister's dress?" I said, looking at the half-done silk I was at work on.

"Plague take Miss Hollister!" said he. "She has fifty dresses, no doubt. Make her wait."

So I let be twitched it out of my hand and hung it on a peg.

"Go dress yourself," he said, and sat down to wait for me.

Well, the sun shone and the birds sang, and I longed for such a free air, and I obeyed my lover's orders we like. So in half an hour we were walking arm in arm toward the woods, chatting merrily. We never were scattered.

There had been no romance in all our acquaintance. I never expected it, and he, I fancy, never thought of it. We were a handsome couple, as I was, after all, something like a Sunday holiday-making; and when we got into the woods it was a very solemn thing to look across the bowed heads of the kneeling people in the wavering leaf shadow, and to hear the prayer that went up from the low, own temple, better than any church built by man. We knelt down with the rest and sung with them, and when the hymn was ended and the people were sinking and the exercises were suspended to give a chance for rest and tea-drinking.

Then all were amused and those who came from a distance bestirred themselves and kindled fires here and there among the trees, and by the time the twilight the flames of the burning wood—blue, gold, and crimson—and the dark figures of those about them, made a lively and picturesque scene.

We had looked at then long enough, and were going home, when a hand came down on my shoulder, and I looked round.

"You here, Clara Speer? Wa'al, I declare. How are you, Ef Tucker? Come right along to our camp and have tea with us; do now."

It was Deacon Bloom's wife; and whether we would or no we went back with her and found the deacon, all the children, and two young men waiting about a gipsy fire for the evening meal—the deacon, already seated on a log with a platter on his hunger, in a way that manifested itself in his greeting.

"How are ye, Sister Speer and Brother Tucker? Set down; charnin' meetin' we've had; refreshin' indeed. Ain Maria, the minister, is a powerful man. I never heard nothin' more spiritual than Brother Bee's discourse; addressed itself to the highest—(Ann Maria, them short-cakes will artinly burn if you don't turn 'em)—ye, annain' appeal; 'twas the sperit of the Lord moved him. Set down, wife, by the fire, and you're done we'd better set by, hadn't we? Brother Redesdale, say grace."

At their call a young man arose, and I looked at him for the first time. Can I describe him? I could tell you that he was tall and slight, had a dark, that he had black eyes, in each of which seemed to burn a flame, and mobile scarlet lips, and a cheek that flushed and paled by turns. And then you would know nothing of him. It was a face not to be described, but one that having been seen could never be forgotten.

Afterward, as we ate and talked, I could not help looking at him again when his eyes were turned away, and once I caught Ephraim staring at me, with his face hot and flushed, and his eyes glistening with anger. Not so angry though as they were a while after, when John Redesdale and I were talking together. They frightened me then, for their fire actually seemed to scorch me. He said nothing to me, however, whatever he felt, and we went home together as we went by deacon; he was very silent and surly when he spoke, and staid away a whole week to punish me, I suppose.

I felt hurt that he did not on Wednesday night I sat sewing with my little apprentice, Maggie, beside me, half inclined to cry, when some one rapped at the door, and I, fancying it was Ephraim, called "Come in!" and in walked John Redesdale.

He stood awkwardly with his hat in his hand, and his own peculiar smile on his lips in a doubtful sort of attitude.

"Are camp-meeting introductions good for any thing?" he asked. "May I come in and sit down?"

And I answered,

"Certainly, Mr. Redesdale."

My heart never beat when Ephraim Tucker entered my door, but it did when I spoke. I never felt the blood rush to my cheeks when he spoke to me, but they flushed at the voice of John Redesdale. All at a moment the room seemed brighter and life had a pier, and I wondered why.

He made a short call and went away, and I had no wish to see him again. I sent Maggie to bed and sat down by the window in the moonlight.

The church-bells struck the hours one after the other. After eleven the old watchman began to call them: still I sat there looking at the stars. And then, in the morning, I crept up stairs I had not a face, as though by doing so I could hide my heart from my own soul.

Ephraim came to see me the next Sunday. We went to church together, and he, rid of his pet, was very pleasant and waxing. I felt like one to a woman, but I suppose he thought me vexed, for he took no notice of my manner. When we parted he told me he was going to Boston on business. There were drugs to be bought and other business to be attended to, and the Doctor, old and stout, loved his ease and his arm-chair, he said. "I shall like the trip," he said. "I envy New York. If I am ever in business for myself (as I shall be, of course) I shall go to New York. Shall you like the city?"

Then he stopped and took my hand and looked into my eyes. I knew he was going to ask me to be his wife on the spot, but he said nothing. He was very prudent; I believe he was waiting to have a certain sum of money before he committed himself.

The one feeling in my heart as I went into my little work-room, swept and tidied for the Sabbath was joy that he was gone.

That fortnight during which Ephraim was absent was a little time for me. For every evening began John Redesdale with it. Sometimes we walked out together, sometimes we only sat a while and chatted. But every day he came, and, after to me, and Ephraim Tucker was only some one I longed to forget.

Whether I were wrong or right I could not judge then. The old fears and my conscience clung me between Ephraim and myself, yet he, I knew, thought and found it best to quiet my conscience clung me on that score. On the other side, I understood now that I did not love him, and that to marry one, cor-ge for another was a sin, would be wicked.

John Redesdale gave me little time to think even had I tried to do so. He wooed me with eyes and lips. He spoke to me in his heart (or at least I thought so) would have won me had I been twice pledged to any other living man.

So before I left Boston came to an end we were walking one day in the woods where we had first met, like the lovers we were, and at a fallen log, near a little stream that ran laughing through the woods, he made me stop.

"Sit down, Clara," said he, "I want to speak to you."

And I, knowing well what he was going to say, sat down a to him.

Then, holding my hands in his, he told me of his hopes and prospects—only those of a poor Methodist minister who must work against his end. A working-life: for in that church there is no life-long dwelling in one place—no parish, but change, at stated times, from one flock to another. And then he asked me if I were willing to share so poor a lot until death should part us. And I, out of my full heart, answered "Yes." And a great flood of happiness broke over my heart, and I thought earth heaven, and could weep.

That was on Saturday. On Sunday I dreamed of my new-found joy. On Monday Ephraim returned.

He came in in the evening. It had been a stormy day and was raining still, and he was wet from head to foot. The rain dripped from the brim of his hat and from his curling hair. He did not sit down, but stood with one hand on a chair-back, clutching the wood as though it were a thing he loathed.

"I want to speak to you alone, Clara Speer," he said. And I sent Maggie away. When we were alone he took a voice and like his own.

"What is this I hear about you, Clara?" I made no answer.

"Look at me, Clara Speer," he said, after a pause. "Don't hide your head like a guilty thing. If they have told me truth, you have been holding lover's walks and giving lover's kisses to John Redesdale, I'll make them swallow their words. If they tell me truth, you will keep me from being murder?"

He was furious as a madman; but I found courage at last to speak.

"We have never exchanged a promise," I said. "We are not engaged. I am not bound to you, and you know it, Ephraim."

"I know," he said, in a sort of line, "that it was all the same. Every one in the town knows it. You know it, Clara Speer. You were bound to me in honor."

At first I shrunk and winced; then the truth came to me. I grew brave. I told him how I felt to him, something of how I felt to John; and then I asked him which, as a true woman, I should marry; and while I spoke I pitied him from my soul, but I felt more than ever that I had never loved him.

He listened to me until I had done. He said no word. The rage was in his face, but pain was plainer there. I heard a gasping sob, and then the words:

"Clara, you have told me you had changed. It is hard to think you never loved me!"

And Ephraim Tucker went out into the stormy night, and the door closed behind him.

My tears fell faster than the drenching rain that fell on the church in our town, for now we were to be married in a little while, and I should share his lot for life.

The church-members were few but respectable—all steady-going farmers and mechanics and their families, save one. She was a Miss Edgar, a widow, and a prettyish woman for her age. She had money, and dressed and lived well; but there had always been a feeling between her and the rest of the town, for she had been, they said, an actress in her youth, and had what people called "bold ways;" and to be an actress from the eyes of our village, to be but one remove from the archfiend himself.

Her husband had, however, been a Methodist, and she had joined the church also, and sat, Sunday after Sunday, in her gay bonnets and handdresses far up the middle aisle.

People said she was more constant in her attendance than ever after the white-haired old minister left and John Redesdale began to preach, and twenty disagreeable stories were told me by as many people.

I cared not one whit for them all. I knew, or thought I knew, that the man I loved,

Once or twice, it is true, John went to her house to tea, but he went every time, and could not refuse that. When he called on Sunday, why should he not call on Mrs. Edgar? I was no jealous of him as the hand of Desdemona.

So I laughed at the stories when once morning, coming by a short-cut across the Commons from Aunty Brown's dressmaking house to Mrs. Edgar's, Tucker coming to meet me. I thought he would pass as usual, but he paused instead and spoke to me:

"Clara Speer, if you are not in too much haste to hear a word of friendly advice, stay a while."

"I am always ready for good advice," I answered, with a laugh, and stood still.

He took hold of my arm and put his lips close to my ear.

"Two years ago," he whispered, "you jilted me for that man, and in connection with that woman. You had your choice, but it's not too late to find out what he is yet. Watch him next time he visits Mrs. Edgar."

I laughed in his face.

"I have heard these ridiculous stories before," I said. "I trust John as I hope he trusts me."

"You are a woman to be trusted!" he sneered. "You are worthy of a lover's oath to believe me; trust your own senses. Your sanctified bit of perfection is to take tea with Mrs. Edgar on Tuesday. There's no use in my coming, and behind the arbor is a hedge. If you choose to wait and listen there afterward you may know whether the stories you hear are true or false."

And he dropped my arm and stalked away, leaving me faint with terror.

I did little work that day. The next, Tuesday, I sat with my hands folded, and asked myself the question, "Shall I go and spy again?" "Shall I watch him or not?"

And I said: "I will go, to prove his truth—not because I doubt him."

When night came—a dark night, without a moon —I put on bonnet and shawl, and crept out like a guilty thing. The way was clear to Mrs. Edgar's house, and I met no one; but when I got there I found the house all alight and heard voices on the shadow. I was ashamed of watching my own true-love at Ephraim Tucker's instance. But, for all that, I went around the garden fence until I found the hedge and the summer-house, and there I stood and listened to the prisoner neighbor for her sentence, for there were two people in the arbor—a man and a woman.

They were talking in whispers—coing, tender whispers—and at last one spoke out:

"No, John; I don't believe a word you say."

It was Mrs. Edgar's voice; but there were more John than one in the world.

Then the woman muttered something, and then the woman's cried, coquettishly: "I young and pretty! Oh, how you flatter!" And there was the noise of a slap—not a blow, for I know that women are always bestowing on their masculine friends.

More whispering—words I could not hear, listen as I would, came near, and I had said again and again, "That is enough," when I heard the words:

"You shan't kiss me! No, indeed you shin't; Mr. Redesdale! Keep your kisses for Miss Speer! You know it's all nonsense to pretend you like me best. If you must, you do—" And then I heard a romp and a kiss.

An hour after I found myself lying in the dust of the road, where I must have fallen when I fainted, and took my breaking heart home again. On the way I vowed that my lips should never speak another word to John Redesdale.

I found little Maggie sleeping like a baby in her attic, and the house all quiet, and lit a lamp in the kitchen window. The place looked ghastly to me; nothing seemed real. I found a carpet-bag, and packed in it some of my wardrobe. Of other things I made a bundle. I dressed myself for a journey, and put my little hoard, saved for my wedding-day, in my bosom. Then I sat down and wrote two notes, one to Maggie, telling her wages and giving her the clothes I left behind—the other to my landlady, with her rent, and before the night was over, on the people of the house awake, had left it far behind me, and was at the —— station, awaiting the early train for New York.

There, when the excitement was over, and I leaned back wearily in my seat and met the crowd of strange fellow-passengers, I first began to realize the awful truth, and to feel that life was worthless henceforth to me. There are women who would have taken their lives into their own hands, fuglike as I felt. I know I must strive to live while God so willed it, but the driving secret was heard now, the shortest life so long! I felt ten years older than I had felt the day before; I think I looked it also.

How I lived, where I went, would not interest you. My home was invisible, by choice, nevertheless, but I was too good a workwoman to suffer. I never saw one of my old acquaintance. I never heard the name of those I knew, even, spoken. When I read it in the columns of some newspaper.

I knew no one. No one knew me. The people I worked for called me, as odd, silent creature; soon the young women considered me an old maid. Even on the holidays, I kept at home. For Christmas Day, the man I had thought the best in the world had made me believe all seemingly good people hypocrites.

Lonely, lonely, lonely, so lonely that I thought I should die of pure loneliness for five long weary years.

At last I awoke one Sabbath morning to hear the bells ringing for church, and out of habit came the memory of other Sabbath days. I longed, for the first time, to join the worshipers, and bend my knee in prayer among them. So I arose and dressed myself, waiting for no breakfast, and went out into the frosty streets. The clocks were on the stroke of ten, and there was no time to lose, so I chose the nearest church and went in. The crowd was thick already, but I crept up the aisle a certain distance, and paused, "Room here, sister," and moved her dress to make way for me.

Then a voice said, "Let us pray," and my face was covered. When I lifted it the preacher stood in the pulpit ready to read the first hymn.

I was not sure that I was not dreaming, as I thought at first; I was awake and in my senses, yet the face, I looked on was the face of John Redesdale, the eyes that met mine his. I knew him in an instant, and he knew me. I saw it in his look—a look that came and passed so quickly that I hardly knew that it had seen it ere it was gone; and I would have left the church had it been possible. But the congregation arises ere this. All I must wait until the crowd dispersed and hide myself in that. But could I bear him and live? I did.

He stood up, with the Bible under his hand, and looked over the church, first at me, and as he met eyes again and said, "Let us pray."

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

The sermon opened with remarks upon the vice of slander. By degrees it grew familiar and touched on daily events, in which the truth was forgotten and false accusations flung upon a neighbor or a servant. And then in such a way that it seemed to every hearer aimed and to the purpose, he began a story—a true one, he said.

He drew the picture of two lovers, friends or dear that their lives were interwoven. He pointed a scene of homely happiness, with hopes of future bliss; a girl who trusted, and a youth who thought unselfish, each on preparing for the promised wife. And I, with my heart beating so fearfully that I feared it, knew that I was the girl, and own happy time he was speaking! And into this earthly paradise a serpent—Slander—crept, insensibly, and one by one he lower leaf of the trusting wife gone, without a word or message, and search as he might, could bear no tidings over.

I saw faces full of interest turned toward the preacher. I knew that to others this was more than an incident, related to force the sermon home to the hearts of those who heard it; and I knew also that, looking across that dense mass of heads, my face fire in his black eyes burning into mine, John Redesdale was speaking only to me.

Himself he has pictured growing old from sorrow in his youth, striving to do his duty, but doing it mechanically. Himself the slandered man, for whose sake hears dropped down as wretched cheeks of the old Methodist women and filled the eyes of the young maidens. Then he described the life how he had grieved in silence, knowing wrong had been done him, but not by whom or how, until a dying woman gave him a clue; a woman who had been an actress, whose beauty had turned to ghastliness, whose abandoned life was revealed openly at last, but who, on her death-bed, were rouge upon her was cheeks. And as he went on I knew he spoke of Mrs. Lloyd, and how for the first time in that which I had listened to—I, who dared to doubt him—was a preconcerted scene acted in frolic, by the woman in malice, by Ephraim Tucker to deceive me. Plainer and plainer it grew. I knew how each had been. I understood what I had done. And as that strangest sermon ended I bowed down my head and wept remorsefully, yet joyfully.

When I lifted it the worshipers had dispersed and John Redesdale stood beside me. Without a word he gave me his arm, and we went out into the street together. Quietly—for it was beautiful and eyes were upon us—until we left the crowded thoroughfare and were in a narrow, unfrequented street.

Then he paused, and, with his hand on mine, gave a gasping sob.

"I would have believed you—I would have believed you," he said. "Oh, Clara, how I have suffered!"

"And I also," I whispered.

"But you believe me now?"

I could only ask forgiveness with my eyes. And we walked on again through the still street, arm in arm.

And in that Sabbath morn life's Sabbath of peace and rest dawned for us, and in its sunlight we have dwelt ever since together.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A Boston paper publishes a set of rules for street-car conductors, issued, we suppose, by order of the proprietors of city railroads in that orderly metropolis. The conductors are of our city may say, we infer, received similar instructions which they have followed faithfully. Yet, strange it is always well to say, that the rules are not "the last remedy"—or rotels—"may read," we quote an extract, "as follows:

"Gather, pack, and cram,
Squeeze, push, and ram!
Never let in a car yet;
Let the passengers simmer and sweat,
Let the ladies stand on the platform.
'Tis only a pleasant jam!

"Stuff, stiff, stiff!
Of place there's never enough;
If you only have fifty-four,
Another can squeeze in 'round the door,
Let them hang to the straps and wound the door;
Hurrah for the jam!

"Push, shove, and shy,
Bounce them in any way or dough!
Then rush in and gather the fare,
Never mind if you're mad, and nothing
Stay your care if some grumblers swear,
Don't mind the looks of the people.

That's enough to prove our position in a city car to be a painful one! The question whether it is a comfortable one is no concern of the private citizen. He must endure that which the law or public aristocratic so ride down town of a morning, squeezed almost to the "jelly" spoken of above, with a dozen other unfortunates, packed like sardines, and another packing you with his elbow, with an umbrella, carpet-bag, bundle, or parcels, and nothing to look at but the back of your neighbor's coat, which is an immediate proximity to your nose; you naturally long for another set of ears to hear something, for eyes to see whatever it is worth, you could care, temporarily, a consolidation of your own with those of your fellow-victims, where no one would be taken in after the seats were full; where you could read your newspaper, if you wanted to, or look out of the window if you chose; or move your arm; or stretch your limbs; or— But, in the midst of your unspeakable, you remember your place as a gentleman, as well as your own judge, for you can't see, and by dint of squeezing and pushing and struggling, you manage to reorder, and skidding along, you at length escape from the car, thankful for the deliverance!

It is regard to the comfort of people in Springfield, not long ago, had a "paper wedding," after the fashion of the wedding, tin, crystal, and silver ones now so common, and the gifts and presents were all of paper. The bride was for the slightest idea what length of time must elapse after the original marriage ceremony before the parties so authorized to celebrate a "paper wedding"—it may be one year, and then again, it may be five years or more. In fashion of these "weddings" seems to be going beyond the bounds of delicate propriety. How a refined lady and gentleman can enter into invitations for a wedding with the effect that "next Thursday we celebrate our crystal wedding," will puzzle many to find a ground for such a step than we can comprehend. If children desire to celebrate the twenty-fifth or fiftieth anniversary of their parents' marriage-day by reproducing the gifts of love, it is very pleasant. But this inviting all the friends and neighbors to the celebration of a wedding of forty years is nauseous.

In these days, when if a man is fortunate enough to find a comfortable house in New York for his family, he has to pay a small fortune for the privilege, it is curious to look back to those old times when Peter Minuits bought the whole of Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars!

On Election day, last week, a "strong-minded" fair was seen voting at Seventh Eighth Street dressed in the "American costume." Of any lady garbed what the "American costume" is, we know not, but a pair of trousers, and her husband's—brothers will answer the description—and a coat and vest, together with a bonnet a *fac-simile* of the same, as it appears on the outside.) In their walk they proved a couple of youthful politicians who were "electioneering" for Mayor Wood, and Gen. Dix.

"Jim," said one of them, stopping suddenly, "were those men or women?"

"Don't know," replied Jim; "ask 'em if they'll vote." He did not learn whether they accepted the invitation or not.

Not many ladies, we fancy, care to vote; but there are so many—ladies in fashionable dress—who appear in the North and from the South—who want to earn their bread and butter in some way, that there is a great demand for employment than the "endless stitching." The employment of women in the various Departments at Washington, is a subject which has excited much considerable attention, and many men of otherwise liberal views are to be found who condemn the policy of the Government. A recent communication in one of our daily papers states, that one of the Departments at Washington, in which the numbers then that labor is degrading is added to the offensive opinion that woman's sphere is at home. The writer states that he was treating there with a lady who was simply this and nothing more, and employing them on the account of their cheapness. "I don't like it," he said he, beyond the menial clothes of almost any man with whom they are brought into personal relations. The writer goes on to describe a ribaldry, approaching to obscenity, in the of one dainty lady-clerk who carries her knitting work in her pocket, and has come to her desk. She lives days and months, and then looks sorely injured when a paper is brought her to copy, and the writer adduces the testimony of another who goes on counting her crochet-work while directions are being given her, and consecutively does her work wrongly—and a third who keeps up an incessant stream of small-talk—and of a fourth who coquettes with every man who comes near her desk. He never does any of this kind of cleric the better. But there are those who do their work with a rapidity and correctness not surpassed by men as well as women clerks, and the intonation and employment which they are audited for. Both should be dealt with according to their individual ability, being, without prejudice, fairly tested, fairly treated, and fairly paid.

A story is published in some Paris paper, giving a strange, but in one case at least, an effectual remedy for cholera, and indicating the great influence of the nervous in this disease:

In the year 1823 Professor Recamier was summoned to a bedside, where he found a dying man, the features rigid, orange all over the body, the voice changed—in fact, all the most fatal symptoms strongly characterized. After an hour's reflection, the eminent doctor remarked off the bed-clothes, and commenced flagging the patient with all his strength. The operators, for as fatigue, the blood electrified, were naturally enraged. The dying man, by the cupping efforts, started from his bed, threw himself on the doctor, who ran off hastily pursued along passages and corridors by the infuriated patient, till both reached the top of the stairs, when the breathless professor stopped, and, looking at his pursuer, exclaimed, "You are cured!"

"And how do you feel now?"

"Why!" said the astonished patient. "Feel, indeed! Why!" after a pause), "I have no more cramps! I feel as if I believe you could make me dance now. I am quite well."

Some cups of flame, and the pseudo-shortened was saved.

The streets of Bombay, India, have recently been lighted with gas. The operations of the lamplighters create an excitement among the natives every evening. The scene is thus described:

"Long before the lamps are lighted on an evening summer of calcutta the natives grouping round every lamp-post, and when the lamplighter approaches followed by a ragamuffin crowd, the most disreputable specialis, the strongest pushing the weakest in their endeavors to secure the best performance. He goes with a little preliminary trifling the lighter accends the ladder, and when the illumination is complete he descends to the delight of the crowd, which jeers at the foot of the post, and with upturned faces goes into the blaze of light, and when every now and then they clasp the post with their hands to feel if its gets hot. The lamplighter then ascends the ladder to put out his service, and they argue for hours together upon the ins and outs of the question, and when they could not, they return to their house to dream of the wonders produced by 'Sahib.'"

"Plan Speaking" is the name of a new style of parlor. As applied to men and women this is not true, if we use to "plan" in his highest sense. Yet, though we may not occasionally see the fashionable realities of head and heart, the dress and general appearance give us the first impression, and this impression according to its nature, is correct, even if we dismiss him according to his merits. Whether Goldsmith's description of the "accomplished"—definition from his dictionary, he was refuted, not because his ability was inferior to that of other candidates, but because he was not dressed for the part. The fine-feathered bird has no choice in its plumage. Its fashions know no change and no art can help it. But with the human biped it is different. The plainest dress, neatly arranged, shows method and order; rich materials, selected with judgment, and worn with taste, show good sense and propriety; a regard for fashion, not constrained to be the slave of it, but to use it as a means to an end, is a graceful and well-ordered mind. Eccentric people have affected to despise dress, but with no unanimity accordingly. Even my Bentham went about so shabby that he was often mistaken for a mendicant, and, on one occasion, in bitter bitterness, accepted alms from a stranger, who, Lady Morgan complained of Bryon's night-cap and flannel jacket, would "do well enough for a poet," and required a regular for appearance. Johnson owned that when he was fullbreast he could not treat people with the same rude indifference as when out of humor; Byron in his worst was a great dandy, with a passion for a blue coat and brass buttons, and Goldsmith was never still he was splendidly attired and had his diamond ring on; Oliver Goldsmith was a model of taste in dress, and Pope in his youth was a fop; so, says, "Recollect the time when we were white robes, on which the least spot or a plush ill-graced would have been a subject for ridicule." It was only Rear Brownrigg, who, when the Duke of Bedford was discovering on his first visit, could throw sparingly touch that garment and seriously ask, "Bedford, do you really call this *thing* a coat?" There are few of us so hypercritical. At the same time there are many ladies who are now disposed to admit that they do admire a man for the cut of his coat! That looking glasses are not to be broken, we will give one or two items of interest to our lady readers in regard to fashion:

"Now that the cold weather has commenced to make itself felt in earnest the fair Parisians are turning their attention to furs. Of these there is a high option, but few of all descriptions is to be exceedingly fashionable this winter, and that is the case of fur use to be worn about the arms to handsome dresses and mantles. One of the most popular styles which has yet to be applied with the fur collars to large Talmas, made of either black-cricket silk or cloth, and the fur used is Russian Sable. The collar is surrounded with a narrow border of the fur. The gray fur, which is very fashionable, and African are generally used for this purpose.

"Very narrow as well as broad bands of fur will be worn as fashionable trimmings for the dress. Sable is very festive on velvet, satin, and rich silks, which are the only materials appropriate for evening dress. Ermine, too, in very bands are arranged round the skirt in sets of three or four rows, and sometimes in a set of five, one lengthways, one row being placed up every breadth of the skirt. When there is a long train the ermine is likewise to be seen set with fur, being added down the front and round the top and bottom of the train.

Have not American women the good sense to strike a happy medium in dress? Of late years extravagance has been carried to a height extant in Paris. Only a few days decidly affirmed that $4000 have been paid for dresses by a lady of fashion, and in a piece now in representation the said dresses being precisely similar to those which wealthy ladies wear in private society. What think you of $1000 for a dress? Of $1000 for a bonnet? Of gold and laces, and a woman becomes literally a perambulating treasure.

A sensible English mother, writing to a London paper in regard to children's dress, makes the following remarks in regard to her method of clothing her little ones. Many American mothers might take a hint therefrom:

"My little girls' dresses and frocks reach to their neck, with a full body back and front, bishop sleeves, and a belt of the same material as the dress, or silk. No navy trim the little frock as you like. I usually put white and black velvet ribbon round the throat and wrists, which off each time the frock is washed. A scarlet or violet flannel under-dress is worn in winter, and a white one in a narrow white frill round the neck. My little boy of four years old dresses the same. I think English children there are so foolish to keep their poor little clothes in short sleeves and low necks in the depth of winter. Why, from first the cold as much as we do, and you can see by their blue fingers, arms, and necks how uncomfortable it is. I have lived a great deal abroad, and there you always see quite little, tiny things with high-necked frocks in the winter. It saves countless colds and coughs, besides looking much nicer in my opinion."

A European paper relates an incident to show the oppression to which the Russians are still subject from the Russian authorities. A respectable family at Warsaw was recently celebrating the marriage of one of its members. On returning from the church a police agent came uninvited and seated himself at the table among the guests. After having taken his fill of the choicest dishes and the best wines, he left and sent one of his comrades to occupy his place. Others succeeded until a fifth, at the end of the repast, ordered a young lady to take her seat at the piano, and then offered himself to dance with the bride. The company had now lost all patience, and indignantly requested the man to retire, but the police agent, who was half intoxicated, declared all the guests under arrest. The master of the house then showed him a permission for the meeting signed by the authorities, but the man, without making any reply, went and fetched a number of his colleagues, and marched the whole company off to prison. The police then returned to the house, consumed the refreshments prepared for the evening, and indulged in an orgie in the proprietor's wine-cellar. The next morning the imprisoned party were brought before the commissary of police, who, after dismissed them, advised them to return quietly home and not complain to the superior authorities if they did not wish to draw down upon themselves further unpleasantness!

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We present, at page 813, a sketch, by Mr. J. E. Taylor, of the Freedmen's Bureau at Richmond, as seen from the intersection of Broad and Tenth streets, looking south toward the Capitol Grounds; and in the distance the roof of Crawford's Statue of Washington and the steeples of the famed St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

This new bureau for the regulation of matters connected with the freedmen was established on the 19th ultimo, by Gen. Lieutenant H. G. Wright, as its President, on the part of the Government, Judge George Fletcher on behalf of the white people, and Judge R. A. Brock for the colored people. These gentlemen meet in council every day, and to their decision are referred all difficulties between whites and blacks, and between the colored people themselves, respecting labor, contracts, etc., and all questions of importance are referred to or finally settled with the decision of titles—this being no Court of Record. In all else their decisions are unlimited and final, as there is no appeal, save in cases of the highest Court of Conciliation, subject only to the commander of this Department, General Terry. Their decisions average some five or six a day, and, up to the 25th November, they had disposed of over 250 cases. Some of the cases are of the most singular nature; the Freedmen being in the habit of running to the Bureau for protection upon any and every occasion, from the most serious to the most indicatory insignificant.

One day has been, hitherto, set apart for the distribution of clothing to the needy colored people, of whom one-fourth were generally children and the remainder aged and sick. The clothing consists of such remnants of the late army uniforms as were given to the Bureau by the Government. It would also be given to able-bodied men or women. On the 20th November, however, an order was issued by Colonel Eaton, Assistant Commissioner under Captain Frederick Martin, and the office of Colonel Merrit Ordway, Provost-Marshal-General of the Department of Virginia. This building was erected by the Confederate Government, and was used as General Winder's head-quarters.

AMELIA SULPHUR SPRINGS.

Among the many valuable mineral springs for which the State of Virginia is so justly renowned, there is, perhaps, but one that can at all compete in attractiveness with the celebrated Amelia Sulphur Springs," of which we present an illustration on page 813, and that is the White Sulphur Springs, in Green Brier County. By a careful scientific analysis these two springs are found to be identical in their chief component parts, the only difference being that the White Sulphur is, if any thing, a little the stronger of the two.

The Amelia property is situated 43 miles from Richmond, along the Danville Railroad, and about 2½ miles from the nearest depot—at Amelia—which is a most delightful village—a short and very pleasant ride from Richmond. It contains 1200 acres in all, and is bounded on the east side by Deep Creek and Flat Creek, two unfailing streams, that run the entire length of the land and unite at one extremity of it. The springs are the best that can be had for love or money, and are quite equal to any in the United States. The balance of it is high, rolling land, of above average quality, and with abundance of timber for all ordinary purposes. The estate has never been cultivated with especial reference to its mineral resources; but isinglass and plumbago are found about it in such quantities as to warrant the belief that it is as rich as any other estate in the County of Amelia, so famous for these and other valuable minerals.

The name of "Amelia Springs" were quite renowned among the fashionable world and pleasure-seekers of the Old Dominion. As many as from 500 to 1000 people have been known to be collected here in one season to enjoy the benefit of the waters and the delicious coolness of its shady groves. But now, alas! all these brilliant throngs have passed away; the once banquet hall is silent, the ball room that so often resounded with merry laughter, music, and dancing, is now a dilapidated ruin, and the cottages and rural cabins all smelling —the abode of bats. But although the majority of



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE FENIAN BROTHERHOOD, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.



"THE INDIAN HUNTER," BY J. Q. A. WARD OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

the old buildings are destroyed there are still accommodations enough for some 250 people, in good, substantial brick houses that cost from $40,000 to $50,000.

Strange to say, it was not the war that reduced this lovely and valuable spot to its present condition, but that strange apathy which seems to have pervaded every thing—the same that permitted people to sleep for three quarters of a century over gold and copper mines of countless treasure, which others are only now commencing to explore in earnest for them.

A visit to the beautiful Spring itself really creates a feeling of melancholy. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the spot in which it is located—in a deep grove of majestic oak-trees, whose gnarled and giant limbs look as if they had braved the storms of centuries. In the centre of a very low, dilapidated stone inclosure, only some two feet high, is the world-renowned spring, at which old age and youthful beauty have so often refreshed their lips. The pump is broken and rusty, the surface of the liquid treasure is covered over with a metallic coating of brilliant colors; but sweep that away gently with the hand, and there, underneath, is the crystal fountain bubbling up everlastingly.

This property is at present owned by Mr. SAMUEL S. COTTRELL, of Richmond, but is leased to the Rev. Mr. CHENSLAW, who has just established there a young ladies' seminary. A more charming spot could not have been selected for the purpose; but it is to be hoped that such a valuable medicinal spring will again be devoted to the useful purposes for which it was intended by Nature. Considering the contiguity of the Amelia Sulphur Springs to Richmond it is hard to conceive of any thing that could more speedily repay the investment of capital than the *immediate* converting it again into one of the grand watering-places of the South. The suggestion assumes more importance in view of the fact that most of our physicians seem to have deliberately made up their minds that next summer is to be one of fearful epidemics, when every one will be flying for safety from our crowded cities to the healthful air of the country.

WARD'S STATUE.

MR. J. Q. A. WARD'S Statue of the Indian Hunter at SNEDECOR'S Gallery is a work deserving the most careful attention, and which will compel admiration. It is a rather colossal figure of an Indian holding his bow, and stealing, stooping, along, with a hunting dog at his side. The figure is draped around the middle with a skin. The expression of the whole work is thoroughly characteristic. It has the sinister aspect which we associate with the Indian, and the swift, crouching action. The work is in plaster, but its merit is so conspicuous that its appropriateness for a position in the Central Park ought to secure its perpetuation in marble.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT, ON SEVENTEENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.]



THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 811.]



THE AMELIA SULPHUR SPRINGS, AMELIA COUNTY, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 811.]

DR. H. CARLOS, a celebrated linguist and "Professor of Literature," has recently arrived in this country, to take up his permanent residence among us, for the purpose of teaching the French language by an entirely new and improved method. The gentleman is well fitted for the profession he has chosen. Being a native of France, having passed his youth in Germany, and resided in England for many years, he is fully acquainted with these languages; and, beside these advantages, he is a highly educated and scholarly man. He comes to us with titles from Paris, and the best of credentials, as a teacher, from London. By his method of teaching Dr. CARLOS ignores the old-fashioned and tedious grammatical routine—his pupils, from the first lesson, entering upon an easy, idiomatic, conversational style, and learning to speak the French *language* in the short space of three months. Strange as this may appear, the Professor has proof that he can accomplish it, and will give even better evidence of the value of his mode; for *he agrees* that the pupil shall be able to converse freely in the French language after giving twelve weeks' attention and study to it. Our lady readers have now an easy opportunity of shining in the fashionable and "diplomatic language." Many would attempt it; but it is generally a very tedious and troublesome undertaking, and consumes a great deal of time. There would be no harm in giving DR. CARLOS a chance to substantiate the high advantages claimed for his wonderful method of imparting instruction, and we should be pleased to record the result in our columns. The Professor may be addressed at No. 229 East Fifty-second Street.—*Home Journal.*

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Letter **A** shows the base of the instrument, made hollow for the purpose of holding cold water or ether.

Letter **B** shows a Box containing the "Lubricating Razor," situated in the base of the instrument for the ease of convenience (a piece is broken out of the base to show this box).

Letter **C** represents a concave surface so arranged as to expel the blood from the anterior portion of the piles and carry up through the grooves at **D D**.

Letter **E** represents the tube by which is applied the Lubricating Balm before being used. This tube is made thicker for the purpose of withdrawing water or ether contents, or cause their re-absorption, at the same time that the COLD surfaces contract the ends of the small blood inflamed vessels so that they can not bleed; while in this state the Lubricating Balm is applied. The tube is provided to retain a healthy action to the parts, thereby preventing a recurrence of the disease.

The above engraving is a fair, full, and correct, and convenient combination for the RADICAL CURE of PILES, PROLAPSUS, and habitual CONSTIPATION, combined in a small compass; can be carried in the pocket so as to be always on hand.

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TESTIMONIALS.

DR. CAMP HOSPITAL, N. Y. H., DAVID'S ISLAND, September 18, 1865.

DR. GILBERT—DEAR SIR—I am sorry to your letter inquiring as to the success your Pile Instrument met with in the hospital under my charge. I have used it in more than through the politeness of Mr. J. H. Orr. I had at the time only two cases to apply it to, both of which were of a long standing; both patients have obliged to keep their beds from the pain and loss of blood. I applied it to one of them to relieve him of the pain, and the other to stop the loss of blood. In both cases the instrument proved a success, giving immediate relief. The patient, after using it two or three weeks, they left the hospital cured. I then recommended the instrument to others, and the use of it in case in their positions, and report the result. Yours truly, A. A. SARGENT, Surgeon U. S. Army.

From its use, I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases under my charge. Yours truly,
LEWIS GRAVES,
Late Surgeon, U. S. Volunteers, Seneca, South Fork, N. Y.

171 WATER ST., GREENPORT, N. Y.,
August 20, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and bleeding Piles of long standing, and am pleased to say that I recommended the instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., who was afflicted for four years with the Piles, and was in his life; and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to inquire about it they can call on me at my store on Newtown Creek, near the bridge, Greenpoint.

CLOPHENIE OIL WORKS, GREENPOINT, N. Y.,
August 20, 1865.

DR. GILBERT—DEAR SIR—It is a great pleasure I hereby acknowledge that the use of your instrument for curing Piles has proved a blessing to me. I have used it with which I was troubled for some time, after having tried in vain the use of four bottles of Sarsaparilla, I recommend to all suffering with this evil as a good cure. Yours respectfully,
BOCKMEYER at Clophenie Oil Co.

NEW YORK, *Sept. 10, 1865.*

DR. J. F. GILBERT—DEAR SIR—In answer to your question as to the results of your Pile Instrument, which you furnished me last spring for a member of my family, I would simply state that it was used as you directed, and proved a decided success. It relieved every case long before after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled with Piles for years, and could get no relief from any thing to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you in can be used at your discretion. Hoping you well, I remain, yours, TRULY,
WM. E. CRAPO,
Firm of Chapin, Brownell & Co., 3 Spruce St., N. Y.

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"THE DEADER
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Send for circular giving wholesale and retail terms.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. IX.—No. 470.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE HOLY FAMILY.—[BY MURILLO.]

THE DOOM OF SLAVERY.

PROCLAMATION.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

To All to Whom these Presents May Come, Greeting:

Know ye, that, whereas, the Congress of the United States, on the 1st of February last, passed a resolution, which is in the words following, namely:

A resolution submitting to the Legislatures of the several States a proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States:

Resolved, By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, two-thirds of both Houses concurring, that the following article be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE XIII.

SECTION 1. *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.*

SECTION 2. *Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.*

And, whereas, it appears from official documents on file in this department that the Amendment to the Constitution of the United States proposed as aforesaid has been ratified by the Legislatures of the States of Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan, Maryland, New York, West Virginia, Maine, Kansas, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Missouri, Nevada, Indiana, Louisiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Vermont, Tennessee, Arkansas, Connecticut, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Alabama, North Carolina, and Georgia, in all twenty-seven States;

And whereas, the whole number of States in the United States is thirty-six;

And whereas, the before specially named States, whose Legislatures have ratified the said proposed amendment, constitute three-fourths of the whole number of States in the United States;

Now, therefore, be it known that I, WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State of the United States, by virtue and in pursuance of the second section of the act of Congress approved the 20th of April, 1818, entitled "An Act to provide for the publication of the laws of the United States and for other purposes," do hereby certify that the amendment aforesaid has become valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the said CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 18th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 90th.

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE Christmas greeting of this year will be more exulting than for many a year past. For for the first decade that November and December have not in the deep bosom of the ocean buried, the sun has fully pierced them, and the genial light of peace makes such a festival as has long been unknown to us.

It is just a year since the final crush of the rebellion began in the fall of Savannah, the triumphant march of SHERMAN was the overture to the rapid drama of the Spring, and between the snows of last year and of this one of the longest and heaviest storms of the world has melted back into the mass of the people without the least trouble or danger to the public tranquillity. This is but one of the incredible points in which the peculiar quality of the American system is apparent.

As the old year closes upon happy faces and merry homes the prospect of the new is not such as to threaten the duration of that condition which makes the people hopeful and gay. Every American trusts the public sagacity and heroism as he never did before. If he does not clearly see the issue of many grave questions, he has learned by ample and impressive experience that they will not necessarily be wrongly settled because the settlement is for the present hidden. If we are not prepared for every before, it is a legitimate pride. If we are more confident, it is a justifiable faith. For if there have been a true development of the people it was the late war, and if ever a people moved steadily and nobly forward it was this people who did so.

For the heroic dead, the flower of our youth which the fierce war withered, there will be a forever evergreen freshness of grief and remembrance and of public respect with every Christmas season. In our festive garlands we shall twine a leaf of rue, and in the glittering evergreen of holly and ivy see more than the red plums. For the living who returned from the bitter field there will be always an every season a Christmas welcome in all faithful hearts. And for those who so long maintained the fight against the Union and liberty there will be mingled feelings as the old dumb-show of religious feast returns. Yet among those feelings hate and vindictiveness have no share. The festival commemorates the birth of Him who died for all men, and thereby proclaimed and sealed their common humanity.

And if the Christmas light could show the late enemies of the United States that peace is born only of good will to men, we should all gladly join hands from sea to sea and raise our voice in one vast millennial chorus, the jubilant thunder of which would break all political, social, moral, and mental chains in the world. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men!"

OUR FRENCH RELATIONS.

We observe that some people are so impatient of the presence of the French in Mexico that they cry aloud for the Government to order the French emperor out of that country. They declare that he is constantly sending reinforcements to MAXIMILIAN—that he has had no positive assurance of the hostility of this Government to his Mexican enterprise—and that to refrain from serving him with a notice to quit is to drift inevitably into war. The same authorities make the alternative very heavy by adding that, if LOUIS NAPOLEON is told with sufficient emphasis to go, he will at once order his troops upon the transports, and, offering MAXIMILIAN a free passage, will gratefully thank us and depart.

If this last point were as clear in fact as it is in assertion our choice could be promptly made. But experience does not reveal such alacrity upon the part of foreign powers to do exactly as they are ordered to do; and whether France would leave Mexico merely because the United States commanded it, is a question which will be best answered by considering the character of the French people, and by the ordinary conduct of all nations under such circumstances.

Negotiations, which we infer from the tone of the President's Message, are already subject, are probably now pending, may very readily end in a peaceful solution of the difficulty. But a peremptory notice to withdraw, to withdraw under pain of our displeasure is plainly war. Now good policy and humanity require that the United States and the belligerent very carefully before engaging in another war. One of the most signal good fortunes of our race has long been the separation of the U. S. A. not left us with a thirst for military glory, and every thoughtful citizen sees that no disaster could be greater than that which would require such a state. Then every material interest, every liberal aim of this country imperatively demand peace and domestic reorganization. And whatever the temptation may be opposed by a general war is evident. Indeed the same papers which bristle with defiance of France and recount with the very lava often attend sanguine speculations upon the proper meth od of paying the national debt, which is a serious consideration to every man. But it is less plain that, in the present condition of the lately insurgent States, a great foreign war would involve this country in the gravest complications.

Indeed the inevitable consequences of the peremptory notice which we suppose to be so plain, the infinite loss, sorrow, and confusion, whatever the event of the war might be, are so apparent, that we feel very confident the advice of impatience will be accounted at its exact value. As a matter of fact the increase of the French force in Mexico is not more than sufficient to maintain it. Indeed, if both armies and supplies were arriving indicating an intention of hostilities with this country, it might be reasonable to order them to depart. But it is not drifting into war to remain watchful and to confide in negotiations, which are conducted under a Secretary who is known to be fully alive to all demands of the national honor and safety, and who has just said: "We should regard it as a great calamity to be driven, in the cause of good government, and to the peace of the world, should any European power challenge the American people, as a party, to the defense of republicanism against foreign interference..... We rely on the wisdom and justice of those Powers to respect the system of non-interference which has so long been sanctioned by time, and which, by its good results, has approved itself to both continents."

Negotiations carried on in such a spirit are very sure to issue more fortunately for this country and for the world than a summary warning to a belligerent power which if it does not immediately do what we say, it shall be incontinently thrashed into doing it.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

We observe in many of the journals in the Southern States a tone of haughty defiance, and denunciation of the press in this part of the country, with the most reckless vituperation and exhortations to violence. Our quietly and periodicals as poisonous, malicious, fiendish, and, in a word, disagreeable to the traditions of foreign courtesy.

Now people will read what they choose. But if the great body of the population in those States suppose that we are to be driven back by calling hard names they are curiously mistaken. The habit of denouncing every paper which did not hold its tongue or speak jaunty and excuse slavery was universal at the South before the war. It was "unfriendly," it was "committing disunion," it was "trifling with the public welfare," it was "inviting the horrors of St. Domingo," to insist that every body in the United States was entitled to fair play. But all this is now as antiquated as the customs of the world before the flood. Conciliation in this country is to be effected in one way, and in one way only, and that is by the fullest and freest discussion of every public question.

There are a great many well-meaning people who think that if we only hold our tongues on all sides trade will settle wonderfully. It is a fatal error. The interests of trade can never be more vital than they were ten years ago. But they could not save us from the war, and they can not now give us peace. The difficulties that divide the country have been fought out, and now they must be talked out before we can be truly at rest. When it is fully understood that we are not to be threatened into silence, and that no question is to be considered too brittle to handle, there will be a real conciliation, and not before.

And there is one plain principle which the press and people of the Southern States must sooner or later admit. It is that no opposition involving the equal rights of men, which, as PRESIDENT JOHNSON says, is the foundation of the American system, is or can ever be a purely local question. If arbitrary injustice, shocking to the reason and destructive of the American principle, is practiced among the factory operatives in Lowell, every man in the country, in Alabama as well as in Massachusetts, is in danger. It is both his right and his duty to protest. It is the capital of Lowell to-day that it is its own affair, and that nobody has a right to criticise or censure, it should be taught, as it is certain that a man might as wisely say that a fire in his house was his own affair, and forbid his neighbors to try to save themselves by putting it out.

Is it impossible for people in the Southern States to see that a man is not "an enemy of the South" because he advocates free play in a region where unfair play has brought us to blood? Can they not understand that he is not counseling the women of the South to marry a Hottentot, a Bushman, or a Spaniard, a Turk, a negro, or an Englishman, or a Yankee, because he wishes to save a class of the population from being guaranteed a choice? Must they necessarily suppose that he is burning to "humiliate the South" because he wishes that the fundamental principles of free Government should be respected? Are we not all equally interested that the troubles of the war should be settled as soon as possible, and is there any way of settling them except by the most unreserved discussion of the whole subject?

If the people in the Southern States had hitherto known the men who differed from them upon vital questions instead of hanging them, they would not now be in the condition they are. And if they mean as they want to hang both men, they will not emerge from that condition. Republican government is practicable only with perfect freedom of speech; and when a community begins to fetter the tongue and the pen, it will end in pure despotism or in civil war. We have learned this truth at tremendous cost. Do the people of the Southern States suppose that we have already forgotten it?

And for ourselves, we certainly concede all the liberty we claim. If an editor in South Carolina or Arkansas disbelieves the American principle, if he distrusts a free Constitutional Government, if he prefers a censorship of the press, if he advocates caste and privilege, let him give his reasons. But he ought to understand that the people is not arguing with him, a man who differs from you "a blasted abolitionist," or a "miscegenator," or "a fiend," or "an enemy of the South," or any other epithet whatever. The day of mere abuse has passed. If nothing can be uttered for a policy of injustice but a volley of vituperation, then injustice is doomed. We ask for a clear field and no favor. Gentlemen of the South, put your best argument foremost, and God save the right!

BREAKERS AHEAD.

We must be very careful what we are about. The importations last week amounted to over $6,000,000 gold valuation. In the five and a half days of this week we exported of the current fiscal year they amount to $127,000,000; for the whole fiscal year ending 30th June next they will not be less than $250,000,000. This is as the port of New York alone, and is over and above all importations at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other ports, etc.

Now, the country has just gone through an exhausting four years' war. That war has cost nearly $3,000,000,000. Just that sum has been added to our debt. By that sum the nation is poorer than it was before the war began. Yet it seems that we can afford to spend more than ever on foreign importations—though the duty on such importations is from 10 to 25 per cent. heavier than it used to be, and the gold premium is averaging half a million in gold each working-day.

The seeming anomaly will not bear examination. We can not afford to spend the money we are spending on foreign importations. We could not afford it if goods were at old prices; and in fact they are no cheaper for foreign goods than we are paying two and three prices to the manufacturers of England, Germany, and France for the goods they are sending us. Foreign manufacturers are all growing rich at our expense, and are so busy that they decline new orders. If instead of spending four years in a wasteful war—which cost us about $40 per head per annum for each of the four years—we had been industriously engaged in productive labor, and had been practicing due economy the while, we could barely afford the extravagance in which we are now indulging.

Unless something occurs to check the present spendthrift tendency of the people of the United States the collapse predicted by MR. MCCULLOCH may be upon us before two years of expansion he expects shall have elapsed.

It is of nations as of men. A man may wear a bold front and keep up appearance long after his substance has departed from him. So long as private bank discounts his paper he continues to enjoy credit, and to possess so much money that the world suspects not his losses. But sooner or later the truth leaks out, and he is confessed a bankrupt. The people of the United States are not yet bankrupt, but they have lost so much money in the last four years that nothing but severe economy and a sedulous prosecution of productive industry for many years to come can prevent their becoming bankrupt ere long.

Great wars beget commercial revulsions. The British wars against Napoleon were followed by the commercial collapse of 1811; our war of 1812–14 by the collapse of 1816–17; the Crimean war by the collapse of 1857. Historians explain each of these collapses on different principles, and from their reasoning it would seem that the revulsions did not necessarily result from the war, but were the fruit of other and distinct causes. This may be; but it is a curious coincidence that in this commercial age great wars have invariably been followed by more commercial calamities, and as all transactions wars are the most wasteful of human industry and the products of labor, it is not unreasonable to conclude that the coincidence is not purely accidental.

In the year 1856 and in the early part of 1857 warnings were not wanting of the inevitable consequences of the overtrading then in progress. The crisis of 1857 was foretold more times before it came. But no one listened to CASSANDRA. Every thing was serene. Importers could not import goods enough for the purchasers. Jobbers could not keep goods enough for their dealers. Dealers could not supply the public fast enough—that public which had its pockets full of railway bonds and stocks, mercantile paper, bank and other paper evidences of debt—all of which was for the time being money, and would buy any thing, from a brownstone mansion to a red flannel shirt. Then the evil hour came, and the paper evidences of debt lost their purchasing power, the public could not pay for the goods they had, dealers failed on the jobbers, the jobbers failed on the importers, the importers failed on the foreign manufacturers, the railways failed on their bond-holders, the cities and counties of the West repudiated their debts, and the whole commercial community went down in one general crash.

There is something striking and wholesome in the reminiscence. Now as then importers can not order goods fast enough for them. Europe, steamers can not convey them in quantities sufficient, jobbers can not keep stock enough on hand, dealers are worried by the impatient customers, and the public pockets are crammed with paper evidences of debt—legal tenders, national bank notes, Seven-Thirties, gold certificates, quarter-masters' vouchers, deposit certificates, gold-notes—all of them possessing purchasing power, and almost the last effort to pay 56 cents a yard for cotton cloth, $1 a pair for stockings, and $5 a yard for Lyons silks. How long can this sort of thing last?

The Secretary of the Treasury—an old banker and a scientific financier—assures us that within two years we shall have a general collapse. We can not shoulder, and go on buying foreign goods. French importers say: "Would you have us stop importing when we can sell every yard we have on hand at 50 per cent.?" Jobbers laugh at contracting their business so long as dealers strip their store bare as often as they fill it. Dealers can not be expected to let their stocks run down so long as trade remains so brisk. And the gay old public, with its roll of money—in the form of five different shapes—spends what it has in its old free-handed way. If it could but be persuaded to increase its expenditure; to see that when you subtract two from four, the remainder, in spite of all the metaphysics and fancy financiering in the world, is two, and not four, the catastrophe might be averted. But do people believe CASSANDRA any more now than in the old Trojan days?

Wise men—the rare few who will be found floating after the storm—will set their houses in order. The Secretary may or may not succeed in contracting the currency. If he does, he will cause the collapse, as MR. CHASE caused the Wall Street collapse of April 1862. If he does not, it will come without him. That it must come, no thoughtful person can doubt, in view of what is patent to all. But meanwhile old John Public will order new spoons and cake for MRS. P. and the Misses P.; puffing his fifty

cent Havana, will berate licentious presses for unsettling public confidence, and throwing obstacles in the way of a restoration of the good old times; and of all men in the world will be the most astonished when a hurricane arises some fine morning, and sweeps him from the financial surface.

THE TAX QUESTION.

It is a recent number, referring to the incongruities of the present Internal Revenue system, we mentioned, by way of illustration, the tax on printed books. We showed that books pay no less than fifteen separate taxes to the Government before they reach the reader. The subject has attracted the attention of the trade, and enterprising booksellers in the city, Boston, and Philadelphia have discovered that they can import books from England, pay the full duty, and lay them down here at less than half the cost of similar books printed, bound, and published in this country. Extensive arrangements are consequently being made for the importation and sale of English publications in this country.

It has been calculated that an average book will take one pound weight of paper.

	Cents. Cents.
This cents.	16
Other material, say	10
Labor	20
Eleven per cent. revenue tax	11
Total cost of average book in this country	201
Cost of same paper in England	8
Other material	10
Labor	20
Duty	30½
Total cost of same book imported	68½
Balance in favor of importer	33½

In England and in many other countries public education is considered a high import- since that leads and the materials of which they are made are either exempted altogether from taxation or taxed at a mere nominal rate. Under the present revenue law of the United States they pay as heavy a tax as most articles of luxury. Is this in accordance with our traditional policy and the true spirit of our institutions?

Congress is prepared, it is said, to modify the Internal Revenue law where it is found to be either ineffective or unduly oppressive. Is it too much to expect that among the taxes which are reduced will be those which increase the cost of books, and which threaten to flood the country with foreign publications to the exclusion of American literature?

THE HORRORS OF JAMAICA.

WHEN the first vague news of the troubles in Jamaica reached this country the "Conservative," or Tory papers, with malignant eagerness, hastened to declare that the outbreak was by the blacks, which they insisted were going on in that island, were but another proof of the fatal tendency of the colored race for civilization, and that we might see in Jamaica what we had to expect if we treated as human beings men whom we have been despised and outraged. But now that the truth of the Jamaica massacres spears those papers are silent. Now that by the confessions of the official report of the English authorities themselves it is impossible to calumniate the unfortunate colored race the "Conservative" press is silent. Now that it is plain that the massacres in Jamaica were the work of men of the same color as those who perpetrated the slaughter of St. Bartholomew; who were guilty of the lotine and supervised the September massacres and the *Noyades* of the French Revolution; who have filled Libby prison cannon and starved prisoners at Andersonville—when, in fine, it is discovered that it is the white and not the black race that is guilty of those Jamaica crimes, "Conservatism" is dumb.

The simple facts of the case we published last week, compiled from English official sources. From these it appears that there was a revolt of the colored men to resist the execution of a warrant against some of their number. The military were called upon and fired into them, killing several. The infuriated rioters then closed with the soldiers, and seizing their muskets, shot a number of them in turn with the others in pieces. But Governor EYRE himself admits that women and children were respected. Only one woman was subsequently killed, and the Governor further admits that there was no attempt at extending an insurrection. But people instantly seized the British authorities. They surrounded with a military force the settlement in which the outbreak had occurred, murdered the Baptist, a tribe of Native Americaneers, descendants of the old Spanish slaves upon the island, and advancing upon the inhabitants of Morant Bay, shot them indiscriminately and with such sickening details of horror that the Liberals of England have already appealed to the Government, and Lord RUSSELL has replied that a thorough investigation will be made.

JOHN BRIGHT publicly asserts in his late speech that Governor EYRE will yet be tried for the murder of GORDON, a mulatto Baptist preacher, who upon some suspicion was carried from his own district into one where martial law was proclaimed, and was there tried by drum-head court-martial and hung. "I fear that the fame of England," says Mr. BRIGHT, "will never recover it a deeper wound and a darker stain than it has from the recent transactions in that island." And GOLDWIN SMITH, in a letter to the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, writes: "As the case at present stands there is nothing whatever to prove peculiar, much less indelible, ferocity in the negro race. But the case of the island, the English officers who have been corrupted by the blandishments of that depraved society (for it is deeply depraved), and sad to say, the Governor himself, have committed such atrocities, that if the Home Government were to fail in its duty of vindicating the honor of the old country, it will be time for an Englishman who cares for the honor of his nation to look out for another home."

Are such events to be lost upon us? Are we never to learn that honesty is the best policy? Have we not yet been sufficiently taught that the "instinctive antipathy" and the "natural loathing" for an "inferior race" are luxuries too costly for any people to indulge in? What was the spring of the whole outrage, occasioned these massacres by Englishmen but the consciousness that a part of the population has not had fair play? But "Our Conscience" doctors have always shouted very lustily over the horrors of St. Domingo. But the horrors of Jamaica quite as revolting and infinitely more unpardonable.

COPYRIGHT OF FOREIGNERS IN ENGLAND.

A CASE of peculiar interest to American authors and publishers has been decided in England by the Lords Justices of Appeals. Miss MARIA S. CUMMINS, an American writer, the author of "The Lamplighter," resident in Canada during and at the time of the first publication by MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & CO. in London of a later work by her, entitled "El Fureidis," MR. ROUTLEDGE also proposed to issue the work in London, and an injunction against his publication was obtained by MESSRS. LOW. MR. ROUTLEDGE appealed against the injunction, and it is this appeal which has been now decided.

The chief ground taken by MR. ROUTLEDGE'S counsel was that an alien in Canada would be protected by a Canadian statute from holding copyright in Canada, so that anybody living residing there, an alien could acquire no copyright under British law. But Lord JUSTICE TURNER said that the question was not who were an alien's rights under the circumstances in Canada but in England; and the law was by no means clear that the alien could not temporarily bound by all laws which affect all British subjects, may rightfully acquire any personal property and maintain it by action in the courts. The injunction was therefore continued, with costs to be paid by the defendant.

It is clear under this decision that any foreign author by residing in England or in a British colony during and at the first publication of a work may acquire a copyright under British law.

P. P. C.

THE excellent DON QUIXOTE was of opinion that if his memory were as good as his wit he supposed, he could have confounded him utterly.

So our pleasant friend, the *Evening Post*, in very nice terms, has said what it assumed we had said, it could have made mince-meat of us in a twinkling. But owning its illusion, the Don gracefully withdraws. Naturally he says a friendly parting word for his great proto type; for a disputant who confounds the National protection of equal rights with Central tralism is a prodigy of confusion, and the knight who mistook an impregnable and useful mill for a monstrous giant.

FARRER'S FRUIT PIECES.

MR. FARRER'S paintings of Fruit, now on exhibition at GOUPIL'S Gallery, are very remarkable. The artist's name is entirely unknown to fame, and he occasioned a great deal of angry and contemptuous denunciation and of enthusiastic praise; but in these matters he does not give his child's play. He says that of a faithful representation of the most familiar objects; and it seems to us impossible that any one can like to see beautiful objects falsely represented in these exquisite portraits. Here are oranges, peaches, pears, of marvellous transparency, grapes and apples, with one gorgeous pine-apple, not of the golden hue which we usually see, but of a deep and delicious green. The artist has given the texture in the collection, and among them a cluster of pure and perfect white lilies—the Madonna flower all are evidently and faithfully drawn, and seem the apples having that hard, crude look which marks the early fruit just ripened, from which we suppose these to have been painted. There are no accessories of pretty porcelain, silver plate, or baskets in these sketches. They are good as exact transcripts of the fruit, or they are good for nothing. It is all honest work. The texture, the form, the tone, the details, are considered with care. The man who painted them loved his subjects and believed in their treatment, and the result is a series of masterly studies.

We hope that our readers will take the trouble to stop and see for themselves; and they can only help perceiving that an artist who shows such peculiar power of observation and handling in the treatment of fruit deserves thoughtful consideration in works of a higher and different character. For if the PRE-RAPHAELITE spirit and method are so truly admirable in pictures of fruit, can they be altogether false and absurd in pictures of woods and fields?

LITERARY.

"The Life of Richard Cobden," by GILBERT'S just published by the HARPERS, is a peculiarly timely and very interesting little work. It tells the story of Cobden's career in connection with the public questions of his day in a most winning and lucid manner, and may be profitably consulted by every American; for the questions with which COBDEN was identified are those that we must presently consider. Free trade, international peace, the true principles of friendly commercial treaties, and the limitation of the hours of labor, were subjects to which the Englishman devoted his rare sagacity and ample accomplishments. The present work is necessarily a sketch, but it is vividly done and justifies the opening of the life of the wisest and noble character of its hero had made upon all civilized nations.

MUSSELL, of Albany, will soon issue a new edition of the Life and Services of Red Jacket, by the late WILLIAM L. STONE, with a biography of the author by his son of the same name, author of the "Life and Times of Sir William Johnson." The biography will contain many letters now first published, addressed to STONE, by some of the most distinguished men of his time, who were on intimate terms with the veteran editor. These letters are a considerable addition to the materials for the history of our late troubles, showing at how early a period the intention of actual rebellion was matured.

MR. FREDERICK SAUNDERS'S "Festival of Song," published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is a collection of the most delightful poetry in the language from CHAUCER to BURNS, made by the cultivated, delicate, and poetical taste of a gentleman already favorably known, and superbly illustrated by the artists of the National Academy. It is one of the most truly beautiful of the holiday books.

PRANG'S various Albums and collections of colored prints of Leaves, Flowers, Scenes, and Children's Story-Books, are furnished at so very moderate a price that they will be truly called Books for the Million. In the brilliant bewilderment of Holiday selection he will not go wrong, and he will go very wrong, who passes by PRANG.

In the form of a neat little pamphlet Floral Hand-Book, containing a complete dictionary of flowers, JOSEPH BURDETT & CO., of Boston, issue a necessary companion to their "Standard Preparations." It is a "Ladies' Calendar," sure to be peculiarly prized by the youth and maidens who give and receive flowers, for it interprets their gifts.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

RECONSTRUCTION.

THE State of Alabama has been relieved of her Provisional Governor, WILLIAM MARCUS BROWN, a dispatch to Provisional Governor PARSONS and the Governor elect, announcing that the President's proclamation to that effect has arrived when the people of Alabama can safely be trusted to the administration of their own affairs, and that he therefore authorizes the relinquishment of executive functions by the Governor, and the resumption of them by the new Governor.

The meeting of the Convention of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery was brought up before the Kentucky Legislature on the 13th, but the resolution was laid over under the rules. It will be remembered that on the 18th December last the Legislature of Kentucky by a State voted against the ratification by a vote of 71 to 49. In the House the resolution was offered and referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, approving the action of the Legislature in rejecting the proposed Thirteenth Article of Constitutional Amendment. The Legislature has passed a bill to abolish the Provost Marshal's office, and has also instituted to repeal the law providing for a civil remedy for the loss of slaves by reason of the war. A bill has been reported to repeal the Confederate practice, in regard to the requiring testimony and answers of the Courts to be taken on oath.

A telegram was received recently in Nashville, from the Legislature of Tennessee, at Washington, the ratifying testimony bill: "It is to be regretted that the Legislature has not been able to act upon this bill of such great importance in moving in the right direction."

The Senate of Missouri has deferred the election of United States Senators, in the hope that the disabilities of Ashley and Blow may be removed. Ashley, it is said, will probably be elected a Senator. Governor Jenkins was inaugurated on the 21st. The tone of his address is eminently loyal, patriotic, and hopeful. He pays a tribute to the valor of the late negroes during the war, favors their receiving the fullest civil protection, and considers that the future prosperity of the State depends on just and kind treatment, is indispensable to the prosperity of the State.

The Constitutional Amendment was ratified by the State of Ohio on the 13th. Ohio was among the early-ninth State that has taken similar action.

The bill which was passed by the Assistant-General of Mississippi to the captains of militia companies recently elected, authorizing them to call out their companies within the radius of their company lines. The order is said to have been issued by Governor SHARKEY, and is one of the strongest evidences of loyalty in its execution. It directs the suppression of "such force as may be necessary to put down all riots, insurrections, and unlawful acts of the negroes that may be made."

The Legislature of Mississippi has passed a resolution repudiating all debts, whether on account of sales of slaves, or for the payment of the Confederate, or otherwise, that were incurred by the State between the 9th day of January, 1861, and the 9th day of October, 1865. The Mississippi Legislature has recommended its vote rejecting the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery unless certain conditions and reservations. The ratification by Mississippi was accompanied by the declaration that it is adopted "with the understanding that it does not confer on Congress the power to legislate upon the political status of freedmen."

CONGRESS.

December 12:

In the Senate Mr. Morgan introduced a bill, which was referred, conferring certain persons the right to live a citizen of the United States and the State and District. Mr. DAVIS introduced a resolution, also referred, declaring the work of reconstruction interrupted by the Executive Authority called up the House resolution for the appointment of a joint committee on the subject of the treasonable States, and moved certain amendments thereto, which, together with the resolution was passed, and adopted.

In the House, Mr. Raymond presented the credentials of Tennessee members, which, after a brief debate, were, on Mr. RAYMOND'S motion, referred to the Select Committee, by the vote of 141 ayes. A resolution giving the members the privilege of the floor, pending the decision of their case, was tabled by a vote of 90 to 63. Subsequently a resolution was adopted inviting them to take seats in the hall of the House of Representatives.

December 13:

In the Senate, a resolution was referred to pay the late Senator Collamer's salary to his widow.—Mr. SUMNER'S resolution to find out the employe's in the Treasury and their compensation who have not taken the oath of loyalty was passed.

In the House, General Schenck offered a joint resolution asking a suspension of orders for mustering out the officers of the Invalid Veteran Reserve Corps, which was passed.—A bill was referred to provide for the sale of Government property.—A resolution was adopted requesting the entry for consumption of goods in bond on payments of the respective rates of duty.—On motion of Mr. STEVENS the House took up the resolution providing for a joint committee to examine into the condition of the so-called Confederate States, so returned from the Senate with amendments. The amendments were moved by Mr. STEVENS, and consist in extending the benefits of the Bounty Act of March 3, 1865, to all soldiers who enlisted prior to the war.—The Judiciary Committee was instructed to report what compensation ought to be given for property of Southern States destroyed by our armies.

December 14.

In the Senate a good portion of the day was occupied in the delivery of a eulogium of respect to the memory of the late Senator Collamer, of Vermont. Glowing eulogies upon his character and public services were pronounced by Senators SUMNER, HOWARD, JOHNSON, and others. Resolutions of respect, introduced by Mr. FESSENDEN, were adopted unanimously.—The Senate adjourned till the 18th.

In the House, several changes in committees were announced.—A bill to amend the act passed at the session of 1863-4 (the Senate concurring) from December 25 to January 1.—A bill was passed appropriating $250,000, or so much as may be necessary, to furnish and repair the President's Mansion.—A bill was introduced by Mr. HOOPER, of Mass., for the payment of invalid and other pensioners.—A bill was reported, and referred to the Committee of the Whole, making appropriations for the support of the West India Squadron, and for other purposes.—A bill, 1837, was introduced and referred, providing that the Albany bridge over the Hudson shall be a highway for the purposes authorized by the New York Legislature, and may be used as a railroad track.—The Senate bill for reconstruction was adopted to print 20,000 copies of General Grant's report.—A resolution was offered and passed declaring that treason against the United States Government is a crime punishable by death.—A resolution was offered by Senator Collamer, of Vermont, were pronounced by several gentlemen, after which the House adjourned till the 18th.

December 18:

In the Senate, a petition of Vice-Admiral Farragut and 219 other naval officers for increase of pay was referred.—The House bill, appropriating $30,000 to refit the White House, was passed.—The committee on commerce was instructed to report a bill authorizing the appointment of a board of engineers to examine into the condition of the Mississippi River, with a view to the improvement of the navigation thereof.—The Senate adjourned till the 19th.

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December 19:

In the House

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—[SKETCHED AND DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE.]

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

Crowning the walls on the eastern side, near the Gate of St. Stephen, a fine view may be seen of this beautiful Garden, the most highly cultivated piece of ground about the Holy City. From this stand-point one can see down into it, with its dark olive foliage in agreeable contrast to the whitish gray of the surrounding rocks.

The Garden consists of about half an acre, neatly square, and surrounded by a high wall. The entrance, like most inclosures or buildings outside the protecting walls of Jerusalem, is guarded by a low doorway and massive iron door.

After loud and repeated knocking the door is slowly opened by a Franciscan monk, the guardian and gardener of the place, who is called Angelo.

This monk gardener is as surly as a mastiff on first acquaintance; but in time, as one sees more of him, he thaws out, and becomes more or less communicative.

The Garden contains eight aged olive trees, which form the oldest group of trees in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, along the foot of the mountain. The wall which surrounds these trees was built a few years ago, to prevent the enthusiastic pilgrims from destroying them in cutting and carrying away souvenirs.—One old tree, which stands to the south of the Garden, that was not included within the wall, next began to be mutilated, when the Franciscans also encircled a protecting wall about its aged limbs.

These trees are unquestionably of the highest antiquity, and are hollow, and seldom bear fruit, on account of their great age.—Their hollow trunks are filled up with stones, to make them strong against the high winds of winter, and the roots are also terraced about with stones.

At long intervals, when these trees die, the olives are carefully gathered and pressed by the Franciscan monks, and the oil thus obtained is presented to flattering ones of the church in Europe. Doubtless the roots of one of these trees were once watered with the tears of Jesus, during the night of "agony and bloody sweat," when he prayed for the last time upon this ungrateful earth—when in deep submission to the grand plan of redemption He said, "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done!"

As I sat upon a stone under one of the trees I recalled to memory the scene of that terrible night. My Latin Testament, who had accompanied me in several of my walks, stood near me, and pointed to the opposite bank of the Kedron. "See," said he, "that path winding down from the Gate of St. Stephen. It was by that path the Master descended with His disciples, after breaking bread and singing a hymn with them in the upper room on Mount Zion. Near that brook He said to them, 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.' And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.' On that very path lay the drowsy disciples, who could not watch with Him in His agony for one short hour, although twice aroused by the suffering Master, and where, at last, knowing that His hour was come, He told them to sleep on and take their rest. It was there He told His wondering followers that the betrayer approached. Then appeared the light of torches through those olive branches, and here they heard the clamor of the multitude as they approached with staves and swords—the emissaries of the chief priests and elders of the people. And these silent trees were the witnesses of the awful treason of that night, when the professed friend and follower betrayed Him with a kiss, and of His divine forbearance when He calmly said unto His betrayer, 'Friend, wherefore art thou come?' It was here the indignant Peter, spurred by the foul proceedings against his Master, drew his sword and struck the servant of the high-priest. Here that Jesus, with a divine forgetfulness of self, said to His zealous disciple, 'Put up again thy sword into its place, for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword;' here that, with lamb-like submission, He gave Himself up, and addressed a reproach to the multitude who came upon Him, armed with staves and swords, as if He were a malefactor; it was here—oh, shameful to relate—that in that dark hour His disciples fled and left Him alone in the hands of the hardened multitude!"

I unconsciously resumed, in my own mind, the thread of what he had been saying, and I saw the dark figures of the fleeing disciples vanishing in the shades of night, and the armed multitude emerging from the grove of olive trees, with the lurid glare of their torches flashing upon that face of resignation of the central figure, and the frowning visages of the agents of the chief priests and elders, by whom he was surrounded. I could see the rays of light flickering through the foliage, and glancing athwart the gnarled trunks and branches, and the shadowy forms of the people in the back-ground. I could follow the abandoned Jesus, accompanied by the noisy multitude, across the brook and up the winding path to the gate of that ungrateful city over which He had wept, and I could discern the figure of Peter gliding along in the dark behind.

The angels in heaven must have wept that night at the inhumanity of man toward his Saviour! Sympathy there must have been in that celestial world—no earth there was none!



JESUS IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—[DESIGNED BY GUSTAVE DORE.]

BY THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

TO-DAY at home beside the hearth,
Warm with the ruddy embers' glow,
We keep our Christmas, so unlike
The Christmas of a year ago.
When in the camp at earliest dawn
The grimy-throated cannon woke
Our slumbers, and within the east
The golden light of morning broke.

Ah! then the smoke of battle hung
Its sulphurous cloud our land above,
And bitter feud and hatred filled
Brave hearts that should have warmed with love;
But now at home beside the hearth
We keep the day with song and cheer,
While from each spire the Christmas bells
Ring out with voices sweet and clear.

Bring holly, rich with berries red,
And bring the sacred mistletoe;
Fill high each glass, and let our hearts
With kindliest feelings overflow;
So sweet it seems at home once more
To sit with those we hold most dear,
And after absence once again
To keep the merry Christmas here.

This day the Prince of Peace was born,
When hope first dawned upon the earth;
To-day with fervent hymns of praise
We celebrate His wondrous birth,
Who set the bonds of death aside,
And triumphed o'er the voiceless grave—
The risen Christ, God's holy Son,
Who died a ruined world to save.

THE TOY-SELLER'S CHRISTMAS.

You would hardly fancy that selling Christmas gifts was an occupation to breed melancholy, and yet Simeon Golding had found it so. Ever since the rush began to buy presents he had grown more and more sad; until, when the 24th of December came, and all the world was out buying things for the morrow, he felt a desperate impulse to leave his shop to take care of itself, and go any somewhere, any where, to get out of the sight and sound of all this gladness in which he had no share. You would never have taken Simeon Golding for a man of sentiment—nobody thought that of him of all the people who had bought holiday presents for ten years in his gay little shop on Broadway. If people thought of him at all, it was as an honest, dull fellow, an obliging shopman, who minded his own business, and was pretty sure to have on hand just what any one wanted—sure, also, not to forget orders or disappoint customers. If you had told them that he was an old bachelor, very likely they would have smiled, and said, 'I thought so much. His whole mind is in his business, you see. That's what makes him so careful and punctual.—It's the best toy-shop in the city."

But for a man whose whole mind was in his business this mood of Simeon's was a strange one. He scarcely knew himself how it had grown on him so overmasteringly. He had always felt something of it at holiday time—just a sense of lonesomeness. It made him remember, you know, how solitary he was when he saw so many surprises prepared—so many tokens of thought and care for wives, and children, and husbands, and lovers—and remembered that for him no Christmas gifts would wait. No gentle woman's voice would ask him "Merry Christmas!" no clamorous children would throng round him with their noisy pleasure. But hitherto it had all ended so it had begun in this vague lonesomeness; the mood had never overpowered him as it had done this year, when the shop, with its noise, almost unequal to the demands upon him, and humiliating him in the eyes of his assistants, whom he had held in awe hitherto by his superior quickness and readiness. Is it, I wonder, that we feel the presence of Fate long before the startle breaks upon that vague hints of coming events are in the air, and the strange restlessness for which we can not account is the stirring of the soul at some presence felt ere yet it is seen?

Simeon Golding was past forty. Far back in the morning land of youth lay all his old dreams, and hopes, and loves. It was strange how near they had seemed to him this year since the preparations for Christmas commenced. He needed only to close his eyes on city sights, his ears on city sounds, to feel himself a boy once more. He lived all those early years over again—years in which he was the one joy and hope in life to his widowed mother. *Then* came one cared for him. *Then* no Christmas went by without its gifts. He remembered how the very thing he most wanted to come; and how he used to earn money by stealth to be able to give *her* some token of merry Christmas. He saw her, looking back, so plainly—that gentle woman to whom sorrow, patiently borne, had taught lessons of sainthood—saw her sitting by the fire with pale, placid face, and hair where grief, not years, had sown threads of silver; but yet, in spite of all, with a smile always bright for him, and a heart young enough and cheery enough always to joy in his joy. Oh! what would he give now for

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ene of those well-remembered smiles, "one touch of that gentle hand! He had been nearly twenty-five years old when she died; but just as much his mother's boy as the day his father had left him to her keeping. He wondered to feel the tears filling his eyes—eyes that wept so seldom—as the memory of that great loss swept over him: the still, still face; the dear, silent lips that would never utter another; the hands folded dumbly on the breast, like a saint's in some trance of prayer; and then the open grave, the lowered coffin, and the earth dropping on it solemnly, with the pale November sunshine overhead, and the dead leaves soaked with moisture at his feet.

It was a long dark day which followed that the son of his life arose, and he loved with the one pure and perfect passion of which his human nature was capable—the ripe fruit of his whole manhood. He remembered how he had seen her first—that girl to bright and so lovely. He recalled her pliant figure, her crimsoned kindly sometimes by an interior light, like the flame which glows through the heart of a rose; and the silver sheen which was full of a brooding melancholy that stirred his heart even more than their brightness. He remembered the dark and delicate complexion, with its rich, glowing coloring; the heavyfalling black hair; the bright, wayward face, with its full, pouting lips, and its expressive, soft eyes, that yet wonderfully beguiling. How well he had loved her, without one thought whether she could return the love. Looking back, he did not wonder at this love; nor was he sorry for it—all in vain as it had proved. She had rejected his suit, and married him but with an air and manner which made him feel how utterly impossible it was that she could care for him. And then he had gone away to that little country village, and had never gone back since, not even to look at his mother's grave. He had never, as a man, wanted in his heart, and all her truth and tenderness commemorated there as on a monument!

He had never heard about her any more—that bright enchantress of his young manhood! He had never cared to. If she loved and was happy, no one else otherwise he did not want to know it: and perhaps this way he had kept a purer faith with her.

Five years he had served in another man's toy-shop, and then he had opened this one of his own. Years, in this private goes, he had spent here. And now he was past forty, and all alone, and Christmas was coming on.

He had never cared for any woman since that dark, bright vision had dawned, star-like, in his sky, and was a stranger to his forces. A man is safe from any high-down notions of constancy or sentiment. He had not resolved never to love again—or, indeed, ever given it about it at all. Only, there was just one of these men whose nature never blossoms but once. So he looked forward to nothing—nothing, that is, beyond his present life. And when he looked at himself in the glass that morning, and noted how entirely white locks of his were mingled in the plain, rugged outlines of face and figure—and thought resignedly that he was good for at least twenty years more of hard work. He would have all the money he could, and then, when he died, give it to some one who needed it, whom it would make happy. So he would dispose of his wealth in his money sometimes with tender gratitude. Who these some should be he did not yet know. He would find out by-and-by. You see he was not a man of expansive benevolence, this toy-seller. He never made any large schemes. He contributed not one jot to missions, or tract societies, or hospitals. He dealt in small things always, and he just wanted to raise himself a moment by a strong sudden impulse of heart. And the day went on, the strange restlessness he could not shake off or overcome, and the load on the burden of his solitary life pressed upon him more heavily, and it was afternoon.

He was standing behind the counter, idle for a moment, though there was no lack of customers in the shop on whom the rest were waiting. He had forgotten when he was until a voice spoke to him:

"If you please, Sir, is there any thing pretty which I could buy for a quarter of a dollar?"

There was something in the voice which sounded to him like an echo of his dreams. He looked at the speaker and recollected who it was. But he was quite sure whether he were awake. Was he twenty-five years old again and in Hillsboro? Here were the same ringlicious eyes, the heavy-falling hair, the rich tints of cheek and lip that had lived all these years in his memory. But the figure was smaller. And in his comfort were rags, tags, bags, and the simplicity of childhood was in her look. Still he was almost calm in his surprise—thought, by the name of that early vision, the spirit of the past was so strong upon him. She repeated her timid question, and he bent toward her thoughtfully in possession of his faculties, alert to the demands of the occasion.

"Is it for yourself?" he asked.

"No, for my mother. She is very ill, and we have no money that I can spare except this, which is my own. I want to so make her a Christmas present. Is there any thing that I can buy?"

He had in her some children, and could name several times her quarter, but small and simple enough to convey to us undiscriminating child the idea of cheapness.

"Any of these you can buy," he said, kindly.

She selected a tiny Parian vase, just large enough for a single rose-bud, and gave him her purse of currency. He wrapped up the vase lingeringly in a soft paper. How dear she seemed to him, he thought, to like as she was to her! Then, too, perhaps he could help her. He gathered courage from the exigency of the situation.

"Did you say your mother was ill?" he asked.

"Very ill, Sir!"

"You have other friends, of course?" And then, seeing the surprised look on her face, he explained, "I don't think I'm curious or impertinent, only you are so like a very dear friend I had once that I can not bear to part with you if there is any chance, the least chance, that I could do you any good for the old friend's sake, you know—to make your Christmas any happier."

When the book was paid for, and the change, the impulsiveness which he found in himself still, this man of forty. The girl had an unusual amount of penetration for her years. She flashed a searching glance at him, and made up her mind that he was an honest and a good man, who meant just what he said—no less, no more.

"We have no friends," she said, slowly, "except the doctor, who comes to see my mother and is very kind. My father came to New York a year ago, to get into business, and died soon after. We have lived since then on the money he left us, and partly on what my mother earned by embroidery. Now, for several weeks, she has been too ill to work."

"Then may I come to see her? There might be some way in which I could help you, and I ask it could, for the sake of that dear friend who was so like you."

"Thank you, Sir. I know my mother will be glad to see you. You will find us at No. 31 Canal-street. My name is Lucy Ingram."

"I will come this evening," he said, as he handed her the little vase. "I will not be later than I can help it, but you know, we are very busy now."

She smiled with a bright smile, Marian Varick's own smile, and went out. That smile aroused him. He remembered himself. What connection was there likely to be between this unknown Mrs. Reynolds and the Marian Varick to whom he had been so good-by fifteen years ago, in that little New Hampshire town? And yet those eyes and that hair—were there more such? And the child said he did not feel so solitary any more. He had an interest now: he too. He began to serve customers briskly by and by. Then every thing

But at seven o'clock he left the shop. Never had he seen such a thing before as it ran commenced business as to have his shop to his subordinates on the night before Christmas. But, cautious man as he was, he felt easy to leave any power apart from himself so that he could not wait for the lagging hours. Arrangements were so well established that people whom he could trust were about him—went home for a hurried supper, a hurried change of costume, and would be back and took his way across the city. Twice he stopped, once at a bookseller's, where he bought an elegant volume—one he was to himself—a small, bound, full-looking man, whom no one suspected of delicacy, to make gifts out of his own shop—and once at a florist's, where he purchased the most exquisite rose-bud he could find. He stood in Corlaer-street, and rang the bell at the door of No. 31, and inquired for Mrs. Reynolds.

Two flights up—the back room, the woman's lower-voiced, civil; and he was to go there.

Before the door of the room he paused a moment, with that strange, overmastering feeling which seems to one sometimes to be the last crisis of life. He could scarcely breathe. He did not know what he expected. He was not sure that he could control him on. He knocked at the door at last, and the girl whom he had seen at his shop opened it. Standing there on the threshold she was like—not only—a woman's face on the pillows—a face with crimson flushes on the cheeks, with great, bright eyes, and a pretty, wavy-falling hair—Marian Varick's own. Her glance met his, and the color in her cheeks deepened.

"Are you the friend, Simeon Golding, whom God has raised up for me at my sore need? Have you forgiven me the pain I have caused you?"

"There was no need to forgive you, Marian," the man said, humbly—"no need. I was glad to have known what love I was even thought of, and in vain. I have never loved any one since, and I think God left me to fill my life with my work."

"It is indeed at last," she said, "for I am counting my life now by hours. The doctor said so this afternoon, when she gave me the last dose out;" and her fond eyes rested on the girl at her bed's foot. She knows it now, and she is trying to be calm and strong for my sake."

The toy-seller glanced at the stand beside the bed, and saw the little white vase on it. She had said dared keep it till the morning. He would remember for her mother there should be none. He took his rose-bud from its wrapping of soft paper, and put it into the vase silently. The book he would not offer—it was no time for Christmas tokens other than flowers. But he might have by would bloom in another world as well as in this. Mrs. Reynolds looked at the rose with eyes that had loved and wept, and turned to her left the face.

"It was so good of you to fetch it," she said. "It makes me think of Hillsboro. You used always to bring me roses there, you know."

Yes, he knew; but to him, seeing her so changed, it seemed ages since then. She understood his far away look.

"Yes, it was long since," she answered to his thought. "I have loved other things, and lost her, and now I am going home."

He wondered to see her so calm—to see the child so calm also—to be calm himself, when the only woman he had ever loved lay dying. It was God's grace, he thought, resting on the scene, hushing their three hearts.

"Has your child any friends?" he asked, after a while.

"Only you."

"Then there is no one to whom I need give her up. Think, if you could have loved me she might have been mine. Will you give her to me now? It will make amends for all the pain. I am able to care for her. I will be faithful to your trust."

"Yes, yours was always a faithful soul," she murmured. "Marian, child, will you go with Mr. Golding when I am gone?"

For a moment a great sob strangled the girl's utterance, but she conquered it bravely, and answered to the entreaty in her mother's eyes:

"Yes, mother."

Then they were all silent, and the moments went on so fast, so fast!

The hours passed from nine o'clock till midnight. Then came the mother spoke some word of fond, lingering love to her child, or of gratitude to her other watcher; but, for the most part, all was still. At last they heard the clock in a neighboring belfry strike, and the dying woman counted the twelve strokes. A smile flitted like the ghost of her old brightness across her face.

"See!" she said, "it is Christmas, and I give you another precious gift. From to-day Marian shall be your daughter."

He took in his the girl's hand, which those cold fingers placed there, and looked down at her mother's vow. From beneath the welfare of Marian Reynolds would be his life's end and aim. She would be to him in the place of his own children he was never to see at his fireside. Having her, he would not have lived in vain. She would be to him the lonely or solitary any more. For him, as for other men, Christmas would have a meaning. There would be one for him to whom he was happy—one to whom to toil, and save, and live, as die if need were—for it meant all this to that faithful, honest soul when he had lost his adopted child, his Christmas gift, from Marian Varick's dying hand.

At last the mother turned toward the morning. The keen, penetrating cold which just precedes the dawn chilled them. A faint pink began to flush the sky. It was reflected in the face with the crimson dying on her cheeks, the light fading from her eyes, and whispered to her child:

"Marian, I shall keep my Christmas with your father in the land of the angels. Good-by, my darling!" Then, after a moment, into Simeon Golding's eyes, and said with tones so low that he had to bend very near to catch them—"My friend, you have been faithful unto death."

And then the dawn light came in—"the morn of the Nativity and but upon to begin.

Marian Varick's mother was not the night lamp. When he came back to the bedside he saw the eyes from which the light had departed, the head fallen, falling dumbly, and knew that Marian Varick, in the hush of the Christmas dawning, had gone home, and left her the Heavenly morning" had just begun to break.

THE LESSON OF SANTA CLAUS.

A society man was Mr. Acidger Krabb, and a discontented. Whether he had placed both reliance and money had depreciated; taxes were increased; business was almost at a stand-still; the banks were shrinking, and debtors procrastinating; altogether, Mr. Krabb was, as considered himself, a victim of circumstances and man. To be sure, he still had an income adequate to the support of his family in a luxurious style; but was not that income liable to the same depreciation from percentage? He owned sundry lots in desirable situations, whose value was more than quadrupled since he got them; but then, did not the rise of real estate entail a proportionate increase of assessments?

A wood-sawyer was Mr. Acidger Krabb, and discontented; and more moody and discontented than was his wont he sat, one Christmas-eve, before a full glow, at a sullen protest against the coming at all in such companionship, and divers other unseasonable matters, of his children, and astounded themselves from between the grate-bars in mute but forcible objurgation. The shadows flung by the fire-glow up their fleckering holiday dance and ranged themselves around the walls like grim black sentinels, standing guard against the entrance of any cheerful and spiteful little imps. The daughts flitted in at the crevices of the doors and windows, and perched on the volumes that filled Mr. Krabb's cabinet, and crawled down the back of his neck, and climbed up the legs of his trousers, and permeated himself with his cast-down spirits, while their present wind raged outside as of too great bulk to enter bodily.

To look at his fire showed no bright pictures of Cr. tmas merriment, no sliding panorama of Christ. was frolicsome in many houses; for him the fire-glow only seemed like a cold heart.

Mr. Krabb's mood was not improved by the noise of his children,

taken place about him—was conscious, moreover, of a change operating within himself, but to name it man too timid yet in his ways to yield without a struggle: so altera pause he turned to Saint Nicholas with an air of reminiscence and said:

"All this may be very true, your Reverence; but if a man be oppressed by business cares—if C. enemy of character and reputation have carried him from those family associations on which you laid such stress—if his experience have justified him in forming an unfavorable estimate of mankind—if, in a word, years of anxious struggling against an unyielding world have worn out his disposition—how can he of a sudden throw off the habits of a lifetime and assume the sentiments you would inculcate?"

"By casting aside his overriding selfishness and thinking of others; by dwelling rather upon the blessings he enjoys than any fancied causes for repining; by prayerful earnestness of thought to open a Bank of Good-Will for Jesus," replied the Saint, laying his hand on Mr. Krabb's heart.

At the instant of the Saint's touch Mr. Krabb felt a quick and unusual warmth within his breast, which gradually spread a genial glow over every portion of his frame, and tingled to the very ends of his benumbed fingers; and it was with an almost penitential accent that he said:

"Upon my word, Sir, I believe you're right."

"Believe it?" said Santa Claus. "I know it: and so will you if you will but try the experiment. This is what a lucky fellow you are, Mr. Krabb!—and he's the good Saint's voice trembled—"that the distress and homeless misery of Christmas Eve of the bourbs made desolate by death; of letters homesteads and extinguished fires, and by grateful that no great evil has befallen you in the past, and that it has pleased Heaven to intrust you with the means of lightening the burdens of some at least of your fellow-creatures.

"But, Sir," expostulated Mr. Krabb, "in one to-day's times these, is not a man to provide for his family? It is all very well to talk of lightening other's burdens, but you know the proverb says that 'charity begins at home,' and I must beg to listen to all the appeals—"

"Hold your tongue, Krabb!" interrupted the Saint, somewhat irritably, "at Christmas time we want no meaty proverbs to excuse our egotism; but loving inquiries direct from the heart. I have no time to waste in further discussion; but, before I go, I wish to show you a few pictures, for which I crave your careful attention." As he spoke he waved his hand toward the large mirror which surmounted the mantle-piece.

All at once the face sank to a faint blue light and emitted dense wreaths of smoke which veiled the surface of the glass. When these clouds rolled away, Mr. Krabb beheld a cheerless attic, devoid of furniture, and offering, through broken window-panes and crannied roof, free entrance to the wintry blast. Three shivering children were huddled together on the bare floor in one corner, and near them crouched a haggard, weary looking woman, illumined by the dim light of one poor candle, upon some coarse piece of needle-work. As Frozen Face looked on, he watched again her benumbed fingers, or held them over the candle's flame to revive their sense of touch; and how and again she turned her head to extend the trembling little ones, and her breast heaved with a sobbing sigh, and tears coursed down her pinched and hollow cheeks and fell upon her work.

A soldier's widow, Krabb," whispered the Saint. "Her husband was killed in battle about a year ago, but the three years of his enlistment had expired a week or so before his death, and the proverbial gratitude of our grateful Republic leaves her to starve."

While Mr. Krabb listened and gazed upon the picture that where Saint Nicholas had touched him began to burn with more intensity, and as the warmth increased he saw the door of the stretched room open and another figure appear upon the scene. This figure—the exact counterpart of himself, save to a certain indefinable expression of benevolence—advanced toward the weeping woman, and seemed to utter words of consolation and sympathy for she looked up with an air of grateful surprise then hastily putting on her bonnet she left the room in company with her visitor. Not for long, however; in a few moments the stranger returned with warm clothing for the children, and followed by a man who carried a great basket, which being produced apparently inexhaustible stores of bread and meat, of vegetables, of tea and sugar, of all necessities, and even a few luxuries. Mr. Krabb's eyes devoured him, he had seen upon the backs of his own children garments very similar to those now judgingly handled in the attic, and even now by the bearer of that hamper were striking resemblance to his own countenance. He had no time to dwell upon these points, for the busy action of the talisman absorbed all his attention. The happy mother was hurrying in and out of the room bringing an armful of wood, now a basket of coals; and appearing with a few necessary cooking utensils: then hunting over the long-discarded articles, until at last a crackling fire was kindled, and the kettle set on to boil, and a table—which the bearer of the per-bearer had with much labor persuaded up the narrow stairs—spread with an abundant meal. And then to the utter wondering eyes of the children for they were roused to behold this magnificent feast, and to exchange their weary rags for comfortable attire! In sight of their eager anticipations, Mr. Krabb fairly laughed aloud with glee; but when, before partaking of the bounteous meal the family knelt, the little group knelt down and with clasped hands and upturned eyes seemed to invoke God's blessing upon their benefactor—oh, how the spectator melted in! So turned that hot tears rose to Mr. Krabb's eyes and dimmed their sight—tears, not of pain or sorrow, but of heart-felt joy and sympathy.

"Brave, Krabb!" exclaimed Saint Nicholas, as he must passed over the glass and effaced the picture. "Brave, Krabb! I knew you had better stuff in you than you gave yourself credit for. It was, Krabb, even and disinterested their sights—tears, not of pain or sorrow, but of heart-felt joy and sympathy.

"But, your Reverence," said Mr. Krabb, with a lingering tremor in his voice, "I have done a very thing. I—I wish I had, Sir. But then, you know, it wasn't really I who—"

"No matter for that at present, Krabb," broke in the Saint. "The mirror showed the promptings of your heart, and so long as you had the means will to do good the benefit to you is the same. Let us see anon her picture."

Again a breath swept over the mirror, and as its surface cleared Mr. Krabb saw the interior of a plainly-furnished room, scrupulously neat, but telling in its every detail that it was the abode of poverty between respectability and want. A chubby infant was sleeping in its crib beside the bed, and a child sitting near it with her work was a young and pretty woman, who from time to time cast tender glances of maternal pride and affection upon the slumbering charge. She appeared to be waiting anxiously for some one, for her eyes were often turned toward the door, and she started at the sound of footsteps on the stair. After a while her quick ear appeared to caught the anticipated sound, and flinging aside her work she ran to meet the embrace of a man who threw open the door and stood with outspread arms to catch her in her bounding career. Motioning him to silence she led him on tip-toe to where their child lay, and as he stooped to kiss the pallid brow she watched him with a beaming smile that spoke of a wife's and mother's love fulfilled almost to overflowing. The husband seated themselves side by side upon the rickety couch, and it seemed that she was questioning him concerning some matter which he was passing pieces across his face and he shook his head sadly.

"Your own nephew, Krabb," remarked Santa Claus: "your own flesh and blood, and all on account of his imprudent marriage. The poor fellow has had hard work of it these two years to keep up appearances on his small salary; and his wife is forced to take in sewing to eke out their little income. He has been unsuccessful in getting out West, but after a weary journey was doomed to disappointment.

Mr. Krabb's internal heat had been increasing to that extent during the progress of this scene that he felt as if his former self were being sublimated by some spiritual process. Nevertheless he met with a sense of relieved impatience that he saw the door again open, and his nephew enter the room after with a letter which she handed to the husband. Even at that distance Mr. Krabb saw that the superscription was in the well-known hand of his own, the bulk of the missive betokened an inclosure, and when his nephew drew forth from the envelope with trembling hands a roll of bank-notes, he uttered a loud exclamation, and when he saw clasped about his neck, and heard the words of thankful paying letter; and when, its perusal finished, she buried her face in the innermost recesses of his waistcoat, and sobbed for very joy, Mr. Krabb and Mr. Krabb could no longer contain himself, but started from his chair with a cheery "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" and Saint Nicholas laughed.

"Was it an invitation to your Christmas dinner, Krabb?" asked the Saint.

"No, your Reverence," rejoined Mr. Krabb, "only in the picture, though, you know, but, please God, I'll make it such before twenty-four hours."

"Well said, my son." And now for one more glimpse into the future to strengthen your good resolves."

The mirror showed a spacious apartment brilliantly lighted and richly furnished. Costly wines, fruits, the carpet, the furniture, were those of Mr. Krabb's own house, but so transformed by an all-pervading spirit of domestic comfort and elegance as he almost doubted their identity. In the middle of the floor was a gorgeous Christmas-tree, radiant with many-hued lamps and glittering with gilded and tinseled notices on every bough. Circling round this in running pursuit were numerous children, whose merry shouts lead the latter branches marked time gayly. In an easy-chair, at one side of the fireplace, was Mr. Krabb's brother, with his wife beside him, and with whitened hair and bowed shoulders, but with a joyous quirk in every wrinkle, which showed that his heart had not grown old. Around him the sports of his little guests. Facing him, in corresponding confidential chair, was Mr. Krabb's own sweetheart smile, and her head nodding in entranced accompaniment to the music of the dance. Occasionally some boisterous romp, in the excitement of the boisterous exercise, would clamber on the old man's knee and nestle closely there to listen to a chronicle of his feats of his youth. Then the folding-doors flew open and revealed a long vista of supper-table, gleaming with bright silver and cut crystal, and rich in evergreens and many-colored flowers. Steaming tureens of oysters were flanked by roasted fowls, and by smoking sirloins and by ice-cream reared their snowy summits above the plenty of the plain. Nor were there wanting frosted cakes and sugar-plums and bon-bons temptingly pulling crackers, to be exploded with timid fingers and with merry laughs and mingled screams of pleasure.

Elegant trophies of candied fruit to be demolished and carried off piecemeal by sticky hands.

Then the company which had concluded their games with a shout and clustered around the table, the grown-up members of the party seemed to strive in thoughtful attention to the old couple by the fireside, serving them with the choicest delicacies of the feast, and pledging them with words and looks of love and respect.

While yet Mr. Krabb's fascinated gaze was intent upon this picture of home, a change began to come, commenced to fade, growing fainter and fainter as he strained his eyes to catch their last impression, until finally the mirror showed no vestige of their tracery. He turned to where his visitor had been, but Saint Nicholas was gone; and he found himself again alone. Alone, yet with a sense of human companionship such as he had never experienced before, and with a feeling of love for all mankind, even among his fellow-men. In pleasant communion with the new thoughts and impulses that rose within him the time passed swiftly by, and it was not long ere his breast and he went into a tranquil sleep.

When he awoke next morning the sun was streaming brightly through the window. He leaped from his snug cracking merrily beneath the feet of early passers-by. A round of jubilant exultation greeted his ears as his children discovered the wealth of playthings wherewith good Santa Claus had stuffed their stockings, but he could also hear their mother's voice in moderating remonstrance lest they "should disturb papa." Herein Mr. Krabb in his changed nature took positive umbrage, and hastening up stairs with a buoyant step, called out,

"Come here, you young rogues! and kiss your father for Merry Christmas! and he will not be cross as much noise as you like. The cause to you, my dear!" he continued, kissing his astonished wife with a hearty kiss, "and may we all live to see many of 'em!"

Breakfast over—and what a jolly breakfast it was!—Mr. Krabb's first proceeding was to write a letter to his nephew inclosing a check drawn to the order of Edgar Somerset, Esquire, and then bidding him and his wife to come to dinner that day at five and bring the baby. Several other notes were indited and dispatched; and then Mr. Krabb started forth upon a mysterious pilgrimage.

His first visit was to the nursery to recount at length how Mr. Krabb found out only one, but several poor widow's, to whom his visits brought relief and happiness. Into a fit last night's warm glow he opened up little children were taught to thank and pray for him for the good he had done them; and home at dinner-time, flushed with exercise and exhilarate by his success, he found assembled relatives all on the best of terms with each other, and who greeted him with cordial fervor as he gave them hearty welcome. Then Charles and his pretty wife were there, forgetful of past bitterness, and how baby, declared by Mrs. K. to be the finest baby she ever saw, and Mr. Krabb's sweetheart in eagerness at him fore its mother's lap, and, failing an olive branch, offered him, as a token of peace and future amity, a wooden thing to play with. How it was then and there settled that the christening should take place in that very room, with Mr. and Mrs. Krabb as sponsors—how joyful, how glorious, hilarious all—it was further arranged that Charles should succeed Mr. Krabb in the junior partner. Suffice it to say that from that day forth Mr. Krabb had an altered life—that this love levels had no more room in his heart—that each night, when he laid his head upon his pillow, he thanked God and Saint Nicholas that he had been taught the blessed meaning of a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

A. L. C.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS to all, and to all a good time!" is our cordial greeting Broadway, and all the shopping streets, have become crowded with people. The ladies and foremost (as becomes Christmas), straining out upon the sidewalk, and gorgeous boas of red, yellow, and blue, in every conceivable shape, covering their necks and shoulders. It were impolitic to specify articles. Only let every body spin their eyes in the direction of the windows of the fancy-fal industries that come with the holidays.

The 25th of December is the anniversary of the birth of Christ, has long been celebrated, not only by religious ceremonies, but by popular festivities of the most joyous kind. In other parts of Europe, the commencement of the day began the evening before. The house was decked with holly, ivy, bays, and other evergreens. Mistletoe also—we have lighted. An enormous log, called the Yule log or Christmas block, was put on the fire. The larder was filled with "every thing and more:"

"Then spread wide the baron's hall
To vassal, serf, and all."

The high and low met on terms of equality; and

"A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

During the night parties of singers went through the village, "waits" as they were called, playing and singing over-commenced in the churches; the bells pealed forth their merry chimes. Ah! what a world of merriment and mirthfulness there was! This was the commencement of a festival lasting many days.

Although Christmas in America can have lost their primitive character, and the rough merry-making of olden time has passed away, a great deal remains that enriches the day, and it is anticipated as a joyous occasion.

The German custom of making Christmas a "children's festival," and of decking it with a Christmas-tree, with wondrous fruits, is too pretty not to be popular. Somewhere in the city is established a visible Santa Claus, who, in huge cast, with pockets all puffed out, comes before the eager little eye, staggering under the burden of gifts. A tall evergreen tree is the bearing of these bags. How the little ones enjoy the mystery—half real and sometimes half pretended—of it all! When a merry, confined time hanging the stockings! How they go to bed over-excited! How they forget! How the bright little eyes keep unbottoming after they go to bed, until told that Santa Claus never comes until children are all asleep! What a delicious sleep it is! How soon the bleeding of St. Nicholas with pops or moment!

Last the children are ushered every time between the branches of the Christmas-tree. Take them out to see the beautiful things that adorn our shop windows, which are now in holiday attire. Let them have their fun, their little questions, and wait to buy every thing—but a little management will enable you to make your purchases without an little cost, if needful. As for those not children in years making with the children, bring to religious services, make them joyous and youthful, as mingling merrily in the pastimes of the little ones.

There is pretty custom among the Norwegians of giving a dinner to the birds on Christmas-day. In the morning every poor person, and every rich one who remembers a stand of corn, fixed on the top of a long pole, from which it is intended the birds shall make their dinner. Even this seasonable attention does not make a hard time for the poor, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas-day remains for them through the winter. In our city we have not gentlemen and women, would be grateful for a similar remembrance.

The present prospect is that skating will be fine during the holidays. Winter has fully come—the ice is thickening—the electric pavilion is in good order—boys are impatiently scattering on the prospect, and children of larger growth are getting their skates ready. Skates, of every kind, are in request in the shop windows.

As New-Years Day is fast approaching, ladies will want to find something "new" to say to their friends. There are new styles enough—whether they are simple enough to be truly elegant we leave our fair readers to judge—or whether they are not to be left to the gentlemen. We give a few descriptions of Parisian styles:

A dress of violet silk ornamented with a trimming of white lace over a band of velvet; the corsage is sleeves have a fringe of black and white gimlets. A more simple style of dress is that for a robe of this color would be a flounced band of silk to the edge, edged with black and gold lace, and put on three rows of it in the form of a tunic. The waistband of black and gold is trimmed to correspond, and a belt of the same is fastened with a handsome gold buckle.

A robe worn by a young lady is of white silk, with a wreath of leaves round the bottom, over the skirt is a tunic of white tulle, trimmed with a fringe of the same color, and open at the front to show the petticoat. The corsage is low in front and behind, but has tulle sleeves, which are confined at the wrist by a band of velvet, and cuffs puffing partially concealed with a network of white tulle. The hair is dressed in front in the Grecian style, and is set open as far as the loose, and again pulled up with a bow on the back of the head. The bow is of white velvet, edged with a network and fringe of white tulle. The sleeves consist of a full puffing of white tulle with a rosebud of black velvet between each puffing.

Here is a nice legal point to be decided—are they married or not married? A London paper says:

"While a couple were being married in Preston Church the other morning, the mother of the young lady, who was present, fell down in a fit and died immediately after the wedding. The officiating minister at once stopped the service, and the bridegroom hastened away to procure a doctor.

With this ring I thee wed," declared that no legal marriage had taken place. Since then, however, the matter has been considered, and it was found that the ring and the unanimous decision they arrived at was that the couple had been properly and lawfully married according to the rites of the Church. The point is a very ticklish one, and will probably have to be settled in the law courts.

The manager of some pieces of amusement in London has had an original idea. His complimentary tickets are after the fashion of the railway season tickets—entitling the bearer on a set evening. He says it will positively be refused admittance on a fine evening, as every inch of space is then required for the paying visitors who have always been entitled. The large hall presents to the eye an array of ladders, bars, ropes, and nets, which to the uninitiated it is hopelessly bewildering. Every evening commences at eight o'clock in the evening, when the classes commence, in a most substantial and practical manner. Here you see the full-bodied athletes, with iron muscle and unflinching nerve absorbed in every conceivable feat of strength, and there elsewhere, and all performing some feat of grace or strength. There are day classes for ladies and children, which promise to be very successful.

WASHINGTON MARKET IN CHRISTMAS-TIME.

In connection with the Birth-Feast of Him whom the Jews despised as one who came "eating and drinking" (even as he could not have come else in the emphasis which is laid by all good Christians upon the Christmas Dinner and the elements of its composition), we think this view may be fitly appropriate the illustrations which we give on page 828 of Washington Market at its Christmas-time.

It can not be denied that we have the best markets in the world, at least as regards the main objects of a market—namely, its plentiful supply and distribution of the most fastidious and dainty of human appetites, although our market buildings and their surroundings are not to be boasted of. That is no respect are we dependent upon any other country for the choicest of our home supplies, though for we except the single article of wine. The finest quality of salmon is obtained in abundance from our North-Eastern rivers. The East River and Staten Ferry oysters are probably superior to any obtained in European markets, and our venison and other game is of the finest flavor. Our fruits, both green and dry and poultry are more abundant and of better quality. The New York Central Railroad Company, in particular, has greater facilities for obtaining every kind of provision, and in quantities that surfeit the demand. The Hudson River Railroad, also, is well known that it not unfrequently happens that the people of neighboring towns go to New York to buy their every provisions which those towns have themselves contributed. During the Holidays especially the amount of game and poultry which flows into New York markets in a single day is almost incalculable: it can only be estimated by the millions. Of course, the supply of fish, game and other cattle is in proportion. During the week ending Dec. 26th, 1863, there were received in New York nearly 7000 beeves, about 27,000 sheep, and as many swine.

Of our large market, the Washington Market is the oldest. Its first charter bears the date of 1686 —a hundred years before the era of our independence, and long before the birth of Washington, from whom it was afterward named. At that time, of the markets now existing, there was only the Fly Market, on the Governeur. In 1855 the estimated value of Washington Market was $80,000.


MERRY
ULYSSES TH


TO ALL
GIANT KILLER

THE HOLLY-TREE BOUGH.

HOLLY, in the warmth of the summer-sunshine,
To wander alone in the sweet leafy bowers;
But I love in this season to mingle the glow
Of social delight 'neath the green holly boughs.

Then gather it quickly, the berries and sprays,
And hang it up high on this festival day;
Let wine, mirth, and music, unitedly flow,
All soberly, under the green holly bough.

THE YARD OF BRAID.

SOMEWHERE in Broadway, but Dame Trot could neither tell you what street or what number, lived a hose-shored, dingy li the shop—and now I see you have taken me up short, and send it that Dame Trot is an old woman. Not a bit of it. Between Dame and Madam, this last September; a slender little woman, with a fresh color, brave eyes, and that quick curls that have a bewitching air of having combed themselves in spite of her, and of doing it beautifully; and that is one of the few women that let foolish hand-mirrors alone. Her name is Nellie; and to commence my story rightly, it was twelve o'clock Christmas eve. John was asleep, and very sad thing that could have come into his dreams was that his wife was sticking at that hour; so what Dame Trot was at full liberty to flourish the dressing-gown complete, minus one yard of braid, under his unconscious nose, as perfectly fit for which John had wished, but which, not being the Prodigal Son, he had no thought of bestowing on himself; and a thing of dissatisfaction to John, and if she could have hung on the tree also a certain black and white plaid shawl and velvet cap for herself, why then Nellie would have had her heart's desire, and gone to bed the most contented little woman in New York city. The yard of braid for the gown she store are open early on Christmas morning, and to stitch that on was not ten minutes' work. The real difficulty would be to excuse herself to John for leaving him on a holiday; and events smoothed that away; for after breakfast on Christmas morning John, with a very visible embarrassment and hesitation,

"I am going out for a while, Nell. I have an engagement." And John, who never had an engagement without her, John who did nothing without telling her, this John went out without further explanation.

Now was the time for the braid, and a quick run down to the little dressing-store at the corner. But Mrs. Nellie was pursued all the way by a sense of discomfiture and wonder, which so preoccupied her that she asked for a very different-sounding article of braid, and coming out, had very nearly stumbled on John himself. John did not see her, but was tangled in a sort of struggle all trying to get over the cross-walk at exactly the same time; and owing to this tangle she could not tell, but it seemed to her clear of it, and passed her, quite unconscious of her, and saying with a light laugh, "I told my style that I had an engagement." That he had, poor John. Oh, John! only two years married, and—

"She is not pretty, either," said Nellie, looking after the trim waist and the jaunty little round hat. "That color is paint, and as bold as you please! Oh, John! that I should live to see it!"

She was standing the while on the door-step of the little store, behind a string of calico and handkerchief-dangling from the door, and she stepped down a woefully thin hand, a child's hand, took hold of her dress.

"I say, missus, where is he? Does you know where he be?" asked the child, a ragged creature. I mean by that her garment, a dingy-colored flannel order that ecth children always wear, was so miserably rent in waist and skirt that you could see her thin shoulder-blades and her poor little body through a gash, half-starved child, shivering with cold, and with the unmistakable expression of one that is used to blows and curses.

"Where is he?" repeated the child; "Sant Claus, I means—him as has the work to offer, as you familiar." the one what brings broken dolls to children. There he some such one. Pull said on; I've been three ounces down the alley. Perhaps 'ouse-there's rich lots of us; but if I find him noble I'd get shoes or a doll; wouldn't I!

"If you have any pair that you could" cried Nellie, forgetting to watch John and the round had around the corner. "Where you come from?"

"Drunk!" answered the child, indifferently.

"Oh!" gasped Dame Trot, "where is your father, then?"

"Drunk! they're all drunk, I tell you, returned the child, with the same indifference. "Don't you know where babies come? Do you think I could fetch him?"

"I think I can," said Nellie, taking the little claw-like hand in her own. "Do you come home with me, and more than likely we'll find shoes and a doll, and perhaps something else besides."

Just then, "Bless my soul!" cried some one behind them, "Mrs. Sweetly! Merry Christmas to you, and how do you do?" This was a smirk, somewhat hard-looking man, with his arm full of bundles; Mr. Calsten, who was busy as much at Christmas he could be had for money, and was taking it home.

"I am late in the day, Nellie—I mean Mrs. Sweetie," said Calsten, who had once been sweet on Nellie, very sweet, in answer to her astonished look at him and the bundles she faced about. "The fact is, I forget about Christmas till my wife made a row this morning about Harry's empty stockings; all well with you, I suppose?"

"Very well," answered Nellie, nervously. She always had a lingering suspicion that Calsten was sweet on her yet.

"And the little Sweetie—how's—didn't mean a pun—on my honor! or is it a she? Come to think of it, suppose you give him or her this; Harry has more than is good for him—or I am—having a doll, with a wreath on its head, tucked up in a bedstead, under a blue silk coverlet, into her arms. "Good-by! Oh, I say! you pull something or other, and it will say papa or mamma; I forget; but you'll find out. *Good-by.*"

"Well, now," said Mistress Nellie, looking first after him and then down at the doll, with a laugh; "what will John say to that, I wonder?" and there is three words; her unhappiness, that she had for a moment forgotten, was back upon her. John displeased, John cross, John laughing over it! How was that to be believed?—and yet she had heard him. The cheery Christmas morning had turned out, with the wind and a pelting rain driving sleet; but Dame Trot walked slowly. She was in no hurry to get home before John. She had the heart, just then, to have sewed the braid on before his eyes, and let him find out for himself for what purpose she had so unnecessarily disgruntled that he was! If she had been Mrs. Calsten, as she might have been, and ridden in her own coach, she couldn't have driven faster. She have needed to stint herself in beef-steak and sugar for a month to come to make up the money for the

once set ashore, that was nobody's business but their own. Perhaps it might be worth while to make inquiry at the passport office, or the English Consulate. He should do so himself if he were looking after any friend of his own.

So Saxon thanked the fat Englishman for his advice, and went to the Consulate. The Consul advised him to go to the Prefet, and the Prefet, after keeping him for more than an hour in a dismal waiting-room, referred him to the Superintendent of the city police. This functionary, a busy, inquisitive, self-important personage, entered Saxon's name in a big book, promised that he would communicate with the authorities of the nearest office, and desired Monsieur to call again to-morrow between two and four.

Then the day dragged slowly by, and when at night he laid his weary head upon the pillow Saxon felt as if he were farther off than ever from success.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in the same unsatisfactory way. He wasted all the forenoon in hunting up one Philip Erlesmith, the name of the *Daughter of Ocean*, who was lodging at a little modest boarding-house on the opposite shore of the river. This Erlesmith at once remembered to have seen William Trefalden and Helen Riviere among the passengers. They had been in deep mourning. They landed with the others at the Quai Louis Philippe. He had never spoken to either, and knew nothing further about their destination. This was all that he had to tell.

Then Saxon went back to the quays, and inquired about the steamers that would sail next week for New York. He found that none had left Bordeaux since the *Daughter of Ocean* had come into port, and that the first departure would take place on the following Tuesday. By the time that these facts were ascertained it was late enough to go to the superintendent's office. There, however, he was requested to call again to-morrow, the police having as yet been unable to come at any satisfactory results. The vagueness of this statement, and the air of polite indifference with which it was conveyed to him by a bland official in the outer office, convinced Saxon that it was little to expect success from the hot his own unaided efforts. That night, having eaten only moderately until the excitement about the quays and streets and public offices of Bordeaux, he lay down to rest, almost in despair.

CHAPTER XCI.

SAXON STRIKES THE TRAIL IN A FRESH PLACE.

"WILL Monsieur have the goodness to write his name in the visitors' book?"

Saxon had finished his solitary breakfast and was looking dreamily out of the window of the salle-à-manger when these bland words fell upon his ear, and he turned and preferred the stereotyped request. Scarcely glancing at the motley signatures with which the page was nearly filled, the young man scrawled his own.

"*Tres!*" said the waiter, as Saxon completed the entry with various headings, "Monsieur is Swiss?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Nothing, Monsieur — except that Monsieur speaks with the purity of a Frenchman. There is a Swiss Protestant chapel in Bordeaux, if Monsieur would wish to attend the service."

A new possibility suggested itself to Saxon's mind.

"Is there any English Protestant chapel?" he asked, quickly.

"*Mais, certainement, Monsieur.* On the Pavé des Chantrons. One may see it from this window."

And the waiter pointed out a modest white building, about a quarter of a mile away.

Saxon's hope abounded with bounds renewed. The English Protestant chapel! What more likely than that Helen should find her way there on her sunny Sunday morning? What more probable than that the English chaplain should be able to help her? How did she know to turn not to think of this before? Finding that it yet wanted nearly two hours to the time when service would be held, and that the chapel was not to be seen by Saxon went at once to wait upon him. An old woman, however, opened the door to him, and informed him with many courtesies, that her master was absent for six week's vacancy, and that a strange gentleman had undertaken his duty in the mean while. As for the strange gentleman's name, she had not the remotest idea of it. It was "*quelque Anglais—un nom extraordinaire difficile.*"

"If you will direct me where to find him," said Saxon, "I can dispense with his name."

"*Mon Dieu, Monsieur,* he is staying at Drouny!"

"Where, then, is Drouny?"

"*Ah, c'est loin, M'sieur.*"

"What do you mean by far? How far?"

"More than two leagues, M'sieur. But he will be here to perform the service at half past ten, and Monsieur can see him if he is so early."

Forced to contain himself with this prospect, Saxon then chatted a while with the garrulous old *femme de chambre*, and learned that Drouny was a little village in the heart of the wine-country north of Bordeaux; that the strange clergyman, being a delicate health, was staying at the old the vintage-time should come round and enable him to enjoy the benefit of the grape-cure; that her own master was the best man in the world; that the chapel was *très bâtie*; that the attendance at this season was very scanty; that the voluntary contributions were much less than they should be, and so forth, till he succeeded in effecting his escape.

At length half past ten o'clock came round. His thoughts were busy with the things of the world, and he felt that he had no power to abstract them. He felt that he could no more lay down his burden upon this sacred day than he ought to lay it down than he could lay down his personality; so he remained outside the door and watched the congregation passing in. But he watched in vain. Among the women came no Helen Riviere—among the men no William Trefalden. By-and-by he heard the psalm-singing through the half-opened windows, and now and then a faint echo of the voice of the preacher. Although, after a service that seemed to him as if it would never end, the worshipers came out again and went their several ways, Helen entered Saxon's name in a big book, promised was not among them.

A fragile-looking young man of about six or seven and twenty received him politely, pointed to a seat, and begged to know in what manner he could have the pleasure of being useful to him.

Saxon had no difficulty in telling his story. He had told it so often, and always with the same reserves on one or two points, that he was come to his lips with the readiness of an established formula.

He was in search of two friends who, he had reason to believe, had lately arrived in Bordeaux. His gentleman was a stranger to them in person, and he was intimately acquainted with the family of the lady. Her name was Riviere. She was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and dressed in deep mourning. He was the bearer of very important intelligence, and had travelled from England solely in order to find friends, if only he were so fortunate as to obtain some definite information concerning them. He then he concluded with an apology for the trouble that he was giving, and the time that his nurse's eye occupied in the task.

The clergyman, sitting with one hand over his mouth, and his eyes fixed attentively upon the ground, heard him to the end without, in a very quiet clear voice, said,

"Will you tell me with your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Trefalden."

"Is Trefalden also the name of your relative?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I do not think that he is traveling under that name," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"Do you mean, Mr. Trefalden, that your friend is traveling under an assumed name?"

"I mean—that is, I believe—he is traveling under the name of Forsyth."

The clergyman pressed his fingers nervously against his lips.

"A strange coincidence," he said.

"If you know any thing, for Heaven's sake do not hesitate to tell it!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"I am bound to hesitate," replied the clergyman. "I do not know what your relation may be—"

"If it be your duty to help the helpless and baffle the unrighteous, you ought—believe me, sir, you ought to tell me!"

The young clergyman looked at him fixedly and after a moment's pause, replied,

"I do not know you, Mr. Trefalden. I also believe that I am engaged to marry those two persons mentioned in Drouny."

Saxon changed color, opened his lips as if about to speak, checked himself, stood up and sank down again. Then he said, in a low deep voice,

"I am glad to find that I am in time."

"To be present at their wedding?"

"No—to prevent it."

The clergyman looked as if he had half-anticipated this reply.

"If I am to refuse to perform the ceremony, Mr. Trefalden, you must give me with an adequate reason," said he.

Saxon was nearly tried between his desire to screen the good Trefalden name and the obvious necessity for stating his case plainly.

"If plain and unvarnished truth be said, presently, "will you promise not to betray it?"

"Unquestionably."

Saxon looked at him as if he would fain read his very heart.

"You are an utter stranger to me," he said, "but I think you are a man of honor. I will trust you."

And then, having looked out into the chapel and seen that there was no one within hearing, Saxon sat down and related all the story of his cousin's perfidy.

CHAPTER XCII.

MR. GUTHRIE'S TESTIMONY.

THE clergyman's names was Guthrie. He was lodging at the house of a widow, in the parish of Drouny, as the old femme de charge had said, for his health's sake, and, according to the statement which he gave in return for Saxon's confidence, a gentleman came out from Bordeaux to visit him in the evening of the forthcoming Wednesday—i. e., the evening of the very day that the *Daughter of Ocean* landed her passengers at the Quai Louis Philippe. This gentleman said that his name was Forsyth. The object of his visit was to request Mr. Guthrie to perform the ceremony of marriage between himself and a lady then staying at the Hotel de Nantes in Bordeaux. The lady was engaged to marry them on the Saturday, and this matter disposed of, Mr. Forsyth, who was a remarkably agreeable person, made some pleasant remark about Drouny, and asked if there were any apartments to be had in the neighborhood. He then added that the lady whom he was about to make his wife had lately lost a near relative, and would be glad to escape from the noise and bustle of Bordeaux to so retired a spot. Mr. Guthrie then volunteered to accompany him to a little chateau near by, which was to be let furnished, and Mr. Forsyth engaged the first-floor on the spot. There was not any difficulty about the matter, as the proprietaire was unwilling to let any part of his house for less than one month; but Mr. Forsyth, who was apparently as rich as he was agreeable, offered a fortnight's rent in advance, and promised that, although the lady would probably not remain there more than a week, the whole month should be paid if her occupation of the rooms caused Monsieur le proprietaire to lose a more advantageous tenant. The next morning he escorted Miss Riviere to the chateau, handed her out of the carriage, rolls, and having introduced her to Mr. Guthrie, and recommended her to that gentleman's attention and solicitude, he leave.

Mr. Guthrie had at that time no idea that his new acquaintances had only arrived in Bordeaux that day, as they had actually landed at Drouny from England. He first learned these facts from Miss Riviere herself, on exceedingly excited when she further informed him that they were about to proceed to New York by the next steamship. He remonstrated. If Miss Riviere had not spoken of their plans so simply, and both in such profound sorrow for the loss of her mother, Mr. Guthrie would have suspected a clandestine match; but as it was, he only wondered as passed from her lips to their acquaintance, and then dismissed the subject from his mind. On the Friday Mr. Forsyth came down to Drouny with Miss Riviere, and, at her desire, postponed the marriage till Monday. It seemed to Mr. Guthrie that Miss Riviere was perfectly acquainted with the wife of Mr. Forsyth. The love was unquestionably on his side; but she appeared to regard him in the highest possible respect, and to look up to him in all things. Having so recently lost her mother, however, it was natural that the young lady should be anxious to wait as long as might be practicable before contracting this new tie. As the arrangement now stood, Saturday was to perform the ceremony privately at the Chateau de Peyrolles on Monday afternoon, and the happy married pair were to embark on board the American mail steam-packet *Washington* for New York direct on Tuesday morning. Mr. Guthrie added that he had found himself much interested in Miss Riviere. He had lent her some books, called on her several times, and hoped that he could so alleviate the monotony of her brief sojourn at Drouny as to merit a smile while Mr. Forsyth, through respect for her grief and her solitude, had with much delicacy kept aloof from the Chateau de Peyrolles, and had, in fact, not been down once from Bordeaux since Miss Riviere's arrival there. Mr. Guthrie believed that Mr. Forsyth had since been engaged upon business to Angouleme.

And here the clergyman's testimony ended.

CHAPTER XCIII.

THE CHATEAU DE PEYROLLES.

A TINY white building in the French medieval style, with a pair of eight glistening and tinguisher turrets, a wholly unreasonable number of very small windows, and a wooly courtyard with massive wooden gates, was the Chateau de Peyrolles. The house was white; the palaeios were white; the gates were white. In front of the chateau-gates and ghost-like trellising it would be difficult to find, even in the south of France, a spot upon which the sun fell slight—eminence, it overlooked a wide district of vineyards; and stood islanded, as it were, in the midst of a sea of vine-leaves, which stretched away for miles on every side. Here and there rose a cluster of village roofs, surmounted by a landmark of church-spire; here and there lay peaked roof of some stately chateau; but the village of Drouny was the nearest habitation. A long straight road, bordered on each side by tall poplars, swept through the heart of this district, passing close beside the gates of the Chateau de Peyrolles, and vanishing away into the extreme distance, like an avenue in a perspective drawing.

Along the road these vines heavy with black grapes coming down in most places to the wayside, with trellis-work and thick patch of cornpeas in between—Saxon drove from Bordeaux to Drouny that memorable Sunday afternoon. He had hired a light carriage and four good, spirited horses from his hotel, and so went over the ground at a brilliant pace. The Reverend Angus Guthrie, who had made his afternoon's course of the very briefest, accompanied him. They spoke but little, exchanging now and then a word or two on the coming vintage, or the weather, which had become heavily overcast within the last hour or two, and threatened a storm; but as the road lengthened behind them their observations became fewer, and then altogether ceased.

"This is Drouny," said the clergyman, after a silence of some half-hour's duration.

Saxon started and looked out of the window.

"And that little white building?"

"The Chateau de Peyrolles."

A strange feeling of agitation and reluctance came upon him.

"Now that we come to the point," said he, "I feel like a coward."

"Let me counsel at it," replied Mr. Guthrie; "you have a painful duty before you."

"Still, you do not think she loves him?"

"I do not, indeed."

"I wish to Heaven I could be sure of that!" said Saxon, earnestly; so earnestly that the clergyman looked up at him like a man who is suddenly enlightened.

"In any case, Mr. Trefalden," he replied, "you could only do what you are now doing. Mercy under these circumstances would be cruel injustice. Shall we alight here? Perhaps it would be better than driving up to the chateau."

The postillions had pulled up before the door of the village auberge; so the travelers got out, and went up the private road on foot.

"You said that you would even better from yourself, being a clergyman *j'*" said Saxon, as Mr. Guthrie rang for admission.

The clergyman shook his head.

"Certainly not. I could only repeat what I have been told; you can tell what you know."

"True."

"But, if you prefer it, I will see Miss Riviere first, and prepare her for your visit."

"Thanks—thanks a thousand times."

An elderly woman opened the door, smiling and courtesying. Mam'selle, she said, was in the grande salon "*en pensoire*;" so Mr. Guthrie went up, while Saxon waited in a little antechamb on the ground-floor.

He was cruelly nervous. He tried to think what he ought to say, and how he ought to begin; but he could not put the words together in his mind, and when the clergyman came back at the end of ten minutes, it seemed to him as if he had not been there as many seconds.

"I have given her your card," said Mr. Guthrie, "and she says that you are Mr. Forsyth's cousin. Go up to the first landing, and through the door that faces you as you ascend the stairs. I will wait here for you."

He went up, his heart beating painfully against his side; and then he paused a moment outside the door.

"I'd as soon be shot!" he muttered to himself as he turned the handle and went in.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NOT BEFORE IT'S WANTED.—Two German inventors announce that they have discovered a scheme for making wire without gauges. Now that the gauges are so high, why don't our scientific men find out some way of making wire without wire?

A MUSICAL TURNEPT.—The authorities of a prison in Canada advertise as follows: "Wanted, a respectable man to act as a turnkey and to play the violin." Such an arrangement made, can play the organ, and sing base, would be preferred."

The two kings that rule in America—Jo-king and Smoking. Vive la *Republique!*

When a cat's mind's perfect he ought and yet have something to do. He is but a cat's paw.

Why is a clock the most modest piece of furniture?—Because it covers its face with its hands and runs down its own work.

Johnny says he always has the headache after misbehave. He thinks he doesn't eat enough of them, and will try not to have the headache next Christmas.

In the Limerick paper an Irish gentleman, whose lady had absconded with him. Was evidently the public against trusting her: "*My wife* has eloped from me without *reyne or reason*, and I desire no one to trust her on my account, *for I am not married to her*."

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immediate here of pelf!
Here lies the parent of thieves, and *himself*.

"My dear," said a lady to a wee child, whose hands were filled with painted cuttles which some friend had given it, "throw away those things and wash your face." "But, mamma," responded the child, "if they are not dirty, how can I take out the varnish?"

"THE TUG OF WAR."—A Frigate's Tender.

Why is U the gayest letter in the alphabet?—Because it is always in fun.

Why is matrimony like a besieged city?—Because there is no way to get out, and those who are out want to get in.

A certain deacon being accustomed to move while asleep in church, was heard to say, "I also following polite note." "It soon —is requested not to commence snoring to-morrow until the sermon is begun, as some persons in the neighborhood of his pew would like to hear the first."

No matter how long you have been married, never neglect to court your wife.

A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate circumstance over all the stockings in the store, observed that nature was long enough.

"I want," she said, "the longest hose that are made." "Then, madam," was the reply, "you'd better apply to the next engine-house."

It is a lucky thing to have a place in the house—it is *good for* one.

The following question is being argued in the debating societies throughout the rural districts: "Which is the most distressing, a broken leg or a broken arm?" In most accounts the relatives were away ahead.

A QUESTION OF TURNED HEADS.—How would the negro women look if they used Colgate Hall Wash to dye their woolly heads yellow?

A wide-awake minister, who found his congregation going to sleep and dreaming before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't right! I'll tell you a man half a chance. Here I am getting along a piece, and then if I ain't wrestling to go to sleep myself! but don't believe I get commanded give a man a chance."

Why are wheat and potatoes like the ideals of old?—Because the former have ears but see not, and hear not, and the latter have eyes but see not.

THE FOPE'S OPINION OF THE FREEMASONS.—More "free" than virtuous.

"Oh, mother, do send for the doctor!" said a little boy of three years. "What for, my dear?" "Why, there's a gentleman in the parlor who says he'll die if John don't marry him—and she says she won't."

What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist?—One may use candles and the other dips.

It is supposed that the object of the bridal party who lately went up in a balloon from New York was to see the fun downstairs.

A MODEL FIRE.—The seal-in-wax.

A paper in a neighboring city reports that there is a grocer up town who is so mean that he was seen to catch a fly of his counter, hold him by the hind legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar.

Nothing so much destroys our peace of mind as to hear another express an intention to give us a piece of his.

THE WATCH-CRY.—"Take care of your pockets!"

A woman said to a police-court, the other day, that before marriage her husband promised to be total abstinent with her, but now she was every day drunk by him.



CHRISTMAS—GAME AND POULTRY IN WASHINGTON MARKET.



CHRISTMAS—BEEF AND MUTTON IN WASHINGTON MARKET, NEW YORK, 1865.—[SEE PAGE 823.]



PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1865.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

In describing the fashions which are now in vogue in Paris, first let us speak of bonnets, for no article of dress holds greater sway over the female mind. The latest form is that styled the Pamela. The shape is somewhat peculiar, for it is cut short off the cheeks; still, when seen encircling a youthful face, it has a very charming appearance. Like most of the bonnets for the present season, the Pamela has very few ornaments upon it. There may be, perhaps, interspersed among the trimming some small ornaments of either gold or silver, or some gilt or steel chains. One rather pretty example of this style of bonnet should be noticed. It is of black and rose-color velvet, trimmed with merely a few small black feathers, and with black strings. The strings of the Pamela, starting from the bandeaux, encircle, as it were, the cheeks. Another of these bonnets is of violet-color velvet, trimmed with white blonde and a few small silver ornaments. The inside trimming consists usually either of a band of velvet fastened with a gold clasp, a band of silver plait, or else a few folds of velvet with a little bird or two or three pheasant's feathers.—Although the Pamela would seem destined to become the mode, the bonnet styled the Empire is still very generally worn. The material is now invariably of velvet—blue velvet, for instance, and white tulle with a star, which may either be of jet or of silver, on a fold of the curtain, which, by-the-way, is worn extremely short; or blue and black velvet, with a dentelle Cluny bordered with pearls, and with a string of pearls inside: in place of pearls small chains of gold or silver are frequently worn. Empire bonnets are likewise of black velvet, bordered with white plush, and with strings of white moire. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that moire strings, which are very elegant, bid fair to be the prevailing fashion for winter bonnets with Parisian ladies. They are also of black and violet velvet, trimmed with white tulle, with a short scarf of black lace falling over the chignon, the inside trimming consisting simply of a little humming-bird surrounded by roses.

For morning toilets the robe of foulard silk, which, together with the jupon, is invariably of a dark color—such as black and violet, black and white, black and brown, deep reddish brown, and dark, warm gray—is a good deal worn. These dresses are trimmed with black taffeta, and at times with the dentelle Cluny—a white lace, which is just now much in fashion, and which is used for trimming both dark and light dresses. Cloth dresses are being very generally adopted for walking costume, in preference to knickerbockers and linseys. One



A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SYRIA.

novelty has sprung up in Paris within the last few days—a thick woolen stuff of the natural color of the wool. It is admirably adapted for winter wear, and promises to become largely in request.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Dress of light blue striped tarlan, trimmed with ribbon of a darker shade and thread lace. The jacket is short behind and a short tail behind. The band of ribbon on the style of the Empire, with little cuffs and a small wreath of striped lace.

No. 2. Lavender-color dress, either in silk, linsey, or an other material. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with the Pancha, and is in green velvet, with cuffs of folds. At the upper part, on one side, is a little bird. The side is a band of silver plait with rosette fixed upon the velvet.

No. 3. Dress of pone-color Pekin satin, with wide black stripes and a plaited flounce. Jacket, Zouave, with black velvet trimmed with fur. Bonnet of black velvet bordered with guipure plaits; energy of the same material.

No. 4. Dress of gray poplin, trimmed with black velvet, buttons, and black silk lace. This dress appears to be extremely simple, the headdress being merely thrown back.

A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SYRIA.

One engraving on page 829 represents one of those casualties of Eastern life which only a few travelers have witnessed; and yet the locust plays such an important part in many districts, that the consumption, destruction, and even ultimate preservation of the harvests form an ordinary episode in the avocations of the people.

There are several varieties of locusts. That which belongs to Asia, and may be called the migrating locust, differs from the species, in the conformation of the head, the oval form of the eyes, the straight, thin mandibles, and the comparative size of the posterior claws. The male is rather smaller than the female, and of a yellow color.

The insects of this family are one of the most terrible plagues not only of Egypt but of all Asia, the Archipelago, and Oriental Europe. Every two or two months, from Cairo to Damascus, the artist from whose sketch our illustration is taken accompanied a detachment in journey during the season when the locusts are expected; and in the plains of Esdraelon and maritime Phœnicia the scene was unbolded by the swarms which, attracted by the fertile valleys, regarded no obstacle to their passage, but even scaled the faces of the travelers in the fury of hailstones, and lay in thick masses on the road beneath the horses' hoofs.

The locust is regarded by many of the Orientals as a forerunner of war or pestilence, and it is recorded that they had not appeared since the days of Syria for nearly fifteen years when, scarcely a month after their arrival, cholera and typhus reached the whole coast of the Mediterranean and the shores of the Black Sea. The rapacity of the locust is in the larva state in which characteristics it for when one the work of destruction is accomplished the insects die and cover a large extent of country with their decaying carcases, causing pestilential maladies of the worst description.

In the course of the voyage of the travelers with a caravan their party stopped for some days on the slope of a mountain overlooking the plain of Esdraelon; to the left was Mount Tabor and the little Hermon, and afar off the mountains of Samaria, while facing them at the end of the plain could be seen the range of Upper Galilee, the highest peaks lost in the haze; although such was the clearness of the air above the plain that even distant objects could be seen with singular distinctness. The country is a remarkable sound was heard, which resembled the hum of a great sea-shell, and the rays of the sun were obscured by a vast widely-extending cloud of locusts, which broke suddenly above the valley, upon which the insects dropped like a shower, and covered the ground with their yellow bodies, which moved and undulated like foam upon water.

Unless a high wind prevails, and the locusts are driven toward the sea, there is no remedy but to submit to the stripping of every green leaf from the trees, and the utter disappearance of every blade of grass from the earth, which they leave as bare as though it had been scorched with fire. In the valleys the cause of the locusts is effected in a very primitive manner: viz., by the people—men, women, and children—making fires among the dried branches, and wooden drums or boxes, on which they beat, while they sing a sort of monotonous chant of a religious character, at the same time spreading themselves over the plain, in order to drive the insects. It is a singular circumstance to witness this ceremony from a neighboring height, where the gestures and the costumes of the people, and their wild songs, are strangely interesting.

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